All Hell

by WenchicusThoticus

Summary

Just some dads and their quest to overthrow God. Fun features include copious amounts of heavy metal and alcohol/drug use (sometimes simultaneously), Ozai's rap career, Anakin Skywalker's furry harem, penis firebending (yes, again), an omniscient being trapped inside a pool noodle, and motherfucking VIKINGS. Mega crossover. The sex scene is in Chapter 14 you horny fucks.
An Irresponsible Deity Feels Like Releasing Dangerous Villains Into The World

1. An Irresponsible Deity Feels Like Releasing Dangerous Villains Into The World

i. Ozai's Prison Break ft. Divine Intervention

As one is wont to do upon witnessing four man-sized turtles hurtling past thine prison cell, Ozai produced a vocalization akin to that of a seagull in the heat. Turmoil brewed within these oppressive and bleak walls; aye, the internal strife of each convict had been always heavy in the heated, dry air, but hark! The happenings of the outside now infiltrated those wretched, immovable barriers that so confined this once-proud man.

The stamping feet of these fiendish green intruders faded down the corridor. Other unfamiliar individuals had visited the prison over the past several daylights, wreaking only havoc in their reckless ways of chaos.

These turtles were a new sight to behold, and they appeared to possess the most chaotic tendencies of all as they ate messily, tossed about confetti, and slaughtered any prison guard unfortunate enough to cross their paths.

Alas, their presence was merely an indicator of a far more devastating event. Ozai, not for the first time, attempted to fit his head betwixt the bars of his cell in order to view these mask-donning humanoid beasts. Their boisterous noise had interrupted his boredom-induced trance, for which he was not thankful, but their screaming was not of joy. Forsooth, their voices rang with terror! A welcome sound, easily recognized, was this.

Peradventure today would lead him to long-lost freedom. One could dream.

"Fiddle sticks! Foiled again!" cursed Ozai. He found himself once more wedged betwixt two impeding iron poles. With a sigh of deep embarrassment, he shouted into the confetti-ravaged hallway, "Warden! I'm afraid I require the butter sticks!"

At once, the foundations of this hateful building tremored. The two poles of pain holding him tight, his skull only rattled unpleasantly. "What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, an admittedly foolish move, for only the foul turtles were in a position to reply to his query.

The shaking of the stone below all but ceased. Blinding purple light flashed in the window of the cell across the corridor, and that lower layer of detested rock gave way, collapsing into the cell on the first floor. The prisoner who had been demolished by the falling material unleashed a Wilhelm scream before brutally perishing.

Nevertheless, Ozai's entrapped dome of cognitive function (more commonly known as a head) suspended him above the poor bloke who had suffered certain death, as if this whilom dictator were a kitten in one of those "Hang in there!" posters.

The ceiling above threatened to collapse, yet his only course of action was to allow gravity to slowly, O so agonizingly slowly, drag him down whilst his orb of thought (head) remained fixed betwixt those accursed poles.

At last, he wrenched himself free with a mighty tug. "Ouchie," cried he, for this effort had been no painless one. Still grasping those bars for dear life, the ceiling of stone crumbled. No fallen chunks
struck him, but that wall to which he clung began to tip until it collided with the barrier opposite of it.

Being a professional badass, he did not release his handholds as he swung about wildly from the impact. The rubble below provided no enticing landing spot, yet he was tempted to drop down atop a writhing hand, whose owner seemed to be the muffled voice buried in the pile calling for help.

His landing snapped the poor chap’s wrist, and he took the opportunity to brush up on his evil laugh. The collapsed wall of dreaded iron bars slipped from its precarious perch against the upright stone, pushing it outwards as well. He backflipped to the safer side of the rubble heap, and then backflipped the other direction, atop the iron poles, and slid down the fallen slab with the grace of an (out of practice) acrobatic toaster.

The second wall rumbled, and he leapt onto its tipping mass. When the massive block of freedom-hating rock crashed into the desert floor, it threw up an obfuscating cloud of sand through which any onlookers could distinguish only his shadowy outline. Aye, it was beautiful to know that he still had the proper dramatic flair required of any top tier villain.

He sprinted through the quickly dispersing granular haze and the desolate, barren lands of this vast desert presented themselves to him. The heavens were stained with an unnatural purple, and the distant sounds of a distorted guitar drifted from the clouds.

This could only mean one thing.

Distracted he was by this destructive display of divinity, and in foul combination with the dust in his sight melons (eyes), he bolted directly into a shadowy figure. They tumbled about for a spell, driven by the careless momentum of Ozai.

"Sorry," apologized he, and he abruptly sprung up and continued his speedy journey.

"Watch where you're going!" scolded the embittered spacesuit-clad rodent.

He had no patience for a single obstacle more — alas, it occurred to him that this escape would lead him through countless kilometres of scorching desert, and he lacked the resources essential for survival.

Another collision brought him rolling upon the burning sand with this time, a human. Every now and then, accidentally knocking heads with a stranger will not lead to a warm and loving future relationship, so naturally, perhaps it would occur in the second trial. Aye, this man’s countenance reeked of desperation judging by Ozai’s rather limited view of it during their unintentional rotation. Their shared horizontal experience could have almost been that of two playful lovers, if neither had been copiously shrieking, nor blinded by the ubiquitous particulates in the air.

Finally, they parted and reverted to their natural vertical positions. Panicking, Ozai embarked on the futile task ridding his glorious long hair of the vexatious sand.

"You!" shouted the man, grabbing him by the beard. He sincerely wished that people would stop doing that, yet he could not sever it due to a deal that he had made with a pagan god (more on this later).

"What say you, peasant?" snarled he. "Unhand me immediately!"

"You're a prisoner, right?" panted this blue-clad plebeian.

"Nay, I am a free man now! I command you to unhand me so that I may abscond! You have no right to return me to that wretched place! Do you think that you're law enforcement?" sneered he.
"No, I need your help!" begged the pitiful proletarian. "They took my son in there — please, I have to find him."

"I know not who your son is. I can be of no aid to you." He crossed his arms smugly, like a bad bitch coaxing her friends to plead to her for the latest gossip. Smirking as this poor commoner beseeched him, he sneered another insult, "Are you too pathetic to find him yourself?"

"At least just tell me where if you've seen his captors — four big green creatures. And stop looking at me like that!"

The information shocked him somewhat, that these foul beasts had been witnessed by others — but he only smirked smugly. "Like what?" Ozai smirkily sneered with a smirksome smirk, for such was the way of villains.

The plebeian's bitch-slap served a dual purpose. First, it summoned the sense of urgency that had filled him before he had decided to be an asshole to a stranger for little reason. Secondly, it banished all smirks, sneers, and smugness to the mother dimension, never to appear in All Hell again.

"I have seen them," answered he. "Four man-sized turtles, consuming sustenance with wasteful idiocy, spreading confetti, slaughtering mindlessly."

"And they're in the prison?" prompted the man.

"Yes. Godspeed, sir. I must currently be on my way." He poised to run, as cartoon characters will do every so often prior to accelerating at a rate impossible by any creature.

Yet this peasant refused to relinquish Ozai's caprine facial hair. "Oh, I don't think you're going anywhere. I know exactly who you are. I'm not about to let you run free so you can fulfill whatever nefarious schemes you've been cooking up in that cell of yours." The energized plebeian led him by the beard towards the very crumbling edifice from which he had fled.

"Your courage is but foolish ignorance and stupidity! You fear not me, whom your ilk trembles before, and you fear not the wrath of the gods?" spat he incredulously. "You you not observe the colour of the sky? Do you not hear the enraged music of above?"

"I don't know what any of it means!" cried he, uncaringly reckless in his boldness.

The winds of the desert merely grew harsher as the peasant dragged him nearer to the decimated detestable structure. Those heaps of shattered stone were not stagnant; aye, the gusts lifted and carried them in a spiraling vortex. That purple tinge no longer restricted itself to the heavens; nay, it infected the very air and light. The emerging sandstorm hindered their progress and clouded their visions, and over the howling of the wind and crunching of the breaking building, Ozai caught strains of Floridian progressive death metal band Death's "Crystal Mountain" blasting from divine speakers.

It was when the purple sand rendered his ocular organs (or, as simpletons say, eyes) useless that he unleashed his prowess in battle. Forsooth, he still did lack his furious firepower (well, mostly, but once again, that will be discussed later), but he remained a force with which to be reckoned. (Have you seen that man's muscles?)

With a well-placed kick, despite his presently limited visual capacities, he knocked the peasant's legs out from under him. Alas, this man had had a grip of steel, and dragged Ozai down with him. Hence, this reduced them so squabbling in the sand blindly whilst the particulates stirred up by the storm whipped and bit into them.
The proletarian scum gained the upper hand, forcing him into a brain container (head) lock and rubbing his face in the sand.

"Nyyyuh," moaned Ozai through a mouthful of wrathful dirt.

"I've got a sword!" wailed the peasant over the raging winds. "It may not be the katana, so beloved by everyone for some reason, but don't make me use it!"

"Uhhhhhhnnnn," whined he in response. His noggin was too scrombled for him to articulate, and having a plebeian perched atop him had simply drained out much of his fight. With his intact villainous laugh, air of dramatic mystery, and manner of speech, he'd thought that he'd still "got it." Fie, fie! What a delusion was this!

Nay, his villainous expertise had perchance seeped out of him over his two twelvemonths in prison, or had it abandoned him the instant he'd gotten his ass handed to him by a prepubescent twelve-year-old? Surely, he was merely out of practice; aye, he hoped, he believed. Free again, assuming that he could rid himself of this bothersome peasant, he would prove himself! The world was falling to chaos, and he would once more unite it, henceforth fulfilling his life goal. So caught up was he in this stuporous dream of world domination that he did not notice the peasant dragging him by the arm through the sand, fortunately away from the swelling vortex of what had been the prison.

"Urgggg," groaned he. Why, that plebeian had a mighty strong grip! It threatened to cut off circulation in his hand. Absently, he hummed Missy Elliott's 2002 hit "Work It" as if he were participating in drunken karaoke, and promptly blacked out.

ii. Anakin Slaughters Despicable Me Minions En Masse

"Mr. Sandman! Bring me a dream/
Make him the cutest that I've ever seen!"

Anakin Skywalker enthusiastically chanted this ancient hymn passed down to him from his master Obi Wan Kenobi [insert obligatory sand joke here]. He was in a rare good mood and challenged his musical abilities by simultaneously performing lead and backing vocals.

"Bung, bung, bung!" sang the young Sith Lord happily. After murdering a group of children, he had promptly departed from the star system, narrowly avoiding disfigurement by his aforementioned master. Presently he was on his way to engage in more evil bidding assigned to him by his new, superior master. Could Obi Wan shoot lightning from his fingers? No. Didn't think so.

"Master Anakin, I'm afraid we're approaching a wormhole," worried his irksome droid. He brushed it off without a second thought. "Don't be foolish, wormholes don't exist."

"You've… gone through the wormhole." The droid seemed to deflate; convincing Anakin to do anything was a futile task.

Indeed, outside the ship, it appeared as though they had entered a tunnel of sorts. The walls pulsed with purple light, as if a massive interstellar beast was voring them.

Anakin didn't give a shit, transfixed by the poignant beauty of his own falsetto.

"Give him two lips like roses and clover (bung, bung, bung, bung)/
Then tell him that his lonesome nights are over!"
Aye, that purple light brightened and C3PO lapsed into full mortal terror (despite his status as a non-living entity). The passage's end was nigh, and Anakin at last turned off the hyperdrive when the terrain of a new planet entered his vision. Landing at light speed was totally feasible, after all, and approximately ninety-three percent of humans had the reflexes for it. Droids maintained a whopping one hundred percent success rate; alas, Anakin's obstinance prevented him from intelligent decision-making; thus, he retained control of the ship rather than permitting C3PO to accomplish the deed.

This purple portal ejected the travelers in the atmosphere of a planet that was mysteriously not comprised of a singular biome. Nay, this celestial body possessed both land and ocean: polar ice caps, massive expanses of water, volcanic mountain ranges, forest, and deserts. What self-respecting man would deign to adapt to multiple climates?

In spite of his disgust, a tendril of purple light continued to guide Anakin down to the surface of that glowing sphere. The ship drifted down like a leaf peacefully floating on the breeze, completely ignoring physics.

Praise unto Lord Ben 10, thankfully he did not land in the desert. His hatred of sand had resulted from his rigorous, exploited childhood on Tatooine; mock his whining as you will, but know this: you are reviving horrific, traumatizing memories for this young Sith Lord.

Anakin crawled from his trusty vessel without first bothering to check if he could breathe the air, survive in the climate, or if any potential threats rested nearby. That was all bullshit. Peradventure, a hostile life form was not particularly unusual; however, all else was naught to worry about.

"Master Anakin —" cried out the worrywart of a droid.

Anakin fucklessly slammed shut the hatch, severing C3PO's arm. At long last, he was free of the excessively vigilant individuals who had so overtly repressed him.

"Why did I program you like this?" he muttered to the screaming droid. Promptly, he departed to scout the land. This was a jagged land of hills and mountains, a burden to traverse. Perhaps he would be forced to return to the ship, for he lacked more efficient means of transportation. Casting a glance at the purple finger in the great yonder, he noted that several more had manifested beside the original.

That was when the sound of a distorted guitar from the heavens above met his ears, and he knew: this could only mean one thing.

Hence, from the indigo-tinged skies, from this new divine tendril came a stream of small wailing creatures, indistinct in shape at such a distance. Yet a thick sense of danger electrified the air, and Anakin unsheathed his lightsaber, that lethal blue beam of concentrated energy emerging from its metal hilt.

Anakin wasted not an instant in racing towards his ship, where the yellow creatures had nearly completed their descent. Swinging his gaze leftwards, he spotted a strange woman lurking betwixt two trees. Was this the enemy? wondered he, but from her he perceived a sort of immediate camaraderie, a hidden trait binding them together as allies.

This woman stepped from her passive position and hurled forth a palm-sized orb (an actual orb), from whence exploded another new beast in a flash of light. Startled as he was, Anakin could not afford to react, for the ranks of their true foes began to surge upon them.

The final new finger of purple discharged a second unfamiliar woman, with whom he also felt an inexplicable bond. Yet he had no time to capture more than a glimpse of her black-clad figure and wild bush of wavy hair.
Anakin swung his lightsaber at a short, cylindrical adversary, cleaving it in twain straight down the middle. These pathetic little creatures jabbered unintelligibly and hurled themselves at the trio with nary a hint of strategy behind their attacks.

The leftward woman’s beast annihilated a great swathe of the bespectacled, overall-clad monsters; with a mighty breath of fire, this line of foul foes was roasted alive. At his right, the second woman dealt killing blows and paralysing assaults with a method not dissimilar to the force, although a feeble stick appeared to source her power, and she screamed in an arcane language whilst decimating the waves of assailants.

Anakin continued to slice and dice, and for him, it sufficed. Aye, ’twas more of a blast than killing younglings! These pill-shaped yellow dimwits made far more entertaining sounds as they succumbed to sweet death.

And lo! The flood of these poor creatures from the heavens above trickled to its end. Anakin nearly wished that the deity in charge of that purple portal would provide them with additional killing stock, yet he knew he must be thankful for what he had.

The first woman’s canid creature spewed one final plume of flame, then proceeded to brutally grab one by the teeth and shake it to death. Anakin backflipped throughout his vile foes’ waning ranks, obliterating each screeching failure of a warrior. Surrounded by the carcasses of their liquidated enemies, the woman on the right laughed cruelly.

And hark, ’twas an evil laugh! Though Anakin was wholly committed to the dark side of the force, he possessed not this essential villainous attribute, for the only emotions for which he had the capacity were angst, lust, and rage. ’Twas a skill he must learn from his new nefarious companions, and the leftward woman threw back her sphere of consciousness (head) and guffawed with a dark pleasure. Whilst she cackled away, she choked her canine slave with the leash about its head stalk (neck).

Anakin had found his people. Though he could not laugh, his eyes turned to an orange-yellow and he was quite proficient in appearing menacing and incensed.

"Well done, my brethren in wickedness!" spake the woman on the right. Aye, her face balls (eyes) were also filled with the light of hatred and insanity.

"Well performed," agreed the left woman, and she opened up the orb from whence her canid beast had emerged, and it vanished inside, completely ignoring logic.

"I say, we make a fantastic team! My name is Bellatrix." The woman on the right introduced herself, and extended a hand to both of them, which they each vigourously shook.

"And mine own moniker is Cruella," replied the other woman.

"What a delightfully evil name!" exclaimed Bellatrix. "And you, sir, with the deftness handling that laser sword of yours?"

"I'm Anakin," saith the young Sith Lord. "But you can call me Darth Vader. That's my badass villain name."

"Why, I quite like it!" commented Cruella. Staring into the purple sky above, the fingers of transport disintegrated into clouds, and Anakin noted that "I Am The Black Wizards" by Norwegian black metal band Emperor was fading out in the distance. The holy distorted guitars ceased to play moments later.
"I truly think this was meant to be a great and powerful alliance. It's not every day that The Shaper of Destiny brings three people such as ourselves together," spake Bellatrix.

"Precisely," concurred Anakin. "We need a mission purpose. What is on your agendas of evil?"

"Animal cruelty," offered Cruella.

"Genocide," suggested Bellatrix.

"I like genocide," spake Anakin, pondering the concept. "I also enjoy world domination."

"A true classic!" crowed Cruella.

"A fine idea!" agreed Bellatrix heartily.

"Yes, yes," saith Anakin. He felt a smile of evil creep over his countenance — aye, these women were already teaching him so much. "So world domination it is."
"No, you can't sell my jewelry," mumbled Ozai as he emerged from his stupor. His hazy vision came into focus on the sky above and the ring of trees in his periphery. Aye, the heavens were still tinged violet, a troubling sign, and he continued to lay supine as if waiting for his cognitive jelly (brain) and memories to return to him.

The peasant suddenly invaded his serene view of the apocalyptic sky, appendages of grasping (hands) on his hips. "Welcome back," he greeted him. Forsooth, his vocalizations conveyed attempted friendliness, albeit he repressed it behind a layer of hostility. "You wouldn't stop talking in your sleep. It was pretty funny, actually."

Ozai pushed himself into a sitting position and incredulously studied his limbs. Frantically, he felt his hair to check that it was as flawless as ever, and it indeed remained as neat as a rad skateboard trick and as soft as the gentle flute from Celine Dion's hit song "My Heart Will Go On." Inquired he, "You didn't… restrain me?"

"I can't spare the supplies," spake the peasant.

"You lie," accused Ozai. "A plebeian such as yourself must live a barbaric life in which such supplies are necessary in the struggle for survival."

He merely narrowed his eyes in distaste. "You can stop calling me plebeian, and I'm not a barbarian either. I have a name, you know."

"I suggest you free me then, if you would prefer me to cease my barrage of insults," bargained he.

"We're tracking down those turtles and finding my son, then I'm taking you to the north pole to put you back in their jail."

"Why, you eater of broken meats! I take no order from the likes of you," burst out he.

"Lord help me," muttered the peasant under his breath.

Ozai glowered, his glabella (a real term for the space betwixt the eyebrows) taking on the shape of a pair of buttocks, as it had done during his encounter with his traitorous firstborn on the day of the eclipse (seriously).

"We need to get moving," insisted the proletarian lowlife, shouldering his pack. "I think it would really be in your best interest to cooperate with me. You've got no money or supplies, not to mention you're easily recognizable. Yes, I intend to take you back to a prison, but if you travel with me, at least you'll live."

Unsteadily, he rose to his feet. "I doubt any of us are likely to live," spake he. The peasant tossed him a small bag, which he was too slow to catch. Ozai, at least in his current state, would have belonged to the seven percent of humans who would've failed to land on a planet at light speed.

The peasant crossly began on his journey, leaving Ozai to chase after him.
"Truly, you lack the understanding of the world's dire situation," persisted he. "You've witnessed the changing of hues in the sky, from whence the sound of heavy metal guitars originates. You know that these turtles are not part of our universe, and that the vortex that destroyed the prison was no ordinary occurrence."

"Yes, I'm well aware that strange things are happening," responded the plebeian. "I'm not going to let that stop me from rescuing my son from the clutches of those masking-wearing mutants."

Exasperated, Ozai pleaded with him. "The gods are at war! The fabric of our universe has been ripped, and outsiders from other worlds are spilling in! Do you not comprehend that we all shall perish if this continues?"

"Maybe I believe that our Lord Ben 10 will prevail over all, okay?" spat the peasant. "Why don't you? Have you no faith?" Before he could answer, he spake again. "It wouldn't surprise me." He shook his head in disapproval.

"I do have faith in our Lord; alas, The Shaper of Destiny has more power in this present time, I do hate to admit. Lord Ben 10's work was largely completed after he created the multiverse. But I am not here to argue theology. I only aim to instill a dose of healthy fear in you, for Wenchicus Thoticus strives to attain dominion o'er the powers of creation which rightfully belong to Ben 10."

"Well, maybe I just want to see my children again before we all die. Wenchicus Thoticus can fuck right off." The peasant gestured dramatically in annoyance, and then his tone unexpectedly softened. "Don't you want to see your kids? If everything's going to end?"

"Please, I know not even your name, and yet you ask me such personal questions." Several minutes of this argumentative perambulation had elapsed before the two strode abreast, Ozai catching up to his irksome companion.

"I'm Hakoda," spake the plebeian. "And I wish I could say that it's nice to meet you," added he quietly.


Aye, Hakoda shot him a look that essentially translated to all right then, you fucking weirdo. "If you can find the trail of confetti, tell me, so we can both get this over with as soon as possible."

"Say, where did you bring me?" inquired Ozai. Forsooth, this was no longer the barren desert; nay, lush green trees sprouted from muddy ground, and the sounds of nature, essentially all the woodlands creatures trying to get laid, filled the peaceful, perfectly temperate air.

"We had to escape the sandstorm," responded he. "What were you doing in the middle of the desert? Why did they put you in a prison in the Earth Kingdom?"

"So the citizens would not be haunted by my unearthly wails and cries for vengeance drifting down from the tower," replied he ardently. "Aye, there were some who believed me to be a princess in a tower, although my hair — it is regrettably not of the proper length for a valiant knight to rescue me. And that is why I am here, in this vile land of freedom-loathing rock and stone."

Hakoda glanced at him surreptitiously. His luscious hair sparkled and shone in the sunlight, cascading majestically down his back. "Er... Okay then," spake he, and fixed his vision globes (eyes) on the trail extending before them. The whilom tyrant had thus far proven to be less problematic than he had anticipated, aside from his bombardment of disparagements; nevertheless, he...
knew not to let down his guard.

"Behold!" ejaculated (utilized here as an archaic alternative for "exclaimed") Ozai. "Confetti appears o'er yonder." He, too, desired to kick some turtle arse, purely out of spite, for such was the way of villains.

And when Hakoda's gaze followed that confident finger, forsooth, rainbow confetti did dust the forest bushes and floated on the gentle breeze.

"They can't be far," shouted he. "Come on!"

He began on the perilous plight of crashing through thick undergrowth, tracking those fluttering strips of tissues paper with the urgency of a teenager slamming shut a laptop when his parents walk in on him watching pornography. "Ouchie," vocalized Ozai from somewhere behind him. "Oof, ow, my pinky toe!"

Hakoda once more seized him by the beard, averse to permitting this prisoner to impede on their progress. Had so much not been on the line, certainly, he would have sighed, face-palmed, and rolled his eyes, as one is wont to do when faced with a bothersome traveling companion.

"Unhand me, thou venom-eyed nut-hook, I command you!" demanded Ozai, suddenly sounding much more like the royal pain in the arse that he was. "Know you not the physics of confetti, O Ignorant One? It may drift on gusts long after it was initially scattered, for it is lighter than a leaf!"

He halted in his tracks, drained, and released his compatriot's hircine whiskers. "You know, you're probably right," admitted he reluctantly, his energy and drive sapping as swiftly as it had come. "They have a huge head start." Because I wasted so much time on you when I didn't have to, only because I thought it would be right to make sure you wouldn't walk free… thought he bitterly.

A sadistic smile crept upon his companion's countenance, which only threatened to transform Hakoda's sorrowful disappointment into rage. Fie, fie, was this an infuriating man!

"Look, buddy," started he. "If you want food, shelter, and to not get lynched by an angry mob, you'll cooperate with me. I doubt that with the life you've lived, you know how to hunt or survive in the wild, and you've already proven yourself incapable of acting like a normal human being when it comes to interacting with other people."

For the first time, he stared deep into Ozai's eyes. Those golden spheres (eyes) reeked of cruelty and intimidation and the righteous battle to see the world in flames, yet behind that was something other. Aye, those orbs encompassed more than a simple, purely iniquitous desire for slaughter; a contemplative, perspicacious intelligence resided within the globular soul portals of this loathed man. And forsooth, as Hakoda internalized this knowledge, he found himself noticing that those face balls were indeed ocular organs of unusual beauty, as if they possessed a portion of the sun's golden light. Such was the breathtaking intensity of these spheroid sensory perceptors that they paralysed him under their warm — yet so unbearably callous and cold — gaze.

Likewise, Ozai stared into the insolent peasant's eyne, those circles of seeing exuding a flicker of fear 'fore matching his own sight melons' radiant boldness. This plebeian so desired to extend kindness to him, though his oculi revealed that he was indeed a proud and assertive man. Studying the Hakoda's globes, he realized how pleasant and soothing he thought their colour; aye, those rounds were as serene and nurturing as the seas from whence he hailed. The darker flecks in his soul pools resembled the oceanic wildlife, shifting and swimming in the sunlight filtering through the trees above.
Finally, Hakoda spake, in order to terminate this mounting tension betwixt them. No longer could he meet that controlled yet furiously fiery stare. "Well, what do you think?"

The words snapped Ozai from his trance. "I, uh, what?" stammered he. "Apologies, could you perhaps repeat the question, in a way of sorts, I suppose I got, uh, lost in your orbs (eyes)." As soon as the confession left his soup coolers (mouth), he prayed that Wenchicus Thoticus would strike him dead on the spot. His visage burned with the mortification that he had disclosed to a mere peasant something that sounded so gay (but it definitely wasn't gay at all).

"Okay, then," saith Hakoda, with that same what a fucking weirdo expression. "You'll cooperate with me, even if it's just for your own selfish reasons?"


"Let's get moving, then."

ii. Anakin Is A Furry

"It would appear that my droid has left with the ship," observed Anakin in disbelief. Forsooth, where his trusty shuttle had lain, naught was to be seen. Obviously, C3PO would dare not execute any task without his master's orders, so it had to be that little shit... R2D2. Otherwise, mayhap Wenchicus Thoticus had reclaimed the ship and returned it to its original universe, without its owner.

Aye, The Shaper of Destiny was a wrathful god.

Cruella sighed dramatically. "I've been here already for days, and not so much as a bicycle have I seen! These people are horribly primitive."

"Ah, so this planet is inhabited," noted Bellatrix. "This shall make world domination more difficult... but it's just so much more fun when there are plenty of subhumans to subjugate. Say, are they natives, or did they, too, originate from the clouds?"

"They appear to be native," confirmed Cruella. "They have settlement. Shall we be on our way to town?"

"Yes, let's go," saith Anakin. Cross as he was that his ship had vanished, the prospect of another round of slaughter undeniably excited him. Looming over the clearing of the slain yellow beasts, he admired the threesome's handiwork. Down, boy, he told his albino asparagus (penis).

Bellatrix removed the broomstick from its sash fastened to her back, and gestured grandly to her two new partners in crime. "Where is this village, Cruella, my dear?" questioned she as she sat down on the rickety stick (not a penis). "Come aboard."

"Past the mountain o'er yonder," replied Cruella. Nestling close to Bellatrix on the broomstick, she provided Anakin had ample room to join them.

"What does this do — AAH FUCK!" howled Anakin. The broomstick lurched forwards and he grabbed desperately at Cruella's shoulders. Bellatrix merely loosed her wicked cackle again as the trio streaked 'cross the indigo sky and towards the sun setting behind that craggy, unforgiving mountain. Shortly, Cruella's distinctive guffaw joined the cacophony of abominable laughter, whilst Anakin could only scream. Aye, he was accustomed to literally (literally literally) impossibly swift motion, but this craft was simply preposterous!

"Are you sure this is safe!" screeched he; alas the women ignored him and continued with their giggles of ghastliness. They soared o'er the obscuring peak in practically no time at all, Bellatrix
coaxing the broom in a spiraling twirl. Anakin feverishly grabbed at his belt to ensure that his lightsaber had not slipped free. Bellatrix then descended into the town sharply; surely, had she learned to fly a ship, she would have been of the ninety-three percent of humans capable of landing it at light speed.

Grateful for the journey's end, Anakin stumbled from the broomstick, each individual on his grasping team (finger) sore from clinging so tightly to the accursed piece of wood (not a penis) for dear life. In a single deft movement, Bellatrix slipped the broomstick through the sash that ran diagonally across her torso. "We inspire chaos!" cried she triumphantly, for the townspeople fled into the surrounding wilderness whilst shrieking and bawling.

"Wait," spake Anakin. "They flee not from us."

Bellatrix dodged the spinning blue ball hurtling towards her without an instant to spare, lest she would have been disemboweled. A second sphere careened through the air, higher up, and uncurled to reveal a red fiend gliding betwixt two dilapidated structures.

Anakin sensed that this would be no easy slaughter. He unsheathed his lightsaber once more, and Cruella unleashed her fire-breathing canine from its round container. That spinning blue ball launched itself upon him not quite as fast as light, but nonetheless impressively quick, assuming that this was the creature's natural, unaided speed.

Anakin swung his saber at this spherical foe, on the course for hitting a home run. Alack! The blurry blue beast evaded his strike effortlessly, spinning about and leaping whilst remaining curled up. Cruella, meanwhile, hollered commands at her dog of the flame; it leapt upon the dreadlocked red glider, and crunched down upon its skull with an incinerating gnash of its teeth. Bellatrix cast haphazard spells at this pair of adversaries; nay, her aim was not true.

The red rival crushed, the trio collectively faced down that blue ball. For an instant, the enigmatic adversary broke its attack position to reveal that it was merely a hedgehog whose two eyes somehow had merged in the centre of its countenance. Galvanized by the true nature of his foe, Anakin backflipped excessively in pursuit of the agile spheroid. Cruella's canine slave expelled geyers of flame that narrowly missed the hedgehog, but this growing inferno entrapped it within the area. At last, Bellatrix landed a paralysing curse upon it, providing Anakin the extra split second that he required in order to defeat this foul fiend. He cleanly severed its legs — ridiculously oversized sneakers and all — from the rest of its body, and henceforth, this hedgehog would never "go fast" again.

Anakin licked his lips as the blue creature writhed in agony before him. Cruella and Bellatrix strode up to his side, and Cruella choked her canid firebreather vigourously, then sealed it within its minuscule cage. She brayed softly, a precursor to her full-blown evil laugh, and Anakin spake, "Cruella, do you happen to have any more of those traps?"

"What do you speak of? These Pokeballs?" She displayed the red and white device. "I need one for my Arcanine, and I do wish to acquire more Pokemon in the future, to do my bidding and submit to me when I desire to indulge in my abusive fantasies. However, I do possess some extras…"

"Can we keep it?" asked Anakin. Why, that blue hedgehog's suffering was in sooth such a delightful sight, and he pointed eagerly at the object of his desires.

"Hem," considered Bellatrix.

"Haw," spake Cruella.
"Well?" prompted Anakin.

"Why, I see no reason why you shouldn't be able to enjoy the company of a concubine," decreed Cruella.

"Excuse me — I — when did I ever imply —" stammered Anakin.

"We've all got our depraved personal lives, Anakin. It's part of being a villain," Bellatrix reassured him. "Whether it's child abuse, animal abuse, domestic abuse, or horrific sexual deviance, you must embrace it."

"Really?" spake Anakin. These people — they understood him, which, on one hand, had him totally shook, for he had been struggling to conceal his secrets for so long. Yet they had no judgment in their tones, only gentle encouragement. Aye, Anakin was new to villainy, and these women — he grew more certain with every passing moment — would guide him on his quest.

He no longer had to hide it: he was a furry.

Triumphantly, Anakin raised his hands to the violet heavens above. He could shout it to the world, as his shame was disappearing, carried off on the blustery winds of this strange new land. Freed he was from the expectations of the Jedi, who sought to deny him the simple act of copulatory sex, and free he was from the expectations of Padme, the single partner to whom he was bound, and this single partner boring — a typical, and might he add, vanilla, woman.

"I'm a furry!" howled Anakin to the skies. Aye, t'was as if a weight had been lifted, and with two supportive partners in crime, he could peradventure even live out his dream of attaining a harem. He attempted an evil laugh, although it emerged from his throat resembling more of a hacking cough mixed with the screams of a young man being beaten to death with a fish (specifically, a tilapia).

"No, more like this," saith Bellatrix, and she demonstrated a proper cackle for him. He mimicked her vocalizations as best he could; alas, spake she, "Worry not about it now — we'll work on it later."

"Now," instructed Cruella, presenting him with a Pokeball, "go forth and capture that hedgehog within this cage."

Anakin gripped the Pokeball; aye, it fit perfectly in his hand. With skill that would have inspired envy in Ash Ketchum himself, he tossed the orb of captivity at the suffering blue hedgehog. In a blinding flash of light, that Pokeball sprung open, and the hedgehog melded into the brilliant white-yellow coruscation, shrinking until the Pokeball snapped shut.

He bent to retrieve the now entrapped hedgehog, and carefully, he placed it deep within the pocket of his robe. Sincerely, he desired that it would not fall out if Bellatrix continued with her haphazard, airborne method of transportation.

From a village building that burned in the flames of Cruella's Arcanine, emerged a small ratty peasant. Aye, this child had no sense of stealth, although obviously he had intended to slip away unnoticed by the conniving triad.

"Avast! You there!" commanded Bellatrix.

The plebeian boy whimpered fearfully, frozen in a slav squat, as they encroached upon him menacingly.

"Pray, boy, do tell me where the nearest centre of power lies," barked she.
"It lies to the east," sneered he, "Several daywalks from this humble abode of mine, you shall find two twin lakes, whereupon dwells the leaders of this kingdom within the great walled city."

"Yes, yes, good," crowed Bellatrix. The tension ran from the boy’s countenance; alas, Cruella did not let him walk free untouched: she delivered a swift kick to the poor defenceless child. Bellatrix readied her broomstick, and the three soared off through the darkening sky in search of this great walled city.
Anakin Becomes Pony Moses

3. Anakin Becomes Pony Moses

i. Careless Whisper Plays From The Heavens

Resting during the nocturnal hours aside Ozai was nearly as maddening as dealing with him whilst awake. Although unconscious throughout the entire night, at one point he began to rap in his sleep. His musical number of choice was DJ Khaled's 2010 hit "All I Do Is Win" with a ludicrous amount of featured artists, as rap songs are wont to include. Thence he broke down into tears.

Hakoda prayed to his Lord Ben 10 for deliverance, from not necessarily the presence of evil, but rather in hopes that his comrade would shut the hell up. Aye, their journey in the morrow would be another long and grueling one; all he currently desired was an hour or two of shutorb (shuteye).

"Be quiet," whispered he in the direction of his sleeping companion.

"BEGONE THOT," roared Ozai, dreaming about banishing his ex-wife.

Hakoda sighed in frustration. He was a peaceful and easygoing sort of fellow; alas, this was truly testing the limits of his patience. Hence, he produced The Hammer of Sleep from his bag, and violently smacked the top of his consciousness sphere (head), passing out cold.

With morning's arrival, the birds flitting among the trees of this small woodland oasis chirped, imitating the song of the night, "All I Do Is Win." Hakoda's head throbbed from the usage of The Hammer of Sleep, but 'twas no real problem — forsooth, everyone knew that character injuries are to be glossed over, if not ignored completely.

Ozai still lay in slumber, no longer uttering nonsensical strings of threats, insults, and lyrics from popular 2000's rap songs. Admittedly, so far he agreed with his colleague's musical tastes, although he himself was more of a 90's man. Aye, a scene of tranquility this was; his chest rose and fell gently, and his hair fanned out around his head, glittering in the sunlight. Several birds alighted upon the dozing chap, as if he were a Disney princess.

Close enough, thought Hakoda, and blinked to ensure that he was not, in fact, hallucinating. Forsooth, when he opened his eyes, Ozai had awakened, and he stretched, his shirt lifting to reveal his ridiculously chiseled abdomen.

Hakoda blinked again, troubled. "Twas also a unique moment, for the first moments after the haze of sleep were a liminal period; one was not fully present, not fully aware of who they were. Surely, after the woefully short time that Ozai required to regain his bearings, he would start being a pretentious asshole again, and perhaps even begin to display his genocidal, child-abusing tendencies if today was just one of those days.

"Good morning," spake the whilom megalomaniac warmly, with a genuine smile.

I'm definitely hallucinating, thought Hakoda, and he wished that he now possessed a Hammer of Awakening rather than a Hammer of Sleep. He slapped himself across the cheek (facial cheek).

Forsooth, when that palm struck his countenance, the truth emerged, and he realized that Ozai was merely speaking to his own reflection in a nearby puddle of water. Narcissistic or insane, mayhap both, he could not contain his sense of disappointment.
"We're gonna have to go back into the desert today," spake Hakoda to his inattentive prisoner. "The forest isn't very big — it's an oasis that I got lucky to find, if anything."

"Cherry flavored," moaned Ozai, still obviously in his trance. Alackaday! How could he have harbored any emotion towards this man other than animosity and irritation, even if it had been confoundment, and even if it had been present for mere seconds?

Hakoda scrambled from his sleeping kit to perform a foolproof method of acquiring Ozai's heed: he grabbed ahold of his goatish beard.

"What is it now, peasant?" he demanded, his optical annuli (eyes) aggressively piercing despite his sluggishness.

Please kill me, prayed he to Wenchicus Thoticus. "We're heading back into the desert. Not only will we be in an exposed area, but we're likely to encounter some travelers, if not towns. And I could really use a trip to town, now that I have to feed two of us."

"And what do you intend to do about that?" prompted he arrogantly.

"Well, you're very recognizable…" began he, releasing the goatee.

"A disguise, how original. Why don't we simply slaughter all adversaries in our paths?"

"Because that's not a good thing to do," seethed he. "First, as useful as it is to me, we're cutting off your beard. It looks stupid anyways."

"NO!" shrieked Ozai, defencively reaching for his own dangly bits (beard). Hakoda reacted to this sudden movement — perchance he would finally unleash his counterassault on his captor — but nay, their hands met upon that strand of hair.

Aye, that set of fingers gripped his own tightly, yet that smooth and unblemished organ container (skin) was as soft as the soothing whispers of a lover and the first delicate morning light breaking o'er the horizon. Likewise, Ozai was shocked to find that the peasant's touch upon his graspers (hands) was as tender as the first snowflake of winter, yet within lay the strength of a raging storm.

Hakoda released the beard, his countenance burning with embarrassment. "Well, you can't just go into public like that," he managed to put forth.

"You must understand, I made a deal with the pagan god Sailor Moon that I must sport this beard for the rest of my days," spake he. "She heard my prayers for glorious long hair, and she answered; alas, I was made to pray a price. If I sever this beard, I shall lose the rest of my hair as well."

"I mean… that could be a good thing…" responded he, trailing off, for at that moment, Ozai dramatically tossed back his head in such a manner that his follicular strings (hair) flew behind him to blow in the wind. Loréal: Because you're worth it, jeered a voice from the heavens.

Hakoda changed his mind.

"I guess you'll just have to cover up your face with your hair as best you can or something," saith he. He added quickly, "If it really means that much to you."

"I do reckon I ought to be rid of this vile prison uniform," reasoned he. Forsooth, his current apparel marked him as a criminal more than his own countenance did. "Peasant, are you able to provide me with other attire?"
Screaming internally, he replied, "I suppose I could lend you my spare set of clothes, although I'm sure I could pick something up for you in the next town, and it's not like you look Water Tribe —"

"Prithee, peasant, we've not got all day. There are turtles awaiting their slaughter." He beckoned, and Hakoda, dying, removed his change of clothes from his pack and offered them to his comrade.

Mockingly, George Michael's "Careless Whisper" drifted from the heavens above as Ozai stripped. Sweating uncomfortably, Hakoda watched him reveal that totally shredded torso, muscular arms, and impossibly perfect abs. He had never desired to drop dead on the spot as much as he did in this very moment. As his comrade removed his pants, he could no longer bear it, burying his face in his own bag and producing a muffled scream.

"Is there something wrong, peasant?" spake Ozai.

"Just looking for something inside my bag," replied he, sobbing quietly at the fact that this despicable man was, in sooth, ridiculously sexy. When he regained enough to composure to gaze back into the real world, thankfully, Ozai was fully clothed. Nonetheless, he had made the mistake of bringing along his skimpier attire, more suited for warm climates, allowing him a generous view of his companion's muscle boobs (pectorals) and swol reaching appendages (arms, shoulders).

Ozai studied his reflection in the puddle in which he had greeted himself earlier this morning. "I appear as a plebeian," noted he. "'Tis a better fate than to be a criminal, I suppose. Tell me I'm pretty, peasant!"

"You look great," wept Hakoda, begging Wenchicus Thoticus to destroy him where he stood. Alas, he remained living, breathing, and suffering.

Aye, The Shaper of Destiny was a cruel god.

"Let us be on our way to smite these foul green fiends!" ejaculated (exclaimed) Ozai, and he raised a fist to the sky.

The odd duo set off for the exit of that lush green oasis and into the unforgiving, barren terrain of the desert. Nay, the sandstorm on this day was not the merciless, violent beast it had been during their initial encounter; nevertheless, those winds bit into their flesh and tore at their garments, and the granular particulates slashed across these barren, desolate lands. In silence they traveled, for which Hakoda was appreciative, although it merely provided him excessive time to ruminate. Images of the quondam tyrant's ripped chest danced tauntingly in his head jello (mind) as he attempted to ignore the man striding alongside him.

Aye, on the horizon a town emerged. The meagre shekels in his bag had diminished greatly o'er the week of travel he had already endured. And now, to provide for an ingrate who, in addition to being evil and a right pain in the arse, was coaxing forth from him a great sexual frustration!

My Lord Ben 10, please deliver me, prayed he once more. Alas, what was the use? Clearly, The Shaper of Destiny's ruthless ways were prevailing in this war of the gods. Ben 10's dominion over his pantheon of demigods no longer applied to the rebellious and fuckless Wenchicus Thoticus.

"I'm thirsty!" whined Ozai, breaking the silence that Hakoda had so been relishing.

So am I, you absolute asswipe! he desired to scream. "We're near to town," spake he instead.

Forsooth, within minutes, they traipsed into the sanctuary of the desert village. The buildings blocked the abrasive, cutting sand, and the breeze carried the redolence of roasting meat. Aye, a marketplace they had stumbled upon, and as distressing as it was for share his clothing with his completely awful
companion, the few shekels in his bag told him that it had been for the best, for there were more important items to purchase.

Following the scent of food, instructed he, "Just stay by me and try to look innocuous, okay?"

Alas, his companion had already wandered off, and he found himself speaking to into thin air. He tried not to slam his brain container (head) into the nearest wall. Scanning desperately the mix of citizens, not quite a crowd, but not sparse enough for easy navigation either, he caught a glimpse of his own blue attire flashing 'round a corner.

He dashed after that elusive figure, expertly dodging passersby and booths, save for a single cart of cabbages.

"Sorry!" called he over his shoulder. A flash of shining black hair grabbed his attention, and he moved now into a less populated part of town.

"My cabbages!" rose up a mournful cry in the direction from whence he had come. Aye, 'twas the call of a broken man.

He chanced upon his scheming confederate racing down a darkened side street. Redoubling his efforts now that Ozai was in plain view, he removed from his back the trusty boomerang of his son; 'twas the only artifact of his that those wretched turtles had left behind. Pitching it with dexterity that would have made any Australian envious, it smacked into Ozai's skull with a thick crunch before returning to his waiting grasp.

"He's not a woman Tracey," muttered the fallen fellow as Hakoda approached. He dragged Ozai to his feet and pinned the tottery bloke against the side of an adjacent building.

"What did I tell you? Without me, you're fucked," raged he, his tolerance finally depleted.

"Ya boi Harambe," babbled he.

Hakoda bitch-slapped his prisoner, retrieving a slice of awareness from whatever realm to which it had drifted off, and that slice was enough.

"Mayhap I seek world domination, okay?" slurred he. "Unhand me, for I must fulfill my destiny!"

Hakoda bitch-slapped him 'cross the other cheek (facial cheek). A slow smile spread 'cross his features, accompanied with a look of hazy, spaced-out bliss — he appeared to be enjoying the physical assault.

Oh Ben 10, what if he's getting off to this? Hakoda panicked. Why would this erstwhile dictator be anything other than a sadist — yet, peradventure, his reaction of pleasure was to Hakoda's own frustration. Surely, infuriating as he was, this must be the case.

He stepped away, all at once hyperaware of how much skin-to-skin contact he had initiated with Ozai.

"I'm begging you, please cooperate with me," pleaded he. "It'll be easier for everyone. Do you want a drink or not? Because you sure can't get one yourself."

"Peasant," spat he under his breath.

"You've got no money! Who's the peasant now!?" cried he triumphantly.
He hesitated, refusing to meet Hakoda's burning gaze. "I concede," murmured he, sinking to the ground in sudden sorrow, "that you have a point, peasant. Aye, I am stripped of all I once knew, and thrust into this world again with naught but my besmirched reputation."

Hakoda's simmering rage dwindled. At last, he spake words not of arrogance and condescension, but of shame. He prayed to Ben 10 that this introspection would lead to an earnest change in behaviour.

"I do… extend my apologies… for my lack of gratitude… for the care that you have offered," choked out he. Although he did, in sooth, speak in the manner of a chap forced to apologise, he had nevertheless done it of his own accord.

"Oh, what? Really?" saith Hakoda incredulously, taken aback by this unprecedented interaction. "You mean it?"

"I'm so hungry," whispered he despairingly.

"All right, let's go back to the market then." Relief mingled with his confoundment. Stupidly, he extended his pentahook (hand) to help Ozai to his feet, and those sturdy yet smooth, soft fingers gripped his for an instant before letting go.

ii. Anakin Becomes Pony Moses

High among the clouds of that purple sky the triad of villains rode, Cruella and Bellatrix whooping and howling in ecstasy as Anakin repeatedly swallowed his own vomit. He imagined how that blue hedgehog would feel writhing beneath him, as it had in the agony of the severance of its gotta-go-fast limbs (legs).

"Huh-huh-huh-huh," yukked Anakin. He had been experimenting with his evil laugh o'er the night and into this day; this time his vocalizations resembled those of a seal in labor.

Aye, high above the desert flew they, having exited the towering mountain range of yesterday. Frightened was Anakin by that infernal expanse of dreaded sand, hence higher they rode. 'Twas exhilarating to soar in the realm of the gods, yet frightening, and not simply due to the dizzyingly deadly drop below them.

Here, the heavy metal they could only catch in snippets from the ground, when the divine amplifiers were particularly loud, boomed and resonated 'cross the sky. Today doom metal boomed from those sacred speakers; aye, Candlemass, Electric Wizard, Reverend Bizarre, and Trees of Eternity were in the queue. Headbanging in unison to the stone cold classic "Solitude" off of Candlemass's 1986 album Epicus Doomicus Metallicus, Bellatrix and Cruella were truly enjoying the ride, but after the last notes of the acoustic coda rang out, nay, no more doom metal followed.

Anakin very nearly shat himself upon hearing that score; the voices of a choir rose together to form an epically tense opening to this iconic battle song. Aye, Obi Wan had spake of this song many a time, for this had been the soundtrack to his own master's death. Forsooth, 'twas none other than Duel of The Fates.

"Guys, I think we're in trouble," warned Anakin anxiously as that dramaturgical opening set the stage for the throwdown of the ages. He swiveled about as best he could without falling from the broomstick, searching for these promised enemies.

Of course, Wenchicus Thoticus could merely be fucking with him, for The Shaper of Destiny was a fickle god; but alas, descending betwixt two purple-stained clouds, a horde of pegasi swarmed upon their vulnerable target.
"Cruella! I entrust the steering to you!" spake Bellatrix.

"Surely, you don't believe I'm qualified for this!" protested she.

"You lack long-distance methods of attack, my dear," explained she. "You have already proven to be quite the spectacular woman as it is; hence, I have faith in your capabilities." Bellatrix winked.

"Oh, you're too kind," giggled Cruella, brushing it off. "By which I mean perfectly evil!"

"We're under attack, quit flirting!" cried Anakin. They had nary an instant to spare if they were to vanquish this multitude of foes.

Cruella awkwardly fled from the encroaching masses; this treacherous triad shot along parallel to the ground, teetering wildly from side to side. Anakin at last vomited off the side of the broomstick, risking his balance to free the products of his nausea.

"Go down!" commanded Anakin. "We can't take them in aerial combat!" Aye, if only he'd retained his ship, what an easy victory would this have been!

Panicking, Cruella angled the broomstick down whilst Bellatrix fired curses at the malicious ponies. Through a layer of clouds traveled they, only to learn that below them was an not desert, but an open expanse of water.

"Land on those spires all the way to the right! Can you see it?" beseeched Anakin, in the grips of mortal terror. Bellatrix was doing well enough holding the fiendish hordes at bay; alas, only so much time they had before those vicious horses were upon them.

"It doesn't look awfully stable!" cried Cruella over the tearing winds.

"Just do it! It'll be really cool and dramatic if we fend them off from the top of those really precarious mountains!" screamed he.

"Right you are, Anakin! A proper villain is always concerned with drama, impractical as it may be!" remarked Cruella, swerving towards those sheer, jagged precipices. "On a totally unrelated note, do we need to teach you the art of monologuing, or is your evil laugh currently your main focus?"

"I think I can handle monologuing on my own," replied Anakin, "but thank you for the offer." From his belt he durst remove his lightsaber, for the ponies were nigh close enough to dismember by hand. Their formation strategically began blocking the threesome's potential paths for escape, and now, hoping that it would still function in this new world, Anakin unleashed the power of The Force.

The manifestation of his pure, unfiltered willpower hurled pegasi asunder, cleft in twain the blockade of the swarm, and this beautiful sensation of becoming Pony Moses brimmed within him until he could no longer contain it: he loosed upon the audio holes (ears) of his allies and foes alike a passable evil cackle!

The pegasi's progress slowed, respectable amounts of them soaring far off course or frantically treading water, and Cruella made a rough landing atop the tallest of the spires. Tripping and stumbling upon that perilous peak, the treacherous trio dismounted the broom, and the wooden shaft (not a penis) clattered down the mountain, only to land on a ledge below.

Aye, what a scene was this! Cruella unleashed her Arcanine, snarling and snorting puffs of flame, and the three poised back to back, weapons pointed towards the sky as the ravaging hordes began their merciless assault. Many of these winged horses were of bright, outlandish colours, possessing childishly large eyes, and on their flanks, marks that suggested peace and friendship. Alackaday, for
they were anything but! These vicious creature attacked with no mind towards mercy, no objections to objectivity; nay, they fought not fair.

"Force them back, then I can put around us a ring of protection!" ordered Bellatrix.

"Aye, aye!" called Anakin. Frenetically, yet with a deftness that would have put Master Yoda himself to shame, he incapacitated each approaching fiend whilst dramatically backflipping atop that precarious spire. Hooves clubbed him relentlessly, teeth pulled at his hair and robes, but with each wave that ventured too close, he sent them hurtling away with his magisterial command of The Force.

The numbers of those pegasi at last dwindled. Cruella's Arcanine was tiring, Bellatrix's already subpar aim (after all, she was a villain) was deteriorating. In spite of his own creeping exhaustion, Anakin was mentally reinvigorated. The spire was strewn with pony limbs, and the water below ran red with blood; the detached head of a pegasus plunked into the leftward twin lake.

Panting, the Arcanine rolled over to lick its wounds, then decided that a better investment was to gnaw on a severed leg. Pokemon were rarely fed even by the kindest of trainers, it was as if everyone assumed that food was a luxury rather than a necessity for them. Cruella had likely not fed nor watered the Arcanine since she had initially acquired it.

"Acio, broom!" spake Bellatrix, and miraculously, her sitting stick (not a penis) rose from its perch on the ledge, and she caught it skillfully. "Shall we leave?"

Anakin turned wearily at the sound of hooves hitting stone. Many surviving pegasi had fled, yet this defiant filly stood its ground. Aye, this pale blue pony with its rainbow mane would have been difficult to view as a true threat prior to the descending of the hordes, but now he was fully aware of the ruthless capabilities of a single horse.

Anakin licked his lips.

"Cruella, may I borrow another Pokeball?" requested he.

"All right, but this is my last one," replied she reluctantly. Catching the final ball, he swiftly took aim at the encroaching pony 'fore it managed a single step forwards. The entrapment snapped shut, and the creature within violently attempted an escape — nay, to no avail.

He pocketed the ball, placing it with the one that already contained the blue hedgehog. The trio exchanged compliments and congratulations, and Cruella summoned her own Pokemon back to its spherical cage. Anakin orbed (eyed) Bellatrix's broom with apprehension as she positioned herself upon it, preparing for flight. Perhaps if he could tame this pegasus, then he need not be subjected to that uncomfortable, crowded shaft of wood (not a penis), nor Bellatrix's erratic and reckless steering. Indeed, he could brainstorm a way or two to bend that pegasus to his will. Alas, for now, he was forced to travel by broom, and dolefully, he sat upon their sole means of transportation.

Meanwhile, stagnant and stumped just outside the outer wall of Ba Sing Se, Ash Ketchum, Misty, and Brock pondered how they could possibly surpass that infallible barrier. Aye, Ash currently did have his Pidgeot on hand, albeit it did not occur to him that he was no longer bound by Pokemon logic.

"I've never been here before, my Pidgeot is physically incapable of flying places where I've never been, because PLOT!" whined Ash.

"My Geodude can't use Dig to tunnel beneath the wall because we're not in a cave!" lamented
Unnoticed by this triad of Pokemon trainers, a second trio bore down upon them from the skies. "Stupefy!" shouted Bellatrix thrice. Before these beloved anime characters could call forth their Pokemon to their defences, they fell unconscious in a heap.

The heinous threesome stepped upon solid ground. Cruella rifled through Ash's bag, removing an assortment of Pokeballs, medicines, berries, stones, money, a folded-up bicycle, a freakishly large yellow mouse screaming its own name at them, and the country of Japan. Astounding it was how much could fit in this bag! With this knowledge, she returned these stolen goods to the bag from whence she had taken them, and shouldered the entirety of the pack. Like their own Pokemon, these people also did not appear to require food.

Experimentally, Anakin reached for an occupied Pokeball and tossed it out. With the computer-generated shriek of a soul descending into hell, a bird emerged in a burst of white light.

Not quite as badass as an Arcanine, thought he, but it would do. Anakin climbed aboard the Pidgeot, which was delightfully submissive to its new owner's whims. Not dictated by the arbitrary laws of Pokemon video games, nor conditioned to believe that he was, Anakin soared o'er the wall upon his new bird, Cruella and Bellatrix riding the broomstick beside him, and into the city.
A pink piece of confetti rested half-buried in the sand, resisting the wind's attempts to carry it off. Knees sunk into the ground abreast it, and a flesh hooker (hand) scooped it from the dune to which it had so stubbornly clung.

That hand crushingly clenched the pink piece of confetti and the particulate that had surrounded it, sand seeping betwixt the holder's fingers and blowing away in the wind.

Glowering, Ozai released the piece of confetti and the remaining sand into the gale. "Still fresh," spake he.

"By Ben 10," Hakoda muttered, caught betwixt amusement and irritation. Though he did appreciate his comrade's unexpected dedication to the quest, he had just indulged in the Fresh Clue trope, spouting a line that had been utterly predictable despite the nonsensical context.

"That erection (building) o'er yonder," he pointed out, "may very well be the grave of those turtles."

Forsooth, a nebulous structure on the horizon loomed behind the blur of airborne sand. The duo exchanged a glance, and with a flick of the ol' cognition mush (head), Hakoda beckoned his unlikely ally onward.

"We need a plan," put forth Hakoda. "Twas proving difficult to hear over the raging of the sands, and the trek stretched on as they fought against the wind. "The four of them will probably be inside — if they haven't joined with other forces by now. I mean, come on, you know strategy, you've got to have some idea of what to do."

"Your people have deprived me of my army," grumbled Ozai. That building in the distance may have very well been a mirage, but as they approached, nay, 'twas no trick of the sight spheres (eyes). "My hair is going to be so hard to brush after this," lamented he softly.

"Look, um," spake the peasant uncertainly. They had drawn close enough to that lonely, dark tower in order to distinguish windows and the doorway. "It's shocking enough that you've come this far with me, and I, I guess I'm touched? And you're willing to fight alongside me — that's —"


"Okay, then," spake the plebeian, retreating a step. "The point is, I can't send you in unarmed." He inhaled deeply. "As nervous as that makes me."

"Worry not, peasant! I unwisely focused the entirety of my combative training on a type of fighting for which I no longer possess the capability," spake he. "Unless you have a katana, of course. For that is the chosen weapon of all."

"Just great. I don't have a katana," saith he. "I do, however, have a longsword." He produced a blade from his bag, which, similarly to Ash Ketchum's backpack, provided far more space than it logically should have.
"Aye, a long boy (not a penis)," spake Ozai reverently. Apprehensively, Hakoda passed o'er the sword to the grip of this hopefully whilom enemy. A few practice swings he gave this mighty weapon. "Wait, this isn't golf," remembered he. He raised the sword to shoulder height. "Wait, this isn't baseball, either. Wait. Wait. I can do this."

Desperate to prove to himself that he still "got it," he shut his eyes and pretended that this was, in fact, a katana. And aye, he realised how he sought to impress the peasant as well, an alarming motivation indeed! Immediately, he shoved the thought deep into his subconscious, where he repressed numerous childhood memories, regrets, emotional needs, insecurities, yearnings for approval and affection, alcoholism, occurrences during his career as a rapper, his failures as a chef, and homo — Scratch that last part. Why, there was nothing gay about his budding relationship with this mere peasant! They were just two blokes who desired to smite turtles together. What manlier bond could a pair share than slaying the same enemies?

"Oh, doubled-edged," remarked Ozai, studying the blade for the first time despite having wasted several minutes recklessly swinging about the weapon. "Double the killing. Double the fun. Say, peasant, from whence did you acquire this?"

"I traded with some fantasy race for it, don't ask me which one, I can't remember the differences between them," spake he. "They were among the first to pass through the interdimensional rip, I've heard." That forlorn tower drew nearer, until they passed under the shadow of that great desolate spire.

"How fare the nations?" questioned he. "How deal they with this influx of hostile invaders?"

"Fuck, dude, I don't know, I've been on the road for a while."

"I would have already vanquished them," swore he, making black metal hands. (For those unfamiliar with black metal, it appears as though one making "black metal hands" is clutching an invisible orange.)

"That's nice," spake Hakoda nervously. Aye, the bloodlust was returning to his comrade, verily a frightening thought.

The base of that towering edifice was buried in a layer of sand. Nay, they could not force the entrance open without a touch of excavation. Upon uncovering the bottom of that doorway, Hakoda rattled the handle to no avail.

"Foiled again," cursed Ozai.

"Yea, o'er here, imbeciles!" spake a voice from above. The dadly duo turned their globular vision holes (eyes) towards the purple heavens in confoundment.

"Accursed green fiends!" screamed Ozai, shaking his fist in defiant rage. Forsooth, a masked turtle lazily gazed down upon them from an open window. "I challenge you to a duel!"

"Aye, thou yeasty hell-hated lewdster, I denyeth thou entry!" cried the turtle. "Turn away at once or I shall be forced to summon my brethren!"

"I shall match your brethren stroke for stroke, thou great poisonous bunch-backed toad!" retorted Ozai.

"Thou dost make a fatal mistake, O bawdy beef-witted lout, O idol of idiot-worshippers!" The turtle gestured obscenely at them, and spat through the window.
"Why, thou roguish boil-brained bugbear! Thou durst call me an idol of idiot-worshippers, yet thou art naught but a fusty nut with no kernel?" He waved his sword threateningly.

"Bah! A fusty nut with no kernel? I fart in your general direction! Your mother was a hamster, and your father smelt of elderberries! O, I shal showeth thou a fusty nut with no kernel!" cried the enraged foe. "Brethren! Assemble!"

Aye, the remaining three mutant turtles emerged in the window. Why they wore masks, Ozai knew not, for they were more obvious than a pair of teenagers "doing homework" together. The initial tormenting turtle unsheathed dual katanas (of course) and sprung into battle.

He hefted the cumbersome longsword and fearlessly met those vile fiends; mayhap, if he could acquire a katana, he could emerge from this battle victorious. Aye, blades clashed, sword met with staff, and the logic of the four-on-one scenario dictated that Ozai once again had his arse handed to him in a matter of seconds.

"PEASANT!" raged he as he broke out of the ring of adversaries and pusillanimously (forsooth, this is the word from whence the modern insult "pussy" arises; nay, it is not a sexist remark) fled, the sand slowing his progress. As if to taunt him, the Yakety Sax song boomed down from the heavens. "WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING ME!"

Meanwhile, Hakoda had scaled the side of the building and crawled in through that open window. The musty interior of this dank (moist [damp]) tower smelled strongly of pizza, yet that inviting, tantalizing odor masked the scent of something far more sinister. He glanced out the window to where Ozai ran across the desert screaming, the four turtles close in pursuit. The brief fight had distracted them just long enough for him to enter the spire unnoticed; alas, a twinge of guilt twisted his internal food sack (stomach), guilt that he had abandoned his ally, even if it was to rescue his son from the clutches of these foul creatures.

"SOKKA!" cried he into the dingy grey hallway, his vocalizations echoing eerily. Alas, no response he received, so down that forbidding corridor ran he, gripping tightly the boomerang in the event that more fiends would emerge. He ascended the spiral staircase in the centre of the tower.

Aye, when he reached the last of the steps, he realised that this was no ordinary tower; he climbed out upon the roof to where a great bell hung above him, which had appeared as naught but an amorphous and indistinct structure from ground level.

And lo! He dashed towards a blindfolded, gagged form bound to a chair, placed strategically out of sight on the opposite side of the spire.

Before he could undo those chains, he was compelled to gaze out o'er the desert once more, and rushing back towards the side of the bell tower that they had originally approached, he spotted those five figures struggling through the vast expanse of sand.

In order to build dramatic tension during a chase scene, the individual fleeing often trips. This was exactly what happened to Ozai, and, at least from this distance and in combination with the low visibility, it appeared as though he had stumbled o'er nothing. Hakoda fought the urge to hide his countenance in second-hand embarrassment and exasperation — without his power, the man was proving to be simply helpless — and he rung that hefty bell to draw the turtles' attention away from their target.

And forsooth, work it did! To match his comrade's flawless execution of an age-old cliche, he let out a breath he didn't know he was holding in. Ozai lay stunned in the sand as the turtles turned tail and retreated towards their tower to deal with this new invasive threat.
Hakoda returned to the fettered figure on the chair. With his trusty pocket knife, he severed many a-rope and tore asunder these oppressive fibres. He at last removed that gag and blindfold only for befuddlement to overwhelm him.

Nay, this was not his son. Forsooth, his hair and clothing matched; alack, alack! For that was where the similarities ended. 'Twas a naught but a costume.

The imposter blearily gazed up at him, and frozen by the impossibility of the situation, the only course of action for Hakoda was to suppress his growing panic. "P… Pa?" spake this false Sokka.

Struggling for words, Hakoda at last managed, "Tell a joke, son."

"A what?"

"A joke, tell a joke!" beseeched he.

"You reckon this is time fer a joke? They're a-comin' back, we really oughtta leave now!"

Shaking his flesh skull container (head) in disbelief, Hakoda repudiated this poseur and retreated towards the edge of the edifice. The foursome of turtles streaked 'cross the barren stretches of sand, drawing nigh.

