Musical Melodies

by Nyx_The_Author

Summary

We all know the story of Taylor and the Locker. But what if a much more significant event happened slightly differently than we were told? (Flute is Trigger/Musical!Taylor)

Taylor had always enjoyed music. It brought peace to her life and allowed her to vent emotions without doing anything brash. When her mother's flute shattered, she thought her life was going down the drain. Then the locker happened, and her mind nearly shattered when bugs crawled into her ears. She started hearing things...

Notes

I own nothing. If there is a * then that means a song is being played, and the name of the song can be found at the bottom of the chapter. Warning, there is bullying and offensive language in this fanfiction. It's Worm, people, don't flip over a few curse words.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Cacophany: Suggest a Song, Get Powers by Rooster
Clef 1.1

Summary: Taylor had always enjoyed music. It brought peace to her life and allowed her to vent emotions without doing anything brash. When her mother's flute shattered, she thought her life was going down the drain. Then the locker happened, and her mind nearly shattered when bugs crawled into her ears. Then she started hearing things...

April 22, 2005

Crystal clear notes filled the air as deft fingers manipulated the flute. Taylor giggled happily as her mother played the instrument. "My turn, my turn!" she laughed excitedly.

Her mother smiled down at her. "Of course sweetie." she said happily, passing the flute over to Taylor.

"What should I play?" she asked. Annette Hebert tilted her head in thought. "You pick."

The young girl nodded excitedly and pressed the flute to her lips, gently blowing. The notes that came out were the same as what her mother had played, but at a faster pace. Her mother began humming along as the song played. They sat like that for a while, in tune with the music, until she reached the end of the song. "That was wonderful." her mother said genially. "You've improved a lot!"

"Yep! I've been practicing that song for you! Remember, it's your favorite!" Taylor smiled adorably.

Annette chuckled. "Well, then I'd like to give this to you." She held out the flute.

Taylor gaped at her mother. "Really?" she said hopefully.

"Of course, I hope you can use it as much as I have." Annette laughed.

"Thank you thank you!" Taylor jumped around in excitement.

July 6, 2009

7:00 AM

Taylor hugged the flute to her chest, stress clouding her features. She gazed at the beginnings of a journal, a desperate attempt to keep track of every infraction the bullies made against her. "I miss you mom..." she muttered, humming a few notes of music. After her mother's death, Taylor had been traumatized, the only thing that saved her from a mental break was the flute her mother had given her.

It seemed the terrible trio, Sophia Hess, Madison Clements, and Emma Barnes, were upping their game lately, and Taylor didn't know how much more she could take. She came up with the idea to bring the flute discreetly to school, so she would be calmer and not react to them. 'It wasn't like the teachers at that place were going to do anything.' she thought irritably.

She arrived at school, rapidly tracing the paths through the halls to avoid Emma and her friends. Arriving in class, she sighed in relief, and pulled out her homework. The day continued, with
Madison and Emma harassing her at every turn, stealing her work and using it as their own, spilling shavings from the pencil sharpener on her, and knocking over food and drinks near her in the cafeteria. Every time they made a move, she simply focused on the form of the flute within the backpack, and her emotions simmered down.

It is now 1:30 pm, just after Taylor's World Issues class with Mr. Gladly. She left the class in frustration, growling about how Gladly didn't even blink when she was being bullied right in front of him, yet clearly saw it. "Oof!" she gasped as a hard shoulder checked her. 'That would be Sophia.' she thought, turning to face the arrogant track star.

"Aww, Hebert I didn't know you wanted to be a dog!" Sophia laughed. "No wonder you're always crawling in the mud. Oh well, nothing short of parahuman intervention could make you more of an animal than you already are." Taylor glared. "Oh, sorry, you're not an animal. You're a whore and skank, which are close enough."

Taylor saw red, and staggered to her feet. She nearly slapped the bitch, but stopped when she realized how devastated her father would be if she did. She straightened her shoulders and strode off down the hall, the small crowd backing away. 'Cowards. None of you stood up for me. You don't deserve to live.'

