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### With a bang

**by** [Snapple](#)  

**Summary**

Life was going normal for the members of Blackhat Inc. Villains were buying inventions, heroes were sucking at their jobs (most of the time) and Blackhat was king of the world. Things couldn't get much better, until a letter arrived...for Dr. Flug. With Flug's past being revealed, more strange things are happening, like what is this sickening fuzzy feeling at finding out Flug is not as innocent as he thought.

**Notes**

HI guys, so this is my first story. BIG thanks to Amarynthain for being my inspiration. Hope you guys like it! please be gentle with me.

See the end of the work for more notes
It was just a typical day in Blackhat manor; said eldritch horror had just made himself a relaxing cup of blood and earl grey tea, using his best china cup and saucer set of course. Today had been another successful day of business, despite a small set back (Dememcia should be healed from her punishment by now). They had been able to sell quite a few weapons for a kings price, no nosy heroes had broken down his front door today far to busy fighting his machines to bother with him. Dr. Flug had actually met his deadline for once, and made some reliable machines of mass destruction that wouldn't blow up in the users face.

So all in all it was a good day. Blackhat walked toward his favorite throne like chair that over looked Hattington, a shark-like smile on his face. He let out a content sigh as he sat down looking out over his city, finally relaxing after what seemed like forever.

*Ah, so this is what a good mood feels like,* he thought as he lifted the cup to take a sip.

**BOOM!**

Though he wouldn't admit it the loud explosion startled Blackhat enough to where he almost dropped his tea on his very expensive Armani suit.

"What are those idiots up to now." he snarled as he set his cup gently on his desk and teleported outside his office into his parlor. The sight that greeted him made his already boiling blood boil hotter than the lake of fire and brimstone. A fully healed Dememcia had stolen some kind of energy source from Flug, again while Flug was chasing her with one of his own personal stun guns which was set to lethal rather than stun. If the holes and scorch marks were anything to go by. 505 was trailing along behind them trying and failing to stop the destruction.

"Demencia! Give that back! That is a highly destructive and unstable uranium core!" Flug tried to reason with the lizard girl only to have the opposite effect of encouraging her.

"Oooo! I love destruction! Let me use it, Flug-bug, there is an old codger's home with some rather rude old ladies that I wanna get rid of." Demencia laughed as she continued to play keep away from the doctor. Flug kept firing blasts at the girl as she laughed insanely waving the core around.

"Baw!" 505 cried worriedly as the blast missed Demencia and hit an expensive vase. As the vase shattered, so did Blackhat's temper.

"WHAT ARE YOU IMBECILES DOING!?!" Blackhat roared, causing them all to stop. 505 had a harder time stopping on the polished hard wood floor. Causing a domino effect, he slammed into Flug who slammed into Demencia making them all fall over. As she was hit from behind Demencia lost her grip on the core, sending it flying out of her hand headed straight for the floor.

"No!" Flug cried as he tried to pry himself from under the blue over sized teddy bear. He squeezed out and dove for the core missing it by inches only for it to be caught by an inky black tentacle that was now sprouting from his boss's back where his coat tail should be.

"Dr. Flug, what is going on? I thought I told you I was not to be disturbed unless the world was ending and you were bringing me popcorn." Blackhat growled glaring at the scientist with his uncovered eye.

"Y-y-yes, Mr. B-blackhat sir." Flug stammered as he hurriedly stood up. "I remember, but..well I-I was working on building a gamma ray to use for completely destroying any wall like
concrete, or even titanium. If I can up the output of the uranium core I'm sure it will work, but then I'd have to get more uranium cores and -"

"FLUG!" Blackhat snapped bringing the Dr out of his scientific rambling. "I didn't ask what little project you were working on, though I am interested, I want to know why you three, idiotas ruined my one good day."

"Right, sorry sir. Well right as I was about to put the power core in the machine, Demencia showed up and snatched it from me. For what purpose, I didn't know nor care I was just trying to get the core from her before she did something stupid with it...like try to blow up a retirement home." Flug explained quickly sending a slight glare toward the lizard-girl who seemed content with oogling their boss.

"I see, very well, Doctor continue your project I expect a demonstration once it is finished." Blackhat handed the core back to the human who simply nodded. "Now as for you, Demencia, Perhaps you didn't learn your lesson the first time about interfering with important work. Another trip to the torture chamber is in order I believe." Flug shivered at the murderous look in Blackhat's eye as he stalked toward Demencia who seemed oblivious to the obvious danger coming toward her.

"Oh, Blackie I know you just want to spend more time with me." Demencia sighed leaping into Blackhat's arms once he was close enough. Blackhat let out a sound of disgust at the giggling girl in his arms.

"505, have this cleaned up by the time I'm done or it'll be your turn." Blackhat growled as he teleported the two of them away. The bear quickly left to go get his cleaning supplies and his maid's uniform. This left Flug alone in the partially wrecked parlor. He let out a sigh of relief as he flopped onto the ground, his long jean clad legs stretched out to their full length.

"I hated throwing her under the demonic bus like that, but she regenerates faster than me. Plus that's what she gets for touching my stuff." Flug stated out loud to himself as he lifted his bag and goggles, revealing his moon pale skin along with his silvery blonde hair which was a mess from being in the bag for so long. His bright blood red eyes slowly adjusted to natural light after being covered all day. He inhaled deeply picking up the faint smells of dust from the wrecked walls, before sighing slightly. "Well if I'm gonna show boss my project I'd best get to work."

Just as he replaced his bag and goggles and stood up, core in hand the front door bell rang, startling him almost making him drop the core. He carefully set the core on a table that wasn't wrecked.

"Who could that be?" He wondered walking toward the door, picking up his stun gun in case it was an enemy. Cautiously he opened the front door peaking out. It was the town's mailman.

"Letter for you, Dr. Slys." the man said handing an envelope to him.
"For me? I never get mail." Flug stated taking the letter from him. He looked at the address and nearly fainted at the wax seal, the hand writing and the name on the letter: Selphlugis Slysyrus. His birth name, a name he hasn't gone by in years. "Where did you get this?"

"Huh? Came to the post office like any other letter." the mail man answered rather confused. "Something wrong, Doc?" After a minute of silence he answered pleasantly.

"No nothing. Thank you for delivering it to me. Tell me, were you the only one to see this letter?"

"Course not, that symbol was so strange not to mention we only see wax sealed letters from your boss."

"I see, just curious how close are you to retirement?"

"Well, I've only got two more months left then I can retire with full benefits. I can finally get me that cabin on the lake I've always wanted." the man replied looking longingly toward the Hattington wildlife park.

"I'm afraid you'll have to retire early." Just as the mailman looked back toward Flug, the scientist fired a leathal shot from his weapon directly into the man's heart. "I am truly sorry, but normal humans are not allowed to know my true name or see the symbol. Hat bots, I have a mission for you." Several large Hat Bots came to Flug and awaited their mission.

"Destroy the post office, leave no one alive and dispose of this corpse." Flug went back inside knowing his orders would be carried out. "Of all times, why would they contact me know? This is gonna be hard to explain to the boss hopefully he goes easy on me."
The past that won't stay away

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flug paced in front of his work station, blue prints and tools strode everywhere along with his bag and goggles. The accursed letter laid on the table as well its presence foreboding much like when Blackhat was near by.

"Why? Why would they contact me now? Is it because I'm finally doing good on my own? Maybe because I'm working with a super villain instead of international politics." Flug wondered trying to keep his nerves calm.

"Baw?" 505 said from the door way suddenly, his maid outfit was slightly dusty from cleaning. Flug jumped a few feet into the air at the sudden noise.

"Oh, Fives sorry I wasn't paying attention." Flug said as he reached for his bag and goggles to replace them. "Did you finish cleaning the parlor already?"

"Baw oru bo baw!" the bear nodded happily.

"Good job, 505. Why don't we go to the kitchen and make you some coco, as a reward?"

"BAW!" 505 exclaimed excitedly as he rushed out the lab toward the kitchen. Flug followed at a slower pace shaking his head fondly. As he got to the door he glanced back toward the letter.

The boss will keep Demencia busy for a while hopefully. He thought as he left the lab closing the door.

The only sounds in the lab were the sounds of Flug's numerous machines and projects. Suddenly Blackhat appeared in the lab.

"Flug, is that weapon ready yet?" Blackhat called into the lab. He expected his twitchy, nervous scientist to appear but he never did. "Flug! Where are you?! If you don't appear in the next five seconds you'll be joining Demencia in the torture chamber." He stalked around the lab looking for the human. His eye was drawn to an envelope on the work station. The paper had a smell that was a mix of the sea and sulfur and looked just like one of his envelopes for when he was sending out bills to his clients. "What's this? Did Flug forget to bring me one of my letters?" Blackhat wondered aloud to himself as he approached the table. He picked up the letter to see who it was from. "Selphlugis Slysyrus? I do not know that name." He flipped the envelope over to see a wax seal to see a Nokken* reared up on its back legs, a violin layed under the creature with waves curled upward over it on either side. He knew this symbol, but hadn't heard from the family in very long time.

The Stromkarlen* family was a very wealthy bunch, practically royalty, hailing from Vagar, one of the Faore Islands off the coast of Iceland; despite what was known to the rest of the world that the island had independant governing, it was the Stromkarlen family that called the shots behind the scenes, controlling most of the islands. He had once met the head of the family, Baraldur many years ago during the hight of the Icelandic war of reformation. The old man had asked him to protect his home and family from any attacks by the catholics, exchanging half of his family's vast fortune for the protection. Not only that, but he had also been promised that the next child born would belong to him. Whether as a bride or a slave it mattered not. He'd completely
forgotten about that, perhaps this letter was to remind him of his unclaimed payment. The main question is who was this Selphlugis? As he went to open the letter,

"Sir, are you finished with Demencia already?" Flug asked from behind him. He turned to face his doctor who was holding a freshly made cup of coco while 505 stood behind him sipping from his own cup. Flug glanced at the letter in his hand.

"There's only so much of that girl's flirting I can take. Tell me, Dr. Flug what is a letter from the Stromkarlen family doing on your work station?" Blackhat asked holding up the envelope. He noticed Flug flinch slightly at the name, why he wondered.

"You know that family?" Flug approached his boss cautiously, setting the cup on the table.

"Yes, I have had dealings with them in the past. It's been centuries since that time, a good portion of my fortune came from their payment I was even promised their next child." Blackhat explained watching Flug carefully for anymore reactions. "I am curious about this name on envelope, why this Selphlugis Slysyrus person's name and not mine?"

"Perhaps just a mistake of the post office, sir. I'll send it back." Flug stated as he reached for the letter only for Blackhat to pull it away.

"And yet it has my address. Why is that I wonder?" Blackhat's eye was locked on Flug, boring into him as if searching his soul for an answer.

"As I said sir, it was possibly a mistake of the post office." Flug insisted again as he snatched the letter from his boss. Blackhat blinked momentarily surprised, "I'll send it back, then I can continue with my project." Blackhat felt his surprise simmer into anger as Flug turned to leave; how dare this puny human act so dismissive toward him. HIM, the great Blackhat!

"How dare you disrespect me this way! Give me that letter right-" Just as he reached for Flug's shoulder, said doctor turned toward him a weapon pointed at his head.

"I apologize, sir but just this once I ask you not to interfere." Flug stated chillingly calm. "These bullets are laced with cloves and holy water, they might not kill you but it will be unpleasant for you and for me when you recover."

"Flug, you'd better have a good reason for acting like this or did you forget I own your soul." The eldritch snarled, his eye went completely black except for his pupil which glowed bright red like his monocle now was. Tentacles began to sprout from his back showing just how angry he was.

"I have not forgotten, Blackhat, sir. But just because you own my soul does not mean you can pry into my personal life." Flug's voice dropped an octave becoming slightly deeper. Was this the same human that flinched every time he lost his temper, he wondered. Flug has never sounded so serious, not even when threatening Demencia. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a letter to dispose of." As Flug went to leave one of Blackhat's tentacles snapped out and wrapped around him trapping his arms and weapon at his sides. He was pulled closer to his enraged boss.

"I'm going to make you regret speaking to me this way, Flug, unless you tell me what you know about that letter." Flug could feel the heat of his boss's breath through his bag, even smell the sulfur of hell. Blackhat expected Flug to start trembling begging for his life and sanity, instead he just sighed.

"I never planned on telling you about this, but sense you want to be so demanding and
nosy I'll tell you." Flug looked dead in his boss's eye. His blood red eyes were hard and cold surprising him farther, "If you let me go please, sir." Blackhat released the man, he straightened his lab coat as he replaced the weapon in its pocket. "You see, sir, this letter is for me." Flug stated calmly. "The name Flug Slys was a play on my birth name in a way to try and hide who I really am." "And who are you?" Flug removed his bag and goggles allowing his boss to see the seriousness and truth on his face as he answered, "I am the pseudo Prince of Vagar and the sole heir of the Stromkarlen family's fortune and companies, Selphlugis Slysyrus Stromkarlen." Flug stood up straighter almost matching Black hat in height. "I left my family a long time ago, to pursue knowledge and science, but it appears my family has need of me why, I do not know nor do I care but I know one thing: This has nothing to do with you so stay out of it."

Blackhat stared at the human, he was at a loss for words. He was shocked by this revelation and slightly aroused by Flug's defiance.

Chapter End Notes

Nøkken, or Strömkarlen: a dangerous and clever water spirit that plays the violin to lure victims out onto thin ice or in leaky boats and then draws them down to the bottom of the water where he is waiting for them. The nøkk is also a known shapeshifter, usually changing into a horse or a man in order to lure his victims to him. His horse form often has a long tail, and he will try to make the person touch it, if the person is to touch it, they get stuck and are dragged with him into the depths of the lake, where they would drown.**

This info was gathered from wikipedia, as is the rest of the info in this chapter. Hope you guys enjoyed it.
A mother's threat is nothing to ignore

Hello hello! So sorry it took a couple of days to get this one out, UGH writer's block. So I kinda have a favor to ask for the artists out there, since i have no way of putting art on the computer, would some one like to draw a scene from my story so far? If no that's completely fine, as always thanks for reading and keep the comments coming! I love to hear from the people that are enjoying my story.

The lab was filled with fragile tension as the two held each others gaze, 505 stood outside the lab nervously glancing back and forth between the two. Blackhat finally breaks the silence,

"Read it."

"Sir?" Flug questions curiously.

"Read the letter your family sent you I am curious as to what they want with you." Blackhat clarified.

"As I have repeated multiple times, sir, what My family wants with me has nothing to do with you." Flug replied crossing his arms stubbornly. In the blink of an eye, Blackhat stood inches from Flug his eyes still glowing red with a clawed finger poised dangerously close to Flug's jugular.

Usually Flug would be cowering in fear of his boss's rage but he retained the cold stare he's had since Blackhat found the letter.

"OPEN. THE. LETTER. FLUG." Blackhat's voice darkened sounding demonic. Flug simply rolled his eyes as he broke the wax seal.

"Fine, since your so curious." Flug carefully removed the letter from the envelope and began to read the letter.

Dearest Selphlugis,

I hope this letter finds you well. You are probably wondering how we even found you. Even in our cold corner of the world, we do get satellite signal and working for a villain as a minion, now really, Selphlugis, have you forgot your high up bringing so easily? Even as pseudo royalty our family cowers before no one. Also despite covering your face with that bag I remember your prepubescent voice. Why you decided to disguise your voice I do not know but that is not important. What is important is that your father pseudo King Dunaldur is approaching his later years.
It is time you return home to take your place as head of our family and take over our companies. At the airport in the town that you have made your home there is a personal jet waiting for you and your associates if you decide to bring them. We expect your arrival in time for our annual Summer's eve ball where we expect you to accept your place as king. If you do not arrive on time, Erlingur will be at your doorstep in a matter of minutes with just a word from us. I'm sure you remember what happened the last time we sent him; I do hope your old school still isn't to upset about that.

Hope to see you soon,
With all my love your mother

Pseudo Queen of Vagar, Apolonia Stromkarlen.

By the time Flug had finished the letter, he could feel his blood boiling with white hot anger. He'd thought he had some semblance of freedom from the shadow of his family, he was wrong.

"So they've known where I've been the whole time? Here I thought I'd have some peace and quiet." Flug growled as he crumpled up the letter throwing it into some random part of the lab. He glanced at his boss who'd resumed his normal appearance. "Well, sir, you have your answer finally are you satisfied?"

"Do you plan on returning to your family?" Blackhat simply asked.

"I left to do as I wanted instead of my families expectations. All though that ended with me crashing my plane into your mansion and being bound in servitude to a creature who's very existence is nightmare fuel for even the holiest man." Flug retorted. Blackhat ignored the insult, actually taking it as a complement. "As usual my mother will not leave me to myself and while I do plan on attending the ball, it is only to renounce my claim to the throne."

"Now why in the world would you do that? This could be a glorious opportunity to expand my empire." Blackhat declared. "There is more usefulness in you than just a simple lab rat, if you just accept the throne then I could-"

"No."

"What did you just say?" Blackhat growled his eye's going red again.

"I said no, I'm not accepting the throne. Even if I did you would have no say on anything regarding the companies." Flug answered smoothly.

"And why not? You said it yourself you do not want to rule all you have to do is be a figure head." Blackhat's appearance returned normal once more, a confused look crossed his face. Was Flug just being contradicting or simply trying to keep his family titles to himself.

"Since my ancestor knew how to contact you, it's pretty clear my family is knowledgeable
in the supernatural." Flug stated. "Long before you were summoned the first Stromkarlen asked an ancient druid to place a powerful enchantment on our family name and any titles we earned. Only one of Stromkarlen blood or their spouse can have any say so on any decisions. Also no outside mortal may see our coat of arms, only one hailing from Iceland that knows of our family, a business partner, or just a simple tourist."

"So even though you work for me, I can not use your title for myself?" Blackhat rationalized knowing how strong druid enchantments could be.

"Not unless you marry me, sir, and we both know that will never happen." Flug snorted. "It appears my family legacy ends with me unless my parents have another child." Flug replaced his bag over his head once again hiding his face. "Now if you'll excuse me, Mr. Blackhat sir, I have some packing to do also I'll be taking my vacation time now so I'll be gone a week."

Ending the conversation, Flug turned on his heel exiting the lab. As he left he reassured 505 that everything was fine now, as he passed him at the lab entrance. Watching his scientist leave the gears in Blackhat's mind began to turn.
The prince comes home

Chapter Notes

Things are moving along guys, time to meet the Stromkarlen family! For this chapter and most of the next chapter, except for Flug, 505 and Blackhat, I own the other characters. This one was a little more work since i had to research the location and a few words. If you are from the area mentioned, and i got something mistranslated let me know! Words with *<- next to it are translated in the end notes. As always thanks for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The crisp morning air smelled of fresh rain as Flug stepped off of the plane at Vagar airport, 505 close behind. The blue bear clung to his dark blue turtle neck sweater nervously. He'd never really been outside of Blackhat manor.

"It's alright, 505." Flug replied patting the bear's paws assuredly. His face was uncovered since no one knew what he really looked like he knew he'd be safe from any nosy heros, looking to catch Blackhat's notorious scientist. "We just need to make our way to my family's home."

"Prince Selphlugis." A voice spoke from his left. He turned as 505 cowered behind him. Standing next to a 1930's black rolls royce with the family crest on the side, was a tall black haired green eyed man dressed in old fashioned butler attire.

"Erlingur, I should've known my parents would've sent you to make sure I made it." Flug sighed as he walked toward the family head of house. "Of course they wouldn't come themselves to greet their only son."

"Apologies, sire, they were finishing preparations for the Summer's eve ball tomorrow night." Erlingur replied with a deep bow. "Is it just you and your pet?" His eyes glowed toxic green with magic as he searched the bear's soul, only to find it shone pure white.

"Yes, Erlingur, my boss is far too busy with his business to attend and my co-worker is far too dangerous to be released amongst high society." Flug replied. Opening the trunk of the car. "And you don't have to worry about 505 he is the purest thing I've made since I've been away, a quite literally happy accident and he is house trained."

"Very well, sire." Erlingur opened the back door allowing the pseudo prince and his bear to enter. Once everyone was in, they left the airport driving toward Sørvágur, and the place he dreaded going. Home.

* In truth, Flug actually left the U.S two days ago in the early morning. He'd made sure his lab
was straightened up and all his projects would be ready to start when he got back. The morning he
left he trapped Demencia in a cage, luring her with Blackhat plushies and a half naked body pillow
he'd made using the Plush-o-matic he'd made for 505 on his birthday. It, much like the Medusa
Device could create whatever stuffed animal or pillow the person thought of.

Not wanting to travel alone, he let 505 come with him on his vacation. He was surprised
Blackhat didn't try to come with him, or at least sneak aboard the jet; he didn't even see him off.
Though Flug did get a slight glimpse of him in his large office window before he vanished from
sight.

Getting through customs was a little hard with the large blue bear, but after showing the
appropriate paper work and a little threatening they'd boarded his family's private jet arriving just
before sunset.

The ancient family home Pollamjörki Borg , or Mist castle was set several miles from
Sørvágur, just outside the village border pass Hidden Fjord on top of the hill. As they passed
through the village, Flug could see the place outside of his window even from that far he could see
his childhood home looming in the distance. It looked just as intimidating as he remembered it the
day he left home for what he'd hope was for good.

He felt a weight begin to grow in his chest the closer they got, 505 sensing his
creator/father's distress cuddled him hoping to make him feel better.
"It's alright, Fives, just never thought I'd be back here." Flug smiled slightly patting his paw.

"I do not understand why you would even think that , sire. You are your father's only heir so
it makes sense they would call you back in his later years." Erlingur retorted glancing at Flug in the
mirror.

"They knew how I felt about taking my father's place, he has three brothers and five
nephews chewing at the bit to take the throne. Why couldn't he give it to one of them?" Flug
snapped glarring at the butler, his red eyes flashing annoyedly.

"He prefers his line continue to rule instead of giving it to a branch line as he calls them."

"Søvin fæni*," Flug grumbled resuming his visual out of his window. After what seemed
like forever, they arrive at the iron gate that had been his prison until he'd turned eighteen.

At the gates was a small shed no bigger than an outhouse. Where a man in military clothes
sat at a console with a few monitors and buttons. When the man saw the car he immediately
pushed the button to open the gates allowing them inside. The drive way was at least a mile long
ending with a circle around a large water fountain that sat in front of the mansion. A top the
fountain, stood a Nøkken much like on the family crest but with the violin in human hands instead
of hooves. Once the car came to a stop, Flug immediately climbed out followed by 505.
"I see you can open doors yourself now, sire." Erlingur smirked as he got out to get Flug's suite case. "I remember when you were a child you'd always wait for me to open the door for you." Flug just gave him a cold side glance before returning his gaze to the large house before him.

Inhaling deeply and exhaling he ascended the stone steps toward the large front doors. Before he could open the doors, they were thrown open and he was tackled by a bright pink and yellow blur.

"Systkinabarn*, Selly!" A young female voice cried excitedly. He sat up to see a young girl of thirteen sitting in front of him, bright blue eyes sparkling with happiness.

"Bergitta, what are you doing here?" Flug asked surprised and even a little excited

"The Summer's eve ball is tomorrow, silly! Móðir and Faðir* let me come home from boarding school to attend. I was so excited to know you were coming! I missed you so much." Bergitta was his younger cousin, her hair which shone like freshly made gold coins was tied up with bright pink bows and fell in ringlets on either side of her head. She wore a matching pink baby doll dress with white lace trim, a dress he had bought and sent to her for her birthday party several months ago.

"You're wearing the dress I bought you." He commented smiling fondly as he stood helping her to her feet.

"Of course I did," She replied brushing off the dust and wrinkles from her skirt as well as her pure white socks and pink shoes. "I wanted to look special for you!" She smiled up at him before she noticed something blue and furry trying to hide behind Erlingur. "What's that?"

"Oh that's just an experiment I created a while ago, his name's 505 he's very timid and shy." Flug explained turning toward the bear. "It's okay, Fives, this is just my baby cousin Bergitta she won't hurt you she loves animals."

505 peeked out from behind Erlingur, before he moved to the side revealing the bear. Bergitta gasped excitedly as she cautiously walked toward the bear. "He has a flower on his head!"

"Yes, I'm not sure why he has that but it can mimic his moods, like how it's drooping know that means he's afraid." Flug explained as he gently pulled 505 closer.

"Sire, princess perhaps we should move this introduction inside?" Erlingur cleared his throat. "It looks like it may start to rain again."

"Yes your right." Flug glanced up at the clouds noticing how dark and foreboding they looked. "Come on, Bergitta, 505 you two can get to know each other better inside."
The party made their way in side the foyer where several butlers and maids stood on either side of the rug that led toward a flight of stairs that lead to the second floor.

"Welcome home, Prince Selphlugis." Flug simply nodded before turning toward Bergitta.

"Let's go to the drawing room, 505 loves to draw." Both 'children's' faces lit up excitedly at the mention of drawing.

"Are you not going to even greet your parents, Sonur?"

Flug froze, his spine straightening at the authoritative coming from the top of the stairs. He turned to see, them. A man in his late eighties, his hair was pure white eyes as black as the night. Though he was griping a horse headed cane his hand still had strength in them. He was dressed in his best three piece suite with a green tie and coat handkerchief.

On his free arm was a woman in her late seventies her hair was more of a champagne blonde with a few white hairs. Her eyes a mahogany brown. She was dressed like the queen she made herself out to be, dark green velvet ball gown with diamond earrings and a necklace.

This was Pseudo King Dunaldur and Queen Apolonia Stromkarlen, his parents.

Chapter End Notes

Søvin fæni*: Selfish Bastard
Móðir and Faðir* : Mother and father
Systkinabarn*: Cousin
Thanks for reading! Keep the kudos and comments coming!
Chapter Summary

Strong language though in a different language.

Chapter Notes

Things are speeding up people! Thanks so much again for the comments and kudos!
As always enjoy the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Móðir, Faðir." Flug said as the two descended the stairs, stopping in front of Flug and the two young ones who were hiding behind him. His mother was a slightly shorter than him while his father stood at least a foot taller. Both gave off an air of authority and intimidation.

"It is good to see you respected my summons, Selphlugis." His mother smiled kissing his cheek. Flug's hands tightened at his side.

"I'm fine thanks for asking." He gritted out. "I was just going to spend time with Bergitta before tomorrow."

"Oh, of course dear." Apolonia simpered. "Tomorrow is a very big day not only are you taking the throne but your father and I have a surprise for you. It would be best for you two to get reacquainted now."

"A surprise?" Flug questioned.

"Yes but you will have to wait til after tomorrow." She eyed the bear cowering behind her son. "I hope that...thing is house trained."

"Yes, mother. 505 is very well behaved and house trained." Flug stated. He turned to take his suit case from Erlingur only to find him gone. He rolled his eyes exasperated. "Of course he's gone. Come one you two, let's go."

"Oh Selphlugis," His father called as they turned toward their original destination. He glanced over his shoulder at his parents, both of which wore smug grins. "Welcome home."
Flug just turned and started toward the drawing room which was on the left from the front door down a short hallway.

"Systkinabarn, are you alright?" Bergitta asked worriedly, 505 shared on his other side shared her concern.

"Baw?"

He smiled fondly at both of them, taking Bergitta's hand and patting 505's paw gently. "I'm alright I just forgot how infuriating my parents can be."