Aye, 'twas no way to escape these vicious adversaries aside from sheer, unrestrained combat. Sorrowfully, Hakoda unsheathed the boomerang that he had so been hoping to return to its rightful owner today. With prowess for which American tourists would have generously tipped him, he hurled that lunette weapon at the orange-masked foe, rendering him unconscious.

Capturing it with the same grace with which one would catch a basketball comprised of machine guns, he flung it deftly at the turtle who advertised via his mask colour his communist, Republican, or Fire Nation affiliations (you choose).

And down the side of that tower he made the harrowing jump, for dads are oft among the greatest of secret badasses. He seized that boomerang out of the air, landing upon the purple-masked turtle foolish enough to stand beneath him, and at the katana-wielding leader of the troop, he once more unleashed his weapon.

Alack, that fiendish turtle dodged! "What have you done with my son?" shouted Hakoda at this atrocious antagonist.

Encroaching upon him, spake the turtle, "I know not thine name, nor thine son! Our sole prisoner rests at the top of the bell tower — nay, there is no other!"

Hakoda screamed furiously, interrupting the villain's monologue in order to defeat him. A second well-aimed throw struck the bendy bits of his walking appendages (knees), immobilizing him. Thinking of Ozai, he triumphantly claimed the suffering turtle's katanas.

"Thou lewdly-inclined foot-licker!" cursed the paralysed green fiend as Hakoda floundered through the thick sand.

Minutes later, after realising that Ozai had fled a great deal further than he had initially thought, he collapsed beside his exhausted comrade.

"I'm fucking sorry," confessed he, unwilling to meet his companion's optical lemons (eyes). The sun had nigh set, and particulate whipped about as relentlessly as always. "I shouldn't have left you to fight four turtles at once. It wasn't right."
"Peasant," spake Ozai hoarsely. Hakoda's gaze jerked towards him almost involuntarily, and he saw upon the countenance of this erstwhile genocidal maniac… insecurity. Aye, his temple bled, and he had long since abandoned his longsword somewhere along the chase, but this was the visage of a man whose pride had been injured, not his physical shell (body).

"These are… for you," saith Hakoda tentatively, and nudged forward the pair of katanas.

"I suppose I ought to ask you why your son is not accompanying you." He glanced at the swords, but did not reach to accept the offering.

"Because it wasn't him," spake Hakoda. "Those turtles had an imposter in his place."

He grunted indifferently, staring off at the bell tower as his hair blew dramatically in the wind. A long, awkward silence, settled betwixt them whilst Hakoda tried really really hard not to allow his gaze to linger for too long over his companion's pensive profile and sharp-enough-that-it-would-have-been-a-better-weapon-choice-than-the-longsword jawline.

"Do I still… 'got it,' peasant?" asked he finally.

"'Got it?'" echoed Hakoda.

"You know… do I still 'got it'? Do I still inspire fear in the hearts of mine enemies? Do plebeians and commoners such as yourself still tremble at the mere mention of my name?"

He hesitated in his answer. 'Twas an unwise move to shatter whatever trust had formed betwixt them, aye, this trust that apparently ran deep enough for Ozai to confide his self-doubt in him. "Uh…" began he. "No. Not really."

That dictator of yore lay on his side and curled up into a ball. "Woe is me," wailed he mournfully. Unthinkingly, Hakoda reached out for him, and halted just in time to avoid physical contact, his meathook (hand) drawing back e'er so slightly. Yet it remained hovering just above his shoulder, as if he were attempting to subdue a feral animal. From the heavens, Cascada's hit song "Every Time We Touch" subtly drifted down, neither of them noticing it, yet both registering it as background noise.

"You can learn to be happy without making people hate you," offered Hakoda awkwardly, sweating nervously and loathing himself for it.

"O, what's the use?" grieved Ozai. Aye, he certainly no longer "got it" if he spake his own insecurities to a mere peasant. Life was devoid of meaning without the thrill of the kill, aye, the rush of power, O, the eternal goal of world domination. Nay, now he could smite nary a single turtle.

Yet the peasant's hand slowly approached his countenance, opening like a flower to cup his cheek (facial cheek). He instinctively responded to that delicate caress by leaning into the comforting warmth of his palm; his eyes shut of their own accord in recognition of the bliss of this unexpected intimacy. Those fingers trailed along his bleeding temple, and a soft moan escaped his lips when the peasant grazed his open wound. When those fingers lifted from his countenance, the ghost of his touch still burnt into his skin, a reminder, nay, proof of the peasant's words: that joy could exist without hatred.

Forsooth, touching someone's face is quite a dramatic event that requires multiple sentences of description, on top of possessing the potential to be a life-altering moment. It was also totally not gay at all, at least in Ozai's opinion. The peasant had merely been checking his wound. That was a manly thing that brothers in arms did for each other.
Meanwhile, Hakoda internally cringed at his own actions, his mortification practically tripling when "Every Time We Touch" transcended from background noise to the undeniable soundtrack to what had just occurred.

"We should, uh, really go make camp, a good distance away from the tower," stammered Hakoda. "I was only able to knock the turtles unconscious, so I'd imagine that they'll be after us once they wake up."

"Yes, let's," concurred Ozai. He uncurled himself and windmilled violently to rid his lustrous mane of sand (the music had now changed to Dying Fetus's "Subjected To A Beating," a superior song to which to headbang). Walking five feet apart, because they weren't gay, the dadly duo set off across that infernal desert hellscape.

ii. The Tyrannical Aspirations Of A Young Sunburnt Organist

In the spacious high-ceilinged chamber at the heart of the palace, a solitary hooded figure sat behind a church organ. His fingers graced those keys as the melody to Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" thundered from the pipes above him and reverberated eerily within the capacious room.

With speed that would have made Jordan Rudess blush and skill that would've prompted Tony Banks's jaw to hit the floor, as the piece drew to an end, he hammered out an improvised solo; aye, in that brief minute, he became the first musician to utilize the key of H, the time signature of sixty nine beats over four-twenty, and the tempo of six hundred and sixty six beats per minute.

"Master," spake a boy, interrupting the organist's scintillating solo as he entered the room.

The mysterious hooded man slammed down upon the keyboard in frustration, conjuring forth a booming, demonically dissonant chord that nigh made the boy shart his pants. "What did I tell you about walking in on me when I'm ominously playing the organ!?" groused he.

"Deepest apologies, Master," spake the boy, bowing in the presence of this lordly fellow.

"Well, boy, if you're going to intrude on me, this had better be worthwhile," spake the inscrutable hooded man.

"We have visitors who request to see you, Master," saith the child. "They seek the centre of power; nay, they said not why, but they insist that they ought to meet you."

"And did they provide names?" The organist rose from his seat and approached the doorway.

"Nay," answered the boy.

"Assemble your confederates, quickly now," demanded the enigmatic bloke.

"But Master," protested the child, "you have sent my companions off into the world to do thine bidding."

The hooded organist counted upon his wizardly key-tappers (fingers), concentrating hard and muttering to himself. "I suppose you are correct. Fetch your staff then, boy, and retrieve the aliens."

The child trembled in fear. "Please, no, Master. You know they shall hinder mine own fighting, with their terrible weakness to water."

The boy scampered off to carry out his task, the door sending a mighty rumble reverberating throughout the chamber as it shut. That perplexing man enjoyed this moment of solitude, and at last he lowered his hood.

Aye, he was in sooth not much older than his counterpart, yet years of angst had molded him, entrapping all emotions aside from rage in the deepest recesses of his mind. And marring one side of his countenance was… an unpleasant-looking sunburn. He retreated to his organ to play another brief solo that, though in a major key, sounded like the hymn of lost souls descending into hell.

"Master, I have the aliens," spake the boy, interloping at the wrong time again, just as his master had kicked off his shoes and begun to furiously play the organ with his toes.

"Goddammit, Ong!" screamed he, and slammed down upon that keyboard, enraged. Even his careless strike unintentionally produced a melody so evil that any church-burning black metal band would have immediately stopped worshipping Satan, and instead hailed this mysterious organist as their dark lord.

"I'm sorry, I meant to be quick like you said, Master!" cried the boy. He cowered from this encroaching menace.

Aye, from the torches burning in their brackets on the walls (for atmosphere, of course), he gathered a fistful of flame and threateningly passed the amorphous, shifting ball betwixt his hands. "It matters not now… bring me to these visitors, boy."

"Yes, Master," spake Ong.

The organist pulled up his hood again and strode along these darkened corridors illuminated solely by torchlight. The Earth Palace had undergone much renovation under its new owner, and now it appeared suitably evil. Followed by his personal horde of aliens and Ong, the pure, unadulterated potential for destruction flowed through his blood tunnels (veins).

Once those grand front doors swung open, he shielded his eyes from the burning daylight, and O, how the sun was his enemy, for it had scarred his face for all days. Though, as a firebender, it made little sense for him to fear the light, his villainy overrode this insignificant detail and dictated that he recoil from brightness.

"Greetings," spake a visitor.

And forsooth, it was none other than the trio of evil: Bellatrix, Cruella, and Anakin! Bellatrix leant on her broomstick like a badboy against a wall, and Anakin stood with his arms crossed and his new Pidgeot hopping about besides him. Cruella's Arcanine, unsteady on its feet after all this exertion with nary a single visit to a PokeCenter, growled a warning to the organist, flame snorting from its nose.

"I didn't know there were firebending dog-tigers!" spake the mysterious chap, intrigued.


"I take it you're not from around here," saith the organist. "And neither am I. Yet I do sense… a connection with the three of you, somehow."

"I feel it as well," spake Bellatrix pensively. "Aye, you took this palace by force from its rightful owner, did you not?"

"Forsooth, I did."
"Excellent," crowed Cruella, tenting her fingers à la Monty Burns.

"Well, you have to know these things when you're a king, you know," spake the organist, à la Monty Python. "You must be able to recognize your villainous brethren. Say, my comrades, what is your aim?"

"World domination," chirped Bellatrix.

"A noble pursuit indeed!" cried the hooded bloke. "I, too, seek world domination. However, thus far I have only gained control of this city. There lies a mighty empire far to the west; they are in the midst of recovering from their defeat in a great war. And to the north and south lie smaller, weaker targets. What say you, will you join me in my quest?"

"Sure thing, but we'll probably get into a squabble for power after achieving our goal, and end up killing each other," saith Bellatrix.

"I would expect no less," spake the organist with a nod. "My name is Suko, and do come in, I insist. This is my army of aliens, and my minion, Ong. I've really had to revamp the place to get it looking suitably evil."

"Did you forget to put on sunscreen too?" asked Cruella. "It's awfully bright out there. If you'd like to borrow some, this bag from the last group we mugged is bound to have it — everything is in here!" Pikachu angrily shouted its own name at Cruella 'fore she zipped up the bag again.

"It's not a sunburn!" burst out Suko. "I have a tragic backstory, okay? I'm evil because my dad was a dick and I had a traumatic childhood!"

"That's kind of an overused lame excuse," whispered Bellatrix into Cruella's auditory sensory perceptor (ear).

"Let's give this guy a chance, he could be a strategic ally," responded Anakin quietly to his comrades.

"That's my organ room," pointed out Suko, continuing on the grand tour.

"Spectacularly diabolical!" spake Bellatrix. "It is where you keep the hearts of your slaughtered enemies, no?"

Suko only sighed, disappointed in himself. "Nay, nay. It is where I practice the instrument called the organ. I am quite good at it, if I do say so myself, but I hate being disturbed in the midst of playing." He glared sideways at Ong, who shied away from his master.

"Well, the organ is the most evil of instruments, in spite of all the church music," reassured Anakin.

"Why, thank you," continued Suko. "And to the left, I have my sex dungeon." Softly, sadly, he added, "And no one with whom to share it. TFW no gf."

"Ooh," spake Bellatrix. She cast a clandestine glance at Cruella, and Anakin fingered (touched) the two Pokeballs resting in his pocket.

"And below are my regular dungeons, the dwelling places of my minions and prisoners alike. Ong, you are dismissed. Alien army, you are dismissed. Avaunt, ye bastards!" With a flick of the wrist, he banished them to the lower level. By Ben 10, did it feel good to be the one doing the exiling for once, instead of falling on the unfortunate receiving end.
"Now that we're in private," spake Suko mischievously, "I shall explain my nefarious plans to you, dear strangers who I just met, outnumber me, and are likely to kill me."

"Don't worry about it. Not yet, at least," saith Bellatrix dismissively.

"Fantastic. Well, you see, this world and the one from which I originate are alternate universes," began he. "Nay, I speak not of 'coffee shop AUs,' or 'high school AUs.' This, as you might know, means that the same people, the same characters, exist under different circumstances in each universe. This provides a great advantage, a great opportunity for quiet infiltration, rather than starting an outright war, which we could quickly lose due to our small numbers."

"I don't know about you, but I'd be down to start an outright war," put forth Anakin to his comrades.

"No! No! That's not the point!" exploded Suko. "Weren't you listening at all!?"

"An outright war sounds good to me," agreed Bellatrix. "Hear me out, the three of us just decimated an entire flock of pegasi. I think we can handle what the natives of this planet throw at us."

Suko captured in his palm a flame from one of his many atmospherically and aesthetically pleasing torches. "You fools! The people of this world can do this!" Recklessly, he blasted fire down the corridor, accidentally setting his favourite potted plant ablaze. "NO!" cried he. "ONG! I REQUIRE YOUR PRESENCE! BRING THE BATHTUB OF SIN!"

Ong's indistinct response journeyed up through the floorboards. Weeping in humiliation, Suko covered his face as the boy emerged with the hefty Bathtub of Sin. With perfect calmness, if not boredom, and agonizing slowness, he bent the dirty, sloshing water and extinguished the flames eating at Suko's beloved houseplant.

"And they can do that!" sobbed Suko, pointing at Ong's painfully dull display of waterbending. Commanded he, "Boy! Show them your air karate!"

Unimpressed, Anakin, Cruella, and Bellatrix observed Ong prancing around with his staff for a bit before he managed to ruffle their hair with a gentle breeze. The trio exchanged disinterested glances.

"There's one more main one, although I have begun work with lightning, and I show potential to not be total shit with it," blubbered Suko; he had not yet uncovered his features. "Neither of us can earthbend. I'm waiting for someone to learn." He aggressively nudged Ong.

"...Like I said, I think we can handle what the natives can do," repeated Bellatrix.

"No offence, but... how did you take over this city?" questioned Anakin.

"Well, the alien army comes in handy. And I admit that The Shaper of Destiny played a role, blasting the townspeople with thirty consecutive hours of Cannibal Corpse until they had all gone deaf or succumbed to the bloodlust," explained Suko.

"Oh, which album?" inquired Bellatrix, being a fan of 1990's Floridian death metal.

"Their latest one, over and over. As emo as I am, I'll say it was some quality music," replied Suko.

"They're quite a consistent band," concurred Anakin.

"I do say," spake Suko. "Well, my friends, there is more to my plans. Once my scouts return, I may have a prospective task for you. We are in the midst of assessing our threats; despite the chaos, these people have maintained relative stability thus far. Our goal is to eliminate that."
"I quite like where this is going," saith Cruella.

"Yes, yes," agreed Bellatrix.

"I quite do," finished Anakin. "I quite do."
Ozai Revitalises His Rap Career

5. Ozai Revitalises His Rap Career

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Sooka had slipped off unnoticed during the dadly duo's battle with his captors, and now he traversed that barren desert, alone. Muttering to himself, he wiped away the sweat trickling down his brow. "Why, it's hotter'n two rabbits screwin' in a wool sock!" exclaimed he in a deep southern accent. He removed a battered Nokia cell phone from his pocket and dialed one of the two numbers in his contacts.

"Hello?" spake a voice on the opposite end of the line.

Of course, because no satellites orbited the planet, this should have been impossible; nonetheless, Nokia cell phones are their own sort of magical.

"Hey, boss," saith Sooka through that Nokia cell phone. "I got some real news for you, and yain't gonna like it…"

Whilst Sooka's boss berated him mercilessly, travelling in the opposite direction 'cross that massive desert was none other than the dadly duo.

"I think I can see something green in the distance," rasped Ozai. Hakoda rattled his bag, lucky to have so much as two shekels to rub together. Forsooth, this was the end of the line. In the next town they encountered, they possessed just enough to pay for sustenance, and then, either off the grid they would live, or they would submit to the cruel forces of capitalism.

Hakoda drank from a glass of his own tears; aye, so parched was he. He gazed upon that tantalizing final sip with desire in his eyne, yet with immense self-control, he offered it to his comrade.

"Aye, peasant, this cup is for me?" spake Ozai hoarsely. O, how he thirsted (after the water).

"Drink it before I change my mind," prompted Hakoda, and extended that crucial container of the liquid of life. Their hand tendrils (fingers) brushed e'er so slightly as the glass changed owners, and Hakoda's outpouring of sweat nigh doubled.

Swallowing the fluid (water), Ozai cried out, "Behold! 'Round that dune o'er yonder lies an establishment!" Neither contained the energy to rejoice; merely, they shifted directions and trudged on through the immeasurable sand. Once they reached those city limits, Hakoda collapsed and lay prone in a patch of shade behind a building. His companion held the glass cup to his sight knobs (eyes) to collect the tears that streamed down his countenance. He then proceeded to succumb to the weariness in his long boys (legs) and the exhaustion in his neurological organ (brain).

"Say, peasant, you no longer possess need of me, do you?" spake he into the ground.

"I'm heading north to put you in jail," murmured the peasant. "And it's the only other place I can think of that my real son would be at the moment."

"I suppose I'll take advantage of your financial generosity, and then depart once you run out," decided he.

"In that case, I guess you're forcing me to sell your brand new katanas," threatened he.
"No!" Aye, his cry was muffled, but within it hid desperation. "They're my only chance to be badass again," wept he.

"You can still do all those flips, right?"

"I may have… injured my back during my attempts in the last battle," confessed he.

"Well, neither of us are young anymore." He sighed with sorrow. Though, somehow, your body is still flawless, thought he, compulsively slamming his forehead into the ground to rid himself of such unwanted notions. "So the thing is, we are almost out of money. And I might have to sell one katana. Just one."

"Please, my good man, have mercy," implored Ozai.

"Well, do you have a better plan to rake in the cash?" retorted Hakoda. Become a stripper, an intrusive thought of his urged his companion. He slammed his head into the ground now twice.

"What drives you to damage your head like that, peasant?" questioned he.

"I'm just… frustrated," answered he truthfully.

"Be frustrated no longer, comrade. We can always busk."

"Busk," repeated he disbelievingly. "I don't have any musical talent, and neither of us have an instrument."

"Not to worry! You don't need any musical talent to rap."

"Woah, woah, let's backtrack here for a moment. I am not rapping on the streets begging for handouts. What do you want me to do, change the lyrics to every rap song ever to be about how we don't have money instead of talking about how rich we are?"

"I suppose you don't have to contribute, peasant. Now that I am out of prison, and you're preventing me from world domination, I do believe that it would be an opportune time to revitalise my career as a rapper."

Hakoda choked on his own spit. As he hacked and coughed, Ozai rolled over onto his back and gazed pensively into the violet sky above.

"Acquire a gig for me tonight, peasant, and I shall bring in sufficient 'cash' and 'hoes.' I had many 'bitches,' back in the day," reminisced he. "Alas, I could not intercourse them without revealing my identity." He stood up and brushed the sand off his leg cases (pants). "I require shutter shades and headwear of some sort, preferably a baseball cap. Peasant, we must seek them out."

"…I'm sorry, but are you — are you shitting me?" stuttered Hakoda. Aye, it was all too unbelievably confounding.

"Do I look like it?" spake he, removing a vinyl edition of Kendrick Lamar's To Pimp A Butterfly from his bag whilst rifling through it. "Here we are. My trusty life companion." He held one mint-condition Shure SM57 dynamic microphone up to the light. It twinkled in the sun once, complete with sound effects.

I'm definitely hallucinating, Hakoda found himself thinking again. I've had a heat stroke and my dying brain is producing this scene for me right before I pass on into The Great Abyss. He didn't even have anything on him when we met. This is impossible.
Alas, he was horribly wrong, for anything can happen when the author's self-insert is not a mere Mary Sue, but a god.

"I'll… I'll see what I can do." He longed for The Hammer of Awakening, though The Hammer of Sleep would have sufficed as well. "Let's go find a shitty dive bar, then."

And downtown travelled the dadly duo; though this village was smaller than Anakin Skywalker's bacon rod (penis), it contained a bustling red light district. Humming the tune of Katy Perry's hit song "California Girls," Ozai rummaged around in his pack to produce his aforementioned baseball cap and shutter shades.

"Can't you pull money out of that bag instead?" asked Hakoda uncomfortably. A stripper scandalously in want of socks smiled seductively at him from across the street.

"The rules are extremely arbitrary, you must know," explained he. "Convenient items appear may come into my possession, but nay, ne'er an outright deus ex machina."

"Great… just great," muttered he. A group of prostitutes played ring around the rosie in the centre of the plaza, ominously chanting.

Ozai placed his hat sideways over his uppermost dome (head) and slid on his ridiculous slatted sunglasses. A bolt of fear rippled through Hakoda's bowels, for those shutter shades matched the purple colouration of the heavens above.

"Lo! A target I have spotted. Mr. Bendy's. Shall we enter, peasant?" He gestured grandly at the decrepit shit-brown structure a hog's pace down the road. "I do feel a touch left out. Oh, how I wish I could set a ablaze the world!"

"I don't think that's what they're referring to —" cautioned Hakoda; alas, his comment did not reach Ozai's holes of hearing (ears). Leaving him no choice but to follow his eager companion, he entered that dilapidated dive bar.

Aye, the interior of this derelict pub was no better than the exterior. 'Twas no tavern of fantasy tales; no legendary men of bygone times nursed a beer in the bar's darkest corners, waiting for a youngster to engage them and take up their mantle. Nay, no fights broke out betwixt cut-throats and scoundrels, nor did alluring wenches and barmaidens rush about serving customers.

But none of that mattered, for the night's entertainment had just entered the establishment. "IT'S TIME TO TURN THE FUCK UP!" declared Ozai, thrusting his fist towards the roof.

Hakoda covered his face in his hands shamefully. Neither of them were drunk enough for this yet; forsooth, this was going to be a long night, not to mention that placing this whilom murderous tyrant in the limelight was naught but imprudently vacuous.

Alas, the bar reacted well. The dance music pulsing in the background cut off as Ozai backflipped excessively through the patrons and onto the pub's small raised stage as though he hadn't injured himself from his earlier acrobatics, perhaps because wounds are always to be glossed o'er.

"Fucking open mic night," muttered Hakoda, massaging his temples. Towards that gleaming display of alcoholic beverages strode he, addressing the bartender. "I'd like a glass of your strongest liquor, please."

"Aiight," replied the bartender, a portly fellow sporting a fashionable floral dress. "We just ran out of ethyl alcohol, so I'll pour you a bit o' absinthe."
"Sure," agreed Hakoda, and slapped down his remaining two shekels. He wept, for he craved death. Certainly, absinthe would quickly summon unconsciousness, at least, for it had an alcohol concentration of a whopping ninety-five percent. Hakoda did not fuck around.

Patrons were already beginning to fling their money and clothing at Ozai whilst he displaced the pub's DJ. The bartender slid the drink across the table, jamming to the fresh beats that the erstwhile genocidal child-abuser was cooking up. Hakoda immediately downed the glass without a second thought. Aye, though alcohol does, in sooth, taste like cleaning product, his second-hand embarrassment was too great to handle without the aid of one mind-altering substance or another.

"You come in with that guy?" asked the bartender.

"I don't know what you're talking about," spake Hakoda, the words of a guilty man.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. Listen to those fire beats!" The bartender physically shifted Hakoda's head towards the stage, where Ozai hammered out upon a keyboard beats with dexterity and taste that would have put Dr. Dre to shame.

He did naught but sob uncontrollably. "He's such a pain in the ass," bitched he.

"Oh?" teased the bartender, intrigued. "He your man, man?"

Hakoda slammed his head against the table thrice, for that had been an unwise remark to speak aloud at a gay bar. "I think I'm gonna go hang myself," whispered he to himself. He strode towards the washroom, only to find himself stumbling across the crowded dance floor and hitting various sweaty men as the effects of the absinthe kicked in.

As Hakoda slumped against the back of a very large drag queen, unable to stay on his feet, Ozai began to rap over a beat so fire that Hakoda fretted that his bending had somehow returned to him. He collapsed onto the dance floor in a fit of hysterics; no way was it possible that he was currently experiencing reality.

And yet, 'twas a beautiful moment. Aye, was there anything more seductive than a rapper who actually possessed true skill? He gazed with bleary ocular orbs (eyes) up at that commanding figure upon the stage, who now led the bar in a country-tinged version of Flo Rida's 2008 hit "Low" whilst backflipping. Expertly, he caught an over-the-shoulder boulder-holder (bra) with his pinky finger as it flew towards him from the audience.

One of the three patrons with proper etiquette in the dive bar that night hauled Hakoda to his feet before the aforementioned very large drag queen could step on him. Realising that she had been the one to throw that bra, he scowled and passive aggressively bumped into her for reasons he wouldn't have comprehended even whilst sober.

Aye, the song ended, and Hakoda gasped when the intro to Eminem's "Rap God" pulsed through those speakers. "No! You can't possibly do this!" cried he, rushing forwards. The crowd, like a hive mind, collectively lifted him and propelled him onto that stage.

Frantically, he grasped at the many shekels strewn across the floor, his drunken unsteadiness landing him face-first in a sweaty My Little Pony midriff shirt someone had thrown his comrade as an offering. That repulsive, moist merchandise entrapped his feeble alcohol-wracked flesh prison (body) just as Ozai slayed the fuck out of the fast part of "Rap God."

A shower of shekels pelted him, and he lay facedown in that revolting crop top, unable to coax his limbs into movement. Shortly thereafter, the song drew to a close. Calmly, Ozai collected off the
ground the money that he had earned and swiped it into his bag. He gazed at the peasant lying face-down just a bit off to the side. O, how easy it would be to vanish into the night with his multitude of shekels and abandon this man who sought to incarcerate him again.

He placed a handful of shekels aside the plebeian, deciding to reciprocate his monetary favours. Alas, the baseborn proletarian seized his chip-holder (hand) as he stooped to offer up the shekels.

"Y'think you're going somewhere?" slurred he. Ozai verticalized (pulled up) the peasant with naught but a single totally buff bicep.

"How in the name of Ben 10 did you manage to get this shitfaced?" interrogated he; aye, now 'twas his turn to grow exasperated with his partner's behaviour. "We were here for maybe fifteen minutes. Maybe."

The peasant's grip was as tight as Ozai assumed his arsehole might be. (Was there anything gay about spending a brief second pondering another man's asshole? No, definitely not.) He gathered the last of the shekels and hoisted the plebeian into his appendages of carrying (arms), of course, bridal style, and strode out of the bar, much to the dismay of the patrons.

Worn out from the day of desert travel and excessive backflipping during his performance, he entered a seedy motel next door. "Greetings, ma'am, may I request a room for two?" spake he to the lady snoozing behind the desk.

"Oh, uh…" muttered she, then promptly snapped awake. With righteousness, asserted she, "That doesn't look very consensual."

"Please, wench, I'm not here to copulate with this man. What do you think I am, gay?" retorted he, mayhap a bit too quickly.

"S'all good," spake Hakoda, presenting the woman with a drunken thumbs-up. His intoxicated mind, unlike his sober one, did not recoil from the thought of some action with his comrade's dingaling (penis), especially following this display of his sensational hip-hop virtuosity.

Without a further word exchanged betwixt them, the lady handed o'er a room key. Minutes later, Ozai struggled with the door; with the peasant clinging to him like wet gum on the bottom of a shoe, neither hand was free.

Finally, he fucklessly headbutted open the entrance, his patience for the day depleted. "Boop," spake the inebriated peasant, gently tapping Ozai's olfactory sensory perceptor (nose). He flinched, and leant over to deposit the plebeian upon the bed.

"Nooo," protested the peasant, stretching out the word dramatically, and burrowed deeper into the crook of his neck. This comeback rapper entirely let go, yet the plebeian, like a leech, held fast.

"Fine, peasant," sighed he, "you are permitted to touch me." Sidestepping to the other side of the bed, he lay down and stared contemplatively at the ceiling. The peasant shifted onto his side, face still buried in Ozai's head supporter (neck), and he draped an arm across his chest.

Yep, there was sure nothing gay about this. Just a guy looking after his intoxicated companion, doing what any good chum would do. The peasant just happened to be the clingy type of drunkard.

"Your hair smells nice," spake the peasant.

"Of course it does. My hair is perfect," replied he. Still totally nothing gay about that, for everyone recognised the greatness of his silky mane.
"You said… you had a career as a rapper before?"

"Forsooth, I did." Aye, he thought into the glory of yesteryear, when he had pursued relentlessly his dreams of world domination by day, and by night toured the clubs of his fine nation. "You know, I had hobbies other than genocide. A man needs something a bit more lighthearted in his life."

"What was your cool rapper name?"

"I shall tell you, but you are forbidden to ask me why I chose it," spake Ozai, knowing full well that it would merely stimulate the peasant's curiosity. "Aye. I called myself 'Skinny P.'"

"Were you popular?" The peasant laughed, his breath reeking of the absinthe. Yet he pried no further into the story behind this enigmatic name: Skinny P. "You probably were — I bet you made it mandatory for people to listen to you."

"Nay, peasant. I did not. In fact, I wore a mask, hence blending into the proletariat masses. 'Twas good for my image as a rapper; the anonymous mask gimmick does sell quite well. You know, it's the only reason people pay any attention to otherwise mediocre heavy rock bands like Slipknot and Ghost B.C."

"But you hate peasants," slurred the plebeian. "You pretended to be one?"

"Oh, whatever, you won't remember any of this in the morning," groaned he. "Every now and then a chap does like to experience the effervescence that can only come about when he is part of something larger than himself, rather than leading or even being that larger force. Aye, it does put in perspective some things, but I concede, much of it has only spurred my conquest for world domination. You see, peasant, the more personal I am with mine own subjects, the greater my sense of power."

"You mean you want to eliminate the sense of disconnect between you and your subjects so that you can be a better ruler, more attentive to your people's needs?" It came as a shock to him that the peasant had spake this question so articulately, especially while totally coathangered (drunk).

"No, why would I want to do that? I only care about myself," spat he disgustedly.

"I don't think that's true," spake the peasant. He shifted to rest the side of his faviidae namesake repository (head) upon Ozai's chest. "I can hear your heartbeat," saith he softly. "There's something in there. It's beating kinda fast, too. Are you nervous?"

"I know not what you speak of, peasant," proclaimed he. Nay, there was nothing gay about this; it was naught but a simple observation, and this interrogation was the source of his discomfort. "If you could remove yourself from me now —"

"But I don't want to," whined he. "It feels… really nice to lie next to someone again." The proletariat patted the top of his head in much the same way as a toddler would torment a cat.

"Does it have to be me?" griped he.

"You're the only one here… so yes. Even though you're the reason that I haven't been able to do it in so long." Venom crept subtly into his tone. Abruptly, he sat bolt upright and vomited over the side of the bed. Ozai observed with a cool detachment, a bit confused why the peasant had chosen to tell him this now, but nay, he was not surprised, for he had ruined a great many lives.

"Argh! Do not lie on me after such crude hurling up!" protested he as Hakoda lowered himself back onto his chest.
"Too bad. Atone for your sins." He held a strand of Ozai's hair betwixt two fingers and twirled it about. Aye, Hakoda hated everything this man had done and all he stood for, hence why he was returning him to a prison. Yet he had done naught that had caused Hakoda real trouble on this journey — if anything, he had been helpful, especially by earning money for the both of them tonight. And, as he had admitted, it was pleasant to lie in his arms whilst drunk.

"How did I personally wrong you, O person who I first encountered nary more than four days ago?" sighed he.

"Your guys killed my wife," murmured he scathingly. He could not allow himself to forget who this man was.

"You are permitted to bitch-slap me if it would calm you," offered Ozai absently. The ensuing sound of Hakoda's open palm 'gainst his cheek (facial cheek) was louder than an auditorium of screaming children, a fire alarm at three AM, and plutonium rock band Disaster Area. Furthermore, the sheer emotion behind that strike halted Ozai's zoning out whilst being charged with war crimes (as he usually did in such a situation).

"Ouchie! Ah, fuck, I'm sorry about your wife!" screeched he, clutching the tender, reddened skin where that mighty blow had landed. He met Hakoda's murderous sight lemons (eyes) and forcibly slowed his breathing. "Hold on, where are you from? The north? Or the south?"

"I'm actually the chief of the south," spake he with a drunken pride.

"Aye, so I'm not dealing with any old peasant. You are a peasant king."

"Oh, shut up," slurred Hakoda bitterly. Ozai remained still and tried not to set him off again whilst he intently began to braid his hair.

"Look, what I am saying is actually that your origin means that my father was on the throne through the final last attack. Hence, my father killed your wife, I killed my father, and therefore, I avenged your wife."

Hakoda was too drunk to react to such a casual claim of patricide. "You're still, like, super fucked up, man. Maybe you should've just been a rapper. Like, if I didn't know who you were or what you'd done, I'd probably think that you were really cool. A fucking weirdo, but, like, cool. Y'know?"

"Thank you, I suppose? Now could you please remove yourself from my immediate area before you vomit again?" requested he.

"There's only one bed," spake the peasant, and Ozai cursed Wenchicus Thoticus for the cruel usage of this age-old trope. "Plus you deserve to be puked on." Hakoda gave in to the sense of warmth, comfort, and security that lying besides this whilom homicidal megalomaniac provided him; aye, approval, at least of the temporary sort, arose from this mess of conflicting feelings he had about the bloke.

"Okay, okay, I am aware," saith Ozai reluctantly. "If you don't mind, I would like to pass out at this present moment. Goodnight, peasant, but, uh, no homo. Just so we're clear about all of this."

"Sweet dreams, you fucking asshole," bade the peasant, booping his nose again.

In an immense and intense state of discomposure, he borrowed his companion's Hammer of Sleep, and prayed to Lord Ben 10 that their waking in the morrow would remain neither hostile nor totally gay.
ii. The Battle Of The Mighty North

"So all we have to do is wipe out a whole country? Sounds fun," spake Anakin.

Through the purple skies soared the villainous trio; aye, Cruella and Bellatrix rode upon the broomstick (not a penis), and Anakin clung fast to his Pidgeot. 'Twas unfortunate, thought he, that this avian Pokemon had a mind of its own, for Anakin wished to assume full control. Nevertheless, Pidgeot was far less bothersome than that worrywart C3PO.

"Honey, this is naught but a warmup," cackled Bellatrix. Aye, o'er sparkling seas they travelled, their course set for the mighty north. Frigid gusts from the pole impeded their progress somewhat, but up high among those violet clouds they enjoyed the sweet tunes of Neurosis's fine record Times of Grace that The Shaper of Destiny was jamming to in the Heavenly Control Room that day.

In sooth, the continuous purpling of the skies, the ever-increasing volume of the heavy metal blasting from above — it did quite trouble Anakin, whilst his companions merely reveled in this promise of chaos. Did not they understand that if the ripping of the dimensions did not destroy the multiverse, it would at least draw surges of unwelcome intruders who would challenge their quest for world domination?

At last, those massive ice caps appeared o'er the horizon. Anakin kicked his Pidgeot like a horse, urging it to speed up as Cruella and Bellatrix also accelerated in anticipation of the massacre.

Down they dove upon reaching the ice-encrusted landmass of the mighty north. Cruella had grown quite competent at steering the broomstick, leaving Bellatrix free to unleash long-distance assaults from her wand (not a penis).

Forsooth, this grim and frostbitten waste was teeming with activity despite its inhospitable nature, and a grand town had been built into the ice. Alas, Anakin gave nary a fuck, and with acrobatic mastery that would have humbled even Olympic multi-medalist Simone Biles, he backflipped off of Pidgeot, booted two fools rigid with shock on his way down, and landed in a perfect split atop a narrow bridge. With circular, low spinning characteristic of downrock breakdancing, he swept encroaching enemies off their feet and into the water below.

Nay, these adversaries did not display the mercilessness of the pegasi, nor the speed of the blue hedgehog and its ally, nor sheer numbers of the army of overall-clad yellow beasts. Anakin rejoiced briefly; alas, this sensation of victory was short-lived, for he realised that these were humans who possessed strategy.

Bellatrix leapt down upon an adjacent bridge whilst Cruella circled 'round the city, one hand deftly guiding her flight, the other wielding a laser gun gifted to her by Suko. She loosed her Arcanine, indifferent that it had a severe type disadvantage in this environment. (Aye, fire type Pokemon do in fact exert dominance o'er ice types, but once that ice melts, at loss they are, although Pokemon game mechanics do not reflect this. Expect arbitrary logic in each type's strengths and weaknesses; for instance, fighting type Pokemon express superiority over dark types. What sense does this make? Anakin is afraid of the dark, so he ought to punch it?)

Bellatrix released that angry yellow mouse (not a penis) from Ash Ketchum's infinitely deep bag (not a vagina). Bursting from its Pokeball, it righteously screamed its own name and proceeded to the electrocute the frozen seas. Arcanine limited the foes' mobility by torching bridges of ice and edifices of snow, whilst Pidgeot dive-bombed fleeing and panicking fiends. Aye, Anakin did have the lamest Pokemon, but at least it could fly.

Those adversaries at last gathered themselves and struck back (much like the empire). The warriors
of the mighty north raised a wave of water from the canals, still sizzling with Pikachu's electric attack. "PIDGEOT!" cried Anakin, for indeed was this display of power by the natives far more impressive than Ong's demonstration.

Pidgeot responded with an obedience more ingrained in the fabric of its being than Anakin's own loyalty to Palpatine. He swung himself aboard Pidgeot and they shot skywards just in time to avoid that ascending wave. Grasping ahold of the crest of feathers flowing out behind its neurological centre (head), with his free hand he retrieved his lightsaber.

Pidgeot squawked as a sheet of ice, hurtled by a nefarious foe, nigh shaved off a flight arm (wing). Wordlessly, Anakin and Pidgeot seemed to concur that the best course of action was a low, direct attack. They swooped down until they were level with those watery fiends. Pidgeot agilely dodged many an attack whilst Anakin impaled and dismembered these feeble foes, though at times he took a face full of water.

"You pussies!" roared he, spitting out the fluid (water) as Pidgeot looped upwards in preparation for another assault. "You think you can defeat us with the weaponry and ability of children cooling off on a summer's day?"

A massive wave engulfed him and Pidgeot, sealing them in as it froze solid. The two plummeted into the canal, and as they hit the ocean, the crashing water around them drowned out the sounds of battle. Like his true identity as a furry, Anakin repressed the swell of panic rising up through his gastric organ (stomach).

The thunderous, bowel-shaking sound of a war horn resonated through the oceanic depths. Pidgeot flapped frantically and shrieked in terror, and with the limited space created by Anakin's burning lightsaber (not a penis), he attempted not to decapitate his Pokemon whilst widening that gap of escape.

Alas, it began to flood frigid seawater, and they sunk e'er deeper into that great, unforgiving abyss. With a mighty, "HNURG," Anakin cleft in twain that death trap of an iceberg. Again, Pidgeot could only futilely beat its wings and open its pointy bird-mouth (beak) to cry in desperation, permitting frigid water to torrent in.

Anakin's swiftly diminishing air supply begged him to return to the undulating surface whilst another, nearer piercing blow of a foghorn ominously vibrated throughout the very ocean itself. Anakin stared at the struggling Pidgeot fading into the blackness of the depths, and fumbled with his waterlogged robes to retrieve an empty Pokeball. Out tumbled the ball containing that blue hedgehog that he so desired, and he cried out, only to gargle and choke. Grasping Pidgeot's empty Pokeball, he pressed the button and summoned the drowning bird back to its container; aye, this orb of oppression now became a sphere of salvation.

Vision blurring, he kicked his way up to that distant glimmer of sunlight on the surface of the sea. Aye, too far away was that purple sky…

Consciousness fading, he considered the strategies of his enemies, the only group of foes who had thus far matched their abilities. Forsooth, the attack styles that Suko and Ong had demonstrated were not unlike The Force, but they moved substances, not objects, with naught but their minds and the occasional fancy dance move.

In that moment, Anakin graduated from Pony Moses to Moses Junior. He split the water above him to form a column of air, and, once he had finished hacking up salty seawater, he inhaled greedily, taking that atmospheric mixture of gasses (air) into his atmospheric mixture of gasses holders (lungs).
He ascended, the water buoying him up through that vacant pillar and to the surface of the canal. An adversary spotted him swimming towards a dock and fired a large, tapered icicle with the clear intention of impaling him through the neck and killing him instantly.

And lo, Anakin halted that frozen dagger in midair, rotated it, and returned it to its sender! A Wilhelm scream notified him that his attack had been successful as he clambered soaking wet onto the dock.

The horn blew once more, this time powerful enough to rattle Anakin's membranas tympanicas (eardrums). He spared a glance towards the source of the booming din, and through the fog he could distinguish the silhouettes of men aboard boats.

These were people who knew how to make an entrance, and the villainous triad's watery enemies fled the scene like the degenerate cowards that they were. Cruella swooped down upon the dock to check up on Anakin, who was on his hands and knees still attempting to catch his breath.

"Surely, you can still fight even after that plunge you took," spake she apprehensively, for this new army was nigh upon them.

Anakin did not respond. Nay, using The Force, he beckoned a tendril of water from the surface of the canal and manipulated it into a spiral shape. "I'm a fuckin' waterbender," declared he. Forsooth, it would be easy to manipulate the concrete, fixed element of earth, for it would be the same as moving any other object. Air could be difficult, but certainly after more time spent flying with Pidgeot, he would learn of its ways. Master Palpatine had been capable of summoning lightning to his fingers from nothing, so perchance 'twas a way to do so with fire as well.

"I'm the fuckin' avatar, bitch," decreed a revitalized Anakin. He released Pidgeot from its spherical confinement, and in an instant, the pair shot up through those purple skies whilst Sodom's "Agent Orange" blasted in the background. He cackled maniacally, producing a passable evil laugh, one that resembled a feline hacking up a furball, yet filled it was with forthright malice.

Electricity crackled in his fingertips. Pidgeot glided through the clouds after their lily-livered adversaries retreating deeper into the walls of their city.

"ANAKIN, YOU BLOODY WANKER!" hollered a panicked voice in the direction from whence he had come. "WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM!"

Pidgeot circled 'round towards Bellatrix's cry of desperation.

The horn of war pervaded the air so thoroughly that Anakin involuntarily pissed himself, just a little bit. Pidgeot squawked indignantly, but both of them were freezing their dual cheeks (arses) off, so the warm liquid was more welcome than Anakin would have liked to admit. (He also had a piss fetish, but that was besides the point.)

The righteous roar of an army's worth of battle cries thundered 'cross that grim and frostbitten land of ice and snow. "Agent Orange" drew to a close, and Turisas's absolute fucking banger "Battle Metal" blared across this theatre of war.

Aye, hordes of Vikings stormed from boats, and others rowed skillfully through the canals whilst archers unleashed a ferocious hellstorm of arrows at the airborne Anakin and Cruella. Men bearing axes, shields, and swords driven by the honour and glory of battle pursued Bellatrix as Cruella attempted to rescue her from the ground via broom. Among their ranks were foes who did not fit the Viking profile, and a chilling revelation hit Anakin like seagull shit at the beach.
Nay, those whom the threatening threesome had battled and slain were the most feeble that the mighty north had to offer — amateur benders, inexperienced warriors in training who attempted to hold them off whilst the true forces of destruction arrived. These brutal Vikings knew their shit, and they were allied with the villainous triad's foes. Aye, for on those boats were also the adroit, puissant master waterbenders that made the mighty north O so mighty.

Vulnerable and exposed in the foggy albeit open sky, Anakin decided that it was time to haul ass the fuck out of this place. "YAH! GIDDY UP!" Anakin commanded Pidgeot. Cruella swiftly summoned Arcanine and Pikachu back into their Pokeballs as Bellatrix covered steering.

That hail of arrows dropped off, and all of Anakin's bloodlust drained from him, leaving him weary and worn. "We Are Number One" played mockingly from the heavens, and the vile villains retreated. Forsooth, they would return to Suko with information, but moreover, with heavy cardiovascular organs (hearts) tainted by defeat. This battle they had lost.

But aye, now hidden in Ash Ketchum's stolen bag was a book of great power, for Bellatrix had nabbed it during the struggle from the wisest northern sage. In that scripture lay the recipe for world domination, written in the hand of the gods. Forsooth: this was The Book of Fifty Gray Twilights, and while it is not important to the plot now, remember it well, for it shall return.
Caught betwixt the pleasantly hazy semiconsciousness of sleep and waking, Hakoda deeply inhaled that pervasive scent reminiscent of smouldering firewood 'neath the cold night sky in a forest full of oak trees, which happened to be occupied solely by a twenty-one year-old, 5’6” male playing “I’m A Believer” on the banjo. He snuggled closer up against the warm body besides him, his ear pressed to this mysterious companion’s muscular chest, enjoying the steady pulse of his soothing heartbeat. Silken strands of long hair tickled his face, and pressing his forehead into his companion’s cheek (facial cheek), he finally began to gain awareness upon feeling grating, scratchy stubble and a patch of wetness against his skin.

Hakoda snapped awake and sat bolt upright. His neurological cupola (head) did not thank him for this, and a splitting pain assaulted him in punishment for his sudden movement. As he recovered, he gazed down upon the figure with whom he had spent the night, and failed to suppress a mortified shriek.

Ozai stirred from sleep, ovoid protectors (eyelids) daintily fluttering open. A rivulet of drool trickled from his sound hole (mouth) and he sleepily pushed himself into a sitting position.

Frantically, Hakoda felt himself, and thank Ben 10, he was fully clothed. “Wh-What the hell happened last night?” stammered he. The volume of his own vocalizations sent another aching shudder through his head.

“You were… very drunk,” yawned his comrade lazily. “Don’t blame me. I carried you up here and you refused to let go of me.”

“Well…” began he with urgency, but he paused, too many competing remarks vying for their turn to be spoken. “Why are you wearing a sideways baseball hat?”

“We were in want of money, so I rapped in a dive bar until the patrons threw sufficient shekels at me. Do you recall that much, peasant?” He wiped the string of saliva from his cheek (facial cheek).

Hakoda pondered it, reaching into the murky memories of his hangover-addled mind. “…Kind of?” put forth he. “Mister… Mr. Bendy’s?” Once the certainty settled over him, he vigorously accused his comrade, “You took me to a gay bar.”

“I don’t even know what gay is!” ejaculated (exclaimed) Ozai with ostentatious flamboyance unattainable even by the likes of a homosexual Nic Cage.

“Bullshit!” proclaimed Hakoda, and his own loudness once again brought an ache to his brain. “Oof, ow, my head,” whimpered he.

“You’re still very hungover, peasant. I’d advise you to lie down,” spake he sternly. It occurred to him again that he could take off, abandoning the plebeian in his weakened state. Enticing was the idea, yet something restrained him, mayhap his own exhaustion.

Hakoda needed not be told. He collapsed onto the bed, unwilling to rest his gaze upon Ozai’s mien, though those golden sight nodules (eyes) burnt into his back. Fie, fie!; he didn’t want to admit even to himself that cuddling with that megalomaniacal arsehole had been quite gratifying; aye, spending
the night sleeping beside someone else was a luxury he had not experienced in many years…

“Now that we have obtained sufficient funds, what do you say about riding out of this nightmarish desert rather than walking like peasants, peasant?” queried Ozai.

“Please,” begged he (in a completely non-sexual manner). He mumbled something unintelligible into the mattress and trailed off as he again succumbed to sleep.

“Splendid,” spake he. The peasant was totally zonked out, and after a moment’s internal struggle, he sank down onto his side and wrapped his holding appendages (arms) around him. Omnipresent was the dilemma of the big spoon of what to do with one’s lower arm, which he regrettably slipped ‘neath the peasant’s neck, where it quickly lost circulation. He confessed, he was touch-starved after two years in prison, and there was nothing gay about that. He readily breathed in the scent imbued in the plebeian’s hair, and, unable to convey its likeness with ridiculously flowery, poetic language, he decided that he just smelt plain old good. And there was nothing gay about enjoying a pleasant scent.

Hakoda awakened reinvigorated ‘round noontime, his hangover fading into oblivion. However, he had another problem, who was presently spooning him.

“Bro, what the fuck?” burst out he, his ragged voice lagging with torpor.

“Satan,” murmured Ozai. Hakoda broke free of this rap prodigy’s grip and began to slam his skull against the wall in exasperation. Aye, his comrade at last came to and clumsily rolled off the bed.

“Can we just agree to never talk about this again?” suggested Hakoda. “You. Were. Spooning me. You have no excuse — you weren’t even drunk. I didn’t do anything this time.”

“I’m sorry I haven’t even had my ‘hoes’ in years,” whined Ozai from the floor. Hakoda yanked this whilom tyrant to his leg pedestals (feet) and collected his bag at the doorway, which, he noted, had been fucklessly headbutted in.

“Come on, we’re hiring someone to get us out of the desert,” declared he. “Do I have your agreement that we’re not talking about this again?”

“All right, I agree,” groaned he.

Hakoda seized him by his caprine facial hair instead of foolishly holding his hand. Out of that seedy motel they marched, and past Mr. Bendy’s they stormed. The red light district was nigh vacant at this hour, the prostitutes and strippers in hibernation, awaiting the absence of sunlight to trigger the processes of Dark Photosynthesis.

“Unhand me, peasant,” demanded Ozai as they reached the edge of town. The desert folk hung ‘round their sand vessels, drinking beer and lightheartedly laughing at each other’s jokes. Hakoda released that hircine beard and approached the group whilst Ozai stroked his goatee as if it were a scared animal in need of comfort.

“Hello, can my companion and I possibly get a ride out of the desert?” questioned he to the grizzled old chap who appeared to be the leader.

“Five shekels,” demanded he in a strident voice, and he beckoned impatiently for payment with an outstretched hand.

“Get your ass over here,” yelled Hakoda over his shoulder, where Ozai was now whispering soothing words to his mistreated beard. He approached, fishing out the money from his pack. Dramatically, he dropped them into the bloke’s hand to display the tremendous amount of bling he
had acquired the previous night.

“Come aboard,” spake he, his utterances resembling those of the slug-woman from Monsters, Inc. And forsooth, the daddy duo did board that sailboat of the sand.

Aye, off they sailed towards the northwestern edge of the desert. The wind coursed through Ozai’s sable mane; it rippled behind him majestically as he posed authoritatively at the bow of the vessel whilst Hakoda restrained tears. Their driver spun a tale of wonderful hallucinogens obtained from the cacti of the land, which Hakoda then swore to avoid; the effects of alcohol had been devastating enough. Deep down in his Controller of the Blood (heart), he was upset that he retained only fuzzy memories of Ozai’s performance at the dive bar. Verily, another opportunity for rapping would arise.

The edge of the desert was in sooth a blessed sight. Aye, the greenery of woodlands rested outside of this infernal expanse that was Anakin Skywalker’s worst nightmare. He rejoiced, and once and for all, emptied his shoes of the many kilograms of sand they had accumulated during the journey. As they neared that welcome sanctuary, a sparkling stream entered his field of vision. O, how he desired to cleanse himself in those rejuvenating waters.

“We’ve reached the end of the line here, boys,” rasped the driver. With recognition in his eyne, he scrutinized Ozai, and Hakoda just barely contained his sudden flurry of panic that aye, someone would realise that this man was, forsooth, a world-class criminal. “Say, aren’t you that rapper who took Mr. Bendy’s by storm?”

“Aye, that would be me,” replied Ozai.

“Hm. I wasn’t there myself, but the whole town’s heard by now. It’s a pity you’re leaving. Nailing the fast part of ‘Rap God’ whilst backflipping. There’s somethin’ you don’t see every day.” The driver tipped his hat and the daddy duo stepped off of that vessel of the sand. “See you ‘round, boys. Come back sometime, will ya? Good luck with the rest of your tour,” he bid them.

“Farewell, my loyal fan,” spake that comeback rapper. “I shall return one day.” He proudly watched the vessel make a wide turn and sail off into the distance.

“Do you realise that this isn’t a good thing?” hissed Hakoda at his daydreaming comrade. “That guy hadn’t even seen you before, and he still recognised you. I mean, it would be great if someone could take you off my hands —”

“You think we’ve not bonded at all, comrade, and you still wish to be rid of me?” saith Ozai disappointedly.

’Twas one of very few times that Ozai had called him anything other than “peasant.” The unanticipated sentiment in his words caused twinge of regret tugging at his gut. “Well, I mean, things are going better than I expected. You haven’t tried to kill me yet —”

“That’s all this is to you? That I haven’t attempted to slay you as though you are a fiend? We battled those turtles side by side; aye, you saved me from those vicious green beasts. And I saved your wallet, you’d have nary a single shekel if not for my improvisatory actions yesterday.”

He reckoned that despite the awkwardness of all the kind of gay stuff, and Ozai generally compelling him to bash his mental centre (head) against the nearest wall, neither of them could have gone about these endeavours alone. What was betwixt them was not precisely teamwork, but more of a system of constantly endebting each other.

“Maybe we do balance each other out,” saith he.
“I suppose, peasant. After all, aye, this is the most exciting my life has been since I attempted to torch the entirety of the planet two years ago.”

Great, I’m more entertaining than sitting in a jail cell, thought he. What an honour. “Well, we still have a lot of travelling to do before we arrive in the next town,” spake he. “Hm. If we’re lucky we’ll be able to reach the river by the end of the day, where we can take a boat into the northern sea. Come along.” He waved his companion into that inviting woodland.

Aye, the daddy duo traversed the edge of that desert where the fine particulate turned to clods of dark brown dirt ‘neath their tools of walking (feet), and at last they entered the canopy of shade provided by the numerous vegetative erections (trees). The temperature dropped, a welcome change from the scorching desert, and a chilly breeze snaked betwixt the upright logs of life (trees).

“Halt,” spake Ozai. The air was rife with earthy scents, the dinosaur children (birds) were singing, the ground was damp ‘neath their feet, but he unslung his twin katanas.

“What’s wrong?” asked Hakoda warily. Softly, filtering through the trees, drifted the sounds of a guitar from the heavens. He dismissed it, speaking, “Oh, come on. Wenchiucus Thoticus is always up to that bullshit. Don’t tell me that you’ve gone all heavy metal on me and this is your jam —”

“Silence, peasant,” commanded he. Hakoda cut off his sentence, affronted.

Together they focused on the song bleeding from the sky, and that guitar ripped into a masturbatory, shredtastic solo comparable only to Suko’s skill on the organ.

“‘In The Presence of Enemies,’” stated Ozai. “This does not bode well.” Disdainfully, he scowled upon hearing that two-part, twenty-five minute long Dream Theater song. The guitar solo was promptly followed by an equally wanky keyboard solo.

“At least we get some warning,” muttered Hakoda sarcastically, reluctantly retrieving his borrowed boomerang. The Shaper of Destiny had been cruel of recent; he prayed that Lord Ben 10 would prevail in this war of the gods.

“My good kinsman, dost thou consider our efforts to procure more souls sufficient for tonight’s ritual?” spake a rectum-shuddering, fiendish voice from behind them. In true classic style, the protagonists will only encounter and eavesdrop on the villains when they speak of their nefarious plans.

Hakoda snatched his comrade’s cornily goatish beard and began to drag him away from this quartet of foul green foes, but Ozai grabbed his hand and slid it off. “Stop doing that,” whispered he crossly. “Peasant, we are not cowards who flee.”

“You want to fight them for no good reason?” retorted Hakoda in a scarcely restrained susurration.

“Nay, we are cowards who hide, and listen. Come hither, perhaps we will gain knowledge on the whereabouts of your son. Do tell me, what did happen?”

Aye, he provided a convincing argument, one that struck a harshly personal blow. “I, I saw them kidnap him. Somehow, and for some reason, they must have switched him out for an imposter,” explained he.

“You’d best hope he’s not among the souls they harvested,” spake Ozai, placing his other hand atop Hakoda’s. Defying logic, he still wielded the dual katanas despite both of his nimble mittens (hands) resting upon Hakoda’s own boomerang-holder (hand). (There was nothing gay about comforting another man, thought Ozai.) “Let us follow the voices. And forsooth, I seek revenge now that I am
“Of course,” muttered he uneasily, too concerned with the implications of the turtles’ conversation to fret over holding hands with this metallic-flavoured life-support liquid (blood)-thirsty whilom dictator.

Aye, they stalked those turtles with stealth and silence more absolute than the applause (or lack thereof) at a Nickelback concert. The anthropomorphic fiends spake amongst themselves and guffawed far up ahead, too distant to distinguish their words. After the precise time it takes to microwave a burrito to perfection, the turtles sat in a clearing whilst one of them lit a fire.

“No! We’ll not allow you two to contaminate our realm,” spake the leader, coincidentally snacking upon a burrito. Ozai gritted his crunchers (teeth) in rage, recalling their battle of insults, and subsequently getting his arse kicked. (Was it more embarrassing to find oneself defeated at the hands of one [1] prepubescent twelve year-old, or four [4] rather large turtles? He knew not.) That bastard no longer had his katanas; aye, now Ozai brandished them, and this he counted as a victory of some sorts.

“Thus far, we have obtained thirteen souls, a reasonable numeral of evil, for six hundred and sixty six is much to ask. Nay, I knoweth not the methods of closing this portal entirely; alas, it matters not, so long as we summon our own tunnel of violet from the heavens above,” continued he.

Unthinkingly, Hakoda gripped his comrade’s hand tighter; unless he had escaped, forsooth, Sokka would be among that sacrifice. He longed to attack those vile turtles, but it was Ozai who subdued him.

“Peasant, this means that mere mortals may have bearing on the portals,” whispered he. “Not all is betwixt the gods. The implications of this are great, see you not?” When the plebeian failed to respond or so much as address him in his barely checked fury, murmured he, “By the way, you’re cutting off circulation in my hand.”

The peasant’s claw remnants (fingernails) merely dug further into his skin.

“Ouchie,” whined he. The turtles began to perform an arcane ritual ‘round the campfire, their eerie incantations rising into the open skies above. Aye, their spell of choice was none other than the sacred lyrics to Norwegian black metal band Mayhem’s song “De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas.” A purple tendril descended from the heavens, striking terror into the thump-thumps (hearts) of the dadly duo, for neither had witnessed an interdimensional shift prior to this fateful night.

“To the elder ruins again
The wind whispers beside the deep forest
Darkness will show us the way!”

intoned the turtles. A growing whirlwind engulfed fallen leaves and other forest debris into its voracious spinning. The turtles gazed up at that divine manifestation with perfect, fearless evenness. Hakoda was distantly aware that he ought to flee, but so mesmerized was he by this display that he remained frozen.

“The sky has darkened thirteen as
We are collected woeful around a book
Made of human flesh
Heic Noenum Pax
Here is no peace
De Grandaevus Antiquus Mulum Tristis
Arcanas Mysteria Scriptum!

Aye, and as the tendril touched down in the centre of the fire, flame shot up the entirety of the whirlwind and swirled high into the blackened sky, beyond their limited visions. One by one, spectres ascended from the fire and through the celestial portal.

“The book’s blood written pages open
Invoco Crentus Domini De Daemonium
We follow with our white eyes
The ceremonial proceeding!”

The first of the thirteen sacrificed souls hovered conveniently long enough for Hakoda to catch a glimpse of its countenance. Nay, it was not his son, ’twas an anime girl with large orbs of pleasure (breasts). The second spirit followed shortly, a ghostly green ogre vanishing into the skies. Hakoda pulled back on his companion to urge him away from that expanding portal. The force of the winds was so great that they could scarcely hear the turtles chant,

“Rex Sacrificulus Mortifer
In the circle of stone coffins
We are standing with our black robes on
Holding the bowl with unholy water!”

Transfixed Hakoda remained by his own terror that Sokka would be the next spirit to appear in the flame, but he was forced to recede into the safety of the trees — or at least he tried to, for his comrade appeared to be hypnotized by the spectacle.

“Heic Noenum Pax
Bring us the goat
Psychomantum Et Precr Exito Annos Major
Ferus Netandus Sacerdos Magus!”

Nine souls, counted Hakoda as a hat-sporting bear vanished into the metal-as-fuck flaming tornado; forsooth, it was a tornado of souls, as the great Megadeth song prophesied. Yet large debris was flying haphazardly, a burning branch narrowly missing him as clods of dirt assaulted his visage. The turtles stood rigid, freed of mortal terror.

“Ozai!” screamed he, treating his companion to a mighty tug that did little to budge him. Eleven souls now ascended, and Hakoda could not tear his gaze from the portal for fear of missing one.

“Mortem Animalium,"

concluded the turtles. One more spirit ascended and the trees were practically blasted away from the purple tendril, sending Hakoda flying backwards and landing into a thorny bush. He tore himself free — he could run off alone to save himself, and the portal would remove Ozai from this universe — never again would he be a menace to the world.

The thirteenth soul ascended, and Hakoda was too deep in panic to be relieved that it was not Sokka — that he hadn’t been among them at all, that he was probably alive.

He crawled against the whipping gusts and back towards the whirlwind, and grabbed ahold of his companion’s caprine whiskers, a trick that always seemed to work. With a mighty heave that was lucky not to completely have ripped the beard off, he jerked Ozai’s face towards him, and forsooth, those eyes were glossed over and enraptured by the godly display of the interdimensional portal in action.
He offered his hand instead, and Ozai hesitated for one heart-stopping moment before grabbing ahold, and letting Hakoda drag him away from that abomination of the renegade deity. One by one, much like the souls, the turtles ascended through that burning tempest, and when the dadly duo finally collapsed in an exhausted heap, a safe distance from the site of the incantation, the portal to the turtles’ universe blinked out.

ii. Sooka Introduces Anakin To The Wonders Of Cactus Juice

Suko sighed on the other end of the line. “I’m sorry, I know I should’ve sent more than just you three to fight the entire Northern Water Tribe, from whence did the Vikings come!?”

“The portal, I’d assume,” replied Anakin into his Nokia cellphone. Pidgeot glided on the gentle winds above the Earth Kingdom, and Bellatrix and Cruella flew beside him on the broomstick (not a penis).

“If you’re all well enough to continue battling and whatnot, I have an additional task for you,” spake Suko.

“Sure, I can’t get enough of murder,” saith Anakin brightly.

“First, I have a scout currently wandering about the desert. He possesses no survival skills — for Ben 10’s sake, he permitted himself to be imprisoned by turtles. Turtles!” Suko angrily played a section from Orff’s Carmina Burana on the organ. Even o’er the poor connection provided by the Nokia cellphone, the histrionic malevolence of the piece caused Anakin’s chocolate starfish (butthole) to clench.

“I’d really prefer not to do anything in the desert,” insisted Anakin.

“Oh, no, mostly, you would merely be flying over it in search of my foolish scout. His name is Sooka, and he sports a haircut somewhere betwixt that of a hipster and a fuckboy. Just pick him up out of the desert and bring him back to me so he doesn’t die of heat stroke,” explained Suko.

Suko, Sooka, thought Anakin, not confusing at all. Fortunately for him, Suki does not make an appearance at any point in this writing to further befuddle him.

“And there is one more task that we’d best deal with sooner rather than later…” Suko absently played an A# minor harmonic scale with one hand and the B major pentatonic scale with the other, the two overlapping in a seven over five polyrhythm. “We ought to deal with the issue of my father. Well, not my father, but the father of my alternate self in this universe.”

Yep, not confusing, confirmed Anakin. He was just here to slay all who durst oppose him, he cared not to think about all of the interdimensional multiverse mechanisms at play.

“I learnt quickly that in this universe, he was held in a desert jail — alas, that jail was destroyed in a portal-related incident, and thus, he escaped. Sooka was able to recognise him from what little information we gleaned upon —”

“Look, bro, just tell me what he looks like so I know who to kill,” interrupted Anakin.