She made it off of campus before she realized something was wrong. She almost missed it, but a small voice in her mind reminded her. Her bag wasn't the same shape. Paling, she twisted around and felt her bag. Then she dropped it to the floor and frantically began searching it and looking around. The flute was gone.

---

**July 7, 2009**

**8:00 AM**

Unable to contact any of the bullies to see where the flute could be, Taylor had to wait until the next day to ask. Taylor stormed through the halls, striding right up to Sophia Hess. "WHERE IS IT?" she screamed furiously.

Sophia raised a brow. "Where is what? Your dignity?"

"I don't have time for your shit you bitch. Where is my flute?!" she growled at Hess.

"Wow, looks like you grew a pair." Emma said as she walked up. The meaning of the sentence was not lost on Taylor as she self-consciously thought about her underdeveloped chest. "You deserve a reward." The way she spoke the word was as if it was the most disgusting thing in existence. "It's by the dumpster out back, where you belong."

Taylor was gone before the entire insult left Emma's mouth. She rushed past teens who were clearly in with the ABB, and flew out the back door. She saw a doggie bag on the ground and rushed over and tore it open. She stopped. Then a keening wail tore past her lips as she stared at what used to be her flute. It was covered in a mixture of substances so vile that she nearly puked on the spot. That wasn't the worst part. It had also been smashed repeatedly with a blunt object, and was melted. There was no possible way to repair it.

She stumbled away with the bag in her hands, and dunked it into the nearest girl's bathroom sink. Her mind was in utter shock, unable to function fluently. She finally realized what was happening. She passed out.

July 7, 2009
12:23 PM

Taylor stirred with a groan, sitting up on the white linoleum floor. She staggered from the room, limply holding the slightly cleaner flute in her hand, not caring about the filth. She made it to the nurse's office before she passed out again.

Connected. Integrate. Music. Emotion. And a Corona Potentia was formed. Growth. The Gemma was large. Not too large, but enough to be significant. Completion.

July 7, 2009
3:37 PM

Taylor left the nurse's office shakily, but healthy. She was informed that she didn't have any physical wounds, but was in minor shock. The nurse simply gave her a form to let her father know what had happened and sent her on her way. She had barely enough time to wash out the flute completely before her dad picked her up. The ride home was silent, Danny somehow knowing that something important had happened. At home, she sat on her bed while Danny went to a meeting with the Dockworkers Union. She sat on her bed, listening to music, cradling the flute in her hands.

"Why?" Taylor said aloud. "Why me? Why did I have to have this happen to me?" she cried. She lay down, listening to the sounds of Imagine Dragons' 'Demons' playing quietly. * She softly sang the lyrics with the notes, tears slipping down her cheeks. The lyrics perfectly fit her mindset, and she began settling down.

The song ended, and she moved to turn off the Walkman. A chill went down her spine. The Walkman wasn't even on.

Most songs in this story will not have existed at that point in time, but I'm ignoring that. When a * is placed, a song is playing. The bolded word paired with the * signifies how the music is portrayed. I won't put in Youtube links, but you should find them simply by googling exactly what I put as the name.

Songs in this chapter:
Lost in Thoughts All Alone from Fire Emblem Fates
Demons by Imagine Dragons
Clef 1.2

Chapter Summary

Exposition and explanations start to form. Get ready for some plot.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing. Thanks for all the reviews. If you want some idea of how Taylor's powers work, go look up 'Cacophony, Suggest a song, get powers' on google. It's a story on space battles, quite interesting. I actually had the idea for this story before I knew Cacophony existed. This is going to be going in a different direction though.

If the text is like this then the music has changed to the next song on the list. Also, her power acts in her best interests. It also plays any song. ANY. Now, imagine what would happen if she were threatened and say... I don't know... the One Punch Man theme began playing? Maybe Godzilla theme? :D This is going to be glorious.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A chill went down her spine. The Walkman wasn't even on.