"Well considering their son is the most infuriating one has to wonder where he gets it." A voice mocked from behind them. Flug felt his temple throb with annoyance, instantly knowing who it was without even turning.

"So the whole family is here" Flug said turning toward the voice, "Even the party boy. Didn't expect to see you here, Cosmas."

Cosmas, Bergitta's older brother was his older cousin. Tall with an athletic build, bright blonde hair and blue eyes much like his little sister's. As Flug said he was the party boy of the family, preferring to spend his time with models. It didn't take much convincing for anyone, man or woman to fall into his bed.

"What and miss my little cousin's unwanted coronation?" Cosmas grinned walking toward him throwing an arm around his shoulder pushing 505 out of the way. "This is gonna be the best party ever."

"Bróðir, don't be mean to 505!" Bergitta cried hurrying to hug the bear before he cried.

"Far til helvitis*, Cosmas." Flug growled throwing his arm off. "I didn't want to tell you this but I plan to refuse the throne. I have a job and life outside of this damn prison of a family."

"Ah, yes working for the infamous Blackhat building weapons of mass destruction for mass production." Cosmas stated not bothered by the venom in Flug's voice. "Come on, cousin, you should've known you couldn't escape them so easily. Plus if you renounce the throne it goes to the next eldest child since our father's have all gotten old, so that would be Hallbergur. And I'm pretty sure he doesn't want it either and neither do I, being prince is good enough for me."

"So what you're saying is you just don't want the paper work and responsibility of being king." Flug crossed his arms a glare pointed at his cousin.
"What I'm saying is that if we turn down the throne it'll be a blood bath and our cousins, even the girls will be the pawns." Cosmas clarified. "Why not just take the throne, Crown Prince Selphlugis, and just wait for one of our scheming uncles or cousins to off you, like most royal families do, fake your death and then you won't have to worry about being king. Or would you rather my father marry little Bergitta off to get to the throne?"

Flug gritted his teeth hard at the thought. He knew his cousin was right, his family especially his uncles were eager to get their hands on the throne.

"I'm sorry, Bergitta, I suddenly feel very tired from my flight." Flug said as gently as he could with his temper boiling hot. "I think 505 and I will retire for the day."

With a pat to her head Flug turned around and headed back toward the stairs in the foyer, 505 following reluctantly.

"But Selly!" She cried out before turning on her brother fuming. "Cosmas, you made him leave! He promised to draw with me."

Flug climbed the stairs thankfully his parents were gone somewhere else in the mansion. These stairs lead to the second floor where the royal family's bed rooms were as well as one of five library's, two drawing rooms, a billiard room, his father's office and the Hall of Crowns and Portraits.

Since he was the crown prince, his room was at the end of that hall, to remind him what he had to live up too. It was tradition in his family for each crown to be designed by the youngest princess based on her impression of him. Flug was surprised that Bergitta didn't say anything when he said he wasn't taking the throne. It was her turn to be the designer this time. As they passed his father's office, 505 stopped suddenly sniffing under the door.

"Fives, come on. That's father's study which you are not allowed to enter unless summoned." Flug grumbled as he continued walking. 505 recognized the smell on the other side but followed Flug anyway.

They arrived at his room to find Erlingur standing in front of the doors waiting for them.

"Greetings, sire." Erlingur greeted with a bow. "I have placed your suitcase in your room as well as unpacked your clothes. That suite you brought with you is no where near suitable for a future king, so I took the liberty of purchasing you a set of traditional Faroese clothing to match the rest of he royal family." Erlingur smiled seeing the scandalized and angry look cross Flug's face. "You do still like blue don't you?"

"Yes, Erlingur." Flug gritted out. "Thank you for your generous help, so if you don't mind I'd like to retire for the night." Despite being a magically bound servant that didn't stop him from
being a complete asshole.

"With out dinner?"

"I'm not very hungry." Flug replied reaching for the door handle.

"As you wish, sire. Allow me." Erlingur opened the door faster than Flug could even touch the handle. Flug grumbled as he entered the room with 505. "Will that be all?"

Seeing that infuriating grin Flug simply growled, "Fær av helviti til." Before slamming the door shut in his face. He walked briskly over to his large canopy bed and collapsed face first. After letting out a long groan of annoyance into the comforter and mattress he rolled over onto his back.

"Baw?" 505 asked.

"I'm fine, 505. Just one more night, once I turn the throne down, we can go to the nearest Disneyland." Flug said sitting up patting the bear's head gently. "Just one more night."

* 

The ballroom was filled with the sound of classical music as wispy figures danced around him. He seemed to be the only one with a solid form. Suddenly a figure dressed like a king appeared before him, offering his hand in a silent invitation to dance. Though he was unsure, his body acted on its own taking the mysterious man's hand. They began to dance a simple waltz.

As they danced the spirits began to become solid, taking the forms of his family. All of a sudden, the bodies began to fall over bleeding. The bodies began to form a pile beneath them, lifting them up onto a dance floor of corpses, fire over taking the darkness around them. He tried to pull himself away from the dark man, only to be held tighter. The music came to a sudden halt as did they. The man ended the waltz dipping him. When he looked up to see the face of his partner-

Flug's shot up straight in bed with a gasp, drenched in a cold sweat eyes wide and wild.

"Baw ouro bo baw." 505 asked worriedly from his place at the foot of Flug's bed.

It took him a minute to calm back down. He ran his trembling fingers through his hair as he inhaled deeply. He glanced over to his large window to see the first rays of sunlight peak over the hills.

"It's alright, Fives. Just a weird dream." Flug answered. He then realized where he was and what today was. He flopped back onto his bed with a groan. "Today's gonna suck, I just know it."
braðir : Brother
Far til helvitis Go to hell
fær av helviti til- Fuck off
Introducing the royal pains

Chapter Summary

Again with the language Flug! Also a party crasher arrives

Chapter Notes

I honestly don't know how long this thing is gonna be. Til Flug and Blackhat fall in love (or in bed, which ever happens first) or Flug finds a way to kill an immortal entity. Keep the kudos and comments coming, if there's any questions it may take a bit but i will answer as fast as possible.

He peaked through the curtain carefully to see the ballroom filled with people, very few he knew other's he had no idea who they were. Sighing he let the curtain fall back into its original position.

"Selphlugis, darling don't be so anxious. Don't tell me you forgot how to deal with the masses." His mother stated from her place next to his aunt Duruta on a sofa.

"I'm not anxious, mother. Just impatient, just because I know how to deal with a large crowd doesn't mean I want to deal with them." Flug replied. While the ball room filled with guests, the imediate royal family sat waiting in the billiard room next to the ball room with only a curtiain dividing them. Each member dressed in traditional Faroese clothing.

Each man wore a simple plain white shirt beneath a wool waistcoat each embroidered with the family crest with silver buttons, a knitted open sweater over the top. The look was completed with black woolen knee-length pants and long knitted socks with a braided ribbon that matched their waist coats.

Each boy matched the color of his father, except for him. While his father wore dark forest green, he wore dark blue. His uncle Dagfinnur, Cosmas's and Bergitta's father, wore a dark purple, his uncle Aggusteinus wore a dark red along with his four son's the twins Amadeus & Ámundur along with Edmund and Finnbjørn. Lastly his uncle Geirbrandur wore a lighter shade of green than his father, matched by his only son Hallbergur, the eldest of all his cousins.

The women matched the same way. Wearing bright red and black open sweaters with four silver buttons that were laced with a silver chain over black velvet cloth. With black and red ankle length skirts fitted with a black belt and silver buckle. Both their buckles and buttons were
designed like roses. Their shawls and pinafore, made of silk were of lighter hues than the men's also with the family crest embroidered on them.

Of course his mother wore a light green a tiara made with rose gold and emeralds perched on top of her head; his aunt Alberta wore a pale lavender matched by Bergitta and her older sister and the middle child Arnida. His aunt Daniella, Aggusteinus' wife, wore pale red though had no daughters. Lastly his aunt Duruta wore pastel green matched by her four daughters, Felisia, Fióna, Freyja, and Følva; all of whom along with Bergitta surrounded 505 who wore a little blue bow tie. They were petting his cloud soft fur and feeding him berries from the snack tray they had requested earlier.

"Relax cousin, the party will be over before you know it." Hallbergur assured him kindly.

"Are you sure you don't want the throne, Hal?" Flug half joked. "I'm sure you'd be a much better ruler than me."

"Now, Selphlugis, that is nothing to joke about." His father chastised. His crown, formed to look like golden branches were woven together with emeralds speckled throughout and a large oval shaped polished emerald sat as the center piece.

"Well, Bróðursonur*, I would love to discuss terms to let my Hallbergur take your place." His uncle Gierbrandur smirked toward his brother. Before and argument could break out, Erlingur entered the room.

"Magisties, we are ready for you." Erlingur stated. "My King and Queen, you two will go first followed by the other families. Prince Selphlugis, since this is your return party you and your pet will come last." Of course he would, had to show off that the next heir had returned home.

"Well then shall we my dear?" Dunaldur asked walking toward his wife as she stood.

"Of course, darling." She replied smiling, looping her arm through his.

Flug wanted to gag; this sugary sweetness is what they showed the rest of the world. Kindhearted and benevolent rulers outside, on the inside they were twisted and arrogant flaunting their pseudo royalty. He had hoped he'd cut their puppet strings when he left, but apparently the strings were stronger than he had thought.

As his family lined up, Bergitta stood next to him.

"Bergitta, child come here." Her mother said. "We need to go out together."

"But, móðir, I want to walk out with Selly." Bergitta whined slightly. "He'll be all alone. Can't I walk with him?"
"Oh come on, Bergy, it’s his big return!" Cosmas grinned standing next to his parents and middle sister, who along with the rest of their cousins smiled mockingly. "He should have the spotlight." They knew how much Flug hated being the center of attention.

"Princess Bergitta, your brother is correct. This is Crown Prince Selphlugis’s first appearance in high society in a very long time." Erlingur stated. "He must enter alone."

"Don’t call me, Bergy!" Bergitta demanded stomping her foot childishly. "I want to walk out with Selly and 505!"

"Oh alright, Eingil*." Dagfinnur replied sighing. As his little princess she usually got her way. "This will give you a little time to discuss your design for his crown."

"Perhaps it should that paper bag he's so fond of." Finnbjørn jeered earning a few chuckles and giggles from his siblings and cousins, even small smiles from the adults. Before Flug could insult him back, Erlingur announced that it was time to present the royal family.

He glared dagger’s into their backs as they filed out. "Bastards, every one of them. I can’t wait to see their faces when I turn down the throne in front of all their subjects. Maybe it’ll show their true colors." He felt Bergitta gently take his calloused hand into her tiny silky soft hand.

"So you meant it yesterday when you told Cosmas you wasn't taking the throne." She stated rhetorically. He sighed as he knelt before her. "You plan to leave again after tonight."

"I'm sorry, lítlasystir* but despite your age you know how rotten our family is." Flug said placing his hands gently on her small shoulders. "The only exceptions being you and Hal." Though he saw sadness in her watery sapphire eyes, he also saw understanding and intelligence unique for a child her age.

"I know, I had this feeling that even when you came back it wouldn’t be for good." She smiled sadly as 505 came over. "Promise you'll write to me at boarding school." Flug smiled nodding as he stood up hugging her tightly. Not wanting to miss out on hug time, 505 wrapped them both up in a bear hug.

"Thanks, Fives. I think I can handle the wolves now." Flug stated confidently. Taking her hand again, with 505 following on his other side they approached the curtain and waited for their cue.

"After being away for so very long, my heir has finally come home to take his place on the throne. But it would seem he’s been away for so long he forgot how to be confident in front of his subjects; so much so that he asked his baby cousin my youngest niece to walk out with him along with his pet." Durlangur addressed the crowd getting quite a few chuckles, causing Bergitta’s hand to tighten in his."I assure you though that will be rectified."
"Ready?" Flug asked glancing down toward Bergitta who simply nodded.

"Esteemed guests and subjects, I present to you the fifth princess, Bergitta and my heir and the crown prince of Vagar, Selphlugis Slysyrus Stromkarlen, and his pet."

The curtain parted suddenly revealing them to the crowd. The three began walking toward the raised plat form at the end of the ballroom. Flug did his best to ignore the whispers and eyes following them as they passed. After what seemed like an eternity, they made it to the plat form and parted Bergitta going to take her seat next to her mother and 505 going to stand behind one of the empty chairs to the king's left. Flug remained standing, since he knew his father would want him to give some kind of speech but wondered about the other chair. Surely it wasn't intended for the one they deemed his pet.

"We have one more guest to introduce." Apolonia announced from her husband's other side, getting a confused look from Flug. "This entity protected our family many years ago only taking half of the family's wealth."

Flug's eyes widened with realization.

No, no way, it can't be. He thought panicking slightly. Surely he didn't-

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow us to introduce to you in person for the first time the infamous, Lord Blackhat and his companion, Miss Demencia."

The ballroom doors opened on their own to reveal his boss, dressed in his best suite and a blood red cape rimmed with black fur. Demencia had her arm looped through his actually calm, wearing a traditional red and black trimmed cinco de mayo fiesta dress with a red sash around her waist and a black choker necklace with a top hat charm dangling from the center. Her green hair actually tidy for once with black roses braided into a french braid.

Flug felt as if icy spiders were crawling down his spine as Blackhat locked gazes with him, his shark like green grin nearly splitting his face in half. Outwardly Flug tried to keep a calm face; inwardly he cursed: Helvitis dekans ikki!*

Chapter End Notes

Bróðursonur nephew
Eingil: angel
lítlasystir: Little sister
Helvitis dekans ikki! : Fucking dammit!
Polite applause followed Blackhat and Demencia as they approached the royal family. While he was irritated that Blackhat had followed him here he was also curious: If Blackhat had planned to come anyway, why didn't he travel with Flug and 505? And why in the world would he bring Demencia, though for some reason she seemed docile.

"Your majesties, thank you so much for the invitation. I was honored to know you wished for my company." Blackhat said with a slight bow as Demencia crazy, psychotic Demencia curtsied like a proper lady.

"Of course, Lord Black hat." His father laughed. "After all you've done for our family it's the least we could do, plus you've been taking care of our Selphlugis for so long. I couldn't believe he didn't bring you with him."

"I'm sure he had a good reason, perhaps he didn't want to bother his employer." His mother reasoned before addressing the crowd. "Now that introductions are finished, let the summer's eve ball begin! There are refreshments and the orchestra will begin playing in a few minutes."

Taking that as a dismissal, Flug rushed off of the plat form heading straight for the alcohol table. Why? Why couldn't Black hat just leave him alone for one week? Why couldn't his parents leave him alone for the rest of his life.

"Tequila if you have it." Flug demanded from the bartender. "I'll take the whole bottle."

"He'll have water and so will I." Flug turned to see Hallbergur standing behind him, his face set in a stern look that Flug hasn't seen since he was a little boy. He'd broken a priceless vase and tried to hide the pieces under his bed only to be caught by his cousin.
"Hal what are you-"

"I'm not about to let you drown yourself in alcohol."

Once the bartender handed them their drinks, Hallbergur lead them over to where 505 and Bergitta were sitting to side. "Sit."

"I'm not a dog, Hal." Flug snapped though he did as he was told.

"I am aware. Now who or what is that man?" Hal asked as he took the seat next to Flug.

"Black hat is well complicated." Flug began. "I guess you could say for the most part he's my boss. I build weapons for him to sell to villains or the highest bidder. As for what he is, I've been trying to figure that out ever since I met him."

"And how did you meet him exactly?" Hal questioned.

"It was after I left home, you know how I've always wanted to be a pilot. Well I got my pilot's license and was flying my own plane. It was amazing, I actually felt free. Free from our family, from their expectations and demands, from everything bad in the world. I wasn't paying attention to the flock of birds headed toward me. Dumb things don't know how to move out of the way of danger." He chuckled a little before continuing. "My plane went down, thankfully no one was on it except me. I crashed into some sort of building, some how still alive but bleeding heavily from my side. Just as I thought I was gonna die a man appeared before me, dressed like he was attending a high society party his skin as black as his outer coat. He asked me what usefulness I had to offer him if he saved my life. I told him about my multiple P.H.D's and degrees and he decided that I would be his scientist for the rest of my life."

"So he dangled your very life in front of you in exchange for practical servitude knowing what you'd choose." Hal growled angry on behalf of his younger cousin. Flug smiled sadly as he lifted his shirt and waistcoat, showing them an old star shaped scar on his side. Bergitta gasped covering her mouth gently.

"I gave him a fake name calling my self Flug Slys." Flug replied recovering his side. "I acted timid and easily frightened, some times revealing my true self. And even with the impossible dead lines, the annoying co-worker who won't stay out of my lab, and the boss who's temper produces nightmare fuel for even the bravest man, it's not so bad. I have 505 to make things bearable, pardon the pun." He smiled giving the bear a scratch between the ears resulting in a purr.

"Then fastir* summoned you home." Hallbergur said. "Do you truly wish to give up one set of chains for another? At least with taking the throne you can make decisions that help others."
"I have to be honest, Hal, I enjoy being a villainous scientist." Flug remarked. "And no one knows what I look like since my face is always covered. So I can go out in public face uncovered and no one knows it was me who built that machine that destroyed the next town over. Plus even if I did leave BlackHat Org.-"

"I would track him down and drag him back possibly chaining him in his lab."

The sudden appearance of Blackhat made all of them jump. He stood before them grin still in place. Demencia stood to the side, finger's laced together in front of her a calm look on her face.

"Sir, what did you do to Demencia?" Flug asked as he stood. "Normally she'd be all over you or scarfing down all the food at the buffet table." A sudden thought crossed his mind. "Tell me you didn't." His eyes widened in horror.

"I couldn't have her embarrassing me, so I used that handy little syrum you created to calm her nightmares to make her docile, have to say I didn't expect it to work this well." Blackhat said stroking Demencia's cheek gently, not even a flinch. "You are brilliant, Flug. Oh for give me I mean Crow Prince Selphlugis." Flug growled angrily at Blackhat's mocking tone and grin.

"That syrum was to be used to HELP her, not turn her into an emotionless doll." Flug growled out before sighing. No matter what he said, Blackhat would do as he pleased. "So tell me, oh dark one, have you just come over here to gloat about your power over me."

"Actually I came to ask you to dance with me. I asked the orchestra to play a tango just for us." Blackhat enticed offering his hand to Flug who just gave him a dead panned look.

"Are you serious? I'm not dancing with you." He glared at his boss who just kept grinning that infuriating grin.

"Do you not know how?"

"Oh I know how, I'm just not gonna dance with you." Flug crossed his arms stubbornly.

"You seem to be under the impression you have a choice." Blackhat said piously. He grabbed Flug by the wrist and dragged him toward the dance floor leaving the others behind.

"You seem to be forgetful, Sir." Flug ground out angrily as they arrived on the empty dance floor. He yanked his wrist from Blackhat's grip surprisingly easy. "I'm not dancing with you." There was a snap behind him and the lights went out leaving only the dance floor illuminated as what he guessed was tango music started, an unknown force (though he knew exactly who it was) pulled him backwards.

*Music link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iW71-sVyMzM*
As Blackhat caught him he laid him in a dip. His expression seductive, borderline hungry.

"It is you who is forgetful, Flug." Blackhat pulled him up spinning him out by his hand before pulling him back in holding him close to his body. His face close enough that Flug could see a tiny red pinprick on the other side of his monocle."You have no choice in this."

The dance began normal enough, though Flug tried to escape every chance he could only to be pulled back in. Suddenly Flug felt a familiar pulsation pass through him as just the two of them began to float, earning a few gasps from their audience.

"Sir, what are you doing with my anti-gravity device and why are we the only one's floating?" Flug demanded as he pushed away from Blackhat with a glare. A black tentacle sprouted from Blackhat's back pulling him back in.

"I fixed it, you only had to move the decimal one point and readjust the frequency and only the one's within a foot of the device will float." BlackHat explained as he dipped Flug again. "Plus I wanted our first dance to be memorable."

_Fine, Flug thought, I'll play his game. If there's one thing Blackhat hates it's when he is denied something he wants for some reason he wanted Flug._

An arduous look appeared on his face. Flug slipped out of his arms floating a few feet away. Smiling coyly he began to spin and dance around Blackhat keeping just out of reach though he knew he could be pulled back any minute. At first Black hat was surprised by this turn of events before a predatory smile crawled across his face. So the little minx wanted to play. The two began to dance around each other, just as Blackhat would go to take hold of Flug again, the little tease would push away from him. This went on for about ten minutes before Blackhat finally caught Flug and when he did. Oh sweet darkness, was it worth the work. He forgot how good it felt to have another warm body move against his. As the music picked up in speed, the two moved as if they were one person. Blackhat felt a stirring in his gut as well as his loins that he hasn't felt in centuries. Wanting to make sure Flug was aware of his interest, Blackhat pulled Flug's back against his front, his arms circling the human's waist. As they floated in the air, Blackhat leaned down next to his ear and as his teeth grazed the top of his ear, he whispered,

"Why do resist me, Chico hermoso*?" Flug shivered at the hissed words crawled into his ear. He pulled himself away floating a few feet from Blackhat, his glare poisonous. Blackhat's grin just got impossibly wider Deciding it was time to end their dance, Blackhat reached out faster than Flug could respond grabbing him. He deactivated the device but instead of a free fall to the floor below, Blackhat sprouted a pair of leathery wings allowing them to float back down.

As they landed, just like they began Blackhat spun Flug out before pulling him into a dip. The two stared into each other's eyes, in Blackhat's eye he saw hunger, lust and something dark that made him shiver strangely with excitement. The sudden sound of applause made him straighten up nearly head butting Black hat, he'd forgotten they had an audience.
Blackhat simply smiled as he took Flug's hand and kissed it bowing slightly. Flug gave him a pointed glare as he yanked his hand back, storming off his face beet red.

As arrived back to where he left his cousins and friends, he found Hal standing there with two shot glasses while 505 and Bergitta danced with the calm Demencia.

"Please tell me that's not water." Flug begged.

"I figured you needed it after that." Hal smiled worriedly at his cousin who took one of the glasses downing its contents quickly, enjoying the familiar burn of tequila going down his throat.

The ball continued without much excitement, a few of his cousins came over to bug him about his mysterious boss. The girls even wanted to know if he was single, but Hallbergur ever the considerate one, rebuffed them saying Flug wanted to be left alone. There was no sign of Blackhat strangely, though Flug could care less if the man was shot with a holy bullet.

It was at the end of the evening when his parents called for the royal children to come stand in front of the platform. His parents, along with Blackhat and his aunts and uncles stood on the platform.

"Before we end the evening, we have an exciting announcement to make." His mother simpered happily.

"As we said at the beginning of the night, Lord Blackhat helped our family out of the goodness of his heart."

What heart? Flug thought bitterly.

"And was given half the family fortune as payment. However he was not paid all he was owed, you see he had also asked for the next child to be born. In order to honor that agreement, we would need to give him my youngest niece Bergitta."

Both Flug and Hallbergur grasped Bergitta's hands as if to keep her from being taken.

"Since Lord Blackhat is a reasonable man he agreed to take something else as payment." King Dunaldur snapped his fingers signaling Erlingur to come forward holding a wooden tray with a document, quill and ink well on it; the ink glowed a toxic green.

"This document which has already been signed by King Dunaldur and Queen Apolonia, and once signed by myself in my own blood will be binding for eternity or until I cancel it." Blackhat announced as he dipped the quill in the blood ink. Immediately after he signed it a glowing green ring appeared on his wrist. He heard a gasp from Bergitta and as he looked down to ask her why he
saw it. It was identical to the one currently on Blackhat's wrist on his own.

Suddenly he was snatched away by an unseen force from his cousins up onto the platform into Blackhat's arms.

"Ladies and gentlemen, most loyal subjects, we would like to announce the betrothal of Lord Blackhat and our son Crown Prince Selphlugis." Apolonia announced excitedly.

"WHAT!?!" Flug exclaimed shocked. He looked up at Blackhat, flinching slightly at the proud and smug look on his face.

"Now you are completely mine."

Chapter End Notes

Fastir: Aunt
Chico Hermoso: Beautiful boy. (Finally some spanish XD)
Between a Demon and a hard place; Royal family feud

Chapter Summary

Flug lays down the law and shows why he is to be king

Chapter Notes

So I assumed Blackhat was around in biblical times, if you don't believe in the bible or this part offends anyone I am terribly sorry.

After the announcement of their betrothal, Flug had done the only thing he could in the situation: he slapped Blackhat rather hard and called him several derogatory names in Faroese.

As he stormed out of the room the party goers parted like the Red sea, trying to get out of his way. Knowing his family would want to talk about his 'disrespectful and childish' behavior, he went to his father's office.

He should've known Blackhat wasn't going to let him off that easy; as he entered his father's study he saw Blackhat standing in the middle of the office and he was not happy. Stealing his nerves and pushing his frustration to the forefront of his mind he closed the door matching Blackhat's glare with one of his own.

"What do you think you're playing at, Blackhat?" Flug demanded. "Making a deal with my parents to marry me just so you can get their power and influence through me you must be desperate if you need the influence of a pseudo kingdom." He knew he'd gone a little far when Blackhat's eyes glowed red.

"You'd do well to remember who I am, Flug." Blackhat said fiercely as he prowled toward Flug who backed up. "I have seen the rise of humanities greatest cities, watched the worlds greatest men rise to power and seen humanity flourish. Do you know why these things happened? Because I allowed it, I was put here long before the first man was created from dust. I watched my creator tempt Eve with the apple and laughed when they were cast out over a silly fruit."

"So you're older than humanity itself big whoop." Flug said as his back met a wall. He flinched slightly as Blackhat slammed his hands on either side of his head.

"You seem to be missing the point, Querido*." Blackhat purred darkly. Suddenly the lights in the office and the fire place went out, the only light source being the multiple glowing red eyes
that materialized in the darkness. "I can either destroy this entire country with the snap of my fingers vanishing them quickly and painlessly or I can have them tortured right in front of you even that little girl your so fond of, she'd cry for you I'm sure and all you could do is watch and listen to their screams of agony." Flug's eyes widened in horror at Blackhat's words and he knew his boss never made idle threats.

As Blackhat removed himself from Flug's personal space he returned to normal and the lights and fireplace returned to normal. After a few seconds Flug found his voice, "What was that contract you signed with my parents?" He asked shaken. "What do these rings mean?"

"I suppose you could call them promise rings that we wear until either A. I get you a real engagement ring with the same protections put on it, B. We get married in which our wedding bands will serve that purpose, or C. I cancel the contract and I can assure you C is not an option." Blackhat explained eyeing Flug searching for any challenge. "As for that contract it was a simple betrothal contract that also gave me power over their fortune, companies and any other assets you would inherit once we are married and you take the throne and you WILL take the throne."

"I don't get it, as you said you're older than humanity and have more riches than anyone in the world why do you need the influence of a pseudo kingdom so small that you even forgot you had dealings with in them in the past." Flug asked. "And why do you need to marry me, you already have my soul and I'm sure you can find away around the druid's enchantment."

Before Blackhat could answer the office doors burst open as a black and green blur rushed in.

"BLACKIE! I'm so glad to see you, I woke up in this room full of people dressed in these weird clothes." Demencia whined. She was finally back to normal, well normal for her. "Where are we anyway?" She finally noticed Flug but didn't seem to recognize him. "Who's the pale string bean?"