Suko played a C note, then slammed down upon its every minor third on the organ at once, although that was physically impossible for a single human, to produce the ultimate unsettling diminished chord. “Fine. Don’t expect him to look like me — Lord Shymalan paid no heed to that whilst shaping my universe of origin. He has a beard like a goat’s… Verily, I believe that is all you must
know to spot him. He was last travelling with Sooka’s own alternate universe father somewhere in the desert. Although there are but two of them… beware, for he possesses skill far superior to my own in the ways of the flame. Getting your face burnt off is not fun, zero out of five stars, would not recommend to anyone.”

“All right, Suko,” spake Anakin in an attempt to get the sunburnt manchild to cease his ramblings. “We can handle it.”

“Farewell… and good luck,” saith Suko solemnly. Static crackled on the other end. Likely believing that Anakin had hung up, he began to play a rendition of One Direction’s hit song “What Makes You Beautiful” in the style of a funeral dirge. “Dammit!” cried he, frustratedly slamming the keyboard to generate an accidental doom metal riff that could’ve rivaled the work of Black Sabbath themselves. “Why can’t I make anything sound happy?”

Anakin terminated the call before Suko could hear Pidgeot laughing at him. (Anakin, of course, was incapable of laughter — except for the evil kind, and he was still working on that.) He guided Pidgeot closer to the other two-thirds of the villainous trio. “Suko wants us to pick up a scout who’s wandering around somewhere within this massive desert,” conveyed he o’er the whipping of the wind and the Celtic Frost song “Into The Crypts Of Rays” blaring from above. He grimaced at the prospect of spending hours, perchance days, scouring this infernal wasteland of sand.

“That sounds dreadfully dull,” spake Cruella. “I say we ditch this Suko fellow, as it was his task that broke our flawless record of victory.”

“He also wants us to track down and kill a man with a goat beard,” added Anakin.

“Oh, fantastic!” exclaimed Bellatrix.

“And we should consider acquiring a water Pokemon, for Suko states that he is a quite competent firebender,” continued he. He was really quite fond of Pokemon thus far, not in the same way he had been fond of the rainbow-maned pegasus or the blue hedgehog now drifting at the bottom of the ocean (rest in peace). They were truly battle partners; aye, he had thought of Pidgeot as the lamest Pokemon before, but they cooperated more as a team than Arcanine and Pikachu could with their masters. He ruffled the bird’s flowing crest of feathers affectionately.

Bellatrix cracked her knuckles. “Let us search this barren waste, then.”

Forsmoth, scouring that barren wasteland was, to use a cliche phrase, easier said than done. Villages dotted the bland khaki-coloured region, although all else was uniform as far as the orb (eye) could see. (A side note: anyone who wears khaki pants is an individual you’d ought to avoid.)

“Do you suppose we can request a deus ex machina at this point?” sighed Bellatrix after several hours of aimless meandering in the skies. Anakin now had a splitting headache, for Wenchicus Thoticus had decided that it was a peachy keen idea to listen to the entire discography of progressive thrash metal band Vektor in one go.

“Save it for a battle, my dear,” spake Cruella.

“Aye, you’re right,” spake Bellatrix mournfully. Even she had grown weary of headbanging to the divine heavy metal of The Shaper of Destiny.

“If the Avatar characters, simply due to their merit of being the heroes and their aerial travel, could be among the few to find a long-lost tower in this hellhole of a desert, surely we can track down a human who desires to be located,” pointed out Anakin.
“Brilliant thinking, Anakin. Plot convenience will carry through for us, even if it’s not in the form of a generous deus ex machina, like those eagles in ‘Lord Of The Rings’ and ‘The Hobbit,’” spake Bellatrix.

Forsooth, ’twas mere minutes later that the villainous trio spotted a lone figure wandering about in the desert, the first they had seen in the vast swaths of emptiness. Because Sooka lacked any survival skills, he had not taken refuge in the handful of towns he had seen on the horizons.

“Lo!” called Cruella, and the trio descended. That solitary traveller trudged ‘cross the dunes, flailing his upper appendages (arms) and humming nigh drunkenly Luke Bryan’s “Rain Is A Good Thing,” in the throes of dehydration-induced dementia.

Pidgeot landed upon that dune, but Anakin clung tight to it, refusing to disembark onto the accursed sand; aye, ’twas so coarse, so rough, so irritating, and how it got everywhere — he despised it.

“Hark, sir, is your name Sooka?” spake Cruella.

The traveller turned slowly, unsteady on his pentanubbed ground-touchers (feet). “That’d be me,” drawled he. Clearly, the man was not sober, nor could Anakin be certain that he had partaken in the consumption of alcohol. Briefly, he wondered where he could obtain drugs in this land.

“Come along, we’ve been sent by Suko to find you in this vast wasteland,” saith Bellatrix. “Anakin, can Pidgeot handle another passenger?”

He gazed upon Pidgeot, grooming its frontmost feathers with its protruding food funnel (beak). The bird seemed to be in stellar condition despite flying for approximately seven hours straight, for that was how Pokemon worked. Even after fainting in battle, the creatures could still use hidden machine moves to swim, break rocks, and, in Pidgeot’s current case, fly ‘cross massive regions whilst unconscious.

“Sure thing.” spake Anakin. He disliked the idea of sharing space with this stranger, but he craved the devil’s lettuce, among other hallucinogens.

Not realising how high the boy was, Cruella continued to interrogate him. “We were told that you have knowledge on the whereabouts of Suko’s father. What can you tell us?”

It occurred to Anakin that no clue why they were killing Suko’s father, for they knew not what threats he posed. It seemed to him merely as though Suko was exacting revenge for the abuse he’d implied that he’d suffered through as a child. It was pretty weak not to get your own damn revenge, decided he.

“Uhhhhhhhh,” saith Sooka. “I seen him ‘round The Lonely Tower, headin’ a-westways. I reckon he’s high-tailin’ it outta this Ben 10-forsaken place, I know I would, if’n I could find a way out.”

“Great, we came all this way east for nothing,” muttered Anakin, beckoning him towards Pidgeot. “Come on, I imagine we’ve got some catching up to do.”

Upon those words, Sooka drunkenly stumbled o’er to that bird. He patted its head, each tap progressively more aggressive until Pidgeot finally squawked indignantly at him.

“Well, don’t you got a burr in your saddle,” spake he, wobbling backwards. Impatiently, Anakin seized him by the sexiest muscle in the body (bicep), and hefted him onto Pidgeot.

“Hold on tight, kid,” instructed he. Surreptitiously, questioned he quietly, “By the way, what you been smokin’?”
Sooka produced the cross-section of a cactus barrel, complete with one of those little umbrellas people put in fancy alcoholic drinks, and sipped through a hot pink crazy straw the juice inside. “I’m trippin’ balls right now, brotha.”

Anakin nodded in approval. Spotting Bellatrix and Cruella take to the skies, Pidgeot abruptly extended its wings and lurched off the ground. Sooka was too stoned to so much as attempt to keep his balance, so Anakin grabbed him by the shirt until he put his floundering arms around something. Now that Sooka was clinging to him for dear life, which Anakin didn’t much like, the bright side was that he still clutched that cactus betwixt his paws (hands), right where Anakin could take a sip.

Aye, so Anakin drank from that crazy straw, the intoxicating juice travelling through a great many obstructive loops before arriving upon his meat tendril of precision (tongue, as opposed to the imprecise meat tendril of the penis).

His spherules of perception (eyes) dilated, and forsooth, in a moment, he was high as fuck. (This is not a pun even though they were, in fact, flying. Lord Wenchicus Thoticus does not tolerate puns in any universe.) “I can see colours,” murmured he, entranced, even though he could always see colours. And yet, an energy coursed through his heart tributaries (veins); aye, an energy so wild that he put his arms above his head, and aye, it was such comedic gold that great guffaws overtook him, and nay, guffaws of evil they were not.

“Duuuuuuude,” spake Sooka.

And forsooth, whilst Bellatrix and Cruella performed all the heavy lifting, locating this aforementioned Lonely Tower, and then setting course for the nearest establishment in order to search for clues, Anakin and Sooka were getting high as fuck.

The slightly-less-villainous-now foursome alighted in a town from which the outskirts of the desert were just scarcely visible. ’Twas a small place, a village of family restaurants, trinket shops, and attractions for children. Content, loving couples with young sons and daughters strolled down the sidewalk, exchanging pure and solicitous discourse and fostering bouts of great wholehearted laughter.

Well, at least on one side of the street. Bellatrix slung her broomstick in its sash o’er her shoulder, and, holding hands with Cruella, strode eagerly towards the pulsing dance music originating from the vibrant red light district of the town. Aye, Anakin had been feeling left out of this villainous triad as his two compatriots grew closer. Nor had he the opportunity to indulge his depraved fantasies thus far in regards to that rainbow pegasus and blue hedgehog (rest in peace).

Currently, he gave nary a shit, for he was high as fuck with his new comrade Sooka.

Night was falling, and thus, prostitutes emerged from basements, sewers, and Panera Breads, revitalised by the absence of the sun. The hour of Dark Photosynthesis was upon the desert.

“Hey, sailor,” spake an ankle-displaying courtesan at the doped up duo. Anakin merely wiggled his arms in her direction and burst into laughter, thence choking on his own spit. Snoop Dogg’s memeable song “Drop It Like It’s Hot” blasted from a club down the street, ensuring Anakin that he had verily made the correct choice to get high as fuck tonight. He tossed an arm (not his own arm, but a severed arm discovered lying in the gutter) ‘round Sooka’s shoulder and steered the boy towards the music.

Bellatrix and Cruella vanished into a suspicious motel, presumably to fornicate, waving the lads farewell. Sooka and Anakin wandered inside the establishment entitled Mr. Bendy’s, for the plot dictated that it was important.
Nay, tonight was not an open mic night, but a DJ dancing upon the stage pretended to have more influence o’er the music than his true task of simply selecting the next song. The floor was populated primarily by twerking drag queens, making the decision to head to the bar an easy one.

“D’you fellas have any more of that cactus juice?” slurred Sooka.

The bartender, a portly fellow sporting a fashionable striped dress, replied, “Coming right up, sir.” As he poured out the drinks in a far less impressive glass than the one (plus its accessories) that Sooka had crafted in the desert.

Sooka was fifteen years old, but no one gave a shit.

“Enjoy yourselves,” spake he, and smoothly slid the cups down the table with the expertise of one who has been working in bars since the tender young age of four years and seven months. The glasses changed routes on their own to avoid other patrons’ drinks, in direct contradiction to the laws of physics.

Alas, the bartender did a double take. “Hey, I saw a couple guys dressed like you come in here yesterday,” spake he to Sooka. “One of them put on quite the show. Just came out of nowhere and played some fuckin’ fire beats.”

“I reckon that coulda been my ol’ man,” saith Sooka. “Say, who was the other fella?”

“I don’t know who the hell either of them were,” responded the bartender.

“Did one of them have…” Anakin struggled to unearth Suko’s description from the back of his drug-addled faulty information trap (mind). “Did one of them have a beard like a goat’s?”

“Why, I think so,” replied he, polishing the table with a filthy rag. “Yes, yes, that was the rapper. Why do you ask?”

“Uh… You know, I’m not really sure,” spake Anakin. He nudged Sooka.

“He’s a child-abuser, n’ we’re the police.” Sooka presented what in his stoned state, he thought was a badge. In sooth, ’twas a business card for a mattress store.

“Huh. It’s so upsetting that so many great rappers are just abusive assholes,” sighed the bartender. “That’s a shame.”

“…Oh! I recollect now. Yeah, he usedta be the Fire Lord. …Uh… Might’ve been the fella who triedta destroy the world a coupla years back… I’m so sorry, sir, but I’m higher’n a kite right now. My brain ain’t workin’ quite right.”

Nonetheless, the bartender’s glass had slipped from his grasper (hand) in undefiled horror. “Are you, are you shitting me,” stuttered he. “I heard news of a prison break deeper in the desert, but, but I didn’t think he’d have any reason to be here —”

“Sir, ain’t nothin’ in the world that makes sense no more since Wenchicus Thoticus a-started fightin’ with our Lord Ben 10 (may his name be blessed),” consoled Sooka. “That’s why we’re a-trackin’ down this fella. Now, if you could get a-spreadin’ the news to the town, I reckon there oughtta be somebody who knows where he’s offta.”

“Of course,” spake the bartender. “I’ll let the boss know immediately, we’ll make an announcement to the patrons —”
“That’s just dandy,” spake Sooka, and he promptly passed out.
Ozai awoke with his countenance planted in a pile of excrement. Groggily, he slid up onto his knees through the dead leaves that blanketed the muddy forest floor. The peasant leaned 'gainst a tree a ways off, sipping a carbonated beverage (without the entertainment provided by television, nor the internet, drinking carbonated beverages was all the rage). Through the leafy boys (trees), he spotted an odd opening that appeared to have been unnaturally cleared of any vegetation in quite a catastrophic manner.

The peasant observed at him with detachment as he shakily rose to his flat balancers (feet). He, too, was covered in mud, bits of plant matter, and shit. "What came over you?" asked he abruptly.

"Beg pardon, peasant?" spake Ozai hoarsely.

"You didn't run from the portal. Neither did you have a reason to keep watching it, like I did." He finished the carbonated beverage, and crushed the can betwixt his bronzed mitts (hands).

He glanced away to ponder it. "I… I'm not quite sure why," replied he following this moment of deliberation.

"Well, you know how arbitrary Wenchicus Thoticus is," spake the peasant. He continued to compact that can until it was so flat that it ceased to exist.

"Yes," agreed he, uncertain of what else to say. He recalled now… the purple portal summoned by the turtles, the ascension of thirteen souls that preceded that vile quartet's return to their dimension of origin. The peasant had taken him by the hand and led him away from that vortex of violet violence, and they had slept where they had lain.

"I've been doing some thinking. You realise that… this really complicates things," put forth he. "There isn't one big portal. There are many, and each of them leads between here and another universe. We can't possibly round up every intruder, get thirteen souls for each of them, and send them all back to all of their different worlds. There must be another way."

"Why don't we simply slaughter all of these invaders?" suggested Ozai.

The peasant shook his information dome (head) disapprovingly. "Of course you'd say that," spake he bitterly. "That won't do anything to close the portals. More invaders will just come in. The fabric of the multiverse will tear apart."

"Well, it can't hurt," argued he.

"You can't just kill everybody when they're a problem to you," managed the peasant through gritted teeth, covering his stormy spheroids (eyes) in frustration. "Not even getting into the ethics — you don't have the means. And you couldn't even do it when you did have them."

"Why so grumpy this morning, peasant?" questioned he, too dispirited and drained by the truth of the plebeian's words to allow all that repressed rage course through him.

"Because the world is ending and I'm covered in shit," declared he, leaving out how he was
struggling to accept that his feelings for this whilom despotic rapper were edging out of the realm of pure lust, for reasons beyond his comprehension.

"Surely, there must be a stream in which to cleanse ourselves," spake Ozai, now realising for the first time that aye — he, too, was covered in shit. And it was in his hair. "Peasant!" ejaculated (cried) he. "We must locate a source of water immediately. There is fecal matter in my hair, and that is unacceptable!"

"Okay, okay, I'm not happy about being covered in shit either," attempted the peasant to placate him. Hakoda was convinced that his own tears alone could have washed them free of excrement, provided he had enough time to weep — alas, Ozai was not having it. He grabbed both bags whilst his companion impulsively dashed through the forest in an endeavour to reach water.

Aye, through that woodland they tromped. As the materials dried on his skin and clothing, tempted was he to utilize part of their freshwater supply, but he could not prevent his comrade from lamenting o'er his lustrous mane.

At last Hakoda heard the rushing of a river. Through those thinning wooden protrusions (trees), forsooth, he knew that this river was their gateway to the mighty northern sea, having frequented the region during the war. With the grace of an individual who has obviously taken ballet lessons, Ozai swan-dived into the placid river, halfway down remembering, "Fiddle sticks! I can't swim!"

Hakoda tried not to give himself a concussion.

Nonetheless, this apparent closeted dancer grasped ahold of a rock in the current upon surfacing. Hakoda leisurely descended towards the banks and dropped the two bags. "Hang on, I'm coming," called he, totally done with all this shit. Removing naught but his shoes, he swam o'er to where his useless companion clung to the stone.

"Peasant, I'm drowning," complained Ozai, although he was, in fact, not drowning.

"No, you're not... The water is shallow enough to stand here," insisted Hakoda. "I'm surprised you didn't hit your head when you dove."

He spewed out a mouthful of river water, narrowly missing Hakoda, and tentatively released the rock. "Aye, I suppose you're right, peasant." Hakoda nearly lost his grip on this anchoring stone himself when an intrusive thought told him that he'd rather Ozai's mouth be full of something else.

He waded towards the shallows, casually stripping off his shirt as if there was a heterosexual explanation for doing so. To make the situation somehow worse, Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On" jived on down from the heavens. He handwashed that borrowed garment to free it of excrement and wrung it out, his glistening back muscles flexing sexily behind the veil of wet hair that clung to them.

He hung the shirt on a tree branch to dry, he proceeded to remove his trousers. The water level rose by one centimetre as tears of sexual frustration streaked down Hakoda's countenance. He received only a brief glimpse of his comrade's arse before he sunk down into the river, but what an arse it was. Hakoda's hooded warrior (penis) stood at attention at the sight of those perfectly shaped, muscular cheeks (ass cheeks). He shed some tears of shame; aye, he imagined cupping those smooth orbs (ass cheeks) briefly in his palms 'fore forcing these cruel fantasies from his imagination centre (mind).

Ozai shot him a look with those smouldering amber globular sensory perceptors (eyes), and with a totally buff arm, he flicked a damp strand of hair from his visage.

He's evil, he's evil, he's evil, repeated Hakoda internally, a mantra to banish these lustful thoughts —
"Don't you intend on washing up, peasant?" questioned he. The last thing Hakoda desired was to strip naked and frolic in the river beside his similarly nude comrade. It was just a bad —

Oh, fuck, cursed he. Before he knew it, he had tossed his clothes upon the banks. He caught himself plotting methods of seeing that gorgeous backside again, and mayhap even recovering that longsword (penis) he'd thought had been lost to him in the desert.

Now, according to Ozai, bathing nude in a river with another man was certainly not gay. They both happened to be caked in excrement and other filth, and the river was the only source of water in which they could cleanse themselves. Nonetheless, maintaining a ravishing and silky mane such as his, even if it had been, forsooth, bestowed upon him by a pagan god, was not always simple.

"Peasant!" called he. "I require your aid to purify my hair. Come hither."

Aye, the plebeian approached, visibly nervous, possibly about this vital task with which he had been entrusted. He found himself noting, as the peasant's bare chest rose above that waterline, that he was pretty far from unattractive. Forsooth, that torso was finely balanced betwixt muscularity and slenderness, thews well-defined in spite of his lithe build. (There was nothing gay about appreciating the comeliness of another man, nor mentally cycling through one's extensive knowledge of the many types of gays to label him as a twunk.)

Hakoda lowered himself into the water behind Ozai and reached for that hair that was softer than a kitten's pure little heart. He hung back as far as possible, firstly, so that the frustration wouldn't overtake him as it already threatened to, but mainly so that his action jackson (penis) would not jab into his comrade.

He pulled out a twig embedded in Ozai's hair, and continued to remove debris, stubborn filth, and a Bidoof Pokemon card entangled in that seductive mane. At last, he gathered the courage to run both hands down the entire length (of hair). That comeback rapper grunted in satisfaction and leaned back into his touch. Verily, there was no heterosexual explanation for this. Hakoda's burning meatpipe (penis) begged him to inch forwards and passionately dig into that tantalizingly exposed neck, and trail kisses along that sharp jawline until their lips locked. Unable to handle it anymore, yet more so unable to make a move, he decidedly waded to shore to clothe himself.

"Peasant? Is that all?" spake Ozai, still squatting in the eddy.

Hakoda tried really fucking hard not to scream. Fully aware that Ozai had a clear view of his bare arse and dying inside because of it, 'twas still a better option than allowing him to see his ready-to-go pelvic punisher (penis).

Aye, and Ozai did gaze upon those taut, voluptuous cheeks (ass cheeks). Involuntarily did his round lookers (eyes) remain fixed upon that target once he initially caught sight of it.

There was nothing gay about appreciating a fine piece of ass — it was aesthetically pleasing, so why should it matter that it belonged to another man? Nor was there anything gay about indulging the idea of driving the peasant into the ground and sliding his flesh clarinet (penis) betwixt those curvaceous cheeks (ass cheeks), at first with deep and slow thrusts, and increasing the intensity of those strokes until the peasant screamed his name.

Yep. Nothing gay about that.

Hakoda gave nary a shit that his attire had scarcely had any time to dry, for all he wanted was to be
free of this pit of sexual despair. A series of splashes signaled that Ozai had waded from the river, and he forbade himself to look, instead bashing his suffering dome (head) against a tree until his comrade announced that he was prepared to leave.

"There should be a town around the next bend of the river, I think," spake Hakoda. He had to ramble about anything, anything, anything to banish his sexual fantasies and the images of this whilom tyrannical child-abuser's sultry gaze and perfect arse. And anything to dispel the tension betwixt them.

"Aye, a resting place?" inquired Ozai. He seemed unshaken by whatever had just occurred in that river.

"I was thinking that we purchase a boat. This river leads to the northern sea, if I've got the location right," saith he anxiously. "I'll know once we see the town."

"A boat is expensive, no? Or perhaps you speak of a peasant boat."

"Yes, I speak of a 'peasant boat,'" sighed he. He could scarcely believe that he was attracted to a bloke who referred to him as naught but peasant.

Undeniably, forsooth — the thirst was real.

"Expect me not to row to mine own imprisonment," spake Ozai.

This was fine by Hakoda. He didn't think that he could mentally handle the sight of those totally shredded arms in use, flexing coquettishly. Aye, but did he truly believe that his comrade still possessed evil intentions, and should thus be imprisoned again? Verily, if provided the opportunity to inflict major damages, he likely would do so, yet under Hakoda's watchful orb (eye), the main problem he presented was being too damn sexy.

Indeed, beyond the edge of the forest trekked the dadly duo. That village emerged betwixt the trees, and into it they travelled. Ozai performed a series of shekel transposition tricks with all that bling he had acquired. It was a little known fact that he was an amateur magician, having learnt the art in prison to pass the time. Perhaps one could attribute this skill to how he had been able to produce a baseball cap and shudder shades from his bag, where they certainly should not have been present, rather than divine interference.

This village did not possess the animated, hectic nightlife of the previous town, and so the dadly duo traipsed directly along that waterfront. They quickly located a dealer (not a drug dealer, although the chap secretly sold opium as well) and exhausted much of their monetary assets to purchase a simple wooden vessel.

"Don't get any ideas about jumping in the river," warned Hakoda. His intransigent companion had already sprawled out opposite the pair of oars. "Please abide by all safety warnings and notices. Proper attire, including shoes and shirts, must be worn at all times. For your safety while on attractions, please keep your hands, arms, and legs inside the vehicle at all times. Young children should be accompanied by an adult. Please honour designated viewing areas and crosswalks. Also, for the comfort of those around you, we request that there be no flash photography, eating, or drinking in any attraction… Wait, what am I talking about?" He shook his head to clear the strange mantra that had lain dormant inside his mind. "Well, whatever."

Hakoda clambered inside the boat and sat at the oars. He estimated that they would spend the night on the shores, and then hit open sea in the morrow. The current was favourable today, strong enough that he would not have to exert himself paddling, but not swift enough to be hazardous. Sitting across
from each other, they had little to do but gaze awkwardly into each others' ocular balls (eyes). At last, Ozai produced from his bag a record player and spun some sweet tunes; aye, they jammed to Kanye West's The College Dropout, and forsooth, they enjoyed 50 Cent's Get Rich Or Die Tryin'. After discussing the wonders of hip-hop music for a spell, with tensions dissolving, Ozai put forth, "Peasant, we ought to drop a mix tape together."

"Oh, I don't know," spake Hakoda indecisively. "Say, did you ever release not a mixtape, but your own original music?"

"Aye, peasant. I have several demos out, but you can't find them in Walmarts even in my homeland. Obscure, I was."

"...Can I hear them?"

"What do you think, I have it on me at this precise moment?" spake he, in spite of the other vinyls he apparently carried. "Perhaps one day, peasant. After we release our mixtape."

Aye, their listenings carried on 'til dusk, then Hakoda docked upon a sandy stretch of the riverbank in this great wilderness. He was beginning to feel at ease once more — well, at ease as one could be with a quondam megalomaniacal, abusive autocrat for whom he harbored intense sexual feelings. And Ben 10 save him, something in that wretched man's demeanor was conjuring forth other emotions that he desired to quash more so then his lustful urges. Mayhap it was because of his fantastic musical taste. Or, perchance it was due to how he was so entertainingly extra.

"Peasant, I'm cold," spake that comeback rapper, reminding Hakoda of his true insolence. Forsooth, now that they were out of the desert and a ways north, temperatures had dropped.

"Make a fire. I can't see what I'm doing for shit, anyways," saith Hakoda as he attempted to lash together a lean-to shelter from tree branches and wild origami paper.

Ozai hesitated before whining, "Peasant."

"I'm busy," spake he, half-tuning him out. He bound two larger slats of wood together with a stray leather bondage whip (of which he was certainly not considering the potential, nay, not at all). "I did all the rowing today, help me out."

"...Peasant, mock me not," pleaded he. "But..."

"Are you telling me that you can't make a fire? That you don't know how?" nigh laughed Hakoda incredulously. He placed a feral My Little Pony colouring book atop their temporary dwelling for decorative purposes.

Ozai curled into a ball on his side. "Woe is me," wailed he.

"You're so fucking useless," muttered Hakoda, stifling an explosive guffaw of irony. As if he were endowed with bending himself, he juggled a pair of stones and struck them together. A great leap of sparks ignited a pile of firewood and other flammable debris that he had simultaneously collected and arranged during his five point four second act.

Ozai stared solemnly into that growing blaze whilst Hakoda lowered himself into a sitting position by the fireside. He turned over mournfully, opting to face the darkened forest instead. "I'm still cold," murmured he softly. "And I'm very sad. Hold me, peasant."

Hakoda gagged on the piece of black licorice that he had been gnawing upon. (He was the only person in the world who enjoyed black licorice, save for a chap from the south who was currently
being beaten with a tilapia.) "I… all right," spake he. He tentatively edged towards that whilom lord of the flame (not Sid from Ice Age) and draped an arm over his side.

"Hold me like you mean it, peasant."

There was no heterosexual explanation for this. Regardless, Hakoda held him tighter (also solving the big spoon dilemma by placing his arm 'neath his partner's neck, where it would lose circulation) and pressed his body into Ozai's. He was careful to leave some space betwixt their nether regions, in case his crotch rocket (penis) decided to prepare for liftoff again.

"Peasant, I know it's been two twelvemonths now since I was defeated by a prepubescent twelve year-old. But now that I have returned to the real world, the bitter taste of loss has grown but stronger."

"I can't hear anything you're saying when you're facing away from me," spake Hakoda. He immediately regretted his words when Ozai turned over, finding himself entrapped betwixt burning attraction and mortal terror. Ne'er had their faces been so close together, and from this proximity he noticed the minor imperfections of his comrade's countenance — asymmetries, blemishes, the marks of age. On whole he remained unbearably beddable, but in a more human manner; aye, this man was no longer a spectre of war, a commander of such unimaginable power that he could be considered somehow divine. If he merely extended his neck, they could easily subdue that naughty sexual tension with a single kiss.

Yet that firelight danced in his eyne, and Hakoda felt deep in his gut that for many, this had been the gaze of death. The list of unspeakable evils performed by this man flooded through his mind, and he knew that with those katanas, he would be a formidable menace if he decided to turn on Hakoda. How had he allowed a semblance of friendship to form betwixt them, let alone permit such intimacy and harbor the thought of love? Nay, this was a man who could not love. This was a man who had no regard for life other than his own.

He did not want to believe in the evidence behind those thoughts. He rolled over, away from that face of destruction, and exerted every ounce of self-control not to break free of Ozai's arms and flee into the forest in hopes that they would never meet again.

ii. The Dadly Duo Battles The Villainous Quartet

Anakin was no longer high as fuck. This he found disappointing, but it was time for murder — 'twas a better high than any drug could provide.

Pidgeot glided o'er the coursing river, following its meandering flow towards the mighty north. Cruella and Bellatrix had been somewhat detached from Anakin and Sooka, not only due to their separate vessels, but upon regrouping in the morning, Bellatrix had sported… well, a few new dark marks (hickeys).

Anakin felt no particularly strong sexual desire towards Sooka, though he would fuck anything that moved, and had done so in less-than-desperate situations. Alas, his erotic thoughts he saved for the rainbow pegasus, and he would have maintained a full harem if he hadn't lost that blue hedgehog (rest in peace) to the ocean depths. Mayhap more suitable furries he would encounter along his journey.

Nevertheless, he could tell that he and Sooka were going to get along quite well. After all, they had nigh identical acting styles; neither expressed any emotion but violent angst, and both had managed to somehow attract women far above them in status. At least Padme's many hairstyles had never resembled Swingin' Dick Nixon (a penis).
Forsooth, the town had quickly jumped into action upon learning that the former Fire Lord had been in their midst. A sailor of the sand who had provided the dadly duo a ride revealed where he had transported them. News spread betwixt towns that this menace was on the move once more, and Anakin and the company had thence set off to the mighty north.

Aye, this quest brought more searching of boundless terrain, and as thankful as he was for the lack of sand, the multitude of trees, houses, rocks, and so on obscuring his view of the ground hardened (made more difficult) the task. Nonetheless, Anakin was verily anticipating this worthy opponent. To pass the tedious time, he and Sooka discussed their favourite stimulants, and Sooka attempted to teach Anakin the most essential of southern phrases.

"Y’all," spake Sooka. He removed a blackboard from his pocket and unfolded it until it obstructed Anakin's entire view, and he scrawled in chalk this absolutely classic word. "And don't you so much as think 'bout spellin' it like 'ya'll.' Why, when folks do that, it makes me mad enoughta piss off the pope."

"Y'all," echoed Anakin.

"No! No! Ain't no one ever teach you 'bout 'postrophes?" cried Sooka fractiously. "I swear by Ben 10, a tree stump in a Louisiana swamp's got more smarts 'n you!"

"I use contractions all the time," saith Anakin.

"Y'all," repeated Sooka.

"Y'all," spake Anakin correctly.

"Just dandy," complimented Sooka. "Now, if'n there be more 'n four people, you'd best be usin' all y'all."

"I can't count to four," spake Anakin.

"Oh, for Ben 10's sake," muttered Sooka. "If'n you had an idea, it'd die of loneliness."

Clearly, the two were bonding quickly. Anakin had attempted to teach him techniques of the lightsaber (not a penis) whilst they had been high as fuck; it had resulted similarly to the current situation, but Anakin had been the one to call his companion dumber than a tree stump on that night. Fortunately, no mishaps had occurred, save for Sooka inadvertently decapitating a prostitute.

Sooka folded up his blackboard and slipped it into his pocket so that Anakin could once more view the wondrous world. Fie, fie! How dull was this search! If only a way existed in which they could speed the process.

"Marco!" shouted Anakin into the blanket of trees below. Alas, no reply from the forest of yonder met his noise catchers (ears). Nay, the sole sound besides the thundering of the river below and the whipping of the wind was Finnish folk/power/melodic death/progressive/seasonal/quasi-depressive/capitalist swine metal band Wintersun's song "Beyond The Dark Sun."

"Polo!" replied Sooka after a solid minute.

"You're so dumb that you could throw yourself at the ground and miss," spake Anakin, stealing one of Sooka's own lines.

"Watch me," threatened Sooka, and proceeded to dismount Pidgeot in spite of their quite dangerous elevation.
"No!" shouted Anakin, and dragged the foolish boy back aboard Pidgeot. "Why, you could make a preacher cuss." He shook his neural nucleus (head) in disgrace. "We have to do something. What are yours and Suko's dads' names?"

"Why, you reckon they gon' respond to folk like us hollerin' for 'em? Yain't got 'nough brainsta saddle a junebug."

"You have a better idea? You don't have the sense Ben 10 gave a goose!"

"I taught ya well, but ya still ain't got nothin' on me in the ways of insults, pardner," teased Sooka. "You don't know dipshit from apple butter!"

"Knock it off, boys," called Bellatrix over her shoulder. "Whilst you were busy bickering, we spotted our potential targets."

"Huh? Where?" questioned Anakin. "How?"

"Slow down, Anakin," spake Cruella. "Aye, as you may have noted, we are currently in the centre of a vast stretch of wilderness. But a column of smoke rises o'er yonder. It could be evidence of a campsite, or perhaps a display of Suko's father's firebending prowess."

Anakin did quite hope that it was the latter, for he was itching for a rewardingly challenging battle, along with the opportunity to assess The Force's power o'er flames. Having left the Star Wars universe shortly prior to his canonical immolation, he had not yet cultivated a healthy fear of fire (hence why he viewed Suko as a pussy).

"Great," was all spake he as a malicious smile spread 'cross his countenance.

"I gotta question," saith Sooka. "How d'you reckon I could fight 'n' help y'all out?"

Anakin pondered it, stroking his chin, and, if he had been manly enough to grow one, his theoretical beard. Cruella had possessed no specialized weapon upon their first encounter; aye, she counted on Arcanine to protect her, but now she wielded a blaster.

"Suko didn't give you any weapons went he sent you wandering across the desert to do Ben 10-knows-what?" asked he.

"Oh, he a-sent me to check on how the city was farin' after we dun went in an' invaded. Them damned turtles kidnapped me an' took me a ways off. I ain't got my boomyrang no more. It was what's was the only thang I'm handy wit'."

"We could lend you Pikachu for the battle, but… Why don't you hide in the bushes and try not to die?" suggested Anakin.

"Swell idea, brother!" spake Sooka contentedly.

And that mostly villainous quartet swooped low towards that thin trail of smoke curling into the purple sky. Aye, 'twas midmorning now; all the last day they had spent collecting intelligence (and peradventure getting high as fuck). If Ben 10 smiled upon them today, the daddy duo would be quite proximal to these ascending fumes. (Wenchicus Thoticus grows weary of characters constantly thanking Ben 10 for all things. This is not due to the war betwixt them, but because it is The Shaper of Destiny who controls the future, not Ben 10, the Lord Creator.)

Skimming the treetops, the scent reached their facial protrusions (noses) and they decelerated in order to hopefully glimpse their targets through the sea of foliage. Cruella and Bellatrix dipped into that
leafy entanglement upon nearing the origin of the smoke, and Pidgeot followed suit.

Aye, those canopies blotted out the sunlight and cast these crusaders for evil in darkness. Embers smouldered upon a pile of firewood and forest debris; forsooth, humans had inhabited this place, and a lean-to shelter decorated by a feral My Little Pony colouring book had been constructed several paces from the fire.

The quartet did not alight, but further slowed themselves in order to better scout the area. Forsooth, Anakin did descry the flashing of a blade behind an earth boner (tree). "Avast!" cried he to his broom (not a penis)-riding counterparts. Pidgeot circled 'round that tree to discover none other than the damdy duo.

"Aye, aye!" shouted Cruella, and retreated to aid in this attack. Indeed, Anakin did recognise this dual katana-wielding offender as sporting the caprine facial hair that Suko had specified. (Unbeknownst to Anakin, nonetheless interestingly enough, the name of Sooka's sister was Katana.) With him cowered a poor wight who could be no one but Sooka's alternate universe father, for aside from his hipster (but not fuckboy) hairstyle, he viciously brandished a boomerang.

Anakin unsheathed his lightsaber and grabbed ahold of Pidgeot's crest with his free hand, for steering purposes. The bird circled the tree once 'fore sharply dive-bombing, only to be met with a haphazard strike to the leg. Aye, no petty sword stood a chance 'gainst Anakin's lightsaber; all it would require to defeat these fiends was to destroy their measly weapons.

Pidgeot screeched more in fury than in pain, the sword having bounced off its talons. The broomstick (not a penis) now circled that tree, rotating opposite of Pidgeot, hence confusing the unfortunate damdy duo. Nevertheless, Sooka's alternate universe father hurtled that boomerang with dexterity incomparable to the skills of anyone from Suko's world of origin; it struck Cruella, knocking her from that broomstick and incapacitating her on the forest floor a dangerous distance down.

Hakoda (or, as Sooka knew him, William) caught that returning boomerang effortlessly, whilst his comrade's extended katana (not a penis) prevented Bellatrix's cruciatus curse from hitting its mark. Ozai backflipped into action, using those trees as springboards, with agility and grace unrivaled by even a monkey hurling its own feces. Amongst the branches comprising of the canopy's middle level, he was prepared to duel these airborne foes. That pair of katanas continued to absorb the brunt of Bellatrix's spells, and although Cruella had been debilitated early on, Arcanine's Pokeball rolled from her palm, and that maned orange canid burst free of its confinement, and into battle.

Anakin steered Pidgeot sharply downwards, towards that vulnerable, earthbound figure. Hakoda dropped to the ground, evading the massive bird's talons and Anakin's lightsaber just barely in time. Recovering from the failed attack, Pidgeot looped and dove in for a second assault, and whilst upside-down, Sooka screamed as his blackboard fell from his pocket. Hakoda intercepted that educational tool's path with a foot, proceeded to juggle it like a soccer ball, and sent it clear into orbit (though on its way, it struck Anakin in the orb [eye] — he and Suko's countenances were going to match).

Temporarily blinded, Anakin's lightsaber jab far missed its target; aye, but Sooka was of greater use. Hakoda loosed that boomerang once more, only for him to snatch it off course midair. "Yoink!" shouted he contentedly.

Alas, Arcanine was upon the damdy duo. "Acio, katanas!" cried Bellatrix. Forsooth, it worked, but with his stubbornness and grip of metal, Ozai soared towards that broomstick (not a penis) with them. He unintentionally unseated her from her broom, and she tumbled groundwards, striking many a-branch during her descent. Alack! His only experience with broomsticks being his own broomstick (penis), he, too, took that plunge, although he grasped ahold of a tree protrusion (branch) 'fore he
could complete the plummet.

That canid beast glared up at him whilst he struggled to right himself and recover a katana fixed betwixt two branches below him, just out of his reach. Sparks and smoke curled from its smelling holes (nostrils), and it leapt at him, claws tearing into the bark, only to unsuccessfully slide down. With a mighty exhale, a plume of flame billowed from its fire-in-the-hole (mouth), and Ozai recoiled with speed near enough to upset his balance. The flames licked at the branches upon which his katana lay, and its foliage ignited.

Meanwhile, Sooka flung the boomerang once more, only for his alternate universe father to deftly seize it; likewise, he hurled it at the duo aboard Pidgeot for Sooka to catch it again.

"Now is not the time for a game of catch with daddy (biological father)!" cried Anakin furiously. "Pidgeot! Let me down! You keep on dive-bombing, you're doing great!"

Pidgeot touched down for the briefest of instants to allow for Anakin's disembarkment. Backflipping, he threateningly twirled his lightsaber so that it made those intimidating static-y noises. Hakoda, unarmed, sprinted in the opposite direction.

Ozai took his chance with that fiery canine, conjuring forth the faltering belief, in an attempt of galvanization, that deep down in his arguably nonexistent soul, he'd still "got it." He dropped onto that burning pair of branches and snatched up his second katana, its metal blade nice and toasty now that it possessed the capability to inflict double the agony. The dog breathed another great column of fire, and he deftly descended betwixt those springboard trees as flames bit at his heels but did naught to inflict the slightest damage.

Upon reaching the forest floor, that canine bounded after him. He had full knowledge that he could not outrun this four-legged beast, and backflipped behind it 'fore it could unleash another plume of fire. With his heated katana, he victoriously skewered it through the neck. Up he looked in time to counter the bird viciously descending upon him. Defeating those talons that grasped and impeded, prevented a clean fight, was verily a struggle. Sooka unleashed that boomerang; alas, at this short distance and in the midst of the tangle of blades and claws, it fell uselessly flat against Ozai's katana. Bellatrix screamed a curse, and Ozai lowered a weapon to block it. Pidgeot lifted off, apparently upset with the fight this ferocious human durst put up. Before dashing after Hakoda, he snatched up the boomerang and shoved it into the waistband of his modesty fabric (pants).

Anakin was gaining on his target, Hakoda's speed no match for Anakin's mighty flipping. Pidgeot cawed from up above whilst Ozai's own superior flipping propelled him into the chase. The avian Pokemon dove and caught Hakoda's back with those cruel talons, shredding skin and tearing tendons as it abortively attempted to grasp him by the arm.

The energy of the strike threw him face first into the mud and carpet of dead leaves. Anakin halted his flipping, took a moment's break for the dizziness to reside, and then lifted and Force-choked Hakoda. Because someone always comes to the rescue at the very last moment when an important character is about to die, Ozai slashed at Anakin's lightsaber-wielding hand, halting his inexorable strike. Although Ozai had not yet witnessed the abilities of the lightsaber, as a bloke voiced by Mark Hamill, he had always had an inexplicable awareness of the Star Wars universe and its conventions.

Whilst Anakin's robot hand sizzled at the split circuits, Ozai backflipped to the aid of his favourite peasant. Hakoda was losing consciousness fast, and sheathing his katanas, he slung him o'er his back. If the witch recovered, it would be quite an issue, but the predominant problem was that of the bird.

Until now, he had done naught but backflip, but he unleashed his full acrobatic repertoire in this
great escape; aye, this attempt to lose Pidgeot. He nimbly performed an aerial cartwheel, fluidly front handsprunged, elegantly front-tucked, and limberly vaulted o’er a rock, all whilst managing to keep his weapons and his passenger, although this contradicted the laws of physics.

"Parkour," declared he as they reached a sheltering hollow within a boulder, a safe distance away. Aye, the bird did not pursue.

Back by the river, Anakin was pissed the fuck off. Alackaday! How was he to battle in wont of his sword-wielding hand, and in wont of a replacement prosthetic? Aye, how swiftly Bellatrix and Cruella had fallen, and how he had been defeated so casually as his opponent backflipped away into the depths of the forest.

O, how his fragile masculinity and ego suffered. Two losses in a row, and the enemy had not even displayed his firebending mastery. How were they to take over the world? The battle ’gainst the Vikings had been a deserved loss, but this time they had outnumbered the opponent! Fie, fie!

"Woe is me," wept Anakin, and sank down onto his knees.
Penis Firebending

8. Penis Firebending

i. Penis Firebending

Due to convenient healing power of water, Ozai's primary concern was ensuring that his comrade did not pass into The Great Abyss of Yonder right where he lay. Aye, upon reaching the great healers of the mighty north, it would be as though he had ne'er been injured at all.

As a man of murder, he knew little of medicinal treatment and first aid. He first performed a blood chant with little success, and then decided to inspect the peasant's wound as any logical human would do.

Forsooth, the first cut was the deepest. Fortunate they had been to thus far avoid this particular aspect of inhabiting a flesh prison (body). Alas, now those lacerations had penetrated deep into the skin of the plebeian's back and arm. He stripped the peasant of his shirt (really, not in a gay way at all) to utilize it as a bandage. For good measure, he sheared off a lock of his hair with a katana (any other way would not be dramatic enough) and scattered it 'cross the wound in order to accelerate the healing process.

The peasant remained unconscious for discouragingly long, wasting the precious daylight hours best suited for travel, but if they were to return to the riverside for the boat with the peasant still in the arms of Morpheus (asleep), it would be a perilous journey… Okay, he admitted to himself that he was growing too old to be backflipping through a forest all day.

Instead, he resolved to jam to some sick tunes, but Wenchicus Thoticus just wasn't having it that day. Once he reclined 'gainst a tree to enjoy Beyoncé's Lemonade, The Shaper of Destiny savagely cranked up the volume of Bathory's Blood Fire Death until the ground trembled with Quorthon's demonic screeching and the merciless, blackened tremolo-picked riffs of the original Viking metal album. In his quadrachambered contracting and expanding centre of life (heart), forsooth, he had a special place for both fire and death (and blood, to a lesser extent); alas, for Bathory's record of the same name, he did not.

Irate with this instigative god's behaviour, he reluctantly paused "Love Drought," which he was quite upset about (definitely not because it pertained to his current love life in the slightest). He groaned, for in the mighty north, the chill of night fell o'er the land early and swiftly. He assembled the sleeping kit, that, somehow, perhaps due to plot convenience, they had not lost during the battle, nor the escape. Aye, 'twas colder than a witch's titty; careful not to disturb the peasant's wound, he curled up against him (for warmth — being cold was not gay).

A shallow sleep settled o'er him, and he awoke not long later shivering uncontrollably. His skeletal foodstuff pulverisers (teeth) chattered violently like a social justice warrior and a Reddit-perusing neckbeard having a go at each other. He pressed himself closer into the peasant's warmth, almost wishing that they could become one skin (again, there was nothing gay about being cold). Tentatively at first, but then with fucklessness, he rubbed 'gainst to him to foster heat via friction.

Alas, moments later, his lil' slugger (penis) decided that it had a mind of its own, prodding the peasant's backside eagerly. He sighed, sitting up, and with numb gang sign throwers (hands), he reached into his oppressive garment (pants). If his mayonnaise cannon was preparing to fire, then so be it! He would utilize the opportunity to generate a little heat.
He conjured up memories of his many "hoes." Aye, the time in the garden in broad daylight, the occurrence involving four tonnes of beet juice, The Sausage (not a penis, but one frozen bratwurst) Incident, and viewing the peasant's gorgeously unobstructed cheeks (ass cheeks)...

It took an instant for him to realise that forsooth, something was wrong with such a fantasy whilst he was attempting to tickle his pickle (masturbate). He ceased beating the bishop until a more heterosexually reaffirming vision replaced his thoughts of that baseborn plebeian.

Alas, the times with his "bitches" were naught but memories; saddening was this thought, and unattainable was that amount of sexual power unless he succeeded in taking over the world. Something told him that nay, wish as he might, the dream was dead. Even the unfailingly fond recollection of the drunken foursome in the throne room itself brought only sorrow. Nor would his rap career allow him to acquire sufficient "hoes," for, in sooth, the audience's reception to him had tended to be lukewarm at best. Admittedly, his original material was lacking.

Images of the peasant crept back into his cognitive sphere (head) too subtly for him to brutally banish them. Too cold he was for him not to capitalise on his own arousal. Aye, his thoughts drifted towards the occurrence in the river as he stroked his beaver cleaver (penis) with increasing intensity. O, he found himself unwilling to register his ardent desire to explore the rest of the peasant's body; O, how invigorating that bare skin would feel 'gainst his own; O, to buss with reckless abandon at that strong, smooth neck and inviting pair of lips; O, to feel the tight grip of the peasant's cock dock (anus) 'round his own rectum rooter as they made sweet, sweet love.

Ozai pumped his noodle of pleasure with the virility of a spring chicken, accepting that this was how he was going to attain his climax, but anything further he refused to acknowledge. He turned his gaze towards the peasant's slumbering form beside him; aye, the moonlight danced upon that charmingly rugged countenance and the toned shoulder that protruded from the sleeping bag. He could silence his urges right in this moment, for it would be so easy to take advantage of his unconsciousness to savour the sensation of his uncovered body 'neath his fingertips, aye, the taste of his lips.

Despite his wildly passionate fantasies, even someone as fucked up as Ozai knew that engaging in coitus with an unconscious person was a form of sexual assault, for an unconscious person cannot provide consent, and that was bad. (Consent is important, kids. And don't forget to have safe sex and wear a condom.)

At last, he hastily scrambled free of those impeding blankets and dashed to the pile of woodland debris that he had gathered earlier in a passing burst of hope. He dropped his pants as the throes of an orgasm gripped him. Ozai ejaculated (ejaculated) vigorously, a great blaze of fire explosively billowing from his Royal Parts.

The small heap of dead leaves and branches ignited. "Mama Mía," breathed he. He watched the flames take hold for a moment 'fore he returned his mancandle to its traditional place in his trousers. As his mind cleared, he realised that he'd just nutted to a series of sexual fantasies starring the peasant.

Surely, there was nothing gay about that…?

Aye, the troubling implications of what had just happened proved more difficult to banish than his twelve year-old son to the Family Disappointment Boat. Perturbed, he collected his blanket and warmed himself by the fireside. Dethklok's song "I Ejaculate Fire" played from the distant heavens, and he mournfully gazed at his Beyoncé vinyl paused mid-track. Perhaps he was just this desperate after two years of celibacy. In prison, he had indeed spent much of his ample free time fondling his flagpole. (Sexual repression aside, it was there that he had learnt that his sole remaining manner of
generating fire was with his lamppost of desire, and nay, he no longer could control it.) By that flickering flame, the remnants of his greatness, he took a seat and toasted a few marshmallows whilst waiting for the sun and the peasant alike to rise.

Forsooth, Hakoda came to in the depths of that night. He attempted to sit up, only for sharp agony to bolt down his arm and back. A fire crackled softly several paces away, and he did a double take upon glimpsing that motionless figure staring deep into the flames, its light flickering eerily in his discoid annuli (eyes) whilst his follicular mop (hair) framed the rest of his countenance, casting it in darkness. He looked perfectly evil.

He turned his head with an abruptness that made Hakoda's heart stop out of mortal terror rather than gayness. "Peasant," spake he. Those shadows spread 'cross the rest of his features; aye, his eyne were empty black pits. "You're all right." The trace of compassion in those words was lost on Hakoda as he attempted not to shit himself.

"How did you… How did you…" stammered he.

"What, this?" He gestured towards the cosy campfire. "I do have great knowledge of fire, peasant. I merely needed to apply it differently." He raised a brochette that Hakoda had not noticed before, and, skewering a marshmallow upon it, he rotated it patiently o'er the flame. "Would you like a s'more, peasant?"

"I, uh, sure, I guess," choked out he.

"I also excel at barbecuing," spake he. Forsooth, 'twas amongst the dadliest of crafts. "As you can see, I am not a single-minded man."

Can he smell my fear or something? wondered Hakoda. Is this his way of trying to make me feel comfortable? Again, he moved to prop himself up, and his body screamed like Wenchicus Thoticus encountering a spider in the shower. Aye, there had been a battle of sorts… Strange opponents they had encountered, that false Sokka among them… In his desperate escape from that backflipping foe, a bird had ravaged his parts of his back, shoulder, and arm.

"You… didn't leave me to die?" spake he incredulously. It was such a basic kindness, yet it confounded him and sparked a sense of trust for his comrade — a sense that counteracted the cruel light of the fire.

"Nay," replied he. That spit edged deeper into the flames, and at its touch charred bits of wood flaked off the burning branches and settled into the smouldering ashes.

"That makes no sense," insisted Hakoda. "You could've run away from me to avoid imprisonment again. But you're still here."

"Why do you argue 'gainst your own wellbeing? You know, I've grown quite fond of you, peasant." He removed that perfectly golden-brown marshmallow from the fire and scrutinized it somewhat indifferently.

This time, Hakoda's thumping pumper (heart) did stop in gayness. Ozai gently eased the marshmallow from the brochette, tidily leaving minimal residue. He assembled the s'more so symmetrically that it could have been used to summon the pagan god Sailor Moon. (Forsooth, that was how he had summoned her the first time.)

"Would you consider us friends, peasant?" asked he. He rose from his position beside the fire, still clutching the blanket 'round himself, to hand-deliver this s'more that would have left even Gordon
Ramsey with nary a single gripe.

Hakoda gripped that delectable dessert betwixt his digits of doing (fingers). When Ozai's hand brushed his own, the contact betwixt them for once inspired not agitation, but a deep yearning for another caress. He could maintain that touch; alas, it would not feel right, for he truly did not know the answer to his unexpectedly faithful companion's question.

"Friends don't call each other 'peasant,'" answered he finally.

"You must understand, I do speak it in a amicable manner," explained he.

"Well, I don't really like it. In a friendship, both people are equal," spake he, unable to comprehend that he was teaching the basics of relationships to a socially awkward, whilom homicidal tyrant. Now, if it was a romantic and sexual partnership, the balance of power could be quite different, depending on how kinky one decided to get… he wasn't going to think about that.

"No one is equal to me," decreed Ozai.

"Look, if you want this to work, you're going to have to calm down with all of the world domination stuff," sighed Hakoda. Another intrusive thought struck him: O, he knew something, or rather, someone else whom he'd like Ozai to dominate. "I'll, I'll tell you the truth. Maybe you have some ulterior motive that I'm unaware of, but you didn't abandon me when I needed help the most. I don't want to send you back to prison."

"Really, peasant?" What little of Hakoda could discern of his countenance brightened remarkably. "You think I ought to walk free?"

"What did I just say about calling me peasant?" grumbled Hakoda, searching for the nearest surface to bash his head into in response to both the immediate return of his demeaning title and the stupid happiness bubbling up inside him at his comrade's joy. However, Ozai placed one of those soft hands 'round the back of his neck to prevent him from further damaging his mental mush (brain). The touch subdued him and he wished only that he could melt into those arms, yet he still murmured crossly, "Do you even know my name?"

"Hakoda," breathed Ozai, with the tenderness of a butterfly alighting upon spring's first blossom, yet a husky, utterly seductive power that could have compelled droves of the fairest maidens tear asunder their attire at the instant that voice reached their audial occurrence detectors (ears).

"Well I'll be hogwallered," gasped Hakoda, swooning. "I need to lie down."

"Aren't you going to eat your s'more?" inquired Ozai.

"Yes," panted he from his supine position. Gazing deep into his comrade's glittery spheres (eyes), he sensually consumed that delicious dessert. Aye, 'twas nigh divine, but he imagined that Ozai's girthy sausage (penis) would taste better yet. For once no shame touched him, and he wished that the s'more was more phallic in order to best convey his desires. The sticky white residuum (of the marshmallow) clung to his fingers, and still making vigorous orb contact (eye contact), he erotically sucked each digit clean, one by one.

Ozai merely appeared distressed by this performance, so Hakoda halted his endeavours dejectedly. He simply couldn't get a read on his comrade's feelings; aye, was this sort of intimacy betwixt men the norm in his homeland? He had ne'er evinced discomfort at their numerous homoerotic interactions prior; why now was this off-putting?

"Er, thanks," spake Hakoda self-consciously. "For saving my ass back there." And now please
destroy it, asserted another intrusive thought, and this time, ignominious guilt crept over him.

Ozai merely shrugged. "I suppose we ought to return to the river, in hopes that we can relocate the vessel. Unless an superior mode of transportation is available."

"Ah, yes, it's kind of the middle of the night, though," spake he.

"We know not if those fiends still lie in wait. Let us depart under the cover of darkness. You can walk, nay?"

"Let's find out," decided Hakoda. Ozai extended a hand to help right him, holding on for just a little too long. He packed up that sleeping kit and shouldered the bags as the peasant evaluated his mobility. With one tapered branch, he lit a torch and stamped out the campfire like a plebeian, rather than willing it out of existence.

"I can hold something," offered the peasant.

"Nonsense, peasant," spake he without looking at him. "You're injured."

Hakoda didn't protest the immediate return to this apparent appellation. If Ozai spake his name once more, he might very well faint. "I've got one good arm," insisted he.

"Here you are, peasant." He extended an empty hand, still refusing to so much as turn his head. In the dancing firelight, Hakoda noticed a decided blush sneak 'cross his comrade's countenance. "You know, in case you're in such agony that only by squeezing something you can divert the pain," reasoned he lamely, the hint of a stammer lurking within his faux-confident vocalizations.

Aye, unable to suppress a giddy grin, Hakoda accepted that gesture, and their fingers intertwined. Ozai nervously stole a glance at him from the corner of his orb (corner of his eye). His palm was sweating profusely in spite of the cold, and he wiped it off whilst he also apologised profusely before reestablishing that tentative touch. (Forsooth, sweating and apologising are the two only actions which people do "profusely.") Moving past the bizarre juxtaposition inherent to the situation, aye, that whilom murderous megalomaniac's awkward shyness was ridiculously endearing. He just wanted to take things slow.

Through the darkened forest travelled the dadly duo, linked by their graspers (hands). Hakoda had nary a clue from whence they had come into this region of the woodland; he placed blind faith in Ozai's sense of direction, and forsooth, placing blind faith in his comrade had already proven a better gamble than he would have presumed. And aye, his torn back muscles did throb painfully after a time in spite of their little involvement in the act of walking. That anguish did grow unbearable at times, and he slowed his companion so that he might recover.

The blazing atmospheric death orb (sun) peeked o'er the horizon when the pair reached the river. They chose a direction, upstream or downstream, traipsing o'er those stony banks to that forcibly abandoned boat. Conveniently, the small wooden vessel was (a), downstream, the direction they had chosen to check first, (b), approximately a quarter hour away, and (c), untouched by the fiendish fighters, nor any other forces. Wordlessly, Ozai reluctantly relinquished Hakoda's hand and discarded the torch. Whilst loading the craft absently, he wistfully observed that extinguished flambeau disappear with the current.

"Peasant, you will vouch for me, yea?" spake he as the vessel joined the downstream flow. He took up those oars with nary a complaint.

Hakoda nodded. However, within seconds, they both learnt that Ozai was woefully inept at rowing
upon narrowly missing a semi-submerged boulder that would have cracked the wooden hull. Hakoda reached into his bag in hopes of a present from Wenchicus Thoticus that would aid them in their situation. Forsooth, he produced a megaphone.

Nay, too cruel it would be to yell harsh commands at this man, this man who was the last person he had anticipated to give the true gift that was kindness. Perhaps his fears of late were mistaken. Hence, he defiantly disregarded that divine donation, and reigned in his self-destructive head-slamming tendencies whilst instructing Ozai on how to row.

And that dadly duo was swept by the river into the sea, where they entered the realm of the mighty north.

ii. Suko's Odious New Plans

Caught in a state of anxious boredom, Suko warmed up with a quick run of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight Of The Bumblebee," and then launched into an György Ligeti's eerily dissonant "Volumina for Organ" whilst contemplating whether or not he could truly achieve world domination.

Just as he raised his forearms from the keyboard to begin a series of discordant stabs, the door to that organ chamber opened.

"ONG!" roared he in frustration, and forsooth, he did perform those arse-clenchingly dissonant strikes with all the violence of four hundred and six years worth of world war.

"I'm sorry, I thought you were done!" whined the boy.

"You know very well that classical pieces have ridiculously long periods of silence sometimes!" cried Suko. "What is it, boy? Why have you come here?"

Ong shuffled aside to let that largely villainous quartet in through the door. Aye, covered in dirt they were, their head growths (hair) mussed by the tumultuous winds of flight, their countenances weary and drained.

"I take it… that things didn't go particularly well," spake Suko, rising from the bench.

Anakin dropped his severed hand at Suko's feet.

"Oh, thunder and biscuits!" shrieked Suko. He recoiled pusillanimously from that severed hand and tripped o'er the flat ground behind him.

"Relax, it's just a prosthetic," spake Anakin.

Sooka yukked enthusiastically. "We dun painted it o'er skin-coloured to give you a right an' proper fright!"

"I'm glad you're all alive, but why must you pain me so?" lamented he. From the dark red carpet of the organ room, he pointed a single leg into the air and nigh fainted.

As the most competent person in the entirety of the palace, save perhaps her partner, spake Cruella, "We were able to locate your father; alas, during the battle, he escaped."

Suko reclined fully on the floor. "Nay," brayed that aspiring villain mournfully. "O, does he truly retain such strength? Mayhap Ong really is our only chance, as the prophecy foretold."

The heads of that nefarious quartet swiveled towards Ong, who put on his best don't-look-at-me face,
for they all knew that he was miserably incompetent.

"Prophecy this, prophecy that," groaned Bellatrix. "I, for one, am through with prophecies, and for
that matter, magical jewelry, aged seers who are painfully vague for the purposes of suspense,
fragmented dream sequences that are supposed to foreshadow future events or reveal something
about a character's mysterious backstory but actually mean nothing, but most of all, I hate chosen
ones."

"I was once the chosen one in a prophecy," spake Anakin, "but O, how I subverted it! That
prophecy did not come true."

"Unless it has yet to come true in some unexpected way… I hate when that happens," muttered
Suko, still from the ground. "Ong, I really ought to find instructors for you so that you can kill my
father and make sure he doesn't interfere with mine own quest for world domination."

"I'm only twelve," whimpered Ong timidly.

"Do you know what happened when I was twelve? Do you know what happened when I was
twelve!?!" burst out Suko. "No universe cares hold old you are, boy! In fact, the younger the better.
We've got audiences to market to! Teenagers who desperately need to see themselves reflected in a
Mary Sue protagonist who is entirely unrelatable aside from their age! Ong, I do want to send you on
missions to cultivate your combat skills, but without you, who will feed the alien army?"

"I just love feeding the alien army, Master," wept Ong. "Please don't make me fight. You know that
I'm too much of a coward to kill even my bitterest of enemies."

"Why can't you send the alien army on missions with us?" asked Bellatrix.

"They are my sole means of keeping the city securely under my rule," elucidated Suko. "Perhaps, if I
could obtain a second sizable army…"

"Enslave the citizens," suggested Anakin, casually duct-taping his prosthetic hand back to his
articulatio radio carpea (wrist).

Suko shook his thought sphere (head) dejectedly. "It's difficult enough controlling them as it is."

"World domination takes time, my dear child," spake Bellatrix.

"You're right. It took my nation one hundred years merely to acquire some colonies and commit the
genocides of only two peoples," sighed Suko sadly. "But we're accumulating such a concentration of
villainy so rapidly. Surely, that must count for something."

"We could build an army of naught but the top villains, quickly conquer the world, and then start a
bloody civil war o'er whose right it is to rule the empire that we've forged together," put forth
Cruella.

"In that case…" spake Suko. "Perhaps we really ought to gain my father's aid. As much as I loathe
the man, maybe he… would…" He began to tear up in a sudden fit of emotion. "…finally… love
me. But," continued he, sniffing loudly, "he is not my real father, for I am from an alternate
universe. Hence, with him, I have a clean slate."

"You kind of just sent us to kill him," pointed out Anakin. "I don't think he likes us."

"Oh, bother," saith Suko, momentarily possessed by the drifting spirit of Winnie the Pooh. "Perhaps
I'll simply have to send a different crew. But I don't have one because no one likes me." Forsooth,
his only allies aside from the nefarious trio were Sooka, Ong, Katana, and the alien hordes. (By popular demand, he was currently wooing Katana. Although she was fourteen years old, and it was slightly creepy for a sixteen-year-old to court someone of her age, she appeared as though she were ten years old, making it all the more unsettling.)

"I reckon he's a-headin' to the mighty north," spake Sooka. "Yain't been able to git up there, have ya?"

"It's a lost cause," moaned Suko tearfully. Perhaps his journey through the portal had endowed him with the semblances of a personality. "Forget it. We cannot defeat the mighty north until we have gained sufficient allies. However, I do have another plan." Abruptly, he sprung to his trotters (feet) gleefully. "It is one of infiltration rather than attack."

"That sounds boring," protested Anakin. That was what Palpatine did, not him. He merely thirsted for blood. (Blood, however, has high sodium levels, and would thus dehydrate any consumers. Drinking blood can also lead to the contraction of a sexually transmitted disease, although the ingestion of this bodily fluid does not necessarily require sexual contact. Blood, along with vaginal fluids, semen, and breast milk, are the vessels of sexually transmitted diseases, which can be contracted through the anus, genitals, open wounds, and the mouth. Do not drink blood. And remember to have safe sex, kids. Wear a condom.)

"Aye, hear me out, brother!" insisted Suko. "Forsooth, the time for murder will arrive, but I do very well believe that we can conquer an entire nation from inside out."

"That's just a-makin' my cognitive dome (head) hurt," grumbled Sooka.

"Though you failed to pass as your alternate universe self, I believe that I can," spake Suko with a disdainful glare.

"Not with that 'scar,'" muttered Ong under his breath.

"BOI!?" exploded Suko. "Would you like to say that again a touch LOUDER!? My makeup skills are fantastic, mind you, and you can ask anyone who attended my drag show last week to confirm!"