"Who's there?" she asked fearfully. She grabbed the chair from her desk, and hefted it up. She cautiously moved forward, and kicked open her door. No one was there. "Huh?" she muttered. The music was coming from somewhere, but she couldn't tell where. "What the heck?"

The music seemed to be coming from nowhere, but wasn't echoing. Taylor checked to see if she left in headphones, but there was no source. "This is a little scary..."

The song seemed to slow down at that statement. Taylor began getting a little angry. "Oh, so whoever's messing with me can hear me, huh? Well buzz off, I don't want you around." The music stopped. A feeling surrounded her, and she felt caged, like a lion. There was an instinct to go take out what was causing her fear. The terrible trio.

'What?' she stopped. 'I wasn't... no, that's right, they made me afraid, so I should make them afraid.' Nodding to herself, she grinned. "Wow," she said aloud. "I didn't realize it before, but, yeah, I really want to make them pay. It feels good to accept that." The music kicked up again and changed. She paused to listen to it play in her head, then realized that she was being a bit rash. She should plan out a revenge scheme, then take down the three when they were at their weakest.

She pulled out some paper and began writing...

"-aylor?" Danny said, breaking her train of thought. Taylor blinked at him in surprise, then looked
down. Before her were stacks of paper, filled from top to bottom with detailed notes. The song in the background seemed to jump slightly like a child caught going into the cookie jar, and cut off. Suddenly the stress of writing nonstop for a while appeared and her hand began cramping.

"Yeah dad? What's up?" Taylor asked. Danny sighed. "I've been trying to get your attention for a while now. You've been writing for about two hours straight, and I didn't want to distract you. I also heard the same song on loop for a while, going on and off like you were messing with a transmitter. What have you been doing?"

Taylor glanced at the papers she had no recollection of writing, and ignored the mention of music. "Homework. It's an essay on... tinker tech?" she said, glancing at the sheet quickly to see what was on it.

"Huh." Her dad said in surprise. "I didn't think you'd be too interested in that."

Taylor shrugged. "It was more interesting than I expected. I lost track of time."

Danny nodded. "Alright, come down when you're ready for dinner. I microwaved food since you didn't have time to cook."

Taylor immediately felt bad. "I'm really sorry, I didn't realize it was that late." she said apologetically. Her dad nodded, leaving the room.

She sat back in relief, letting out a breath she hadn't noticed taking in. "What did I do in the last 2 hours?"

"Well, shit. That's cool." Taylor breathed out, staring in fascination at the papers. In the last two hours, she had written up a detailed plan to get revenge (She had explicitly marked it as vengeance, but revenge didn't sound as bad) on Emma and her friends, an explanation for what the music was, a diagram for tinker tech of some kind, and minor notes about good materials for protective gear. The last one confused her, but she must have only just been coming up with an idea when the inspiration for the notes cut off. Which was also when the music cut out... huh.

She looked down to see a post-it note on the floor that must have come off the pages.

---

"Mental Stress will probably cause memory loss of Tinker/Thinker idea rush. Note to self: You just got over a thinker rush. You are a parahuman, and have the ability to use other abilities, known as a trump power. The notes give a more detailed carefully measured explanation of the powers, and a way to measure them.

So she was a parahuman? That explained the rush of knowledge and notes she couldn't explain. If the note said that she could use the abilities of other capes, then why did she not remember the last 2 hours? In the margins there were scribbled explanations for her powers until one was circled multiple times.

Flute was trigger event. Trigger events are the most traumatic experiences of one's life, and will most always give powers.

"I would say that's cool, but the whole flute thing wasn't cool." The notes went on to explain her powers based on experimentation. Her powers appeared to be sentient in some way, and would play music. The music would give her new abilities, and may have other side effects that are unknown. In order to properly check what each song does so she doesn't accidentally hurt someone, she had drawn out the image of an (essentially unbreakable) audio/mental analyzer, which looked like a high-tech Walkman that would clip onto her waist. It would analyze the songs and come up with what
each one did. It had a list of all required parts, and instruction of how to begin. There were also some smaller sketches of a watch that would hook up to it and display the current songs and their effects so she could check in combat.