"Demencia, it's me Flug. You've seen me without my bag before." Flug explained gently.

"Oh Flug-bug, you're here too? Maybe this is a dream, yeah that's it. I must've been inhaling you're dry erase markers again." Demencia rambled. Before she could go on, Blackhat snapped his fingers causing her to collapse in a dead sleep.

"You could've at least caught her, we can't leave her in the floor like this." Flug said kneeling next to her.

"Oh very well," Blackhat rolled his eye as he snapped his fingers again vanishing her. "There, I put her back in her bed at home and she won't wake until morning." Before he could chastise him further his family entered the office followed by 505.

"Selphlugis, how dare you embarrass your future husband in front of everyone like that!" His mother screeched angrily not noticing Blackhat at first too focused on Flug. "It's no wonder he left
"Of course, your highness." Blackhat stated smiling at her. "I can't be scared off by a simple slap to the face. That just makes the courting more interesting the more he resists." Flug rolled his eyes at Blackhat's attempts at charming his mother.

"Lord Blackhat, I do not understand why you do not wish to take our daughter." His aunt Alberta asked pulling her daughter forward. The little girl looked ready to cry at the sight of him. "After all the original deal was the next born child and since she is the youngest that would be Bergitta."

"I agree with my wife, my lord. Why not honor the original contract, take Bergitta as a wife, plus I'm sure you would like heirs and unlike my nephew she can give them to you." Dagfinnur begged. Flug couldn't believe them they were bargaining their youngest child away like a fine brood mare!

"What the hell is wrong with you two?!" Flug snapped angrily as he yanked Bergitta to his side away from her parents. "She's just a little girl, how could you bargain her away like that."

"I agree, svágur, konusystir, what gives you the right to try and gain Lord Blackhat's favor with your slip of a girl." Apolonia snipped looking down her nose at her own niece.

"Oh like you're disgrace of a son would be a better option." Daniella sneered. "If he is more interested in men my Finnbjørn is a much better choice, he's just reached maturity and can still be trained how Lord Blackhat wants."

"A woman would be better suited for his Lordship." Duruta insisted. "I have four daughters all still virgins. They would suite his needs just fine."

Flug stared in horror as his family did EXACTLY what he was afraid they would do and try to elevate themselves using their children.

"ENOUGH!" Blackhat roared silencing the arguing. "I have already chosen Flug as my bride."

"Excuse me?" Flug asked incredulously. "I am your husband thank you."

"I do not have use for heirs right now, but when I do I plan for Flug to carry them himself."

"Hold on a damn minute, Mr."
"However since it was the original agreement, I will take the child with us after Flug's coronation but I have no intention of bedding her. Since Flug is so fond of her, I've decided to give her to him as an engagement present." Blackhat stated. "Does that suit you?" His glare seemed to dare them to disagree.

"Of course, Lord Blackhat." Her parents responded.

On one hand Flug was actually happy that Bergitta was coming home with them, she'd be away from their poisonous family. On the other hand, their home wasn't the best place to raise a child. What with their life style and her being so young their enemies AKA heroes would think she was kidnapped or worse.

"Selly, what does this mean?" Bergitta asked timidly.

"It means you get to go live with a monster like the princess in your favorite story about the rose only you don't get to marry a prince, instead you get to live with a demon." Cosmas answered. From the look in his eye Flug knew this wasn't gonna be good. "If you don't behave he'll eat you right up!"

This caused Bergitta to burst into tears and start sobbing. "Selly, don't let the demon eat me! I'll be good I promise! Please don't let it eat me!"

"Far til eftir heitasta hulasta helviti, Cosmas*!" Flug growled as he scooped the sobbing girl into his arms. "How could you say that to your own little sister?" Flug glared at his cousin before he started trying to console the girl. "Bergitta, ltíl sólja it's alright. The demon's not going to eat you I'll make sure he won't. Guess what though, you get to come live with me in America." She sniffled as she lifted her head from his tear soaked shoulder.

"Really?" she asked softly.

"That's right, you can come live with me and 505." Flug replied as he set her down. "Fives, why don't you take Bergitta to her room it's been a long night and I'm sure you both are tired." 505 nodded as he approached the girl taking her hand.

"Will you come read to me, Selly?"

"Of course I will, as soon as we finish talking." Flug assured her as he walked them both to the door. "Pick out your favorite book and I'll be right there." She nodded as the two of them left the office. Flug closed the doors gently but when he turned it was very obvious that he was pissed.

"You have no right treating Bergitta like she's some pawn." Flug started his red eys sharp
as glass. "None of you have any right to treat any of us that way. We are your children not chess pieces to be moved or given away at a whim; but I have to admit with the exception of Hal, you my systkinabarns are starting to act more like your parents everyday."

"Oh come on, Sel. I was just joking with her." Cosmas laughed only to be punched in the jaw with enough force to knock him off his feet.

"Joke? A joke? Is the fact that your baby sister was just given away like furniture a joke to you?" Flug snarled his eyes flashing with rage. "Do you not even care that your parents just gave your sister to a demon to be taken to another country? Who knows when you'll see her again, if ever!" Flug turned on said parents. "And you two, I want Full guardianship of Bergitta."

"What?!" Dagfinnur roared.

"If she is going to be staying with us, she needs to have legal citizenship and only her guardian can get that for her. Blackhat can't do it, since he's to well known. My face is not known to by any Government securities, or international crime organizations and since I'm her cousin anyway I'm the best bet." Flug explained.

"Here's what's gonna happen," He turned toward his parents as he spoke "I am going to take the throne and yes I will marry my boss as per the contract you signed. If I find something that interests me, I will act on it other than that, my soon to be husband will handle everything else. The wedding will be held in six months, this gives me time to catch up on any orders I fell behind on and get Bergitta settled." He then turned toward his aunt and uncle.

"I expect Bergitta's papers to be finalized, approved and ready to be signed by me either the day of or the day after my coronation. I wish to known as her father on paper so things don't get confused when I enroll her in school."

Then he turned toward Blackhat, "I'm going through with this because I have no choice but let me make a few things clear to you. We are partners now, equals and I expect to be treated as such. Yes I will continue building inventions for you but that terrified and timid scientist is gone now as your husband I will not take any more of your abuse. I will be taking days off to take care of Bergitta, if you wish to contribute you may. But I warn you," It felt like Blackhat was staring at the icy fires of the frozen hell; cold enough to burn and burn painfully.

"If you so much as snap at her the wrong way I will make the rest of our marriage a living hell for you." Flug lastly turned toward Cosmas who was now standing holding his bruised jaw.

"As for you, Cosmas." Flug grabbed him by his front yanking him level with his eyes. "Cousin or not, if you come near Bergitta the rest of the time with anything other than an apology on you mind, I may not kill you but I will make you wish you were dead." Flug shoved him away into the twins who barely caught him. "Now then, I am going to go read my soon-to-be adopted daughter and tuck her into bed then I'm going to bed myself and try to get some sleep."
He spun on his heel and marched toward the doors, his back straight and head held high stride confident. As he got to the doors he turned looking toward Blackhat again,

"Don't even think of sneaking into my room or I swear I will douse you in holy water."

With that last statement, Flug left the office nearly hitting Erlingur on the way out. The royal family stood in the office too shocked to say anything. A sinister and proud smile crawled across Blackhat's face.

Flug has just proved two things: He has the confidence and authority to be king and he was the perfect bride for Blackhat. Now only to convince Flug of that.

Chapter End Notes

Queirdo: Dear one (Yay more spanish)
svágur: Brother in law
konusystir: S1ster in law
Far til eftir heitasta hulasta helviti: Go to the deepest hottest pits of hell!
lítil sólja: Little buttercup
systkinabarns: Cousins
The next morning found Flug and Hal having breakfast on the terrace overlooking the back gardens.

"So what did our lovely family say after I left?" Flug asked curiously as he sipped from his cup of coffee.

"Well there wasn't much to say after you called out our family on their horrid behavior." Hal grinned. "They just stood there dumbfounded for about ten minutes before your father dismissed everyone for the night. We just went to bed, that fiancé of yours just vanished into thin air though." He suddenly looked around as if expecting said man to appear. "Where is his Royal Darkness anyway?"

"He left me a note this morning, saying he was returning home to make sure Demencia didn't destroy the manor in a panicked attempt to find him." Flug replied. "He said he'd be back in time for the coronation, he just had to take care of a few things first."

"Like what torment some poor soul or souls? Make a fool out of some heroes?" Hal chuckled.

"Probably, he has a reputation to uphold." Flug stated matter-of-factly.

"Wait are you serious? He actually does that?" Hal asked kind of shocked "I mean I know some of what he's done but still."
"We are villains, Hal, and not just because we sell weapons of mass destruction." Flug answered setting his cup down on the table. "Not only does he have a reputation to keep but the whole company does."

"You really enjoy this kind of life, selling your creations to be used to cause destruction and harm to others." Hal pressed. "Why would you be okay with that?"

"In case you forgot, Hal, I was always a little more twisted than the rest of our cousins" Flug responded not at all ashamed of his answer. "Don't you remember what I did to Felisia's stuffed dolls?"

"How could I forget? You cut them open replacing their stuffing with the organs of small animals you'd dissected earlier that day, then hooked them up to your father's Royce trying to imitate Frankenstein." Hal shivered. "Mother and father would've sent you to a mental hospital, if your father hadn't stopped them."

"It would've been a horrible scandal, he said. Instead he sent for the best therapist in the country, paying the man to live with us." Flug acknowledged. "Didn't he pass away not long after?" Hal gave him a deadpanned look.

"Sel, he said more like screamed, 'that child isn't troubled, he's a demon!' before throwing himself off the top balcony. It took forever to get the blood stains out of the carpet." Hal crossed his arms as he exhaled. "I guess you have a point; my point however is you never hurt people not to my knowledge anyway."

"The way I see it, cousin, is that I just build the machines I don't use them." Flug reasoned. "Once the machines are sold what's done with them is not my concern."

"I see, well whatever lets you sleep at night. Now my next question," Hal leaned forward locking gazes with his cousin. "What about Bergitta? Do you really want to expose her to all that? What if someone sees her and links her back to you and your boss, like an enemy, or a dissatisfied customer."

"I already have a plan for that." Flug replied. Before he could explain said plan,

"Selly! Hally!" Bergitta's voice called from inside. They looked to see her coming toward them with a piece of paper in hand 505 following close behind. "Since Selly's taking the throne I came up with his crown design, look!" She handed the paper to Flug first.

It almost looked like the crown an elf king would wear. The body was made of ivy vines twisting around thorn stems, the leaves pointed upward. The front part was two fully bloomed roses on either side of an eight pointed star about the size of his hand.
"This looks beautiful, Sólja*." Flug said impressed at her creativity, he passed the paper to Hal to look at. "Tell me the specifics."

"Well the center of the star is made of blue diamond, while the points are made with regular diamonds. The roses are cut from rhodolite garnet gems and the leaves are made from emeralds. The ivy vines are made from green tinted sterling silver, the thorn stems are tinted darker and the small thorns are made from small pieces of gold." Bergitta explained seemingly in one breath.

"You came up with this just this morning?" Hal asked handing the paper back to Flug. "That's pretty impressive."

"I've actually been planing this for a while, I was a little upset that when you said you wouldn't take the throne." Bergitta said looking a little upset before lighting up again. "Now that you are, I can get my design to the royal craftsman!"

"Well, if it's gonna be ready in time for the coronation you'd best hurry." Flug smiled as he handed her the design back and patted her head. Her face lit up with realization.

"You're right!" She exclaimed. "I'll talk with you two later. Come on, Fives!"

"Baw!" The bear answered as he lowered himself allowing her to climb on his shoulders, thankfully she was wearing pants today.

"TO THE SMITHY SHOP!" She cried pointing forward and the two were off. Leaving the men to star after them, both smiling fondly.

"I can promise you, Hallbergur," Flug started his expression becoming serious, "I won't let anything happen to her."

"I'll hold you to that, Selphlugis." Hal said as the two shook hands as a maid appeared in the open doorway.

"Pardon the interruption, my princes, but your presence is requested in the throne room." The maid stated softly.

"Thank you, tell them we're coming." Flug answered as the two stood. "Well time to go see what the vultures want."

The two left the terrace and followed the maid toward the throne room, conveniently next to the ball room. Inside both of their mothers stood discussing decorations, actually more like arguing.
"I think the family tapestry should go behind the throne, like it always has." Duruta stated stubbornly. "It was that way when your husband was crowned."

"Yes but my son needs to be the star of the show not some old towel with names stitched in." Apolonia argued back.

"Mother, the tapestry will stay right where it is." Flug interjected. "The crown Bergitta designed for me will guarantee I'm the center of attention, much as I hate it."

"Oh, Selphlugis there you are." His mother smiled at the sight of her only child. "That is wonderful to hear but why didn't she show it to me, I could've given her tips to make it worthy of a Stromkarlen king. I had a hand in making your father's crown you know."

"I know," Flug replied. When she said 'had a hand in' she really meant she completely threw out the original design and pushed to have hers used instead. 'Wasn't regal enough' she'd said according to one of the older servants. "I think it looked just fine, plus there's no time for a redesign. Now what was it you needed from us?"

"We need to go over your outfit obviously as well as the cape you'll be wearing." His mother started. "As well as who will be part of your processional."

"Hallbergur, I want him to carry the cape train and I want Bergitta to carry the crown, she'll be escorted by 505." Flug stated instantly. Hal gave his a look that meant, 

*I'm going to kill you later.*

Flug just grinned; if he was forced to do this his favorite cousin was gonna endure the torture as well.

"Oh that's wonderful!" Duruta clapped her hands excitedly. "Do you want to use the traditional clothes or do you want to personalize your wardrobe?"

"They'll have to be color coordinated." Apolonia added, "Me personally I think a Norwegian Bunad suites the situation perfectly."

"That's a wonderful idea, Queen Sister!" Duruta exclaimed enthused.

"You think we can make a run for it?" Hallbergur whispered to his cousin.

"On the count of three; One," Flug started to count as the two turned, only to come face to
face with their mother's army of tailors. "Lort*." 

"Nice knowing you cousin."

Chapter End Notes

Sólja: Butter cup
Lort: Shit
Not very many this time around.
Sorry if this one seems kinda short, I'll try to make the next one longer.
Chapter Summary

Hail to the king of darkness and flug.
It gets kinda dark toward the end, it's black hat, what did you expect.

Chapter Notes

Hey there, thanks so much for all the love and support! Now i know some people expected blackhat to change his ways and be a better person and all that stuff.
Newsflash, Blackhat is an entity of pure chaos and darkness. Sure there maybe some affection and maybe even love, but this is blackhat we're talking about. No Fluff, sorry guys.
Also the next chapter may be a little late, family bonding and such. It will be posted ASAP!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was finally the day of the coronation, the throne room was packed with dignitaries, royals from other countries and a few select guests. Banners of dark blue and green embroidered with the family crest hung from the rafters. In a side room across from the throne room, Flug and Hallbergur were getting ready, reluctantly.

"I really hate my mother right now." Flug announced pulling at the collar of his white linen shirt. The long sleeves and pale blue vest were embroidered with silver roses and stems and also had silver buttons which also held the family crest. His knee length trousers were made of black satin as were the stockings only they were pure white.

"Hey you agreed to this, I wanted no part of it." Hallbergur groused. He was dressed the same as Flug only his vest was dark blue and he wore a knee length white jacket.

"You think I do?" Flug shot back glaring at his cousin. "There was no way I was gonna suffer through this alone."

Before the argument could turn physical, Apolonia entered the room smiling.

"Don't you boys look handsome?" She stated cheerfully. She was wearing a sleeveless ball gown the same color as Flug's vest with a white chiffon shawl around her shoulders and a tiara like the one she wore at the ball but with sapphires.
"Mother, do we really have to wear this? Can't we wear like a high class expensive suit or something?" Flug begged.

"Please, aunt, this is far too embarrassing." Hal agreed "Plus it's not my coronation, so I shouldn't be forced to dress like an Easter display and look like an idiot. Selphlugis can have that privilege all to himself."

"Oh so I get to look like an idiot?" Flug snapped glaring at Hal.

"It's your coronation!" Hal snapped back.

"Boys!" Apolonia clapped her hands interrupting their banter. "Now I think you both look perfect. Not to mention you wore traditional Faroese clothes at the ball, why is this so different?" Before Flug could answer he noticed something small and cylindrical in her hand, following behind her were two maids were carrying some cloth between them.

"What are those for?" Flug asked as they came closer.

"Well this is for your hair, dear." Apolonia smiled as she opened the cylinder, revealing it was hair wax. "Bend down please."

"Seriously? Mother, my hair is fine the way it is." Flug protested. As she came closer, Flug started backing up only to be stopped by his smirking cousin.

"Come on, Selly, you need to look good on your big day." Hal laughed.

"Oh you son of a b-Gah!" Before Flug could finish the insult Hal bent him down to where his aunt could get to Flug's hair. It felt as if two pounds was added to his head as his hair hardened into the slicked back position his Apolonia forced it into.

"There, much better. Now your crown will fit properly." Apolonia smiled as one of the maids offered her a napkin. Flug stood up straight nearly head butting Hal in the nose, missing by inches.

"Fisa!" Flug growled glaring daggers at Hal who just grinned.

"Selphlugis, there's no need for that language." Apolonia scolded. She signaled for the maids to come forward with the cloth. "Now in a few minutes once the guests have all been seated, the two of you will come out and stand in front of the doors. There you're fiance will place this around your shoulders." The maids unfolded the cloth to reveal his coronation robe with a six yard train. It was red with black trim around the edges and the crest embroidered in black thread, on top
of the creature's head was a black hat. "Lord Blackhat designed it for you, as away to show he's serious about joining our family."

"More like showing I belong to him" Flug thought bitterly. Like I don't already know that.

"It looks...great, mother." Flug forced out. "So you and father enter first followed by Bergitta and 505, then me and Hal follow after right?"

"Yes, oh and Lord Blackhat also requested that he be your escort." His mother said as the maids refolded the robe and train. "At first your father protested because a future king should show independence and walk in alone but since he is to be your husband, he wished to walk in with you to show unity."

Flug groaned as he rolled his eyes. He was seriously going all out with this engagement thing, but why? Why was he so intent on showing that he owned Flug in every since? Blackhat was possessive, he knew but why so determined to possess him?

A knock on the door got their attention. In came Bergitta followed by 505. She was dressed in a pure white floor length princess gown with a lace top and a white satin belt with diamond buckle in the shape of a flower. The tulle skirt had little satin butterflies scattered across the bottom and over the short train that followed. Her hair was in a golden bun with a white jewel encrusted lily comb holding it in place. 505 was wearing a gold and diamond collar and his fur looked rather glossy and well groomed.

"Fastir, they are ready for us now." She said. Her eyes widened at the sight of her cousins. "Oh, you two look wonderful!"

"You two look good yourselves, especially you, Bergitta. Like a little angel." Flug smiled as he approached them. "Tell me where did you get this comb? It's beautiful."

"I made it for her, I thought the little princess deserved something special for designing your crown perfectly."

Flug jumped a little at the sudden appearance of his boss/future husband. His eyes widened at the sight of him. He was dressed in a black charro suit embroidered with red skulls across the shoulders and back, with a red guayabero shirt underneath embroidered with the same design but with black thread. Surprisingly a black and red felt sombrero sat on his head in place of his normal top hat and even the bowler hat. After seeing Blackhat in only a three piece suit for the past several years, seeing him in other clothes was a shock.

"This is a new look for you, sir." Flug stated. "I never pictured you in authentic Mexican clothes; I always thought you sounded more British than anything else."
"The Latin Americans have better respect for the supernatural, and they use skulls in most of their designs. And despite my accent, I spent a lot of time in Mexico." Blackhat simply replied. He stared at Flug's attire with a critical eye. "That's an interesting outfit you are sporting."

"I can assure you it was not my idea." Flug said glancing at his mother who was glancing between them excitedly.

"You two look amazing! The light and dark contrast is just to die for!" Apolonia squealed happily. "Here, Lord Blackhat, the robe and train." She signaled for the maids to hand the item to Blackhat who took it with a nod of thanks. "Oh that's right, its time to go. Come along, Bergitta, 505." She ushered the two out. Just before she left she looked back toward the three remaining men.

"Don't take too long now!" She called before disappearing out the door followed by her maids. This left the three alone.

"I could always change that outfit for you." Blackhat offered.

"No, I wouldn't want to upset my mother." Flug said. "So what's with the personal touch on my coronation robe?"

"I thought it was a nice touch, showing our unity to our future subjects." Blackhat grinned. "Do you not like it?" He unfolded the robe with a quick flap and draped it across his shoulders.

"I just think its rather obvious what your doing." Flug replied as he slipped his arms threw the openings.

"Oh, and what is it that I am doing?" Blackhat asked arching an eyebrow.

"Continuously reminding me that I belong to you for some reason." Flug stated crossing his arms. "I still don't understand why you want to marry me."

"Would you rather I marry that little cousin of yours?" Blackhat questioned.

"Of course not." Flug snapped.

"No!" Hal shouted, reminding the two that they were not alone. "Look you have the rest of your life to figure out your weird husband, Selphlugis. Right now lets just get this coronation over with so I can get back in some modern clothes."
"He's right, sir. Let's get this over with." Flug sighed as he started toward the door. He felt Hallbergur take hold of his train lifting it from the floor and followed him to the door. Blackhat appeared at the door just as he reached for it.

"Allow me." He opened the door for them.

"You are seriously freaking me out, way more than usual." Flug said as he walked through the door. "There's no point in trying to win brownie points, I'm already marrying you whether I want to or not. So stop trying to win me over."

"Is it wrong of me to want to show affection for my husband to be and shower him with gifts?" Blackhat asked as he appeared at Flug's side, looping his arm through Flug's.

"Considering 'affection' isn't even in your vocabulary, can you blame me for being on edge?" Flug questioned as they stood in front of the double doors. Blackhat took off his sombrero revealing his bowler hat (did you expect him to have a bare head), using it as a barrier between the two of them and Flug's cousin, he whispered,

"If you prefer my darker nature I can certainly show it to you on our wedding night. I just thought you'd appreciate my efforts at 'affection'. I can assure you on the night of consummating our marriage, I will torture you with such pleasure marking you inside and out, that you won't even remember who you are. The only thing you will know is who you belong to for the rest of eternity."

His words much like the ones he spoke at the ball wormed their way into his mind, taking root deep within his very being. A bright blush crawled across his face as he glared at Blackhat who simply smirked replacing his sombrero.

"Why does he have two hats?" Hall asked curiously. As Flug tried to get his emotions and blush back under control, the doors opened.

"Presenting your new kings, Selphlugis and Diablo Oscuro." His father announced as the crowd stood.

"Diablo Oscuro?" Flug questioned quietly as they walked toward the dais where his family stood on either side of the throne.

"I thought it sounded a little more dignified than Blackhat, plus if I told anyone my real name they would start to bleed from every orifice and pore at it's evil meaning." Blackhat replied looking a little too pleased at the fact.

They finally arrived at the dias where Blackhat released Flug's arm allowing him to kneel on one knee before his father. Hal lowered the train, spread out behind him showing off the crest on the back and went to join his family. After crossing himself at the sight of a grinning
Blackhat, the priest began his speech.

"The sunsets on the reign of our benevolent king Dunalgur, who has ruled over our land with fairness and kindness. Taking his place is his son, Crowned Prince Selphlugis Slysyrus along with his...betrothed Lord Diablo Oscuro. May I have their crowns please?" the priest turned to Bergitta who was holding Flug's crown on a satin pillow. 505 was holding a pillow as well on it was black top hat made of black velvet the red band made of silk was tied into a bow in the back. Surrounding the hat was a crown made of black iron fashioned to look like spikes with a skull at the front, a blood red ruby in its mouth. As the priest picked up Flug's crown he began the oath,

"Do you Prince Selphlugis, vow to rule your pseudo kingdom with the same fairness and wisdom as your father and forfathers before you? And do you swear to do what is best for your people?"

"I do." Flug replied.

"Then as of this moment, I crown you King Selphlugis Slysyrus Stromkarlen, Pseudo King of Vagar." The priest announced as he placed the crown on Flugs head. "Rise and go stand by the throne." Flug stood and walked toward the throne, brushing his train to the side and waited for the priest to say he could sit.

"Now, Lord...Diablo," The priest said with less confidence. He picked up Blackhat's crown and repeated the same vow as Blackhat kneeled and removed his sombrero vanishing it into thin air.

"I do." Blackhat answered before grinning slightly saying "I also know what you do with your alter boys, there's a very special place in hell for you old man." He looked up directly into the priest's eyes showing him exactly what awaited him in his monocle.

The priest began to pale and sweat as he quickly said, "I now crown you Second King Diablo Oscuro, Pseudo King Husband to King Selphlugis." Placing the hat crown over his bowler hat. "I present your new kings of Vagar." The priest excused himself as he rushed out of the throne room.

Blackhat chuckled evilly as he stood, a storm had mysteriously begun outside lightning flashing making his shadow much longer than it was. He snapped his fingers making a second throne made of black metal with red velvet cushions appear next to Flugs.

"Ladies and gentleman, I have one more surprise." Blackhat announced as he pulled a velvet box from his jacket pocket opening it as he walked toward Flug, turning them to the side so the crowd could see.

"Seriously?" Flug groaned silently.
Inside was an engagement ring; the band part was made of black metal while three blood red rubies sat at the top, two small ones on either side of the bigger one set in what looked like a dragon's claw.

"I present my fiance with this engagement ring." Blackhat stated rather proudly.

With a gentle grip, Blackhat took Flug's left hand into his as he placed the ring on his ring finger. Snapping his fingers again, Blackhat returned to his normal clothes, his hat crown still in place and his cape from the ball appeared over his shoulders. Dunaldur seemed to snap out of his shock at seeing Blackhat's magic and stepped forward,

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce your new rulers," The two sat down, capes pushed to the side. A smug smile appeared on Blackhat's face as the storm continued outside, picking up in intensity. "King Selphlugis and King Diablo Oscuro."

"LONG LIVE THE KINGS!" Erlingur shouted from the side as he kneeled followed by the rest of the rooms occupants.  "LONG LIVE THE KINGS! LONG LIVE THE KINGS!"

It was done, Flug was king and like the slippery serpent he was, Blackhat had slipped into a throne next to him. There was only one question on his mind:

Why did he have a mixture of foreboding and excitement?

Chapter End Notes

Fisa: Cunt
Fastir: Aunt
charro suit and guayabero: traditional mexican clothes worn on special occasions
Diablo Oscuro: Dark Devil, It's only for this chapter I promise, Unless you want it to be used later
No longer his boss

Chapter Summary

One more party, just one more.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys I am so sorry this took so long! I had a little trouble getting this one to come out right and not seem like rambling. I tried my best and I really hope you guys like it. As always thanks for all the support. Also 1000+ hits!? Much appreciated! I will try to do better.

The ball room had been turned into a dining hall, with a feast set out in honor of the new kings. While the guests went to take their seats Flug, finally got to retire to his room to wash the gunk out of his hair dressed in a pair of black slacks and his dress shoes. This left Blackhat to mingle with his new subjects. Just as he finished, there was a knock at his door.