Ong did not bring up Suko's poor acting skills; aye, he cowered before that enraged manchild, who was beginning to steam at the nares (nostrils).

"Now, one does not simply walk into the Fire Palace," spake Suko, a reference to a meme as old as time itself, so old that it was neither a dank meme or a surreal meme, but just a plain old meme. (Surreal memes inspire Wenchucus Thoticus to disrupt the very fabric of the multiverse.) "But," continued Suko, "we are blessed with the gift of flight, given your broom and that bird of yours. Ong can also fly, theoretically."

"Master! But I can fly, if only you would return to me my glider —"

"Leave now," commanded Suko, pointing violently at the exit. "Go clean the aliens' cells or else—"

"But I already did—"

"Don't interrupt me, boy! You are banished to the Bathtub of Sin!"

Ong began to protest, but shut his sound wave generator (mouth). Forsooth, though Suko lacked in many other aspects of villainy, he most certainly knew the art of treating his minions like Ozai's taste in music (shit). (Wenchucus Thoticus also has little tolerance for hip-hop and the like.)
"Like I was saying," resumed Suko once the boy had departed, "We shall fly into the Fire Palace, and subtly overthrow the existing government." He had returned now to the organ, where he played an easily recognisable rendition of the Gettysburg Address, in spite of this selection's nonmusical nature. Such was Suko's skill on the organ. "You three shall be my guards. Conveniently, all Fire Nation soldiers wear masks, and we can perform a quick 'switcheroo' of uniforms — it's the oldest trick in the book, and naturally, said uniforms shall fit perfectly. The country likely does not want to return to war, but who gives a shit!" He cackled madly, and his evil laugh resembled Lil Wayne's attempts to play the guitar.

"But it took your country one hundred years only to fail, no?" questioned Cruella.

"The portals are of utmost importance," spake Suko, his malicious grin similar to that of Hide-The-Pain Harold's (also known as Maurice in some circles). "Undoubtedly, more potential allies have emerged; we have but to find them. As you know, a single supervillain can defeat legions of trained soldiers with nary a scratch."

"Aye," concurred Anakin as he listened to Suko's plan coming together. With satisfaction, he studied the new layer of rainbow duct tape binding his prosthetic hand to the rest of his arm and flexed his fingers.

"Hence, we must be patient," spake he, playing each instrument's part for the "William Tell Overture" simultaneously. "The time for murder shall come, I assure you. But first, we must infiltrate and befriend. This is what you must do when you cannot take over the world by raw force alone. O, imagine how I shall appear sitting silhouetted in that bed of fire! So spectacularly diabolical!"

Forsooth, Suko had nigh mastered the aesthetics of villainy. That organ in its spacious chamber, that cloak he wore to conceal his countenance, the tenebrous palace lit solely by torches in brackets — a man of drama was he. If only his scar did not resemble a sunburn.

Anakin did orb (eye) those torches, and an impulse seized him. Selecting the cresset nearest him, he focused the righteous energy of The Force upon that flame. A spiral of dancing, pulsating fire followed his steady directions, flowing much like that water had. He condensed it into one undulating sphere betwixt his instructing appendages (hands) and gazed pensively into that burning ball. Suko, Sooka, Cruella, and Bellatrix remained just as transfixed as he.

"Incredible," spake Anakin, his own burning balls (eyes) aglow. "This whole time, I could have been bending the elements themselves to my will, but I limited myself to Force-choking people because I got off to it."

Suko's jealousy threatened to boil o'er; O, that this outsider showed potential for skill greater than his own, but quite the opportunity this was. He reminded himself that he was not shit at lightningbending for some unfathomable reason. "How are you doing that? I don't know of any other universes with bending, yet you are...?"

"The Force is pretty badass," saith Anakin. "Mostly people just use it to open doors and throw stuff at each other, but I've been inspired by this world's styles of fighting. There is great untapped potential. Oh, and I can use The Force to control people's minds."

"What!?" cried Suko. "Anakin, this is excellent news!"

"You really mean it, you can control minds?" chimed in Bellatrix. "Without the imperius curse?"

"In a way of sorts," responded he, still manipulating the flame.
"Wait, you can control minds too?" gasped Suko, fanning himself in excitement.

"A witch has a great many skills at her disposal," replied Bellatrix.

"This gon' make infiltratin' that palace so goshdarn easy!" saith Sooka.

"I think I just came a little," breathed Suko. He lay down on the floor and attempted another evil laugh, and this time it sounded like the strange vocal technique featured on Disturbed's "Down With The Sickness." Rambled he, "Oh, what great news this is. Thank you, thank you all."

"It's appealingly appalling," spake Cruella. "Awfully awful. I may not have any special powers, but I have an undead Arcanine, and that's just as well."

Forsooth, although Ozai had skewered Arcanine through the neck, that determined dog had resurrected. Pokemon could not die, at least not if it was a main character. Not to mention that when main characters are killed off, they are rarely permanently dead. (Wenchicus Thoticus does not precisely play by this rule, because then what are the stakes? If we know that the main characters are prohibited from death, how can we truly be invested in our heroes? 'Tis a question of knowing they will succeed versus willing them to do so. Hence, if your child asks you, "Mother, father, why do people die? Is the world such a cruel place that it must strip us of our loved ones before due time?" then you must reply, "It's for the drama." However, minor characters are fair game for resurrection, because people generally do not care about them as much.)

"Well, my friends," spake Suko, "we shall ride in the morrow." He gazed with doleful affection at his organ (not a penis). "I do hope they have one of these in the Fire Palace; aye, just as in my childhood. That leaves me with the question… to whom shall I leave this palace? Sooka, do you think you can keep the alien army fed and at their posts?"

"Aw. Please, can I keep him?" pleaded Anakin. He saw many more fantastic highs in their future together.

"Fine, I'll just leave it to Katana; she's supposed to return in the eve," sighed Suko. "I am bringing Ong. You ne'er know when you need to pull the avatar card. Or when you need a foot massage. I am quite happy with our progress, my brethren. Now, please, feel free to enjoy the facilities before our departure." Dismissing them with the wave of the hand, he turned back to his organ, and began to play the impossible "Death Waltz."
The Mighty North

9. The Mighty North

i. The Mighty North

O, that grim and frostbitten land of eternal winter emerged 'fore that dadly duo: aye, the mighty north, a land praised and worshipped by many a-black metal band. Immortal's Blizzard Beasts blasted from the heavens, and a bone-chilling wind raced 'cross the frigid ocean.

Ozai rowed desperately, hoping that there was something warm, anything, amongst those icy cliffs. His executers of the Cromch (teeth) now chattered savagely, as if caught up on opposing sides of the East versus West Coast hip hop feud of the 1990's. "Peasant," spake he, "How does one survive here? It's simply infeasible, I daresay."

"It's kind of nice out," spake Hakoda. "A little chilly, but not too bad."

"Peasant, I've spent much of my life sitting amongst flames and looking evil whilst wearing ridiculous robes that concealed my glamorous physique. I am not acclimated to such barbarism. Hence, I am dying," complained he, although he was, in fact, not dying.

"We'll get you some warmer clothes once we arrive," promised he, reluctant that his viewings of his comrade's gorgeous and totally buff brachia (arms) would sharply decline.

"We've still so far to go," whined he, although at that precise moment, the vessel pulled into the harbor. Anxious, albeit excited, Hakoda moored that little wooden craft and started into town. O, would his son be here, the last place he knew to look? (The mystery of the South Pole and Katara's whereabouts shall be discussed at some later time.)

"Wait for me, peasant," ordered Ozai, scrambling haphazardly from the now precariously rocking vessel. He rushed to his comrade's side and disregarded how gay it looked to embrace him for warmth. Such was the extremity of these ball-freezing temperatures.

"I can't walk like this," spake Hakoda, placing an arm 'round his shoulder anyways.

"I can't survive like this," countered Ozai. Forsooth, flecks of frost speckled his inky mane like the tears of fairies, or, alternatively, like dandruff.

"Unhand me, peasant," teased Hakoda jovially.

"T," raged Ozai, backflipping into town in his fit of fury.

Hakoda chuckled heartily as that whilom despot cartwheeled down the road, and he jogged after him as swiftly as his injury would permit. Just before the city gates, he spotted an angry mustachiod fellow of short stature leaping after Ozai, who was presently sliding across a sheet of ice on his arse.

The good mood drained from his soul. Not only had his companion managed to land himself in trouble within mere minutes of their entrance, but the north pole was also inhabited by people who had clearly come through a portal. Nay — this did not bode well.

"Hey! Stop it!" screamed Hakoda at that small bloke, even though commanding a thief to stop ne'er worked, and this was a similar enough situation, he figured.
Aye, he did gain that high-jumping chap’s attention. "You and your a-friend, you are not allowed here," spake he in an exaggerated Italian accent, complete with the correct gestures of his white gloves.

"Who the hell are you? You don't belong here," accused he. He moved to unsling that boomerang, only for his posterior (back) to cry out in protest.

"It's a-me, Mario," spake that man. "You are not of the Water Tribe-Viking alliance. I cannot let you through, for, ah, security reasons."

"Help me, peasant," rasped Ozai from a ways down that sheet of ice. He had plunged a katana into that frequently used element in rap monikers (ice), keeping his position steady whilst also forming a potentially problematic fracture in it.

"Look, I'm, uh —" He patted down his pockets frantically, so that his comrade wouldn't… succumb to certain frostbite? At last, he produced a badge; much like his son from an alternate universe, 'twas a business card that had naught to do with aught.

"She's… a… big fan… of… a-canoeing," read Mario. "My apologies, sir. Be on your way." He removed his cap and bowed; aye, but he turned his gaze towards that still-screeching figure down the ice.

"He's with me," explained Hakoda.

Mario narrowed his sunken vision nodules (eyes). "I don't a-like the looks of him."

Hakoda verily disagreed with this statement. He assumed that it was because Mario had not yet seen Ozai shirtless. "Well, I'm expecting that the authority here will want to have a say in keeping him around or not."

O, for the first time since their arrival in the mighty north, he was truly chilled: aye, what if they did imprison Ozai? Would that break this budding trust betwixt them, after he had confessed that he did not desire to send him back to jail? What if they cast him out, and this dadly duo was separated? He found this idea upsetting; he was not travelling in order to return his comrade to prison; nay, they were taking care of each other (and sadly, busy not fucking).

They had journeyed too far to turn back, now that they were at the edge of the town and his son might be within those walls. Aye, so close!

"You may a-pass…" spake Mario. "But you must report to the coalition leaders."

"Thank you," saith Hakoda with a curt nod. He skated across that ice with the grace that would have made Michelle Kwan envious, and effortlessly scooped Ozai into his arms whilst twirling. Like a dog at a fire hydrant, he extended a leg behind him, his companion screaming and clinging to him for dear life. Somehow, he remained untouched by that loose katana which Ozai brandished and waved in his fright.

He sat that quondam megalomaniac down in a soft bank of powdery snow, where a clump of cronchy white precipitation (snow) dropped from a branch of one of the region's few trees and landed upon Ozai's sphere of mindliness (head). He pouted crossly for a moment before shaking it from his hair.

"What are you laughing at, peasant?" growled he.

"Nothing, you just look…" He realised what he was about to say just in time to stop himself. Oh my
Lord Ben 10, was I about to use the c-word to describe a homicidal dictator? What's next? The l-word? This is worse than I thought! How could Wenchicus Thoticus be so cruel? I was going to call him "cute!"? What the hell is wrong with me?

Ozai stood upon his ground-touchers (feet) and brushed the snow from himself, windmilling one glorious time to the unholy black metal of the mighty north. "Shall we enter town, peasant?" He gestured with one hand reddened by the cold and his hours at the oars.

"Yes. Let's go," managed he.

Forsooth, these non-native Vikings were abound. Many wielded round, coloured shields and sported helmets of metal as they skulked 'cross the icy docks and bridges. O, unsettled was he by this bizarre assortment of individuals; aye, many appeared to hail from different universes, yet they dressed uniformly. A praying mantis hopped 'cross their paths, clenching a sword and shield. The attention of all did turn to this dadly duo, and a wave of silence spread back through the ranks of the Vikings.

"Avast!" commanded a deep and masculine voice. Aye, here was a man who did appear as a true Viking from the mighty north of the mother dimension. On a bridge above them stood he imposingly.

That dadly duo did halt, and O, was that silence e'er so loud as the Viking scrutinized them with suspicion and disdain.

"We were cleared by your gatekeeper," spake Hakoda. "I'm just looking for my son, if you could —"

"Calm down there, Marlin," taunted a piratical fellow on the wall left of the bridge. "It's not you we're worried about."

Why did I think that I could just waltz in here with a genocidal maniac? thought he despairingly. There's no way he'll be tolerated here.

That Vikingly fur-clad bloke strode authoritatively down from the bridge, drawing a formidable longsword (not a penis) from a sheathe at his belt. Ozai reached for his katanas, but Hakoda attempted feebly to placate him. When he realised the futility of such an action, he instead stepped betwixt those two sword-brandishing chaps.

Down that bridge descended now a figure whom Hakoda knew; aye, 'twas the tribe leader, not a filthy Viking.

"What are you doing here with that man?" brayed Arnook, who is included in this writing out of necessity rather than comedic value.

"I just, uh, kinda, well, I sort of ran into him," stammered Hakoda unconvincingly, although 'twas the truth. "I decided to travel with him so he wouldn't get into any trouble." He smiled nervously whilst scanning the upper level of this wintry fortress for any sign of Nem— uh, Sokka.

"You're not doing a very good job," spake Arnook sourly.

Hakoda spun 'around only to witness the Viking and Ozai locked in hand-to-hand combat, swords (not penises) clashing. He craved a wall into which to bash his head; alas, none were within reasonable distance, so he merely hid his countenance behind his pentafingered appendages (hands) and released a long sigh of frustration.

"Let me clarify," spake Hakoda from the safety of his blindness. "I'm trying to stop him from either
trying to take over the world again and/or from starving to death in his surprising incompetence at basic survival and social tasks. I've found that the latter is a much bigger problem."

"I don't know about that," retorted Arnook once more, whilst Ozai fended off the flood of Vikings encroaching upon him, plus the Super Mario Brothers.

"Look, I'm just keeping an orb (eye) on him so he doesn't consort with anyone. He can't do much without any backing. He's practically harmless." Hakoda winced as a Wilhelm scream from the cluster of fighters evidenced that this was not the case.

Aye, but that group did dissolve, leaving that erstwhile autocratic hip-hop artist sprawled in the snow whilst the Viking bound Ozai's arm ankles (wrists) behind his back. O, he posed to hurl those twin katanas into the water, but Hakoda cried out to stop him.

"It's hard for me to believe that you've sided with this scum," saith Arnook with immense distaste. "Thank you, Thorin, but I believe I ought to be the judge of this man's crimes."

That Viking stepped back, yet he remained close to the shivering figure in the snow whose teeth were chattering as aggressively as a family foolish enough to have brought up politics at Thanksgiving dinner. Meanwhile, a woman in a black derby hat drifted down from an icy precipice by means of umbrella.

Ozai gazed up from that submissive position (not sex position) on the snowy ground with fear, yet defiance. His breath clouded the air, and he vibrated like a vibrator in the cold. "I mean your people no injury, you must understand," seethed he in a manner that did aught but reflect his words.

"We could very well throw you back in jail at this instant," threatened Thorin. Alackaday; had news of Ozai's freedom spread so fast that even this apparent intruder was so wary of him?

"Look — you don't have to imprison him — I, or some other people too — we can just keep an eye on him if it's that important to you," interjected Hakoda. "Nor am I suggesting that I want to force you to accept him. We can leave soon, as soon as I find Nem— I mean, Sokka."

"Bah! Your secret is out. You'll never find a place where he isn't hunted," spat Arnook. An elderly turtle — nay, not one of those fiendish teenage mutants — ambled past leisurely, staff (not a penis) in hand (whatever this form of anthropomorphic turtles had instead of hands). Mario glowered at that wisdom-exuding old sage, wrestling with his turtle-killing instincts, although nay, 'twas not a Koopa Troopa. (Mario would have been useful to have around during the battle in the desert with those four green foes.)

"Peasant, I'm so cold," whispered Ozai miserably. Hakoda gazed with distress at that weakened and vulnerable form; O, his seeing spheroids (eyes) so filled with desolation. Nay, he was not the man he'd once been: both for better, and for worse.

Hakoda merely shrugged in helplessness; 'twas naught he could do unless he decided to commit the heinous act of PDA simply to warm his partner. That would just make everyone really really uncomfortable, nor would it help their case. (Besides… PDA is not okay… especially when it's gay…)

"I sense a great turmoil within this one…" spake that sagely tortoise. (Wenchicus Thoticus knows that there is a difference betwixt a tortoise and a turtle, but does not care to learn which one this bloke is; therefore, he is both.) With agonizing slowness, he gestured with his staff. "Ah, caught betwixt good and evil… Betwixt past and present…" The turtle winked at Ozai, and he went wide-orbed (wide-eyed). "…and future, if you know what I mean."
"If you could stop psychoanalysing me in front of all these people, that would be great," hissed he through gritted bone protrusions (teeth).

"Master Oogway, hold on!" cried a squeaky prepubescent voice from above. Accidentally sweeping the floating-umbrella woman away in a mighty gust of wind, a boy (who really must've lost the genetic lottery when it came to going bald early) skateboarded like a cool kid on naught but thin (as opposed to thicc) air into the scene.

"Y O U," thundered Ozai with rage paralleled only by that of the collective population of conservatives reacting to Starbucks's holiday cup designs.

"Hey, Ozai!" spake he cheerily. "Long time no see, how've you been?"

"I'LL EAT YOUR SKIN," threatened that furious rapper, writhing in his restraints.

"Shut up or you're going to land yourself back in jail," susurrated Hakoda viciously, and he delivered a quick nudge to his comrade's thoracic organ container (ribcage).

Oogway shuffled off to the side to let that godlike preadolescent skip towards the vengeful bloke upon the ground; aye, 'twas as if Aang had nary a care in the world. Meanwhile, Mario struggled with his murderous impulses, only for his more mild-mannered brother to restrain him. It is a little known fact that Mario is a psychopath (seriously).

"I think he'll make a fine addition to the team!" chirped that prepubescent yet eternal being enthusiastically.

"You keep this up and I'll cancel your birth certificate, thou artless clay-brained barnacle! I'll jerk you bald! …Wait," raved Ozai.

"He's saving your ass," sibilated Hakoda, crouching besides his comrade to speak into his auris (ear).

"You really think that we ought to keep him around," spake Thorin disbelievingly.

"I can handle him," saith Aang with a radiant confidence.

"Are you crazy!?" a second voice cascaded from yonder grim and frostbitten bluffs. The umbrella woman passed in front of this new figure at this crucial moment — aye, such a heart-stopping moment for Hakoda. Far less gracefully, another boy (with hair somewhere betwixt that of a hipster's, a fuckboy's, and a gay person's) tumbled down that hillside.

"Oh no, not more comic relief," lamented Ozai. Mario continued to battle his homicidal urge to mercilessly crush Oogway 'neath his feet of death, solely because he was a turtle whilst the pirate observed with aloof, mild interest in this internal dilemma.

"Son! You're all right!" cried Hakoda, more tears streaming down his countenance now than when he had seen Ozai's naked arse.

"DAD!" exclaimed Sokka. Although it was definitely not cool for a seventeen year-old boy to hug his parents, they did embrace.

"What did those awful turtles do to you?" questioned he, and to his son he returned his trusty boomerang. Oogway was miffed by this blatant display of racism but remained fuckless; aye, not only Mario despised his kind, but these newcomers did as well.

"We're kind of in the middle of a war trial right now," reminded Thorin. "There will be time for this
"I'll watch him," offered Aang in his shrill falsetto, wracked not by the devastating effects of testosterone. "We can be friends, right Ozai!?"

"You better give your heart to Ben 10, boy, because your arse is mine," spat he. (Although he spake it in a non-sexual way, aye, Hakoda was jealous.)

"I, I mean, all right, I guess no one would be better suited to the task of taming this beast than you," agreed Arnook with a reluctant spitefulness. (Hakoda did beg to differ.)

Whilst that prepubescent nigh demigod rejoiced, Ozai begged, "Save me, peasant."

ii. Why Are You Dethroning Yourself? Why Are You Dethroning Yourself?

Suko began to play along to the mind-fuckingly fast riffage of technical death metal band Nile's "Kafir" that blared from the heavens. Anakin would have complained, but 'twas naught that one could do other than listen to the divine heavy metal of Wenchicus Thoticus. Nay, Suko did not have a keyboard available up here, aye, a mile high in the skies, but such was his talent that he could make audible an imaginary piano.

Forsooth, this vile sextet (group of six people) soared higher today than any other, but undeniably was that music growing louder and louder, and purple light increasingly saturated the clouds. Would this world end when the purple soaked through all, and that heavy metal deafened e'ery living being? Or were these steady changes leading to something far more explosively catastrophic? Anakin knew not, nor did he know which he would prefer.

And behold! Through the mist of those indigo clouds emerged a mighty edifice that embodied the dictatorial authority and the injustice of monarchy in its grand and opulent design. Of course, Anakin was an enemy of the Republic, and a servant to the nobly evil Emperor Palpatine. He desired naught but this dictatorial authority and the injustice of monarchy.

"Lo!" declared Cruella. "Let us begin our descent, my friends!"

"Aye, aye!" spake Anakin.

"Yea!" called Ong from his glider. (He was surprisingly competent at flying, even with the dead weight of Suko suspended behind him, violently playing that imaginary organ and downing handfuls of popcorn.)

That sinister sixsome broke through that cloud cover, diving directly for the courtyard. O, the winds of speed tore at their hair and garments, and forced epicene tears from their organs of visual perception (eyes). Pidgeot, the broomstick, and the glider all weaved intricately and acrobatically about each other, for villainy was as much as spectacle as it was actual deeds of sin. Sooka drunkenly sang country artist Kenny Chesney's "She Thinks My Tractor's Sexy" whilst Anakin struggled to keep the poor hammered bloke from falling to his certain demise.

The crushing riffing of Nile faded into the distance, the occasional pushing up the daisies (death) growl and ruthless assault of machine gun-like blast beats loud enough to reclaim their attention. O, a nigh-silence that should have been peaceful claimed that otherwise insouciant courtyard.

Bellatrix drew her wand, and Anakin clutched the lightsaber at his belt, prepared for enemies to reveal themselves. His prosthetic hand, reattached to his arm via duct tape, flapped flimsily, but remained functional enough.
"Suko, in which direction is the throne room?" questioned Bellatrix.

Alas, Suko found himself immersed in a strange nostalgia; aye, this was his home — his home in another universe. For four long years he had been barred from this place, but now, he was about to reclaim it. "Follow me," commanded he, and waved on his quintet of allies.

Through that stretch of verdant garden and trimmed lawn crept they, and beyond the lily-speckled pond they entered a pair of double doors.

"Halt!" cried the first fiend they had thus far encountered. But O, swiftly did Bellatrix place this masked guard under the imperius curse. Suko cackled with malicious glee; now his laugh was reminiscent of Dave Mustaine of Megadeth's attempts to sing.

"Don't worry, Suko. You'll get it eventually," reassured Cruella.

Meanwhile, Bellatrix was inflicting the devious torture of humiliation upon that unfortunate wight. "Why are you hitting yourself? Why are you hitting yourself?" tittered (laughed) she.

"As much as I appreciate you going out of your way to be especially maleficent, we mustn't allow ourselves to get distracted," spake Suko. "Order that guard to lead us to the throne room. I have to kill myself." And forsooth, Bellatrix did, and Suko cracked his knuckles.

"Bill, who are these fellas?" asked another guard as they rounded the corner.

"It's all good, they've got an appointment with the boss, Mike!" spake this poor mind-controlled fellow.

"All right, Billy boy!" saith Mike the guard.

"Do you suppose it's possible for either of you to control the minds of everyone in the palace at once?" inquired Suko. "Maybe that would be a good thing to worry about before we kill the Fire Lord."

"We could kill them all," suggested Anakin.

"No, Anakin! We're only killing one person today!" scolded Suko.

"Let's get to the throne room then so I can at least do that," complained Anakin, traipsing right past a massive door dominated by a depiction of a flame.

"We're here, you dimwitted dingleberry!" cursed Suko. He gestured to that barrier with rage as Bellatrix waltzed up and unlocked it with a simple "Alohomora!"

Immediately that odious sextet was blasted by the whining, wannabe edgy sounds of the latest Black Veil Brides record. As fans of the divine heavy metal that The Shaper of Destiny shared with the masses, Bellatrix and Cruella recoiled in horror, and although Suko was largely an enthusiast of classical music, he found himself tapping his foot along to the horrific emo rock favoured by his double.

Those doors opened wide, and that figure silhouetted by a bed of rather evil-looking flames stood to greet them. Suko loosed a righteous battle cry, his voice cracking.

"ATTACK!" cried Cruella viciously. She unleashed her undead Arcanine and drew her blaster whilst Bellatrix delivered a flurry of hexes at that fiendish form from her broom. Anakin did leap onto his Pidgeot, Sooka behind him, whilst Ong flew about and blew a pleasant and gentle breeze
into the room. Suko gathered flame from those burning troughs, all the while emo music blasted from the bass-heavy speakers that were apparently left over from Ozai's reign. Lord Ben 10, was the EQ all wrong!

By popular demand, a girl who Suko thought was markedly hotter than Katana skated into the room on a sudden sheet of ice, holding a tank evocative of The Bathtub of Sin. As much as Suko's weenie (penis) appreciated this unannounced appearance, aye, this was merely going to complicate things.

"FLYING TYPES ARE WEAK TO ICE! FLYING TYPES ARE WEAK TO ICE!" panicked Anakin upon spotting this new challenger. Although he had always been taught that whomsoever maintained the high ground was certain to win, aye, with new style of fighting came an exception, nor could this necessarily be considered "ground." Pidgeot dropped low and skimmed along the floor in an attempt to land a blow upon this ice skater, only for a whip of water to fend it off.

"So that's my sister from 'round these parts?" hiccuped Sooka, still as drunk as the entirety of Ireland, and absolutely fuckless that they were in the midst of a crucial battle. "Dayum," whistled he. "Now that's what we call a looker…"

"Don't fuck your alternate universe sister!" yelled Anakin, although he was a furry who desired to stick his schlongadoodle (penis) into a rainbow pegasus.

"I'm from the South, brotha. I ain't too choosy 'bout who's mah cuz, or who's my sis… But them homosexuals, they gon' be the death of us all." Sooka vomited o'er the side of Pidgeot, where his upchuck narrowly missed Zuko, who was kicking Suko's weak arse. However, this created a critical pause in the battle for Suko to regain his footing and singe his counterpart's emo haircut that everyone was so crazy about for some reason.

As the Black Veil Brides album drew to a close, an ad for Spotify Premium reverberated through that chaotic throne room. Cruella was frozen solid, and Arcanine feverishly breathed flame onto the frozen block containing its master; Bellatrix rapid fired curses, only for Katara to deflect them with impenetrable, icy defences and watery jabs. In his pacifistic ways, Ong had alighted upon a pillar to passively observe the battle, or perhaps he was simply a coward.

Promptly, Asking Alexandria's "The Final Episode" with its obnoxious screaming and eternal deathcore breakdowns blasted from those corrupted speakers. Reinvigorated by the band's screeches of "Oh! My! Ben 10!" and the name of the Creator, Anakin force-choked Zuko from atop Pidgeot, spiraling in circuits betwixt the pillars. (Smoke rises, which is hazardous for flying creatures and their riders, but this is never addressed.)

Suko took this advantage to backflip towards his counterpart, halting 'fore Zuko and performing a surprisingly powerful lightning attack that seized the attention of each warrior. Aye, Zuko scarcely managed to redirect it into the ceiling, otherwise immobile and unable to escape from Anakin's pitiless choke hold. Bellatrix had landed at last landed a stunning spell upon that ice skater who so piqued Suko's interest, and the girl lay unconscious in a puddle formed by the melting ice.

"Who — are you?" forced out Zuko in that dark and brooding voice. Cruella, now freed from her icy prison, fired her blaster to silence the speakers that still blared this abominable emo core music. Far away, Ozai sensed a disturbance in the universe's balance as his dank sound system was destroyed.

Suko bleated a shrill and unmanly laugh that resembled all the harsh noise music in the world being played simultaneously, if each song had been raised an octave. "I am you," cackled he maniacally as electricity crackled betwixt his fingers. Exultantly, he snatched the ornate and probably very annoying crown from Zuko's head. "Yoink!"
Anakin released that poor bloke from the power of The Force, leaving him gasping for air. His disco stick (penis) settled back to its usual position now that he was no longer choking anyone.

"But— how is that—" stammered Zuko.

"Are you ignorant of the portals, fool?" shouted Suko. "Have you no knowledge of the great destruction wreaked by The Shaper of Destiny? And today, The Shaper of Destiny is on my side!"

Suko had spoken a bit too soon, and Wenchicus Thoticus punished him for his hubris. A beam fell from the ceiling and struck him in the skull holder (head), rendering him inert. The rest of the sinister sextet, however, remained unharmed.

Bellatrix practically pranced towards Zuko. "Oh, what should we do to him?" yukked she gleefully, as intoxicated by the prospects of torture as Sooka currently was by alcohol. Currently, the inebriated southerner was attempting to extinguish the beds of fire via means of urination.

Anakin bent a bit of flame into his grippers (hands) and sadistically orbed (eyed) that defenceless figure. O, he had been robbed of the spoils of war with e'ery loss; aye, he had lost that blue hedgehog, so with this victory, perhaps…

Suko sat up with a groan. "Owie," groaned he, rubbing his head.

"You get the girl, I get him," decided Anakin. However, both Suko and Anakin were such losers that they would never even manage to copulate with their own harem members.

"Wh…?" began Zuko. Anakin was upset that he wouldn't be able to encapsulate this pathetic Black Veil Brides fan within a Pokeball. He tried anyways, only for the ball to bounce off Zuko’s dual-nared facial protrusion (nose).

Bellatrix cast a quick spell to knock that emo fiend unconscious. "Ong," Suko commanded, "take them to the dungeons."

"But I don't know where —" began he to protest.

"I want everyone in the palace to believe that I am their Lord," continued he. "Bellatrix, uh, you cast some curse on them, and —"

"Or we could kill them," offered Anakin again.

"Shut up or else I'm taking both the girl and my double!" raged Suko. "No one can tell me to go fuck myself, because I will, and I'll enjoy it!"

Bellatrix plucked a strand of Zuko's hair from his head. "Maintaining a spell can be quite draining… I think we could get a polyjuice potion going, and you'll hardly have to pretend."

"A what now?" questioned Suko nervously.

"Don't worry about it," reassured Cruella. "Let's clean this place up now, shall we?"

And forsooth, they did. That sinister sixsome had done it. Aye, that sinister sixsome was on the path for world domination.
The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights

AN: If you’ve made it this far (approximately the halfway point), I wholeheartedly thank you for supporting whatever the hell this is anyways. I may be posting more story artwork on my tumblr, which is also called Wenchicus Thoticus. Search for the "art" tag to see my cursed images, and follow for more bad posts and socialist propaganda. Now, without further ado, I give you "The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights."

10. The Book Of Fifty Grey Twilights

i. Enter The Book Of Fifty Grey Twilights

That derby hat-clad woman drifted on the breeze on an open umbrella, singing tunes of tongue-twisting nonsense words and something about "going down in the most delightful way." The implications of this were currently conjuring forth much perspiration on the part of Hakoda.

"How in the name of Ben 10 are you sweating, peasant?" queried Ozai almost contemptuously.

"Oh, you know," responded he without following up this vague statement.

Aye, night had fallen o’er these grim and frostbitten lands. In a humble abode rested the dadly duo after a long day of being tried for crimes against humanity, only to be saved by a certain merciful and bald fourteen year-old. (Ozai was unsure if dealing with Aang was actually a better fate than returning to jail.)

"Um diddle diddle diddle um diddle ay," trilled the floating woman.

"Here," offered Hakoda, removing the My Little Pony blanket from Aang’s bed (To clarify, Aang was not a brony; he had a wholesome love of the show, as someone who had truly experienced the magic of friendship). "The kids shouldn't be back for a while." Fuck, that makes it sound like we're married, thought Hakoda, sweating furiously.

"I'm not using that boy's blanket," insisted Ozai.

Hakoda lay down and sprawled 'cross the makeshift padding on the floor and shut his visual cantaloupes (eyes). "I don't know what to tell you, then."

"Supercalifragilisticexpialodious," chorused that woman from the skies. "Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious!"

"Peasant, may I—" began he, cutting off abruptly.

Hakoda opened a single spherical surroundings detector (eye), and his gastric sustenance dissolver (stomach) nigh dropped out of his body through his arsehole. Ozai had been giving him that look again — aye, that smouldering and unbearably seductive gaze had laid upon him for a mere instant.

"Well, wh-what is it?" stammered he with his heart aflutter.

"I'm cold," complained he for perhaps the sixty-ninth time since leaving the desert. "And I would like to go to bed. I am quite exhausted after such a long day, peasant."

"Well, come here, then," proposed he very stupidly, and extended an arm towards him. The kids weren't going to be away long enough for them to terminate this mounting sexual tension, but by
Ben 10, Hakoda didn't know if he gave a shit anymore. Tentatively, that peremptory rapper lay down beside him, resting his head on Hakoda's shoulder and draping his leg o'er his midsection. Hardly noticing how cold Ozai's bare skin was 'gainst his own, Hakoda nigh screamed in sexual frustration.

"...go down, in the most delightful way!" sang that drifting Brit. "...go down... go down..."

He willed himself to block out those taunting words as Ozai pressed painfully close to him for warmth and let out a little moan of satisfaction. Having assumed that his companion viewed him as naught but a heating pad, as opposed to a living human being with whom he was cuddling, he was shocked to feel fingers languorously caressing the side of his visage, and he stiffened 'neath the gentle touch.

"In e'ery job that must be done, there is an element of fun! ...go down... go down... go down... go down in the most delightful way! ...nectar... sip... mhm... grind... go down..."

"Hold on, I'll be right back," spake Hakoda, and he reluctantly peeled himself from his comrade's tender and amorous hold. Stumbling outside of the shelter, he hefted an ice ball at that floating woman, puncturing her umbrella and hence removing her from the sky. He returned to his needy companion and slipped into those eager arms once more. Not certain what he had been expecting Ozai to speak, he was disappointed by the silence betwixt them.

Hakoda turned onto his side and pressed Ozai's neural core (head) into his chest as he returned the embrace. Foolishly, he planted a little kiss atop his partner's head without thinking about it, and then struggled 'gainst a wave of panic whilst wishing that Wenchicus Thoticus would strike him dead. Fortunately, he received no reaction, no acknowledgement of his idiocy. Nonetheless, he attempted to disguise his mistake by running his fingers through Ozai's hair in hopes that he would attribute that initial contact to Hakoda's hand legs (fingers).

"That feels good," murmured the sleepy whilom megalomaniac into the crook of Hakoda's neck.

"Oh, you like that?" saith Hakoda.

"Mm," moaned he. "Harder." Hakoda scratched his scalp through that thick, silky mane.

"You're so dirty," noted Hakoda; aye, neither of them had washed since they had bathed in the river, and he plucked a clod of muck from Ozai's locks. "Probably because it's so long."

Meanwhile, Sokka and Aang were overhearing this exchange from just outside the shelter, in a state of collective horror. Oogway accompanied them, and of course, he gave nary a fuck about anything.

"I'm not nearly as filthy as you," filtered Ozai's voice through that thin, thin material of the tent, causing Sokka to panic and tear at his own hair. "You've practically got no shame. Mm, go faster, peasant," saith he, followed by another moan of pleasure.

"If you say so," spake Hakoda. "I wouldn't want to ruin the bed." Although he had been referencing the unwashed and prone-to-shedding nature of Ozai's hair, even Aang was beginning to pin down the precise nature of what was likely occurring inside that tent.

"Ah, oh Ben 10, yes," panted Ozai. "Why haven't we done this before? Ah, you're exceptional at this, peasant; I must've forgotten how good this feels, and I'm actually enjoying the hair-pulling a bit — it changes things up. Now, if you could try a bit of a different angle..."

"I'm not looking forward to cleanup, but sure, I like how this feels too."
"Shall I do you next?"

Hakoda sighed as Ozai let out another sex noise. "I'd like that, though you're right — I'm probably much dirtier than you."

Sokka had had enough. "DAD, NO! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?" screamed he in the midst of a much longer series of indecipherable shouts, horrified noises, and exaggerated gesturing.

"I hope you're decent, because I'm coming in," called Oogway serenely. That sagely tortoise fucklessly entered the quite possibly fuckful abode. "Kids, it's okay to enter!" spake he over his shoulder (if anthropomorphic turtles of this variety even have shoulders).

"Come on," spake Aang, who was also quite uncomfortable, to his buddy who was currently retching and screeching whilst fleeing down the walkway. "Master Oogway says it's okay."

Hakoda perspired with embarrassment as his son eventually entered the dwelling only to see him and Ozai lying on the ground in each other's hand extenders (arms). The unanticipated outrage that had greeted them left them both paralysed, and worse yet, Hakoda had thought it a swell idea to locate and pull the floor mat's blanket o'er them as they began to drift off. No one could tell if they were wearing pants or not, and given the true nature of what they had been doing, Ozai's hair was messy, as if they had, forsooth, been banging vigorously.

"What the hell is going on here?" exploded Sokka. "Ew! Ew! Eew!" Oogway smiled placidly, lowering himself onto that My Little Pony blanket and gripping his staff (not a penis) in both hands (turtle hands).

"He was just cold, and, and I was just playing with his hair —" attempted Hakoda to explain feebly.

"That is not what it sounded like from what I heard outside. You two — you two weren't doing the forbidden polka, were you?" panicked he.

"I don't know what you're talking about, boy," growled Ozai. "I hate polka. I only listen to hip-hop, the supreme art form."

Oogway extended his staff (not a penis) and flicked off the blanket to reveal the lower halves of the dadly duo. Sokka was about to faint, but forsooth, because both were fully clothed, he remained conscious. "Judging by your dialogue," explained he calmly, "it sounded as if you two were having anal sex. But anyways, we are here to discuss something far more concerning."

This finally spurred the dadly duo to slide apart from each other with an awkwardness unattainable even when telling a waiter "you too" when they speak, "enjoy your meal." Hakoda had thought that his desire to be smote by The Shaper of Destiny had peaked when he'd kissed Ozai on the head earlier, but boy oh boy had he been dead wrong. O, how he had wished to keep… whatever this relationship betwixt them was… a secret from all; alas, they had been discovered on the first night.

"Uh, so what do you want to tell us?" asked Hakoda, eternally grateful to be shifting away from the subject of whatever the fuck had just happened.

"The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights… has been stolen," spake Oogway dramatically. Aye, The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights contained the holy word of Lord Creator Ben 10, and he had bestowed but a single copy of his doctrine upon the unenlightened masses. "The Shaper of Destiny has altered its text tauntingly; last I looked, it contained prophecies of The Day of Reckoning, whereas it had ne'er displayed such content before."

"Not more prophetic nonsense," caviled Ozai. After spending so much time with Hakoda, he had...
begun to pick up on his comrade's habit of slamming his head into things when distressed. It did not go very well this time, for these were tents, not solid walls. 'Twas unsatisfying.

"Heh. You're just bitter because it was your destiny to be defeated," taunted Sokka.

"BOI," screeched Ozai, but Hakoda grabbed him by the shoulders to restrain him.

Oogway gave not a single shit about the commotion. "The prophecy states that the end of days shall come unless…" He pointed at the dadly duo. "you two get balls deep."

The entirety of the room erupted whilst Oogway chortled in amusement.

"I jest," spake that mischievous, sagacious turtle. Sokka had fled from the tent to vomit outside again, and Aang rocked in the corner, trying not to burst into tears. "However, there is a way to prevent Wenchicus Thoticus from ripping apart the fabric of the multiverse."

"And that is…?" prompted Hakoda, still shook as fuck.

"That was never specified, but naturally, our efforts will culminate in an epic final battle 'gainst the foes who snatched it," spake Oogway, apparently unfazed by all this. "But our method shall appear in the The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights: each day a new step in both the prophecies for both healing and destroying the multiverse, shall unveil themselves. And that is why we must retrieve it from the ones who have stolen it, for they shall use it to conjure forth chaos alone."

"I declare bullshit," spat Ozai disgustedly.

"Look, we have to have some way of reconnecting the main two plotlines," pointed out Aang, curled up in his My Little Pony blanket for comfort. "So we have to go on an epic journey and fight a dramatic battle to retrieve it so that the bad people who stole it won't use it to destroy the multiverse. And we'll use the time to discover the true magic of friendship." His voice cracked. "Right, Ozai?!"

"Boy, you've only got one oar in the water," grumbled he. "Fucking brony."

"All right, so we're going on a quest," clarified Hakoda. "You know who stole the book?"

"Several sunrises ago came a triad of fiends with hearts nigh as black and empty as yours once was, my friend…" began Oogway.

"How dare you insinuate that I'm not evil anymore!?" vociferated Ozai.

"Be calm, my son. I sense that your heart grows warm with your love for fellow man," spake that judicious old tortoise, winking. "One fellow man, to be specific."

"You're embarrassing me in front of my mortal enemy," hissed he desperately. He cast a nervous glance at the pure and well-intentioned child wrapped up in his cartoon pony blanket like a toasty, cosy burrito.

"Now… Our mighty, brave warriors held off those assailants and forced them to flee, but 'twas not in time to save The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights," continued Oogway. "We suffered many losses among those who were in camp on that fateful day… Goku… Loras… Javert… Rue… Even my own protégé Viper suffered a terrible injury. I tell you all this in hopes that you may have information on these vile adversaries."

"You'll have to describe them for me to know who you're talking about," spake Hakoda.
"Aye, there was a dog of fire —"

"And a guy riding a bird with a laser sword, two women on a broomstick, and someone who was pretending to be Sokka?" finished Hakoda.

"Precisely," replied Oogway. "Except I don't recall the last one — wrong I could be."

"...I still haven't gotten the story on exactly what happened with those four masked turtles," mused Hakoda. Fortunately, Sokka, done spewing up the (not a penis) that he had eaten earlier, had durst venture back into the shelter. "It was around the time the portals were first opening here in the north — before you or any of these other new people were incorporated into the group. They took Sokka and a few others, and I had to follow their confetti trail across the desert."

"Oh, I just switched out with my double. They didn't even notice," expounded that boy with the strange-yet-becoming-popular-in-the-mother-dimension-for-some-reason haircut. "He was the one trying to find me."

"But who are these people? Why do you have a double? Does that mean all of us have doubles?" pondered Hakoda.

"Have you e'er heard of alternate universes?" questioned Oogway. When he received naught but blank stares, explicated he, "Although there are many other worlds within the multiverse that are vastly different from each other, there are some that are not so different, for they contain the same characters, but in different situations or world types. These are called alternate universes, or 'AUs,' for short."

"Is there an 'AU' where I succeed in taking over the world, and if so, how can I get there?" asked Ozai ardently.

"You would have to dethrone yourself, which I imagine would be difficult, you know, considering that you've lost your..." began Oogway.

"Please, I'm trying my best not to kill that boy as it is," seethed he bitterly.

"He's still sensitive about it," spake Hakoda affectionately, accidentally shooting Ozai bedroom orbs (bedroom eyes).

"What I am trying to say is that peradventure these 'doubles' are from a universe alternate to this one, and furthermore, mayhap they have a similar strategy to you, my megalomaniacal friend, in that they wish to take advantage of this world's state of chaos in order to unite it under their rule," hypothesised Oogway. "Now, I'll see to it that we can obtain a large enough party to pursue and then battle these foul thieves in due time. Boys, we ought to give these fellows some privacy. You two, stay safe." Magically, Oogway produced a condom from thin (as opposed to thicc) air, and he flipped it on his thumb like a shekel at the dadly duo. Sokka was trying very hard not to scream an objection as he was shepherded out the door.

As awkward as Oogway had made the situation, Hakoda recognised that they really did need to discuss what was occurring betwixt them. He began to think up a great speech, a grand confession, but all that came out (unlike Ozai) was an eloquent "Um, so."

Ozai stared at that rubber as if it were about to explode (like the male orgasm).

"Do you want to...?" started Hakoda.

"Do I want to do it? Are you asking me if I want to fuck, peasant?" panicked he. "I'm not gay!"
"You just keep telling yourself that," muttered Hakoda as he brought the jittery chap into his arms, where Ozai once again buried his countenance in Hakoda's shoulder. "We can take it as slowly as you want. Whatever makes you most comfortable."

He sighed deeply, and launched into a divulgence of emotion. "Peasant, when I'm near you I feel as though there are insects nesting in my internal organs. I would slay a thousand innocent civilians if it meant that you would remain with me on my journey… not that I wouldn't do that anyways," professed he. "I have received naught but hatred aside from what you have shown me… and I suppose that bald little brony… yet you are giving me a second chance for no reason other than your own good nature. I ne'er believed that I could forge such a camaraderie with a simple plebeian, yet here I am."

"That's… really sweet," spake Hakoda, a ridiculous smile spreading 'cross his countenance. He figured that this was as close to a declaration of love as things were going to get, and it verily touched him.

"I am not sweet, peasant. I am dark, and brutal, and filled with hatred," decreed he.

"No, you're not." He permitted himself to use the c-word. "You're cute."

"PEASANT," screamed he. "How dare you say that about me?"

"Oh, come on, you were scared to hold my hand just this morning. You were blushing." Likely, he was currently blushing again, but his mien was still hidden in Hakoda's shoulder. Gently, Hakoda lifted Ozai's head up by his sharp-enough-to-grate-cheese jawline (this drew blood from his fingertips, but he was too ecstatic to care). Hakoda stared lovingly into those oh-so-close face balls (eyes) until Ozai's gaze softened as well.

He made a single jerky movement forwards, tilting his head sideways and shutting his dual discernment knobs (eyes). Waiting for either of them to garner the courage to complete the act, he was shocked and disappointed when he felt Ozai pull away.

"I, I've got to go," stammered he, standing up abruptly and shoving breadsticks (not penises) into his pockets. "Um. I need to go, uh — eat breadsticks (not penises). Alone."

"No, wait, I'm sorry! We can talk about it! Was I too overbearing? Baby I can change!" cried Hakoda forlornly as his quasi-lover departed. Collapsing in despair and stifling tears, he cursed himself and The Shaper of Destiny alike for this infection of feelings for this awful man — this awful man who, aye — was perhaps not so awful anymore.

ii. The Prophecy of The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights

In the darkened depths of the dungeon, aye — evil brewed.

Reverently, Bellatrix and Cruella unwrapped the soiled, frayed rag that concealed the greatest treasure of this universe, and mayhap the entirety of the multiverse as well.

Forsooth, 'twas the artifact that allowed them to convene with the gods. Many interpretations of Lord Ben 10's noble intentions had been put forth; alas, 'twas naught compared to reading the true word of the Creator.

O, for in The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights, esoteric languages crawled 'cross the parchment, incantations and lordly teachings packed the pages in the unique handwriting and dialects of e'ery god and demigod.
Cautiously, Cruella set down a candelabrum on the corner of the desk whilst her lover pored o'er the words, in search of the arcane knowledge, tucked out of sight from the lowly masses, that would grant them dominion o'er the world.

Lord Creator Ben 10's pristine and assiduous chirography dominated the bulk of that holy scripture. Bellatrix leant o'er the parchment in awe and wafted towards her proboscis (nose) this ink that had been written and blessed by the Maker himself. O, godly did it smell.

Next were sections occupied by the lesser gods; aye, Wenchicus Thoticus spake of the future and destiny for several pages in nigh illegible chickenshit hand, followed by Optimus Prime's section, for he was the lord of the life force that flowed through all things breathing. And O, Cotton Eye Joe, the god of emotion and art, of that higher plane of consciousness reached solely by human beings, authored the next portion of the great text.

Aye, more demigods followed, their designated sections in The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights shrinking as they decreased in importance. Many of them entered the realms of paganism; backwards and isolated folk chose to focus their worship on these figures rather than the great Lord Creator Ben 10, in a blasphemous display of henotheistic practices. Forsooth, among these lesser deities was Sailor Moon, the goddess of the carnal desires, Eridan, the lord of death and nonexistence, The Seer Groot (whose consciousness had been trapped inside a pool noodle by Lord Chaos for perhaps all of eternity), and numerous others.

That Wenchicus Thoticus section was growing by the day, crowding out the writings of Optimus Prime. (Was this symbolic of The Shaper of Destiny bringing death and destruction to all? Aye, perhaps.) New script contained enigmatic passages and instructions; aye, dual depictions of the healing and the annihilation of the multiverse.

What concrete information could they glean from these befuddling prophetic statements? And, more importantly, how could Bellatrix and Cruella utilize the knowledge of the gods — namely, the additions made by Wenchicus Thoticus — to further their dreams of world domination?

"What sort of arbitrary bullshit is this?" snapped Cruella distastefully upon viewing The Shaper of Destiny's latest addendum. "'The peasant must powerful drum with coral hierophant a near sunset portal after.' That doesn't even make grammatical sense."

"Quiet," warned Bellatrix. "We don't want Wenchicus Thoticus to strike us down for blasphemy."

The Shaper of Destiny was used to receiving such hatred from mere mortals, and did not particularly care.

"Speaking of arbitrary," grumbled Cruella. "By Ben 10, I do hope that this isn't another time-sensitive prophecy…"

"The universe is slowly collapsing on in on itself. Of course it is," reasoned Bellatrix. "So, do we want to destroy the world, or close the portals?"

"Destroy it, of course. Why would we do anything different?" spake Cruella.

"Oh, you're so evil," snickered Bellatrix adoringly.

"I'm not as evil as you are," retorted Cruella playfully.

"Oh, why would you say that? You know very well that you're more evil than I," saith she with a dismissive movement of the arm end (hand).

"Don't be silly." Cruella batted her orblashes (eyelashes).
"Cruella, my dear, you must know that I was naught but a minion in my own universe. You have always forged your own way," spake Bellatrix. "That is so noble — aye, how I wish that I could have initiated my own crusade of destruction like you did, my love."

"But now we are both serving under this imbecile," muttered Cruella.

"Worry not," reassured Bellatrix. "'Tis but a temporary alliance."

"I know not if we ought to underestimate him. His fighting has always appeared as weak, that is, until he attacked his counterpart with lightning."

"We have only witnessed these abilities once, but he appears to be competent, if not formidable, with the style, yet he limits its usage," agreed Bellatrix. "Aye, it is worrisome."

That dungeon door cracked open, a rush of light flooding into the dingy, darkened depths. "Aye, speak of Death Lord Eridan," mumbled Cruella as that sunburnt manchild descended into the oubliette via staircase and approached them. Bellatrix hurriedly slammed shut The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights and wrapped it in its concealing rag.

"Aren't there any lights down here?" whined Suko. "Usually I have my torches, and that's good enough for me. I'm afraid of the dark."

"I thought you could generate fire from your hands…?" questioned Cruella.

"Nay," sighed Suko. "Lord Shymalan denied us this ability. Only can we manipulate fire from existing sources. I suppose he thought it unfair that solely we were originally able to produce our element from naught… But I say, 'tis unfair that fire is not everywhere for us to use! Or, more likely, he blew the special effects budget early on… Ah, it matters not, I ramble too much." He bent a little stream of flame from the candelabrum, illuminating his new attire.

"Oh, I couldn't pull that off, but look at you," saith Cruella, scrutinizing his apparel with heavy judgment.

"You like it?" giggled Suko girlishly, twirling once to let his robes fan out 'round him. "It's a right pain to put on, not to mention that it gets awfully hot when I'm sitting in the flames, but I really do feel like an evil emperor! It's all I've ever wanted!"

"You look, uh, great, Suko," spake Bellatrix unconvincingly. "So, what brings you here?"

"I'm having some difficulties with how this crown functions," explained he. "Ong is as useless as could be, and Sooka and Anakin are off getting drunk or high or whatever. So, may I enlist your aid?"

"I think your hair is too short," put forth Cruella, wishing that the warped, half-faced pignut would leave them alone. "You ought to go talk to yourself. He's somewhere in the dungeon… I don't know where Ong tossed him, but I'm certain that he'd know about that sort of thing."

"But he hates me," whinged Suko. "Understandably so, but I fear that if I come near him, he shall barbecue me worse than my father did." He whimpered and wiped away a tear that had escaped his ocular oculus (eye) and streaked down his cheek (facial cheek).

"That wouldn't be very hard to do," muttered Bellatrix to Cruella, and they both cackled softly whilst Suko stared sorrowfully off into space. Louder spake she, "Well, I'm sure that your hot new girlfriend would love to help you."
In that dim lighting, 'twas still easy to discern Suko's blush. "She controlled my limbs with some sort of sorcery ne'er seen before by the likes of me, and shouted 'Why are you hitting yourself? Why are you hitting yourself?' when I attempted to engage her."

This time, Cruella and Bellatrix did not suppress their guffaws of amusement. Suko merely sighed again dolefully.

"Ah, exploring this aesthetic is simply so delightful that I haven't the time to exercise my power! Though mayhap I should figure out how to run a country 'fore I worry about putting on this crown," mused Suko.

"That might be a good idea," spake Bellatrix, still caught up in that hearty laugh. "Aye, but now that the guards are all… accounted for… who will carry out your orders?"

"What was that polyjuice potion you spoke of following our victory?" inquired Suko.

"It takes a long time to make…” saith Bellatrix. "…And it only lasts an hour per dosage… But it shall make you take on the appearance of your double; hence, you can give orders without anyone questioning your word."

"Sounds good to me!" chirped Suko. "Guess I'll just blindly trust you."

"And I should be able to restore the guards to a normal state of mind — they shall not believe that anything strange has happened — after I utilize a variety of memory charms on them," spake she. "If you're so adept with magic, perhaps you can perform a spell that will help me wear this crown?" urged Suko.

Bellatrix obliged. "Follicus Elongicus!" cried she with a wave of her wand (not a penis).
("Wenchicus Thoticus" is also an undiscovered spell in the Harry Potter universe. It has the ability to transform any sea urchin into a ripe persimmon.)

Suko's hair adopted the shape of a mushroom 'fore flattening out into a longer emo cut. He felt his new 'do with a satisfied smile. "Thank you, Bellatrix," spake he. "I'm going to try to put on this crown again, in front of a mirror."

"Good luck, Suko," saith Cruella with a mocking simper as that oblivious edgelord ascended the steps out of the dungeon.

"No problem," called Bellatrix. "Now," spake she to Cruella, "where were we?"

"Discussing the destruction of the world, I believe," reminded Bellatrix. "Now, as much as I yearn to send the universe into absolute chaos, that would mean there would practically be no world left for us to rule."

"Aye, that is true," conceded Cruella. "Now, we must study this prophecy for clues — how much destruction does Wenchicus Thoticus suggest if we go the route of annihilation? Whereas, perhaps if we close the portals instead, this universe remains in its state of disorder, with all invaders such as ourselves inside. Or, does it mean that the 'healing' refers to the removal of all non-natives?"

"Let's have a look, shall we? Here is the destruction page." Bellatrix unwrapped that sacred text once more and carefully leafed through the pages until she located the new section of Wenchicus Thoticus.

PURPLE SATURATION…
Opeth needs more phoo
Must they latch and intelligent butcher dominate must before the end?
Confusing dream sequences do mean do nothing
South Park rises Venus size
Portal elephant make do is this poetry yet yet?
Mum
I am trying to write a the prophecy of the ages
Leave me alone so I can deliver the to masses
"And the page of restoration…" continued she:
Must govern with the he confused emperor on a journey?
The peasant must powerful drum with coral hierophant a near sunset portal after
Smoke weed every day every night (S.W.E.D.E.N.)
That makes it unknow to recognise voice actor father character
Thirteen souls is for only turtle specie
Ozai you'r gay lovv the sausage salvation
Have safe consensual sex and wear a condom, kids
It must sweat near a portal in age of change
Ears are wanting cheesesticks
"…Okay then, I have a feeling this is going to be difficult," grumbled a befuddled Cruella.
"Maybe we should identify some key terms first," suggested Bellatrix. "Obviously, purple saturation refers to the increasing violet hues originating from the sky, and Opeth, as you know, is a Swedish progressive death metal band from Stockholm. Could this have to do with 'S.W.E.D.E.N.' as it is depicted in the second prophecy?"
"Perhaps, perhaps," spake Cruella, stroking her face arse (chin) thoughtfully. "If we end up following the restoration prophecy, I'm certain Sooka and Anakin will be raring to S.W.E.D.E.N."
"The 'confused emperor' must be Suko," put forth Bellatrix derisively. "And 'the peasant?' I imagine that would be Sooka."
"Let's consider this — perhaps there is another side to this story," saith Cruella, suddenly getting very meta. "The prophecy addresses 'Ozai' directly."
"Who the devil is that? And it speaks of 'Mum,' but that's likely just Wenchicus Thoticus literally not wanting to be bothered whilst writing the prophecy," countered Bellatrix.
"I don't know," cried Cruella in sudden frustration. "This is basically a shitpost. It's hopeless."
"Aye, The Shaper of Destiny is a fickle god," comforted Bellatrix, patting her partner's back. "Prophecies are utterly vapid, and often, no amount of interpretation can reveal their true meaning. Most of the time, it takes a last-minute, convenient moment of revelation for someone to interpret it correctly."

"So why even bother, is that what you're saying?" wailed Cruella. Bellatrix held her, and Cruella was hold. (Wenchicus Thoticus succumbs to the temptation of memes and disregards proper grammar one time outside of the prophecy.)

That dungeon door swung open once more, and Cruella nigh snapped her own finger in half in rage whilst Bellatrix once again hid The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights. "How do I look, ladies?" called Suko. He slid fabulously down the railing, only for his baubles (testicles) to collide painfully with the protruding newel post at the bottom of the stairs. He lost his balance and fell upon the lowest step, where he lay stunned for a good long while.

"You look nice, Suko," jeered Bellatrix. That poor aspiring villain shakily climbed to his tootsies (feet) and adjusted his lopsided crown.

"Why, thank you," spake he, totally missing the sarcasm. His tone darkened unexpectedly as he delivered a convenient piece of information. "I heard you say my father's name from all the way across the palace and I'm here to help you kill him."

"Oh, we weren't discussing murder, for once," saith Cruella.

"Yes, we simply saw his name somewhere about the palace and we were wondering about him," bullshitted Bellatrix, having no idea of what that poor manchild spake.

"Osai is a dick," spat Suko bitterly.

"I'm pretty sure that it was spelt with a 'z,'" corrected Cruella.

"Oh. I don't know what's with the obsession with z's in my family from this universe," grumbled Suko. "But that must be the fellow who I sent you to kill."

"Not that katana-wielding weeb," groused Cruella.

"Hey, I may be Indian because Lord Shymalan gave nary a fuck about any of that 'source material' bullshit, but I'm pretty sure he's actually supposed to be Japanese in this universe," spake Suko.

"Fuckin' weeb," mocked Bellatrix.

"All right, fine. Why am I defending him anyways? Point is, I'm quite happy with this new hairdo. Now, I'd better go figure out how to run a country 'fore all of my minions figure out that I'm not the real Fire Lord." He spun 'round in his robes again like a gal trying on a fashionable new dress. "See you~!" called he effeminately and disappeared up the staircase.

"How did he do that?" whispered Bellatrix.

"What? Speak with a tilde?"

"Yes, that."

Cruella merely shrugged. "The multiverse is full of mysteries, and we've got more than a few our hands."
Is He In The Way of Uncles

11. Is He In The Way Of Uncles

i. In The Way Of Uncles

Ozai had just seen the face of god, and the face of god had a lot of acne.

Aye, he had slept soundly, retiring begrudgingly to the peasant's holding limbs (arms) (there was nothing gay about being cold), 'fore this dream sprung upon him.

"Fire Above, Ice Below" from Agalloch's third record, Ashes Against The Grain, peacefully filtered through some shitty computer speakers. He knew instinctively that the countenance visible 'fore him belonged to none other than Wenchicus Thoticus, and search as he might, Ben 10 was nowhere to be seen.

"I should really be working on my essay right now…” muttered The Shaper of Destiny. "But the internet's down, so I have an excuse…” Gazing about what little he could discern of the room, nay, it was not godly in spite of likely being the Heavenly Control Room, nor were any other deities occupying the place. Forsooth, Wenchicus Thoticus was one of those wackos who talked to themselves.

The Shaper of Destiny feverishly checked the Safari app (rather than Chrome like any sane person would do, but hey, at least it wasn't Internet Explorer) to see if the page was finally loading.

"Oh right," realised that capricious deity. "This is supposed to be a vague and mystical dream about the future or some shit. Hm. I'm feeling too lazy to even bullshit a prophecy right now, so you'll need to go track down those guys who attacked you the other day to the Fire Nation, bud. It's also convenient for the plot for me to say this outright, instead of just being totally ambiguous and trying to build suspense or some shit. Hell, as it is you've already got to interpret my confusing-ass prophecy once you get ahold of The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights, and I ain't about to make that easy for you."

"But — what is this this prophecy with which you durst burden us?" cried he futilely.

Completely ignoring him, Wenchicus Thoticus clapped once, transporting this whilom homicidal despot from the mother realm and back into his home universe.

Do people actually sit bolt upright and scream upon waking from a frightening dream? In any case, this was precisely what Ozai did. Dawn was breaking outside of the tent, casting all in an alarmingly purple light. The closing notes of Ashes Against The Grain echoed ominously in his mindly sphere (head), and in spite of his constant bitching about the cold, he was sweating.

"What's wrong?" whispered the peasant, hazily caught betwixt sleep and waking. He extended his toucher (hand) to provide Ozai with "physical comfort."

"Wenchicus Thoticus," susurrated he fearfully.

The peasant scanned the tent, where that bastard prepubescent stirred, and the plebeian boy, who had heaped upon him very lame insults after his great defeat of two years past, remained fast asleep.

"Everything is purple," observed the proletarian. "More so than usual."
"The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights rests in my homeland," spake Ozai, "with those vile fiends who attacked us in the forest."

Confused, questioned he, "Huh? How would you know that?"

"I had a prophetic dream. You know," replied he dismissively.

"Well, I hate to say it, but if you tell them, no one's going to believe you. They're just going to think that you're up to something," sighed the peasant.

"But — you believe me, don't you, peasant?" fretted he.

The peasant gazed up at him with those tranquil, wise blue sight bulbs (eyes). O, that rugged countenance enticed him so, that manly yet impeccably trimmed beard, those cheekbones to die for. With an e'er-so-slight, yet disconcertingly hesitant smile, spake he, "Of course I believe you."

Ozai nodded feebly, troubled, and tore his gaze away from those bright, sympathetic ellipses (eyes) 'fore the gay infected him. He did have some fresh Pat and Oscar's garlic breadsticks (not penises) that he desired to consume; alas, he knew to save them for when he needed to escape a direly awkward situation, rather than one in which he was merely avoiding his internal issues.

"I can tell them that I had the dream from Wenchicus Thoticus," offered the peasant.

"Aye," spake he. "That ought to work."

"Look, um..." The peasant's eyes darted towards the ground in shyness. "Do you want to talk about what happened last night?"

Those breadsticks (not penises) called to him, and he was grateful that he would be able to eat them warm. "I have to eat more breadsticks (not penises)," announced he suddenly.

The plebeian grabbed him by the hand 'fore he could stand. "All right. Whatever makes you comfortable. But you need to tell me about your dream first so that I can spread the word to the others." The peasant paused to scrutinize him, and a grin crept o'er his features. "Heh. You have some wild bedhead. And I could hear your stomach making funny noises all night." Forsooth, this was an aspect of cuddling which no literature references because it is neither romantic nor sensual.

"Oh, shut up, peasant," retorted he half-assedly, not okay with how he was okay with a lowly proletarian mocking him and holding his hand in public.