Another margin note pointed out the flute was unusable and she should get it melted down and made into a necklace with a blue gemstone in the center. There was some off-hand description of the sentimentality of the object resonating with her music.

Overall the materials she would need were quite easy to get ahold of, but some were a little expensive. The Dockworkers Union had access to some, but she would have to explain to her dad why she needed sensitive microphones, silicon, tinkertech speakers, and some platinum to make circuit boards.

Scratching her head at the explanation for how to build it, Taylor thought about how she would be able to build it, then slapped her head. 'Duh, I'll just use the music to make myself smarter again.'

Next, (there were a lot of notes to go through) she saw a detailed art of a costume that would work with her powerset, with speakers built into the shoulders and back (tinkertech, of course) that would spread her music and it would have different effects on others.

Saving the best for last, she looked at the first page in more detail, and began laughing at how sadistic the revenge plan was. With a satisfied sigh, she stapled the notes together and placed them in her closet alongside her journal. She really was itching to make the tinker items to use her powers with, but first, it was time to deal with the trio.

Omake (The OP Troll Villain Route, Part One)

The PRT forces backed up nervously. "Stand down!" Armsmaster shouted at the figure. The unknown cape had taken out Aegis easily when the ward had tried to stop the bank robbery. The cape had some kind of music based Trump powers, and it was worrying that the music hadn't been playing for a while. As if they were charging up for an attack. They raised their arms dramatically, as they had done when starting a new song earlier. The air hummed as the song began, and Armsmaster shouted at everyone to get down. The agents threw themselves to the ground.

The music began playing from the cape's suit.

Duh duh duh du du da dada dada!
Airhorns sounded.

We're no strangers to love
You know the rules and so do I
A full commitment's what I'm thinking of
You wouldn't get this from any other guy

The figure sang along.

"What did you do?" called Armsmaster worriedly.

"You just got Rick Rolled!" the figure laughed aloud, walking away cheerfully. As Armsmaster tried to follow her, she flickered away, and seemed to vanish into thin air. Along with all the money from the bank.

Armsmaster stared at the blown up wall and sighed. "I need a vacation..."

Never Gonna Give you Up - Rick Astley | Mover 6, The Rick Roll is never expected, but is always watching. Can ambush someone instantly, causing embarrassment, and escape whenever they wish with unstoppable teleportation. RICK ROLLED!
Taylor Hebert Stats (As of Now)

(Trump Infinity/Master 3) combo, able to manipulate other people's emotions and luck with music, and she can affect herself for a few hours with different songs, giving her new Parahuman abilities. She creates music that everyone can hear. She has no control over the music, and it simply plays as if someone else has control. This other mind, the one controlling the music, will help Taylor achieve her goals, but if there is a situation where there is a life or death option, it will choose to help Taylor rather than others. She can override the music that is playing twice per day, replacing it with something else if she disagrees with her power's choice. She also is unaware of the emotional impact the music has on her, as it always works to her best interests.

The music gives her new abilities based on the song's intensity. The possibilities are endless, resulting in her Trump rating. If she uses multiple songs, the first song is the most effective, aka the base song. If a song is changed too early (before a song begins wearing off) it will boost the Base song while adding a small aspect of the secondary song to Taylor. The base song must play fully to give her the full boost, meaning she must concentrate to properly obtain the ability. If she loses enough concentration the song may backfire, causing inverted effects around her or simply being weaker then before. Singing the song greatly increases the effect, therefore songs with no lyrics are less effective.

Adaptive Ambiance - She seems to have ambient music based on where she is, like a video game, alerting her of important events. (A sudden change in music represents an important change in the environment) The ability is marked as a Thinker ability (Precog) due to it alerting Taylor of dangers before she herself notices them.

Songs in this Chapter (Power Classifications copied from Worm Wikia):

**Demons - Imagine Dragons** - (Shaker 3-4, [Shield] Brute 4-5, Master 4)
Increases aggressiveness to anything causing fear. Adds ability to protect things important to Taylor with an AOE forcefield shield, and instill fear into enemies from a distance without firing projectiles.