"Just a moment." Flug called as he started to towel dry his hair. He started toward where he thought the door was, since he couldn't see with the towel over his eyes. He suddenly bumped into a solid mass of warm flesh and cloth. "Can't you wait a-" He paused as he moved the towel and saw who stood before him. "Blackhat; figured you wouldn't wait for permission. What do you want?"

"Is that anyway to talk to your husband?" Blackhat questioned smiling, of course the egomaniac would still be wearing his new crown. Flug walked around him carelessly throwing the towel on his bed and grabbed his dark blue dress shirt. "I thought you were supposed to show proper respect to your spouse."

"We aren't married yet, so I have the right to ask why you are in my room. Reputation and all that, I wouldn't want people to think my fiance deflowered his betrothed before the wedding night." Flug stood in front of his floor length mirror and started buttoning his shirt. "Do I need to get the holy water?"

"Now, now no need to get testy." Blackhat tried to soothe him. "I just thought that the new royal couple should be seen entering together and your parents agreed. So I came to escort you downstairs to greet our subjects." Blackhat's eye traveled up and down his figure critically and appreciatively. "Is that all your wearing?"

"Well, that robe and cape is too long to deal with I will be wearing the crown Bergitta had made for me obviously." Flug replied as he smoothed his hair down before turning to Blackhat his
"I have to admit, your new attitude is starting to grow on me." Blackhat grinned. "I just think you should wear something more formal."

"Such as?" Blackhat suddenly snapped his fingers. Flug was now wearing clothes exactly like his leaving his shirt as it was. "Seriously, we're doing the look alike couple thing?"

"I think you look very dignified." Blackhat commented. "Shall we go greet everyone?" Blackhat offered him his arm. Flug stared at him contemplating if he should just do it and get it over with, or ignore the eldritch and walk out alone.

"Fine," Flug sighed taking Blackhat's arm. "Let's just get this over." He felt a sudden weight on his head, glancing over his shoulder at the mirror he saw Blackhat had made his crown appear on his head.

"Now you're ready."

"Thanks." Flug rolled his eyes as the two left the room and entered the hallway.

The silence was tense as they walked pass the portraits of kings past. It almost felt as if his ancestor's were judging him from the grave, their dead eyes following him.

"You know," Blackhat began, "I honestly hadn't thought about my unfinished deal with your family. I wasn't really worried about having a spouse or even a servant during that time. I was more worried about amounting my wealth; I never would've thought you were royalty let alone part of a family that owed me a debt."

"I'm pretty good at acting, it's how I survived boarding school and being the youngest at university." Flug said simply. This was the first time he'd talked to his boss so casually, it was honestly weird after acting terrified of him for so long. A thought suddenly occurred to him, "How exactly are we going handle this?"

"What do you mean, Flug?"

"I mean, we have quiet a few nosy heroes around where we live and not to mention your customers." Flug clarified. "Are we going to pretend nothing has changed? I have already told you I will no longer act like the meek little scientist terrified to even be in your presence."

"I never expected you to." Blackhat glanced down at him. "You are a king now, you should conduct yourself with pride and regality. If you want to make our new relationship known by the public, I honestly see no problem with it. But I want you to be aware of something as well,"
He stopped them at the top of the stairs, turning Flug to face him, his eyes glowing slightly.

"You may be my husband in six months and I will try to treat you as an equal but know this, I still expect the utmost respect from you. Do I make myself clear, Selphlugis?" His voice took on a darker tone as the lights dimmed slightly. Hearing his first full name sent shivers down his spine, whether they were shivers of fear or excitement, he wasn't really sure.

"I understand." Flug nodded. Perhaps he should be a little cautious, his husband he maybe Blackhat still demanded respect. He would be more careful in wording his demands and requests.

"Excellent." Blackhat grinned as the lights and he returned to normal. He lifted Flug’s hand pressing a warm kiss to the back, a blush brightened his cheeks. "I am glad that we have an understanding." They descended the stairs and headed toward the closed doors of the ball room, standing outside was Erlingur staring at a pocket watch.

"About time, we were wondering if we'd have to start the feast with out you." He sneered. "If I remember you were this way as a child. Since you were the crown prince everyone just Had to wait on you. It would appear you are still the same way, Pri-GHAK" A black tentacle wrapped around his throat putting just the right amount of pressure to be a warning.

"Tell me mongrel, do you have a short memory?" Blackhat hissed. Erlingur could barely shake his head no. "I thought not, so you do remember that you are addressing BOTH of your new Kings, don't you?" A slight nod. "Wonderful, now be a good dog and open the door for us." He released Erlingur who started coughing.

"O-of course, my liege. For give my impudence." Erlingur begged. He opened the doors and stood to the side his head bowed in submission. As they passed Flug couldn't pass up the opportunity to wound Erlingur's already hurt pride.

"Good boy." He smirked.

As they entered everyone's attention was on them as the room went silent. There were about seven long tables that stretched from the platform from the ball all filled with their guests. In front of the royal family seats was also a long table filled with food. Blackhat's throne had been added to the seating arrangement to the right of where he would now sit, followed by Hallbergur's family. To the left of the king's throne sat his father and mother along with Bergitta's family, with 505 sitting behind Bergitta, and his uncle Auggustinus and his family.

Once his father spotted them, a huge smile lite up his face or it could've been the wine in his glass,

"My friends, a toast to our new kings! Congratulations!" The party goers cheered as they followed the old king's example. They were able to get to the platform rather easily, though he was the new king no one wanted to get too close to Blackhat. As they came around, his father came to
greet them behind his chair. "Well done my son! I am proud of you."

Blackhat released his arm so he could shake his father's hand.

"Thank you, father." Flug simply replied. His chair moved outward on its own allowing him to sit. "Show off." Blackhat just grinned as he along with Flug's father sat in their seats.

"Now that our new king's have arrived the feast can begin!" His father announced. "Oh son, before I forget the royal portrait maker will be here tomorrow morning, so before you leave you can have your portrait painted."

"Great." Flug groaned. This king stuff was going to be a pain he just knew it.
Papers and Portraits

Chapter Summary

Portrait of the kings along with their little family.

Chapter Notes

Hello there! This one kinda took me a bit to brainstorm but I got it! Big thanks and shout out to Undergrounddweller89. Big thanks for the help with the brainstorming! I plan to return to my regular scheduled updates, hopefully XD any way as always thanks so much for reading and commenting!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the feast was pretty much uneventful, Blackhat wasted no time in discussing the companies and business partners he would be getting out of this marriage. Even though it would be a while before he would get the chance to use them. Flug sighed as he looked out over the crowded room, he honestly couldn't wait to be back in his lab among his experiments and lab equipment. At least try to pretend everything was back to normal for the most part.

"King nephew." He turned slightly in his chair to see his aunt Alberta, holding a large envelope and uncle Dagfinnur, Arnida and Cosmas standing a little behind him. Bergitta stood by their side looking almost hopeful 505 at her side. "We have a coronation gift for you." He nodded as he stood. He knew or he hoped he knew what was in that envelope.

"Thank you for your gift." He took the envelope and opened it pulling out an small stack of papers and a little blue passport book. It was the adoption papers for Bergitta he'd asked for, naming him as her guardian and father giving him full custody of her. As well as citizenship papers for the US, meaning she would never have to leave.

"You are welcome, we hope you don't take this as rude but my husband, our son and daughter as well as myself would like to retire for the night." Alberta stated coolly.

"Of course, aunt Alberta, enjoy the rest of your night." Flug nodded.

Without another word to even Bergitta the three left the ball room. He would've thought they would at least want to say good bye to their youngest child and little sister, who knows when they'll ever see her again.

Never if I have anything to say about it, He thought bitterly. A tug at his sleeve got his attention and he looked down.
"Selly, are what are those papers?" Bergitta asked curiously. Right she had left the office that night before he asked for adoption papers on her.

"Why don't we sit back down, this is gonna take a little explaining." He offered. Leaving his father and husband to be to their business talks, the two of them took the empty seats. "I'm sure you remember that night in the office, when Blackhat agreed to take you with us when we go home?" She nodded. "Well, after you and 505 left I told well ordered your parents to let me adopt you as my daughter."

"So that means instead of systkinabarn Selly, you'll be faðir?" She asked.

"Or Babbi if you wish." He smiled as her eyes lite up happily. Her birth father had never allowed her or any of his children to address him in such an 'undignified and childish' way. "Also there will be very strict rules you must follow, for your safety." She nodded showing she understood."Now you will be attending private school but I will make a way for you to come home every night."

"That's wonderful! I've always hated being at a boarding school and being away from home." Bergitta said happily. Her face suddenly became curious. "Since you'll be Babbi, what will I call your husband?"

"What do you mean?" Flug asked curiously.

"Well, since he will be my second father how should I address him?" Bergitta clarified. He hadn't really thought of about that; with Bergitta now being his daughter that means Blackhat is her step-father unless he adopts her with Flug.

"You can address him however you wish, Litil Blóma. You may address him as Mr. Blackhat, sir or even faðir if you wish it's up to you." Flug smiled fondly at her as he patted her head gently.

The party ended with out much incident thankfully and the guests were sent home. Blackhat had excused himself to return home to make sure everything was ready for the arrival of his new step daughter. As he started to drift off to sleep, Flug finally wondered how Demencia would take the news of his and Blackhat's engagement.

* 

The bright rays of dawn beamed in through Flug's window, a particularly bright one shone on his face stirring him from his slumber. The first thing he saw were colors, bright neon green and red, bright yellow and blue. He blinked a few times before he was able to see what or who was in his room.
"MORNING FLUG-BUG!" Demencia's high pitched voice screeched through his head, surprising him enough to launch out of bed straight into the air a few feet and tumble out of bed.

"Demencia?" He questioned tiredly rubbing the back of his head where it met the floor. He sat up and saw not only Demencia but Bergitta and 505 all staring at him trying to not laugh. "What are you all doing in here at the crack of dawn?"

"The royal portrait maker is here, Babbi." Bergitta smiled. "Faðir said we should go ahead and get it done so we can get home before the heroes know he's gone again." So she would call Blackhat faðir, that should go over well.

"That makes sense," He stood thankfully in his pajamas. "But why are you here Demencia? I thought you would still be guarding the house."

"I was but when I saw Blackhat leaving again, I just had to tag along. I couldn't let my precious Blackhat out of my sight." Demencia grinned. "Though I suppose he'll be your Blackhat before long."

He was taken aback by how calm she was with that statement.

"You seem to be taking that well, he hasn't injected you with any more serum has he?" Flug asked genuinely concerned.

"Of course not! He told me that not only was this a business deal between your family and him but also an marriage between the two of you and that I was not to interfere." Demencia explained. "And that you are technically boss over me now since you are his husband to be."

"Again, why are you so calm about this? You are obsessed with Blackhat and yet I'm the one marrying him shouldn't you be trying to threaten me out of it?" Flug asked.

"Oh come on Fluggy." Demencia smiled as she came to stand next to him, throwing an arm over his shoulders. "I'm still Blackhat's number one obsessed fangirl, I just have to face it that he chose the nerdy, geeky science freak of a king over me the lizard, goth hot girl of a freak. Just try not to screw this marriage up."

"Wow," Flug rather floored by her answer. "That was surprisingly mature of you, Demenc-HEY!" She suddenly shoved him to the side, jumping over the bed cackling. She picked up a giggling Bergitta with a twirl and sat her on her shoulders, and rushed toward the door 505 trailing behind them.

"Hurry up and get dressed so you can get this portrait thing over with." Demencia called "Oh and Blackhat said to give this to you!" With that the three were out the door.
Flug groaned well sh was mature for about ten seconds. He looked toward the suit cover hanging over the back of his chair. "It better not be another look suit like his."

He walked over to it; he saw one of Blackhat's business cards attached to the front. Pulling it off he read the note on the back:

_Selphlugis, I request that you wear this for the portrait. I want you to look your best for such an occasion. Meet us in the downstairs library._

Blackhat.

He rolled his eyes as he unzipped the cover only for them to widen at the sight of what was inside. Okay, he had to give him points for this. Inside was a black leather old west duster made from what looked and felt like real leather, a pure white silk wrap around scarf that was held the two wraps together by a jeweled black top hat broach and a dark blue satin polo shirt and black leather pants made from the same material as the duster. These clothes were made from the highest quality and had to have cost a pretty penny. Shrugging he began to dress in his new clothes.

It took less time than what Flug thought it would to get dressed, everything fit perfectly. Deciding not to dwell on the fact that Blackhat some how knew his sizes, he left the room heading downstairs to the library.

In the library, was his family new and old. Though for some reason Cosmas was holding his nose which was bleeding. Blackhat was looking at Demencia rather proudly as she stood to the side her expression miffed. Bergitta clung to her hip protectively pouting angrily with 505 on her other side also looking a little upset. Though the rest of his family looked upset, Hallbergur was shaking from keeping his laughter in. The portrait maker was just standing there looking a little awkward.

"Cosmas," Flug said as he entered. "did you try to flirt with Demencia?"

"She seemed so calm at the party, I thought that's how she actually was and just wanted to talk to her." Cosmas defended himself as Adrida held a hankerchief under his nose. "How was I supposed to know she was a crazy girl?"

"He was trying to flirt, badly might I add and he tried to cop a feel of my ass." Demencia snorted irritated. "Just because of what I'm wearing today he thinks I'm easy." Bergitta stuck her tongue out at her old siblings,

"Spassari!"

"I see." Flug glared at his cousin. "I'm pretty sure she already made it plain, Cosmas but I'm going to reiterate, Don't touch Demencia, because she will hurt you. Badly."
"Well now that that's over with, let's get your portrait done." Dunaldur announced trying to salvage the situation.

"Selphlugis, darling your outfit is perfect!" His mother simpered as he walked to where he would be getting his portrait made, another throne. Shocking.

"I picked it out for him, my lady." Blackhat stated proudly.

"Well you have excellent tastes, King Blackhat." Apolonia smiled.

"Of course." Blackhat grinned. "If it's not too much trouble, since we were crowned together I would like both myself and my fiance to be in the portrait."
"King Blackat, with all due respect it is usually just the new king that I paint." The artist stated.

"There were two kings crowned yesterday and it is two kings you will paint, mortal, or you will be losing your hands." Blackhat growled angrily.

"B-but it is tradition." The man stammered.

"I think it its time for a new tradition." Flug said.

"I knew you'd see it my way, mi corazón." Blackhat purred. "I already have our pose, me on the throne you sitting in my lap as where you belong." He grinned as he started to sit down.

"That's not what I had in mind, dear." Flug smirked mockingly. "I was thinking a portrait of the new royal family; myself and you as well as our children Bergitta and 505." Said two lite up excitedly and hurried over to the men. Demencia smiled as she was about to stand to the side. "And my sister of course."

"Wait me?" She asked astonished. "I thought I just annoyed you all the time."

"That's what siblings do, Dem." Flug went over to her gently taking her hand in his and pulled her toward the throne. She hugged him with a quick and whispered 'thank you'. "Now then I think we are ready."

"Almost." Blackhat said snapping his fingers. Bergitta was now wearing a blue and black laced Lolita dress along with black laced stockings and shiny Mary Jane shoes. A little black top hat head band sat on her head. 505 was wearing a black bow tie with a top hat in the middle. Demencia wore the same out fit as Bergitta but her's was black with red lace and her stockings were fishnet and she wore combat boots with her green hair was in a pony tail. "Now we're ready."
"As you wish." The artist coincided. "Take the positions you wish."
Flug sat on the throne with Bergitta in his lap Blackhat stood to his left a hand on his shoulder and Demencia and 505 stood to his right. As they sat perfectly still Flug whispered,

"You know you still have to work for my 'affections'."

"I would get to bored if you just gave in easily, Flug." Blackhat replied softly. "I just wonder if you can with stand my charms for the next six months."

Great.

Chapter End Notes

Litil Blóma: Little flower
Babbi: the child term for father, thought it'd fit since she is kinda young and we need to distinguish between her fathers.
Faðir: Father
Spassari; Idiot
mi corazón: my heart
Apologies, Renovations and Plushie!

Chapter Summary

No matter what, a brother always loves his little sister. No matter how much of a jerk he is.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, so this one is kinda emotional. I don't know why I wrote it this way. This chapter is kinda dedicated to my big brother, pain in the ass that he is, he's always there for me no matter what. Any way, hope you enjoy it and please keep the comments and kudos coming!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After about four hours of sitting perfectly still, the portrait maker was finally done. After promising (See threatened) to make a copy of the portrait for them he left.

"We'll that was tedious." Blackhat grumbled. "I should've just made one myself."

"The portraits have been done by the same family for many years," Flug stated as he stood with Bergitta "And it wasn't that bad." He looked down toward her before saying, "Now, Bergitta, have you packed your things?" Before she could answer she was cut off by her old mother,

"As her new father shouldn't you provide her with new things?" Flug glared at his aunt heatedly.

"Is there a problem with her wanting to take some of her old things?" Flug growled at her. Blackhat intervened stopping a full blown argument between them.

"Now, Flug, you wouldn't want to bring unwanted germs into our home would you? We can get the child more clothes and such." He smiled. Flug looked at him suspiciously, before sighing.

"Your right, Blackhat. She deserves new things for her new life." Flug knelt before the girl smiling. "Unless you want to bring some of your belongings from here, it's up to you." Cosmas cleared his throat getting their attention.

"Actually, I figured you'd want this, Litilsystir." He stated as he went to pick up a present box from the couch. How had Flug missed that? He walked toward them as Flug stood. "I'm sorry it took so long to fix." He held the box out to her. She looked up at Flug for approval, once he nodded she
"Thank you." She said quietly as she opened the lid. A sound between a gasp and a squeak escaped her; inside was a pitch black unicorn plushie, it's eyes were the same color red as it's mane, tail and the little red bow around its neck and it was about her size. "Svartideyði!" She cried happily pulling it out, dropping the box carelessly.

It was the first toy, Flug had given her when she was three. She had carried it everywhere until she was eight and Cosmas had let his pet dog get a hold of it, tearing it to near shreds as he laughed while she cried. Their parents had said she was now too old for stuffed animals and did nothing to repair it.

"I had thought they would at least get you a new one." Cosmas explained rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly.

"We got her hundreds of new toys and dresses, she should've been happy we did anything." Alberta glared at the toy as if it's very existence was offensive to her.

"That wasn't the point." Cosmas said glancing over his shoulder at his parents briefly befor looking back toward Bergitta. Her smile illuminating her face brightly as she hugged the plushie to her chest tightly. "It was a present from her favorite cousin, one who was more of a big brother to her than I was. I also want to appologize to you, Bergitta, for the way I acted last night and the night of the ball." She looked up at him curiously. "I will miss you. Selphlugis, you take care of her now." He locked eyes with his cousin. Seeing his censarity, Flug nodded.

"I will."

"Well, I have a flight to catch." Cosmas grinned as he pulled a pair of expensive ray ban sunglasses out of his pocket. "A friend of mine has an art gala in Croatia that I have to attend. Be sure to send me a wedding invite." Placing his sunglasses over his eyes he walked out of the library. Flug could've sworn he saw a brief glimpse of a tear as he turned away.

"We should be getting home as well, Flug." Blackhat announced from his side suddenly. "We've wasted enough time and we need to get back on schedule."

"Of course." Flug nodded before going over to Hallbergur. "Well, Hal, it's been fun. If you're ever in Hattington, let me know. I'm sure you can find our place rather easily."

"Right giant top hat in the middle of town with a plane sticking out, possibly being attacked by guys in spandex and capes." Hal grinned. "Shouldn't be too hard to find." The two shook hands, sharing a short laugh, before Flug turned to the rest of his family, his expression less happy and warm. "Once we decide on an exact date and venue we will let you know." Before they could protest, Flug turned back toward his new family. "So are we taking the jet home or-"
Black hat began to laugh, well more like cackle maniacally.

"Flug, mi corazón, did you forget who I am and what I could do?" Blackhat grinned before snapping his fingers enveloping them all in a puff of black smoke. Once the smoke cleared he saw they stood outside of a familiar iron gate, but when he looked up passed the gate his eyes widened. "Welcome home, Dr. Flug and welcome to your new home, pequeña princesa."

The house still looked like a top hat, that would never change, what did change was the plane missing from the side and the yard was a little greener. "Blackhat, what happened to my plane? That was 505's and my rooms." Flug glared. "If you think I'm sharing a room with you before we are married trying to put the moves on me I'll-"

"Relax, Flug." Blackhat interrupted as he pulled the switch for the organization security system and pressed the button twice. "You do not have to sleep in my room...yet. Instead you're new room is a few doors down from mine, next to the child's new room in case she needs you." He pushed the gate open, nothing happening since Flug had thankfully fixed it to turn of the security. "Can't have her getting lost."

"Wait, you put my room next to Bergitta's? And when did you set up a room for her?" Flug questioned as they walked up the path.

"Did you expect me to make her sleep in a closet or in that death trap of a plane?" Blackhat grinned as they finally arrived at the door. "Please, Doctor, give me more credit." He pushed the door open allowing the other's to enter first. Before following he snapped his fingers making a large circle of symbols appear around the property, a protection spell to keep out other unwanted guests. Satisfied with his work he entered his home and closed the door.

"Well, at least the scorch marks and holes are gone." Flug said looking toward Blackhat before turning to Bergitta. "Why don't we go look at your new room and you can design it how you want." Bergitta nodded happily as she grasped his hand the other still clinging to the stuffed unicorn.

"Let's go, Babbi!" She cried excitedly tugging him toward the stairs. As Flug was pulled away, Blackhat turned to Demencia. "You did finish the girls room right, Demencia?" He asked.

"Of course, Blackie. All done to your specifications." Demencia grinned.

"Good, you two are dismissed. We will start work again first thing in the morning." Blackhat stated before he vanished.

"Come on, Fives, you have to tell me what I missed while I was drugged." She pulled the bear toward the kitchen to talk and also look for a snack.
The Blackhat organization was back in business....starting tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Litilsystir: Little sister
Svartideyði: Black death...I have no idea why it's named that.
mi corazón: My heart
pequeña princesa: Little princess (Woo! More Spanish!)
Getting settled...kinda.

Chapter Summary

New rooms and some shopping.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Since We're fourteen chapters in, I thought I'd give you guys a little surprise -waggles eyebrows suggestively-. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Slow down, Bergitta, the room's not going anywhere." Flug laughed slightly as the girl tried to make him walk faster.

Then again, this is Blackhat's manor, He thought. I wouldn't be surprised if it did.

"I'm just excited, Babbi!" Bergitta giggled happily. Suddenly, Blackhat appeared in front of them causing Bergitta to let out a noise of surprise as they stooped a few feet from him.

"It is a good thing I showed up when I did, Princessa." Blackhat smiled "Other wise you would've passed your room." To their right was a set of pale blue double doors. "Come and see, Child." She looked up to Flug who smiled encouragingly at her before releasing her hand. Once she was closer, Blackhat opened the doors widely before moving to the side to let her in. She almost dropped her unicorn at the sight of the beautiful room.

The walls were painted to look like forest from a fairy tale a bright blue for the sky and various shades of green, a few woodland creatures spread through out the mural. There was even a unicorn exactly like the one she was holding grazing in the forest's clearing. The floor was made of dark oak hard wood with a large green carpet, imitating grass. A large bay window with a cushioned seat and laced green curtains pulled to the side, was set in the back of the room, next to it was a large book self, half way to the ceiling, was filled with books on various subjects.

A white desk with a matching chair sat in a back corner. Against the far wall was a queen sized canopy bed with light green curtains and a dark green comforter and pillows. Beside it was another self, half the size of the book self filled with stuffed animals of all kinds. Against another wall was a large wardrobe made of dark mahogany, the doors were opened to show it was empty.

"I figured you wanted to take her shopping for clothes tomorrow, before you begin work again." Blackhat explained when Flug looked at him questioning. Blackhat froze as thin arms wrapped around his waist squeezing it tightly.
"Thank you so much, Faðir!" Bergitta exclaimed happily. All previous uncertainty and fear of him gone. "I love it!" Blackhat cleared his throat awkwardly as he patted her head. He was okay with being intimate with Flug, but a child was a different story. They usually ran from him screaming evil as did most adults. Meanwhile Flug grinned at Blackhat's discomfort, it wasn't often his boss/husband was made uncomfortable like this.

"Yes, well, you are welcome, Princessa."

She beamed up at him as she hurried to climb on her new bed. It felt just like a cloud.

"I have to say, I'm impressed, Blackhat." Flug said looking around the room. "I would've thought you'd make it as dark as the rest of the house."

"Well, she's still a child and a pure one at that." Blackhat stated as he straightened his coat. "Even I know a child at her age needs brightness and sunshine. Now why don't we go look at your room to make sure it's to your liking."

"You just don't want her to hug you again." Flug smirked. "Bergitta, we're going to look at my room which is right next to yours encase you need me." Bergitta didn't seem to be paying attention as she happily rolled around on the bed like a happy kitten. Her unicorn was still held tightly against her as her head band fell off. "I'd say she's fine." The two men left Bergitta walking a few steps to another set of double doors, these were painted dark blue.

"This will be your room for the next six months, until we are married." Blackhat grinned all traces of previous embarrassment gone. He opened the door and entered, motioning for Flug to follow him inside.

The room was done beautifully for only being his temporary residence. The lay out of the room was similar to Bergitta's only missing a few pieces of furniture: king sized bed against the wall the left, a much larger desk sat in the corner against the wall to the right, a wardrobe next to it and a large bay window and large bookshelf in front of them. The walls were painted a dark indigo color, the blankets and pillows and curtains matching while the wooden pieces of furniture were made of dark oak wood.

"It's beautiful." Flug breathed astonished. He turned to thank Blackhat only to squeak and back a few inches at his boss's sudden closeness. "Why do you have to be so quiet?"

Blackhat's stared at him his eyes smoldering, grin wolfish.

"If I was a bumbling, noisy fool like the rest of humanity I wouldn't be where I am now." Blackhat stated grin stretching impossibly wider. "Now then I believe a proper thank you is in order don't you, Flug?"
"I was about to say thank you." Flug sighed. Suddenly Blackhat's arm shot out wrapping around his waist and pulled him close to his own body. Flug felt a blush crawl across his face at the sudden contact, he never realized how warm the eldritch was. "S-sir, what are you-MPH!"

Blackhat, taking advantage of Flug's surprised state, swooped down capturing Flug's lips with his own. Flug froze as the rest of his face, all the way down his neck turned bright red. His eyes widened as he felt a forked tongue brush across the tight seam of his lips. Before he could pull away Blackhat's other arm wrapped around his shoulder locking him in place against his body. While the arm around his waist snaked down to his ass giving it a light squeeze.

He gasped closing his eyes in surprise, seizing the opportunity Blackhat plunged his tongue inside of Flug's warm mouth; mapping out every part of it committing it to memory. Carefully enticing Flug's own tongue to dance with his, mindful of his teeth. The kiss seemed to last forever as Flug began to get dizzy from the lack of air. As if sensing this, Blackhat pulled away from him only a little allowing him to breath.

"That was a proper thank you." Blackhat grinned. He had to admit Flug was breathtaking like this; lips kiss bruised, pale flesh burning bright red and his eyes half-lidded and dazed. "I will leave you to get settled before supper." With that he vanished, leaving Flug to collapse backwards, his weakened knees no longer able to hold him up.