Aye, as the daddly duo exited the tent, their nimble boys (fingers) still interlaced, the city of the mighty north bustled with activity, despite the early morning hours. The Super Mario Brothers leapt about, carrying packages atop their Viking helmet-clad cognition zones (heads) to load upon the boats. The Furious Five fucklessly broke containers (that in all likelihood were also cargo) whilst Oogway observed them with an equal fucklessness. Thorin and the company, as well as the teasing piratical fellow and his own crew, prepared their mighty vessels for the voyage ahead.

"Oogway, what's going on here?" asked the peasant, approaching the astute guru-tortoise.

"Did you two have a good time boning yesterday? I mean, bondage? Oops, I mean bonding yesterday?" taunted that terrapin.

Ozai yanked his hand free of the plebeian's grasp. "How dare you?" shouted he with an affronted cry.
Oogway, as fuckless as always, ignored that offended comeback rapper. "I received a prophetic dream from The Shaper of Destiny, regarding the whereabouts of The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights. Hence, we are preparing for travel, and at the end of our journey, we shall battle these heretics, who have no respect for our Lord Creator Ben 10, and utilize the book's contents to perform the restoration prophecy."

"No way, Ozai got a dream too!" proclaimed the plebeian. Promptly, his excitement died. "Although I worry that Wenchicus Thoticus is just fucking with us."

"Forsooth, The Shaper of Destiny is a whimsical god," concurred Oogway. "Why don't you two start packing for the trip? I'd imagine that you'd prefer to go. I would like you to meet my protégés, Thorin's party, Captain Jack Sparrow's crew, Mario's friends, and Mary Poppins are all coming along as well."

"Mary Poppins?" echoed the peasant. "I don't believe I've met her either."

"Aye, the singing woman with the umbrella?" prompted Oogway.

The peasant suddenly went wide-orbed (wide-eyed). "I might've… thrown something at her yesterday. By Ben 10, I don't need a second person telling me to fuck Ozai," muttered he.

"We're departing as soon as possible — you'd ought to help your boys pack. Don't get distracted." Oogway winked again and flipped another condom at them, landing right on top of Ozai's perception dome (head).

"Stop talking about them like they're our sons together," raged he as the plebeian once again grabbed his hand to drag him away from that serene, fuckless turtle. "I hate that bald little shit!"

"Oh, relax, he just wants to be your friend," grumbled the peasant. "Look, we're going on another journey, and we'll end up someplace warmer in no time. How does that sound?"

"I don't like walking," bitched he. "Or rowing one of those accursed plebeian vessels."

"Shhh…" murmured the peasant soothingly, stroking Ozai's sleek raven-black (a word in Emo that translates roughly to "black") tresses once. Although telling someone to calm down ne'er worked, this did the trick, for such was the power of love — platonic love, just to be clear. It was totally not gay.

"I can't wait to leave this Ben 10-forsaken wasteland," muttered Ozai, shoving more breadsticks into his pockets. Because he was definitely not gay, he didn't have a purse; nay, not even a man-purse he durst carry. "How on earth do you barbarians live here?"

The baseborn commoner, being a competent human being (apparently except when it came to developing emotional attachments to erstwhile genocidal child-abusers), had already assembled two bags of supplies for the both of them. "Actually, I'm from the south," answered he. "I thought I told you that already — but we had to evacuate a few weeks ago due to an event involving the portals, and, uh… some sentient space rocks in the form of lesbians."

"That sounds even worse," spake he, sinking to his leg joints (knees) in despair. O, was the light disturbingly purple, and O, how he despised that prudent tortoise. "That turtle needs to fuck off," bemoaned he in extreme discomfort like Wenchicus Thoticus reading an incest fanfiction.

"Come on, we're leaving now," saith the peasant patiently, and passed Ozai a bag.

Forsooth, those ships did depart shortly, and the two troublesome children were nowhere to be
found. Naturally, this quondam monarchical hip-hop artist was quite pleased with this, though he hoped for the peasant's sake that the one with the weird haircut would turn up, and then not bother them too much for the rest of the trip.

"Hello there, sir, your hair is long and your beard is strange enough for you to join us on our longboat," spake a rotund Viking-dwarf to Ozai. "You'll fit right in, even though all of Tolkien's different races are just slightly different-looking white people."

"I don't think Thorin would like that," called another chap o'er his shoulder whilst passing by with a crate of pomegranates and Mariah Carey CDs.

"Let's see what you're made of," saith that first dwarf with a surprisingly genuine smile. "Your friend seemed to imply that you were all bark and no bite."

Offended now, despite the dwarf's jovial tone, cried Ozai saucily, "First of all, bitch, I almost destroyed the world. What do you have to say for yourself?" At least this fellow had gotten the nature of the his and the peasant's relationship right.

The dwarf merely laughed heartily. "Come along and meet the company, my son. You have a lot of names to memorize, or not, because none of us are actually important as individuals except for Thorin, and maybe Kili. Maybe. But they're easy to remember because they rhyme."

Whilst the peasant cried for his son and that arseholishly merciful prepubescent, the dwarves formed a huddle around Ozai as if they were inducting him into a cult, and then, collectively, they lifted and heaved him aboard the mighty Viking longboat.

"Ouchie, my spleen," rasped he as he landed awkwardly betwixt two of the benches. The dwarves clambered on board and took up their positions at the oars.

"You'd better not fuck this up, laddie," hissed a particularly elderly bloke into Ozai's auditory orifice (ear). In pain, he pushed himself up and edged towards the back of the vessel.

"Heave! Ho!" shouted Thorin authoritatively from his position at the front left oar. Those Vikings moved in perfect synchronization, and thirteen powerful strokes propelled them from the dock. Ozai grimaced as his sore and blistered hand fronts (palms) met that wooden oar. He glanced behind him, where a blond princess was assuring the peasant that perhaps the boys were simply not coming. After all, they were not bringing the entirety of the camp with them, and some warriors were staying behind in case of another ambush.

Forsooth, after much mocking, eventually he matched the dwarves' movements, though with each thrust (of the oars) still he whispered a gentle "ouchie." He imagined that this rhythmic repetition and gradual tearing of his skin could not possibly grow more torturous; alas, he was horribly mistaken.

At first, he did not notice the mischievous pair of what was apparently now considered his and the peasant's communal children approaching. Swiveling his strangulation centre (neck), he spat out his chocolate milk upon seeing Aang pulling a Jesus besides the boat with the peasant's son riding upon his shoulders. To his eternal chagrin, they decided that it was a fine moment to antagonize him in front of all these strangers who had already been provoking him so.

Climbing aboard, the peasant boy's countenance grew serious for an instant 'fore Aang began snickering. "Hey, Loser Lord, I have a question for you," spake he.

"What is it, boy? Make it quick," forced out Ozai through gritted cronchers (teeth), hardly even realising that he had answered to Sokka's taunting cognomen for him.
"Are you… uh… how do I say this… Are you the type of fellow who… walks around the apple tree twice before sitting around?" ventured he.

"Excuse me?" saith he, baffled by the nature of this inquiry. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You know, are you, uh… an evening botanist?"

That homicidal comeback rapper glowered. "No, I don't believe I am." This response was followed by stifled laughter from both of the despicable adolescents.

"I've got one," announced Aang. "Do you… dial the phone with a pencil?"

"Do I what with a what?"

"Never mind — let me rephrase it. Would you say that you're a, well, gentleman of the piers?"

"You know damn well that I can't swim," spat he, and then immediately cursed himself. 'Twas foolish information to provide to one's mortal enemy. Especially when the two of you were on a boat together, as they were currently.

"I didn't know that, actually," cogitated Aang. "Well, what I'm trying to say is, do you clean your elbows before you visit your mother?"

"My mother is dead."

"Well, then are you in the way of uncles?"

"My nephew is also dead."

"All right, so no more family ones," interjected the peasant boy. "So, do you wear a hat of another's choosing?"

"Am I wearing a hat right now, boy?" seethed Ozai. By now, the dwarves were beginning to listen in and guffaw with unrestrained amusement.

"I don't think you understand. Are you, you know, good with colours?"

"Why are you asking me these things?" By now, he was trying very hard not to attack these two bothersome children, and clutching his oar (not a penis) tightly to divert his fury.

"Are you a friend of Dorothy's?"

"Do you have one hand on the maypole?"

"Would you say that you're a bit light in the loafers?"

"Do you drive stick shift?"

"Are you a flautist? Perhaps a skilled one?"

"A Uranian?"

"An avid birdwatcher?"

"A shirtlifter?"

"A pillowbiter?"
Ozai finally snapped, and so did his oar, his rerouted rage enough to cleft in twain the thick wooden shaft (not a penis) in his hands. "What in Ben 10's name are you trying to ask me!?!" roared he, generating a raucous bout of laughter from the dwarves.

"ARE YOU GAY?" shouted the peasant boy.

With an mortified cry not dissimilar from the noise that a squeaky toy makes, Ozai nigh fainted, pressing the back of his hand to his forehead and involuntarily extending a leg skywards with flexibility and technique that would have embittered any seasoned dancer.

Haddaway's hit song "What Is Love" began to pulse down through the indigo clouds. "I am an evil psychopath! I can't feel love!" wailed he.

"Then what's going on with you and my dad?!" shouted the peasant boy. Aye, suddenly more serious he became as reality, as uncomfortable for him as it was for Ozai, surfaced in their conversation.

"Friendship!" declared he. Quieter, added he, "And he holds me when I'm cold."

"Baby don't hurt me, don't hurt me, no more," sang the dwarves instinctually as the chorus blared from the heavens. Although 'twas not the Vikingly music of heavy metal, exceptions can always be made for memes.

"What's wrong with being gay? Except for how you're being gay with Dad, and that's just… yggghhh." He produced a noise of disgust.

"It's not evil to be gay. But it's okay to be straight, because you can just treat women like sex objects. That's something that bad people do," explained he. "Love isn't evil, and therefore, it is something of which I am incapable."

"Even if it is just friendship, people always forget that non-romantic relationships can have just as much love in them as romantic ones," spake Aang.

"Shut up, you fucking brony," spat Ozai.

"No, it's true, especially in fanfiction," put in a dwarf, twisting 'round to join in with their discussion. "Not to mention that by simple probability, most ships end up being gay simply because men are overrepresented in media, and female characters are rarely well-developed. Take it from me, bud, I'm from Middle Earth, and let me tell you, it's a real sausage(penis)fest down there. Just be glad that you're getting a well-developed slowburn based on both trust and lust, instead of the unnecessary, shoehorned heterosexual romance that's virtually obligatory in all popular media these days."

"But we're pretty good about the gender balance in this universe," argued Ozai. "Why can't I have a girlfriend?"

The dwarf took a long drag on his cigarette solely for theatrical purposes. "Ain't nothing that'll stop the shippers." However, it wasn't like many people at all shipped the dadly duo, but in order to properly mock romance and fanfiction tropes, Wenchicus Thoticus must include a pairing.

"Tell me about it," muttered Aang glumly, for he exercised his merciful tendencies with e'ery Zutara shipper whom he encountered. "Canon relationships don't mean anything to them. Or canon sexualities, for that matter..." He began to grumble. "People always use the bisexuality excuse if someone seems to be a little more than just friendly with a buddy. It makes me sad that two guys can't have a close friendship without people calling them gay — but maybe that has more to do with society's conceptions of masculinity than it does with shipping."
"While that is debatable, it certainly pertains to the fetishization of gay men as well. Don't even get me started on that," griped the dwarf as he took another drag. "The straight women who tend to write slash fanfiction oft don't care about portraying a healthy relationship, and just write what they think is 'hot,' even if that includes fanfiction about real people, large age gaps, emotional manipulation, sexual assault and rape, and other types of abuse. This ends up being invasive and disrespectful both to the original content on which their writing is based and to the gay community — in spite of the common belief that they're positively contributing to gay representation, which mainstream media so greatly lacks." He stared directly at Ozai. "Also, you can't have anal sex without lube, or else your arsehole will bleed. When will people learn?"

"Why are you looking at me?" cried Ozai indignantly.

"You know why," replied the dwarf, rubbing out his cigarette on his bare skin like a badass. "Point is, The Shaper of Destiny's got planned for you what The Shaper of Destiny's got planned for you. Ain't no way around it."

And that day passed with agonizing slowness. Aye, the dwarves mocked him mercilessly, and those two bothersome children bounced a ball 'gainst his head whilst he gazed straight ahead and continued to shred his own human coating (skin) on those oars. Personal issues that he so strongly desired to ignore threatened to emerge from his vast sea of repressed thoughts; he willed away the pain by eavesdropping on the dwarves and the kids. Forsoth, those misbehaving boys did attempt to rope him into their conversations from time to time, which ended disastrously after the peasant's son insisted that listening to rap was what truly constitutes a plebeian.

As Opeth's epically heavy twelve-minute behemoth "Blackwater Park" entered its acoustic coda, the sun set o'er the camp that the Vikings had just begun to pitch. Ozai's palms were bleeding. Profusely. (Aye, perhaps there are more than two usages for the word "profusely.") He wished for the peasant to kiss them better, yet he also desired to avoid him due to the cruel fate with which that wretched shipping had burdened him.

Oh, fiddle sticks, thought he. The plebeian had spotted him standing helplessly in the centre of camp and staring at his bloodied hands. "I've been rowing all day. I didn't kill anyone. This time," explained Ozai 'fore the peasant could ask.

"Let's get you to the same person who healed my back," spake the proletarian. (Wenchicus Thoticus could not slot the time in the previous chapter to describe Hakoda's conveniently fast convalescence. Or perhaps it was mere forgetfulness. Many authors forget entirely about injuries, so The Shaper of Destiny still has one up on them. Speaking on having one up on other writers, at least this isn't written in first person, present tense.)

"Nay, peasant. I don't trust these people," sibilated he wrathfully.

The plebeian studied him for a moment before speaking with heart-warming sympathy, "You didn't have a good day, did you?"

"You'd ought to teach that boy of yours a lesson," growled he. "He's got no respect — neither do those dwarves or that prepubescent friend of his. I say you'd ought to discipline him."

"Look, I like you, Ozai, but you're not exactly someone who I want to be taking parenting advice from." The peasant patted his shoulder.

"Oh, you're right, if any of it had worked, I wouldn't be here freezing my balls off," sighed he. The plebeian's gaze reflexively jerked downwards. "I want to lie down. Show me to the tent, peasant."
Aye, as a largely competent human being (as aforementioned), Hakoda had struck up the night's shelter with the speed of a high schooler rushing towards free food. Ozai collapsed straightaway with nary a single fuck to be given. Alas, even as the plebeian draped a blanket o'er him, the chill in the air throttled his calcium sticks (bones), and his teeth chattered as angrily as Wenchicus Thoticus does with fellow dorm-mates when someone doesn't flush the fucking toilet. (Please flush the toilet after you use it. It's so basic, and if you've made it this far in life without consistently doing so, that's just sad.)

Doubts circulated within Ozai's multipurpose sphere of thought (mind); was he sincerely cold, or was he just gay? Or both cold and gay? Nay, of course he was not gay. He felt nothing but entitlement and the insatiable desire to subjugate and kill the peoples of the world. None of that love bullshit. Nay, not even for himself…

"Peasant," whined he into the dark.

Hakoda turned over on his mat to see his comrade standing and holding a blanket in one hand, and his pillow under his arm. Aye, 'twas like a child seeking comfort in their parents after experiencing a nightmare. (There were no daddy kinks involved. Hakoda just thought that it was cute.)

"You're cold," guessed he.

"Yes, I'm cold." Without waiting for a response, he crawled under the blankets with Hakoda and curled up against him. Aye, the poor wight was shivering.

"Is this just going to be a thing that we do now?" He was cautious not to use the other c-word: cuddling.

"I suppose," reckoned he begrudgingly. His visage was freezing against Hakoda's neck, and he found himself smiling at the mental image of a rosy-cheeked (facial cheeked) Ozai with a reddened nose.

What the hell is wrong with me, thought he again; this time 'twas more of a jest at himself. "Um," spake he nervously. Aye, he could not say that his urge was sudden, but he aimed to address it quickly rather than allowing it to ruminate. "Is it okay if I kiss you goodnight?"

"I guess it's not really that gay as long as it's not on the mouth," mumbled that whilom megalomaniacal dictator from somewhere in his armpit.

He brushed aside a shock of his companion's hair and tenderly bent to graze Ozai's cheek (facial cheek) with his lips. That magical touch was electrifying, sending a charge dancing 'cross the two lovers' skin where they made contact. O, yet so teasing it was, revealing a mere hint of what could be, and one that left them yearning for the intimacy and romance of which they had both been deprived for so long. Somewhere within camp, a butterfly spontaneously came into being, and a flower sprouted from the soil beside the sleeping mat.

"Goodnight, babe," whispered Hakoda lovingly as that deranged, erstwhile genocidal tyrant snuggled closer to him.

ii. The Dastardly Pub Crawl

"Tonight," decreed Suko, "is a special night. We must seek out powerful allies within the city, other villains who shall aid in our fight for world domination. Together, with our mighty strength, we can conquer the rest of the planet as I strive towards cementing an oligarchical dictatorship. The heavens are a deep purple, and the music is also… Deep Purple. You know, the band that does Smoke On
The Water. The one song I cannot play on the organ, the bane of my existence…” He cleared his throat, hacking violently. "Anyways, the imperial city should be full of villains prime for recruitment, for the power of Wenchicus Thoticus is strong here."

"I say we go barhopping. We're sure to run into some potential allies that way," suggested Anakin.

"Oh, for the love of Ben 10…" sighed Suko, facepalming whilst Sooka cheered and heartily slapped Anakin on the back.

"You oughtta come along, Suko," encouraged Sooka. "I mean, if'n you're the leader of the movement, they'll be wantin' to meet ya."

"We can't negotiate such important alliances whilst totally… what do the kids these days call it? Garbaged…?" attempted he.

"No one said you gotta be drunk," spake Sooka.

"I need to stay in the palace so that I can practice my supervillain aesthetic. I must establish myself as dominant o'er our allies," insisted Suko.

"I'm the most iconic villain of all time, sorry," muttered Anakin. "Or at least if I had been horribly immolated I would be, rather than being the little bitch I am now." He shrugged. "Not sure if it would be worth it, though. Everyone agrees that around this time is my peak of attractiveness."

"All right, buddy," saith Suko with a what a fucking weirdo look. "Fine. I shall join you on your 'pub crawl.' If that girl, that prisoner, won't have me, then tonight, I intend to find someone who shall."

Aye, now 'twas Anakin's turn to make a passive aggressive expression of doubt. Forsooth — 'twas none other than the yeah right, good luck with that face.

Unleashing Pidgeot from its Pokeball, Anakin and the two live-action losers boarded the bird (not a euphemism for anything). Out of the Fire Palace soared they, Pidgeot shamelessly releasing a brown bear from hibernation (shitting) on a pair of groveling peasants who had come to beg for government handouts.

The triad guffawed uproariously at their subjects' misfortune. "Poor people, amirite?" laughed Suko, and his evil cackle resembled the harsh, piercing cry of a fire alarm.

"Wait, wait, wouldya do that again?" asked Sooka, chortling and unsteadily swaying atop Pidgeot.

"We're not even drunk yet!" cried Suko.

"Well, I dunno 'bout you, but I sure as hell am," snickered Sooka.

"Oh, for the love of…" muttered Suko. He moved to conceal his countenance in shame and frustration; alas, he nigh lost his balance and screamed girlishly as he clung to Sooka for dear life.

Pidgeot alighted in the city's red light district, directly in the centre of a ring of prostitutes performing the sacred rites to begin Dark Photosynthesis. A gal with some very funky bangs suggestively bared her arm root (shoulder) at Anakin, but her gaze soon shifted to Suko.

"She thinks you're more attractive than me!?” ejaculated (exclaimed) an appalled Anakin. "Probably just knows that you're more desperate."
"Are consorts supposed to scrutinize you through a pair of binoculars whilst they court you?" wondered Suko.

"I'm not familiar with how this world's system of prostitution works," fibbed Anakin quickly, for he had navigated a great many planets' systems of prostitution. Some people thought him to be gay when he pursued men, some thought him an extreme fetishist, but the truth was that he would engage in kinky hippity-dippity (sex) with anything that moved, as well as some things that didn't.

"Whaddaya say we go here first?" Sooka pointed to a lit-as-fuck nightclub by the name of Caldera Pediatric Medical Clinic. Coincidentally, this was the very same bar at which Ozai had acquired his first gig as a rapper at the young age of seventeen. (He had been booed off the stage — perfection takes time. Don't give up on your dreams, kids, perhaps unless that dream is one of world domination.)

"Are you sure that's actually a club and not a hospital?" questioned Suko nervously.

"Sure as I am that your darn country's hotter'n a goat's ass in a pepper patch," mumbled Sooka as a quartet of strippers played a dangerous game of hot potato 'round him.

And so that dweeby duo, plus Anakin, entered the nightclub populated by horny men and scantily clad ladies (nay, they sported shorts, not proper pants or dresses), all crowded upon the dance floor. A DJ with a sideways baseball cap played LMFAO's hit song "Party Rock Anthem" for all those who were nostalgic for 2012. Sooka wept, for his mother had died that year, and he was already far too drunk to contain his emotions.

Aye, and so this triad spotted another threesome decked out in garish uniforms that only a villain would arbitrarily assign their minions for, of course, dramatic purposes. 'Fore Suko and Anakin could approach that iconic trio, Sooka returned with three glasses of vodka. Anakin downed his faster than Sonic the Hedgehog himself could have run (at least in his lifetime [rest in peace], and prior to Anakin's severing of his legs), whilst Suko sphered (eyed) his drink with fear.

"Oh, c'mon Suko, you're such a scaredy cat that I could make up some shit 'bout an ocean goblin 'n' you'd a-be brushin' your teeths like mad," slurred Sooka.

"Usually your analogies make sense, but I have no idea what you just said," spake Anakin. He set his empty cup upon his centre of follicular growth (head), and like the powerful Sith Lord that he was, he durst step forward whilst balancing it.

"What I'm sayin' is, go talkta those fellas," saith Sooka.

"What if they call my scar a sunburn instead of realising that facial disfigurements are totally badass for villains to have? Especially if it's just on one side?" fretted he, but Anakin approached that triad of lackeys.

"Can I buy y'all some drinks?" spake he, although he was upset to learn that Sooka was not near enough to hear his usage of the word "y'all." Aye, so proud he would have been. "No, wait, is it 'all y'all?' Is the group big enough?" whispered he anxiously to himself.

Anakin thought that he was high again when the shortest of the group turned 'round to reveal himself as a cat. "You tryin'a pick up all of us at once? Is that's what's happenin'?" asked the fuckless feline.

"Well, in a way," replied he, leaning his wenis (the tip of his elbow) on the bar. "You look to be the conniving types, no?"

"Oh, yes," spake the woman with very odd pink hair.
"We're completely competent henchmen, isn't that right, Jesse?" saith the purple-haired man.

"Absolutely, James," replied she.

"And Meowth, that's right," chorused the cat.

"Is that a Pokeball in your pocket?" inquired Jesse. "Or are you just happy to see me?"

"Aye, this contains my trusty Pidgeot," spake Anakin. He bounced the ball in his hand as a badass ten year-old Pokemon trainer would do in order to work that intimidation factor. "You know of Pokemon?"

"Hey, I am a Pokemon. Just because I can talk, unlike yo' dumbass Pidgeot, don't mean I ain't," responded Meowth saucily. "So, where'd you get that thang? Others of us got sucked through that portal?"

"Oh, yes, my friends and I mugged a different trio," elaborated Anakin. "We had an Arcanine before that too, but we picked up one of those yellow mice."

The three of them made simultaneous spheroid facial organ (eye) contact; each fixed a singular eye on one of the two others. It was actually quite unsettling. In unison, chanted they, "Pikachu! We've been chasing Ash's Pikachu down for ages!"

"Ah, so you quite desire this 'Pikachu,'" observed Anakin. "Well, I shall hand it over to you if you agree to help my friends and I in our quest for world domination."

"Sure thing!" chirped James.

"Fantastic." Anakin attempted an evil smile, but he merely appeared as though he had stubbed his toe on a crate of Adam Sandler DVDs. "You should meet my friend Suko; he also makes a hobby of hunting down preteens for nefarious purposes. We currently reside in the palace up the road — my name is Anakin, tell them that I sent you." He handed them each one of Sooka's business cards, which were in sooth for a mattress store.

iii. Geological Phenomenon Expels Sooka From The Premises

Meanwhile, in the old-fashioned pub next door, Sooka chugged a glass of rum and thought that mayhap it would be rather pleasant to live in a world where people break out into coordinated singing and dancing at random.

"No one's thicc like croissant, no one's dick's like pasta, no one thromboplastin like screen font," sang he along with the crowd drunkenly. Deep in his alcohol-scrombled opinion generator (mind), he knew that Leprechaun… or whatever this guy's name was… was an alpha douchebag and would not cooperate well as a subordinate. Aye, but he seemed a charismatic fellow, and Sooka danced his way within earshot of him as the musical number reached its final chorus.

"Heeeeeyyyyy," slurred Sooka, approaching that massive, intimidating figure. He shot finger guns at Parmesan… or whatever… and dropped his cup, rum and shards of glass splattering everywhere. "Wanna take over the world with me?"

Alackaday! Beauty Salon was infuriated by this blatant disrespect, especially after the whole pub had just finished agreeing that he was really great, through the power of music. Aye, Concave Polygon hoisted him up by the collar of the shirt with naught but a single pinky finger.

"Heeeeyyyyy, calm down there, Catherine O' Aragon," spake Sooka amicably.
Alas, Gross Domestic Product Of Azerbaijan hurled him dome of pain (head) first through the window, where he lay on the street for a good while, numb from the rum.

iv. The Sunburn Removinator

Suko twiddled his opposable hand legs (thumbs) a ways down the street in an illicit basement bar. Forsooth, the alcohol here was spiked with cocaine, THC concentrate, meth, and tobacco. The bloke sitting abreast (next to) Suko at the bar warily sipped the murky liquid inside his cup, and then his head promptly exploded.

Unfazed by the cognition jelly (brains) sliding down his cheek (facial cheek) and nesting in his new 'do, Suko instead shied away from the bartender.

"Here's your order sheet," saith the gangly chap in a heavy accent. He placed down a checklist and a pen on the table, the page containing a wide variety of narcotics, hallucinogens, stimulants, and liquor.

"Could I just have a glass of warm milk?" requested Suko squeakily.

"If that's what you want," spake the fellow, and activated the only tap behind the bar.

"Ah, that's interesting, but… a bit unsanitary," remarked Suko. "Do all the drinks and the drugs come from that same tap?"

That man leered, the gleam of evil twinkling in his eyne, and spake dramatically, "Behold… the Drinkinator!"

"You're in," decided Suko immediately. "We should have a tech guy."

"You're inviting me? To what?" wondered the bartender.

"An evil plot to take over the world, if you're okay with that," spake Suko, sipping his milk.

"I love evil! In fact, my company name is Doofenshmirtz Evil Incorporated! Come with me, come to the back, I will show you all of my Inators, and introduce you to my goth teenage daughter!" cried the mad scientist.

"I'm very intrigued," saith Suko. Perchance this was a gal — a goth gal, no less — whom he would succeed in seducing. An evil laugh bubbled up in his neck interior (throat), but he did not release it, for fear of embarrassing himself in front of this possibly quite valuable ally. He twirled off that stool and strutted 'round behind the bar.

Alas, at that moment, the fabric of reality glitched out, their physical surroundings pixelating and blurring, the noise of the bar choppy and out of sync with its visual counterparts, much like every Skype call to e'er be made. Aye, Suko was inside an underground establishment where the light from the sky could not reach, yet all adopted a purple tinge. Briefly, a single open note on a distorted bass guitar blew out the universe's subwoofers, rattled everyone's eardrums, shook buildings to their foundations, precipitated various avalanches, briefly freed The Seer Groot from his pool noodle prison, and forced a gang of Ben 10's holy angels back from the Heavenly Control Room.

Oxygenated artery fluid (blood) seeped from Suko's ears. That sound — that distortion of reality — had passed. Nonetheless, the inside of the establishment remained washed in violet light.

"Well, that was odd," commented Doofen… Oh, fuck it, Suko had a hard enough time remembering how many fingers he had on each hand; this man's name he would not fret o'er.
"The Shaper of Destiny grows stronger," murmured Suko. As ruler of the world, he didn't know what he wanted to do about that particular issue. Forsooth, the chaos and terror would do naught but work to his advantage, but if this universe was actually destroyed, all of it would have been futile.

He continued to drink his milk, uncertain if it was Wenchicus Thoticus or the trace amounts of drugs in his warm beverage that produced the image of his mysteriously absent mother, Viola "Angel Eyes" Fletcher, hula dancing in a grass skirt. "MUM," whined Suko desperately as she hung upside-down from a chandelier that he had not noticed earlier (perhaps 'twas also part of a hallucination).

"Behold!" cried Doof, swiping a blanket off of a large machine in the back room behind the bar. "The Sunburn Removinator!"

"It's not a sunburn!" vociferated Suko 'fore the bloke had the chance to explain.

"Listen, I finally get to monologue without worrying about my arch-nemesis using it as an opportunity to dismantle my Inators," spake he. "People will come to me with their sunburns, and I will remove them, but what they don't know is that with every burn I heal, I harvest the same energy that the sun that inflicted upon them! …Are you following me so far? Once I have stolen all of these sunburns, I will have a mighty death ray to scare the people into submission! All will bow to me! Together, we can rule the Tri-State… Ah, whatever this world is."

"That seems needlessly complicated," spake Suko, utterly unimpressed, not to mention offended by yet another person referring to his tragic scar as a mere sunburn. "Actually, I am hoping that you can make this not a sunburn look more like a burn scar. Which it is."

"I suppose I could make an Inator quickly…" The chap scratched his head.

"I want to look like this." From his pocket, Suko produced a Polaroid of his alternate self, because that was definitely not a weird thing to carry around.

"I'll try to help you, but the problem is… you're a real human, and he's a cartoon."

"I was wondering when someone would bring that up," muttered Suko. "Oh well."

"I can still make one, just give me a few days," pleaded he.

With this man's strange conceptions of world domination and possible lack of real skill, Suko was not about to be the first subject to test one of his inventions. Well, that was what servants were for. "Fantastic. Here's my card." Unlike Sooka, Anakin, or Hakoda, he had a real business card, which featured him sporting a monocle in his sixth grade yearbook photo.

The universe glitched again, images of the mother dimension flashing 'fore Suko's orbs (eyes). With perfect clarity rather than the muffled quality that they usually heard, pirate metal band Alestorm's hell of a banger "Wenches And Mead" played from e'very orifice in the imperial city, including bodily openings such as anus.

v. Cruella And Bellatrix Are Done With This Shit

"Damn you!" screeched Bellatrix, slamming down The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights in frustration. Forsooth, interpreting the prophecy was coming along in a less than stellar manner. Thus far, they had managed to glitch space-time nay, not once, but twice.

A new line had appeared in each prophecy due to the start of a new day. In the destruction prophecy:

I want to lock the door
As a reminder, this had been prefaced by complaints about "Mum" for interrupting Wenchicus Thoticus's penning of the omen. Perhaps Lord Ben 10 was metaphorically "Mum," for he had created all things, even the lesser gods, and for The Shaper of Destiny to desire his absence from the Heavenly Control Room was logical. In the restoration prophecy:

Ride The Lightning

Like any proper metalheads, or even fans of rock, Bellatrix and Cruella knew that this was a reference to Metallica's 1984 sophomore (and supreme) album of the same name. Alas, what else could it mean other than execution by electric chair? The barbarians of this universe did not even have electricity.

Peradventure could it be a reference to the lightningbending at which Suko was so eerily adept, yet secretive about? O, could they ask him without arousing (inducing) suspicion? Could they enlist the aid of the two royal prisoners for insider information?

'Twas perplexing enough to comprehend the words of the prophecy, but to enact them, they were forced to guess at random; aye, these were stabs in the dark. They had gone the route of the restoration prophecy, although with these missteps, they had only augmented the auguries of agony.

"I don't get it," spake Cruella scathingly. "We had safe sex, with a condom, and we've been smoking weed all day." Forsooth, these actions coincided with the two lines Smoke weed every day every night (S.W.E.D.E.N.), and Have safe consensual sex and wear a condom, kids. One can fashion a dental dam from a condom or another latex product with the correct cuts. The safest way to perform cunnilingus (or anilingus, for that matter) whilst avoiding the dissemination of STDs is by covering the recipient's vulva with this aforementioned latex strip of dentistry and fingering or administering oral sex through the barrier. Oral sex is not safe sex, kids, and Cruella and Bellatrix knew this because they had not received their sex ed from the American school system.

"Prophecies are never literal, I should have known better..." sighed Bellatrix. "But can you really say that besides the interdimensional glitches we caused, it was a bad experience to have great sex and get high together?"

"I certainly enjoyed myself, but I think I'll go deaf if I hear that dreadfully loud bass guitar again," groaned she.

"Ah, fair point. Well, we ought to continue in the morning, when a new line appears, I say," suggested Bellatrix.

"Aye, I'm fed up with this. We weren't able to successfully interpret any lines aside from the obvious, literal ones." Forsooth, when they had ventured into town and forced a peasant to drum next to a meditating ascetic, a transient storm of Rubik's cubes had hurtled down from the heavens, solely in their direct vicinity, whilst reality glitched. How disappointing was life.

"I heard that the boys are out negotiating alliances with other villains. We'd ought to win o'er these new recruits ourselves once they join," put forth Bellatrix. "We've already decided that Suko must fall, so we'd best continue hiding The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights from him. However, perhaps one of the newcomers may be capable of aiding us in our interpretation. I may be a witch, so I have more experience with these things, but by no means am I knowledgable of divination — but that means not that more magicians are out there. I am a simple woman. I like to kill, and that is all. Aye, so we shall turn any new recruits 'gainst Suko?"

"I'm already so desperate to unravel this prophecy," saith Cruella, exasperated. "So, aye, we shall," echoed she. "And the idea of a rebellion — I do agree. I quite like it. I like it a lot."
AN: Though I made several of them up (the apple tree, elbow cleaning, and stick shift ones), the rest of the gay euphemisms from this chapter are real, and people utilize(d) them here in the mother dimension. Try a few out sometime.
AN: This chapter goes from probably the most pure and wholesome thing I've written directly into a killing spree. Well, that's All Hell for you. Enjoy.

12. I'm Fighting God, Can It Wait?

i. Ozai Doesn't Want A Redemption Arc

Mary Poppins drifted o'er the dwarves' longboat, her umbrella casting a shadow that obscured the ominous purple light of the skies. "I'm practically perfect... in every way!" trilled she. 'Round her fuck-off finger (middle finger) she expertly twirled her derby hat.

Even Ozai was not this conceited, for he recognised, deep down, that he had copious amounts of repression with which to deal. Aye, he cursed the Viking dwarves for again inviting him to their vessel; his hands bled enough to perform the ritual for summoning Death Lord Eridan, and deny it as he might, this separation from the peasant brought him sorrow. O, jealous was he that his favourite plebeian was lavishing his attention upon those brutish adolescents instead of on him!

The vile Vikings continued to antagonize him, and Mary sang about how wonderfully flawless she was. Mayhap she would permit a feature by a rapper; alas, he had already pledged to drop a mixtape with the peasant. "Would you like to perform Macklemore together, ma'am?" called he to the floating lady.

"What is that?" replied she. Aye, 'twas the first time he had heard her speak rather than sing, and her accent was interesting, to say the least.

"You know not of Macklemore?" cried he in shock. The Vikings guffawed, whether at him or Mary, he could not be sure. "'Thrift Shop'? 'Can't Hold Us'? Nay?"

"No, I know not," spake she.

"Laddie, I know you're futilely trying to reaffirm your heterosexuality, but you've got to keep rowing," growled the white-haired dwarf.

"I am not," protested he, but then realised that it sounded as if he was instead confirming his gayness. "I mean, I am not attempting to court this woman. By Ben 10, not every interaction betwixt a man and a woman involves romantic interest. When will popular entertainment learn this," bemoaned he crossly. To himself, he continued to talk. "Well, I suppose she's not bad-looking. Perhaps I should reaffirm my heterosexuality. Alas, do I really desire to introduce a dreaded love triangle to my life? I'm on a mission — I lack the time for so much as one romantic interest, and two is simply out of the question. Nonetheless, I wager I could seduce her with how gorgeous I am 'fore she discovers that I have a shit personality and I've done horrible things to everyone close to me."

Aye, this troubled him for a moment, that he would hurt the peasant. 'Cross the water he gazed, to where his trusty companion serenely rested in another vessel propelled by the Furious Five. O, that affable, placid smile soothed him even as he observed it from afar, O, how the sight of his optical...
onions (eyes) crinkling up in expression of genuine joy brought him that very same happiness. Without realising it, Ozai breathed a dreamy sigh and murmured the proletarian's name to himself.

"Laddie!" shouted that elderly dwarf, jerking him back into the present. "Over here, you've got a job to do!"

All right, so I've really got to reaffirm my heterosexuality. Why, this is becoming ridiculous! thought he. The second syllable of "ridiculous" bounced around inside his cognitive chamber (mind), and he grew more desperate. "Dick! Dick! Dick!" chanted his brain gremlins pitilessly.

At that moment, the fabric of the universe did a funny little thing. 'Twas quite like a computer glitching out; alas, Ozai had no comparison for this, so when his vision pixelated and the dots dissolved into static, it was totally wild.

Did I drop some acid this morning by accident? wondered he as his thoughts themselves lagged behind real-time. …W-w-w-w-ouldn't bеее …a fіrstttttTTT…

Alas, it promptly ended, the world returning to its normal state aside from that e'er-deepening indigo colouration. The dwarves burst into chaotic exchanges of confusion, confirming that forsooth, Ozai had not dropped acid this morning.

"Quiet!" commanded Thorin from the bow of the longboat. The murmurs trickled to a halt and the divine heavy metal of Wenchicus Thoticus — Mastodon's "Blood And Thunder" this time — grew so deafeningly raucous and distinct that Thorin's next orders were inaudible.

Aye, but Ozai registered that whirling, darker column of purple encroaching on them, siphoning seawater into the skies. He aggressively nudged the bloke in front of him and pointed vehemently at that threatening spiral of destruction, and the message spread quickly 'cross the longboat.

In unison, the fourteen of them rowed fervently away from that vortex. Compulsively, Ozai spared a glance o'er his shoulder to ensure that the peasant was a safe distance away. Naturally, being on the Furious Five boat, he had essentially ditched the rest of the fleet even if it was not of his own free will. The pirate boat was already far ahead in the distance, whether in cowardice or leadership, who knew.

When he swiveled his gaze behind him once more, aye, that great maelstrom was engulfing Mary Poppins and dragging her umbrella-first into this purple grave of wind and water. "LET GO!" shouted he above raging gusts and the sacred heavy metal. By Ben 10, where was that avatar boy when the world needed him most?

"I can't or I'll be sucked into the whirlpool!" wept she as she was swept higher.

Aye, but Aang did depart from that boat of the Furious Five. He Jesused 'cross the tumultuous surface of the ocean and prepared to engage in combat with the volatile, renegade Shaper of Destiny. With a power stance that would have put Mark Gourmley to shame, he began to repel this purple pillar of perishing.

"Give me that pool noodle (not a penis)," demanded Ozai as their craft rocked perilously upon the stormy waters.

"You can't use it!" barked Thorin. "It contains the soul of The Seer Groot!"

"I can't swim!" hollered he. "I need it!"

"You're going to die regardless!" insisted that Viking warlord. "I should've considered modern safety
protocol when purchasing this boat... Well, all of us are immune to death anyways... Oh, right, except for me."

Whilst Thorin was being dark and brooding and pondering the nature of mortality, Ozai snatched that green pool noodle (not a penis) from its place at the bow of the craft. He clutched the floatation device tightly, uttered a quick prayer to Lord Ben 10, and flung himself into the icy sea.

Although buoyed by the The Seer Groot's ensnared spirit, aye, Ozai immediately regretted his decision. O, that ocean tossed him about roughly with the uncaring indifference possessed by only the mighty forces of nature. The water threatened to drag him into the depths and ne'er gave him more than an instant to breathe 'fore another wave would crash o'er his puss (face).

'Twas not an opportune moment to have an existential crisis as he realised the true nature of his powerlessness. Aye, those turtles and the battles he had lost were against quantifiable forces, but to think that he could have e'er truly ruled all facets of the world — alack! That goal was mere ignorance, perhaps unless you were that little prepubescent shit who was currently winning a battle with God.

Mary Poppins released that umbrella of hers and plummeted into the sea, and this erstwhile megalomaniacal despot struggled to propel himself towards the fallen damsel. Nay, she did not surface for an alarmingly long time, only her hat reappearing atop the turbulent waves.

"Boy!" yelled he with the limited air in his primary respiratory organs (lungs).

"I'm fighting God, can it wait?" shouted Aang in response.

Aye, that foolish child, did he not understand that he would win only if The Shaper of Destiny was merciful? He risked sliding the soul of The Seer 'neath his chest and made broad strokes towards the soaked, gasping head now peeking above the tempestuous surface.

"Mary Poppins!" cried he as he rode the crest of the next swell. That vortex was beginning to draw him into the swirling, watery grave of anyone who durst venture too close. Uselessly, he flailed, and then he began to accept his fate. He had made an unthinkably stupid decision to go for a swim whilst Wenchicus Thoticus was attempting to destroy the fleet of ships; hence, he would suffer the consequences.

Thankfully, Aang took a second from his divine battle to send Ozai skidding o'er the waves, away from the vortex and towards Mary Poppins. "GROOT!" screamed he as that pool noodle (not a penis) escaped his grasp.

"I've got it," called Mary Poppins from just out of sight as another stormy deluge pummeled him.

He spat out a salty mouthful (of seawater), and swam towards her voice and that floppy green cylinder (not a penis). Of course, he could not actually swim, and began to slip below the surface. He desperately grasped at The Seer's earthly prison, catching it by his fingernails, and Mary tugged on it until he emerged into open air.

He spared naught but a single glance at Mary 'fore they wordlessly agreed to haul ass the fuck out of there. Forsooth, neither of them knew what on earth they were doing, clumsily moving out of sync and knocking into each other. Aye, but they distanced themselves from that now-diminishing vortex, and the previously choppy waves grew calmer.

"You're wearing my hat," stated Mary Poppins matter-of-factly.

"I am?" Ozai lifted an arm from the pool noodle (not a penis) to feel his brain chamber (head). "Aye.
"Why, thank you," spake she. "What a noble man you are for coming to my aid when none of your colleagues would!"

At this point, the Furious Five ship had come near enough to overhear this comment and burst into riotous laughter. The peasant rushed forwards to heave Ozai onto the vessel, and aye, had either of them e'er before been so relieved to see another person? They embraced with nary a fuck of whom observed them, nor did the peasant care that his comrade was soaked through. Shivering violently, he buried himself in the warmth and dryness of the crook of the plebeian's neck as protective, solicitous arms encircled him. O, for an instant he wondered why he had so impulsively hurled himself into the unforgiving icy abyss of the ocean at the risk that he would ne'er see the peasant again — O, ne'er hear that gentle voice again, ne'er feel that warm skin 'gainst his own again, ne'er have his cardiovascular biological structure (heart) uplifted by the wholesome joy in that melodious laugh, that entrancing smile.

This is starting to sound really gay, realised he before his thoughts could travel to the realm of tenderly kissing the proletarian in the rain and/or getting dicked down.

Monkey extended a hand to lift Mary and the pool noodle (not a penis) aboard, and water sloughed off her in great floods not unlike a great quantity of dog urine trickling down a lamppost. From her purse that was really not unlike any other bag in this universe in that it could carry an unrealistic amount of material, she produced another umbrella.

"How did you fall in the water?" fretted the peasant, guiding Ozai's limiting but very nice flesh prison (body) closer yet, their sinciputs (foreheads) pressing together.

"I jumped in," answered he.

"No! Why did you do that? You could've drowned! You can't even swim!" berated the peasant.

"I… I don't know," replied he. Forsooth, it hit him — why had he launched himself into a lethal situation to rescue someone who he did not even know? Why, that was uncharacteristic! That wasn't evil at all! In fact, 'twas the opposite of evil!

"I'm… developing morals?" panicked he, wrenching himself free of the peasant's warm canoodling to stare in horror at his reflection in the water, as if he was expecting a different visage to gaze back at him. "I did something… altruistic? I was self-sacrificing? By Ben 10, that's disgusting! There's got to be another explanation!" He gazed at his rippling likeness on the surface of the ocean — still he sported that caprine, Satanic facial hair; that was a definite indicator of evil, was it not? And aye, murderous he appeared, yet he slashed at his own image on the water, dissolving it.

"No, that's a good thing," spake the peasant, approaching him tentatively whilst the rest of the boat stifled any reactions to Ozai's outburst. They wished to back away slowly; alas, on a small wooden boat, this proved difficult.

"But I'm not good! I'm not good!" cried he as his watery reflection reformed. Aye, mayhap he had merely done it because he was so desperate to reassert himself as a straight man. Fie, fie! Neither explanation pleased him.

"Please," begged Mary Poppins. "You were so brave and selfless; you could be a fantastic chap if you let yourself."

"My child, let go of your ways of hatred," spake Oogway. Ozai spun 'round to face that judicious
old tortoise, his orb (eye) twitching with repressed rage. "You can never return to what once was, so
use this opportunity to improve yourself, and perhaps this time you may find happiness."

Defeated, he collapsed onto a bench, aware of what a fool he appeared in front of these various new
acquaintances and the woman whom he hoped to seduce in order to reaffirm his heterosexuality.
Aang strolled 'cross the now serene sea and hopped into the boat. He bro-fisted the peasant boy and
draped his My Little Pony blanket o'er Ozai's shoulders. In his self-pity, Ozai reacted not and merely
began to dry himself.

Aye, this was it: definitive proof that he didn't "got it" anymore.

His quondam mortal enemy conscientiously produced a flame in his palm to warm him. "Boy, I
would throttle you right now if I wasn't so shook," murmured he as he stared at his leg terminals
(feet) mournfully.

"Are we not going to talk about what just happened instead of whether Loser Lord is still evil or
not?" spake the peasant boy.

"Wenchicus Thoticus grows angrier; that's all there is to it," expounded Tigress dismissively as she
took her turn at the oars. Ozai was shocked to hear a womanly voice from this anthropomorphic
animal's beverage canal (mouth), for she lacked the ridiculous feminine features that many animators
needlessly utilize to convey that an animal is female, such as long eyelashes, breasts, makeup, or
bows.

"The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights is not in good hands," spake Oogway solemnly. "Those who
wrongly interpret the prophecy summon punishment to our world, and to many others."

"What makes you think that we can correctly interpret it?" inquired Ozai disbelievingly. The peasant
moved to sit next to his comrade and that abhorrently benevolent prepubescent; aye, difficult he
found it to focus on this old turtle's vatic nonsense when he could be enjoying this time with his
definitely not-lover.

"Because you, my son…" He paused for drama. "…are the Chosen One," saith he mystically.

"What? That's bullshit. Are you saying that I have to save the multiverse from being torn apart by a
renegade deity with shit taste in music?" exclaimed he.

At this utterly false allegation that The Shaper of Destiny has "shit taste in music," Cattle
Decapitation's "Forced Gender Reassignment" blasted louder from the heavens.

"You have to stop saying things like that, otherwise we all have to listen to grindcore and technical
death metal," whined the peasant boy.

"And it gets really loud," complained Mary Poppins. "I can scarcely hear myself over that dastardly
racket!"

"You have a beautiful singing voice, Mary, but sometimes you've got to stick it to the fellow
upstairs," declared that whilom dictatorial rapper in a feeble attempt to win her over with
compliments and anarchy (in spite of his fascist tendencies). "I despise this Chosen One bullshit.
How unoriginal! And how do you know this? You'd better not be fucking with me, old man."

"I convened with Ben 10, for he knows all. Would you doubt the word of your Lord Creator?"
spake Oogway, daring him to accuse him of sharing falsehoods.

"Nay, but I would doubt your word!" sputtered he. "Why would I of all people get a redemption arc?
I don't even want one! There are plenty of villains more likable than I, whom everyone would love to see redeemed. I have no positive qualities." Alas, when the peasant gazed upon him with those genial yet sorrowful sensory spheres (eyes), his will softened, and he recognised that if a man this wonderful could be fond of him, aye, something inside him was worth saving.

"You know how arbitrary The Shaper of Destiny is," added Tigress.

"Aye," agreed he with a reluctant sigh.

"You know, The Shaper of Destiny is quite close to the God of Pinecones, who begged for you to be spared when the time for the final battle arrives. Ergo, Wenchicus Thoticus is simply avoiding the Bury Your Gays trope," spake Oogway.

"I'm not gay!" ejaculated (exclaimed) he, even though at that very moment he had slid onto the peasant's lap, and found himself aroused by the proximity of his cheeks (ass cheeks) to the plebeian's fuckstick (penis). (He was also horrified by the thought that he might enjoy bottoming.)

"Sure you're not," mumbled the peasant sarcastically, fed up with his seemingly endless denial. At this rate, his partner would be proclaiming, "Aye, there's nothing gay about sucking another man's footlong (penis)!

"Please tell me this isn't going to be one of those 'redeemed by the power of love,' things," grumbled the peasant boy. "Or the power of friendship, either," added he 'fore Aang could get a word in or begin singing the My Little Pony theme song.

"You must let go of your fears," spake Oogway. "Let fate take its course. Accept that your father will purge this man of his hatred by means of sexual intercourse."

"Sex? What's sex?" spake that prepubescent innocently, because he had totally never boinked Hakoda's daughter, and had to ensure that it was very clear that this was the case.

"Oogway, stop it!" hissed the peasant. "Not in front of the kids!"

"I'm practically perfect!" sang Mary Poppins to drown it all out.

"Yeah, not in front of the kids, we haven't even given our second child the talk about, you know, cattle-prodding the oyster ditch with the lap rocket (sex) yet!" blurted Ozai. "He's too young to know about these things!"

"Goodbye, that's enough, I think I'll swim to camp," saith the plebeian boy, pressing his hands over his aural receptors (ears) and poising to jump o'er the side of the boat. "I bet Captain Jack Sparrow has an opening for me!"

"Aang is not our son who we had together!" cried the peasant, silencing the cacophonous commotion. Aye, this stream of voices trickled out as abruptly as Oogway's offensively explicit comment had triggered it. "We go get The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights, and that's that. It doesn't matter who's gay or the Chosen One or doesn't know about sex. That's the sole directive for now: to get the book. And once we've done that, we'll focus on the next step," asserted he.

"Wenchicus Thoticus just doesn't plan out that far ahead — that's why we're going to be winging this whole thing," spake Tigress, who had been indifferently rowing the craft throughout the entire duration of the uproar.

"Well, of course there shall be a final battle for the multiverse," elucidated Oogway. "My son, you must step up to meet your fate as Ben 10's most important warrior in this struggle."
"Yeah, of course there's going to be a final battle, and Loser Lord of all people is the 'chosen one'. How original — what a lazy, pathetic excuse for a god," groaned the peasant boy, stepping down from the side of the boat and crossing his limbs betwixt the glenohumeral joint and the elbow joint (arms) o'er his chest.

At that moment, dark grey clouds (of course, still tinted purple) raced 'cross the sky and loosed a tremendous deluge of rain upon them.

"Weren't you the one who just said that we mustn't speak out 'gainst The Shaper of Destiny, lest we face the consequences?" spat Ozai. Alack! And he had just dried off!

"I'll signal the others that we're making camp on that island off on the horizon. The storm is already growing too strong for us to continue. Someone's pissy today," remarked Tigress disdainfully. "Watch as it stops raining right as we finish setting up…"

Though restless tension ran betwixt the travellers, a nigh tangible force, the solidarity of this abject misery counterbalanced it and left them in a state of wordlessness. Mary Poppins opened her umbrella, only for the raging gusts to nigh carry her off. Aye, at least the universe wasn't glitching anymore, and no supernatural portal threatened to drag them into some other world.

They arrived on that piddling little isle and assembled camp with speed surpassed only by Suko's abilities on the organ. Again, Ozai found himself willingly doing something not completely selfish without really thinking about it; the camp did most certainly benefit him, but why should he have had to work? Was he joining the ranks of the proletariat?

Too numbingly cold and drenched to be be fuckful, he tore asunder his waterlogged attire and stood nude (aside from his Straight Outta Compton thong) behind the peasant whilst waiting for him to finish arranging the sleeping kit. There was nothing gay about not wanting to wear wet clothes, especially when one is colder than the hearts of capitalistic bourgeoisie swine.

The peasant turned around, his jaw dropping slightly. "Nice… thong?" spake he to the intensely shivering whilom autocrat. "Do you, uh, maybe want to put on something dry?"

"Peasant, you know very well that cartoon characters are only allowed to wear one outfit for all their days," saith he. "Aye, even if I were to consider borrowing someone else's clothing, I durst not venture into that dreaded rain again."

"I can go get some for you, if you'd like," offered the peasant.

"NO!" commanded he. "You will provide me with warmth. You enjoy this task, no? Disrobe, peasant."

The peasant's jaw dropped completely this time. Is tonight the night? wondered he, scarcely containing his eagerness. He stripped sensually for his lover: 'twas not a routine action plucked from his daily life, but a performance. As his sultry gaze met those pining optical detectors (eyes), he slid a thumb 'neath the waistband of his final remaining undergarment, and began to ease it down his hips.

"Avast — peasant, I do not intend to intercourse you. What do you think; do you believe me to be gay?" spake Ozai, and the plebeian halted, disappointed. "Actually, don't answer that question," added he. "Come along, now."

Because Wenchicus Thoticus is fond of parallel episodes in order to display the development of character relationships, the dadly duo slipped 'neath their cosy, dry blankets. The peasant's flesh casing (skin) was gelid and clammy to the touch, but as they savoured the sensation of each other's
bare soul cases (bodies), their heat mingled and banished the cold — aye, the cold both inside and out. Forsooth, he had forgotten — nay, had he e'er experienced it at all? — the compassionate intimacy of unclothed cuddling. Two people in the raw, at their most vulnerable, all their faults exposed — yet naught ceased nor weakened their love for one another.

With a shuddering breath, he squeezed the peasant — nay, Hakoda — closer and more tightly than he now cared to hold onto his depraved, dying dreams. A single teardrop trickled down his countenance, and so hard he tried to suppress and confine these overwhelming emotions to the depths of his mind; alas, the ice inside of him was melting, and these tears were evidence.

"May I kiss you goodnight?" asked his heart without his head's assent.

"Of course," replied Hakoda. His eyne shut, he smiled contentedly from his position nestled up against that erstwhile scoundrel's chest.

He began to slide down so that they were face to face, and halted once the knowledge struck him that he had meant to meet Hakoda's lips with his own. Everyone knew that in literature, film, and other forms of entertainment, once two people kissed, the deal was sealed (even though in real life, if anything, it tends to further complicate matters — you can trust your pal Wenchicus Thoticus on this one). Alas, he still clung desperately to his denial, and settled for his partner's cheek (facial cheek) instead. 'Cross that stubbled, unmistakably masculine countenance he brushed his lips 'fore planting them on one of those godlike cheekbones and gently kissing him.

Hakoda beamed at the sensation of the tender touch as an enamoured laugh escaped him. Opening his awareness globes (eyes), he guided Ozai in once more to give him a peck on the olfactory centre (nose). In turn, he produced a laugh as well — nay, not an evil laugh, but a warm sound of joy. 'Twas as if all thoughts of inadequacy, mistreatment, and world domination had in this moment been vanquished by the affectionate, euphoric blue sight spherules (eyes) afore him.

He started to lean down to, forsooth, seal the deal, but chickened out much like Wenchicus Thoticus had in far less deal-sealing situations. Negative thoughts swarmed back into his consciousness, and he lay down and rolled onto his side, turning away from the peasant.

"What's wrong?" whispered Hakoda.

"I'm not ready," responded he.

"That's okay," reassured he. Ozai felt hands gently running through his hair, and then a soft kiss along his jawline. "Take your time."

ii. The Villainous Alliance Goes On A Killing Spree Ft. The Economics of The Cabbage Merchant

"ASSEMBLE, MY BRETHREN IN BRUTALITY, MY SISTERS IN SADISM, MY BROTHERS IN BLOODTHIRST, MY KINDRED IN SIN!" declared Suko in a feigned low, manly voice. Aye, how evil he appeared in those robes of red and black, rising from the throne to address his gathering of new recruits! His part-time job as a drag queen had prepared him well to walk upon twenty-centimetre heels, and he towered above his underlings. With the fire leaping behind him, this uncertain manchild transformed into an intimidatingly faceless silhouette 'fore flames of damnation.

Suko raised his facial caterpillars (eyebrows) in surprise as the command seemed to inspire genuine obedience, bordering on fear. I could get used to this, thought he, pleased.

He surveyed the ranks of his growing supervillain army. Aye, the Team Rocket trio dropped to their
knees and bowed reverently whilst Doofen… whatever glanced about nervously to observe his counterparts' response to the call. Bowser retreated into his shell and the Wicked Witch of The West alighted near the front of the group, dismounting her broomstick (not a penis).

Forsooth, on their outing, Suko and Anakin (but not Sooka, for he had done seventeen shots of tequila, and that was after consuming copious amounts of rum and vodka — aye, how was he not dead?) had brought many others into the fold as well: Umbridge, Joffrey, Dr. Eggman, Jafar, Farquaad (Jafarquaad?), Scar, Captain Hook, Yzma, and of course, none other than the notorious Barry B. Benson, an efficient and effective spy due to his size. (He could also adopt human form in order to copulate with women who were attracted to him.)

Anakin and Ong stood solemnly on one side of this future world dominator's throne, and Cruella and Bellatrix to the other. (Sooka was off, once again, getting higher than Rob Halford's treasured heavy metal screams, and they had been unable to halt him in time even for such an important event.)

"This world must know that it is entering another era of bloodshed and tyranny!" boomed Suko. In sooth, 'twas a plan that had developed 'round his complete failure to smoothly transfer the power of his double to himself. Hence, if chaos was to reign, then he would be the one to decide just what sort of anarchy it was.

"All right I love tyranny!" proclaimed Farquaad. Only the raised fist of this short chap protruded from his place in the crowd, even from Suko's elevated vantage point.

"I decree that we launch an attack upon this land! We must reveal to them our grandiose capabilities of destruction so they durst ne'er step out of line again!" shouted he. "The people of this world shall fear us! They shall quake in terror when they hear the name The Villainous Alliance!"

A great cheer erupted from the members of this new Villainous Alliance; aye, they stamped upon the floor until the palace shook, they fired their weapons in celebration, and they chanted this new moniker with an ardent vehemence that struck terror into the hearts of two of the seven ducks in the courtyard pond.

"Now, my fiendish folks, my pernicious people, my abominable allies, GO FORTH AND CONQUER!" cried he in one final dramatic command. He lifted his brachia (arms) above his head, above his crown, and summoned great blazes into his flamethrowers (hands). The Villainous Alliance roared again, and aye, 'twas this time a gratifying cacophony of battle cries. From the palace surged they, some taking to the air, some boarding conveniently placed livestock, and others yet running on their feet like peasants.

"Master, are you sure this is a good idea?" spake Ong from his position at Suko's side. He wrung his hands and anxiously and flinched in apprehension of retaliation.

"DON'T PUSH ME BOY," shrieked Suko. "And you are coming along, whether you like it or not, for I have need of your aerial transportation. You must enhance your skills."

"Do I have to kill anyone?" whimpered he.

"Nay, child. I know you're far too weak for that, but you shall be my accomplice! Now! Strap me into my harness and fetch me my Popcorn of Murder! Let us RIDE TO GLORY!"

Swedish melodic death metal band Amon Amarth's "War Of The Gods" blasted from the indigo heavens as the sanguinary crusades of The Villainous Alliance commenced. Aye, the forces of destruction were united as this cruel quintet took to the skies; Cruella and Bellatrix streaked into open air, Ong ascended with the cackling, power-mad Suko in tow, and Anakin flew upon Pidgeot, both
bird and Sith Lord releasing an un-Ben 10-ly screech of righteous rage as if they were of one mind.

Past the limits of the imperial city flew they, for other members of The Villainous Alliance had already overrun it. Magical curses flew, swords clashed, potted plants winked in and out of existence, and somewhere, Doofen... whatever screamed something about the anime schoolgirl who had devoured e'ery shekel in his possession, one by one.

O'er the great bay soared they, riding the wind and headbanging to the divine heavy metal of The Shaper of Destiny. They began their descent into a small city on the water and unleashed bowel-shaking screams of ruthless murder as the townspeople turned to face their fates, mortal terror in their eyne. A-coming this way was the great piratical vessel of Captain Hook and his underlings, along with the masterful Barry B. Benson and Doofenshm... aye, Suko had nearly gotten it that time.

Anakin swooped low among the edifices of the township. With great and unrivaled mastery of The Force, he propelled twin jets of water from the bay and into these panicking victims. Pidgeot unclenched its talons to maliciously snatch up several infants from a carriage and juggle them as if they were bowling pins.

Meanwhile, Suko uselessly sat in his baby harness as Ong glided along peacefully. "Cruella, I require your fire dog!" called he to the duo adjacent to him and his servant.

"But I'm having such a delightful time wreaking havoc from the air!" cried she. "Aye, I simply need a bit of flame; it needn't be out of its Pokeball for more than several seconds!" explained he. "I intend to burn this city!"

"A devious design!" shouted she over the roaring gusts. "Alight on this here roof!"

Due to her broomstick (not a penis) prowess, she landed quickly on the nearest house hat (roof), whilst Ong miserably failed to halt his flight in time in spite of his relative competence with the glider.

"BOY!" howled Suko. "Are you unaware that we are currently annihilating this municipality?"

"I'm sorry Master, I just got caught up in how beautiful the scenery is!" wept he. Circling back 'round, he alighted on that aforementioned building and absentmindedly began to dismantle his glider with Suko still snugly within his attached baby harness.

"Ong," warned he, "You'd better keep your head screwed on or else I will have it removed entirely."

Cruella released her Arcanine for no longer than an instant in order to coax a breath of flame from it. With insane light flickering in his spheroid soul portals (eyes), Suko held that fire in his hand chests (palms). Into a dog whistle that he had taken to wearing 'round his neck, he blew a mighty breath, then waited.

Ong responded to that cry, but he was not the one whom Suko had summoned. A second and a half later, Anakin appeared aboard his Pidgeot, looking way more badass than the failure of an avatar. "You called?" asked he, lowering his sunglasses to gaze at Suko o'er them.

"LET US TORCH THE CITY!" proclaimed he, and hopped upon Pidgeot's back. That avian creature did not take kindly to him, nor his flaming hands, but Anakin grasped him by the scruff of the neck as they haphazardly took off o'er that chaotic township.

Suko screeched with a mad glee that could only be achieved by this perfect balance of sadism and masochism. O, his sex dungeon in the Earth Palace had ne'er served him so delightfully as this!
Anakin's clasp was choking him, which he found to be very arousing, and he briefly indulged the fantasy of a threesome with his double and this young Sith Lord. And he was on the verge of falling to his death, which got him going like nothin' else in the multiverse. He nurtured those flames in his palms, the crackling of the fire and the terrified cries of the citizens below even more exciting still.

He unleashed these blazing pillars upon the common folk, immolating a litter of puppies and a very flammable children's hospital. Anakin fucklessly demolished buildings en masse, summoning great chunks of earth up from the ground with naught but a flick of the wrist. Aye, no traditional avatar was he, but Suko thought that he far exceeded Ong's abilities in every way, and it wasn't just because he was presently getting off to being choked.

Having pulverised the entire city in minutes, they took a quick break and raided a fallen cabbage cart solely to antagonize the man weeping at its side, surrounded by flaming rubble.

"Hello sir, I would like two cabbages: one for myself, and one for my friend," spake Suko pleasantly.