**Bet on It - High School Musical 2** - (Thinker 2/Tinker 4 Combo, with minor Breaker State)
Less respectful to authority. Gains ability to plan complex ideas from early on and with little information and multitask more, but only when used selfishly. The plans are reliable due to minor probability, allowing her to confidently bet on the chance of the plan winning. She is less respectful to authority and more headstrong. Other people are unable to manipulate Taylor as easily. A deadly combination when paired with an aggressive/territorial song.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! I'm Happy you liked the chapter before this one enough to continue reading! I have had this story in the works for a while now, and It will go far. Submit songs you would like to see played, and they might show up eventually. I have set songs ready for all major fights before the fight with Leviathan, so suggest some for vs. Leviathan.

Check out my other stories and leave a review. Also I'm open to suggestions for songs as the story progresses. All music will become very important later. If you want some idea of how Taylor's powers work, go look up 'Cacophony, Suggest a song, get powers' on google. It's a story on space battles, quite interesting. I actually had the idea for this story before I knew Cacophony existed, although the way her powers work in the story is different than with Cacophony.
Clef 1.3

Chapter Summary

Taylor goes to school and learns more about her powers.

Chapter Notes

The version of this story on FFN is ahead by two chapters if you want to check it out, but you should know that they are currently being redone as I backed myself into a corner with some stuff. (they don't fit canon plot or how the characters would have reacted in those situations) So if you go read it now, then you can catch the chapters before they're changed. Despite the inaccuracies, they're really cool.

Thanks for submitting songs after last chapter went up! I plan to use a few of them in combat, and I have a list of about 50 songs I came up with myself, so Taylor probably won't be using the same song twice too often. Also, as a note, I have two song groupings separate from the rest of the songs I call 'Amp Up' songs. They are all remixes of the same song, but gradually get crazier and crazier, so basically a gradually more and more powerful ultimate song if Taylor keeps amping up enough times. Should be fun. One is for vs Lung, and I won't be telling when the others are. That would be cheating. Enjoy!

(Hey, you should go check out the fanfiction known as 'Tarantism' it's quite similar to this one, but each song has a different master effect rather than giving abilities. It's pretty cool. One last thing, let me know if there are any errors in this chapter. I updated at night so there might be one or two. I think the songs are in the right order.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Here are the songs with the classifications. Just put these names into YouTube and you should get them. More detail of each power is at the end of the chapter.

1. Home - Undertale OST | Ambient Music

2. 7 Nation Army | Brute 6, Striker 4

3. Doki Doki Literature Club! OST Disc 1 - 01 Doki Doki Literature Club! | Ambient Music

4. Intelligent Sounds - Flume | Thinker 7

5. Zelda Item Sound | Sound Effect

6. I Know You Too Well to Like You Anymore | Master 3, Thinker 4, Trump 2
Taylor stretched awake, blinking tiredly at the clock. She stumbled out of bed, and began her morning routine. It was only halfway through her run that she fully woke up, and realized what was happening that day at school. Her power woke up, sensing her desire. She was ready to take on Winslow. She paused, realizing a faint tune was **playing** (Song 1) in the background. She had read about this in the notes. It was an ambient music that was in locations of importance, symbolising the importance of an area. The music was peaceful, soothing her excited nerves.

Her power turned **on** (Song 2), music pumping into her ears. She hummed along, already boosting the abilities if the Thinker notes were to be believed. Her power was sentient in away, giving her powers to help with her goals, but didn't have the perfect song for the situation every time, but rather something that would help at the time. Hopefully this would be something useful. And then she stubbed her toe on the table.

"Oww..." she growled, and kicked the table again. The table jumped back a foot from the impact, acting like it had been hit with a hammer. "Huh."

"Nice." Taylor grinned.