Once he got his breath back, his brain finally caught up and realized what had just happened.

"Helvitis mogghøvd!" Flug growled angrily.

In his office, Blackhat grinned evilly. These next six months were going to be fun.

The next morning, Flug and Bergitta left to go shopping. Feeling generous for some reason, Blackhat gave Flug a gold credit card with no spending limit and of course it had a little black top hat on the front.

Blackhat had also made a new set of clothes appear for Bergitta, it was a simple blue blouse and plaited skirt leaving the stockings and Mary Jane's from her portrait outfit.

The whole time they walked through town, Flug grumbled still angry and surprised by the kiss. It was his first kiss too, dammit!

"Stupid..perverted.. didn't even ask if he could kiss me."

"Babbi, are you alright?" Bergitta asked worriedly. He question seemed to pop his angry bubble as he looked down at her worried expression. "I'm alright, Blóma." He smiled assuredly. "So what kind of clothes do you want?"
As they started discussing the kind of clothes she wanted to wear, Flug couldn't help but keep thinking of that kiss. He was gonna need to invent some "Eldritch-OFF", he just knew it.

Chapter End Notes

Princessa: princess
Faðir: Father
Helvitis mogghøvd: Fucking Fuckhead
Blóma: Flower
Now you F***ed up

Chapter Summary

Never touch the child of an evil scientist and eldritch horror.

Chapter Notes

It's about to get intense guys. I may have to add another tag to this thing. Thanks for reading and keep the comments coming.

The next few days were a little hectic, catching up on orders, getting more materials, and putting out new inventions. Not to mention getting Bergitta settled into her new home. He was able to explain to her the rules of the house pretty easy. No entering the lab when they were filming, no touching Blackhat's questionable objects or anything expensive, and never leaving the gates of the manor. He honestly should've known the sort of peace they managed to have wouldn't last for long.

The day started out pretty easy, Blackhat had let Flug take a break so he could look at potential schools for Bergitta to attend in the fall. Bergitta was outside with playing with 505 and Demencia, who'd grown rather fond of her little niece.

There was sudden shrill scream of his daughter that made him jump up instantly. Barely remembering his bag and goggles, he ran toward the door nearly ripping it off the hinges.

Outside, Demencia was bleeding a little from her head while 505 had a few scratches. Both were growling at what looked like an overly muscled superhero dressed in combat gear and a cape holding his sobbing little girl. Flug felt his blood boil angrily. He forgot he'd turned the security off so that they could go play.

"There's no need for tears, little girl." The hero smiled what should've been a comforting smile to her. "Once I defeat these fiends I will take you back to your family, I hope what ever ransom they'd planned to pay will be donated to my heroic cause."

Bergitta started yelling in Faroese quite a few curse words. Flug came up behind Demencia easily slipping into his old persona.

"C-captain Commando, please that girl was a gift for, Mr. B-Blackhat. He does not plan to hurt her so please let her go." Flug stammered his voice going up in pitch a little.
"Nonsense, no sane parent would give their child to such a monster. Even if that is true a child this young does not belong with such an evil bunch." Captain Commando sneered. His arm tightened around her making her cry harder. "She belongs on the side of good and-Ouch!" He released his hold on Bergitta who had bit the meta human's hand hard as she could.

Once free, she rushed to Flug's side hugging him tightly.

"Dr. Flug, don't let the mean man take me! We were just playing and suddenly he attacked, Miss Demencia for no reason!" Bergitta cried. "He even tried to hurt 505! I don't want to go home, I wanna stay here! Please don't make me go home."

Flug was very proud of his daughter, she knew she had to call him a certain name and act a certain way toward him in front of strangers even as upset as she was. "It's alright, Bergitta, we won't let him take you." Flug assured the girl. "Captain, I suggest you leave immediately while you still have your life. Mr. Blackhat doesn't like his belongings to be stolen."

"I don't care what you say, Doctor. Once I beat you three to a bloody pulp I'm taking that brat and sending her to a psychiatric hospital. May be they can fix what you've done to her." Captain Commando sneered as he got into fighting position. He was going to attack them while Bergitta was still close by! Some hero he was.

"Demencia, you and 505 take her and get out of the way." Flug growled as he pushed Bergitta to the lizard girl slipping back to his original voice. Demencia just nodded as she held Bergitta close, 505's fur stood on end while his fangs were bared. The normally sweet and docile bear had gone into full protective mode. Once the three were out of the way, Flug pulled a freeze ray from his jacket.

"Not gonna use the child as a shield, I thought that's what you villains do." Captain Comando laughed cruelly as he rushed toward Flug. Flug fired a few shots at the man who dodged easily. "You guys are just all talk." He tried to land a kick on Flug who back flipped out of the way.

"There's a difference between evil and just plain heartless, you neanderthal." Flug growled firing his gun at the man again. "And at least I got the girl out of the way before attacking unlike you, who is supposed to be a hero." They went on like this for a few minutes, attacking and dodging each other trying to get one up on the other.

Were the hell was Blackhat!? Flug thought angrily as he dodged another attack. Surely he's seeing this!

Suddenly the ray gun malfunctioned. While he was distracted with it the hero lunged at him.

"Dr. Flug!" Bergitta cried. Just as he looked up a solid punch landed in his stomach sending him flying into the gate. "NO!" She tried to break free of Demencia's hold to rush to her father's side but
Demencia wasn't letting go.

Flug coughed up blood staining the front of his bag dark crimson, as he tried to sit up. He definitely broke a rib or at least cracked it. He looked up to see a grinning Captain Comando coming toward him. Just before he reached him there was a sudden flash of lightning as the temperature dropped several degrees.

"What's going on?" The Captain asked looking at the storm clouds that only surrounded the property they were on. Outside the gate, it was still sunny. Hearing a weak chuckle, he saw Flug was grinning even though he was in pain, a thin trail of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth and down his chin.

"I told you to run while you could, Captain." Flug said with chilling glee. "Now it's too late, he's here." Flug looked over the captain's shoulder at the circle of writhing black tentacles that suddenly appeared.

Just as Captain Commando turned to see what was behind him, one of the tentacles wrapped around his wind pipe tightly as the others took the form of red eyed Blackhat and he was very very angry.

"How dare you invade my property, try to steal what is now mine and hurt my scientist." Blackhat hissed, he seemed to speak with several voices. "I am going to torture you very slowly and painfully."

Before the hero could even lift his hand to grab the tentacle, Blackhat opened dark portal to the torture room and threw him inside. The manacles and chains snapped out like snakes wrapping around his wrists and ankles, pulling him tight against the wall. His strength was sapped from him making him as weak as a newborn kitten. "First I have things to attend to." Snapping his fingers the portal closed and turned toward Flug who was now being fussed over by the others.

"Babbi! Are you going to be okay?" Bergitta cried a few more tears escaped her watery blue eyes. Flug lifted his gloved hand to cup her wet cheek.

"I'll be alright, min Genta." Flug smiled through his pain. Before glaring at Blackhat. "Where the hell were you, Helvitis reyvarhol? I know you saw everything out your window, why didn't you come to help." Blackhat went to stand on Flug's other side before he scooped him up into his arms bridal style. Flug groaned in pain at the sudden change in position. "Easy, I'm hurt remember?"

"Yes, Flug, I remember. The reason I waited till now was because I wanted to see how you handled the situation with your new persona." Blackhat replied as he walked back inside the other's following close behind. "You performed much better than I thought you would."

"You would swoop in at the last moment like some sadistic anti-hero." Flug grumbled. As they walked toward his lab, he was surprised he didn't feel more pain with the jarring movements.
Blackhat must've had something to do with that. "Speaking of hero, what do you plan to do with him?"

Once in the lab Blackhat telepathically cleared a spot for him to sit Flug.

"I would think that was obvious, Flug." Blackhat quirked an eye brow upward questioning, "Did you have something else in mind for him?" Flug carefully pulled his bag off, revealing a dark expression.

"I want to be the one who tortures and kills him." Flug demanded. "He tried to take my daughter from me." Blackhat grinned evilly as he snapped his fingers. Flug gasped slightly as his ribs healed on their own.

"Soon to be our daughter, Flug. He's all yours as long as I can watch." Flug nodded as he got off the table. He stopped next to Blackhat saying in a low voice, "Tonight, after I put her to bed."

The rest of the day, Bergitta stayed close to Flug's side. Since there was no video's to film today, she was able to stay in the lab with him. Demencia and 505 stayed as well, not wanting to be far from the girl after the scare they had. Despite the day she had, Bergitta was very interested to learn what every gadget and device did. Flug was more than happy to explain everything to his daughter who soaked it up like a little sponge.

That night as he sat on the side of her bed and tucked her in she asked,

"Babbi, are you going to kill the man that tried to take me today?" Flug froze, he knew she'd ask that at some point.

"Bergitta, you do know that Blackhat, Demencia, myself and even 505 are what people call villains right?" She nodded. "Well, being villains means we do bad things like steal and kill people. You must understand this is our lively hood, who we are, and to others that makes us evil. One day when you're a little older, you can choose to be a villain like us or be a normal person. Or if you desire you can be a hero. That is all up to you, but no matter what you choose, I will always love you." Bergitta suddenly sat up wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I don't want to be a hero. That man from earlier was supposed to be a hero and he was mean." Bergitta said bitterly. "I know not all hero's are that way, but that man was horrible. Plus if I'm a hero, I may have to fight you like he tried to."

"Don't think on that anymore, søtur ein." Flug pat her back before laying her back down, pulling the covers up to her chin. "Tomorrow I'll let you help me in the lab some more before we have to film." He stood and kissed her forehead. "Góða nátt, min Blóma."

"Góða nátt, Babbi." She yawned.
He opened the door to find 505 standing at it waiting.

"Baw?" The bear asked. Flug smiled as he stood to the side.

"Go on." The bear hugged him briefly before hurrying inside and hopping on the bed earning a slight gasp from Bergitta.

"Hi, Fives."

As he closed the door he looked down and saw Demencia with her head now bandaged, sleeping curled up against the wall with a pillow and blanket. Smiling he pulled the blanket up over her.

As he stood and looked up he saw Blackhat standing before him, grinning evilly. He held his hand out to the man,

"Shall we go tend to our guest, Dr. Flug?" Flug nodded as his expression darkened, taking the eldritch’s hand and the two vanished.

Chapter End Notes

Min genta: my little girl
Helvitis reyvarhol: Fucking asshole
søtur ein: Sweet one
Góða nátt, min Blóma: Good night my flower
To be honest this was his first time actually in the torture room. As he expected there were several torture devices from several time periods. "Tell me, Doctor." Blackhat began as he walked toward the cell where Captain Commando was chained. "How exactly do you plan to torture our dear guest?" This caused said man to look up terrified at first before he saw Flug and started to laugh.

"He's going to torture me?" The captain mocked. "He's as skinny as a rake, what could he possibly do to me? Don't tell me that pretty boy face is the real, notorious Dr. Flug." As he continued to laugh Flug approached moving as graceful as a snake and just as deadly, his eyes locked on his prey.

"Mr. Blackhat sir." Flug said once he arrived at the cell door, his red eyes seemed to have darkened a little becoming emotionless. "If I am to operate, I need my equipment and my patient needs to be properly prepared for his surgery." Blackhat shivered pleasantly at the dark tone of Flug's voice.

"Of course, Doctor." Blackhat smiled snapping his fingers. The three of them were suddenly in Flug's lab. Captain Commando was now strapped down to an operating table naked but for a cloth covering his groin. Beside him was a rolling cart covered with a sheet.

A few feet from the operating table sat Blackhat's throne with a side table, on top of which was a bottle of wine and a black iron chalice. As Blackhat went to sit, the wine bottle poured itself. "You need to be properly dressed as well, dear Doctor." Snapping once again, Flug's lab coat and gloves appeared on his body.
"Can I not have my bag as well, sir?" Flug questioned. He shivered at the dark and impious look that crossed Blackhat's face.

"I want to see your expression when you torture this man for trying to steal our daughter. Just so you know, I placed a silencing barrier around your lab so no sound get's out." Blackhat picked up the chalice a wicked grin crawled across his face. "Now, entertain me, Dr. Flug."

"As you wish, sir." Flug smiled giving a slight bow before turning to the helpless hero whose eyes widened at the slightly unhinged and disturbed look on the doctor's face as he pulled his gloves down a little. "The doctor is in."

*Torture starts here, Skip if you're uncomfortable with it*

Flug approached the rolling cart and pulled off the sheet. There were several medical tools and even a few vials familiar chemicals.

"Listen, doc, if you let me go I swear I won't tell anyone about what you look like or even about the girl you got living here now." Captain tried to bargain. He flinched as Flug turned to look at him, a disturbingly pleasant smile on his lips.

"Oh, but I don't believe you, Captain." Flug said as he passed his hand over his choices. "And I am quite upset with you, you didn't just upset a little girl." Flug grabbed the scalpel suddenly, plunging it in to the man's hand earning a cry of pain. "You scared my Daughter, tried to take her from me. For that you will pay your pound of flesh to me."

Flug looked at the cart again, as he tapped a gloved finger against his chin in thought.

"What to use, what to use?" He smiled as he picked his next tool; a speculum. "I must say, Captain, I've always wondered if you muscle bound bafoons have a brain in your heads. Since I want this to last a while, I'll just have to go through your socket." He pulled a strap around his forehead, holding it in place. "Fuck you you sick bastard!" The captain spat as he squeezed his eyes closed. Flug sighed as he set the tool down.

"I had hoped you would make this easy for me, but oh well." Flug began to grin maniacally. "I love a challenge." He found a clamp and pried the eyelids open with a little more force than necessary, cutting the sclera of the eye.

The man began to scream as his eye bled white liquid and blood. "Well if you had cooperated, that wouldn't have happened now would it?" Flug once again picked up the speculum, placing the ends above and below the eye ball and started to crank. He could hear
the creaking of the skull as it was pushed up and down.

The hero's screams increased in volume,

"JUST KILL ME ALREADY!" Flug looked at him with innocent curiosity.

"Kill you?" Flug grinned. "But I've only just started, Captain." He picked up the forceps and grasped the eye. "Now you may feel a little bit of pressure and a pulling sensation." With a hard yank, he pulled it free. Blood began to gush out of the now open hole. At first the captain screamed bloody murder before the blood loss started to get to him. "I don't think so, captain." Flug picked up a syringe filled with liquid, plunging the needle into his chest right above his heart and pushed down.

The Captain's eyes widened as he suddenly felt very much awake, it felt like he'd just injected triple espresso directly into his blood stream.

"W-what-"

"Was that?" Flug finished as he set the empty syringe and needle back on the cart. "Oh just some liquid adrenaline. It's one of our best sellers for our more...innovative customers that prefer to play with their enemies rather than simply kill them off. It keeps the victim alive for about another hour longer than they should be." Flug picked up a pair of saw bladed scissors. "Now then, I believe it was the right hand that my daughter bite right?" The captain shot poisonous daggers with his remaining eye toward the doctor.

"Come, come captain, I'm sure that you've heard the human mouth contains multiple germs. You wouldn't want to lose your hand to a bite from a thirteen year old girl would you?" The captain remained silent. "Either you tell me or I cut off both of them."

"What's the point, you sick fuck? I'm gonna die anyway." The captain snapped. A thoughtful look crossed the doctor's face as he set the scissors back on the cart.

"I see. Well I suppose if you prefer to die because of the bite of a little girl that's up to you." He snatched the bone saw off of the cart and brought it down hard just above his elbow. "That doesn't mean I'll allow it. I still have six syringes of my special adrenaline and I plan to use all of them."

The torture went on for five hours, with Flug getting more creative with every part. He stepped back and admired his work, the captain was missing his eye, the top and bottom teeth, his arm and his spleen had been taken. All of his remaining fingers and toes lay in a bucket next to the table. Some of his chest had a chemical burns where Flug poured some hydrochloric acid. There was blood all around the table and even a little on him, after all that
the hero was still some how alive.

*End Torture*

A pair of arms wrapped around his waist as Blackhat's face appeared next to his.

"I have to say, mi amour, that was quite the show." Blackhat's warm breath brushed over his cheek and ear. His forked tongue slinked out and swiped over his cheek cleaning off the splotches of blood. "You did not disappoint me. In fact," He felt a sudden hardness press against his ass. "It made me very excited." One of his hands snaked it's way down the front of Flug's pants, earning a delicious gasp of pleasure, feeling his own hardness. "As are you I see; perhaps we should skip the ceremony and just go to the honey moon."

Flug snapped out of his blissed state and elbowed Blackhat in the ribs. His momentary surprise allowed Flug to slip away.

"I know you have no problem's with sex before marriage, Blackhat, but I prefer to be pure as fresh fallen snow on our wedding night." Flug stated as he removed his bloodied gloves and coat. "After all," He sent an amorous look over his shoulder making Blackhat straighten up. "Wouldn't you prefer to take your blushing bride's virginity in your bed once you've made sure I truely am all yours?"

Flug had to have know what kind of fire he was playing with. Getting Blackhat all wound up like this, like he was begging Blackhat to pounce and take him right there in front of the half dead hero. Screw marriage, I want him now! Blackhat growled lustfully in his mind. Just before he could grab Flug, the little minx was headed toward the door.

"Now I am going to take a cool shower and go to bed, I suggest you do the same." Flug said. He turned once he reached the door and smiled sweetly. "Oh and be a dear and clean that up please? Have a good night, sir." And with that he was gone.

BLackhat stood there, in shock.

"That manipulative, sly, devious, intoxicating little tease." BLackhat grinned wolfishly. "When these six months are up, he is not going to be able to move for weeks." A groan stirred him from his dark and passionate plans for Flug. Oh, yes the hero. He approached what was left of a once proud man, grinning hungrily. "I suppose if I can't satisfy one hunger." The hero began to struggle weakly as multiple eyes and mouths appeared on the eldritch and the lights began to flicker. "I'll just sate another."
With his dying breath the hero once known as Captain Commando, screamed like a child after a nightmare.

Chapter End Notes

mi amour: My love,
ONLY one this time.
Speculum: Long before the speculum was actually called that, there were tools for getting an intimate look at a woman's reproductive organs. In the 1600s, it was a rather frilly-looking sort of inverted salad tongs. Once the leading end was inserted into the entry of the vagina or other orifice, the user would turn the crank at the other end to widen the opening for a better view. https://www.businessinsider.com/most-gruesome-medieval-medical-devices-in-history-2016. this is where I found this.
It was the next day and like he promised Flug let Bergitta help him in the, thankfully, clean lab.

He was trying to figure out why his transporter that would be Bergitta's way home from whatever school she went to, spat his test apple out of its twin molded and rotten. He'd studied previous scientist's works on transportation and even improved them a little but for some reason, his wasn't working.

"I don't get it." He grumbled as he glared at his dry erase board that was covered in the equation he'd come up with. "This is the exact equation that I've read about and even seen in action. So why won't mine work?" He felt a tug on his sleeve to see Bergitta looking up at him worriedly.

"What's wrong, Babby?" Bergitta asked.

"Nothing, sweetheart, it's just this was supposed to help me build a transporter for you when you start school. That way you can go to whatever school you want no matter where and be able to come home." Flug smiled down at her as he patted her head. "But for some reason this equation isn't working for me. Perhaps I should work on something else for now."

He walked away from the board and was about to start another project when Bergitta said,

"That exponent is in the wrong place." His eyes widened as he turned toward her. She was staring intently at the board.
"What do you mean, Bergitta?" He asked curiously.

"This equation is for transportation but because that exponent is in that place, it also adds an aging factor to the equation, which is why the apples keep coming out rotten and moldy." Bergitta explained effortlessly. She pulled a step stool over to the board and grabbing a marker, stood on top of it. "See, if you move this exponent behind the infinity symbol instead of in front of pi, then it becomes a flawless transportation equation." She turned toward her father who was staring at her in shock. The more he thought about it, the more it made sense!

"Yes, that's right." His proud smile stretched so wide it hurt his cheeks. "Bergitta, that is Exactly right!" He pulled her into a tight hug as he spun them around. "I am so proud of you, min Blöma! You figured it out!" He set her on top of the table before they got too dizzy, staring at his daughter's proudness showing brightly in his eyes. "How did you know that? Who's notes did you read?"

"I read the notes of W.K. Wooters on quantum teleportation, and applied that with a few of Einstein's matter equations and came up with teleportation." Bergitta said smiling.

"Alright how about we test it out." Flug helped her off the table and walked over to the teleporter. Using the new equation Bergitta gave him he tweaked the teleporter and turned both on. He grabbed their last apple and tossed it through before rushing to the other side. It looked just as it did when it went in. "It works," He picked up the apple and bit into it; juicy and fresh. "It works! We created teleportation!"

He set the apple back on the table before scooping up his daughter who squealed excitedly as they started spinning again.

After she helped him with several other equations and inventions, they moved onto other subjects. He want to see if his hypothesis of her being a prodigy like he was at her age was correct, and it was. She was a natural at arithmetic, art, chemistry, biology, poetry and even piano. He asked her if her old parents even knew she knew all this. Her smile dropped slightly,

"Mother told me a high society lady shouldn't dable in science and such. Our interests should be in fashion, how to get men to do what we want, and the odd gossip. I had to read my books on other subjects besides what my classes offered in my room at school." Her head lowered sadly. "Every time my teachers tried to send a letter home to my old parents to tell them what a genius I was, I would start crying and begging them not to. Father said it should've been Cosmas that was the prodigy since he was the eldest male, not me. I was just supposed to be the baby of the family. Quiet and only learning art, poetry, and piano. And eventually how to care for children and host parties for my future husband and his associates"

Flug felt his blood boil in white hot anger. How could her parents hinder her growth like that? With some foolish ideals of what she should be and not what she could be.

"Well, your living with us now and I promise, Bergitta." He gently lifted her chin up to look at him. "You can study, read and do what ever you want. You're my daughter now and I won't have
my brilliant little girl not reach her full potential."

"Takk fyri, Babbi." She cried tears of joy and relief as she hugged his waist tightly.

"Eingin orsøk, min dóttir." Flug hugged her back. As they let go he gently brushed away her tears. "Why don't you go find 505, I'm sure he's done with his chores and wants to play."

"Okay!" She beamed feeling a little better, she left the room leaving Flug alone. Once she was out of the room and ear shot he kicked a near by box. "Dekans ikki til helvitis!" He growled. This was unacceptable! She should've been in a school for gifted children not a boarding school full of spoiled brats. Well as he told her, he was her father now and he was going to keep his promise and make sure she got into a school that gave her the means to reach her potential. With this thought in mind, he went back to milling over the potential schools.

*

The next morning, Flug stood outside of Blackhat's office a tan folder in his hand. He found at least five different private schools that catered to prodigy children, the only issue was they wanted to meet and test the child as well as meet the parents.

Which is why he was standing outside Blackhat's office. Taking a deep breath, he raised his fist prepared to knock when he was suddenly enveloped in darkness reappearing inside.

"Welcome, my dear doctor." Blackhat practically purred from behind his desk a toothy smile planted on his face. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

"First off, stop trying to impress me." Flug rolled his eyes as he approached the desk. "I already know quite a few of your parlor tricks. Second, I have news on finding a school for Bergitta and apparently our daughter has a few surprises."

"Oh? Do tell, Flug." Blackhat gestured to the chair opposite him. "What surprises does our princessa have?"

"She's a prodigy, like I was as a child." Flug began as he sat down. "Her parents didn't even care what kind of gift they had before just trying to give her away. Look," Flug pulled out a piece of paper with both his and Bergitta's equations for teleportation. "When I was trying to make the teleporter, my equation though correct wasn't working. Then Bergitta told me I had something out of order, when we reapplied her equation, which she figured out three years ago when she was just ten it worked! And these as well,"

He pulled out all of the equations and designs Bergitta had done yesterday. Blackhat had to admit, the little mortal girl was quite brilliant.
"She did all of these?" He questioned picking up a few papers to look them over. Having infinite knowledge he could just look and tell they were all correct.

"Yes, she should've been in a gifted school from the start." Flug began gritting his teeth angrily. "Her old parents said she shouldn't be the prodigy, it should be Cosmas because he's the eldest boy. She's had to read and learn all on her own because she was the baby of the family and should only learn art, poetry and piano like other high society girls, which she did along with so much more."

Blackhat had never seen Flug so proud of something, or in this case some one. He guessed it came with being a parent. He had to admit, though only to himself, he was a bit impressed and proud of the little girl.

"I see. I take it you found potential schools for her to attend." Blackhat stated placing the papers back on the table.

"I have." Flug nodded. "The only issue is they want to meet potential students and their parents. Since I figured this might be an issue I came to talk to you first."

"Are you asking permission to meet them here?"

"Of course not." Flug said. "I need you to come up with a way to keep them from revealing who's daughter she is, so your enemies don't try to kidnap her and hold her for ransom."

"Do you now?" Blackhat grinned leaning forward as he rested his chin on his now intertwined fingers. "And what exactly do I get out of this, my dear?" Flug rolled his eyes as he leaned back in his chair crossing his arms. Of course the demon wanted something in return.

"What do you want?" Flug asked.

"Well we've been courting a few weeks and have never gone on a date. I heard that's how humans get to know their potential mates and I wish to go on a date with you."

"If your idea of a date involves going to another country to steal their valuable jewels or anything of that nature you can count me out." Flug said. Blackhat sat back his hand over his heart in mock surprise and hurt.

"Do you really think I would waste our first date on something as rapacious as that?" Blackhat asked. Flug just arched an eyebrow as if to say, 'seriously?' Blackhat growled.

*Well cross that off our potential date list.* He thought. Under his desk a floating quill crossed out 'Jewel heist in another country' off of a piece of paper.
"How do you know me so well, Flug?" Blackhat gazed at Flug with something similar to fondness.

"I've been with you long enough to know at least some of how your mind works."

"Very well I will come up with a way to keep the potential headmaster's or mistresses' quiet in exchange for a date with you tomorrow night."

"Fine." Flug agreed as he gathered the papers back into his folder. "I will get invitations made up tonight and sent out using our new transporter." He stood from his chair folder in hand. "Have a good after noon, sir." He started toward the door and almost had it open when his bosses arm closed it again. Groaning in annoyance he turned coming face to face with his boss, who was grinning fervidly.

"Did you think that was all I wanted?" Blackhat rumbled deeply. "I had one more request." He eyed Flug's lips hungrily earning a slight blush from the scientist.

"Seriously? I have other thi-Mph!" His words were cut off by Blackhat's lips. Their second kiss didn't involve tongue this time but it was just as passionate as the first. Flug's eyes closed slowly and he almost dropped his papers as he succumbed to the eldritch's passion. Blackhat pulled away slightly, grin still in place.
"I had thought you would make this more of a challenge, Flug, but I'm not complaining if it gets you into my bed quicker."

Flug's eyes snapped open just as his boss closed in for another kiss this time his forked tongue was ready to invade his mouth. Using one hand Flug grabbed the door and quickly opened it, slipping out. He tried not to laugh out loud as he felt and heard Blackhat face plant against the door.

"Who said I was making it easy?" Flug grinned. He heard Blackhat curse in some demonic language. "I'll be in the lab."

Once he was far enough away from the office he started laughing. Perhaps this engagement would be entertaining after all.