"And get one for Pidgeot," added Anakin.

"And one for the bird as well," relayed he.

That poor cowering merchant lifted durst lift his head from his hands to greet his new devilishly diabolical dominators, and flinched upon laying orbs (eyes) upon these cloaked figures. "Just take them," sniveled he. "Don't hurt me!"

Suko gathered three cabbages from the ground, resistant to inconsiderately leaving the bloke with only the vegetables that had spilled from the cart. "Here you are, sir," spake he, and he laid out four shekels. "Please accept this extra shekel as payment for your troubles. Have a fantastic day!"

Pidgeot happily pecked at the cabbage that Anakin held out for it as they took to the purple skies. Through the smoke of the burning city soared Cruella and Bellatrix, a distant blot far ahead silhouetted by the bleeding sunset.

"Aye, are you prepared for round two, brother?" chirped Suko enthusiastically. He bit heartily into that cabbage as if it were an apple.

"Aren't you supposed to cook these things?" questioned Anakin.

"I've always eaten them raw," saith he, swallowing (the cabbage). "Good snacks, they are."

"What I don't understand is why someone would sell nothing but cabbages. Surely, there must be much profit to be made by introducing a variety of produce to his market," mused Anakin as they flew o'er screaming children trapped in a burning daycare centre.

"Perhaps he has a monopoly on the cabbage market," put forth Suko.

"Well, is this a capitalist society? A socialist one? Hm? Do you have a planned economy or a command economy? Maybe a mixed economy, with elements of both? Or, because you have an old-fashioned hereditary monarchy, rather than a democratic or republican method of electing statesmen, maybe your economic system is equally traditional. Assuming this to be the case, maybe this man comes from a long line of cabbage salesmen, and it has been what his family has always done for as long as anyone can remember, and that is why he is not allowed to branch out into other vegetables."

"Wait, what is this 'democracy' of which you speak?" asked Suko.
"Don't worry about it — dictatorships and aristocracies are the only form of government you should concern yourself with, for they are properly evil."

"Well, if I'm going to run this country, then I ought to know what economic system it uses."

"You can worry about economics after enslaving the world. Since there is no coherent economic system that can be applied to all fascist governments, I would recommend adopting the planned economy of communist dictatorships," advised Anakin. "Your people will have no economic freedom or class mobility, which would be a plus for you, but such a system also entails putting effort into providing goods and services for them."

"I'm so confused," sobbed Suko. "Can you be my economic advisor?"

"Sure, I suppose. Again, don't worry about it yet. We just have to kill people for now. That's the fun part of being a tyrant! Plus, if you only want to make your subjects miserable, there's no need to worry about economics anyways."

"Oh, that brings me such relief," cried Suko. He downed the rest of his healthy snack, knowing the importance of vegetables and a good diet when it came to mass murder.

"Well, that was enough intelligent discourse to last me the rest of the year. Let's get back to terrorism and world domination."

"Splendid idea, brother," spake Suko wickedly.

Into the next town dove this demonic duo. Coincidentally, this was the same village where Ozai's rap career had truly taken off. Among his proudest accomplishments of these formative years was opening for 2 Chainz, also known as Tity Boi (seriously). Ong peacefully glided in an elliptical holding pattern amongst the clouds, keeping watch, whilst Bellatrix and Cruella descended mercilessly upon the townspeople.

Pidgeot divebombed a group of helpless geriatrics struggling to flee on walkers and canes from a public park, and with his unsheathed lightsaber, Anakin joyfully decapitated an old woman whilst Suko ignited the grassy field. As it went up in a great blaze of flames, Anakin spotted a toddler teetering treacherously upon the branch of a tree. Easily he could have toppled it o'er with traditional use of The Force, but he desired to try his hand at airbending. Suko spewed from his palms an inescapable ring of flame 'round a teenage couple in the midst of declaring their love for one another, and Anakin focused his energy on the air itself, sending a great gust of wind to eject the child from the tree.

"I did it! I can bend all the elements!" shouted he triumphantly. "Ong ain't got shit on me!"

"Ong doesn't 'ave shit' on anyone," scoffed Suko whilst the pair of young lovers met their demise.

"Anakin!" called Bellatrix from the skies above. "Come, alight upon this roof here."

"Again?" groaned he. "But I'm really enjoying myself. I am the avatar!"

"Look, if you're not going to consume that cabbage you hold, then I would like it," spake Cruella.

"Aye, fine, I'll take a break," sighed he, and Pidgeot fluttered up from that igneous field. This quartet of riders dismounted, and Suko took a moment to stretch his walking appendages (legs) whilst Anakin tossed Cruella his uneaten cabbage. Eager to return to the pillage of the village, he started to climb aboard his trusty Pokemon, but Bellatrix beckoned him closer.
"Anakin, you have been with us since the beginning," whispered she. "You are a dimwitted killing machine, perfect for a subordinate. Alas, Suko is also a dimwit, but he leads us currently. We must dispose of him, especially 'fore he decides that it is due time to launch upon us that puissant lightning attack of his, if you recall his ability as we do."

Suko obliviously gazed o'er the ravaged town. In the alleyway below him was a beggar scrounging for scraps in a dumpster, and he set him on fire 'fore pissing on him to snuff it out; this left the poor vagrant to suffer from his wounds instead of immediately succumbing to the sweet release of death.

"I don't know, what he just did over there was pretty gloriously sadistic," spake Anakin with a shrug. "But he is not fit to rule us, much less the world," argued Cruella. "Do you enjoy taking orders from a weak child? Do you, Anakin? Do you? You are the avatar, Anakin, plus you're quite handy with that laser sword (not a penis) of yours. Well, mayhap you're handy with your penis as well, but I wouldn't know. Do you wish to serve under someone with one fifth of your power, Anakin? Is that what you desire?"

"Nay," murmured he uncomfortably, retreating in response to her encroachment.

"You will thank me for this later," hissed she acrimoniously. Anakin remained frozen as Cruella and Bellatrix approached Suko, still facing away, incognizant of the peril in which his own alliances had placed him.

"LONG LIVE THE KING!" screamed Bellatrix, and she planted a kick in the centre of his back with all the force of a great typhoon, and all the strength of a raging fire.

"Jiminy Cricket!" wailed Suko as he rotated his not-wings (arms) in a desperate attempt to stay rooted atop that five-story building. As he fell, he caught the cold, vindictive smirk of the traitorous culprit, and he shrieked out one last insult 'fore he hit the ground: "Why, you egg-sucking cur!"

Nay, Bellatrix's attack was not as mysterious as the dark side of the moon.

Bellatrix and Cruella burst into a bout of evil cackling at their victory. Conflicted, Anakin leaned o'er the edge of that edifice to where Suko lay twitching and calling for "Viola 'Angel Eyes' Fletcher," which this dastardly duo of dames would have found all the more hilarious if they had known that it was his mysteriously absent mother for whom he cried.

"You think he'll be dead soon?" asked Bellatrix once her laughter had subsided.

"We're villains," spake Anakin in defense of Suko. Forsooth, this loss did trouble him; Anakin would have been his economic advisor! "We don't check if our enemies are dead, because it's convenient for the protagonist, and therefore, the plot."

"Good point, Anakin," saith Cruella. "But Suko isn't the protagonist, so perhaps —"

"Well, all of the main characters who The Shaper of Destiny is following are villains, even the guys in the other plotline," pointed out he.

"What about Sooka's father?" countered Bellatrix.

"Well, clearly he's being seduced over to the dark side," explained Anakin, unsure of how true this statement was. "Come along, we still have to torch the rest of the town."

"That we do," spake Cruella.
"That we do," echoed Bellatrix.
As the rain tapered off in the middle of the night, Ozai awoke 'neath the moonlight that filtered through the droplet-dappled material of the tent. Upon realising that he was nigh nude and holding in his long boys (arms) the equally nigh nude peasant, he panicked, terrified that they had made sandwiches together (copulated).

Alas, this was not the case. They had, forsooth, engaged in some admittedly homoerotic intimacy, but 'twas all. Fie, fie, this had gone too far, and he ought to instead seduce Mary Poppins!

"What's wrong?" rasped the peasant through the veil of semiconsciousness.

"Nay, nothing," murmured he, sitting upright and shivering as the cold air met his epidermis (outermost layer of skin, as opposed to the dermis, the second layer that contains capillaries, sweat glands, nerve endings, hair follicles, and so on).

"Where are the kids?" asked he sleepily.

"They should be with the nanny," replied he, referring to Mary Poppins, and thence, he cursed himself for once again making it sound as though he and the peasant had children together. He gazed upon his kindly companion, and moonlight's reflection gleamed in his optical spherules (eyes), and he, too, had pushed down the blanket to reveal that trim, toned torso.

This time, 'twas Ozai who wept in sexual frustration. "Are you sure you're okay?" repeated the peasant — aye, to call him by his name — would that be conceding too much? He could imagine this plebeian as his personal subordinate when he was naught but a nameless helper, but O, how actually caring about another human being was taking a toll on him!

"P-Peasant," began he, stumbling over this cruel epithet, "I'm afraid of what may happen if we remain in this tent. I heard, uh… some classic rock playing from the corner, and I would like to evacuate the premises."

"Babe, I'm not going to force you to do anything you don't want to," spake he sympathetically, running a gentle, comforting hand through Ozai's luscious mane.

"Argh! Is that 'Stairway To Heaven' I hear? We must vacate the premises immediately!" cried he. He flung away the warmth and protection of that soft blanket and began to don the still-damp clothing that he had discarded last night.

Hakoda rolled his orbs (eyes), but he went with it. "You know those are my clothes, right?"

"Peasant, they are all your clothes," pointed out he.

"Well, they were the ones that I was wearing. I'm going to put on yours, then." Hakoda bent to pick up that crumpled heap of attire and brought it to his honker (nose). 'Neath the crisp scent of seawater and rain and the reek of body odor was the fragrance of his lover: smouldering firewood 'neath the cold night sky in a forest full of oak trees, which happened to be occupied solely by a twenty-one year-old, 5'6" male playing "I'm A Believer" on the banjo. Aye, perhaps it had changed a bit; now the man had aged a year and played Smash Mouth's "All Star." Nonetheless, Hakoda sighed
mawkishly and went a bit weak in the genua (knees).

Ozai pushed aside the tent flap and stepped into the night air. Aye, 'twas surprisingly temperate, and the miserable downpour had been the factor to bring about the frigidity of yesterday.

"Where are you going?" called Hakoda, and stumbled outside after him. His son's deceased girlfriend (the moon) shone brightly in the starry heavens, fully aglow and illuminating the island's sandy beach.

"Away from that accursed Led Zeppelin! Argh, now Wenchicus Thoticus must taunt me with The Beatles!" (Wenchicus Thoticus was actually playing some Wolves In The Throne Room on this night, at a relatively low volume.)

Hakoda jogged to catch up with his determined stride. "I just don't want you to get lost or anything," saith he.

"Nonsense, peasant. We grow near to The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights; can you not sense it? I know this island. Come, we will soothe our sexual frustra — I mean, our woes with a drink at Ol' Francine's Tavern."

"It's the middle of the night," protested Hakoda. "I don't even know why I'm awake."

"Because we are friends, no? This is what friendship is?" put forth he.

"I guess it is," spake he, even though they had in essence glossed o'er the friendship stage of whatever the hell their relationship was anyways.

Forsooth, despite the island's small size and untamed northern side, the south was home to vibrant nightlife, and courtesans did wander the streets in droves, chanting sacred invocations to the pagan god Cotton Eye Joe. A male stripper sporting naught but a bowtie carefully polished a picture frame containing a painting of Karl Marx whilst his companion peeled sweet potatoes at his side.

"This town I frequented during my heyday as a rapper," explained Ozai bittersweetly. "Aye, the memories this conjures up… I suppose if I cannot achieve world domination, then I can once again deliver fresh beats to the masses, rather than public policy and oppressive ordinances." Neon lights flickered lazily in this rundown district, and signs of violence and arson marred the buildings. Aye, the town had suffered much damage as of recently due to various pillaging villains, but 'twas no coincidence that many rituals were occurring tonight, for they accelerated the rebuilding process. Hakoda glanced at his comrade a tad nervously, but he was still absorbing the sights of the town nostalgically. "You know," continued he, "I'm glad that I can show you this place that is of such importance to me. Aye, there it is. Ol' Francine's."

He pointed to a schoolhouse down the trash-strewn street, past a group of prostitutes jump-roping and hula-hooping. "That's a bar?" wondered Hakoda disbelievingly.

"Aye, it is. I had to cut government spending on education to achieve world domination; hence, a private company bought it and converted it from a school to a tavern. We have a mixed economy, in case you were curious," spake he, answering the puzzling queries of Suko and Anakin. "This is where I opened for 2 Chainz. Perhaps the highlight of my career." He dreamily blissed out, provoking an irrational burst of jealousy on Hakoda's part.

The dadly duo entered that establishment, from whence Fergie's "Fergalicious" pulsed loudly enough to shake the floor, and a disco ball threw coloured spots of light upon the otherwise dimly lit room. Children's drawings and ABC's posters still adorned the walls.
"I'm the F to the E, R, G the I the E! And can't no other lady put it down like me. I'm Fergalicious (so delicious)," sang that erstwhile despot, far more at ease than he had been in the tent. "Peasant, shall I buy you a drink?" offered he.

"Uh, sure," responded he, and decided that he'd need it to deal with whatever secondhand embarrassment that this outing would likely bring. "Isn't it... like, our money, though? That we share?" Dear Ben 10, all the more this made it sound as if they were in a stable, long-term relationship. He caught himself thinking that if it ended up that way, convenient it would be, and somehow, this was worse than sexual frustration.

"We really ought to consider saving up for when the kids go to college," mumbled Ozai. Lacking a wall into which to smash his brain repository (head), Hakoda ripped out a fistful of his own hair. "However, we are here to have a 'good time,' and thus, we shall do so. Come hither, peasant. We will order."

The dadly duo squeezed through a gathering of circus clowns dominating one end of the bar. As a coulrophobe, Hakoda clung fearfully to his inamorato's shoulder whilst Ozai ordered them each a half-pint of whiskey with much gusto.

"Are you going to rap again?" asked Hakoda as he attempted to shield himself from the clowns.

"Aye, perchance," replied he, and sipped from his cup that was in sooth a pencil holder. "You would like me to?" Sensing his comrade's discomfort, he threw a reacher (arm) 'round him and pulled him in closer. Aye, that feeling of security due to proximity was instant; he shut his lookers (eyes) and leaned into the touch.

"I feel kind of bad about getting super wasted last time and hardly remembering it," confessed Hakoda.

"Worry not," spake Ozai nonchalantly. "Tonight, we will only get drunk enough to reaffirm our heterosexuality." He downed the rest of the whiskey in a single gulp, and Hakoda knew something else that he'd like to see him swallow just as eagerly. He nigh fell off of his barstool in response to the intrusive dirtiness of his own mind.

"You're leaving out a much likelier outcome," muttered he crossly, and then proceeded to consume his own whiskey for coping purposes. Alackaday! When would his quasi-lover's denial end? Would this drunken state dispel his inhibitions? "Another glass, please!" called he to the bartender, a slender woman sporting an unfashionable pantsuit.

"Peasant, I ought to show you 'round town some more, after we are sufficiently intoxicated," saith Ozai after fucklessly chugging his second glass. "Wait! Oh shit this is my jam!" cried he as Gwen Stefani's "Hollaback Girl" blared through the bar speakers. Backflipping enthusiastically, with perfect grace although he had just practically inhaled two glasses of whiskey, he joined that DJ upon the stand, whereupon people began to throw shekels at him. After stage-diving, the other patrons formed a ring 'round him to observe his zealous krumping. Forsooth, Hakoda was struck with a bout of secondhand embarrassment and nervousness, but 'twas mostly because his paramour was blatantly undisguised despite still being a wanted criminal.

"TWERK FOR US!" shouted a clown, and Hakoda grabbed the nearest glass of alcohol, a bottle of brandy that did not belong to him, and drank it with fucklessness nigh equal to Ozai's.

But nay, he did not obey the calls of the clowns, much to Hakoda's relief, and began to breakdance upon the ground with the dexterity and precision of a lobotomist removing a patient's brain through their nostril. He motioned mischievously to Hakoda, coquettishly raising his supercilia (eyebrows),
Hakoda buried his coulrophobia deep inside him (it was not the only thing that he wanted buried deep inside of him) for the sake of a dance with his quasi-lover. Aye, he was too inebriated to walk in a straight line (nay, he could do naught straight at this point), let alone move gracefully in tandem with his partner's sick moves. Hence, Ozai led him, dipping him in a sudden manner that Hakoda found very arousing; aye, those amber spheroids (eyes) passionately burnt unbearably close to his own, and strands of inky hair trailed o'er his countenance for an instant 'fore this dadly duo righted themselves.

Aye, he found himself a-whirling and a-twirling violently, only to end up in the strong holders (arms) of his lover. O, how this propinquitity tempted him so, and slumping against his sweetheart's chest, he gazed giddily up at Ozai's carefree visage; aye, so fuckless, but in a good way. But also fuckless in that they were not makin' bacon (fucking), which was increasingly distressing. Hakoda bit his lower lip and transformed the joy onto his features into a gaze of pure seduction, draping his arms o'er Ozai's shoulders and staring unflinchingly into those golden annuli (eyes). The dance circle had filled in 'round them, and he steadily ground his coxae (hips) 'gainst his lover's nether regions. Forsooth, just as last time Hakoda had done something suggestive whilst staring deep into his eyne, Ozai merely appeared conflicted, and reluctantly, he backed off.

"Peasant," spake he, slurring a little, and Hakoda deflated at the utterance of his seemingly eternal nickname. "Perhaps we ought to continue on our way. I do have other places I would like you to see."

"Oh, all right," mumbled Hakoda. Even as the distance betwixt them reemerged, Ozai did not release his penta-protrubenced meathook (hand). The dadly duo stepped from Ol' Francine's Tavern and into the cool air of the early morning; aye, a distant light crept o'er the horizon, and the most experienced of the prostitutes, those who were burnt worst by the daylight, retreated into humble abodes, gutters, basements, and sock factories for hibernation.

"Hurry, peasant. We must arrive in time," spake Ozai, dragging the stumbling Hakoda behind him by the hand.

"…Where are we going?" queried he.

"To the east side of the island. 'Tis a bit more isolated and tranquil."

"Isolated you saaaaayyyyy," slurred Hakoda.

"Quiet, peasant. You shall see." Forsooth, Hakoda largely shut up, although he hummed "Hollaback Girl" under his breath. Growing a bit more delirious in his drunken state, he then sang Rihanna's "Work," but every word was "work." They descended a gentle slope onto the beach, and Ozai rapped Drake's part o'er Hakoda's inebriated string of "work"s.

Deep blue colouration bled into the blackened heavens, stars fading as the line of light o'er the ocean continued to creep upwards. He thought it was quite romantic; aye, here he was, strolling along a scenic sandy beach, hand in hand with his lover, and neither needed to speak, for the beauty of their surroundings and each other's presences alone were enough to imbue Hakoda with a sort of joy that he had not felt in years.

"Here we are," spake Ozai as they rounded the bend to the east end of the island and gazed contemplatively o'er the crashing waves and the distant, peaceful horizon.

"You brought me to watch the sunrise with you? That's so sweet," wept Hakoda, way too drunkenly
emotional for this type of shit.

"Aye," replied he. "I may not look it, but I, too, am quite intoxicated, so, uh... don't take this as a gay thing, okay?"

"Stop denying it," pleaded Hakoda. He lurched forwards when Ozai suddenly released his hand. "You're gay. Gay, gay, gay."

"No, I am not, peasant," asserted he crossly.

"Well, are you bisexual, then?" asked Hakoda, a possibility that would have been a suitable explanation for both Ozai's denials and his actions, yet remained unmentioned until chapter thirteen because it is often glossed over in the mother dimension as well.

"Nay," spake he.

"Are you pansexual?" prompted Hakoda. Hardly able to remain standing, he stifled a great burst of laughter threatening to emerge in his easily amused state.

"Please do not start this with me, the children already tormented me with a lengthy string of questions not unlike these ones."

"Well, are you attracted to men in any way, shape, or form, or do we just have really different concepts of the boundaries between friendship and romance?" asked Hakoda, voicing the one lucid sentence that he was permitted to speak each time he drank. "How's that?"

He merely sighed, then remained silent for a long moment. "Peasan..." began he at last, but cut himself off. Pirouetting drunkenly across the sand, he flopped onto the beach upon tripping o'er a discarded My Little Pony DVD box set. "Perhaps you just have such a beautiful soul that it transcends sexual orientation, Hakoda," mused he.

Hakoda was way, way, way too drunk to hear those words leave the sound hole (mouth) of his lover. "Holy shit," bawled he, collapsing onto the sand and army-crawling towards Ozai. "Babe. That's the nicest thing that anyone's ever said to me. Ben 10 have mercy on my soul — I think I've crossed into the Great Abyss of Yonder. He loves me, hallelujah!"

"Oh, calm yourself," spake Ozai dismissively. "We're missing the sunrise," pointed out he. Hakoda rolled on top of him, stupid happy, and his inamorato pulled him closer, O, so close that they could smell each other's liquor-scented breath, see the gleam of mutual affection in each other's eyne, and feel each other's zipper rippers (penises) rising to the occasion.

"I'd rather look at you," saith Hakoda, certain that he was having one sort of hallucination or another. In fact, as little purple comets streaked 'cross the brightening sky above, he was pretty sure that the brandy he'd nabbed at the bar had been spiked with acid— 'twas simply too strange to be happening! Because he was going to bang the dude who had tried to destroy the world, and he was going to enjoy every second of it.

Forsooth, that whilom megalomaniac lifted his head to delicately brush his soft lips 'gainst Hakoda's cheek (facial cheek). His thump-thump (heart) a-thumped faster; Ozai's kisses grew more aggressive as his mouth travelled 'cross Hakoda's jawline and down his neck. He scarcely stifled a pleasured gasp when those sensuous lips parted to taste his skin, at first with controlled deliberateness, until Ozai's motions escalated into a deep, passionate rhythm that unveiled his desperate, aching need for intimacy.

Hakoda could no longer suppress his satisfaction; he let out a moan heavy with arousal. He slipped
one shaking hand under Ozai's shirt and caressed that ridiculously chiseled abdomen, working his way up to his sultry lover's hardened nip-nop (nipple). Acutely aware that his ice cream machine (penis) poked into the space betwixt that quondam genocidal maniac's thighs, and that in turn his inamorato's own homo erectus jabbed into his stomach, he removed that unsteady hand from his chest to clench that enticing joystick, whilst Ozai took a break from lavishing attention upon his neck to nip playfully at his earlobe once.

Breathlessly, Hakoda stared into those concupiscent elliptical sensory organs (eyes). He cradled his lover's noggin and leaned in to, as they say, "seal the deal." "Do you want to?" asked he softly.

"Oh, fuck it," declared Ozai. O, so slowly did that preceding moment creep by as both shut their ocular spheres (eyes) in anticipation of the binding kiss; O, how their breaths ghosted each other's lips as they aligned their heads for this pivotal act.

A hair's breadth apart were they when a loud cry interrupted them, "DAD, NO, WHAT THE BEN 10 ARE YOU DOING?"

Hakoda screamed in sexual frustration and smashed his head into the sand; aye, shortly, his screeches devolved into sobbing. Ozai sheepishly scooted away from his apparent lover, sitting up and awkwardly raising a leg to disguise that his light switch had, forsooth, been flicked. How this erstwhile despotic rapper felt about this occurrence, he knew not. He could still totally reaffirm his heterosexuality because the kids had halted him in the nick of time, but, by Ben 10, verily, he had wanted to "seal the deal."

"DAD HOW COULD YOU?" shrieked the peasant boy whilst his father continued to weep. Ozai merely exchanged glances with Oogway and Aang down the beach, one as fuckless as ever, and the other thoroughly unsettled. He shot them a Hide-The-Pain-Harold smile.

"We were looking all over for you two," spake Oogway serenely. "One may have thought that you two would have gotten a room, but fortunately for us, you were going at it in public, in broad daylight. I am glad to see that you have accepted your feelings, my son."

"I'm drunk, I haven't accepted anything," argued Ozai.

"OH NO HE GAVE YOU HICKEYS," wailed the peasant boy. "DAD WHY?" He, too, broke down into tears.

"You're still a wanted criminal," explained Aang as he spun his brand spankin' new, totally badass Viking shield anxiously. "It's not safe for any of us if you go off alone. What if someone recognises you?"

"I'm trying to run away from my feelings, boy," slurred Ozai.

"Well, you brought their source with you, an unwise move if I must say," spake Oogway. "Mary Poppins is waiting at the top of the beach, and you ought to return to camp with her. Your lover will likely be busy for a while longer."

"HE IS NOT MY LOVER," cried he.

"Do you have another explanation for what we just witnessed?" prompted that cunning old tortoise.

"I'M DRUNK," insisted he.

Mary Poppins drifted down from the heavens on her umbrella and alighted beside this crisis-torn whilom warlord. "What is going on here?" questioned she tersely. Without waiting for any further
information, she scooped Ozai into her magical purse (not a vagina).

"Hey what the fuck?" spake he as naught but his head poked out from the carpet bag. His lower body hung in some sort of interdimensional space, and he was terrified to look down as he clung to the edge of the purse.

"Come along, we're going to fly back 'cross the island," spake she, and lifted the bag, and hence, his disembodied head as the winds carried the umbrella into the air.

"No, I'm too drunk for this," murmured he, looking down at the dizzying drop below. "I want to go back down! HAKODA! HELP ME!"

Hakoda shouted an indistinct reply, but 'twas Mary whom he heard. "Relax, dear, I haven't dropped anyone yet."

"Yet!?" panicked he, and writhed in the bag.

"You're just going to make it worse for yourself if you keep moving," spake she sternly. He had a pretty good view of her arse from this angle, and he set himself into a state of mind to reaffirm his heterosexuality.

With tact and charm, he skillfully dropped a line that would have made any woman tear asunder her panties in order to fornicate with him. "Hey, uh, Mary… Uh, d'ya wanna fuck me?" slurred he. Well, at least that had been true when he had been perhaps the most powerful man in the world.

Taken aback, cried she, "Well, that's not a particularly polite way to ask someone if they're interested in you! Besides, aren't you in a homosexual relationship with that other man?"

"NO I'M NOT," screeched he with unearthly vehemence. Attempted he again, "Mary, my darling, I would like to take you on a romantic date, and buy for you the finest of wines and chocolates, and then perhaps afterwards we could make sweet, gentle love whilst scented candles burn and your favourite tunes play from my top-notch speakers."

"That's a bit more proper, I suppose," responded Mary Poppins. (Note: this is still not how you get girls. You cannot ask them to have sex with you right away. Treat them like people.)

"So, will you take me up on my offer?" asked he hopefully.

"Ah… I don't think so." They landed in that Viking encampment, and Ozai clambered out of the magical carpet bag. The harshness of rejection stung in his mouth, but aye, intermingled with it was the bittersweet taste of Hakoda and the lingering scent of the sandy beach where they had shared such an intimate moment. Forsooth, as Mary Poppins departed to break down her own tent, Ozai stood unaccompanied, aye, abandoned in that bustling crowd of people. Knowing now what it meant to have someone by his side, the true meaning of loneliness struck him harder than e'er before.

ii. Prostitutes Do Not Sacrifice Suko To Cotton Eye Joe

Suko wept as a pair of prostitutes heaved him into the town centre upon a sled. Aye, this was the end for him, for they were about to sacrifice him to the pagan god Cotton Eye Joe. Although the sun had crept o'er the horizon, these filles de joie remained unharmed by the light, as they draped themselves in the sacred black veils required for ritual magic performance.

Lo! But from the corner of his vision globes (eyes), he caught a glimpse of his savior, and prayed to Ben 10 that the boy would not prove to be incompetent as usual. "ONG!" cried he frantically. "BOY! PLEASE, I REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE!"
Craning his neck, he realised that something was off. Forsooth, with him was Sooka… nay, that could not be him. And behind them strolled two other forms…

"I BEG OF YOU," sobbed Suko. "PLEASE, I AM GOING TO DIE."

"You shan't die," one of the prostitutes reassured him. "'Tis simply a transition into the next life."

"Hey, stop!" commanded a squeaky prepubescent voice. "Leave that man alone!" That pair of courtesans dropped the reins to confront this totally nonthreatening child who could nonetheless kick their arses with naught but a flick of the hand leg (finger).

"We require a sacrifice to the great spirit of Cotton Eye Joe," spake one. "Provide us one reason why we should spare this fellow."

"Because all human life is valuable and everyone deserves love," asserted that preternatural boy. Aye, Suko did twist 'round to observe that child, and concluded that it could be none other than Ong's alternate universe self, and that these others were also doubles of his colleagues (except for the elderly tortoise — he had nary a clue where that bloke entered the picture).

"Last time you said that it led to this disaster that's going to end with my dad screwing Loser Lord!" raged Sooka's double.

"That's enough comments about my sex life!" retorted Sooka's double's father, known only to Suko as "William." "You are not the authority here, not to mention that I didn't give a shit when you fucked the moon, so you can quit making judgments about my taste in men!"

Oogway merely smiled with fuckless tranquility. Whilst the three doubles were busy arguing and the prostitutes were escaping the situation, he whisked away the ropes tethering Suko to the sled.

"Thank you, O wise tortoise," spake Suko, rolling from the sled gracelessly.

"It's not worth it anyways," sighed one prostitute. O'er her shoulder, she observed that sunburnt young organist flopping about in the dirt like a Magikarp. "He doesn't have enough value for Cotton Eye Joe to accept him."

"He told me that my soul was so beautiful that it transcended sexual orientation!" shrieked William from off to the side.

"Be silent," spake Oogway, and that bickering triad did halt their argumentation. He returned to Suko. "My son, you do not look to be well. We shall bring you back to our camp so you may be healed."

"Hey? I thought we were in a rush?" pointed out Sooka's double.

"From whence do you hail, young man?" questioned Oogway, fucklessly ignoring the peasant boy as Suko shakily rose to his pedes (feet). "What is your name?"

"I am… Naruto," spake Suko; aye, 'twas no way that he could pass as his double, nor did he want to arouse anyone ('s suspicion).

"Naruto? I think I've run into you before," spake Ong's double; alas, he stopped to scrutinize this poor specimen. "You don't look like him."

"It's a coincidence, I assure you," explained Suko. "Really." He brushed off his robes, which were of course covered in trash, mud, blood, soot, and Christmas tree ornaments after spending the night in
the alleyway, twitching in agony 'fore being toted off by the prostitutes. Aye, those bastards had betrayed him! O, and he had known that this was going to happen, and he had so foolishly let it! Alas — a plan brewed within his thought soup (mind), for perhaps he retained insider allies; Anakin had not endorsed his dethronement.

"Come along, my boy," spake that sagacious old terrapin. "Will your family be missing you if you are gone for an hour or so?"

Tears nigh sprang forth from that abandoned manchild's eyes. Nay, certainly his father did not miss him, nor did his batshit insane, sadistic sister, Asshola. He knew not even if Viola "Angel Orbs (Eyes)" Fletcher gave a fuck about her only son; nay, he knew not if the only character with a vague semblance of compassion from his universe, his uncle Ear-Oh, did mourn his disappearance.

"Nay, they shan't," whined Suko, but he knew that if this was where William dwelled, then surely his father's double must also be present. O, perhaps he could finally gain approval from a father figure, and aye, this would be a man who would be proud of his quest for world domination, and amazed by all that he had accomplished thus far!

"My child, what troubles you?" spake Oogway as that quintet wound their way through the desolate red light district of town. "How did you come to be in this unfortunate situation? Aye, I see you must have emerged through a portal."

"Yea, I have," saith Suko, sniffling pitifully. "All alone, I am."

"Hey, uh, quick question, Naruto, how did you get ahold of the crown that's strictly reserved for the head of state?" asked Ong's far more competent double.

"Oh, 'tis but a cheap knockoff," bullshitted he. He adjusted that shiny golden piece atop his mental dome (head). "I definitely didn't usurp anyone for this, and then get stabbed in the back by my allies, no sir, I did not."

"Why don't we go back in a bit of a faster way?" chirped that upbeat prepubescent. "We should really leave Sokka and his dad to sort some things out, and Oogway's a good mediator."

Presently, Oogway was gazing off into the distance, probably high, whilst Hakoda/William screamed in both normal and sexual frustration.

"I personally think it's great that Hakoda and Ozai found each other," continued he. "But you really need treatment, so we should hurry back. Say, I know it's not exactly polite to point out marks on people's skin, but that burn on your face is, like, in the exact same spot as my friend's. If you want, we can heal that for you, too."

"Actually, can you make it worse? Like, more badass, so that people stop thinking that it's a sunburn?" questioned Suko.

"I'm not really sure why you would want that, but, okay, I guess… I don't want you to get hurt…"

"Never mind, I should have just burnt my own face off a while ago, but I'm just too much of a pussy to do it."

"I don't blame you, Naruto. You shouldn't do that — it's really not fun to get burnt, but it's not like I would know, because even after countless fights against firebenders, none of them ever hit me."

"Wow. Are all of them like the stormtroopers, or are you just that good?" asked Suko.
"I'm just that good," replied Aang as he put on a pair of sunglasses, and grabbing ahold of Suko's arm, they torpedoed down the roads and out of that dismal downtown dump. Suko screamed at the godlike prepubescent's sheer speed; surely, he was dragging him along faster than even Anakin's little hedgehog (rest in peace, and also not a penis) possibly could have run.

Suko nigh passed out upon reaching the Viking encampment. Then, when he spotted his alternate universe father hovering awkwardly in a clearing whilst the Vikings transported their equipment into longboats, he did pass out.

Moments later, stripped down to his My Little Pony boxers, a splash of cold ocean water awakened Suko. The healing power of that cleansing liquid coursed through his limbs, mending broken bones, bruises, and a bit of his fragile ego.

"Are you sure you don't want me to heal your burn?" asked that unfairly gifted middle-schooler. Suko's orbids (eyelids) fluttered open, and above him he did see Aang, as anticipated, but in the doorway lingered his alternate father.

"I'm, it's fine," stuttered Suko.

"All righty, we're leaving pretty soon," chirped he enthusiastically. "I'm sure you can come along with us if you need, but then again, I don't know where you're headed, so it's your choice."

He departed through that swishing tent flap, and Suko's heartbeat raced in horrible trepidation as his father's double entered, appearing deeply troubled. No words passed betwixt them for a long, tense moment as that goat-bearded fellow studied with worry e'ery bit of his countenance, though not once did he lock spheroids (eyes).

Suko at last gathered the courage to speak aloud. "…Father?"

Ozai flinched; aye, unable to believe it he would have been if he and Hakoda had not encountered Sooka whilst in the desert. Yet no response he provided.

"Father," repeated Suko, more steadily this time, his vocalizations dropping into a whisper. "I am seeking world domination, as you would have wished for me. I am presently returning to the palace, where, if you join me, I can restore to you your rightful power. I have already procured two great armies, and in turn, conquered two great lands. Consider it, Father. We can rule together. I shall not disappoint you."

O, but that great megalomaniacal dictator of yore spake not a word. Suko gazed upon these features; aye, these features of a man whom he had ne'er once met. O, was this a boner (mistake) to offer so much to a complete stranger, whom, although they shared this interdimensional connection, he felt naught towards?

"I know that it is what you most desire," pleaded Suko. "Imagine — with our combined forces, we shall unite these anarchic lands under our tyrannical rule! …Also, can you, like, roast my face a little more? People keep telling me that it looks like a sunburn, and I want you to do it, for, uh, authenticity, not because I'm afraid to do it myself or anything."

'Twas now that Ozai finally snapped. "Look, kid, I don't 'got it' anymore. My days of despotism are through."

"Please don't tell me that it's because you've found the power of love and friendship," spat Suko repugnantedly.

"Well, maybe I have, but only a little. But I can't fight anymore. Even if I wanted to barbecue you, I
am physically incapable," elaborated he. "Besides, you're the one with the My Little Pony boxers, so you've no right to mock me for making friends."

"Excuse me? What do you mean that you can't fight? Did Wenchicus Thoticus do something to you, or did this happen in the other two movies that my universe was ne'er granted?" inquired Suko with growing horror, dismissing the My Little Pony comment.

"Kid, just get out of here. I mean, I suppose there is a way I could ruin your face, but it would just make both of us... extremely uncomfortable." Forsooth, there was only one person whose countenance Ozai desired to nut upon, but he also didn't want to disfigure Hakoda and his gorgeous body for life.

"You must meet me at the palace," persisted Suko, rising and once again donning his robes. "I shall find a way to win you over — you will 'got it' again once you join me. I assure you of it. And," seethed he, "perhaps you'd ought to hold onto this." He slammed his stolen crown into Ozai's palmar region (palm).

"Ouchie, that's pointy," whined Ozai.

"Farewell, Father. I hope to see you soon, and in your right frame of mind," saith Suko, and dusting off his robes, he marched from the tent with no idea how he was going to return to the palace, destroy his traitorous enemies, woo Anakin back to his side, and restore his alternate father's lost bending abilities.

iii. Another Cameo

Anakin, having just snorted π lines of cocaine, woozily sashayed towards that pair of prisoners locked up in the dungeons whilst Sooka played some sexy tunes on the saxophone, also as high as Snoop Dogg.

"Ey baby do you wanna smash," asked Anakin lecherously. Sooka busted out the main line of George Michael's timeless "Careless Whisper," interjecting un-Ben 10-ly screeches into what was supposed to be a smooth and seductive melody.

"Anakin! Sooka! Get away from the prisoners!" scolded Bellatrix. She strode down the dungeon steps and towards that doped up duo to whisk them away from Suko's emo double and Sooka's foxy alternate universe sister.

Sooka replied with a rendition of Gerry Rafferty's "Baker Street" that was squeakier than Aang's prepubescent voice.

"Where did you get that, anyways?" barked Cruella, snatching the saxophone from his grasp and hurling it into the sacrificial fire. "Perhaps we should have ditched these two as well," sibilated she to Bellatrix.

"We ought to rid ourselves of all of Suko's original servants. Anakin would likely sober up without Sooka's influence, and Ong is useless, as you know. Aye, but the alien army..." saith Bellatrix.

"We'll worry about it another time, my dear. The nation is in chaos; thus it is a perfect time to enact the words of the prophecy," Cruella produced The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights and leafed to the page containing the destruction prophecy. Forsooth, new lines, very revealing lines, had appeared at noon of the past two days. (Wenchicus Thoticus isn't about to wake up at dawn, even for maximum drama.)

Have you been scroombled? Symptoms include:
"Both will close the portals," explained Bellatrix with a reverent excitement. "But the destruction prophecy shall trap everyone in this universe, whilst the restoration one shall return e'ery non-native to their world of origin. If we stay here, it shall be we who destroy the world, not Wenchicus Thoticus. O, delightful is this!"

How she had deduced this was an absolute mystery, but aye — 'twas true.

"We still have nary a clue how to fulfill this prophecy," spake Cruella skeptically.

"Perhaps we must listen to Opeth," spake Bellatrix, for that Swedish progressive metal band had been mentioned in the destruction prophecy in earlier lines. (Coincidentally, Bloodbath, another Swedish death metal band that shared several members with Opeth, was blaring from the heavens that day. Their most popular song, "Eaten," could be considered the vore anthem, and Anakin happened to have a vore fetish. However, there wasn't much that didn't turn Anakin on.)

Cruella put on her favourite Opeth record, Morningrise, as they contemplatively lounged 'round the sacrificial flame. (Wenchicus Thoticus personally nominates Ghost Reveries as the supreme Opeth album.) Sooka tripped o'er his burning saxophone, and Anakin snorted another e lines of cocaine, following it with an injection of Avogadro's number grams of heroin.

"Oh, ummm… kid," saith Bellatrix after a song's length (fourteen minutes). "Yes, you. Zuko."

That poor emo child quit weeping in his cell for a moment to gaze upon his jailer. "Yes?" rasped he.

"The prophecy says that your dad is gay," spake she nonchalantly.

He did naught but lie down on the cold floor and stare up at the ceiling in a sort of hazy trance. Finally, responded he, "That would explain some things."

"Worry not, we have no intent of letting the restoration prophecy play out," spake Cruella. "No one 'round here will be getting any 'sausage salvation."

"Cruella, let us summon the spirit of Wenchicus Thoticus for guidance," suggested Bellatrix. "Come hither, you wretched drunkards, for we must dance 'round the sacrificial fire."

Anakin produced a ticket for a theoretical Slayer concert in Wenchicus Thoticus's hometown, at an affordable price, in a good venue. "Deus es mach—" began he to cry.

"ANAKIN, NO!" screeched Cruella 'fore that heavy metal-loving deity could snatch it from the mortal world. "SAVE IT FOR WHEN WE'RE IN A LIFE-THREATENING SITUATION!"

Anakin reluctantly lowered that concert ticket with sorrow and shed his robes. Soon, this quartet danced nude 'round the sacrificial flame. 'Twas no real reason that they needed to strip. In sooth, The Shaper of Destiny didn't care to see these characters naked, but it infused the ceremony with an ancient, pagan atmosphere of darkness. Nor did The Shaper of Destiny need to be summoned in this particular manner; it was merely pleasant to see people putting effort into reaching a god.
"WAKE ME UP!" bellowed Bellatrix, beginning the chant.

"WAKE ME UP INSIDE!" echoed the other three nude dancers, plus Zuko, who was too emo not to join in with the iconic chorus of Evanescence's "Bring Me To Life."

"CAN'T WAKE UP!" led Bellatrix.

"WAKE ME UP INSIDE!" intoned these dungeon-dwellers.

"SAVE ME!" shrieked Bellatrix with more emotion than the entirety of the Le Miserables soundtrack.

"SAVE ME FROM THE NOTHING I'VE BECOME…” sang Cruella, Anakin, and Sooka. Bellatrix joined in for a final "BRING ME… TO LIFE."

Sooka posed in a great dab for his finale, but the other three, plus the two prisoners, were too transfixed by the great voice booming from the depths of the sacrificial fire to upbraid him for his foolishness.

"First of all, put on some clothes, you assholes," spake Wenchicus Thoticus. "I don't wanna see any of your junk hanging out."

"My apologies, O Shaper of Destiny," stammered Bellatrix. Forsooth, this villainous quartet did struggle back into their attire.

"You've come to me for advice regarding the prophecy?" vocalized that disembodied deity.

"Aye, we have," saith Cruella with a humble bow of the brain chamber (head). "How are we to fulfill it, my Lord of Arbitrary Evil? How must we do your bidding?"

"Look, just because I wrote it, it doesn't mean that I know what it's supposed say," explained The Shaper of Destiny. "I literally used a random prophecy generator for part of it, and then the rest is just random shit from the cesspool that is my brain."

"Oh, that's just… great," mumbled Sooka, still high as fuck.

"I'm having enough difficulty following all the characters and deciding what's going to happen next even without you f*cktwats summoning me from the Heavenly Control Room. I mean, for f*ck's sake Bellatrix, you figured out the mechanics of the restoration and destruction prophecies from a grand total of four lines that I pulled out of my asshole. I think you're going to be just fine. If you'll excuse me, the guys in the other plotline are gonna finally bone in the next chapter, so I need to get back to that."

"But what must we do, O Wenchicus Thoticus?" begged Bellatrix.

"Guys, seriously. Wait it out. Keep doing what you've been doing, and f*ck some more shit up. There's going to be an obligatory epic final battle in a few chapters that will decide everything. Just keep raising those stakes," instructed Wenchicus Thoticus. "Oh, and, beware of internal conflict within The Villainous Alliance. You haven't solved anything by kicking out Suko, even though he was kind of a dumbass of a leader."

"Hold on, excuse me? Come again?" cried Cruella; alas, 'twas too late, for the voice of Wenchicus Thoticus faded into the mother dimension and the sacrificial flame cut out dramatically, all at once.
Everyone Gets Laid (Except Anakin)

Chapter Notes

AN: This chapter contains a very M-rated scene in which I include 34 penis euphemisms. Which is almost half of all the penis euphemisms in the entire fic. You have been warned. This original chapter title was "Coincidentally, This Is The Chapter In Which Wenchicus Thoticus Hits 69,000 Words," but sadly, due to editing, that is no longer true.

Anyways... enjoy.

14. Everyone Gets Laid (Except Anakin)
i. You're The One That I Want

Once again, Ozai found himself gazing up the skirts of Mary Poppins as she drifted o'er the Viking longboat that he had been condemned to row.

Thorin's company merrily sang along to Finnish folk metal band Korpiklaani's "Vodka" blasting nigh deafeningly from that indigo sky. In the distance, jagged mountains comprised of the Fire Nation shores; aye, so close, yet so far were they. He was acutely aware of the weight of the crown resting in his pocket, and the dwarves buzzed with excitement o'er the prospect of attaining The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights and the final battle that awaited them.

Nonetheless, his mind produced naught but thoughts of the peasant. Fie, fie, to think that he had nigh crumpled to these constant assertions that he was, forsooth, gay. Yet the pleasant feeling of (he daresay) affection and the arousal that accompanied the memories of this morning threatened to overwhelm him. For his own good, those Viking dwarves had recruited him to their longboat and removed him from the presence of the peasant. Aye, this had to cease!

"Mary Poppins!" called he flirtatiously. "Do you spend so much time in the sky because you are so heavenly, my love?"

"Ah, be quiet, laddie, you're too young to be making such dad jokes," spake the eldest dwarf, a trail of bubbles floating lazily from his tobacco pipe.

"I'm flattered by your assumption of my youth, but I am divorced with two teenage children," explained he to that generous old dwarf. "Wait. Am I divorced? I don't even know if I divorced my ex-wife. Oh well. It doesn't matter. Because I am going to intercourse Hak— Mary Poppins."

"I'm practically perfect, in every way," trilled Mary Poppins.

"That you are, my darling," shouted he.

"I already know that — I don't need a man to validate me," yelled Mary Poppins in return.

"Just give it up, laddie," taunted another dwarf. "She don't want you. Go shag yur boyfrien' 'nstead."

"SILENCE," demanded Ozai. "SHE HAS NOT SEEN ME SHIRTLESS YET."
Forsooth, he erotically removed his top, and his bitchin' muscles flexed gloriously with his e'ery stroke of the oar (not a penis). Thorin regarded him with an approving nod and the not bad face, mildly impressed.

Aye, he did attempt to seduce Mary Poppins with more coquetish compliments; alas, the dwarves implored him to halt his efforts. Indeed, light does move faster than sound, and that is why some people seem bright until you engage them in conversation; likewise, some people appear attractive until you hear them speak. (However, bad pickup lines are always better than bragging about genocide or even conceding that you were annihilated in battle by a seventh-grader.)

Now in the heart of his homeland, Ozai did use that discarded shirt as a bandana to obscure his countenance and iconic, caprine facial hair. As the sun dipped below the horizon, the Vikings hoisted great bags of shekels from their longboats to rent out the majority of a shitty hostel rather than camping in tents like peasants. (Were they anticipating that a certain pair might require some privacy tonight? Mayhap.)

With the skill of an inbred chameleon, Ozai blent into the mass of dwarves, although he was sporting a bright blue outfit rather than the dull black and brown Thorin's company. Hakoda was practically skipping towards him, and leaping upon the thinking cupolas (heads) of two dwarves much like Legolas had done once upon a time, he catapulted himself into Mary Poppins's endless pouch (not a vagina, as much as he wished that it was) as she floated above the Vikings.

"What are you doing here?" cried she, rankled and startled.

"Ma'am, would you like me to show you something quite wondrous? And perhaps, allow me to bestow it upon you?" requested he from the interdimensional space of her handbag. "And I assure you, I am not talking about my penis, although I would be more than happy to supply that to you as well."

"Well, what is it?" asked she nervously as they floated into a vacant hotel room through the window.

From his pocket, he removed the crown that Suko had returned to him this morning. "This fine piece of jewelry has been in my family for generations. Because I am definitely not gay at all — I mean, not evil at all — I mean, I am neither gay nor evil, I thought that I would restore to this crown a positive light by presenting it to someone for whom I care."

"That's, um, very sweet of you," spake Mary Poppins. As that pair alighted upon the bed, Ozai climbed from those magical folds (not a vagina) whilst Mary twiddled the crown in her hands. "I haven't seen anything quite like this before. From whence did you acquire it?"

"Oh, I definitely didn't try to destroy the world or anything," explained he, even though it had very little to do with aught.

Mary Poppins merely shot him a bizarre look, and he forced himself to dispel his doubts about the whole situation. He removed that makeshift bandana from his countenance and laid seductively 'cross the bed like a pin-up girl in a calendar.

"No one ever filled me on precisely what is was that you did," spake Mary without glancing up from the shiny hairpiece betwixt her palms, "for I was busy floating amongst the clouds. But you did save my life, so I am willing to give you a chance — but only as a fr…"

Forsooth, Mary Poppins did gaze upon that super buff, shirtless figure and meet the sultry gleam in his eyne. Ozai's thumpy boy (heart) beat faster, but nay, 'twas not because he was about to get some Poppins pussy. Thoughts of Hakoda rushed into his cerebral mush (brain), and by Ben 10, he nigh
felt bad about what he was doing; perhaps the peasant desired to intercourse him, but romance wasn't a real thing that existed anyways. Aye, but here he was, reaffirming his heterosexuality, and what else mattered?

Without breaking that smouldering ocular organ (eye) contact, he grazed her leg with a touch light enough to send a shiver, like a jolt of electricity, surging through Mary's body, 'fore he pulled her in closer by the waist. With his other set of fingers (hand), he reached to smooth the patch of hair that peaked out from 'neath her derby hat, then cupped her smooth, soft cheek (facial cheek). Down travelled that withholding hand, down her neck, brushing her coconuts of pleasure (breasts), until he daintily hesitated o'er the fabric that guarded her magical folds (vagina).

Gently, he guided her into a horizontal position whilst forcibly blocking out all images of the peasant that flooded into his thought centre (mind). Mary Poppins let out a sharp, involuntary gasp when his cold fingers met her inner thigh.

Alas, both swiveled their heads upon hearing the only banging occurring in the vicinity of their hostel room, that which was upon the door.

"Babe?" filtered Hakoda's voice through that hinged barrier (door).

"OH FUCK!" whisper-screamed Ozai, and he dove for Mary Poppins's infinitely deep purse (not a vagina) to hide.

That entrance swung open, and Hakoda froze in the horrible shock of being cuckolded (kind of). "What the hell is going on here?" demanded he upon observing his lover's lower half poking out of the carpet bag and Mary Poppins lying upon the bed with her skirts hitched up. Ozai halted his upside-down flailing and pushed himself sheepishly from that pocketbook.

"First of all, you, stay away from my man!" raged Hakoda, storming into the room. "And you," he admonished Ozai scathingly. "What? What the fuck?" He seized that whilom tyrant, present-day scumbag, by his hircine beard and dragged him mercilessly into the hallway.

"Can't a man reaffirm his heterosexuality?" whined he. Hakoda roughly planted a stomper (foot) upon his chest as he writhed about on the ground. "Ouchie," wept he.

"I thought we had something!" wailed Hakoda, verily the dramatic half of the dadly duo this time. "You fucking ho!"

"We were never in a relationship!" asserted he. He wriggled out from 'neath Hakoda's stance and struggled to his feet.

"Oh, so you're just going to fuck Mary Poppins, and that'll just undo everything that's happened between us?" cried he. "Maybe you are a fucking psychopath after all. Even if you don't want to be with me, don't you at least care about our friendship?"

"Aye, if it's naught but a friendship, why do you care if I desire to intercourse other people, peasant?" argued Ozai.

"STOP CALLING ME 'PEASANT.' I'VE HAD ENOUGH," shouted Hakoda, encroaching upon his recalcitrant partner. "AND IT'S BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, YOU STUPID FUCKING ASSHOLE." With a single yet mighty flick of the wrist, he bitch-slapped the everloving fuck out of Ozai.

Forsooth, that bitch-slap was not your average bitch-slap: it was a bitch slap of revelation! Ozai stumbled backwards 'gainst the handrail of the second floor of the shitty motel where he realised that
aye, love was real, and it was standing right in front of him, ready to hammer him to a pulp if he durst fuck Mary Poppins.

"I'M SO GAY FOR YOU!" declared that erstwhile genocidal megalomaniac to the heavens, his vocalizations somewhere betwixt a screech and a sob. The only (debatably) human performance comparable to this great confession was one of Tommy Wiseau's many iconic lines from The Room: "YOU ARE TEARING ME APART, LISA!"

Hakoda merely remained where he was, braced in place with tears streaming down his face. Alas, he could not tear his gaze away from the agonized form of his lover, so contorted from silencing his true feelings for so long.

"I'm so sorry, please forgive me," sobbed he, collapsing to his knees. "I ne'er deserved a second chance, yet you gave me one, and as this hour of reckoning draws nigh, I realise that there is no one else who I would rather have by my side as Wenchicus Thoticus destroys the world. Baby, I would give up all my dreams of world domination for you, even if I still did 'got it.' I just didn't know that love was real until you came along and beat the shit out of me in the desert, but now I'm sure of it: you're the one for me — you're the one I that want."

Unimpressed, Hakoda crossed his arms and glared at his distraught inamorato. To see him freely doling out sexual favours to just anybody after the agonizing tension that had plagued them since they had met — aye, that would require a bit more apologising!

"Prove it," enunciated he, a scornful weight attached to his words. Vikings were emerging from hostel rooms to witness this commotion, but Hakoda gave nary a fuck, for he wanted Ozai to suffer, and forsooth, he stuttered and scrambled for words. "Tell me about it, stud," muttered Hakoda under his breath.

For an unbearable second they stared into each other's orbs (eyes), fearful that this was the end. Rage drained away, replaced with the excruciating sorrow of heartbreak.

But hark: Mario began to play the piano in the hotel lobby, and Ozai knew what he had to do. Although he sounded like a chimpanzee trying to squeeze one out when he sang, he recalled his favourite musical as a child, and began to rap.

"I've got chills… they're multiplyin'," rapped he from the ground, appealing to Hakoda's fond memories of the freezing nights that they had spent holding each other 'neath cosy blankets. Mario began to accompany him from the downstairs piano. "And I'm losin' control… cause the power you're supplyin'… it's electrifyin'!"

As he crawled towards Hakoda's haughty heels, that piano turned 'round to reveal the rest of the Super Mario squad playing instruments; aye, Princess Peach strummed the acoustic guitar, Toad tooted a trumpet, Waluigi tapped out some infectious grooves on the drum set, Bowser took o'er electric guitar duties, and as player two, Luigi was of course designated to the bass guitar. That sextet (group of six people) all performed harmonious backing vocals with all the beauty of the fall of capitalism.

"You better shape up," sang Hakoda in a deep, rich baritone, extending a disinterested foot to shoo his lover away. "'Cause I need a man… And my heart is set on you."

Ozai decided that Hakoda was a better singer than Mary Poppins anyways, as much as he had claimed to have no musical talent. He sprung to his leg bases (feet), reenergized. Meanwhile, Vikings were flooding into the parking lot that overlooked the ocean and organising themselves into dance troupes.
"You better shape up… You better understand — To my heart, I must be true!" belted out Ozai's favourite peasant sonorously. Tigress tossed a set of knotted sheets o'er the railing, which the dadly duo promptly used to slide down to ground level.

"Nothin' left, nothin' left for me to do," rapped he. Hakoda leapt into his arms and they descended into the parking lot.

"You're the one that I want, you are the one I want, ooh, ooh, ooh, honey," chorused they unison. "The one that I want, you are the one I want, ooh, ooh, ooh, honey!" Thorin's company of dwarves gracefully backflipped and landed in splits all around this dadly duo, precariously juggling battleaxes o'er their heads. "The one that I want, you are the one I want, ooh, ooh, ooh, the one I need! Oh yes indeed!" The Fuckless Five furiously began to assemble an elevated stage, complete with lavish red curtains and colourful stage lighting.

Hakoda broke free of his lover's arms and strode up upon that stage. He wasn't about to forgive Ozai after a simple verse and chorus — nay, proof required a full-length song. "If you're filled with affection that you're shy to convey, meditate in my direction…” He naughtily gyrated his hips and shot a playful, libidinous smile at the form still chasing after him. "Feel your way."

"I better shape up." Ozai clenched a single fist whilst crawling up the stairs to the stage. "'Cause you need a man." Oogway rigged up those lights, drawing from his secret career as a stagehand, and directed them in dazzling patterns 'round this pair of reconciling lovers.

"I need a man," sang Hakoda, "who can keep me satisfied!"

"I better shape up — if I'm gonna prove —"

"You better prove — that my faith is justified!" The Vikings cartwheeled around them, and Thorin released from his bag a little curly-haired man who started busting out some sick breakdancing moves. Captain Jack Sparrow cartwheeled clumsily behind them, leaving a trail of spilt rum in his wake.

"Are you sure?" Tigress rigged up some fireworks behind the stage.

"Yes I'm sure down deep inside," harmonized the dadly duo. Grabbing each other by the hands, they spun in a centrifugal circle whilst repeating that chorus ad nauseam. Fortunately, their racy dancing and grinding was enough to keep things interesting, and the Vikings merely upped their own moves, several drunkenly stripping. "You're the one that I want, you are the one that I want, ooh, ooh, ooh, honey! You're the one that I want, you are the one that I want…"

Bowser motioned to the band that they were on their last chorus; nay, he was not going to attempt the notorious live fadeout — they would end this in a momentous climax that would match the duet's own. He struck that last chord with a powerful flourish, the rest of the band also holding out their closing notes, and Waluigi took a shredtastic drum solo.

Fireworks exploded in the night sky and the velvet curtains closed as Hakoda dip-kissed Ozai. That meeting of lips was so magical that it bent space, time, and the four elements (plus all the ones on the periodic table that the Avatar franchise conveniently ignores). With the fervor of a mentally unstable Christian anti-masturbation campaigner, they passionately osculated, reveling in this long-awaited moment. Nay, their tongues did not battle for dominance despite the unrestrained vigour with which they expressed their love; forsooth, 'twas much like a romantic ballroom dance.

"All right folks, pack it up," spake Tigress, and the remainder of the Furious Five disassembled the stage whilst the dadly duo still stood upon it, locked in a perfervid embrace and bussing with an all-
consuming desire for one another.

Fucklessly, Monkey pulled a board out from 'neath their feet, and they fell about a metre down onto the hard pavement of the parking lot. Laughing even as the impact brought a great pain to his arse (not the only pain he hoped his arse would take tonight), Hakoda affectionately gazed upon his smiling lover, still snugly resting in his arms.

Planting another long, deep kiss upon his puss (mouth), Hakoda rose to his feet and hefted Ozai into a bridal-style carry. Those strong arms wrapped themselves around the back of his neck, and soft lips traced his jawline.

Aye, the parking lot was already nigh deserted, but Thorin was still wandering about in search of the little man whom he had released from his bag during the musical number; Oogway flipped them some condoms and a packet of lube 'fore vanishing to his room. With growing impatience, Hakoda rushed up the stairs. Luckily, the kids were out Ben 10 knew where, probably saving the world or something, so after eagerly dropping Ozai onto the bed, he shut and locked the door.

A man deprived, Hakoda climbed feverishly atop his lover to have his ardor returned with an equal frenzy. Their locked lips moved in tandem with aching aggression and pure salaciousness; O, these parched blokes were finally quenching each other's thirst. Their synchronized rhythm slowed as those kisses, so imbued with passion and desire, deepened, and gasps and moans escaped into the sliver of space that still separated them.

Ozai's firm grip on the back of Hakoda's head loosened as his hands slipped down betwixt their two tightly pressed bodies, and Hakoda pulled back to allow his partner to undress him. "I didn't tell you to stop," taunted Ozai jocularly as he tugged Hakoda's shirt off o'er his head.

"If you insist," panted Hakoda. He bent down again lay caresses on his inamorato's neck, relishing the taste of him (smouldering firewood 'neath the cold night sky in a forest full of oak trees, which happened to be occupied solely by a twenty-two year-old, 5'6" male playing Smash Mouth's "All Star" on the banjo).

Ozai eased Hakoda's pants down 'round his hips, for he desired to unleash his lover's king dong (penis) from the fabric prison from which it so strained to break free. Hakoda paused again to finish removing his attire, and at last he revealed his mammoth mound of manhood to the one 'neath him who so craved it. In turn, he liberated Ozai of his britches as well and flung them theatrically to the side.

He gasped when he saw Ozai's trouser serpent, cupping his cheeks (facial cheeks) as if an adorable kitten had popped out of his lover's pants instead. "You have such a cute dick!" cried he, endeared. "Hey there lil' guy!" He booped it once and giggled with delight.

"PEASANT!" roared Ozai. In spite of what erotica of all types suggests, not everyone has a monster cock. Forsooth, some people have small tallywhackers, and thus feel the need to destroy the world in order to compensate. "My penis could kill you!"

"Oh, I don't think so. I mean, just look at it, it's such a friendly lil' guy, and it's so happy to see me, too! I'm not even upset. It's adorable," swooned Hakoda in a baby voice.

"Peasant, just fuck me already," demanded Ozai. Forsooth, Hakoda sat awkwardly betwixt his open legs.

He leaned over again to slide up along Ozai's bodacious torso, kissing his cheek (facial cheek) apologetically. Hakoda's donger jutted into his ridiculous abs, and his arousal too great to remain
bitter, he reached for that Crushin' Russian whilst they exchanged little smatterings of kisses upon each other's countenances. That energy ramped up again, the passion and desperation returning to this long-restrained couple's fiery fornication.

His fist closed tight 'round Hakoda's temptation wand, he stroked that mighty anaconda with expertise possessed only by one who has spent two years alone in prison with naught but his noodly mancarrot. Stricken by an insane urge, he pressed his lips to Hakoda's neck to suck and bite that tantalizing flesh, and then began to work his way down that irresistible body. He lavished care upon his lover's hardened titty-toppers (nipples), and nervously, yet with restless impatience, he reached Hakoda's lower half.

Teasingly, he caressed and tongued Hakoda's inner thigh, ignoring that ripe banana beside him that so cried for his attention. As an individual who practiced safe sex, Hakoda retrieved the condom from the nightstand and stretched it o'er his moby dick (aye, even during oral sex, it is best to use protection — they don't make flavoured condoms for nothin'). Experimentally, Ozai ran his meaty mouth boy (tongue) down the length of Hakoda's wee-wee.

"You're killing me," griped Hakoda, nigh weeping at this display of restraint.

"I want you to beg me for it," murmured Ozai in a low, husky voice that could have conjured forth a flood from the panties of any woman who heard it, and induced any man's cock clock jump from six to twelve. He kissed the root of that beef thermometre tauntingly.

"Please, you've already caused me so much sexual frustration," sobbed Hakoda.

"More," prompted Ozai, pumping that wondrous wang with one deliberate, slow hand.

"What was that title you gave yourself when you decided to destroy the world…?" wondered Hakoda. "O mighty Penis King, please perform fellatio on me. I need it," pleaded he. "I need you!"

"Your wish is my command," spake he, grinning. At last, he began to administer the Succ.

Hakoda moaned pleasurably as his lover's buccal cavity (mouth) closed 'round his magenta mushroom. Tasting rubber (of course, that is preferable to contracting a sexually transmitted disease), Ozai cradled Captain Winky's head gently with his tongue as he explored his lover's middle leg, growing used to the sensation of the executive staff member in his mouth. Tentatively, he sat up further to allow that jizz whiz to venture down his thrussy (throat pussy). Though new to it all, he kept on truckin' (or suckin', more accurately).

With burning impatience, Hakoda interpreted this as an invitation to take the exploration of Ozai's trachea into his own hands (or rather, into his own dick). However, because communication is very important during sex and consent is an ongoing process, first asked he, "Can I fuck you in the mouth since you clearly have no idea what you're doing?" (Remember kids, initial sex with a new partner is unlikely to be ideal, for neither person yet knows the preferences of the other.)