She decided to grab a slightly revealing skirt instead of her standard hoodie and jeans, and she had to say it looked rather nice despite her lack of 'assets' on her body. She quickly had a bowl of cereal, skimming through her notes her Tinker self had written. She absent-mindedly out the dishes in the sink and got into the car. Her dad drove her to Winslow, glancing at her in the mirror with a worried glance.

"Taylor?" Danny asked, noticing the intricate notes his daughter had. She quickly looked up. "Yeah dad?"

"What's that?" he asked, curious. Taylor quickly threw out an excuse. "Research, like I said. On tinker-tech."

Danny nodded, recalling her reasoning from the day before. Then a suspicion entered his mind. "What do you mean by-"

"I'll tell you later." Taylor said without hesitating. Danny frowned more. It wasn't like Taylor to push him off like that. Well... not the old Taylor. Recently they had been drifting apart, but even so, this was new. "Alright..." he said.

She stepped out of the car, stuffing the papers into her bag. "See you after school!" she called. Danny waved back, hiding his emotions. Taylor pushed through the front doors, the ambient music kicking in. (**Play song 3**) The music was sweet to her ears, but something gave her a worrying feeling about the area. She shrugged it off, letting the song from earlier cover it up.

Taylor skipped into the school, grinning brightly. She turned the corner to her locker, eyeing the hallways. Multiple people whispered about her, but she ignored them. Months of harassment would do that to someone. Footsteps sounded behind her, and she spun around.


"Please, I saw you yesterday, crying, passing out. Pathetic. I can't believe your mother even cared
about a weakling like that." Sophia smiled. Taylor saw red hair around the corner. Emma.

"Don't talk about her." Taylor said, snarling. Sophia blinked in surprise. "What? The worm has fangs? They just make you look uglier." Taylor ignored Sophia, moving past her.

"Hey, don't ignore me!" Sophia said, shoving Taylor. Taylor whipped around, smacking away Sophia, the dark-skinned girl stumbled back, staring in shock at the girl. "Don't touch me." Taylor said, showing teeth.

She walked on, past Emma and Madison, who stared in shock. They didn't look away until she turned the corner. Then Taylor could hear them move to help Sophia, who shouted something back. Taylor giggled, smiling widely. This power was fun.

In class, the girls still tried to annoy her, although a bit more cautious about it. Madison bumped into Taylor in class, spilling a handful of pencil shavings onto her. "Sorry, I didn't see you." she said loudly.

Taylor grit her teeth, but could feel the double power from when Madison bumped into her. She grabbed a chunk of eraser, and flicked it. Hard. It flew forward, pinging off the floor, and striking Madison's ear. The girl flinched, and Taylor could hear the sound of the impact from across the classroom.

"Mrs. Knott! Taylor threw a rock at me or something!" Madison shouted.

The teacher ran over quickly, and looked at the situation. There was a mark on Madison's ear, but no sign of anything that could have been thrown at her. She glanced at Taylor, who was glancing over in obvious confusion, no sign of anything besides papers on her desk. "Are you sure?" she asked.

Madison nodded, wincing as the teacher felt her ear. the teacher sighed. "Ms. Hebert, please come with me."


Taylor sighed. "Do you have proof?" she asked.

The teacher shifted nervously. "No." she replied.

"Then you can't do anything. Any time I get in trouble for something my side is not heard, and any time I report something I get ignored." she said in frustration. Emma spoke up. "I saw it!"

Taylor whirled on the redhead. "I did nothing!" she growled. Mrs. Knott blinked. "Well now I have a witness." she said, pulling out a piece of paper.

"This only happens because no one has the balls to stand up for me!" she shouted.

Mrs. Knott didn't respond, only handing over a slip to the office.

Taylor sighed and got up, restraining her anger, the last thing she saw was Madison and Emma grinning. She slammed the door, and she swore she heard a crack appear in the frame. She stalked away down the hall. 'Screw the office.' she thought, and went to the library instead. Then her music shut off.