Chapter End Notes

Takk fyri, Babbi: Thank you daddy
Eingin orsøk, min dóttir: Your welcome my daughter
Dekans ikki til helvitis: Damn it to hell
Princessa: Princess
Meeting the school heads and date plans

Chapter Summary

Which school gets the honor of teaching the daughter of Dr Flug and Blackhat?

Chapter Notes

Hey hey! Another new chapter! So the names of the schools are all made up by me using real words from the individual countries and boy was that a hassle! This one may seem kinda short but the next one will be a bit longer. As always, thanks for reading and keep those comments coming!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sound of the door bell, caught Flug's attention momentarily distracting him from his task of brushing Bregitta's hair into a ponytail.
"Looks like they're here." Flug said as he gathered the hair together into the holder. "You remember everything you need to do?"

"Of course, Babbi. I haven't forgotten." Bergitta replied as she passed him a navy blue bow which matched her pull over sweater and long skirt as well as her flats. Flug was wearing a polo shirt of the same shade as well as dark blue jeans and his converse and his face was uncovered.

"Just making sure, dear." Flug said as he attached the bow just in front of the pony tail. "Ready to meet your potential head masters?" Bergitta nodded albeit a little nervously as she stood and brushed out the wrinkles from her skirt.

"I think so. What if none of them want or like me?" Bergitta fretted.

"It'll be okay, Eingil." Flug assured her as he kissed the top of her gold locks gently. "And even if none of them accept you, that just means I can school you from home. Now lets go great our guests." As Bergitta nodded she took his hand and they left the room. Flug had sent out the invitations about a week ago and got instant replies from the five schools he'd sent them too.

One was the Hirohito Shōwa Academy of gifted youths from Japan, next was the Rurik Institute of higher learning from Moscow, the Scuola del talento in Rome, the Les enfants surdoués school in Paris and lastly was the Schule von das Begabte Jugends in Nuremberg. Though he wouldn't mind home schooling Bergitta, he knew she'd be crushed if none of the head masters or mistress' accepted her.
They passed Blackhat's office just as he was walking out. He smiled as they stopped before him.

"Faðir." Bergitta acknowledged. "We are going to meet my potential head masters. Do you think I look okay?" In the month since she's been there Bergitta had slowly gotten used to the eldritch creature. He tried to not be as violent or terrifying around her since she was to be his daughter as well when he married Flug.

"You look very lovely, Princessa." Blackhat stated as he pat her head earning a slight giggle. "You have that little guest book set out for them to sign, I presume?"

"Obviously, we should hurry down before Demencia does something to our guests." Flug suggested as he and Bergitta started walking again. Blackhat was walking on the girl's other side when he felt a much smaller hand shyly grasp his. He looked down to see her give him a shy smile, he replied with a smile of his own.

As they started to descend the stairs they saw five people, two women and three men, standing in the parlor four of which looked absolutely terrified as they realized who's house they were in. Demencia stood her mace club in hand her grin unhinged as her mix matched eyes kept glancing between each of them sizing them up.

505 was trying to offer them snacks and drinks, but only one of the men took a cookie.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to our home and thank you for coming." Flug began as they got closer. "I'm sure a few of you are confused."

"What are we doing here?" The Japanese man demanded his English heavily accented. He didn't even give Flug time to answer before he interrupted again. "We were told we would meet a prodigy child of one Dr. Selphlugis Stormkarlen. Instead we are in the base of the most dangerous villain in history."

"I agree with Mr. Hoshiro." The Italian woman nodded. "I demand to know why we are here." The other two teachers nodded. The man who stood to the side started laughing.

"Isn't it obvious, Dummkopfs?" The German man chuckled as he met the family of three at the bottom of the stairs. Bergitta being shy as she was, hid behind Blackhat still holding Flug's hand. "This, kleines Mädchen is the prodigy ve vere told ve vould meet." The man's green eyes were like sharp pieces of glass as he studied the three. Smiling he removed his hat with a slight bow revealing his black neatly combed hair. "Allow me to introduce myself, I am Herr Johannes von Kaiser, head of the Schule von das Begabte Jugends."

"A pleasure, Herr Kaiser." Blackhat replied. "I am Second King of Vagar Blackhat, this is my fiance and the first King of Vagar, Selphlugis Stormkarlen also known as Dr. Flug Slys." He gently and secretly used a tentacle to nudge Bergitta back out in the open. "This is our daughter, Princess Bergitta Stormkarlen, the prodigy you are all here to see."
Reluctantly she released both her fathers hand's curtsied daintily.

"H-hello, it's nice to meet you all." She greeted.

The rest of the introductions went by quickly though things were a little tense once Blackhat explained the guest book. The ink and paper once used to write a person's name bound that person to secrecy, preventing them from telling any secrets the books owner wanted to keep. If the person tried to tell their tongues would start to secrete poisonous saliva killing them very slowly and painfully.

The only teacher Bergitta seemed to really bond with was, Herr Kaiser. The other teachers were too afraid of her fathers to actually talk with and get to know her. At first they were a little wary of the man, he seemed a little too good but as the day went on they got accustomed to him. Plus he was wonderful with Bergitta and he assured them his staff would be thrilled to have the bright and eager to learn girl. He also assured them his security was top of the line, he still gave Flug permission to come and check before the school year started. Bergitta would be allowed to teleport home every afternoon. The time difference would be a little difficult but he was sure they'd manage.

It was later that afternoon and only Herr Kaiser had stayed. The other teachers had left due to their fear.

"Ve begin school two veeks before the end of August." Herr Kaiser stated as he placed his hat on his head kneeling in front of Bergitta smiling, "I look forward to your arrival, Prinzessin Bergitta."

"It was nice meeting you, Herr Kaiser." Bergitta smiled brightly. "See you in two weeks!"

"It was a pleasure, Herr Kaiser." Flug agreed as he shook the man's hand firmly. "I'll set up an appointment with your secretary to come look at the security, just to be on the safe side."

"I can assure you, King Selphlugis, our security is top of the line and no child leaves our gates unless we see their parent or approved relative outside the gate waiting for them." Herr Kaiser assured them. "But if it makes you feel better, you are more than welcome to come check for yourself."
"Much appreciated." Flug nodded.

"Have a good rest of your day." With one last tip of his hat, he left.

"Babbi! I got into a school for kids like me!" Bergitta exclaimed happily as she wrapped her arms around Flug's waist. Flug patted her head smiling. "I told you that you would."
"I was so nervous, I almost messed up with my equations and the other teachers didn't seem interested." Bergitta said as she released Flug's waist. "Did they not like me?"

"It was not your fault, Princessa." Blackhat stated. "They were too intimidated by my presence."

"Oh okay. Babi, do you think the other teachers will be dead in a few days or so?" Bergitta asked innocently. "I mean, not many people know that you have two persona's or that you have a daughter now. It'll be big news right?"

"Would it bother you if they did?" Blackhat asked before Flug could reply. When she looked up at him he saw an emotionally empty look so hauntingly similar to Flug's he could've sworn it was Flug in a dress and shorter with blue eyes.

"They should've paid more attention to me, since it was me and my skills they were scouting for their school. Instead of acting like professionals, they acted like cowards." Bergitta replied before smiling brightly. "So no it wouldn't bother me especially since I got into a good school. Babi, can me an 505 go play now?"

"Of course, sweetie, be sure to change clothes first." Flug smiled.

"'Kay, come on Fives!" She hurried up the stairs picking up her skirt to keep from tripping, followed by the bear.

"Wow," Demencia said once the two were up the stairs. "Only been here a month and she's already a little psychopath huh, Flug-bug?"

"She's not a psychopath, Demencia." Flug stated. "Bergitta has always been more perceptive and realistic much like I was. Now I know why, plus I explained to her that night after she was almost taken what we do. The longer she's with us the less it bothers her. And if her old parents had done right by her, she would already be in a gifted school. But that's all in the past, she's been accepted into a good school from what I can tell."

"It would appear that way." Blackhat agreed. "Demencia, we will need you to babysit tonight."

"Oooo, you guys have a hot date tonight or something?" Demencia smirked wagging her eyebrows. "Should I make sure your coat is filled with condoms just in case things get...steamy?"

"DEMENCIA!" Both men exclaimed, Flug a little more embarrassed than Blackhat.

"Kidding, kidding." She laughed. "I know you two are waiting til the wedding before you get hot and heavy with each other."
"Oh my God, Demencia, would you stop!?" Flug cried now even more embarrassed with the sudden images that popped in his head.

"Alright, fine take away my fun." She pouted. "You two go have fun on your date, I got squirt and the bear." She waved as she left the two in the parlor.

"That girl, I worry about her sometimes." Blackhat stated shaking his head.

"What do you mean some times?" Flug questioned incredulously, "I worry about her all the time. Well I suppose I should go pick out my outfit for our date. Since this is our first date, I expect you to be at my door by seven. Any later and I'm locking the door and soaking it with holy water. I'll see you tonight." He kissed Blackhat's cheek quickly before he started up the stairs. He could feel the eldritch's eyes boring into him, well a certain part of him. "And quite starring at my ass!"

Chapter End Notes

Faðir: Father
Princessa: Princess
Dummkopf: Morons, or idiots. Yay, new word!
kleines Mädchen: Little girl
Prinzessin: princess
Nothing starts the date like stabbing someone

Chapter Summary

Some guys just can't take a hint

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Well it's their first date and who says you can't start the evening off right? This one has a few derogatory terms and some violence (Yay Blood!). I kinda added a little of my own culture into these next two or three chapters. Hope you guys like it and as always thanks for reading and keep those comments coming!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So you and Faðir are going on your first date ever?" Bergitta asked from her spot on the bed dressed in pale blue unicorn pajamas. It was ten til seven and Flug was finishing his outfit for the night.

"That's right, before we were engaged as you remember, Blackhat was my employer and I had to act a different way." Flug answered. Since he'd decided his outfit from earlier was fine and he just added a pull over black sweater. He looked at her as he asked, "Now you remember the rules for tonight?"

"No leaving the manor, no matter what Demencia says, no going on spending or stealing sprees, no going into the lab or Faðir's office, and no using the transporter as a loophole of leaving the manor." She recited perfectly.

"Good girl, now we just have to-" He was interrupted by a knock at his door. "He's a little early." Flug glanced at his wrist watch seeing it was now five til seven. He went to the door and opened it, his vision was filled with a bouquet of black and red roses.

"Good evening, mi corazón." Behind the bouquet stood Blackhat dressed as immaculately as ever, a lecherous grin stretched across his face. "I trust you are ready for our date?"

"Your early but I suppose we can go ahead and go." Flug shrugged as he took the flowers. They were very beautiful especially the way the colors bled from one to another flawlessly. "Bergitta, why don't you go get a vase for these and ask Demencia to meet us in the parlor?" He turned handing the bouquet to the girl now standing at his side.

"Yes, Babby." She replied taking the flowers. Before leaving to do as she was asked, Bergitta pulled
on of the roses out of the bunch and handed it to Blackhat, who took it with a surprisingly greatful smile. "Here, Faðir, this goes withth he rest of your suit." She then left the two alone.

"So where exactly are you spiriting me away to?" Flug asked as he walked out of his room closing the door.

"That, my dear is a surprise." Blackhat stated as he attached the rose to the lapel of his outer coat, his grin mysterious.

"Why do I feel I should be worried about that?" Flug asked as he started toward the stairs. As he kept walking he felt an arm snake around his waist holding him close to Blackhat's side.

"I can't imagin why you should feel the need to be worried." Blackhat's grin morphed into a mischievous one. "This date will be perfectly normal. No business talks, no heists and no interruptions; just the two of us."

* Fantastic, Flug thought sarcastically. Demencia along with 505 and Bergitta were waiting at the bottom of the stairs as they made it to the bottom.

"Alright, you two have fun on your date," Demencia grinned as she pulled both the bear and child close into a group hug. "And don't worry, everything will be as you left it."

"It had better be." Blackhat eyed the girl, is gaze promising pain if even a single curtain was singed when they returned.

"We'll be back later tonight." Flug informed her as he pulled his daughter into a hug. "Have fun and try not to stay up too late Bergitta needs to keep her biological alarm clock normal."

"Yeah, yeah I know you nerds need sleep." Demencia rolled her eyes as she picked the girl up and perched her on her hip. "Now you love birds get going, we've got a slasher film marathon to start!"

"Bye, Babbi, Bye Faðir have fun!" The girl called as she and the bear were lead off to start their movies.

"Well, it appears they are fine on their own." Blackhat said as he turned to face Flug holding his hand out to him. "Shall we get going as well?"

"Fine, this better be good." Flug stated as he took Blackhat's gloved hand. As soon as their hands touched they vanished.

*
Outside a high class establishment in Las Vegas, they reappeared in an alleyway. Thankfully it was one of the cleaner ones. Flug's eyes widened at the mesmeric sight of thousands of bright lights and signs.

"Las Vagas, seriously?" He asked both shocked and a little excited. Blackhat simply smiled at the mortal's excitement.

"You act as if you've never been to Las Vagas," Blackhat smirked.

"Of course not, I've busy building you inventions I've never been outside of Hattington." Flug replied. "This is where we're having our date?" Blackhat nodded.

"There's an acquaintance of mine that own's a high class club here. I've been over due for a visit for about a century and thought why not introduce my fiance as well." Blackhat explained as he lead them to what Flug guessed was the entrance of said club.

A neon purple and green sign read: The Other side. An enormous neon alligator was made to look like it was opening and closing it's mouth. When the mouth opened it revealed a woman in a purple Mardi Gras parade out fit with green purple and gold sparks coming out of her hands.

He could here the sound of jazz and zydeco music filtering out through the doors. Along with the smell of what Flug guessed was Cajun cuisine. Just like he's seen on TV and movies there was a long line of people trying to get into the club either by seduction or bribery. Blackhat wrapped his arm around Flug's waist again as they approached the rather terrifying bouncer.

If Flug had to be honest, the bouncer looked like he could be the human version of the alligator; eyes golden and reptilian, dark tan leathery skin, a sneer that showed several sharp pearly white teeth and the fact that he towered over everyone. His eyes snapped toward them and Flug felt as if he was either being assessed for potential threats or as a potential meal.

"Bonswa, Jean Paul." Blackhat greeted the man tipping his hat slightly. The glowing eyes slid over to gaze at Blackhat. Flug could see recognition in them as the man, creature thing nodded.

"Monsieur Blackhat." The man returned the greeting, his accent heavy and deep. "It has been a while since you last visited my boss. This ti zwaxo with you?"

"He is my fiance." Blackhat announced proudly. Jean Paul nodded accepting the answer as he went to open the rope.

"Hey! That's not fair how come those fags get to go in?" A snobbish voice snapped from the front
of the line. They stopped to see a rather angry young man sneering at them in disgust. A rich boy trying to use daddies' money to get his way. He wore a cheap looking suit no where near the quality of Blackhat's and was apparently very stupid. "Bet the little blonde one is Mr. Tall and Dark's hooker and is getting paid to pimp him out." The guy's friends seemed to be smarter than him as they tried to prevent him from spewing out any more insults.

"Brad, stop don't you know who that guy is?"

"Yeah some pimp who thinks he's hot shit!" The guy known as Brad gave Flug a lewd grin as his eyes traveled up and down his figure. "Why don't you come over here and let me have a freebie, baby." He grabbed his groin seductively as he gave a repugnant laugh.

Flug could feel Blackhat's hand tighten on his hip, without even looking at him Flug could sense his boss/ fiance was livid. An idea suddenly popped into his head as he slipped from Blackhat's grasp.

"Flug-" Blackhat hissed in warning as he went to pull Flug back but stopped when Flug glanced over his shoulder. A dark smirk in place his eyes held dark plans for the little maggot. Seeing his Dr. had things under control he stayed where he was with a sinister smirk of his own.

"That's right, baby, you wanna party with a real man huh?" Brad grinned lustfully as Flug approached a sensual look on his face. "Why don't you show your pimp you got a new man and blow me right here?" Flug stood in front of the man his smile still sensual and seductive.

"Before that I have a question." Flug said. Inside his sleeve he felt the dull side of his scalpel sliding down into his palm. Both Blackhat and Jean Paul were the only ones who saw the glint of metal in his hand and both began to smile evilly. "Do you know how long it takes for a man to bleed out from being nicked in the femoral and axillary arteries?" The man now looked confused.

"What are you-" Before he could even finish his question, quick as a viper Flug sliced both of the major arteries through his clothes cutting them just enough to start a slow leak. He hardly had time to scream in pain when Flug grabbed his face covering his mouth.

The man's face became as white as a sheet from fear and blood lose. Flug's eyes were alarmingly wicked and spine chillingly dark as he stared the man down. "Never speak to me or anyone else like that again, you worthless excuse of a homosapien." Flug began to smile sinfully. "You never know when you might be stabbed in the liver." Plunging the scalp into the man's liver he shoved the now bleeding man into his friends. "I suggest you get him to a hospital." With that he turned leaving the crowd in a panic cleaning the blade with a spare handkerchief in his pocket.

Blackhat's gaze was lustful as well as proud. He gave Flug a little applause as he returned to his side.
"Very well executed, mi corazón." Blackhat grinned as he replaced his arm in its previous position. "Now I believe we're ready, Jean Paul." Said man looked at Flug with newly formed respect and nodded.
"Welcome to the Other Side."

Chapter End Notes

Faðir: Father
mi corazón: My heart
Bonswa: Good evening
ti zwaxo: little bird
Diner and danger

Chapter Summary

Such a lovely date, surely it will end on a romantic note!

Chapter Notes

Man, this one was kinda difficult. I was trying to stay away from just plain rewriting the princess and the frog movie and adding Blackhat in it. Also more new people! So many Ocs in this thing XD. Any way thanks for reading and please don't kill me for the ending. Comments are welcomed and encouraged!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once inside the doors there was a bark purple curtain and podium behind which was a young woman, he assumed was a hostess. She dressed in bright a bright emerald green corset top with a matching petticoat covered by a sparkling black tule skirt. Both of which stopped just above her bare legs. Her stilettos were black as well and her mask was a mix of the two colors with feathers at the top.

She looked up from the podium and smiled brightly.

"Welcome to the Other Side darlings, how many mortals in your party?" She asked.

"Mortals?" Flug turned to Blackhat a little confused.

"Just one." Blackhat answered. "It's his first time in an establishment like this."

"Well, little dove I hope you don't get too frightened." THe woman winked handing Blackhat a bracelet made of plain brown leather. "Now, Mr. Blackhat, do you know how to do this? You've never brought a mortal to the boss's place before."

"I know what I'm doing, girl." Blackhat hissed as he placed the bracelet on Flugs wrist and covered it with his hand. The bracelet glowed red for a few seconds before he took his hand away. On the once blank piece of leather was now his symbol burned black into it. "Do Not take this off, Flug. It is for your safety and protection." He nodded to the girl who walked over to a rope.

"Exactly what kind of place is this, Blackhat?" Flug asked suspiciously. The curtain was pulled
apart revealing the inside; Flug's breath caught in his throat in shock.

The room was gorgeous with authentic Louisiana decorations. The main dance floor was set below them about five feet. There were masks on the walls, Mardi Gras beads hanging from the strobe lights and a bar in the back. Behind which Flug could see what he believed was a kitchen. While the main room was breath taking that wasn't why he was shocked.

It looked like they'd stepped into a masquerade party or at least a Halloween one. Very few patrons looked human, the rest looked like some kind of creature. He spotted what could've passed as a vampire with the pale skin though the neon pink hair was off putting. A few women sat in a corner booth a few feet from them laughing, well cackling, with a steaming small cauldron in the center of the table. There was even a few demon looking creatures, goblins and...was that a fairy? Like an actual Tinker bell looking fairy with the glowing wings and such and not a guy trying to imitate a rainbow.

"Blackhat, what is this place?" Flug asked glancing up at the man.

"This is a special club, Flug, for the non mortal creatures and the abnormal mortals." Blackhat explained as he curtain shut behind them. "It is run by an old friend of mine, Remy Levoux DeBaillion. He's the bastard son of Marie Levoux and a shadow man, since he was a boy and his mother wanted a daughter to teach her trade he was raised by his father."

"And how exactly did you two meet?" Flug asked as they sat down.

"Well, cher, old Blackie here introduced me to some powerful people after my daddy died when I was ten. He said I had potential." A smooth creole accent came from his right. Jumping a little he looked over and saw a man sitting next to him his feet up on the table and a dark green fedora pulled over his eyes.

He was dressed in a black sleeveless tail coat with gold inner lining and dress pants with a neon green vest over a purple long sleeve button up shirt. and dress shoes. A devilish grin stretched across his tanned face as he used an index finger to push his hat up revealing bright purple eyes. "And may I have the honor and pleasure of knowing your name, darlin'?"

"This is Flug, my fiance." Blackhat answered glaring a warning to the man. The man, who Flug assumed was Remy looked legitimately surprised starring at Blackhat.

"Your fiance?" He parroted as he sat up placing his feet on the floor as a wide grin split his face nearly in half. "Well I'll be a gator's daddy-uncle! You mean some poor mortal actually agreed to tie the knot with, ya?" Remy turned his gaze toward flug his eyes glowing a little. "I have to say, he's something. Pseudo royalty, brilliant little brain, gorgeous, and dark enough to almost match you. Nice work with that boy outside, cher."

"How'd-"
"That is enough, Remy." Blackhat hissed angrily. "We would like to be left alone please." Said man disappeared in a puff of green and purple smoke and reappeared standing outside the table devilish grin in place.

"Of course y'all do, it is your first date after all." Taking off his hat Remy did a sweeping bow bending at the waist. "I am honored that you chose my establishment to mark an important milestone in y'all's relationship. I'll make sure to make this a memorable evening." He stood replacing his hat on his tightly curled black hair. With a wink at Flug, he disappeared using the same smoke as before.

"He knew I stabbed that guy outside. How?" Flug questioned. "And how did he know everything else about me?"

"Remy is a psychic, to normal humans he can pass as just another street performer but he has real magic." Blackhat explained as a waitress, dressed like the one from the entrance, appeared offering them menus. "He can be rather..flamboyant and is quite intelligent, but enough about him. Let's enjoy our date."

Having never tasted this kind of food before, Blackhat ordered one of every dish for Flug to try. By the time they got to the third course, Flug couldn't eat any more. Everything was delicious and not wanting to waste any, he asked for the rest of the food to be packed up to take home. He was sure Bergitta would love to try the foods as would 505 and Demencia.

"Did you enjoy your meal, mi corazón?" Blackhat asked as he gazed at Flug.

"It was amazing, I don't think I will be able to move." Flug sighed contently as he pat his full stomach.

"That's too bad, I had hoped we could take a stroll through central park after this." Blackhat grinned.

"Hows the date going?" Remy asked as he appeared next to their table.

"It's going fine, Remy." Blackhat growled a little annoyed at the interruption. Flug noticed there was a daunting look in his eyes which also seemed to have lost their glow.

"That's great, cause It's about to get bad." Remy stated. That got Blackhat's attention as he turned his gaze toward the magician.

"What is that supposed to mean?"
"Hermano, I didn't expect to see you here!" Flug shivered at the dark voice filtered through his head. "And with a mortal off all things.
Standing in front of their table was a man with short dark wavy hair, eyes that glowed an unnatural azure blue. Wearing a black leather jacket and dark red silk button up with only two buttons closed and black leather pants and doc martins, he could've easily passed as a model or an actor.
Flug flinced as he felt waves of murderous intent and blood lust coming from his fiance who's eyes glowed dark red.

"Thazar, what are you doing here?" Blackhat snarled as he pulled Flug a little closer.

"What I can't visit Remy and his place of business?" The man, Thazar grinned. "So who's this little morsel?"

"Mine, that's who and I suggest you leave before things get ugly." Blackhat answered pulling Flug against him tightly almost in his lap.

"Well things are already ugly." Thazar waved his hand nonchalantly before his eyes shone a look of cruel amusement. "I mean you are here after all, can't get much uglier than that."

Flug barely stopped himself from face planting into Blackhat's now empty seat. He looked up to see said eldritch gripping Thazar's neck snarling angrily, several tentacles sprouted from his back. Thazar just grinned with malicious glee and amusement.

"Oh I'm sorry, did I touch a nerve?"

"Now, gentlemen there's no need for violence." Remy tried to reason with the two. Flug slipped out of his seat and approached the two.

"Blackhat, that's enough you don't want to cause a scene any more than you have do you?" Flug said placing a hand on Blackhat's shoulder.

Surprisingly, Blackhat heeded Flug's advice and released the man's neck. He wrapped a possessive arm around his waist along with a few tentacles. Flug's eye brow twitched with annoyance but let it slide for now.

"Mr. Thazar, allow me to lead you to your table while you wait on your guests." Remy offered trying to discretly separate the two.

"Very well, Remy. It seems as if my company is not wanted anyway." Thazar smirked. "I'll see you later, hermano." With that the two left, as Remy lead him to a table far from them.

"Let's go." Blackhat ordered as he lead Flug back toward the entrance.
"Wait but what of the leftovers?" Flug asked half trying to pull away from the angry eldritch. "Who was that guy?"

"I'll send a message to Remy to have the food delivered later." Blackhat said as they walked through the curtain startling the hostess. He opened the door telepathically and kept marching toward the alley way they first appeared in.

"Blackhat, you didn't answer my second question." They disappeared reappearing in Blackhat's office. "Who was that man? Why did he upset you so much?"

Blackhat sighed as he walked toward the green flamed fire place. "You are not the only one with secrets, Flug." He sat down in his chair and gestured Flug to do the same in the chair in front of him.

"That 'man' as you called him, is Thazar Michaels, a demon. He is younger than me by a few centuries. He is extremely dangerous and has been able to get under my skin ever since he was spawned." Blackhat explained. He paused before finishing, "He is also my younger half brother."

Chapter End Notes

Cher: Dear
mi corazone: My heart
Hermano: Brother
The only sound in the office was the fireplace crackling. A log gave way to the fire, cracking sending a few green sparks upwards. Flug gaped at his boss sitting across from him his long fingers steepled in thought. Flug finally broke the silence.

"You have family?" Flug asked.

"Yes, but only two of my family members are on the mortal plain: Thazar who you met tonight and my twin the literal white sheep of the family, Whitehat. Thazar was an accident on my father Ushanka's part while on a mission for the dark one, he came across the younger sister of the crow demon Michelis. According to father she was the most beautiful demon he saw, two glossy black wings for arms, black crow's legs that shone in multiple colors and six mauve eyes that glowed with hellfire. How could he resist her?" Blackhat explained. "So they slept together and a three months later Michelis broke through our front door and attacked father for defiling his sister. When my mother Chupalla heard what happened she joined in the fight."

"Wait instead of helping her husband she tried to kill him along with that other demon?" Flug asked in shock.

"Mother can get quite jealous, the last she demon father had an affair with she just threw her to the hell hounds we keep in the back yard of our mansion. The worst part was she was a cat demon." Blackhat chuckled. "Any ways, as soon as Thazar was laid, his uncle brought the egg to us and left as per the deal between him and mother. Because he was a bastard and half breed mother treated him differently and while I just plain made his existence hellish. It was one of the reasons he turned out to be such a pain in the ass."

"Wow," Flug gasped slightly. "Who would've thought you had relatives? Does this mean we have to send them wedding invitations?"
"If we didn't my parents would possess some poor soul just to come up here and lecture me."
Blackhat groaned. "Since Thazar is an annoying little bastard he'll be telling them before too long,
so I'll have to summon them up here to meet you."