"Sure, I suppose," replied he through a mouthful of manmeat; embarrassment of his own overconfidence was growing, and he sought to relieve himself of the pressure of control. He pulled back to speak, mouth 'round the tip of ol' jiggle daddy. "But you must promise to provide me with a blowjob demonstration sometime, yes?"

"Of course," growled he saucily. "But first you've got to learn not to speak with your mouth full." With that, Hakoda gripped a fistful of his lover's hair to draw him closer, and slid his lung puncturer into Ozai's throat, bit by bit. Then, with vigour and uncontrollable arousal, his sadistic, increasingly restless side decided that it was high time that Ozai choked on a dick.
Meanwhile, that quondam megalomaniac lay helplessly 'neath Hakoda's thrusting hips. Aye, 'twas naught he could do but feel that six-inch spike (as opposed to a nine-inch nail) force itself further inside of him. Miraculously, he was not dying, perhaps because Lord Ben 10 was smiling upon him today.

Am I enjoying this? wondered he hazily as Hakoda's sex pistol slid in and out of his mouth. Nay, he did not enjoy the taste of rubber, but he had not expected to so much as tolerate being sexually dominated. He wrenched himself out from underneath Hakoda and at last began hacking wildly.

"Shit, I'm sorry. Are you okay, babe?" asked he, concerned, and put a steady hand to Ozai's shoulder.

He managed a nod and wiped a string of drool from his mentum (chin). Gazing up into Hakoda's ocular melons (eyes), the imposing nature of his nude paramour dawned on him. That glistenin' gristle still stood at a majestic full salute, and Hakoda's features were darkened with lust.

Oh dear Ben 10, I'm a bottom after all, realised he, and 'fore he could halt himself, saith he, "My ass is grass, and you'd better mow it."

"Well, if you say so," obliged he naughtily. Once again, because he practiced safe sex and knew that spittle was not a suitable replacement for lubricant, Hakoda tore open the lube packet that Oogway had provided them. Wisely, that tortoise had provided them with water-based lubricant, for oil-based lube corrodes latex and is therefore incompatible with condoms.

Because it would also be quite painful to simply jam his cave hunter into Ozai's arsehole without first preparing him, he forced back his arousal this time in hopes that his restraint would aid his lover in enjoying their next act, a primary goal of any good sexual partner. He slipped a wet, lubricated digit into that tight, virginal back pussy (anus), and circumspectly proceeded to finger him. "How does that feel?" asked Hakoda, again recalling the importance of communication during sexual activity and the continuous nature of consent.

"Mm," grunted he, expression clouded o'er with prurience and an eager yearning. "I can take more."

Hakoda eased a second finger into his lover's bunghole and upped his pace whilst Ozai hungrily orbed (eyed) his heat-seeking moisture missile.

"Give it to me," commanded that whilom autocrat as though he was discussing complete dominion o'er the world rather than Hakoda's yum-yum. "I want that cock of yours deep inside my arse."

Compelled by the somewhat threatening demand of his lover, Hakoda removed his fingers from that rear rocket dock and hastily (but thoroughly) applied lubricant to his turd burglar. Without lube, anal sex is quite painful and can result in injury, and Hakoda wished to ensure that his partner's arsehole would not suffer any long-term damage as a result of their lascivious lovemaking.

Hakoda spread Ozai's legs and aligned his weiner with that lube tube, and in turn Ozai moaned breathily as that weapon of ass destruction penetrated his undefiled gay valve. Hakoda leaned forwards again and began to punish that wee tight little anus whilst Ozai gasped in time with each thrust.

He bent over to brush Ozai's temple with his lips, a silent reassurance that pleasure would shortly arrive, whilst his partner adjusted to the sensation of having a sixteen-centimetre (that's just o'er six inches, for you dirty Americans out there) train of pain up his arse. Forsooth, he began to feel something gratifying hidden behind the discomfort.
"Is that all you've got, peasant?" taunted he betwixt heaving breaths. "I like it rough, you know. Give it to me harder."

Frustrated, Hakoda abandoned his attempts to be gentle and succumbed Ozai's apparent kinkiness and his own restless arousal, torturously slowing his thrusts to maximize depth. Aye, it worked quickly and Ozai braced himself, legs locking together o'er Hakoda's back, fingers grasping at his shoulders.

Ozai's bitching transformed slowly but steadily into moans of satisfaction as the space betwixt his cheeks (ass cheeks) lit up with a wonderful feeling. Hakoda gradually increased his speed, relishing in his own approaching climax and the mercy at which he held his submissive inamorato; forsooth, Ozai's spheroids (eyes) were shut in pent-up bliss, his grip tight, his noises of pleasure unfiltered.

"Hakoda," panted he as his lover continued to ram it into him relentlessly, allowing the sublime sensation in his arse nary an instant to recede. He shamelessly lost control of himself, fingernails cutting into Hakoda's flesh, gasping and begging until his words slowly lost their meaning.

Because he was not a weak person who refused to kiss his partner after receiving head from them, Hakoda pressed his lips into those of his lover's as their first session of ass-pounding neared its end. Ozai sloppily returned his osculations betwixt those rhythmic gasps, the feebleness of his kisses a mere echo of the vigour with which he would have supplied them if Hakoda had not been totally dominating him at the moment.

"I'm gonna come," breathed Ozai into Hakoda's mouth. He pulled Hakoda tightly into his chest, who was still goin' at it like he was on the Discovery Channel. "No. Seriously. I'm gonna nut. Hakoda. Stop."

"You're into orgasm denial?" panted Hakoda, biting Ozai's lower lip playfully.

"My penis can kill you," insisted he frantically. "Pull out."

"But I'm so close—"

"FOR BEN 10'S SAKE HAKODA, PULL OUT," screeched he with a rising alarm. "PULL OUT, JUST TRUST ME ON THIS."

Hakoda rolled off of his lover, busting a nut just before a great plume of flame shot from his love gun.

"WHAT THE FUCK?" screamed Hakoda. "WHAT THE IN THE NAME OF BEN 10? WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT YOU COULD DO THAT?!"

"I told you that it could kill you!" protested Ozai. "I have no control over it anymore, you must understand!"

"WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, BECAUSE THE CEILING IS ON FIRE!" panicked Hakoda.

"What do you want me to do about that?"

"I don't know, maybe we should get the hell out of here?"

"Naked?"
"This clearly isn't safe!"

A sharp series of knocks on the door cut off their argument. "Is everything okay in there?" asked a squeaky prepubescent voice.

"NO, IT'S NOT," cried Hakoda. With utter fucklessness regarding his nudity and the fact that he was about to flash a fourteen year-old child, he strode towards that door and flung it open.

"NO, WAIT," objected Ozai; alas, 'twas too late, and his mortal enemy was going to see him naked with his small dingleberry just hangin' out (even though he apparently already dreamt about Ozai's Royal Parts).

Oogway and the kids stood in the doorway. He was, of course, fuckless, Sokka was screaming and vomiting whilst running in circles, and Aang helpfully extinguished the blaze. "What happened here?" asked he whilst trying really hard not to look at either of their twenty-first digits.

"You didn't do your job all the way!" screamed Hakoda, slamming his head into the wall. "I'm sorry, I know it's probably not your fault or anything, but I almost got killed by a penis."

"Would you care to explain?" asked Oogway, sitting down uncomfortably close to where Ozai was attempting to hide himself 'neath the blankets.

"He just came fire!" shouted Hakoda.

"Do you want me to fix it?" offered the good-natured preadolescent.

"Does now look like a good time, boy?" wept Ozai. "Don't you come near me!"

"Well, all right, the fire's been taken care of. Let's leave them to sort this out on their own, shall we?" spake Oogway. "Did you remember to use a condom?"

"Yes, we did — we used the ones you gave us," answered Hakoda.

"Good job, you should be fine, then. STDs aside, Wenchicus Thoticus shan't pull mpreg on you two. Aye, The Shaper is a cruel god, but not that cruel," saith he. With the wave of his staff (not a penis), he and the kids disappeared out the door.

The dadly duo gazed at each other for a moment, and Hakoda slipped into bed beside Ozai. Aye, suddenly he found himself unable to restrain a great guffaw. "What the hell," laughed he. "You really should have told me about that earlier, but I can't stay mad at you. Not after tonight."

"I do apologise for fucking up such a great many times 'fore getting things right," spake he. He moved in closer and wrapped his arms 'round Hakoda, planting a tender kiss right upon his nose. "Aye, you are too good to me, Hakoda."

"I know," replied he, and returned the peck to Ozai's forehead. "And too good for you."

"Peasant!?" burst out he.

Hakoda chortled once more. "I'm going to spare the person reading this a sappy speech, because let's be real, everyone just wants smut anyways. I'll just leave it at this — I'm glad we're together." Pulling his now official lover close, they shared an affectionate, wholesome kiss.

And forsooth, now that the slowburn is over, The Shaper of Destiny plans for the final battle.

ii. Suko's Steamboat Adventures Ft. Twenty Sexual Partners And Bowser
Suko's nimble digits darted 'cross that grand piano in a glorious jazz solo that would have put Herbie Hancock to shame. The drummer, Pickles the Drummer, dropped his sticks in awe, and the upright bassist fell o'er the side of the steamboat, out cold from Suko's sheer skill.

Aye, Suko's jazz trio was supposed to be simple background music for this lavish party, but he had once again inadvertently stolen the show. Sweating profusely 'neath his boater cap and impeccably dapper white suit, he fretted that he had drawn too much attention to himself.

As he concluded that scintillating solo with a burst of 256th notes in a new key that he had invented on the spot that was so divine that it could have brought Ben 10 back to the Heavenly Control Room had he played it for a bit longer, the crowd burst into thunderous applause and popped twelve dozen champagne bottles in his honour. (Alas, he only sought honour from his father, or his alternate universe father, as a reward for his megalomaniacal tendencies.) Though jazz piano was not traditionally a great way to pick up chicks, women and men alike threw their clothing and shekels at him. He had ne'er before experienced this wonder, and decided that he really ought to perform live more often.

"Thank you, thank you," spake he, bowing to the audience. A pair of panties nigh swept from his head the boater cap. Several passengers who also happened to be keyboardists hurtled themselves off the side of the steamboat with the knowledge that they could ne'er so much as achieve a mere fraction of Suko's godlike talent. "Now, who would like to fuck me?" asked he with the subtlety and tact of his father's double.

Suko copulated with fourteen women, five men, and one genderless entity of pure energy well into the early hours of the morning. Deciding that this was the life, he laid back in bed for a bit of shut-orb (shut-eye) surrounded by his numerous nude lovers, of whom he had impregnated three.

Because he was a fool, Suko figured that if he were an evil emperor, he could have a grand harem and engage in such behaviour every night, instead of merely continuing his career as a live performer and fornicating with countless groupies after each show he played. After all, he had promptly walked away from a redemption arc in the last chapter, so in the eternal words of Smash Mouth, he "ain't the sharpest tool in the shed."

Aye, on this steamboat he floated down the river, on his way to the imperial city. His "allies" had deserted him O so fucklessly, but now, he was returning with a vengeance. He had nary a single shekel with which to acquire transportation, and hence, he had been hired to fill out this party boat's jazz trio. Of course, his employers had dumped bags of shekels upon him mere seconds after he had touched that keyboard.

Those posh partiers departed from the boat at the noon hour. Suko waved amicably to the partners of the people whose pink fortresses (vaginas and various other holes) he had attacked (fucked), and a new set of passengers boarded.

"Greetings," hissed a gruff voice into his audial hole (ear). Suko gazed up at the spiky-shelled dragon… turtle… thing… looming over him.

"Oh, hey Bowser," replied he nonchalantly. "What are you doing here?"

"Replacing your upright bassist," answered he.

"I thought you only played guitar," commented Suko.

"Aye, I do, but I wouldn't want to compete with your fantastic piano skills by playing another lead instrument. You're much better than Mario," remarked he.
"Why, thank you," spake Suko, blushing. "Speaking of Mario, I thought you took a break from The Villainous Alliance to go check up on him and the squad."

"Forsooth, I did. You've really got no hopes of winning your father over, if you were still planning on doing so." Bowser picked up that double bass from where it still lay at the edge of the boat, twirled it once, and experimentally plucked a few notes. The depth and resonance of that low E scrombulated Suko's brain and nigh sent him jittering into the water below.

"Why, what happened?" asked he after the vibrations subsided. "He turned me down yesterday when I happened to run into him due to plot convenience. He said he doesn't 'got it' anymore. So, maybe there is a way to help him 'get it' again, and then he can join us?"

"I'm afraid that it won't matter. He's in love," spat Bowser disgustedly.

"Bullshit!" cried Suko.

"Nay, nay, 'tis true. Believe me, 'twas a whole musical number in which he and his paramour proclaimed their love for one another. And then the whole hostel could hear him screaming from the assblasting he received afterwards. Give up hope — you still have the rest of The Villainous Alliance to help you achieve world domination."

"Nay, but I don't, Bowser!" Putting the back of his hand to his forehead, he draped himself 'cross his grand piano as though Chapter Fourteen was going to contain another musical number. "For they betrayed me and left me to die!"

"...Oh, they did?" saith he. On the double bass, he began to play a very shitty rendition of Lady Gaga's hit song "Bad Romance," fucking up every note and then lamely correcting himself.

"For fuck's sake, it's tuned liked an electric bass guitar," scolded Suko, briefly dropping his dramatic pose. "It can't be that hard for you to play."

"But there are no frets!" whined Bowser.

"Oh whatever, just don't assault my ears like this whilst I'm trying to talk to you!"

Bowser set down that double bass. "Well, what did the Alliance do to you?"

"They ousted me whilst we were on our killing spree!" He produced a rose from thin (not thicc) air solely to pluck off its petals and angstily toss them into the wind. "To be fair, I totally saw it coming from the instant that I met them, but that doesn't mean that I'm not extremely hurt by all of this! Now, I am returning to the imperial city to reclaim my position at the head of our organization and to punish those traitors."

"I talked to Anakin whilst he was high on cocaine; he regrets going along with Cruella and Bellatrix's orders. I can help you ally with him again. You know, if you can't win over your father, then you should win him over, since he and your father are essentially the same person in terms of their evil deeds."

Suko gagged on his own spit; during more than one of his copulations of the night, he had pretended that his partner had been Anakin.

"Actually, he's your grandfather three universes removed," explained Bowser, and Suko vomited blood o'er the side of the piano. "Osai is your father, who is just an imitation of Ozai, who is voiced by Mark Hamill, who also plays Luke Skywalker, who is Anakin's son. Therefore, you are Anakin's grandson."
"What sort of incest is that!?” exploded Suko; he hardly had to mime fainting in shock.

"No one mentioned incest, Suko,” spake Bowser.

"Metaphorical incest," clarified he futilely. The breeze blew a repudiated petal directly into his countenance, momentarily blinding him.

"Well, I think that you should appeal to the bond betwixt you and Anakin,” encouraged Bowser, ignoring his comment, "and I shall help you do so."

"What if I win o'er my alternate universe father with how Anakin is his father two universes removed?” wondered Suko. "Because we all know that I'm just another link in the chain of bad father-son relationships."

"Well, if you really want to, but I don't think it's going to work. He's just entered into a romantic relationship with a peasant man, so he likely isn't craving any other affection at the moment."

"What if I found a way to restore to him his powers?" put forth Suko. "That would bring him back." He let out a soft "owie" upon pricking himself on the rose’s thorns.

"Kid, just let it go," advised Bowser. "How are you going to do that anyways?"

"I'm going to watch the last two seasons of this universe's TV show, Bowser," spake Suko pointedly. Having stripped the rose stem bare, he discarded it into the river below. "That's what I'm going to do. Or, like, I'm sure Anakin's Force powers have a way to do it, or…” He grinned devilishly. "I have an idea."

"All right, I suppose you could try whatever it is that you have in mind, though I doubt anything will work. But for now, we have some jazz to play."

"And I have bitches to fuck," saith Suko, pulling down his boater hat determinedly. Bowser, Suko, and Pickles the Drummer took up their places at the transom of the steamboat and burst into a smooth jazz rendition of Deicide's "Once Upon The Cross," the song that The Shaper of Destiny was currently jammin' to in the Heavenly Control Room.

iii. An Ice French Hip

"High five me, brotha!” shouted Sooka drunkenly. He and Anakin stood upon the palace balcony overlooking the imperial city, which was currently flooded.

"Burning things is so much more fun than flooding them," sighed Anakin.

"I'mean, yeah, but these fellas can't do jack shit 'bout water," pointed out Sooka.

"I just have this insatiable urge to kill, especially in fun, violent ways. It's never been this bad before. It's as if the more I kill, the more I need to kill," explained he. "But if I kill everyone, then world domination will be aimless."

"You jus' do whatever makes yo' lil' heart happy," slurped Sooka, jabbing a finger into Anakin's chest.

"I don't know. I mean, being the avatar is fun and all, but ever since Suko's been gone, it's almost like I've needed to kill more people just to make up for his absence."

"Mayhaps you're jus' a-talkin' 'bout friendship," spake Sooka.
Anakin shrugged indifferently. He wasn't going to be like his son from two universes removed and complain about how everything that involved having feelings was gay, because he gave nary a fuck about gender, and would stick his mutton javelin (penis) into almost anything.

"Mayhaps ya shouldn't go 'round killin' e'ryone. Ya don't know how many friends you could be a-slaughterin'," advised Sooka.

"Sooka, you see, when you're a supervillain, all of your friends kill each other because they all want the same resource: power. That's what happened to Suko, and now I feel that I'm torn between my loyalty to you and Suko, and to Bellatrix and Cruella."

"Oh, forget 'bout them ol' hags," spake Sooka dismissively. He fell off the balcony in his intoxicated state, but Pidgeot swooped down to catch him like a deus ex machina eagle from Lord of The Rings.

"But they're, like, actually competent," insisted Anakin. "They're working out the prophecy. Sure, Suko captured the palace and came up with some decent plans, but he couldn't have done it without us. Cruella and Bellatrix are like my mentors... better mentors than Obi Wan Ke-fucking-Nobi... but you and Suko are my... yes, I suppose what we have is... French hip."

"Friendship?" echoed Sooka. Pidgeot set him back upon that balcony and perched atop the railing.

"Aye, fresh dip," saith Anakin.

"Friendship," corrected Sooka.

"Fred's ship," spake Anakin.

"Oh boy, you can't find yo' ass wit' both yo' hands in yo' back pockets," muttered Sooka, elegantly facepalming. "Anywho, do ya feel evil 'nough to ditch yo' mentors?"

"I mean, I guess. I've done so much more killing after getting here than I could have ever hoped to do as a Jedi, or even as a Sith Lord," mused he. He gazed out upon the flooded imperial city, where prostitutes had already constructed rafts out of empty beer bottles, legos, and human bones. "I simply don't know what the directive is anymore. We all want to be the one to rule the world, but how does the prophecy and The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights tie into this?"

"Well, if'n ya pull the restration prophecy, then y'all'll be headin' back to your 'riginal universes, so yain't gon' get no world domination like that," explicated Sooka. "We're all united for that cause, even if'n we be fightin' each other for power. Me, I was ne'er s'much as s'post to be a villain, I ain't got as much in this as I reckon all y'all real evil folk do."

"What do you mean, you're not a villain?" echoed Anakin.

"Yeah, I ain't a real villain. Why, I was s'post to be a hero. Not the main hero, no sirree. Just a comic relief fella on the side o' good — Ong's the main fella. An' Suko, he was s'post to get a 'demption arc, but now his old man be gettin' one instead. It's a right shame that ain't nothin's the way it's s'post to be. Hell, Anakin, if'n there be any reason that I'm on the side o' evil now, it's ta see you succeed, pal. An'cause the booze 'n' drugs here are so much better than that shit they done got at home."

Anakin felt a slight prick of an emotion that wasn't rage, angst, or lust. Nay, his heart warmed for an instant. "Thanks, I guess. I feel that I owe things to both you and Suko and to Cruella and Bellatrix, though. I mean, I know that you're totally wasted right now, but for you to say that to me is... really Nick."

"...Ya mean 'nice?'" asked Sooka.
"Yeah, that," spake Anakin. "We have an ice French hip."

"That we do, brotha," concurred Sooka heartily, giving up on correcting his comrade. He clinked his bottle of hard apple cider with the cup of cactus juice that Anakin had just unearthed from the cooler. Promptly, they proceeded to get utterly trashed.
"Jesus me over to the dwarf longboat! I can't take it anymore!" wailed the peasant boy melodramatically.

"Oh, relax, we're almost there," muttered Tigress. Bored and irritated to her wit's end, she steadily rowed that craft through the placid ocean waters. "If I have to sit through this, then so do the rest of you."

Forsooth, the dadly duo reclined in that boat, gazing lovingly into each other's orbs (eyes). The entirety of the crew and the passengers alike averted their optical spheres (eyes) as they began to osculate with a violent passion. (Well, except for Oogway, who was not a voyeuristic pervert; nay, he was merely one fuckless old tortoise.)

"MY ORBS (EYES)!" screeched Sokka. Aye, his horror was so great that instead of waiting for Aang (who was currently Jesusing a ways away from the vessel) to Jesus him o'er to the other ship, he hurled himself into the water with the trusty floatation device that contained the soul of The Seer Groot.

"All right, maybe we should cut the PDA before I end up scarring my son for life," saith Hakoda, reluctantly breaking their lascivious, fiery kiss.

"Bitch please," spake Ozai saucily. Fucklessly, he guided his lover's brain dome (head) back towards his. Forsooth, the dadly duo did maintain betwixt them one of Anakin's "French hips," for their hips were pressed together whilst they frenched with vigour. However, it was not "ice," because aye — 'twas hot, hot, hot.

"I guess I can tolerate this as long as no one gets naked," muttered Tigress under her breath. "If I try really, really hard."

"Baby when we get to camp tonight I'm gonna ride yo' dick right into the sunset," murmured Ozai lustily into Hakoda's sound releaser (mouth). "Speakin' of somethin' that's really, really hard…"

"GUYS! CUT IT OUT!" screeched Tigress, finally losing her patience. The dadly duo broke apart to regard that infuriated kung fu champion. "NO ONE WILL BE RIDING ANY DICK TONIGHT BECAUSE WE'RE GONNA GET TO THE PALACE IN A FEW HOURS AND RETRIEVE THE BOOK OF FIFTY GREY TWILIGHTS!"

"Now, now, Tigress, settle down. Once you accept that there is little that you can control, that is when you can begin to find peace within," advised Oogway. "The behaviour of others is something that you cannot control. Riding a dick into the sunset, not riding a dick into the sunset — that is up to fate: aye, The Shaper of Destiny shall decide."

"I'm getting real fed up with The Shaper of Destiny. I didn't even ask to be in whatever this universe is," complained she. Deftly, with an oar she separated this dadly duo and scooted them to the opposite ends of the boat.

"Okay, you're right, we need to stop, I'm sorry," apologised Hakoda. "We'll have time for all of this after we get The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights." He inched stealthily back towards Ozai.
"Do you think this is going to be easy?" spat Tigress disdainfully. "There were coordinated attacks all across the nation just two days ago. Those people who stole The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights have come into power and presently hold down the palace, where the book is. Not only will we have to interpret the prophecy, but we will have to fight to access it in the first place."

Recalling his meeting with Suko yesterday, Ozai tugged anxiously at the collar of his shirt (even though no one actually does that). Aye, so easy it would be to join these fiendish doubles, and aye, so tempting it was, but he found himself more titillated (tantalized) by the soft and warm gaze of his inamorato, not to mention his fantastic ass-blasting crippler (penis).

"Oh, I didn't know about that," spake Hakoda, concerned.

"Of course you didn't, you were too busy trying to get into a genocidal megalomaniac's pants," mumbled Tigress scathingly.

"Whilom genocidal megalomaniac," Hakoda corrected her, holding up a finger, although he was at once endeared, terrified, and disappointed by his lover's small and cute ding-dong (penis) and its apparently uncontrollable ability to ejaculate fire.

"Our thieving enemies have already proven themselves to be quite formidable with this last series of terrorist attacks," remarked Oogway. "They have grown in number since they first invaded the north, but all of our best warriors are now present to fight them. I am certain that we can handle it."

"I don't know how much help we can be," saith Hakoda. "The two of us had a close brush with them in the forest, on our way to the north pole. If there are more now — and I don't know their fighting styles, there isn't much I can do."

"You will be of use — for e'ery warrior counts. My son," spake Oogway to Ozai, "you are the Chosen One. You shall complete your redemption arc."

"Oh, not this bullshit again," groaned that comeback rapper. "I don't want a redemption arc."

"I thought he completed his redemption arc by sleeping with me…?" put forth Hakoda uncertainly. "%While that may have been the climax for you two, if you know what I mean…" Oogway winked knowingly at them, "A final battle still awaits us, for the true test of a man's character is how he behaves in times of strife, not in the bedroom."

"Oh, thank Ben 10, I'm not redeemed," breathed Ozai.

"You see, my son, if he were truly redeemed, he would embrace it," explained that sagacious old tortoise. "The sins of his past are not yet washed clean. There are old ways that he still clings to. Secrets that he harbors."

Oogway turned his wobbly neck towards Ozai and stared into the depths of his (debatably nonexistent) soul; aye, that aged turtle knew that he hid his meeting with Suko.

"Babe, you're not evil anymore, right?" asked Hakoda skittishly.

"…Yes," answered he after a long, awkward silence that could have rivaled the painful stretches of quiet that occur when Wenchicus Thoticus enters a Starbucks whilst wearing corpse paint. "But I'm not good, either."

"You know what? I'm too into you to care at this point," sighed Hakoda dreamily. "And I'd like to be into you in another way too, if ya get what I'm sayin'… more like inside of you…"
"What if that fan theory that he molests his own daughter is true?" put in Tigress bitterly.

"Well, do you?" inquired Hakoda.

"What? No! For Ben 10's sake, this is a kid's show!" cried Ozai. "As if I haven't done enough fucked up shit already. I'm already pushing the limits for a villain on fucking Nickelodeon! They wouldn't add that onto the list of awful shit I've done!"

"But what secrets do you harbor?" pressed Tigress.

"Behold and avast!" shouted Ozai, pointing feverishly towards a mountain in the distance. "The imperial city looms o'er yonder! The final battle approaches!" A wave of nostalgia washed o'er him at the sight of his not-humble-at-all abode of yesteryear, and he decided to stand by the secrecy he had created 'round his meeting with Suko. O, such fine days of plotting world domination, barbecuing, and jamming to the finest of 2000's rap. Aye, a possibility flickered in his mind: much like how Hakoda was drawing him towards the light, he could drag his partner into the dark, eliminating this heinous choice betwixt evil and love.

"You know, I'm not really looking forwards to fighting my way up to the palace again," commented Hakoda. Aye, this place instilled a fear within him, a gnawing doubt that his lover would ne'er complete his redemption arc if the opportunity arose for him to seize power again. O, when he had last been here, it had been a time when Ozai had been naught but a faceless (well, less faceless than in the first two seasons, but still pretty mysterious) entity of death and destruction. Forsooth, he knew that Wenchicus Thoticus's decision to give him a redemption arc had been a begrudging one, for the God of Pinecones had requested it so, but aye, The Shaper of Destiny was a fickle God.

"Worry not, my love," spake Ozai. "For I know the secret passages of the imperial city. I mostly used them during my rap career, but for my epic trolling (lol XD) during the eclipse as well." He cackled, and hark! 'Twas an evil laugh. A horrible shudder wracked Hakoda's rectum; was it right to love this man so blindly?

"I mean. That could be useful," spake Hakoda apprehensively. Ozai threw a shredded brachium (arm) 'round Hakoda's shoulders, and he could not help but to flinch at his touch and the memory of their passionate anal sex of the night prior that had resulted in his paramour's inadvertent attempt at arson.

Oogway regarded them with his typical fucklessly tranquil demeanor. This time, he gazed deep into Hakoda's soul, where doubts writhed and fear formed. "My son, a test of character this shall be for everyone involved. Calm your spirit, and let destiny work its course."

And forsooth, Hakoda did study the majestic profile of his lover, hair blowing dramatically in the wind whilst he stared nobly into the darkening indigo skies from whence Norwegian progressive blackened Viking metal band Enslaved's latest record blasted. "I have faith in you, babe," whispered he to his unassuming inamorato.

"If you two start making out again, I swear, I'm done, that's it, that's enough of this shit," raged Tigress from her position at the oars.

Alas, they did not, but Hakoda leant into Ozai's chest and buried his countenance in the crook of his neck, just as he buried his nagging misgivings and unshakable disquiet.

ii. Suko's Not-So-Glorious Return

Suko mournfully played a toy piano whilst Bowser rowed the two of them through the flooded
streets of the imperial city on a raft (crafted from Hostess™ products, Ed Sheeran posters, and hard drives that each contained full dramatic readings of My Immortal) that they had bought off the local prostitutes.

"I took my love and I took it down
I climbed a mountain and I turned around
And I saw my reflection in the snow-covered hills
'Til the landslide brought me down,"

waived Suko. Nay, though his singing did not match his godlike talent on the keys, with some training, he could have been quite an adept vocalist.

"I beg of you, stop with the depressing music," pleaded Bowser, although their situation was, in sooth, quite depressing.

"Oh, mirror in the sky, what is love?
Can the child in my heart rise above?
Can I sail through the changing ocean tides?
Can I handle the seasons of my life?"

sang Suko fucklessly. A stripper tossed a handful of shekels and a cowboy hat aboard the pair's humble raft.

"Suko, be silent! We shall be successful," implored Bowser. Secretly, he was enjoying the performance. How atmospheric it was to watch the red setting sun vanish below the horizon, its refracted light dancing upon the surface of the cloudy floodwater betwixt shadows of the half-submerged buildings. Aye, the lamenting howls of Suko's rendition of Fleetwood Mac's "Landslide" intensified the emotions of loss and desolation that hung so heavily in the air of this broken city.

Reminded of his mother, Suko clutched that cowboy hat close to his ticker (heart). He teared up and continued,

"Well, I've been afraid of changing
'Cause I built my life around you
But time makes you bolder
Even children get older
And I'm getting older too."

This powerful chorus finally coaxed forth tears from Bowser's sight nodules (eyes). As Suko tore into a solo so deeply poignant and impassioned that it would have made Chuck Norris cry, Bowser began to bawl as Wenichicus Thoticus does when the internet is down.

"My lord, we've got to prepare ourselves to reenter the palace, not throw ourselves a pity party," begged Bowser as those salty drops of sadness streamed down his countenance.

"All around me are familiar faces,
Worn out places, worn out faces,"

sang Suko, transitioning betwixt the two tragic tunes with a perfect smoothness that he clearly did not reserve for his flirtatious endeavours.

"STOP IT!" cried Bowser. "Do you want Cruella and Bellatrix to hear us as we approach the palace?"

Suko ran a record-breakingly fast Mixolydian scale up and down the keyboard with naught but a single pinky finger, then slammed down on it in frustration. "I guess not," sighed he. That grand erection (building) loomed tall o'er this darkening, flooded city: an edifice of evil, a fortress of force, a centre of sin. Just as the sun sank below the horizon, Bowser brought their raft to a halt 'fore those double doors of death.

Suko discarded his boater cap for the cowboy hat that so reminded him of his mother, Viola "Angel Orbs (Eyes)" Fletcher. That mighty monolith of menace blocked out the stars that so peacefully winked behind it, yet a divine, cruel energy, its passive dormancy nigh o'er, manifested above this tower of turpitude. Forsooth, the music of the heavens had grown louder as they had approached this palace of power, but somehow 'twas more unsettling that this was not heavy metal; nay, Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollander" played dramatically from above.

"Well, how are we going to get in if we can't fly?" wondered Suko.

"I'll paddle 'round the back to search for an entrance," spake Bowser.

"All right," agreed Suko. He began to play along to The Shaper of Destiny's strange selection, but Bowser scolded him into silence. Reluctantly, Suko drew away from that toy piano until the only sound audible aside from those swirling violins was Bower's oar dipping subtly into the floodwater, liquid sloughing off of it with its every reemergence. Aye, that rhythmic trickling coupled with the ominous symphonies summoned a great unease to Suko's soul. The stars of this blackening sky were tinged purple, and an abrupt, sinister wind raced 'cross the water, the cowboy hat racing off with it. Suko wept for his mother, wishing that she were here to comfort him in these trying times, but aye, he knew that he must forge ahead to please his father.

Shivering in his now-soiled white suit, Suko gazed hopefully into the lighted windows of the palace. Nay, no silhouettes moved within those frames, nor did any figures occupy the palace's balconies.

He thought to remove his dog whistle necklace. Tentatively, he brought it towards his food hole (mouth) and blew.

Ong was currently being tormented by Jesse, James, and Meowth (they had finally found a child weak enough for them to prey upon), and although he heard the call, he could not respond because he was presently duct-taped to the dungeon ceiling. Nonetheless, an instant later, a clearly drugged up young fellow rushed out onto the veranda. "Bring me closer, Bowser," instructed Suko, and forsooth, Bowser navigated the raft towards the terrace and its inhabitant.

"…Suko? Is that you-ko?" slurred Anakin. He found this to be quite hilarious and nigh fell o'er the railing.

"Anakin!" whisper-screamed Suko. "Keep it down. I don't want Bellatrix and Cruella to know that I'm here. I need you to get me back into the palace."

"Uh…" muttered he, drooling slightly. "But the water."

"Anakin, don't you remember? You're the avatar!" cried Suko impatiently. "Not to mention that
tonight there's a full moon, you know, for maximum drama, plus it enhances your power!” He gestured towards the kindly violet-tinged orb hanging amongst the stars; which, in true cinematic fashion, was impossibly large in the sky.

"Oh, right," murmured Anakin. "Want me just to bean you up? Er, beam you up? Bend you up? Aye," shouted he painfully loudly, having chosen the correct word at last. "Bend you up."

Suko was hesitant to trust his comrade in this impaired state, but, spake he, "Sure, why not? If I fall, I'd only be crippled for life if this was solid land, and I can't swim either."

"You people really need to learn how to swim," remarked Bowser. "If there's one plausible defence for you to have against water, this would be the one."

"PIDGEOT!" screamed Anakin suddenly, releasing from his Pokeball his winged companion.

"Anakin! Stop yelling!" hissed Suko. "By Ben 10, my good man! The final battle is tonight! And you're completely… garbaged!"

"Trashed," corrected Bowser.

"Wasted," added Anakin.

"Whatever!" cried he. Pidgeot landed upon the raft, causing it to rock precariously, and Suko's toy piano began to slide o'er the side. Seizing his keyboard by the leg, he halted its fall whilst Bowser crawled towards Pidgeot.

Aye, Bowser was a heavy passenger, and Pidgeot scarcely made it to the balcony with him aboard. Suko lay prone upon that precariously pitching platform and gripped it tightly for balance, the muddy water seeping o'er the sides.

"Help me," wept Suko, and unceremoniously, Pidgeot grasped him with piercing talons to drop him on the veranda.

He spat out a mouthful of water, which also happened to include the lost pet rock of a lonely orphan and a bottle of dish soap. Anakin, just as perfunctory as his avian partner, heaved Suko to his tootsies (feet) roughly.

"Thank you, thank you," breathed Suko. His cardiovascular blood-pumping organ (heart) still a-fluttered from the endeavour of reaching the balcony. "Now, as I said, the final battle is tonight. They shall arrive soon." He attempted to brush the silt from his begrimed suit, but succeeded only in worsening the stains. "Aw, shucks," remarked he. Forsooth, although he had been riding the steamboat for a mere day, it had stimulated him to utilize the extensive southern lexicon that he had acquired from hanging 'round Sooka.

"They? Who's coming?" slurred Anakin. Bowser had vanished into the palace, presumably to meet with the rest of The Villainous Alliance — a poor decision considering that Suko ought to keep his allies close. Aye, was Suko fuckless, or simply foolish? Likely the latter.

"The Vikings of the north, Anakin," spake Suko impatiently. "They shall battle us for dominion o'er this centre of power. My father is among them, and I believe that if we succeed in enlisting him, then we shall win the entire battle. Though they do have Ong's double with them… which means that we're basically fucked… Why don't you fight him, Anakin?"

"I'm too high for this," moaned Anakin helplessly.
"Pull it together! You are a fantastic fighter! If we want to win this battle, we need you back in the real world right now!" Suko bitch-slapped him, which had little effect. "Here! Let us go inside, and we shall talk. I cannot fight my defining battle looking like this."

"All right… You do know that they probably want The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights back, right? I mean, I guess Cruella or someone stole it when we were at the north pole that one time…" rambled Anakin.

"She did what!?!" screeched Suko, forgetting his own commands of silence. "Anakin! We do not want to incentivize the common people to rise up against us! We must keep them in line!" He removed his damp suit jacket and slacks, standing 'fore a full-length mirror and examining the extent of the dirt bedaubing his skin and attire. "Also, we have that book? Why didn't I know about this? … Right, because everyone hates me." Deflating dejectedly, he sighed.

"The people are rising up anyways," pointed out Anakin. "It's kind of too late. Plus, The Book of Fifty Grey Twilights has some useful information for us. If we do the destruction prophecy, then everyone from other universes gets trapped here. The restoration prophecy sends them all back, and that would include us, so it would be in our best interest to go along with the destruction prophecy. I'm guessing that the Vikings want to fulfill the restoration prophecy."

"Well, spit it out, man!" implored Suko impatiently. "What is the destruction prophecy?" Now clad in naught but his My Little Pony boxers, he rifled through the selection of clothing in this nearby closet, then decided that he instead ought to wash himself first.

"'Mum/I am trying to write a the prophecy of the ages/Leave me alone so I can deliver the to masses," recited Anakin emotionlessly.

"What in the name of Ben 10 is that supposed to mean!?!" exploded Suko, in the midst of lathering his new 'do with funeral home-scented shampoo, now residing in the loo connected to the bedroom. "And what's with the broken English?"

"Fucked if I know," muttered Anakin indifferently.

"Argh!" shouted he. "Well, what are we supposed to do about Cruella and Bellatrix? And the rest of The Villainous Alliance! Where do they stand? And please," beseeched he, "give me a real answer this time."

"Dunno," spake he with a shrug.

"All right," seethed Suko, struggling to restrain his temper. "I have but one more question for you — aye, a simple yes or no question. Do you think that you could use your magic Force powers to endow one with bending abilities?"

"Probably not," saith Anakin.

"Well, fuck," mumbled Suko. "I suppose that I must execute my very risky and untested plan." He buried his countenance in his primary tactile appendages (hands); alas, with such great quantities of that funeral home-scented shampoo still coating them, he merely burnt his globular oculi (eyes). Descending into tears, he writhed upon the tile floor miserably.

"Anakin, is everything okay in there?" came a voice from the hallway; aye, 'twas Bellatrix.

"I'm just engaging in some extreme bondage with Suko's double, you know, to prepare for the final battle," called Anakin.
“Zuko is in the dungeon — we were just down there,” spake Cruella skeptically, her vocalizations equally muffled through the door.

“Oh, I'm really high right now, I could be fucking anyone, I can't really tell,” explained Anakin. “Either way, it would be best to allow us privacy for now.”

“Anakin, the Vikings are about to land on our shores — Barry B. Benson notified us of their encroaching vessels only a minute ago. Once they climb the hill, they'll be in the city. Finish up quickly, we'll need you to help fend them off,” spake Bellatrix querulously.

“Tell them to bring their boats up with them, 'cause we flooded the city,” saith Anakin.

“Yes, Anakin, we aware that you flooded the city,” spake Cruella, trying very, very hard to rein in her rage. “Get on your Pidgeot and attack from the air — I don't care. We just need you on the defence force.”

“I'm too high,” complained he.

“ANAKIN!” screeched Bellatrix. She violently pummeled on the door. “If you're not out within one minute, then I'm coming in there.”

“You're not my mummy,” whined Anakin. Aye, any memory of his mother elicited tears, spurring Suko to also cry due to his mysteriously missing maternal mentor.

“Anakin! You get to kill people! Don't you love doing that?” prompted Cruella.

“Aye, I suppose you're right,” spake he. “I'll untie… whoever it is that I've been bangin'.”

Wishing that Anakin had indeed been engaging in extreme bondage with him rather than pretending, Suko decided to brag anyways. "Hey," whispered he. "I got laid last night!"

“High five me, brotha!” declared Anakin, and the two proceeded to perform The Sacred Brofist of Sexual Conquest. Suko continued to scrub himself clean, and although he desired to continue his trend of partaking in the nocturnal happenings (sex), he was too jittery about this coming battle; aye, this battle that surged o'er the horizon of time and into the present.

Suko hastily threw on a robe from the closet, regretting how he had handed o'er his crown to his alternate universe father, a man so traitorous to the ways of evil. “Anakin, how do I look?” asked he, and he twirled gracefully so that it fanned out all around him.

“That's a lady's bathrobe,” pointed out he.

“Aye, fuck, it is,” spake he, disappointed. He pulled a second outfit from the closet and modeled it in front of that mirror. "This looks pretty badass, though," commented he.

“That's my robe that someone dipped in red paint," saith Anakin.

“Well, can I wear it anyways?” asked he.

“I mean, we're kind of in a hurry, so sure, why not? Want to ride Pidgeot with me? I need someone to make sure I don't fall off 'cause I'm so high.”

“Aye,” replied Suko. "However, we must continue strategize, which I reckon shall be difficult to do during aerial combat."

“All we have to do is wait for Bellatrix and Cruella to fulfill the destruction prophecy, and then usurp
"Fair point," remarked Suko. "That simplifies things." Onto the balcony climbed the pair, boarding the bird (not a euphemism for anything) and lifting off into the night sky.

Triptykon's ominous and soul-crushingly heavy song "Goetia" roared down from the purple-tinted clouds; aye, even the moon was a deep indigo on this fateful night. The influence of Wenchicus Thoticus was enveloping all, and whether the destruction prophecy or restoration prophecy alike was completed, The Shaper of Destiny had ne'er promised to relinquish Lord Ben 10's rightful place in the Heavenly Control Room.

Yet, enough would return to normal: no mixture betwixt universes would there be if the restoration prophecy were fulfilled. Alack, alack! No villain desired normalcy. Nay, this new world was a vast array of opportunity, filled with lands to conquer, peoples to subjugate, and spirits to crush. This drive preceded all others; this impetus would be the one to shape the world.

And forsooth, all hell broke loose as the final battle for the very fabric of the multiverse commenced.
Final Battle For The Multiverse

Chapter Notes

AN: This chapter gets uncharacteristically angsty and serious towards the end. Well, as serious as is possible for this fic, anyways. You probably don't believe me now, but just wait.

16. Final Battle For The Multiverse

The road to the imperial city was just as treacherous as Hakoda recalled, a steep ascent via a path that cut betwixt two jagged, claustrophobic bluffs. Above the palace at the top of the incline, a purple vortex spiraled almost lazily, but as the night progressed, surely it would garner power and ferocity; aye, its destruction and the divine heavy metal that boomed down from it would drown out all other sound and rumble the foundations of the earth.

The Vikings dragged their longboats onto land, Captain Jack Sparrow anchored his pirate ship, and Mary Poppins, as per usual, floated high o'er them all, scouting the path ahead.

"Hark!" cried she. "Their defences travel this way by air!"

Hakoda clambered hurriedly from the vessel, stumbling into the water in his haste. Ozai caught ahold of his arm and steadied him — his ventriculus (stomach) lurched at the sensation of the touch — a touch that flooded him with a dawning dread. Perhaps 'twas naught but the apprehension of this final battle that inspired such nausea, but nay, he could not fool himself. He feared that his partner would descend into depravity and excessive violence with this opportunity, or mayhap even betray the Vikings in favour of the villains presently residing in the palace.

Hakoda drew his new and improved longsword (not a penis), the replacement provided by the dwarves for the one he had lost in the desert, and prepared himself to confront the enemy. Forsooth, streaking 'cross the sky was that hateful bird carrying a pair of robed figures, two brooms that spun and dived, a magic carpet, and some strange contraption that appeared to have been manufactured by a mad scientist.

"Oh, fuck," muttered a dwarf beside the dadly duo. "How are we to deal with aerial combat? Thorin, are you willing to sacrifice your ticket to that folk metal festival so that The Shaper of Destiny will give us a deus ex machina?"

"For Ben 10's sake! That concert was twenty years ago!" vociferated Thorin.

"Okay, okay, O great and powerful Wenchicus Thoticus," prayed the dwarf. "Even if we can't get the eagles, can we get Legolas to save us at the last possible second, O mighty Shaper of Destiny?"

The Shaper of Destiny replied with a classic godly manouevre: a lightning bolt of warning struck the water just far enough away from the dwarf to give him a good fright without harming him, electricity sizzling and crackling 'cross the ocean's surface.

"There's a reason we don't pray to Wenchicus Thoticus," remarked Oogway, who still sat calmly aboard a longboat. "You cannot change destiny, not to mention that you will suffer the divine wrath.
Now, if you don't turn around quickly, there is the wrath of another that you shall suffer instead."

The dadly duo whipped 'round as the first of those broomsticks (not penises) plunged towards them. The Wicked Witch of the West cackled maliciously and hurled a volley of fireballs at these stragglers who had not yet fought their ways up the hill, and she set aflame their vessels to prevent retreat.

Ozai unsheathed his dual katanas with an unsettling viciousness. Hakoda had no time to ponder the consequences of his taste in men, for the battle was upon them. He hefted his longsword in a defencive swipe, but with deftness that would have put any Quidditch world champion to shame, the witch eased her broom upwards, out of reach.

"Hakoda, come forth, we've got to stick close to the dwarves, lest we be struck down!" shouted Ozai o'er the raging battle and the righteous writings of folk metal band Equilibrium blasting from the heavens. The Wicked Witch of the West cackled and swooped down for another assault, and another barrage of flame rained down upon them. Crossing his katanas in front of him, those metal blades took the brunt of the fireball that would have otherwise incinerated Ozai's encephalon repository (head).

As she made another loop into the sky, the dadly duo dashed to catch up with the pack of dwarves and the other Vikings struggling up the hill. "So what was it that you said about secret passages?" panted Hakoda.

Without warning, Ozai forcefully slammed him into the ground, Hakoda's skull rattling, his face narrowly missing the blade of his own sword, blunt pain blossoming in his limbs from his brutal impact with the ground.

Holy fuck, I was right, I was right to doubt him, was all that raced through Hakoda's mind aside from mortal terror as he struggled frantically against Ozai's weight on top of him.

The bird Pokemon breezed o'er them, talons outstretched to swipe at and miss their exposed backs, and flew headlong into the company of dwarves. Ozai let up just barely, then he hauled his favourite peasant to his feet.

Horribly shaken, the longsword (not a penis) unsteady in his grip, Hakoda regarded him for the first time with an expression of true fear. "That bird would have gored you again," choked out Ozai. His gaze following Pidgeot, he stared into Suko's hostile, accusing spherules (eyes) as that sunburnt young organist turned to regard them for an instant. "I'm sorry I had to do that."

"Come on," stammered Hakoda as dismissively as he could in his current state. "There's no time for this." As those words left his mouth, the Wicked Witch launched another deluge of flame upon the dwarves ahead. They raised their shields skywards; alas, these wooden defences would futilely blacken and crack if such a torrent of heat barraged them for much longer.

Fortunately, the Vikings had one very powerful preadolescent on their side, as well as a boomerang battler that would have put any Australian to shame. Aye, that curved projectile; so delicate and precise, yet so dangerous, struck the Witch off balance and halted her fiery assault. The two women ferociously riding the second broomstick (not a penis) shot downwards at a sheer, precarious angle and righted her smoothly; one of its passenger screamed curses and discharged bolts of light and magic upon this vertically challenged company of dwarves. Forsooth, a great many were protected by their shields, but others collapsed, horribly injured or mayhap struck dead on the spot.

Mary Poppins had been scouting the route far ahead, masked by her slow movement, high altitude, and dark clothing, but she sprung into action upon the Wicked Witch's next bombardment of fire.
Whipping out a sniper rifle from her purse of infinity, she expertly neutralized that foolishly stagnant foe, and with speed, dexterity, and strength unrivaled by the finest Navy SEAL, she assembled an AK-47 with one hand, midair, and annihilated the bejesus out of the horde of villains that surged o'er the city walls by foot.

Much like the now-defeated Wicked Witch of The West had done, the other broom-riders looped upwards after completing one attack, effectively losing Mary Poppins's lethal aim among the clouds. Aang finally got going after that broomstick (not a penis), now that he had scouted the imperial city to make sure that he didn't fuck up and attack an empty palace again. The figures of Cruella and Bellatrix soaring atop that broom danced with a lethal grace through the sky, locked in tandem with Aang's practiced aerial combat.

"So, which one of us is the final boss?" shouted Suko o'er the wind and the murderous squawks of Pidgeot. "There has to be a final boss. Otherwise it isn't dramatic enough."

Anakin was still high as fuck. "I dunno. But let's just leave it to Cruella and Bellatrix to handle Ong's double. Maybe they'll all knock each other out, which means that they won't end up being the final bosses."

"That kid's way more competent than Ong, but he's still a pussy about killing people," shouted Suko. "If it matters to you if your mentors live or die."

"I'm down to be the final boss," offered Anakin, casually taking advantage of Pidgeot's low swoop to decapitate Jack Sparrow's crew as they floundered up the hill.

"Do you want to be final bosses together?" asked Suko hopefully. He flung a wrathful sphere of flame towards Viper and Mantis, who dodged deftly. Crane careened towards them from behind, but Pidgeot swerved 'round quickly to meet that fiend's talons with its own. The two birds clashed viciously, Anakin and Suko clinging to each other and Pidgeot's crest to avoid falling to their deaths. Anakin Force-choked Crane and sent him hurtling off into the distance.

"Yeah, sure, why not?" agreed Anakin, taking a moment to resituate himself atop Pidgeot's back. "You know, even though I'm arguably the most iconic villain of all time, I wasn't even the final boss in my own universe. So sure, I'd rather share final boss-hood with you than remain subordinate to Cruella and Bellatrix."

"Excellent!" chirped Suko, far too elated about this. "You know, I was supposed to get a redemption arc in my universe, but this is so much more badass! Plus, I turned down a redemption arc here, too." A charge built up in his fingertips, crackling in his palm, and he loosed that bolt of electricity at Crane. Aye, this halted that atrocious avian's return upon impact, and he plummeted out of the sky in defeat. "Yes!" cried Suko. "I'm a badass! Take that, Crane! Take that, Asshola! Take that, Cruella and Bellatrix! And take that, father who ne'er loved me!"

Even in his drugged-up state, Anakin recoiled from the intimidating lightning attack that proved this sunburnt manchild to be far more fearsome than he appeared. "Hey, I have an idea," spake he, interrupting Suko's celebration of jubilation. "Why don't we open the city gates and let all the floodwater out? Plus, if you can electrify it that'll make it all the more deadly."

"Anakin, you're a genius!" crowed Suko. He attempted an evil laugh, and aye, he was progressing in the study of maniacal cackling. "The charge will diffuse too much in the vast body of water to do much harm, but aye, to drown them! Brilliant!"

"That would kill our ground warriors," mused Anakin. He guided Pidgeot back towards the wall of the imperial city. "But most of us are airborne. Plus, in true evil dictator fashion, we must give nary a
fuck about our subordinates. Sacrifices must be made in order to crush the enemy."

"But what if my father is down there?" asked Suko anxiously.

"He's the main character, so Wenichicus Thoticus isn't going to kill him off before he faces the final boss," pointed out Anakin.

"I don't trust The Shaper of Destiny," remarked Suko scathingly. Just 'fore landing upon those city gates, Cruella and Bellatrix sped perilously fast betwixt this diabolical duo and the wall, followed immediately by Aang, who took a moment from his primary battle to punch Anakin in the sinciput (forehead).

"...Ouch," intoned Anakin; aye, he was on so many drugs that it took him a few seconds to realise that he had been injured.

"Let's do this!" declared Suko enthusiastically. Those gates strained to burst open under Anakin's masterful direction of the universe's energies into the mass slaughter of a great foe. Suko was quite thrilled with his lightningbending skills — his secret weapon — and he sent electricity racing 'cross the water, incidentally killing a pair of escorts who had deserted their boat (constructed with lampshades, antlers, and wanted posters) for a swim under the full moon. Forsooth, the pack of adversaries was advancing, well up the hill despite the ruthless fusillade of aerial attacks launched by Jafarquaad upon the magic carpet and Doofenshmirtz riding one of his impossible contraptions.

The floodgates exploded and that deluge of murky water thundered down the hill. The ground itself rumbled and the massive torrents drowned out even the divine heavy metal blasting from the heavens. Aang paused his battle with that destructive duo of dangerous dames and halted the surging outpour in place with his godlike powers. With supreme strength, he put Anakin's Pony Moses-ing and Moses Junior-ing alike to shame and flung the floodwaters to either side of the road to the imperial city.

"Don't get meme eyes, don't get meme eyes, DON'T GET LASER ORBS (EYES)!"] pleaded Suko to the heavens above after he had picked his mandible (jaw) up off the ground.

"I'm not fighting that kid, oh hell no," proclaimed Anakin firmly.

Alas, Cruella and Bellatrix streaked past that not-glowing child and interrupted his magnificent display of force; aye, Cruella merely extended a hand and brought him into a headlock as they continued to fly. His control of the floodwaters abruptly ceased, much of it crashing o'er the cliffs and onto the road. Aye, 'twas not as devastating as it could have been, but Anakin and Suko cheered in despicable delight, evil exuberance, and heinous happiness as the water enveloped their approaching adversaries and Aang fought to break free of his captors.

However, they had failed to recall that this was, forsooth, a Water Tribe-Viking alliance. Some remained unaffected by the torrent, diverting water above and around themselves and whoever happened to be close. On the other hand, the Vikings, originating from various other universes, lacked these abilities, and so did the dadly duo. And due to the debris that had come in with the floodwater, that was the story of how Ozai wound up recovering a cassette of his first demo tape, one that he had recorded at the young and hopeful age of fifteen. Since he was drowning, he did not have the capacity to appreciate such a recording returning to his possession, and flailed about in an effort not to die.

Bodies, living or dead, he knew not, swept and tumbled past this erstwhile despot, and the unforgiving cascade dragged him downhill with torrents. The deluge wrenched the katanas from his grasp; alas, 'twas better to release them than to impale himself. He had mistakenly opened his mouth
to scream, and the filthy, trash-clogged water forced its way down his throat with raw power unmatched even by Hakoda's tool of the patriarchy (penis). Again and again the rushing currents slammed him into the ground below and reduced all in his field of vision to rapid flashes of light and dark, bubbles, strands of his own hair, waste. The pressure in his lungs mounted with his crippling fear until he at last sunk his nails into something solid enough to halt his descent; he lifted his head feebly and found a sliver of air, hacking up the foul wastewaters and gasping for the clean night air above to relieve the burning in his chest.

Alas, this cataract was endless, and forsooth, it had flooded an entire city, so what else was to be expected? He clung to that handhold and defied the mighty forces of nature; he fought for life because he would be simply content to live. His ungues (fingernails) bent back and nigh tore free of his hands, but aye, did he battle.

As it is what happens when a hero or some such important individual is in mortal peril, another character conveniently saved Ozai at the last second. However, because the villains had come to rescue him from the deluge, 'twas a touch different.

Pidgeot scooped the straining bloke into its talons. Ozai gave in, possessing full knowledge of the danger of this base beast's claws, and focused instead on hacking up the polluted water in his system. The bird's mere grip pierced his drenched clothing and drew blood from 'neath his skin.

Spotting Hakoda struggling towards the cliff on the right, out of the cascade's path, he called frantically to his lover. Although a great relief filled him as he learnt of Hakoda's safety, he was currently being abducted by his alternate universe son and his two-universes-removed father, and not exactly enjoying it.

"Babe!" cried Hakoda whilst Ozai hung limply from the Pokemon's claws. Worse yet, his soaked state was making him quite cold, which only reminded him that he was facing this duo alone, without the aid of his trusty partner.

"Hello, father," spake Suko icily, ripping him from his woeful thoughts of Hakoda.

"I'm not even your dad," sighed he. "I don't need two sons who will disappoint me." Realising that a cassette was stuck in his hair, he removed it to regard his own demo tape with insouciance. Skinny P: I Got Away With It. Track listing: She Heard I'm A Gangsta, Fuck You Dad, Fire Beats For Days, I Will Conquer And Destroy The World (All Shall Bend To My Will), read he. He tucked it into his pocket for safekeeping, thinking that it would amuse Hakoda, provided that they both escaped this alive.

"Watch what you say," advised Anakin. "I can command Pidgeot to drop you immediately, and you'll fall to your death."

"Why are you so intent on capturing me?" groaned Ozai. "This is not how you make alliances." In spite of his statement, aye, his current relationship with Hakoda had begun as a hostile one, but he needed to dissuade these bothersome foes.

"I'm evil!" cried Suko. "Is that not all you've e'er wanted from a son?"

"Well, yeah," answered he truthfully. Though thoroughly annoyed more than anything else, entrenched in his gut was a growing fear, and with this proximity to his whilom home, memories of glory clouded his judgment. "But come on, kid, I already told you that even if I desired to become evil again, I don't 'got it' anymore."

This troubled trio circled the palace 'fore alighting in the courtyard. Directly above them, the purple
vortex raged and eerie strains of the original heavy metal song, Black Sabbath's "Black Sabbath" from the 1970 album Black Sabbath, drifted down with the wind.

Anakin kicked Pidgeot, a signal to release Ozai, which that barbaric bird fucklessly did from a height that stunned him when he hit the ground.

Ozai once again found himself wheezing, as the fall had knocked the wind from him. "How foolish are you?" asked he, voice ragged. "You bring us to the centre, nay, the target of Wenchicus Thoticus's power. You are begging for death."

"We have divine dealings to take care of, Father," explained Suko coldly. "You see, I can give you everything you've e'er wanted. The people of this world shall bow to you and I. All you have to do is aid us in fulfilling the destruction prophecy — it shall close the portals, but leave my allies and I in this universe. It would be quite beneficial for you to choose this o'er the restoration prophecy, for we have already come quite far in our battle for dominion, and you can so easily join in our progress and success. I am asking you to join The Villainous Alliance. 'Tis as simple as that."

"I don't 'got it' anymore! How many times must I tell you?" fumed Ozai. Unsteadily, he drew himself into a standing position.

Anakin extended a beckoning hand towards his two-universes-removed son. "It is your destiny! Join me, and together, we can rule the galaxy as father and son! Come with me. It is the only way," declared he.

"Anakin, what the fuck? I have this under control!" burst out Suko.

"Now I'm just confused," murmured Ozai quietly. A great weakness entered him from the ground up, as if merely being in the presence of this deity's swirling maelstrom was draining him of energy and fight.

"I am your voice actor's most famous's character's father!" decreed Anakin, finally achieving the righteous drama of any proper villain.

"NNNN— … I mean, what?" saith Ozai. "You two aren't very good at this. Just cut out the monologuing, it's only going to buy me time to escape." Alas, the sheer force of the tempestuous winds and the divine consciousness above drove him back into the ground, back to his knees.

"Don't you see, Father? Do you not wish to teach me the ways of villainy?" pleaded Suko in the most level voice he could muster. In sooth, the violet tornado dipping down into the courtyard was beginning to frighten him as well, exerting a great pressure downwards even though that is not how such storms work. Thus, he pulled his final card to speed the process: "I can give you 'it' back. Father, if you only agree to join me, I can return your bending."

"Well, fuck, you got me there," remarked that suffering quondam autocrat.

"Suko, I thought I told you that I couldn't do that using The Force!" hissed Anakin.

"That's not what I intend to do!" He inhaled a long and shuddering breath, uncertain if this was going to work.

"Well, do something quickly, otherwise we are all going to die! Restoration or destruction prophecy, who cares? If you don't do one of them, the portal is going to consume everything!" yelled Anakin. Ozai struggled simply to lift his head, and aye! O'er the walls streamed the Vikings, and desperately he scanned their ranks for Hakoda; alas, 'twas futile in the poor lighting and with the unnatural gravity driving him further into the ground.
Lightning crepitated and cracked ominously in Suko's palms, bolts of white light writhing in a futile battle against the will of their master. The combined power of his immense skill and the supernatural presence that manifested o'er the palace just might bring to fruition his ambitious, albeit untested plan. "Father, raise your arm towards the vortex!" shouted he above the merciless gusts.

"Babe, no, you're so close to completing your redemption arc!" screeched a familiar voice from somewhere off to the side, but when one has a lightning bolt hurtling towards them, the instinct is self-defence.

Against the relentless pressure of the whirlwind's gravity, he positioned himself to redirect the bolt straight into that purple vortex. Electricity hissed and crackled 'cross his skin, visibly encircling his arms and torso on its path skywards. He had been expecting the worst, expecting death and agony, but his synchrony and oneness with the electrical current was healing, restoring. The constant ache that had plagued him now for two years, an ache that he had grown used to living with, finally vanished.

From the vortex, the music ceased abruptly, for this shared lightning bolt of Suko and Ozai had destroyed the divine speakers. Wenchicus Thoticus, whose voice none save for those who had received prophetic dreams had e'er heard, audibly cursed and panicked violently.

In his reinvigoration, Ozai unleashed a great pillar of fire into the Heavenly Control Room. It took a moment to coax forth those flames from his fingertips, but all at once, they exploded into the sky; they snaked 'round that lightning bolt; they ignited the winds of the tornado itself; they drove The Shaper of Destiny from the Heavenly Control Room to be banished to the Hellish Hallway.

Yet that vortex raged on uncontrollably, now with neither god nor master to watch o'er it. It was all that those on either side could do to pray for Lord Ben 10's swift return.

"What is the meaning of this!?!" screeched an infuriated voice. "I thought I'd seen the last of you!"

Ozai's power supply cut out, and the last of the lightning whipped and sizzled through his arms; the fire died. Spent, he collapsed, still directly in the path of the whirlwind, its purple colouration fading.

"We cannot have this weakling running what is rightfully ours, Anakin!" threatened Bellatrix after Cruella finished her bout of scalding cries 'gainst Suko's very presence. The two of them dismounted their broom, and Bellatrix pointed her wand at those traitorous schismatics.

Villainous Alliance reinforcements at last arrived just behind this pair as Doof activated a swarm of Murderinators, occupying the Viking forces and leaving our heroes and villains alone for these final, climactic moments. The grand spectacle of the human lightning conductors had ended, and each warrior was once again prepared to spring into battle.

"Babe?" whispered a tearful, frantic voice into Ozai's ear. He attempted to roll over, but either the force of gravity was too strong, or he had been so completely drained by the inadvertent act of expelling The Shaper of Destiny from the Heavenly Control Room that he failed. He nurtured to life a small flame in his palm, just to see if he could, and stared at it incredulously.

Hakoda's attention involuntarily fixated on it — drawn to its implications, its impossibility — and when their gazes met with an agonizing slowness, fear and distrust once again screamed in his eyes.

"Please, don't be afraid of me," begged Ozai, extinguishing the delicate light in his hand. "I don't want to hurt you."

Bellatrix and Cruella encroached on Anakin and Suko. Suko hid behind his battle partner, utterly
spent from the exertion of maintaining such a raw electrical force for so long, and Anakin drew his lightsaber in defence.

"How dare you call me weak?" snarled Suko. In spite of the venom in his words, he was unsteady on his feet, his exhaustion apparent. "I ended the war of the gods. Now you must join me in completing the destruction prophecy, or else no one will achieve world domination."

"You think that we know not how to complete the destruction prophecy without your aid?" spat Cruella. "We don't need your help to rule the world."

"And Anakin," spake Bellatrix, tone heavy with disgusted disappointment. "The three of us had something — we made such a fantastic team. But now you fully intend to serve under this pathetic child?"

Ozai stared past Hakoda's visage and into the advancing vortex. "If we stay in this spot, we're going to die," remarked he almost casually, thinly disguising the misery that lay within him.

When he reached for Hakoda's hand, Hakoda pulled away as if he had been burnt, and a sickening sensation throttled Ozai when he checked his palm to find that indeed, the glowing remnants of a flame still lingered in it.