After bypassing the librarian with an excuse that she finished her work early, she moved to the
section of dictionaries, and paged through them. Her song **changed** (Song 4). The new song was a mix of sounds, and she recognized most of them, her memory becoming much more effective. Her personality changed as well, becoming cool and calculating rather than hotheaded like before. Her eyes changing to electric blue, and pulsed when she took in new information. Using the newfound intelligence, she realized why her song had cut out earlier. She simply didn't have the strength for it.

"I require repetitive practice of my powers if I wish to make a profit from them." Running that one song all day, combined with her hearing the passive ambient music in the background was draining her fast. On the upside, listening to the ambient music was beyond her control, and would be like wearing a heavier backpack, raising her endurance over time.

She could tell the music that was playing was not as effective, the energy was less due to the aforementioned endurance that she lacked. She shrugged, grabbing a few books. It wouldn't hurt to use her intelligence while she had it. She found a list of words she was interested in and wrote them down, and chose one that felt right. "I think my name will be... Medley. A term that is not too verbose, yet stands out." She grinned, a sound effect **playing**. (Song 5)

*Brrrriiiiing!*  
Taylor glanced up to see the clock marked 3:30, the end of school for the day. She stared at the mess of books around her, consisting of every subject she knew and more, like electronics and music. And she remembered everything she read perfectly. She painstakingly organized the books back onto the shelves, and left the building. She made her way to the front of school, and was nearly out the doors as Emma rounded a corner in front of Taylor.

"So you got in trouble? Hah, I bet you just wanted attention." Emma pouted. Taylor stared at the girl. Why was she like this? What caused her to become such a bitch? Emma glared. Oh, Taylor said that out loud.

"I grew up Hebert. I understand how the world works. It's kill or be killed, hunt or be hunted." she stated.

Taylor sighed, tilting her head. The intelligence power was still running, and her increased knowledge allowed her to strategize and realize the pointlessness of the entire situation. Emma had no reason her any more, yet she did. It would be beneficial for both sides if they walked away. She winced slightly as her power strained to keep going. A preemptive action was needed to prevent a waste of time and resources that were provided by her power.

Emma was startled when Taylor briskly walked forward, pushing past the red head. "I have more important activities to partake in rather than this mindless rabble you are spouting. This is an unnecessary use of our time and resources. Allow me to leave." Taylor said in short clipped sentences. Emma shoved Taylor, preventing her from leaving. "Where do you think you're going?"

'It would be wiser to change tactics.' she calculated. Taylor dropped the song, her power stopping, almost out of energy. She felt a migraine headache pulse withing her head, but pushed past it. She tried to grab a new song, but her power wasn't responding. She pushed down her frustration, and **forced** a song to **play**. (Song 6) Her power crackled to life, and she could feel it sputter along. An unfamiliar chorus began, and Taylor listened for a moment, then grinned as information began flowing into her mind.

Taylor smirked, and began saying the lyrics as they played in her head. "I know you too well, to like you any more. In the beginning we were grinning and we didn't even know what we were smiling for." she said aloud. Emma pursed her lips in confusion. "It felt so good deep in my heart and that's
for sure, but now I feel sick when I'm around you, and it hurts my head to think about how I know you too well to like you any more!” Taylor cried.

Emma shook her head. "What are you going on about? You disgust me. Are you saying you still thought there was a chance we could be friends?"

Taylor flipped through the data in her head. The song was giving her all the knowledge about Emma. *All of it.* From her favorite food, the defining moment in her life, to her favorite sexual fantasy. "I can't stand you!" Taylor said, stalling while she looked for a weak spot in Emma's life.

"I can't stand you even more!" Emma shouted. "You bitch!"

"Cunt!"

"Attention Whore!"

"Slut!"

"You have no tits!"

"You have no personality!"

"You're hanging onto someone who doesn't like you any more!"

There was a small crowd, recording the entire thing, and Taylor was loving it.

Then she landed on two interesting tidbits of information. "Nope! I literally know you too well to like you any more. You changed so much because someone tried fixing you when you were broken."

Emma's eyes widened. Taylor grinned viciously. "You treat me to all this pain, yet you are the most fragile person here!" she exclaimed.