"Well, it was an interesting first date."
Flug stated as he stood up. "Perhaps we can do it again
some time. I'm going to check on the kids and Demencia." He started walking toward the door
when suddenly a tentacle wrapped around his waist pulling him backwards. As he landed in
Blackhat's lap his eyes were covered.

"Who said the date was over?" Blackhat purred deeply in his ear. He felt the familiar sensation of
being teleported. The tentacle stood him up right before the hands over his eyes were removed.
Flug gasped at the sight before him.

They were on top of Uluru in Australia. He's seen pictures and a few documentaries but he never
thought he'd see it in person. The sky above them was dyed in deep purples and gold, the clouds
were deep red as well. They'd only been there a few minutes and he was already over heating even
with the sun setting.

"As nice as this is I am burning up." Flug said as he turned and froze. Blackhat was leaned up
against a large soft looking black pillow, a long red blanket beneath him. The strangest thing was
Blackhat's tail coat, vest, and tie were missing and his red shirt had a few buttons undone. Flug
could see the upper part of his dark chest. It was so weird seeing him not formally dressed. His
shoes, black socks and spats sat on the side of the blanket.

Huh, Flug thought, He has human feet. He then realized what Blackhat was planing.

"Seriously? It is over a hundred degrees out here, and you want to stay out here and what? Star
gaze?"

"Just take your sweater off, Flug. There's something I want to show you but can only be seen at
night." Blackhat stated patting the empty place next to him. Flug sighed as he did as Blackhat said.
He plopped down next to the eldritch, pulling his shoes and socks off and set them to the side.

"I swear, Blackhat, if we came out here just to see some rare poisonous scorpion I am destroying
your hat." Flug threatened as he leaned back against the pillow. Suddenly a black cloth covered his
eyes shrouding him in darkness. "Hey what are you-" He was suddenly moved to sit in front of
Blackhat who shushed him gently.

"Calm down, Flug, this next part is best seen after being in the dark for a minute."

"It better be." Flug grumbled crossing his arms grumpily. Blackhat chuckled a little as he wrapped
his arms around his annoyed scientist. Flug could feel his warm chest against his skin even through
his thin shirt. The feeling of Blackhat's sternum moving against his spine as he chuckled made him
shiver a little with pleasure.

"It's time. Ready?" Blackhat asked. After Flug nodded he felt the eldritch's warm breath against the back of his head as he used his teeth to undo the blindfold around his eyes. Once it fell away Flug blinked a little at the lack of sunlight and looked up wards. His breath caught in his throat as his eyes widened.

It was like a super nova had exploded over head. The dark blanket of sky was dotted with tiny blinking white lights, a ribbon of galaxy cloud snaked it's way across the sky. On the horizon the sky turned green and yellow showing where the sun had set. He'd never seen such a beautiful sight.

"Have to admit, the big man knows how to create a breath taking view." Blackhat rumbled behind him as he leaned them back a little more to look up better.

They sat there for hours in silence, the stars twinkling above them.

Chapter End Notes

Ushanka: Russian fur hat
Chupalla: Large brimmed hat from Chile, can be straw or cloth
Uluru: the big famous rock in the Australian out back, I never knew it had an actual name
Blackhat goes to school! (Hide the children)

Chapter Summary

Blackhat tries to be a good parent.

Chapter Notes

Hey there! Thought I'd post one more chapter before bed. More new words yay! A nice light hearted chapter about a father taking his daughter to her first day of school. Nothing bad could happen here right? As always thanks for comments and kudos. Keep them coming!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You want to run that by me again?" Flug asked surprised setting his tools down next to his current project.

It had been two weeks since their date and things were going fine. Head master Kaiser had sent Bergitta's school uniform through the transporter Flug had given him when he left. It was a simple white button up blouse and a long knee length pleated black skirt and dark blue jacket. On the left breast pocket was the school's crest, a golden eagle with seven feathers on its wings clutching a book in it's talons.

He had also sent a letter informing them that one or both of them would need to be present during the first day ceremony. This allowed the parents of the children to meet with the teachers while the students got familiar with their campus.

Unfortunately, an order had come in for one hundred of the Uranium Gama rays and Flug had gotten a little behind. Demencia had gotten a hold of about twenty of them and started shooting up the town, getting a few street kids involved. Thankfully no one was seriously hurt, except for Demencia who'd been punished once Blackhat caught her. It was kind of a blessing since Flug was now certain the rays worked and wouldn't blow up.

But because he'd been set back, he wouldn't be able to attend the ceremony. Or he would have to skip a day and get even more behind on his work. Seeing his fiance's dilemma Blackhat volunteered to take Bergitta to her first day of school, hence the current situation.

"I said, I will take our daughter to her first day." Blackhat repeated. "I wish to check if Herr Kaiser has any supernatural protections in place. I'll even wear a disguise so I don't scare the other children."
"Let me get this straight." Flug pushed his bag up so he could get a clear view of Blackhat. "You, the eldritch nightmare, hell spawn, short tempered, Blackhat want to go to a school. Filled with mortal children some of which may be even screaming and crying to take our daughter to her first day."

"Yes, Flug." Blackhat nodded trying not to cringe at the thought of screaming, crying mortal children. "You are behind now because of Demencia's stunt. I know you wanted to go so as to make sure they would be teaching the right subjects for Bergitta and to see her off. I promise, mi corazón, I will make sure our daughter is well taken care of at her new school." Blackhat smiled reassuringly as he placed his hands on Flug's shoulders.

"Fine," Flug consented. "I guess I can trust you to make sure our girl gets everything provided for her." A small smile stretched across his lips, making Blackhat's dead heart thump a little.

"Of course I will." Blackhat smiled back. "Besides, how back can this be?"

*Two days later*

"This is so boring!" Blackhat hissed as he pouted. He was disguised as a human. His eyes were deep brown sometimes looking red in the right light. His hair was tapered dark black, his top hat (inside of which was his bowler hat) sat in his lap. He wore his normal attire, even the monocle.

"You're the one who volunteered to come, faðir." Bergitta whispered sitting with her ankles crossed daintily. Her golden locks were put up in a tight pony tail with a spiked hair scrunchy that Demencia had given her for luck on her first day.

"I know that, girl. I just didn't think this human would drone on forever!" Blackhat grumbled.

The speaker, a previous graduate of the school, was giving a speech to the new students. After which they would be allowed to explore a little on their own before they did so as a group. This also gave the parents time to talk with the teachers.

"Thank you for your time and I hope you have a vonderful time here." The woman finished her speech, and retook her seat on the stage.

"Finally!" Blackhat sighed happily. Earning a few looks from the other parents as Bergitta shushed him.

"Thank you, Sasha." Herr Kaiser said as he took the podium. "Now then, you are all dismissed for a thirty minute break. Students, you are allowed to valk around. Return here once the thirty minutes is up. Parents, you vish to speak vith teachers ve vill meet outside. Dismissed."
Blackhat almost teleported outside he was ready to be out of that enclosed room with so many strangers, and mortals at that.

"Thank Beelzebub that's over with." Blackhat groaned once they were in the court yard.

"It wasn't that bad, faðir." Bergitta sighed exasperated at his behavior. She almost couldn't believe she used to be scared of this over sized child nightmare.

The academy was run out of a miniature old castle outside the city of Nuremberg. It consisted of three buildings that formed three fourths of a square, a fountain set in the middle of the courtyard a fair few trees dotted the campus the entire campus was surrounded by an iron fence covered in security cameras.

"So you say, child. I remember Lincoln's address, even fell asleep during it and it was nowhere near as long as that." Blackhat stated as they sat on a stone bench by the fountain.

As the two sat they observed the other students that either started with Bergitta or already went to school there. Bergitta spotted a boy about her age, sitting under one of the trees not far from them reading. He looked almost exactly like Herr Kaiser except his eyes hidden behind round framed glasses were crystal blue and with bright ginger curls.

She remembered all the new children that would be starting with her. But she did not remember seeing him at the ceremony and yet he's wearing a first year arm band just like her.

Blackhat followed his daughter's gaze to look at the boy. Even from this distance he could tell the child was Herr Kaiser's off spring due to his matching scent. Apparently they were not the only one's who noticed the boy.

"Isn't that, Herr Kaiser's son?" A woman asked the other two woman standing with her.

"Yes, supposedly he's also a prodigy." One replied. "I heard his mother turned out to be a harlot and ran out on them. He's probably only called a prodigy because he was with his father here all the time."

"Well, I heard he had never went to regular school because of his appearance. His mother was so ashamed he came out looking as if he comes from Ireland." The other laughed haughtily. "I bet he isn't even Herr Kaiser's son."

The boy must've heard them because he buried himself deeper in his book.

Bergitta's hands tightened angrily, who did these harpies think they were? He was just a child what
gave them the right to judge him?

"Bergitta." Blackhat said from her side. She looked up at him, his eye glowing a little. "What is my rule of Inferiority and superiority?" Her expression became serious.

"Those who think they are superior talk the loudest and most of the time are inferior. Those who think they are inferior are the quietest and most of the time become the most superior." Bergitta recited.

"Correct," He nodded. "And what do we do with either of these people?"

"The truly Inferior are humiliated and the truly superior are befriended." Bergitta stated as she stood. Blackhat smiled, even in human form it looked as sadistic as ever.

"That's my Princesa. Go talk with the boy, I'll handle the perras." Blackhat stood patting her head gently. She nodded and started walking toward the boy. Blackhat discretely snapped his fingers causing a sudden wind to blow hard.

The women surprised by the strong and sudden gust were knocked over, being in those thin heels didn't help any of them with their balance. They landed in a heap in mud puddle that also appeared out of nowhere. This caused the children and even a few adults to laugh. As they stood up, the third woman's clothes which were way too tight to begin with began to shrink. With in seconds she stood there trying to use what scraps of clothes were left to cover herself. What woman comes to a school filled with children not wearing any undergarments?

Her face burned with shame as she and her friends rushed into the building to try and find something to cover her. They were followed by out right laughter, passing Bergitta who now stood in front of the boy.

"Hi!" She smiled brightly. "My name's Bergitta Stromkarlen, first year what's your name?"

The boy began to blush a little as he answered. "M-my names Manifried Kaiser, I'm also a first year." He stammered shyly. This was the first time anyone approached him asking his name instead of was he a leprechaun.

"You're related to Herr Kaiser right?" Bergitta asked as she sat next to him.

"He is mein Vater." Manifried nodded.

"That's great!" Bergitta smiled happily surprising the boy.

"How so?"
"Because I've met him before coming here and he was really nice which means you're nice and we can be friends!"

"Hä?" Manifried gaped at the smiling girl. She stood up pulling him with her.

"Come on, Manny." She pulled him in the direction of one of the buildings. "You can show me around."

"W-warten!" He tried to pull away but her grip was too strong.

Blackhat smiled proudly at his daughter. His little princessa always got her way that poor kid was stuck with her now.

"It vould appear your daughter has kidnapped my son, Herr Blackhat." Herr Kaiser appeared next to him. "Danke schön for showing those hündinnen what for."

"It was my pleasure, Herr Kaiser." Blackhat replied. "Now could you tell me if you have any special security measures in place here?"

In the main building, the two children walked through the hall where the headmaster's pictures and sports trophies were kept. As they walked and talked, neither noticed they were being followed by three upper class men. They saw the chance to get back at the head master and maybe get a new toy as well.

They had no idea who they were about to mess with.

Chapter End Notes

mi corazón: My heart
faðir: Father
Princessa: Princess
perras: Bitches
mein vater: my father
Hä: I don't understand
warten: wait
Danke schön: Thank you kindly
hündinnen : Bitches
Hello, hello, hello! Well another chapter has arrived! Not sure if this count's as implied psychological torture but eh. As always, thanks for the comments and kudos, keep them coming and Thanks for reading!

"So you're parents are separated?" Bergitta asked curiously.

"Ja, my vater found out mutter had a lover. He was actually understanding and sat down with the both of them to talk." Mannifreid explained. "He was heart broken sure but he wasn't going to force her to stay in a loveless marriage and she wasn't going to keep going behind his back. So they agreed on divorce, vater kept custody of me allowing mutter to visit or I go visit her and my step mutter, Gretchen."

"Wait, your mother's lover is a woman and they're married?" Bergitta blinked in surprise. She could see Mannifried's hackles raise a little in anticipation of insults.

"Ja, they are and both of them love me very much." Mannifried grumbled. Bergitta punched his shoulder snapping him out of the angry bubble he was starting to create. "Autsch! What did you do that for?"

"You don't need to be so guarded, Manny. I don't judge people on their parents, besides if I did I'd be a hypocrite." Bergitta smiled.

"Really?" Mannifried asked gaping at her rubbing his now sore shoulder.

"Yes, I have two fathers they will be getting married in a few months." Bergitta replied smiling. "Though faðir want's to skip the ceremony and go straight to the wedding night, but Babbi won't have it. He keeps a spray bottle of holy water next to his bed just encase faðir tries anything." They broke out in giggles, both were happy to have a friend they could bond with. Unfortunately, the happy moment was interrupted.
"Well, well what do we have here?" They froze and turned toward the voice. Three boys about seventeen stood a few feet from them, cruel smirks in place promising nothing good. "Two little lambs lost on their first day now we can't have that." The leader approached the children his lackeys close behind. "How about we show you klerchens where you are supposed to be?"

Mannifried hide behind Bergitta who stood her ground at the approaching teens, her expression blank. As they got closer she remembered a lesson from Demencia,

"Alright, squirt, what do you do if you're by your self and you got these jerkwads who don't know how to back off?" Demencia asked.

"Call for faðir?" Bergitta answered curiously.

"Well that works too, but what if he can't get there?" She thought for a minute before answering a wicked smirk in place.

"Make them regret even thinking about coming near me." Bergitta replied. "Make sure to draw blood to get the point across."

"That's my girl!" Demencia smiled proudly. "Let's go over some techniques."

She was pulled from her memories as an arm looped around her shoulders. A sound of protest came from Mannifried as the two other boys pulled him away from Bergitta. She turned to see his terrified expression unsure of what to do.

"So, fesch blühen, why don't we just skip the rest of the day and I can give you a private lesson." The boy grinned lecherously as he eyed her like meat. His hand traveled down to her waist stopping just above the top of her skirt.

Bergitta smiled as she turned toward the boy slipping out from under his arm. Her smile was suggestive as she placed a hand on his chest.

"Oh, my aunt gave me some good lesson's." Her hand slid down stopping just above his belt. "Do you want me to show them to you? I'm so eager that I can't wait."

The boy smirked toward his grinning friends.

"Sure you can, go ahead." Bergitta glanced toward a horrified Mannifried. She smirked slightly as she winked at him, his expression morphed into one of confusion.

"Thank you, so much I hope you enjoy my skills." She quickly sunk down to a crouch and swiped his legs out from under him making him fall on his back. Taking advantage of his surprise, she
stomped on his crotch. Hard.

"How dare you touch me with your filthy hands!" She growled as the boy squealed in pain. "If I could I'd make sure you could never use this disgusting thing ever again. But I can't get into too much trouble my first day." As she moved away from him, he rolled over into fetal position clutching his injured groin.

The other two boys released Mannifried and barreled toward her. Their eyes rage filled intending serious harm to the girl. She simply glanced at them and dodged their hands. She came back up a well placed palm and elbow aimed for their noses.

All three boys were now on the ground, one with hurt pride and a bruised dick the other two with bloody broken noses. She nodded satisfied with her work. She smoothed out her skirt and blouse as she walked toward a shocked Mannifried.

"Come on, Manny, we need to be gathering for the group tour." She looped her arm around his and pulled him out of the building. As they passed a shadowed corner, she saw a familiar glowing red eye. It would appear that those boys wouldn't be finishing school.

The day finally ended, and the students were given a supplies list. Though for some reason an ambulance had been called as the three boys were taken to the hospital.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Manny!" Bergitta hugged the boy who blushed pink. She released him and stood in front of her father. "Promise you'll wait for me by the front door."

"I promise, Berry." Manny covered his mouth in shock. He didn't mean for that to come out! Bergitta just smiled at him brightly.

"Only you can call me that." Blackhat nodded to Herr Kaiser as he lead Bergitta to their designated teleportation spot. "Bye, Manny!" She waved once more.

"I take it you had a good first day, Princessa?" Blackhat asked.

"I did faðir." Bergitta smiled. "All my teachers are nice and I made a new friend." Her innocent smile became a little sadistic. "And I got to use the skills Aunt Demencia taught me with some boys." As they arrived at the teleportation spot Blackhat's disguise fell away revealing his true self. As he activated the teleporter a dark and malicious smile stretched across his face.

"I am very proud of you, mi hija." Blackhat picked her up and placing her on his shoulder. "Shall we go tell your babbi about your first day?"

"Si faðir." She replied as they walked through.
In the psychological ward of a hospital in Nuremberg, three teenage boys screamed in pain and insanity,

"THE EYES! THE EYES ARE EVERYWHERE!"

Their mothers, still dirty from falling in the mud and one now fully clothed sobbed.

Across the ocean in his office, Blackhat cackled evilly.

Chapter End Notes

Ja: Yes
Vater: father
Mutter: Mother
Austch: Ouch
faðir: Father
klerchens: Little kids
fesch blühen: Beautiful flower
Princessa: Princess
mi hija: My daughter.
Letter from the underworld

Chapter Summary

Time to meet the groom's family.

Chapter Notes

Hey hey! New chapter today! It took a little bit to plan this one out but I got it. Also things get...steamy.. toward the end. *Eye brow waggle* So we finally get to meet Blackhat's side of the family..should be fun. As always thanks for the comments and kudos, keep them coming. And as always thanks for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blackhat was in the middle of checking bills for Flug's inventions as well as old contracts, it had been a month and a half. Business was going steady and Bergitta was enjoying her new school. She quickly earned herself a reputation as the girl who would kick anyone's ass if they insulted her or her little friend. Along with his inventions and projects Flug had found some time to plan their wedding. All in all things were peaceful. Until the letter came.

He was sitting at his desk, when his fire place suddenly flared up. A letter came out and the fire went back to normal. He eyed the letter suspiciously before he summoned it to him. He instantly recognized the hand writing, his mother's.

Talk about parallels. He thought as he opened the letter and began to read

Blackhat,

It appears you forgot to notify us of some rather important new which we just learned through Thazar. You are engaged and you never thought to inform your parents? So since we wish to meet the young man, Your father and I will be coming to the mortal plane on All Hallow's eve two weeks from now for a family dinner. Both of your brothers will be in attendance as well. Expect us to arrive once the sun goes down,

Sincerely,

Chupalla Hatier

Blackhat growled annoyed as the paper began to tear slightly. He couldn't believe this! His mother, demanding he throw some family dinner party. Allowing his pure, sickly sweet twin brother into his house along with that pain in the ass Thazar.
Deciding he'd better warn Flug, he snapped his fingers summoning his scientist to him. Unfortunately, Flug was in the middle of welding something and Blackhat came face to flame with the torch. The sudden flame actually surprised him, making the fearless eldritch yelp and backup.

"FLUG!" He yelled getting the man's attention. Turning off the torch, Flug lifted his welding mask revealing his face.

"Blackhat? What the hell am I doing here?" Flug demanded. "I was in the middle of an important project."

Clearing his throat, Blackhat straightened his clothes.

"We have more pressing matters right now, Flug." Blackhat passed the letter to Flug to read. "So your family is invading us on Halloween, or All Hallow's eve as they call it." Flug stated setting the letter on the desk as he sat down, placing his mask on the desk as well. "And they want to meet me. You are aware Halloween falls on a weekend, therefore Bergitta will be home that night."

"I am aware of that, Flug. We'll just have to keep a close eye on her as well as the rest of our household. Or we could have Demencia and 505 go with her to do that treat and tricks that children do now." Blackhat explained.

"It's trick or treating and who knows when your family will leave. They can't stay out all night, plus do you really want to turn Demencia loose on the official night of scare pranks?" Flug arched his eyebrow in question.

"You have a point." Blackhat agreed. "We'll figure out a solution don't worry."

"Good." Flug nodded. "Now then I need to get back to the lab and finish my project before my soon to be in laws get here." He stood up and started for the door. Unfortunately he didn't get far when a tentacle wrapped around his waist. "Seriously!?" The appendage lifted him causing him to drop his torch and brought him backwards, dropping him in Blackhat's lap.

"You seem stressed, mi alma." Blackhat purred in his ear. Flug stiffened as he felt the eldritch's hand travel downwards slowly and sensually. "Allow me to help you relax." As he flicked open the button of his jeans, Flug grabbed his wrist.

"Wait a minute you, I thought I told you-" A small tendril wrapped around Flug's wrist binding them together lifting them a little.

"I remember what you told me, Flug." He gripped Flug's chin turning it to face him. Flug shivered at the carnal desire that shone in Blackhat's eye which now glowed a deep red. "I won't go too far,
I'm just doing my duty as your husband to be and helping you relax." Turning Flug's head back forward he began to gently run his teeth and lips over the scientist's neck. He sucked at a particular sensitive area causing Flug to gasp loudly.

Flug's brain shut down at the sudden pleasure. Blackhat's hand continued it's previous task stopping after he unzipped Flug's jeans. Flug's brain was so fogged with pleasure he barely heard Blackhat's next words,

"Tengo tu permiso, mi amado?" Blackhat grinned against the smooth now damp skin as Flug nodded, and increased his onslaught.

He released Flug's cock and started to stroke earning a shiver and little gasps that were music to his ears. While one hand was busy he slid the other under the tee shirt upwards toward his chest. Once he found a nipple he started to rub and press it gently, causing Flug's gasps of pleasure to get a little louder.

"B-Blackhat!" Flug was in raptures, the combined feeling of the little love bites Blackhat left up his neck and along his shoulder combined with the feeling of his virgin cock and nipples being touched for the first time by someone besides himself. He could feel himself getting close and apparently so could Blackhat.

Suddenly the hands were pulled away, but before he could protest the tendril around his wrists lifted him and turned him around to face Blackhat. His pants and briefs were removed by a second tendril before he was dropped in his boss's lap.

"I want to see your expression when you cum." His grin was animalistic. He placed his hands on Flug's hips as a tentacle appeared between them. Flug gasped loudly as his cock was enveloped in a warm moist cavern. "It's alright, this keeps us from making a mess. Now," His eye turned pitch black with the glowing red pupil. "Cum for me, Selphlugis."

The tentacle started moving up and down on Flug's shaft, the sudden movement pulled a delirious cry of ecstasy from the mortal. Flug tried to buck upwards and match the speed but Blackhat's grip kept him in place.

"Ah, B-blackhat ah, I- I'm gonna-!"

"Yesss, that's it, Mi amado, cum for me." Unable to hold it off any longer Flug arched his back a little, his expression amorous as he finally released with a cry of bliss.

He fell forwards against his fiance gasping trying to get his breath back. He felt the tentacle remove itself disappearing to who knows were. Blackhat stroked his forehead tenderly, brushing his damp bangs from his eyes.
"Feel better, mi corazón?" Blackhat rumbled deeply. Flug nodded still too blissed out to properly answer. "You may stay here until you are ready to move." Flug nodded again, he could feel himself start to doze slightly. "Flug?"

"Hmm?"

"Was that torch attached to a tank of gas?"

His eyes snapped open as he sat up suddenly. Before he could get up to grab his pants and underwear, there was a loud explosion from his lab that shook the whole manor.

"Fanin."

"Maldito."

Chapter End Notes

- mi alma: My soul
- Tengo tu permiso, mi amado: Do i have your permission, my beloved. (Its always important to ask permission!)
- mi corazón: my heart
- Fanni: Damn
- Maldito: Damn (In Spanish!)
Happy early Halloween guys! So since it's almost time for a day of spooks and sweets, I thought I'd dedicate this chapter to Bergitta and Mannifried on a hunt for a headless ghost princess. Will they find her? And if they do will she be friendly? Also history lesson yay! The link for my source will be in the end notes if any of you history buffs are interested. As always thanks for reading and keep those comments and Kudos coming!

Fall in Germany was very colorful and vibrant. The trees had faded from bright emerald green to golden oranges and bright reds. Though the weather was cool it was still very pleasant. Since Halloween was that weekend, Herr Kaiser allowed the students of each grade to wear costumes. Classes would only go half the day while the other half was dedicated to trick or treating. He as well as the other teachers completely decorated their rooms and had games waiting for the children to come by.

The yard was filled with several witches, knights, ghosts, cats of all colors, a few ninjas and all
kinds of other costumes. At the entrance dressed as a red headed Einstein was Manny. He stood on his tip toes trying to catch a glimpse of Berry.

"Looking for some one?" His father's voice said from behind him. He glanced over his shoulder at the man, who was dressed as Aragorn from his favorite book and movie series.

"I was looking for Berry, Vater." Manny sighed a little sad. "She should be here by now." His father smiled reassuringly as he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Don't worry, mein sohn. She'll be here, just give her time."

"I know, Vater." Manny nodded looking up at his father with a small smile.

"Manny!" He looked toward the voice his smile bright. She was finally here!

Berry was dressed in a black lolita dress with orange trim and lace. The long sleeves belled out at her wrists, black lace finger less gloves covered her hands. Striped orange and black sockes came over her knees and she wore black ankle high lace boots. Her hair curled in ringlets was streaked with bright orange and black highlights. Over her shoulder was a small purse that looked like a black cat's head, complete with eyes.

He almost fell over from the force of impact when she tackle hugged him. Thankfully his father kept them from falling over. Behind Berry a tall man with whitish blond hair and red eyes approached holding her messenger bag and a bright orange witch's hat. A bow made of black and orange tule was tied around the bottom leaving the long pieces to make a short train.

"Bergitta, let the poor child breath." The man, he assumed was her other father chuckled.

"Sorry, Babi, I was just so happy to see him." Berry smiled as she pulled away. Flug smiled as he placed the hat on her head and handed her bag to her. "I know you were, but he still needs air." He held his hand out to his father. "Herr Kaiser, nice to see you again."

"You as well, Herr Flug." His father greeted shaking the offered hand.

"You as well, Herr Flug." His father greeted shaking the offered hand.

"You two should get to class." Herr Kaiser stated. "I hope you brought your treat bag, Bergitta. Some of the class rooms have been turned into trick or treat spots."

"Yes, Herr Kaiser!" She pulled a cloth treat bag from her purse showing it to the man. "Come on, Manny! The sooner class is over the sooner we can trick or treat!" Grabbing the boy by the wrist, she pulled him into the building.
The few classes they had went by rather quickly. While they waited for the announcement stating when the trick or treating would start, the two friends chatted.

"So your vaters are getting married next month?" Manny asked. "In your family's ancestral home right?"

"Yep, since it's big enough to hold not only babi and faðir's family but all the guests my side of the family want's to invite." Bergitta replied putting her books and binders away in her messenger bag.

"I still don't understand how your family vorks exactly. Your babi used to be your cousin until something happened and he adopted you even though your birth parents are still alive." Manny scratched his head curiously. "And your faðir isn't your faðir yet until they are married?"

"That's pretty much it, my old parents were kinda mean but they never hurt me. They just expected me to remain their little princess who was only interested in dresses and parties." Bergitta smiled sadly. "If Babi hadn't stepped in, I would be back at boarding school stuck in normal classes and I wouldn't have met you." Manny blushed a little smiling. A group of their fellow classmate's approached them.