The consternation in Hakoda's eyne morphed into terror, and he shook his head slowly, crawling backwards across the grass and away from the maelstrom above. "Why did I think that you could be any different than you were before?"

"Fuck! I'm sorry!" He clawed at the ground with bloodied fingernails in an attempt to drag himself from the spot where the whirlwind would soon touch down. "I'm not used to it anymore — I didn't mean to burn you! It was an accident! You're just going to back away — you're just going to leave me here?"

Hakoda only clambered to his feet and retreated silently from the vortex's range, head turned, jaw clenched.

The divided Villainous Alliance launched into their battle for supremacy. Cruella's undead Arcanine inexorably spat great breaths of fire at Suko; it sapped his little remaining energy simply to fend off the attacks, let alone utilize his taxing talent as a lightningbender to decimate his opponents. Anakin smoothly blocked Bellatrix's stream of curses and Cruella's laser gunfire with his lightsaber, and he summoned Pidgeot to Suko's aid. Those unremitting, wickedly sharp talons tore at Arcanine's fur and bore the brunt of its continuous fiery assault.

Suko staggered across the courtyard and towards the vortex. "Father," called he weakly. "Let me save you."

Ozai did not hear those cries; Hakoda finally relented and turned to meet those eyes that were filled with such mortal terror as Suko dropped to his knees to crawl towards his father's double.

"I am going to die, please," beseeched Ozai hysterically, shameless in the path of death's descent. He loosed a wordless yelp as the force of the vortex reversed, as if someone in the Heavenly Control Room had flicked a switch. He grasped feverishly at the grass as the winds began to draw him up into the spiral.

Hakoda bit back his doubts and tears and backpedaled to the ascending form, still low enough to the ground to seize Ozai's hand without being sucked into the sky himself, yet the mighty gales restrained their escape and dragged them back towards the vortex. Anakin savagely thrust a chunk of
earth up from the ground and sent Cruella flying across the courtyard.  

"Avada Kedavra! Crucio!" screamed Bellatrix mercilessly, redoubling her efforts in the absence of her partner. Anakin prepared another brutal earthbending manoeuvre to crush Bellatrix betwixt two slabs of stone; alas, this move required both hands, and his foe at last landed a hit with the unforgivable cruciatus curse.

An un-Ben 10-ly screech erupted from the depths of Anakin's lungs as pure excruciation coursed through his entire being. Bellatrix was lenient and did not kill him, only dealing a few more cruciatus spells 'fore ensnaring him in a temporary full body-bind. She turned to Suko, struggling deeper into the whirling vortex, and addressed him.

"Say goodbye to your dreams of honour, boy," spat she, and aimed her wand not at him, but at Ozai, now stumbling frantically away from the vortex, hand in hand with Hakoda. "Crucio!"

Hakoda realised their peril in time to shield his lover from the most sadistic curse in any magician's arsenal. His agonized scream was not unlike Anakin's, but Ozai was near enough to watch his features contort; mere weeks ago he would have relished this sound — now it wrenched his heart out of place.

Insatiable rage flickered inside of him like the reborn flames within, but Bellatrix's cruel expression went slack with shock, and both turned towards the raging vortex. The light within it pulsed a deep indigo, nigh black, shifting betwixt normal colouration and the mark of The Shaper of Destiny in rapid, blinding fluctuations.

The vortex expanded in one final blow 'gainst the world. An explosion hurled each warrior backwards, slamming them violently into palace walls and sending them skidding and tumbling across the grass. The whirlwind crumpled inwards, shrinking apace, as if it were consuming itself.

And then it vanished.

Silence fell o'er the courtyard. Purple tendrils snaked down from the skies, but these ones meant no harm as they wheeled about gently, quietly, peacefully. One gathered Anakin, another collected Suko; Bellatrix and Cruella each received their own; Pidgeot and Arcanine vanished into the same tube. Off in the distance, beyond the courtyard walls, the dwarves departed into the sky; Mario and company ascended into the clouds; Mary Poppins was lifted up by a gust, ne'er to be seen again. Everyone was returning to their rightful place.

The restoration prophecy was complete.

"Hakoda," breathed Ozai as a great sense of tranquility settled o'er the palace. He crawled towards the limp form of his lover, still stricken by inner turmoil and a mounting, pounding fear of loss. He eased his arms 'neath his torso and propped up Hakoda, semi-conscious, in his lap. "You must be all right," implored he raggedly. "Aren't you?"

Hakoda strained to raise his head, spurring Ozai to cradle it with one arm.

"What did that wench do to you? I beg of you, you must answer me. You must!" He choked on his last sentence, and prayed that The Shaper of Destiny would not stoop to crafting such a commonplace scene in which Hakoda would die in his arms. "I command you," implored he weakly. "You are prohibited from dying. I forbid it!"

Hakoda raised a shaking hand and grazed his temple; he wore a sorrowful smile that conveyed well enough what was going through his mind. Ozai attempted to heave him up; alas, his exhaustion was
too great, and he gave in with the knowledge that he could do nothing. Collapsing into the shredded grass beside Hakoda, he enclosed him in a feeble embrace as his consciousness slipped from this realm and into another.
Return To Sender

17. Return To Sender

i. Anakin

"What a close call!" proclaimed C3PO. "I've never seen a wormhole like that before."

Anakin awakened in his ship with both of his droids, floating through the void of interstellar space. Nay, perhaps 'twas not precisely an awakening, per say; one instant he had been immobilized by Bellatrix's full-body bind, and the next, he had returned to his spacecraft, in the exact same situation that had preceded his journey through the wormhole. Already, the vividness of the memory faded like Wenchicus Thoticus's will to live after being ousted from the Heavenly Control Room.

"Damn, that was one wild acid trip," remarked Anakin, quick to dismiss all events of the last two weeks as the product of a drug-addled cognition stew (mind). "You know, I think I'm ready to fight Obi Wan. With all that lava so readily available to me, I'm going to pulverise him."

"Master Anakin —" protested C3PO.

"Silence!" demanded that bloodthirsty young Sith Lord, setting the ship's course for Mustafar. "The full untapped power of The Force is at my disposal! I am the avatar!" Villainy had not rewarded him well in his hallucination, but that had merely been a phantasmagoria of falsity and failure. Besides, never give up on your dreams, kids.

Aye, shortly Anakin did land upon that fiery planet. Departing from his ship, droids in tow, Padme dashed to greet him. "Oh, Anakin! I was so worried about you!" cried she.

"Bitch I got a battle to win," spake Anakin, pushing her aside without so much as meeting her spheroid vision receptors (eyes). He drew his lightsaber and paced in anticipation whilst completely ignoring his pleading wife.

Obi Wan emerged from the Naboo cruiser upon hearing Anakin's incantations to Death Lord Eridan (this was a habit he had adopted from the prostitutes of the imperial city).

"Anakin! Don't you dare hurt her," saith Obi Wan in that detestably superior tone of voice he always utilized 'round his apprentice.

"I challenge thee to a duel, thou foul accursed laffy-taffy!" declared Anakin (Shakespearean English was also something he that had learnt from the courtesans of the city, though he was not yet proficient in the dialect).

"Anakin, calm yourself," warned he as if attempting to placate a wild animal.

Screaming at a frequency of 20000 Hertz (aye, no more, no less), he backflipped once in uncontrollable rage 'fore summoning a great wave of molten lava from the flaming river behind him. Obi Wan swept up Padme in his arms with deftness and grace unequalled by even the smoothest of lovers and slid from the path of that descending lava.

Anakin now screamed at 40000 Hertz, having not known previously that his voice could reach such frequencies, although 20000 Hertz was already well out of any human's range. Still cradling Padme in his brachia (arms), Obi Wan jumped impossibly high, o'er that fiery wave, and slammed Anakin into the river.
Forsooth, an ability such as this one ensured that he would always maintain the high ground, for he had learnt it during Wenchicus Thoticus's brief period of multiverse fuckery, upon making an unanticipated visit to a great temple of kung fu. Whilst Oogway and the Furious Five were out, he had and trained with Master Shifu and Po in the ways of this sacred martial art.

Burning horribly and weeping like the little bitch that he was, Anakin screeched his excessively emo line, "I HATE YOU!" as he was brutally immolated.

"By the way, I fucked your wife," called Obi Wan o'er his shoulder, still cradling Padme snuggly in his grip. "But I'm not sure if the kid is yours or mine."

The future of the Star Wars universe unaltered, Obi Wan boarded the Naboo cruiser, and left the shrieking and whining Anakin to finally fulfill his dream of becoming an iconic villain.

ii. Suko, Sooka, Ong, and Katana

Suko grasped Ong by the scruff of his neck as if the incompetent child was a runaway kitten. Having accidentally consumed one of Anakin's edibles, Ong dangled limply from the grip of his master, no willpower left within him.

"DAD, I DID IT!" cried Suko, hysterically weeping with joy. Having ignored the restoration prophecy completely, he had not considered what to do in the event of a return to his home universe; but aye — so simple was this! No surrogate father would he have to seek, his honour would be restored, and best of all, his success disallowed Lord Shymalan's nefarious schemes for a second film.

"Very good," spake Osai, although his countenance displayed a disgusted sort of superiority (this was completely normal for him), as if he had witnessed someone butchering his favourite song during karaoke night. (Aye, someone had so horribly fucked up Eminem's "Lose Yourself" at his eighth birthday party that his facial expression had remained frozen e'er since that traumatizing incident. Like his alternate universe counterpart, he, too, harbored a secret yet passionate affinity for hip-hop.)

"AND I HAVE HIS FRIENDS!" screamed Suko. Sooka had been easy to contain, as he had transported back to his home universe whilst blackout drunk. As for Katana, he had been forced to electrify her in order to render her unconscious. Her sizzling flesh shell (body) lay in the corner; Suko had not yet bothered to check if she remained alive, but he gave nary a shit either way.

"Perhaps I should not have doubted you," saith Osai whilst Suko sobbed even harder with elation.

"You have no idea how close I was to taking o'er the world," howled he, wiping away a big, salty emotion droplet (tear) from his cheek (facial cheek). "I was so close. Now that I've had this experience, I am prepared to serve under you to achieve world domination and mass genocide! O, Father, will you allow me to do so?"

"Sure, why not," replied Osai indifferently.

"This is the best day of my life! Oh, thank you, Dad!" shrieked Suko, backflipping towards his father to smother him in an embrace.

"Please don't make me retract my offer," grumbled Osai flatly from 'neath this uncomfortable barrage of affection.

"You won't regret this, Dad," spake Suko. "Aye, I know I was always mediocre in the ways of the flame, but I discovered on my magnificent quest that my true talent lies with lightning!"
"That's nice, son," muttered he, and Suko backflipped 'round the throne room in ecstasy.

A pair of servants transported Ong to the depths of the dungeons; all the while vibrant hallucinations clouded his cognitive oatmeal (mind), and he slipped into a state of drug-induced euphoria as he faced his imprisonment.

Osai released Sooka from the confines of the palace to wander about the imperial city, as he was quite harmless and merely desired to consume drugs. Likely, he would become a homeless drunkard or join the masses of pagan prostitutes that roamed the streets, eventually shying away from daylight's harsh brightness as he learned the sacred rites of Dark Photosynthesis.

Katana was dead, and although it crossed Suko's mind to spickity-spoo (fuck) her lifeless corpse, he was not that desperate. Besides, as the newly reinstated prince, droves of women would court him, and he would also copulate with a great number of groupies due to his musical prowess.

A few days later, Osai would finally reveal that Suko's mother, Viola "Angel Eyes" Fletcher, had been banished from the Fuego Nation for her underground cocaine ring and because she had played too much anti-fascist punk rock from Osai's dank speakers. Now, she resided somewhere in the Kingdom, roping cattle, smoking weed, and fornicating with attractive older women to her heart's desire. Osai arranged a visit betwixt her and Suko, because deep down, he actually cared about his son and desired to atone for his horrible parenting.

Aye, 'twas the life, decided Suko. At last, he loosed the perfect evil laugh, and he climbed upstairs to go torment his sister Asshola and write a jammin' villain song for himself.

iii. Bellatrix

"You durst allow someone to replace me?" raged Bellatrix. "No one can replace me! You all know that I'm Lord Voldemort's favourite!"

Lucius Malfoy did not wish to incur the wrath of this violent vixen, but under his breath murmured he, "It wasn't that hard to find another crazy bitch, considering all this nonsense involving the portals."

"What! What say you!?” shrieked she. "I deny not that I am a crazy bitch, but who is this woman? I shall battle her for my rightful place!"

"She's gone. The multiverse is back to normal," spake Lucius, retreating from this advancing wench. "She returned to her home world."

Bellatrix screeched in fury and fired a cruciatus curse at a lamp 'cross the room. With her combined mastery of the spell and current all-consuming ire, she was able to squeeze a scream of agony from that inanimate, completely unenchanted piece of furniture.

"I failed in my conquest of world domination in another universe, so I must at least have my previous spot returned to me!" demanded she.

"You see, the thing is…” began Lucius cautiously.

"Yes?" prompted Bellatrix impatiently.

"She murdered the Dark Lord — caught him off guard. He is lost to us," explained Lucius. Then, whimpered he, "Please don't kill me."

"WHAT ON EARTH AM I TO DO WITHOUT MY VILLAINOUS PLEASURES?" bellowed
Bellatrix barbarously. Aye, although she had forged her own way during her extradimensional travels, life in her homeworld without Lord Voldemort she simply could not fathom.

"She disrupted everything that the prophecy said! Look at it this way: we no longer have to deal with that insolent Potter child!" ejaculated (exclaimed) Lucius.

"I'm going to kill him anyways! I'm going to kill everyone!" declared she. "REVENGE SHALL BE MINE!"

With that, she burst through the window and into the sky upon her bushy rocket stick (not a penis) to take matters into her own hands, whilst Lucius continued to ponder how a girl who was not the Chosen One had so easily defeated the Dark Lord.

Aye, 'twas embarrassing suffer defeat by a gal who had hit her sweet sixteen nary even a month ago, but all the more embarrassing would it be to be trounced by a fourteen year-old, as Potter presently was in this rendition of his reality. Alas, one could be struck down by a prepubescent twelve year-old, but Ozai needn't feel all of that bad, for Voldemort, arguably the most iconic villain of all time, had been cast out of the business of evil for a solid decade by naught but a mere helpless infant.

Lucius poured himself a tall glass of vodka and reclined in the My Little Pony chair in the corner of this dilapidated, darkened den. Aye, what was his life now? Why had that girl done what she had and crushed his brethren and their racist, authoritarian dreams? Was she receiving a redemption arc? Or was something far more sinister occurring as her mental imbalance in conjunction with her immense power gave way to utterly fuckless disregard for all life? Aye, it no longer mattered, for she had returned to the world from whence she had come.

iv. Azula and Iroh

As Lucius pondered this question whilst sipping his vodka, the light of Lord Ben 10, its gentle goodness displaying his unconditional love for each of his creations, softly lowered Azula into the Air Temple. Aye, the sun dipped towards the horizon, its dying yet brilliantly golden lambency filtering betwixt the columns of those still-regal ruins, and a calm breeze rustled the foliage of the overgrown vines that climbed the cracked white marble walls.

"Chupen mi pinche pene, Harry Potter y Voldemort," crowed she as she began to explore the abandoned temple. Betwixt her digits of deed-doing (fingers), she spun the wand that she had acquired during her travels.

"Hello?" came a voice from 'round the corner.

"¿Quiénes están aquí?" called Azula warily, although she knew that she could easily annihilate any challenger.

A kindly old bloke came into view, and smiled a warm greeting at her. "Ah, Princess Azula. Among The Shaper of Destiny's final wishes was to send you to me."

"¿Tio Iroh!?" gasped she, dropping her wand in shock.

"Relax, my child. I am here to help you. Sit with me, let us discuss why you killed Lord Voldemort," spake he, and ensconced himself upon the ground. Aye, he, too, had been taken by the portals to another universe during Wenchicus Thoticus's reign. Although he was, forsooth, the pagan God of Wisdom, he chose to walk the earth in human form, and had thus been subjected to The Shaper of Destiny's whims. (When things settled back down, he would petition Lord Ben 10 to apotheosize him also as the patron deity of tea and other fine drinks. Naturally.)
In the mother dimension, this supreme pagan being had cooperated to bring about the downfall of capitalism; alas, the plan had failed, and the world remained largely unchanged, aside from the emergence of a new movement to institute functional marijuana dispensaries in e'ery nursing home.

"No necesito más ancianos diciéndome que hacer," scoffed Azula.

"Please, allow me to guide you on your path back to reality. I know not why you did so, but it was incredibly noble of you to slay Lord Voldemort. We can return home once we sort out your feelings," saith he kindly. "Come. Sit down."

"Me gusta muerte," spake Azula with a shrug. "Es por eso qué maté Voldemort."

"You have deep-seated issues that have caused this lust for violence. You are not prepared to return to a world of peace, and you must first find inner tranquility and stability."

Azula took a seat next to her divine and fucklessly calm uncle, who would have gotten on well with Oogway had they met each other. "¿Es terapia?" asked she nervously.

"I would call this therapeutic, but not therapy," responded he. "We don't have to do this here, you know. We can board the Family Disappointment Boat instead."

"¿¡Decepción!?" shouted Azula indignantly, "¡No estoy una 'decepción'!"

"Never mind, let us remain here, then," offered he, unperturbed. "Now, you have been through a lot… Let us begin by discussing beautiful women."

"…Sí, Sí…" encouraged she; and forsooth, the healing process began there.

v. Cruella

"You know, perhaps world domination just isn't for me," sighed Cruella to her evil therapist, Sinistra Diabolicus. "Aye, we were so close, too."

"The root of the problem may be how you went about this task, not what the task was," pointed out Sinistra helpfully. "You stated that you were betrayed by your own comrades?"

"Aye," murmured Cruella weepily. "Why do I e'er bother trusting men anymore at this point? I am an iconic villain in my own right — I require no allies, although it saddens me immensely that I shan't e'er see Bellatrix again."

Sinistra provided her patient with a box of tissues and a soft, cosy blanket, which Cruella accepted dejectedly. "You mustn't allow this to set you back," saith she. "Now that you have returned to your homeland, you ought to consider what you can take from this experience that will enhance your future villainous plights."

"I suppose you're correct," spake Cruella, sniffing pitifully. "But now animal abuse simply seems so petty, and I desire more. I desire power."

"And mayhap, without divine intervention halting you as it did last time, you can achieve this," continued Sinistra. "You have made great progress since we first began meeting — you've really been able to hone in on your goals with such motivation that I had initially thought would have taken us years us sessions to achieve. But look at you now! What is stopping you?"

"No gods, no masters," declared Cruella, and she crushed the tissue box in her holder (hand) with a single squeeze.
"Aye, that's the spirit!" cried Sinistra Diabolicus.

"Look out bitches, here I come," proclaimed she, and much like Bellatrix had done, she fucklessly leapt through the window to begin on a mad rampage of destruction.

vi. The Dadly Duo

"You've got to be kidding me," wailed Ozai more dramatically than even Tommy Wiseau e'er could have. "I defeated Wenchicus Thoticus! Why must I continue to suffer?"

"You see, brother, The Shaper of Destiny still has plans for you — plans that were already set in stone before your victory," spake Iroh. Although he had just been many kilometres away, across the world, he had been able to teleport directly to the Fire Palace because he was God.

"That craven, clapper-clawed canker-blossom has already subjected me to such a great deal of shitty romance tropes, and now you say that I must do this!?" griped he, literally shooting steam from his nares (nostrils).

"I'm afraid it is your only chance — but I see not why you are so upset about performing this task. You enjoy kissing him, no?"

"Silence, you monstrous mongrel!" shrieked he, blushing furiously. "Do you know what that egg-sucking cur Wenchicus Thoticus has put me through? Would you like me to list the tropes that the peasant and I have covered betwixt the two of us?"

"I know what happened," spake Iroh calmly, for he was God.


"Well, are you frightened that it is not true love?" asked Iroh patiently.

That whilom tyrant merely sighed, relinquishing his rage, and collapsed upon a garden bench, defeated. "Everyone knows that I am an irredeemable garbage man," mumbled he. "I am incapable of love."

"Clearly, that is not true. You are very distressed about his current state, and afraid that he may not awaken from this coma. There is something else," prompted the God of Wisdom (and possibly also tea at some point in the near future).

"He does not fully trust me due to my seriously fucked up history," admitted Ozai. "Which I suppose is understandable, in spite of my unwavering loyalty to him."

"You ought to try awakening him anyways," advised he. "No harm done, and there is not much else to do considering our limited medical technology."
"But what if it doesn't work?" fretted he. "I can't go back to jail! Although it is fantastic lyrical fodder for the mixtape that I... that I wanted to drop with Hakoda." A single blood tear rolled down his cheek (facial cheek).

"Worry not, little brother. I am certain that one way or another, things shall work out," spake Iroh mystically. As God, he could get away with saying vague shit like that.

"What in the name of Ben 10 is that supposed to mean!?" groused Ozai, seeing right through this ploy, for he was super done with such prophetic bullshit.

Iroh snapped his fingers and vanished, returning to the Air Temple to train his inexplicably Spanish-speaking niece in the ways of humility, chivalry, and not being a sociopath.

Ozai hugged his knees and rocked back and forth for a bit 'fore deciding to visit Hakoda's chambers, only if it was to adoringly observe his peaceful slumber like a coward rather than attempting to awaken him. Rounding the first corner on his way into the garden, he collided directly with his disappointing son. He found this oddly relieving, for he did not have to immediately face the consequences of his likely failure to awaken Hakoda.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" demanded that traitorous beetle-headed strumpet, summoning a ball of flame to his palm. "AND WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WEARING?"

"Relax, I am merely going for a walk," replied Ozai fucklessly. He glanced down at his attire, recalling that he had not bothered to change out of Hakoda's clothing. (Perhaps "not bothered" was an understatement — the garments still possessed soothingly familiar aroma of his lover, and with much fervor had he clung to them.)

"But you're supposed to be in jail," spat Zuko, scrambling to his pedes (feet).

"I had a little adventure during the last few weeks, and then I ousted Wenichius Thoticus from the Heavenly Control Room," explained he with a shrug. "I think that earns me at least another few days of freedom. I did not hear good things about the ownership of the palace, but for once, I will try not to express my disappointment in you. Here." Slowly, he stood up, and awkwardly reached out to tap Zuko on the shoulder whilst keeping him at arm's length. "I am patting you on the back to convey my gratitude that you were not brutally pulverised by our extradimensional adversaries. Yes."

"Er, thanks," muttered Zuko.

Stalling for time, Ozai began to walk back to the garden. "We shall play a game of catch. That is what father and son do, no?"

Absolutely befuddled, Zuko followed him in moderate discomfort and extreme wariness. Forsooth, when Ozai hurled a great spheroid of flame at him, he decided that his father deserved nary a minute longer of freedom, banisher of Wenichius Thoticus or not. He caught that ball of fire, the unexpected projectile flinging him backwards and 'cross the garden walkway.

"Why so frightened? We are playing catch," spake Ozai in regards to Zuko's horrified expression, and nonchalantly added, "Also, your alternate universe counterpart electrocuted me, so now I can bend again, if that is what has you so worried."

Really fucking confused, even more so now, all Zuko spake was, "Hate that guy."

"Me too," concurred he. "So desperate for my approval though I had ne'er so much as seen him before."
Tentatively, Zuko tossed that fireball back, though this pointed anger at his double was beginning to flow through him. "That sunburned twerp thought he could pass himself off as me. They used some sort of mind control spell to bypass the guards, and then I was simply outnumbered when they came for me in the throne room."

"I would love to say how disappointed I am in you, but then you shall remind me that your prepubescent friend destroyed me in battle," replied Ozai, returning the flame with a quite relaxed yet horribly inaccurate pitch that caused the bushes behind Zuko to ignite immediately. "So I guess I am either not disappointed in you, or I am disappointed in both of us."

"There's a chance you're… not disappointed in me?" spake Zuko, tearing up even as the garden caught fire.

"I like to think that I have learned to 'chill out' o'er the past weeks. Hence, I do not care if you are hell-bent on world domination as I was." He gazed o'er to where the fire began to spread and engulf the lettuce eggs in the flowerbeds next to the bushes.

Convinced that he was having some sort of dying fever dream as he lay in the dungeon cell where his double had imprisoned him, Zuko produced The Hammer of Awakening (aye, this was the counterpart to Hakoda's Hammer of Sleep) and struck himself with it — but nay, the scene did not change.

"Is that a Hammer of Awakening?" asked Ozai, spirits lifting at the prospect that he might not have to imitate the creepiest actions of Disney princes. "Do you mind if I borrow that? I have a great need for it." Flame continued to consume the garden.

"Wh… Why?" questioned he suspiciously.

"I shall trade you seven shekels for an hour of its use," offered he. "Or, perhaps you do not care for such materialism, for you have always sought the abstract. I shall take that Hammer of Awakening, and in return, I shall alleviate you of my harsh expectations. Aye, I shall provide you my fucklessness." Alas, he was aught but fuckless as he stared vacantly at the destruction he had inadvertently wreaked upon now the bushes, lettuce eggs, petunias, and screaming mandrakes (á la Harry Potter).

"You know what? All right. But I would like to have that back. You know. It would be nice. Just a suggestion."

"Worry not. I shall ensure that you have this back within the hour." The fire devastated the rose garden next, and he could not find any part of him with the willpower to do something about it. Nay, he was not relishing in the devastation; rather, it depressed him to the point of inaction.

"Okay — I'm going to be meeting with Mother in the left wing of the palace, if you need me."

"That wench is here!" hissed Ozai, clutching that Hammer of Awakening as though it was a magnificent katana (not a penis). Promptly, he folded up into a ball and rolled out of the garden like a much slower Sonic the Hedgehog.

He uncurled in front of the room where some higher force had decided to temporarily house Hakoda whilst they had both been unconscious. Inhaling the smoke of his accidental annihilation, he knew not if entering this doorway was preferable to the persisting knowledge that he destroyed everything he touched, whether he meant to or not. Suddenly, utilizing The Hammer of Awakening felt like a mistake, the wrong way to accomplish the deed. If The Shaper of Destiny was still behind this, no easy task would this be.
Shaking, he laid a hesitant hand on the doorknob and pushed open the entrance. In the bed 'cross the room, he could only distinguish lumpy blankets and a shock of dark brown hair that caught the sunlight filtering in through the window.

He pulled a chair up to the bedside. Closer now, he peeled back the covers to reveal Hakoda's visage, his head unceremoniously tilted o'er to one side whilst he otherwise lay supine. A horrendous guilt abruptly overtook that growing sorrow within him; aye, Hakoda had taken that witch's cruciatus curse for him in spite of everything, and if he could not awaken him, then Hakoda would have sacrificed himself for none other than forsooth — an irredeemable garbage man.

Ozai tenderly cupped Hakoda's cheek (facial cheek) to straighten his head. Just as his favourite peasant had done O so long ago in the desert, he trailed his fingers gently along that temple, lingering in his reluctance to break the touch. O, those shut eyne brought him a great despair; they did not gaze upon him with approval and affection, they did not beckon him onwards, they did not reassure him that he was taking the correct course of action.

At last, he removed his hand to focus on The Hammer of Awakening. He rotated it slowly in his palms as he scrutinized its weathered wooden handle and the dull gray gleam of the iron head. Once more he glanced at Hakoda, and steadied The Hammer. Alas, something held him back — he could not bring himself to strike and quite possibly injure his lover.

Sighing in frustration that thinly masked his true desolation, he discarded The Hammer of Awakening. He began to lean in o'er that definitely-not-a-Disney-princess, and halted as another wave of misgivings flooded his mind. Aye, what if it did not work? Was a bloke such as himself even capable of true love?

"Fuck it," muttered he, and softly brushed Hakoda's lips with his own. Anxiously, cardiovascular symbol of love (heart) thudding loudly, he waited for those eyne to a-flutter open, yet naught occurred. Hakoda remained utterly motionless, the quiet sound of his breathing and the subtle rise and fall of his chest the only signs that he still lived.

Maybe I've really got to get in there, thought Ozai trepidatiously. He bent in again, finding that making out with an unconscious person was far from the height of romance, and wondering why this trope had been so popular for nay, not years, but centuries. Hakoda was static and unresponsive 'neath him, and he pulled away upon sensing another presence in the room.

Watching the whole ordeal had been a peasant girl whom he had ne'er met before. Alarmed already, when he turned to meet her spheres (eyes), recognition dawned o'er her features, and her shock turned to complete horror.

"Fuck, why does this keep happening!" lamented he. He slammed his hands down on the nightstand, and little plumes of fire shot from his closed fists.

"What do you think you're doing!? Get away from here," threatened that plebeian child, dropping into a defencive stance and readying an airborne amorphous orb of fightin' fluid (water).

"You're his daughter? Please don't tell me you're his daughter," begged that distraught, erstwhile homicidal megalomaniac.

"I am, and I don't know what you think you're doing, but get out of here right now. I'm not afraid of you," spat she.

Slowly, he lowered his head and cast his gaze downwards, away from the burning, accusatory glare of the peasant girl. "No one is anymore," murmured he. Glancing once more at Hakoda, still deep in
a state of unconsciousness, he raised himself from his seat. "I think I'll walk myself to the dungeons."
Before kicking off the last chapter, I'd like to thank in no particular order: The Internet, The God of Pinecones, Lord Chaos, M. Night Shyamalan's unintentional hilarity, fanfiction that's so bad it's good, fanfiction that's actually good, Mark Hamill, Shakespeare and Shakespearean insults, the master lists of Southern slang, penis euphemisms, romance tropes (from TV Tropes, naturally), and old-fashioned gay euphemisms, rum, Star Wars Prequel memes, the Dethklok song "I Ejaculate Fire," the word "peasant," Ozai's hair, the Shrek Franchise, Sophgoph (who drew freakin fanart of this shit), Mark Hamill, the thesaurus tool on Pages, and of course, everyone who read this.

Also, I thought that you would like to see some statistics. Here is:

The number of times the word "peasant" was used throughout the entirety of the fic: 271

Things that weren't penises: 51

Things that were penises: 72 (34 of them being in the sex scene)

Forssoths: 137

Ayes: 420 (lmao 420 blaze amirite guys)

Semicolons: 258

Nays: 101

O'ers: 137

Alases: 90

(Facial and ass cheeks): 28

Spakes: 302

Whiloms, quondams, and erstwhiles: 50

Fucklesses (including derivatives): 41

(eyes): 96; orbs: 54

Pairs of parentheses: 704

Times characters are high/drunk (actively in the scene): 14 (Sooka: 5, Anakin: 4, Hakoda, Ozai: 2, Ong: 1). Fun fact: all of these characters (except Ong) are high or drunk in Chapter 13.

Battle scenes: 9

Chapter sections opening with Suko playing the organ/keyboards: 5
Chapters beginning with Mary Poppins flying: 3

Times Ozai denies that he's gay: 38

Times Ozai uses "intercourse" as a verb: 6

Times Wenchicus Thoticus promotes safe and consensual sex: 10

Fun fact: Guys, I've written like six books plus a five-book mini-series in my time, and this is my only full-length work in which I didn't kill off any of the main characters. Happy endings are not a specialty of mine, but this story was really too lighthearted for me to embark on my usual killing spree.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

18. Perhaps

Forlornly sitting in the corner of a dungeon cell, Ozai brushed up on his shekel transportation tricks, thinking that if he was to return to jail, he ought to continue his hobby as a magician to pass the time. He softly hummed Taylor Swift's 2008 hit "You Belong With Me" under his breath.

Aye, was this journey going to end in the same way as it had begun? Had this all been for naught; had this experience simply shown him what life could be, only to snatch it away from him again? O, Wenchicus Thoticus was punishing him for his sins, but to penalize Hakoda for his lover's wrongdoings — aye, that was just a bitch move.

I've got to be overlooking something, mused he. In a soulless monotone, he mumbled out Nicki Minaj's "Super Bass" in honour of Hakoda whilst performing the Miser's Dream coin trick. Sighing, he decided that he needed to acquire some playing cards 'fore he was moved to a permanent jailhouse.

"Hello there, brother," spake a voice from the opposite end of the cell. A flood of shekels streamed from Ozai's luscious mane as he fell 'gainst the wall in alarm.

"How did you get here?" demanded he to the kindly God of Wisdom smiling upon him from the straw bedding 'cross the way.

"I have my ways," replied Iroh fucklessly. Of course, he was God, and could do whatever the hell he wanted.

"Well, what do you want?" barked he. "As you can see, I am quite busy."

"I did not expect you to give up so easily," remarked he.

"What would you like me to do? Get balls deep in Hakoda's unconscious body whilst his daughter watches?" Ozai gripped a single shekel betwixt his thumb and index finger, then began aggressively rolling it 'cross his anatomical features for which the echidna in Sonic The Hedgehog is named (knuckles) in a technique called coin walking.

"Why, of course not," laughed that sagely pagan god. "You have not completed your redemption arc. Although atonement is a process that certainly takes more than two weeks, and you will likely
spend the rest of your life paying for your crimes against humanity, you have not yet accepted that this is the path that lies ahead of you. In spite of your great progress, you are still not mentally prepared to right your wrongs. And that, brother, is what makes all the difference."

"And you could not have told me this earlier... because?" groused he.

"I was hoping that you would come to this revelation on your own," explained he.

"You know damn well that I have no capability for self-reflection."

"Perhaps you ought to learn. You spent two years in prison, yet you did not use any of this time to introspect?"

"Nay, I was quite focused on vengeance. These last two weeks have taught me more than those two years."

"And what did you learn?"

"Well, I'd tell you, but sounds gay."

"But you are gay. Everyone has known that for many years now — your fascination with musical theatre as a child really gave it away." He loosed a great yet kindhearted guffaw, and Ozai violently cronched a shekel only to display it again, unscathed, in the coin bite trick. "Love is not a weakness, brother. It is our greatest strength, and the test of one's character lies in the sacrifices that they are willing to make for others."

"Well, I suppose I can pull together a sacrifice for a pagan god; aye, I have much experience in the matter," mused he. "A great many I could summon with my culinary skills, but I shall go above and beyond for Hakoda. Cotton Eye Joe requires only seven souls, and Death Lord Eridan demands nine, one of whom must be the fifth daughter of a minstrel. Aye, that is what I shall do. I shall summon the Death Lord."

"...I was speaking of self-sacrifice," clarified Iroh after a long, awkward pause.

"I must sacrifice myself to a pagan god?"

"No, 'self-sacrifice' means that you give up something that is important to you for the benefit of someone else. For instance, Hakoda sacrificed his own wellbeing for yours by taking that curse in your place."

"I... I think I'm beginning to understand."

"Very good," spake the mighty God of Wisdom. "Now, I must be going. A certain psychotic teenage girl is attempting to burn down the Air Temple whilst blasting Burzum. This was not on the training agenda." He delivered these words with utmost fucklessness, and then disappeared into thin (as opposed to thicc) air.

"Wait, I really don't understand at all," implored Ozai.

Alas, he was gone, leaving this heartbroken erstwhile despot alone in the dungeons. Sadly gnawing on a shekel (for real this time), he curled up into a ball on the ground and began his mournful woe is me lamentation.

Buried in the bed of hay on which Iroh had stood glimmered a piece of metal. Sensing an importance to this tiny and shiny exposed surface, yet too apathetic to uncover it, Ozai merely assumed it to be
another shekel. E’er since Wenchicus Thoticus had been banished to the Hellish Hallway, no other pushy god was going to directly speak to him from the Heavenly Control Room to influence his next actions. Although this capricious deity’s plans with him were nigh o’er, the two of them still had their games to play.

On all fours, he crawled towards that bed of hay and rooted through the mess of straw. The metal object eluded him — Wenchicus Thoticus was not going to make this easy on him, given his victory during the final battle. The thin, tattered remnants of the mattress split wide open and hay exploded all o’er the cell, defying the laws of physics for the sole purpose of fucking with him.

"Argh! Thou loathsome lump!" proclaimed he as he frantically rooted through the straw to find the original shiny metal object, which was a great deal harder now considering the abundance of shekels that the hay had consumed.

At last, he gripped a small, hard item (not his penis) in one triumphant hand, and forsooth, this was the dog whistle that Suko had utilized to summon Anakin. Ozai may have suffered a deficiency of empathy and all other sorts of social skills, but common sense he did not lack. Although this whistle was not Hakoda’s holy diver (penis), he blew it vigorously.

From somewhere across the fabric of space and time, in another universe, the newly awakened Lord Vader’s despairing “NOOOOOOO” scream grew even more powerful and drawn-out in his failure to locate the extradimensional source of the dog whistle.

Alas, ’twas not Anakin who answered this cry for help; instead, a certain bald fourteen year-old slid down the railing of the dungeon staircase like a rad skateboarder — alas, he had no skateboard, and glided upon thin (not thicc) air. Ozai suppressed his annoyance and dislike for the lad, bashing his head against the wall as Hakoda would have done, as Aang chirped an upbeat greeting.

Ozai incredulously studied that dog whistle; aye, had he known earlier that one could summon the avatar with naught but this simple device, perhaps he would have succeeded in world domination. O, such trouble this would have saved him; alas, he found himself facing the concept with the same gloom that had haunted him since his failure to awaken Hakoda, whereas weeks ago, he would have utterly lost his shit.

"…Wait, why did I come here?" wondered Aang.

"I suppose this whistle summons you," remarked Ozai, neglecting to comment on the implications of its use, had he possessed it several years earlier. "Boy, I have a strange but very straightforward favour to ask of you."

"Sure thing. What is it?" asked he, his voice cracking.

"I require a bitch-slap," spake he.

"What?" saith he incredulously. "Why do you want me to slap you?"

"I learned that sometimes, when I am bitch-slaped, I have moments of revelation. As you may know, I have failed to awaken my favourite peasant from his coma, and I believe that a bitch-slap may reveal the solution to me," explained Ozai.

"Okay, I guess I’ll try," agreed that all-powerful prepubescent, and he entered the jail cell, which no one had e’er bothered to lock for some reason. Ozai bared his cheek (facial cheek), and Aang struck him ’cross the visage.

The fabric of reality distorted for a split second as that palm pummeled his skin. Nay, this was no
glitch as Wenchicus Thoticus's fuckery had been — this was an experience of spiritual revival.

"I was right not to use to The Hammer of Awakening," murmured he, shocked that it had actually worked. "Boy, this is going somewhere. Serve me up another bitch-slap."

Aang slapped him again, and that whilom genocidal autocrat's life flashed 'fore his spheres of sight (eyes) with the intensity of a one thousand microgram hit of acid; his soul left his body as he briefly transcended reality and saw the face of Ben 10. In that moment, his mind merged with the entirety of the multiverse, and he became aware of e'ery creature scuttling 'neath the soil, imbued with the distilled essence of life that was the drive to survive, of the drops of water that trickled down e'ery leaf that seemed O so insignificant, yet caused events far beyond the imagination, of e'ery cell dividing in the perpetual struggle to maintain its species and leave behind its legacy. A perfect, peaceful understanding all things settled o'er him, and he knew his place in all of it. There was no "him;" aye, each living creature was one and the same, thus making it contradictory and unjust to harm another being, for they all deserved love and kindness.

"Well butter my butt and call me a biscuit," gasped Ozai, stunned, as his mind returned to its usual spot. "Boy, where have you been my whole life? Instead of going through the trouble of finding and purchasing the best LSD on the market, you could have just been slapping me this whole time. I've been dropping acid since I was a wee lad, but that was easily the best trip I have e'er experienced."

"You brought me here to get you high?" grumbled Aang in disappointment.

"Nay, I did not. I simply knew not that a bitch-slap of revelation could contain all the revelation in the multiverse. Even if I have already forgotten most of it — such is the nature of acid trips — why, that was incredible!"

"But do you remember what it was that you were trying to learn?" prompted he.

His elation died as he targeted one specific cognizance among his many rapidly fading realisations. Unwilling to speak it, he turned away. "I remember."

"Well, what is it? I'm sure I can help you."

"I'm afraid you are the only one who can." He apprehensively drummed his fingers on the straw-covered floor, and in his nervousness, passed a shekel through his hand.

"Wow, you're a magician now, too?" remarked that cheerful child.

He exhaled a long and shaky breath, spinning that shekel atop one fingertip. "Boy, I have been a manipulator of the masses for many twelvemonths," spake he. "I have disguised my foul intentions to those in my court, those in my army, and those in my country o'er whom I ruled. I made them see things that were not there, and I made them believe in illusions. Aye, some began to see through my contrivances, and I could not have them ruining the show for everyone else. You see, boy, I have always been a magician — all I have done is downgrade to coin tricks."

He contemplatively stroked his goatee; although his caprine facial hair had been the price he had paid for requesting a gift from a pagan god, 'twas no better beard for stroking whilst deep in thought. Sighing, continued he, "Oh Ben 10, I've ne'er been the monologuing type of villain, but that just sounded like a speech the antagonist gives to buy the hero more time for escape. Nevertheless, I wish to let go of my past and my villainhood. Mayhap learn some card tricks instead of dwelling on my ways of cruelty, but otherwise, seek to live an honest life. Alas, I find it so painfully difficult to do so. A deep stubbornness ties me to the dark sorcery that is tyranny, and I am afraid that it is where my dignity lies. Oh, who I am kidding? You, as naught but but a boy of twelve, toppled my regime and
put my aspirations to death. I have no dignity." He lay down and stared at the ceiling to have his identity crisis.

"This might be getting too philosophical for a work of writing that can't go two sentences without saying something ridiculous," commented Aang as he experienced an accompanying existential crisis.

"Dick! Dick! Dick!" chanted Ozai's brain gremlins.

"There we go," muttered that conflicted prisoner — aye, that prisoner of his own morality.

"So what do you need to do to bring Hakoda back?" asked he, steering the conversation back to the original issue for which he had been summoned via dog whistle.

He feebly spat a shekel from his puss (mouth). "I must relinquish my badassery."

"But I thought you said you didn't 'got it' anymore."

"Today I accidentally burned down the palace garden," sighed he. "I bring destruction to all that I touch, and I no longer want this. Hakoda makes me feel as though there is some good in me, yet I worry that he shall suffer a horrid fate at my hands — I fear that I am not good enough for him."

"Are you just avoiding the question?" interrupted Aang.

"Boy, I'm sharing my deepest emotions and insecurities with you — have you no patience?" spake he. From a leak in the ceiling, a drop of water splashed onto his snoofler (nose), to which he was too distraught to react.

"Why don't you monologue towards the answer in a roundabout way?" suggested he. "If that makes you more comfortable."

"You ought to become a counselor, boy," remarked he. He transformed that drop of water trailing down his countenance into a shekel. "Though I do believe that a true test of my character would allow me to retain my badassery, evaluating my ability to resist the temptation to revert to villainy, there is no way that anyone in their right mind would attempt to reassimilate me into society in my current state. Furthermore, and most importantly, during the final battle, Hakoda began to fear me again. I must make a noble self-sacrifice to prove to him that he is more important to me than my dead dreams, my violence, and the image that I have created for myself — the image that to which I still cling. Boy, I need you to remove my bending again."

Although Aang was already lying down, the unanticipated nature of this request propelled him to his feet only for him to fall o'er once more. "Are you being serious? You're asking me to do this of your own free will?"

"I do not jest — I must awaken my lover from a coma. Come on, lad."

"All right then," saith he uncertainly. "I'm going to need you to sit against the wall."

"Are we going to do that weird thing in which we shoot bright colours from our bodily orifices again?" asked he, moving into position. "And shall it feel like a bad acid trip as well?"

"I wouldn't know, but I can slap you again to balance it out if it does," offered that preternatural preadolescent.

"You can say 'bitch-slap' around me. I shan't get mad at you for cursing. And you can be honest with
me about the drugs that you have taken. I am a cool dad."

"Thanks, but I don't do drugs. Hanging out in the spirit world is already weird enough." He aligned his hands; when their skin touched, Ozai began to vividly hallucinate.

Disguising his apprehension behind a layer of insouciance, continued he, "And you needn't hide your sex life from me. I know that you are intercoursing Hakoda's daughter. But worry not. I shan't tell him."

"How do you know that!?" panicked Aang.

Ozai's awareness ascended to the fifth dimension, but he gazed down upon the second dimension to answer that question. "When you bitch-slapped me, I realised everything in the multiverse at once. However, I only recalled the relevant things. And that Wisconsin consumes nigh twenty-one million gallons of ice cream each year. So, are you ready? …Er, make sure to take away all of my bending this time, if you know what I mean. Aye, I know that the concept of fire ejaculation is badass and 'rad," but it is aught but practical, especially now that I have obtained a sexual partner."

"All right, I'll try my best. Let's do this," decreed Aang determinedly. Pretty lights shot from their ocular globular spheroid sphure-oculi (eyes) and food/beverage/breathing/communication/sexual pleasure-enhancing facial openings (mouths). Ozai hit his encephalon repository (head) on the ceiling of the universe, and the pagan god of healing, Jimmy Neutron, provided him an eternal band-aid whilst more deities shook his hand, high-fived him, and congratulated him on his decision to stop being a shitty person.

When he came to on the hay-covered floor of the jail cell, that old ache had returned, the subtle yet constant nagging sensation that part of him was missing. Already knowing that he would fail, he attempted to kindle a small flame in his palm, and forsooth, naught occurred.

"It worked?" asked Aang, sitting up and pulling a piece of straw from his ear.

"Aye," spake Ozai, part of his consciousness still trapped within the Big Bang. But lo! For that would not be the only big bang happening tonight, as he had done what he had needed to do, and he could now awaken Hakoda. "You know, I suppose I don't hate you anymore," mused he. "Here's a shekel, kid. Buy some ice cream in honour of Wisconsin. Consider it a token of my gratitude." A shekel materialized in Aang's palm, and Ozai promptly strode from the jail cell with purpose and confidence.

Aye, to the room of his slumbering lover he travelled, prepared to put himself through one more wretched romance trope so that The Shaper of Destiny would just let the two of them be. Hakoda remained in much the same position as he had been in during Ozai's initial botched attempt to awaken him, and fortunately, the area appeared to be otherwise vacant. Bright white sunlight streamed in through the window, and that small bedroom was silent but for the drip of water from somewhere in the loo next door.

Extending his central digit skywards in a salute to the mighty Wenchicus Thoticus, he leaned o'er to perform the creepiest action of Disney princes. Hakoda gasped jerkily into his mouth and started awake.

However, Wenchicus Thoticus did not appreciate that homage via middle finger, and had been planning to punish him with more unexpected visitors anyways. He spun 'round upon hearing that door crack open, and at once froze in place. Aye, 'twas none other than his disappointing son, the gal who had walked in on him earlier, and… that wench.
Panicking, he feinted to the right, then backflipped o'er his ex-wife. Tears of frustration (not sexual frustration this time, just plain ol' frustration) streaked down his cheeks (facial cheeks) as he desperately blew the dog whistle.

Ozai halted in the middle of the garden (which had been reduced to ashes, save for the eternal World Tree Yggdrasil, O mighty perennial plant of the nine worlds) just in time to avoid the blur hurtling towards him.

"Boy," pleaded he, "Please explain to them what is going on. People keep walking in on me at the precise wrong moments. I cannot go back in there — please, I beg of you."

"You made me drop my ice cream cone," pouted that godlike lad.

"By Ben 10, here are more shekels. It's on me. My apologies," spake he hastily.

Five shekels, plus a half-eaten one, manifested in Aang's fist. He opened that hand to evaluate the authenticity of the trick, then nodded. "I've got you covered. Did it work, though? Is he awake?"

"Aye, I think so. Hopefully they'll be gone soon." He scanned the garden anxiously.

"Well, why don't you do something romantic for Hakoda while you wait to see him?" suggested he.

"Do you think I know how to do anything romantic? Until just a few days ago, I thought that romance was a myth invented by the peasants to make me feel as though the type of love I felt for world domination was bad and wrong," griped he.

"You could always make him breakfast in bed and get him flowers," continued he.

Ozai hissed.

"Okay, maybe not. Well, anyways, I'd better be going. See ya." He sped off into the distance, churning up the ashes of the garden.

Ozai pensively gazed upon Yggdrasil's otherworldly light to where those vast branches faded into the sky. E'ery other flower in the garden had been vaporised by his reckless game of catch, leaving only those upon The World Tree.

Not a good idea, thought he to himself. I've already got one troublesome deity to deal with — I'd best not anger Odin again.

From his pocket, he produced that debut demo tape of his that he had stumbled upon during the final battle. Aye, Hakoda would find that amusing, but it was not enough. Sudden alarm struck as it occurred to him that his extensive record collection may have been dismantled or damaged during his absence. From the garden fled he, and he dashed to his home studio which theoretically no one knew about.

A great relief flooded o'er him as the door of this inaccessible room in the most distal wing of the palace unlocked at his one-digit password: zero, the number of fucks that his rapper alter ego, Skinny P, gave. Almost everything in that room was perfectly untouched, as evidenced by the layer of dust that had settled upon the otherwise tidy, organised studio. Alas, Zuko had borrowed his dankest speakers without permission through which to play his inferior emo music, and they had broken during his battle with Anakin, Suko, and the others.

"BOI," screeched Ozai. "I AM GOING TO… firmly tell him to stay out of my studio, but offer to purchase him his own speakers so that he does not have to use mine." So distraught was he that he
hardly had the time to celebrate how he had reined in his murderous impulses.

He approached the shelf that held his record collection and attempted to recall what Hakoda had named as some of his favourites. From the lowest level, he eased out Tupac's Me Against The World and All Orbz (Eyez) On Me and retrieved his record player.

He considered procrastinating — O, how that lonely drum pad lying unused in the corner called to him — but he left that studio. Surely, he would return here soon to show Hakoda 'round.

Casually, he wandered into the palace kitchen, for no one seemed the least bit intent on keeping him from trouble. He set down that record player, the cassette, and the two Tupac vinyls in a cubby on the wall whilst the cooks tried not to stare at him.

"Hello, hello," spake he to each chef, which only increased everyone's discomfort. "Yes, it is I. I am here to make some pancakes. If you touch my vinyls, I shall have you executed. Just kidding. I am not that kind of person anymore. But I will fire you."

"My… Lord… shall I cook these pancakes for you?" offered a chef timidly.

"Nay. I must make them myself. Otherwise they will not be special." He collected e'ery ingredient, pleased to find that his memories of this kitchen were intact, and combined them with fucklessness, yet expertise. Aye, o'er the years he had made a great many midnight trips to this room of rustlin' up, mainly to summon pagan gods to do his bidding by offering them the finest cuisines, prepared by none other than himself.

Patiently, he cooked each floppy boy (pancake) until both sides were a warm golden brown. Of course, they were all perfect circles of the same size (not that he had intended this — it just happened each time he cooked pancakes, even when he purposely attempted to shape them differently).

He piled them onto a plate in an accidentally artsy manner and gathered his musical accessories. Reluctant to pick flowers from Yggdrasil, he apprehensively began the short walk — O, how it felt like a journey — to Hakoda's quarters. Aye, if Thor caught him trespassing by the World Tree, nary even a lightning spar could they share as they had back in the days of yore.

He halted outside that foreboding door. "Oh dear, it would appear that neither of my hands are free," spake he to himself. "I cannot enter."

It's just Hakoda, you cowardly cur, cursed he. He inhaled deeply to steady himself, then knocked politely on that door with his favoured body part of Smash Mouth (forehead).

"Who is it?" came that melodious voice that so made Ozai's blood master (heart) skip a beat and his bowels tremor with trepidation. Again, with his forehead, he pushed open that entrance.

Hakoda was sitting up in bed, head turned towards the doorway to engage him in painful eye contact the instant he stepped inside. Wariness, but not outright fear, plagued his stare, and he shrank away when Ozai set down his materials on the nightstand. In spite of the unfriendly greeting that he had been dreading, he could not help but to smile at the sight of Hakoda awake and healthy even as sorrow twisted in his gut.

"I… made you some pancakes," spake Ozai, his grin fading at Hakoda's silence. "And I brought your favourite Tupac records."

Hakoda's gaze meandered to the record player, and then back towards him.

As much as he wished to avoid the conversation that both of them were rehearsing in their minds, its
inevitability prompted him to get it over with. "I'm not dangerous," spake he in as calm a tone as he could muster, loathing his feelings. "I don't want to harm you — I only want to aid in your convalescence."

"Of course you're dangerous," retorted Hakoda hoarsely. He left a frighteningly long pause 'fore launching into the rest of his spiel. "Maybe you're talking about physically harming me, but that's not necessarily what worries me most. Let's face it — this isn't going to work out. You're an ex-dictator and a war criminal, and I'm the chief of Antarctica. What we had was the product of a really strange situation that involved divine interference and ninja turtles, among other things, but now the world is back to normal. We can't do this anymore."

Ozai's favourite Avril Lavigne song ran tauntingly through his neurological jello (mind). He was an ex-dictator and a war criminal. He was the chief of Antarctica. Can I make it any more obvious?

"Please —" sputtered he desperately, "just let me have this last day with you. I must know that you're all right."

Hakoda cast down his sorrowful gaze. "I'm recovering. I'm going to be fine."

"Peasant! Do not play games with me like this. You are not 'fine,'" raged he. "You are going to eat these pancakes, I am going to hold you, we shall take a bath — Lord Ben 10 knows we both stink to the high heavens — and we are going to listen to Tupac and Skinny P. And then we shall figure out a way to stay together."

"Wait, aren't you Skinny P?" asked Hakoda. The depressive atmosphere in the room eased up enough for him to breathe, to inhale without his own emotions strangling him.

"That is correct." He flaunted that demo tape of his. "This is my first release. Do you not wish to hear my fifteen year-old self rapping about 'hoes,' daddy issues, and how great I am?"

A tired yet sly smile crept 'cross Hakoda's features. "I'd like that."

"Normally, I would destroy such an artifact out of embarrassment, but for you, I shall play it." He unfolded a secret compartment from his record player and popped in the cassette.

"Ozai, why are these pancakes spicy?" interrupted Hakoda.

He turned with a deliberate slowness. "...Are pancakes not supposed to be spicy? Is there something wrong with that?"

"No, they're just... spicy."

"Yes. That is how I made them."

Hakoda politely ate the rest of the first round breakfast item (pancake) in spite of his burning buccal cavity (mouth), suffering from those piquant pancakes like a white person who had used too much mint toothpaste.

"How are they?" asked Ozai, still fiddling with the ancient cassette tape.

"They're very good, just... spicy," repeated he.

"Next time I cook you something, I shall remember to remove all the seasoning, spices, and flavour. What do you peasants eat? Fish?"

"Yes, that's right," muttered Hakoda. He set aside the spicy pancakes and wondered if it was actually
worth it to continue investing in his relationship with such a bothersome arsehole. However, he immediately abandoned his misgivings when those protective arms encircled him. He found himself leaning into the touch, a satisfied sigh slipping out as Ozai languidly ran his fingers through his hair.

"Then I shall learn more about fish," proclaimed he.

"Look, if you don't want to play me the demo tape out of embarrassment, you don't have to. I like just doing this." Hakoda shut his eyes to focus on the sensation of that warm touch.

"Really?" asked he hopefully.

He grinned. "Not now, but some other time we still have to listen to it."

"I thought you were attempting to dump mere minutes ago."

"Never mind what I said before. I like being close to you." He stretched upwards to plant a kiss on the corner of Ozai's cronch zone (mouth).

"That's gay."

Uncertain if he was still entrenched in his gay crisis or if he was partaking in the large part of gay culture that is calling things gay, concurred Hakoda, "Yes. Yes it is." He felt Ozai sliding out of bed and whined out a "Where are you going?"

"Shall we bathe?" inquired he. "I thought you'd find it relaxing."

Hakoda laboriously swung his feet o'er the side of the bed and poised himself for the task of walking. "Avast," ordered Ozai. "Let me help you. First, let us make our musical selection. To which record would you prefer to listen?"

"I don't know. They're pretty much tied for me," replied Hakoda.

"Oh, good. I thought that I had just forgotten which was your favourite." He eased his precious Me Against The World vinyl from its case and began to spin it, and he lowered himself to allow Hakoda to place an arm 'round his shoulders for support. "I did not thank you for taking that curse for me, you know — I am sure of that," murmured he softly.

Hakoda's weight pressed down on him; the short trek was slow as he was unsteady on his legs. They paused for a brief moment to regard each other with warm vision globes (eyes), then Hakoda kissed his cheek (facial cheek) with a hurried shyness. "You don't need to mention it." He glanced down skittishly, and that adoring expression wavered. "I mean, wouldn't you do the same for me?"

Ozai stared him dead in the eye and spoke without the slightest trace of humour. "Of course." He pushed the washroom door open wider, and together they squeezed through, side by side. With a touch as delicate as a fairy's wings and sensuality unmatched even by Obi Wan Kenobi himself, he liberated Hakoda of his soiled apparel and eased him into the bathtub as the water ran to fill it.

"Aren't you going to join me?" asked Hakoda sheepishly.

"You would like me to?" responded he.

"I guess I just assumed you were coming in." He cast his gaze downwards again in embarrassment, certain that seeing his lover nude was not going to aid him in his break-up endeavours… if he still planned on pursuing this route. Ozai stripped casually, as if paying no mind to his inamorato, and climbed into the bath. A great many things to say ran through Hakoda's mind (You're so sweet for doing this for me, Maybe we do have a chance to be together, Have I ever told you how hot you are?, You look so good naked, I can't wait until I feel better so that we can have sex again, Raw me
until I can't walk), but all that came out was "Does the P in 'Skinny P' stand for 'penis'?

"The P is merely a P. I am Skinny P, no more, no less," asserted Ozai. "But perhaps I was inspired by my skinny penis. You can prove naught."

Hakoda leaned back and melted into those warm flexible forelimbs (arms) once more, misgivings fading in light of the safety that such a secure hold coaxed forth. Ozai lathered a bar of soap betwixt his palmar regions (palms), and his soft hands travelled the length of Hakoda's back.

"Can't you make the water a little warmer?" whispered Hakoda hoarsely, nearing a state of bliss at the sensation of his lover's gentle touch.

"We don't get hot water here. There would be no point," replied he. Fingertips graced his sides, and a sensuous shiver like a jolt of electricity coursed through him. With practical force yet the utmost tenderness, Ozai scrubbed the grime from his skin.

"Well, can't you, like…?" prompted he.

"Can't I what?" echoed he, and Hakoda got the sense that Ozai was fucking with him. The hands left his sides momentarily, leaving him aching for that touch to return. "Recline. I've got to get your front."

He allowed the tepid water to envelop all but his countenance, shutting his sight balls (eyes) as soapy fingers massaged the dirt from his shoulders and chest. "You know. Make the water warmer."

"No. I cannot," replied he matter-of-factly. He continued on farther down Hakoda's body to reach his abdomen, dangerously close to his monty's python (penis).

"But when that kid shot lightning at you…?" pressed he. "Was it temporary or something?"

"I may ne'er know." He lathered his hands now with the very same funeral home-scented shampoo that Suko had used 'fore the final battle, and guided Hakoda's skullholder (head) just above the water to rub the foam into his scalp. "I rid myself of it."

He furrowed his supercilia (brow). "Really? You? Voluntarily? Or did they make you?"

"Such little faith you have in me," murmured Ozai, washing out the shampoo little by little with deliberate, focused care. "Naturally, I had to first have an identity crisis, make peace with my mortal enemy, and understand the universe's mysteries only to forget most of them again 'fore deciding that conceding my bending of my own free will was the correct course of action to awaken you from your coma and accept that I am in need of redemption."

Stunned, asked Hakoda, "What does that have to do with waking me up from a coma? And why didn't you tell me this right away? …You did this… for me?"

"Let's just say it involves some more horrid romance tropes with which The Shaper of Destiny so loves to torment us," spake he vaguely. "You were the one to complete the restoration prophecy, you know. Even if you hadn't, you still deserve the best."

He sat up and turned to face his lover, an uncontrollable smile coming 'cross his countenance as tears began to form. "You mean it?"

"Aye," spake he. "Please, it's nothing. If you insist I shan't make a big deal about you taking a witch's curse for me, then you shan't exaggerate this. I don't want you to fear me; that is all there is to it."
Hakoda threw his arms 'round his lover, and they kissed at first with the tentativeness of a pair of middle schoolers who had no idea what they were doing, then with more certainty and confidence. The intensity of these nonverbal declarations of love evolved into desperate passion, as if there was naught in the multiverse but each other. A tear trickled down his visage; as crazy as literally everyone else in the world would think him to be, he felt lucky, blessed even, to have this man.

"I love you," whispered Hakoda as they broke apart, foreheads touching.

"I —" began Ozai. He cut himself off abruptly, wrenching free of Hakoda's grip to slump over the side of the tub. "I —" Gagging, a spasm wracked his body, and water sloshed about in the basin.

"Babe?" fretted Hakoda frantically. "What's wrong?"

"I lo —" started he again, only to descend into a violent fit of coughing. Hakoda placed a comforting hand on his back and glanced at the floor to notice flecks of blood speckling the tiles.

"Don't hurt yourself," pleaded he.

"I lo —" Ozai promptly vomited blood all over the ground. He remained hanging limply o'er the side of the tub for a long time, attempting to compose himself whilst Hakoda rubbed his shoulders, without much else he could do.

"I love you too," rasped he at last. He coughed up another mouthful of blood.

Hakoda's eyne filled with wholesome affection as he met his lover's lips with his own. "That means so much to me, for you to say that. Do you — do you think that we should get some rest?" offered he. "I don't want you to exert yourself after… losing so much blood."

"That sounds fantastic," managed Ozai. Hakoda wiped the fear fluid (blood) from his mouth, and together, they clambered from the bathtub, leaving the mess to be dealt with later either by themselves, or more likely, an unfortunate palace servant.

Into bed they slipped, where they fell asleep naked in each other's arms, and when they awakened, they had vigorous sex that was so good (in spite of Ozai's skinny penis from whence his rapper name originated) that Hakoda cried now in the opposite of sexual frustration. They also confirmed that he no longer ejaculated fire, which was a plus, because now they did not have to worry about serious injury or death as a result of fornication. After their copulation, they once again fell asleep cuddling in the nude, this time for the duration of the night. No one walked in on them and disturbed their privacy the whole time, and they thoroughly enjoyed both Tupac records that Ozai had brought along. They selected songs for the mixtape that they intended to drop together, and then screwed some more in the morning.

Such was the tale of the dadly duo. Did Wenchicus Thoticus (who hates happy endings and has ne'er before written one) choose to provide a happy ending, or did another deity, such as the God of Pinecones, Iroh, or Lord Creator Ben 10 himself make this decision instead? The world may ne'er know.

And because The Shaper of Destiny's time is up, we may ne'er know what became of the dadly duo. Perhaps they joined the God of Wisdom (and now tea as well)'s efforts at his shoppe, where Ozai cooked spicy pancakes and other cuisine for the patrons.

Or perhaps Hakoda took his lover to the south pole, where he was very cold all the time, and the tribesmen mocked his incompetence, erstwhile ways of cruelty, and general odd demeanor 'fore accepting him after Hakoda threatened them with a roll of electrical tape and the blade of a fan.
Perhaps it was there that Ozai finally learned how to swim, and perhaps he taught the children many shekel tricks.

Or perhaps Skinny P relaunched his career, embarking on a worldwide comeback tour and taking the nations by storm. Perhaps he finally revealed his true identity, or perhaps he did not. Perhaps he released that mixtape with Hakoda, and perhaps he put his secret recording studio to good use as his fanbase grew exponentially.

Aye, the prospects stretch on endlessly, but The Shaper of Destiny shan't see any more of them through. Perhaps all of these things happened, and perhaps none of them did.

Anything is possible when the writer guides fate and creates history. Forsooth, Wenchicus Thoticus is not the only Shaper of Destiny, for you, too, can overthrow God and forge your own path. From the Hellish Hallway, I bid thee farewell and sign off. May your adventures be plentiful.

— Wenchicus Thoticus

-FIN-

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. I hope that you enjoyed it as much as I did.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!