"Y-you don't know what you're talking about, Hebert." Emma said.

A phrase flashed in Taylor's mind. 'Eyes, nose, mouth, or ears?' An image of a van. Emma crying. Perhaps she could use this to her advantage- no, it would shatter Emma if she pushed it that way. Better to save that for a last resort. Emma was hesitant, no need to kill the predator when the prey could evolve into something that could defend itself.

"Alright. I won't go spouting your secrets. Wouldn't want to piss off your girlfriend."

"Who?" Emma frowned.

"You know, Sophia? You hang out with her so much you must be together."

"No, I-"

"Please, no need to tell me, I've known you had a close relationship. Maybe I could get in on it sometime? I may not like you, but you're still hot."

Emma gaped like a fish.

"I don't hear you denying it." Taylor said in an offhand manner. After a few more moments of silence, Taylor turned and walked away. "And my work here is done." she muttered, turning off her power. Once she left the sight of the crowd of shell-shocked students, she stumbled against the wall.
A wave of vertigo washed over her, and black spots appeared in her eyes. "Ugh!" she grunted in pain, her migraine worse than anything she had felt before. She reached up only to find blood was now dripping from her nose. "Well, now I know not to push myself. That was still a lot more impressive than I thought. Three songs in one day?" she chuckled. "My goal will be to have that many every hour once I become a major cape."

Taylor wiped the blood away, and staggered to where Danny was picking her up.

"Hey sweetie!" Danny called. "How was your day?" he asked cheerfully.

Taylor placed her backpack, safely containing new notes along with the ones from the day before. "Wonderful!" she beamed.

Song List:

1. Home - Undertale OST | Ambient Music
   As an ambient song, it is localised in the area Taylor considers home, and will play whenever she is there. Fills her with a sense of comfort and determination.

2. 7 Nation Army | Brute 6, Striker 4
   Returns any hit dealt to her with twice the strength. Doesn't like to be held down. Very stubborn personality.

3. Doki Doki Literature Club! OST Disc 1 - 01 Doki Doki Literature Club! | Ambient Music
   As an ambient song, it has little effect, but allows Taylor to get a note of the situation as well as how the people act. Symbolizes Localized to Winslow High. The location tends to have events happening there that go unnoticed by most people, to the point of intentional ignorance.

4. Intelligent Sounds - Flume | Thinker 7
   The user has enormous intelligence, and retains all information that she learned forever. Their eyes become electric blue, and flicker brighter as the user learns new information, signaling the knowledge will not be forgotten.

5. Zelda Item Sound | Sound Effect
   Congrats! It's a sound Effect! It does nothing! These pop up for comedic effect in non dangerous situations. Only Taylor can hear them for now until she gets her cape outfit going, as it will have speakers in the outfit.

6. I Know You Too Well to Like You Anymore | Master 3, Thinker 4, Trump 2
   Knows most everything about someone for a period of time. Long cooldown on the song, and only affects one person, rather than multiple items. Taylor is much more convincing, and also vindictive.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, for those who don't know, Sophia wasn't a ward yet before September of 2010, so that'll be happening next chapter due to time skips. The time skips will be spaced out, with period of Taylor getting her gear together discreetly over the next months, and messing around with saving people, as well as a twist on some events, but
you'll see that later. She simply needs to practice before going out, plus she has no gear at all. She will be an individual vigilante cape, and chaotic neutral. It'll be more of a villain due to her methods of takedown, but she can't help her powers most of the time. I dislike the idea of anyone having control over her as a superior. No one needs the power of the 'One Punch Man' theme to be controlled by the government.

A side effect of Taylor's constant song use is that her emotions are easier to control, but also her moral compass is messed up, gradually progressing to the point where if the wrong music plays she could cause a lot of pain to people without caring if she kills someone depending on the situation. Keep that in mind when suggesting songs if she's in a delicate situation.

End Notes

Check out my other stories and leave a review. Also I'm open to suggestions for songs as the story progresses. All music will become very important later.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!