"Hey, Mannifried, Bergitta, did you hear the rumors about the school's ghost?" One of the boys, Heinrich asked. His friends were stiffling their laughter, they must be trying to scare them. It didn't work on Bergitta, Manny on the other hand was already terrified.

"There's a ghost here?" Manny trembled slightly.

"You didn't know? I would have thought your Vater vould've warned you." Another boy, Hans gasped in fake shock. "It's the ghost of a princess who used to live in this castle. Her name vas Princess Margarethe, she vas the youngest daughter of Emperor Wilhelm II Hohenzollern. Vhen her father gave up the throne in 1918, she had mysteriously vanished. Some say it was angry advisors that vanted the royal family to remain on the throne so they could continue getting favors. A year later, her body was found, vith out its head. She vas buried in the royal cemetery and the castle vas donated by the royal family to be a school."

"Legend has it that her headless body roams the hallways in the late evening searching for her lost head." Klaus added deeply. "If she finds you she'll take your head and use it as her own."

"VHERE'S MY HEAD!" Some one grabbed Manny's shoulders roughly from behind.

"AAAAAAA!" He screamed falling forward. He turned to look at the person laughing behind him to see the fourth member of their little group Uwe. The whole class was laughing at him, except for Berry.
"That was mean you guys." She stood and helped Manny to his feet.

"Come on, Bergitta. You had to admit it was a little funny." Klaus grinned. Bergitta just glared at them.

"Attention students." Herr Kaiser came over the intercom. "The trick or treating vill begin in one hour, vill all students report to the auditorium at this time please."

The class immediately forgot about Manny's embarassment quickly as they grabbed their book bags, filing quickly and excitedly out of the room.

"Are you okay, Manny?" Bergitta asked worriedly.

"I'm fine, Berry." He replied. "It's just a stupid ghost story." He noticed Bergitta's expression changed from worried to now curious.

"I wonder if it really is just a ghost story?" She wondered out loud before looking at him, her face now adventorous. "Let's go find out, when everyone's distracted by the trick or treating."

"Berry, no! Ve could get into trouble for leaving the designated areas." Manny tried to reason with her. "And I don't vant to miss out on trick or treating. Please Berry, promise me ve are not going to go on a wild ghost chase."

"We're not going on a wild ghost chase." She smiled innocently.

*One hour later*

"I can't believe you talked me into this." Manny grumbled a little fearfully.

They had stayed with the rest of the trick or treaters, getting a fair amount of candy for about an hour. They had passed a much older looking hall way, suits of dusty armor lined either side of the hallway guarding old paintings of royals from years past. They dropped to the back of the crowd of students and ducked into the hallway. Well Manny was reluctantly pulled in.

"It'll be fine, Manny." Bergitta smiled as she pulled a flash light from her purse. "Where's your sense of adventure?"

"I left it at home today." He deadpanned.

"No need for attitude." Bergitta grumbled. She turned her flashlight toward the paintings. "So these are the old royals of Prussia and the German empire."
"Yes, I recognize a fair few of them." Manny answered. "That's King Frederick the first, king of Prussia. It was due to his alliance with the Holy Roman Empire that he was able to elevate Prussia to a kingdom. He crowned himself king, but quickly drained the country's finances due to his extravagant expenses."

"Wow, wasn't king for long before making the country go broke." Bergitta blinked. She walked a little ways down. "What about this guy?"

"Oh that's Emperor King William I. It was because of him that Germany rose to power as continent. He started out as regent for his brother King Frederick Villiam IV, who was declared insane. He became king after his brother passed. He started reorganizing and strengthening the countries army. He defeated Denmark in the war over Schleswig-Holstein, leading to the Austro-Prussian war in which Prussia came out as the leading German power. He commanded the Franco-Prussian war in person receiving Napoleon II's surrender. After just one year, and he was proclaimed emperor of Germany." Bergitta smiled a little at how proudly he recited this information.

"Wow, you really love history, huh, Manny?"

"Vell, it is my culture and I can't believe I never found this hallvay before." He replied curiously. A couple of paintings down was a girl of eighteen.

Her golden hair hung over her shoulders as she starred adoringly at a flower that was cupped in her hands lovingly. She wore a bright blue summer dress of the period and was sitting on a familiar fountain.

"Hey, I thing that's Margarethe." Bergitta shinned the light onto the painting. "Looks like she did live here after all, that's the fountain from the courtyard."

"She was so pretty." Manny sighed happily.

While they stared at the painting, neither noticed that the sun was going down. As the sunlight faded, a wispy white light appeared behind them.

"Perhaps ve should head back, Berry. I'm sure Vater and the other teachers have noticed ve're missing." Manny said. As Bergitta nodded, she reached out to gently touch the painting.

As soon as her finger's brushed the surface, they heard a clicking noise coming from the wall. Suddenly there was a trembling from beneath their feet.

They only had enough time to say "Uh-oh" looking at each other before the floor gave beneath them sending them free falling into darkness.
Chapter End Notes

https://www.infoplease.com/rulers-germany-and-prussia
Chapter Summary

Part 2: In an abandoned cavern, they discover they are not alone.

Chapter Notes

BOO! Hello again, we have reached part two of Berry and Manny's adventure. They have discovered a cavern filled with strange things and also that they are not alone. Will this spirit be helpful or hunt them in the dark? Thanks as always for reading. Please keep the comments and kudos coming!

"...ry, Berry, Bergitta, please wake up." She slowly regained consciousness, her head throbbing and the rest of her body aching.

"Ugh, Manny?" She asked opening her eyes slowly. Manny was kneeling next to her holding her hand, his face lit up when she answered him.
"Berry! I'm so glad you're awake." He carefully helped her sit up. "I was getting worried that you never would and- and we'd be stuck down here forever."

"Manny, it's okay." Bergitta comforted him. "I'm fine, my head just hurts. I think I might've hit it on the way down." She gently reached up to touch the spot on her forehead that hurt, only to quickly pull away with a hiss of pain. As she sat there, she began to take in their surroundings.

They were in a cavern of some kind, the only light coming from her flash light that laid a few feet from them. Looking up she couldn't see where they had fallen through. Behind her she could feel a steep hill of gravel and dirt that went who knows how far up.

"I wonder if anyone knew this was down here?" She asked attempting to stand. Manny immediately stood up to help her. "Did Herr Kaiser ever mention a hidden chamber?"

"Nein, vater never mentioned any thing of the sort." Manny replied looking around. "Though I have heard of royal families installing escape routes in their castles in case of an attack and there was no way out. If that's the case, I'm sure there's an exit some where in here."

"Right," Bergitta nodded as she stooped to pick up her flashlight. She shined it around the cavern and found an opening. "That way! Come on, Manny. Oh don't forget the candy."

"Really you are worried about candy at a time like this?" Manny gaped.

"It in case we get hungry, silly." Bergitta replied rolling her eyes. Once Manny found their treat bags, the two set off hand in hand.

Once the cavern was dark again, a pair of blood red eyes opened and a growl broke the silence.

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They had been walking for a good thirty minutes down the dark tunnel.

"Is this thing ever going to end?" Bergitta asked exasperated. She gently rubbed her aching head, which Manny noticed and began to mother hen her.

"Are you feeling alright, Berry?" Manny asked worried. "You did hit your head, do you think you have a concussion? Perhaps we should ta-"

"Hey look, there's light!" Bergitta started running toward the light source yanking him along.

They blinked as they emerged into the brighter light. It was another cavern by a candle lit wooden
chandelier, filled with toys, coloring books, papers, crayons and clothes of all kinds for little girls. From the looks of the objects, some had been there a long time while others look as if they'd only been there a day.

"Whoa, look at all this stuff." Bergitta breathed in awe as she turned off her flash light and placed it in her bag. "I wonder how it all got here."

"I don't know. Some of this stuff looks newer than others." They explored the cavern glancing at the different things.

As she came around a large pile of dolls, Bergitta swore she saw the ends of pink ribbon disappearing around another pile. She followed the ribbon tails coming to what looked like a bed room for a little girl. The large mattress and pillows were browned from the dust that had gathered on it. A small wooden table sat a little ways from it, with a porcelain tea set on top of it. There was a black board against the wall behind it.

"Hey, Manny come look at this." She called. There was a sudden clater and crash before he appeared looking a little guilty. "You caused a toy avalanche didn't you?"

"Ahem, so what have you found?" He cleared his throat as they moved to look closer at the make shift bed room.

"I think some one lived down here a very long time ago." Bergitta stated as she tenderly picked up the tea pot. "Perhaps, the princess didn't just disappear maybe she was hidden down here. Maybe from angry council members or someone who was got something from Emperor Wilhelm being on the throne."

"That seems plausible, but what happened to her after?" Manny wondered. "There was no way she could live down here very long. Not to mention, there is no record of a princess Margarethe in any biography's or history books about Emperor Wilhelm and his family now that I think about it. There was only mention of his seven children, the only girl was Princess Victoria Louise. If she was alive after he abdicated or even during his rule shouldn't she be in them?"

"That does seem weird, why would there be a legend about her if she never existed."

A sudden breeze caused the children to shiver with cold, and all the lights in the cavern to go out.

"AAA!" Manny cried clutching Bergitta closer. The candles suddenly relit themselves. On the once blank black bored was a message:

**Lets play a game of tag, if you can avoid the wolf you win! If he catches you....Good luck!**
"Wolf?" They asked at the same time. They froze as a deep growl came from behind them. The two slowly turned, their eyes widened at the enormous black wolf that stood a few feet behind them. Its red eyes were held a hungry look, its muzzle pulled into a ferocious snarl showing off its wicked looking canines.

"How did that thing get down here?" Manny paled in terror. Though she was terrified as well, she knew they had to get away and quick.

"On the count of three, dart to the left." Bergitta whispered as she gently gripped Manny's wrist. "One" she gripped his wrist tighter. "Two" They prepared themselves to run for their lives. "THREE!" They took off, the wolf snarled angrily as its prey ran from it and followed them.

They zig-zagged between the piles, every couple of piles they'd knock over trying to slow the monster down. It didn't do very much good as the creature burst through the walls of toys. They were almost to the tunnel they had came out of when the wolf suddenly appeared in front of them.

Bergitta stopped them both mere feet from the growling beast. She glanced around trying to find another exit. To the far right was another tunnel. "Come on this way." They barely dodged the creature's claws and teeth as they ducked to the right. As they entered the tunnel, the ground seemed to slope downward forming a slide. "OH COME ON, NOT AGAIN!"

At the top of the tunnel the wolf glared after them before vanishing.

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The slide ended rather abruptly as the children landed in a heap.

"Ugh, that was fun." Manny groaned sarcastically.

"Um, Manny, I know we're friends but you're heavy." Bergitta grumbled from under him. "So please get off my back."

"Sorry, Berry." He apologized as he scrambled to his feet and helped her up as well. "Well, it looks like we have a wolf creature to worry about now on top of being lost."

"It also appears we have a ghost as well." Bergitta nodded. "How else would that writing appear on the board?" Manny also nodded in agreement as they looked around.

They now stood in what looked like an office, a caved in fire place sat against the back wall. A desk which was broken in half sat in the center of the room. Bookshelves sat against the other two walls rotting from years of being untouched. Their contents looked to at least be in some what
good condition. The final wall had a door, that strangely was not rotten, but still intact and in one piece.

"Who knows how old these books are?" Manny wondered aloud as he walked over to inspect the books. "Berry, can I borrow your flash light?" He received no answer. "Berry, come on this isn't funny."

He turned but she was no where to be found, her purse and candy bag lay where she had once stood.
Berry & Manny's halloween adventure pt3: Courage & Secrets

Chapter Summary

His best friend, gone. What is Manny to do on his own?

Chapter Notes

We're reaching the end of the Halloween adventures guys! As short a time as it took to write this, it was a lot of fun! One more chapter and then we'll get back to the main couple. As always thanks for reading and keep the comments and kudos coming!

"Berry! Berry! Bergitta, where are you!?” Manny ran around the office in panic, trying to see if maybe she was pulling a prank on him. He checked under the desk, in the tunnel slide and even in the collapsed fire place. Nothing.

She had completely vanished into thin air. He leaned against the wall behind the desk, a silent broken sob escaped as he slid down. Pulling his knees to his chest, he wrapped his arms around them burying his head and began to cry.

His first and only friend. Gone, and now he was trapped down here. With no way out, and no one knew they had came down here. He'd never see vater again, or mutter or mama ever again. Even if they ever found him, how would he explain to Bergitta's vater's she was taken by a ghost never to be seen again.
I'll never get out of here, not on my own. He thought pitifully. It's too hard.

It's too hard!

He remembered back when he was getting ready to start school. He sat in his vater's office at home, just like he was now. He was scared to go to school, he just knew the other students would make fun of him because he looked different.

"I can't go to school, Vater." He had cried. "It will be just like kindergarten and primary school. Every one will make fun of me and how am I supposed to succeed if no one believes I can just because of my looks."

His father had sat down next to him and pulled him in close.

"My sohn, do you remember the quote from Charlie Chaplin? About the secret to success?" His father had asked. He looked up at him curiously, shaking his head no. "He said, Man muss an sich selbst glauben. Das ist das geheimnis, 'You need to believe in yourself. That is the secret.'"

That did make sense, but he wasn't quite convinced yet.

"But what if it gets too hard and I'm not strong enough?" He wondered lowering his head. His father smiled as he lifted it back up to look at him again.

"Then remember this, Es wird nicht leichter. Du wirst stärker. It doesn't get easier you get stronger. I know you can show those other children you belong there and one day you will show them how strong you are." His father pulled him into his lap for a hug. "Who knows maybe you will form a friendship strong enough to last a life time. And when you do, you protect it with all your heart and soul."

Two days later he started school. He already knew about the teachers and what classes he would take. When those women had started talking about him, he almost forgot his father's words. Then a girl with golden hair and blue eyes became his friend. She's protected and saved him so many times, now it was his turn.

His expression became determined as he stood wiping the tears from his eyes. He walked around the desk to pick up, Berry's bags when he noticed an old photograph on the desk. He picked it up carefully, blowing the dust off of it. In the picture was a little girl about ten standing next to the same fountain as in the painting of Princess Margarethe. Next to her was a tall man in a butler uniform, oddly his face had been marked out with a marker of some kind. Flipping the photo he saw two names, 'Mary and Wolfgang in their new home.'
Not sure if it was important or not, he shoved the picture in his back pocket. Pulling out the flash light from Berry's purse he approached the door. He turned the knob, thankfully it opened. Taking a deep breath, steeling himself he strode into the darkness to look for his friend.

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When she opened her eyes, Bergitta found herself in a small bedroom. She sat up with a groan.

"I really hope I don't have brain damage from getting knocked out so much."

She stood up from the bed and looked around. The room had only the bed she was laying on, a table and tea set identical to the one in the cavern, a large bay window, and the walls were made of blackboard. Deciding the window was her best bet she walked toward it, pushing open the shutters.

It was a ten foot drop straight down to the hard floor below.

"Well, there's no getting down that way." She mumbled aloud to herself. There was a sudden giggle from inside the room. Bergitta whipped around, eyes searching for the source. "Who's there?" A subtle scratching got her attention, looking toward it she saw a chalk stick writing on its own.

Hello.

"Um, hi." She called out. She guessed it must be the ghost that left the note in the other cavern. "Can you tell me where I am and why you've separated me from my friend?" The ghost giggled again.

"We're playing a game, silly!" A girl's voice replied. So the ghost could talk.

"What kind of game?" Bergitta asked, she was hoping to either get a glimpse of the ghost or at least the way out.

"Rescue the Princess of course." The voice announced. "You're the princess and the boy is the knight who has to save you from the monster."

Before she could question the voice again, she felt a puff of warm air behind her. Turning she came face to face with the wolf creature. Screaming she backed away quickly, trying to find a weapon as it crawled inside the room through the window.

"Volfy!" The voice squealed happily. "Don't worry he won't hurt you since you're the princess you have to be protected." As she looked at the wolf skeptically, she swore she saw part of its black fur
lay down and spring back up, as if it was being petted by an invisible hand. It's eyes closed as it groaned happily. All too soon the creature was back out the window.

"Where's he going?" Bergitta asked worriedly.

"To the bottom of the tower to wait for the brave knight to come challenge it's hold on the princess." The voice stated dramatically.

"Look, it's been quite an adventure and all, but me and Manny need to get going." Bergitta tried to reason with the voice. "We've got families on the surface and I'm sure they are missing us terribly, so if you wouldn't mind letting me out of here and-"

"NO! YOU AREN'T LEAVING UNTIL YOU FINISH THE GAME!" The voice increased dramatically as the room shook, making Bergitta lose her balance.

"Okay, okay, we'll finish the game." Bergitta relinquished.

"Yay." The voice was back to normal. "So tell me, do you prefer satin or silk dresses?"

_Manny, please get here soon and try not to die._ Bergitta mentally groaned.

*  

After leaving the office, he walked down a long narrow hallway for about five minutes before he arrived at barn doors? He pushed the doors open, entered an empty stable. On the back wall was a scroll next to something under a tarp. Grabbing and unrolling the scroll he read:

_Bravest knight,

If you are reading this it means you are almost to the prize. The princess in the tower guarded by a fierce monster. In order to defeat the beast you must be properly dressed and have a noble steed. Your armor is under this tarp as well as your weapon. Your steed is ready when ever you are.

Good luck!_

He stared at the scroll confused before he pulled the tarp off. Sure enough there was a helmet, breast plate and metal gloves and gauntlets, along with a shield and broad sword. At first he thought about ignoring the armor, but he didn't want to anger the ghost by not participating in it's game. So he put the armor on and surprisingly it fit perfectly.

"Vell, the fact that the ghost knows my size isn't creepy at all." Manny snorted out loud. "Now vhat
He jumped screaming a little, causing the helmet to fall over his eyes. When he lifted it he jumped back in shock at what was in front of him. It was a skeleton horse, a literal skeleton horse with only a saddle and reigns.

"Um, what?" He questioned. The dead horse pushed at his arm with it's...skull as if to tell him to get on. "Okay, I guess you're my steed. I think I'll call you Boney." He carefully mounted the zombie horse and once comfortable he was ready to go. "So you're not just going to take me to the undervorld right?" The horse shook it's head before breaking into a run. It burst through the door and the two were off.

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"I find, that porcelain tea sets are much better." The voice droned on. "They don't stain as bad as regular white ceramic."

Bergitta was ready to tear her hair out! Not even her old mother talked this much about frivolous things. She lay on the bed attempting to use the pillow to cover her ears.

There was a sudden roar getting her attention. She got up and went toward the window. The wolf was standing up, even from up here, she could see it's hackles raised. At the other end of the room coming out of a cave was...a skeleton horse with knight on it's back.

"Oh, the knight is here!" The voice said excitedly. "Now the game really begins!"

"Manny!" She called out. He lifted his face mask to look up at her.

"Berry! Are you okay?" He called back.

"Yeah, just stuck up here." She replied. "Apparently you've got to beat that thing before we can get out of here."

"I kind of figured that when i found a suit of armor and a dead horse." He chuckled nervously. "Vish me luck!" He lowered the cover before drawing his sword.

"Fighting a wolf is too easy." The voice suddenly said. "Volfy, turn into a dragon!"

"Wait what?!" Both Manny and Bergitta asked in shock. The creature trembled before growing
much bigger. Where the wolf once stood now stood a wyrm dragon.

"That's not fair! You said he had to fight the wolf!" Bergitta called out angrily. The voice giggled happily.

"I never said volf, I said monster I never specified what kind. This means if he loses you have to stay here with me forever!" The voice cried excitedly. "I've been waiting for someone to find this place. Now that you have ve can play forever and ever!"

"Oh, I don't think so, sister." Bergitta growled as she went to the bed and started tearing the sheets and blankets to make a rope.

"What are you doing!?"
"I'm going to help my friend." Bergitta replied. As she moved the mattress to get to the bed skirt, she found a folder with newspaper clippings sticking out. Curious she picked it up and opened it, her eyes widened in shock. "I see. It all makes sense now!" Clutching the folder tightly she hurried over to the window and stood on the ledge.

Manny was circling the wyrm trying to dodge it's wings and tail. He seemed to at least be holding his own.

"MANNY!" She screamed loudly. He dodged another tail swipe as he looked toward her. "Come over here!"

"Wait what are you going to do?!" He asked worriedly as he steered Boney toward the tower.

"Jump obviously. You better catch me!" She inhaled deeply as she stepped off the ledge.

"BERRY!" He urged the horse faster trying to get to her before she became a black, orange and red pancake. Boney leapt just as they were feet from her, allowing Manny to catch her in his arms princess style and landed safely back on all fours. "Bergitta, what in the world were you thinking!?"

"I was thinking, there's no way my best friend would let me get hurt." She smiled up at him. "So what's with the outfit?"

"I didn't want to anger the spirit." He defended.

The cavern began to shake as a screech of anger came from the tower.

"It seems we already did that." Bergitta stated. "Let's find a way out of here, I've got to show you this."
"Got it, I saw another cave while dodging Volfy the Vrym." Manny replied before snapping the reigns. "Onvard Boney!"

"Boney?" She questioned as the skeleton horse galloped toward the cave he spoke of.

"I thought it fit." They entered the cave a few feet ahead they saw moon light streaming in from a large hole in the pile of rocks blocking the exit.

Once the horse touched the light, it along with the armor turned to dust sending the two of them rolling across the ground. They both scrambled to get up as they saw the wolf coming towards them.

"Alright, I've had enough of this." Bergitta said determined as she stood between the approaching wolf and Manny.

"Bergitta, vhat are you doing?" He asked gripping her arm fearfully.

"Channeling my Babbi." She stated as she took a deep breath. "MARGARETHE GERTRUDE HOHENZONLLERN! Stop this nonsense this instance!"

The wolf came to an abrupt halt, its expression actually fearful for a few minutes. It stared at them before it smiled.

"It vould appear ve have been found out, Prinzessin." It said.

"It can talk?" Manny asked confused.

"Princess Margarethe, could you please show yourself." Bergitta asked softly. Behind the wolf a soft glow appeared and a little girl at least ten years old came out, a guilty look on her face. "Manny, meet the real Princess Margarethe."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean too." A few tears escaped her hazel eyes as she glance at them both guiltily.
The sad tale of Princess Margarethe and her loyal protector

Chapter Notes

We are finally at the end of the adventure! The true story of Princess Margarethe is finally revealed along with her sad death and the death of her loyal guard. Thanks so much for reading and sticking with me for this adventure. Next chapter is the reactions of the school and the parents of Berry and Manny. As always thanks for reading and Comments and Kudo's are much appreciated.

They stared a the little ghost who had started crying softly. The wolf turned its head to nuzzle her, surprisingly able to touch her instead of go through.

"Vait, if that's the real princess, who was that girl in the painting upstairs?" Manny wondered. Bergitta opened the folder in her hands and passed it to him.

"This will clear things up." She stated. Taking the folder he began to read the few articles:
SHAME OF THE ROYAL FAMILY BORN!

On this day a second princess was born to Emperor Wilhelm and Empress Augusta Victoria, she was named Margarethe. A vision of beauty much like her elder sister but this little girl is much more than she seems.

The first article ended there the rest was torn off. The second was a picture of what looked like a maid that had fallen out of a window to the unyielding concrete below. Blood pooled around her head, her face frozen in a state of shock and fear:

TRAGEDY AT THE PALACE!

It would appear the new princess isn't the only scandal taking place. A maid by the name of Gretchen von Strepe was found early in the morning by the palace gardener. Her head cracked open, it appears as if she fell out of an open window. But was that really the case? The gardener claims to have seen a dark figure in the window. Before he could get a good look at them, the figure was gone!

Manny's eyes widened at the last article:

THE PRINCESS HAS DIED

Today is a sad day, for the young princess Margarethe at just the tender age of ten has passed. The royal family grieves the lose of their youngest child. Kaiser Wilhelm as ordered all mentions of his daughter be removed from archives and any pictures destroyed. A true testament of a heart broken grieving father. Details of her death will not be released. We moan with the royal family as a little angel returns to the heavens.

"There was a second daughter, but something was different about her. Different enough that it was considered a scandal." Bergitta rationalized. The wolf nodded.

"Yes, according to the doctor's when she was three she was declared insane. Only three and instead of loving their daughter and getting her proper help, her parents tried to cover it up." The wolf snorted. "It obviously didn't work. The emperor, as soon as word reached his ears that someone had go to the paper he tried to stop it. As you can see it did no good. The news was out."

"Sometimes not even the power of an emperor is enough to stop the gossip of the common people." Bergitta retorted.

"What happened with the maid?" Manny asked now completely intrigued. The two mortal children flinched as the wolf growled angrily.

"She shouldn't have touched the princess." He snarled. "She couldn't help herself and she was only
six years old. She had been playing in the hall way with one of her dolls and accidentally knocked over an expensive vase. The maid had been near by, but so was I. She grabbed the princess, shaking and yelling at her. When she struck her cheek is when I had enough." They stood there in silence before Bergitta spoke.

"You pushed the maid out the window making it look like she fell. Didn't you?" She asked. The wolf nodded his head not looking at all ashamed.

"She had no right to treat the princess so roughly." The wolf defended. "I was her protector and vassal. I took my job very seriously. Unfortunately, the emperor believed I took it too far with that maid. He had the two of us sent here and had a fake article made about the princess dying."

Manny suddenly remembered the photo in his pocket and pulled it out. The little girl was an exact replica of the ghost princess before them, that would mean...

"You're Volfgang, aren't you?" He asked. Nodding the wolf stood on two legs seamlessly transforming into the butler in the picture. His eyes now glowed golden, his black hair slicked back.

"I am."

"How did you two actually die?" Bergitta asked.

"It was the height of Vorld Var 1, the people were starving, there were riots and total mayhem. Some angry and hunger fueled commoners broke through the gates. I didn't even want to think of what they'd do to the little princess if they got their hands on her." Wolfgang shivered in disgust. "When we first arrived, I completely explored the castle. Searching for any hidden passageways, and discovered this place. I had a picture of princess Victoria placed over the switch, that way when it was touched it would open a trap door revealing stairs to these underground caverns and tunnels. I set everything up in case we needed a place to hide."

"There were stairs?" Manny asked.

"They were probably covered up by years of dirt and dust." Bergitta rationalized.

"Indeed, once the commoners started trying to break down the door. I grabbed some provisions and the princess and made for the trap door. I had barely closed it when the door gave. I am ashamed to say I did not even think about going back for the other staff members that stayed at the castle with us. My one and only thought and priority was the princess." Wolfgang stated. "We stayed down here for several days, the food was starting to run out. When I tried to push open the trap door, it wouldn't budge. Instead of panicking I set out trying to find a new route out and came to this place." His expression darkened with sadness and remorse.
"Something happened, didn't it?" Bergitta asked sadly.

"Yes, this cave once lead to the outside. I vas able to get out and get more food for the princess. Since I had no money I had to steal it. For a while, ve vere happy but I vanted more for her. So I planned for us to leave the cave and the country to start a new life just the two of us. I would adopt her as my own. Her family had abandoned her, for something that wasn't her fault. They shipped her off like she didn't even matter to them." Wolf growled his hands tightening into fists.

Bergitta nodded understanding all too well.

"I was packing everything ve'd need and ve vas about to leave, then the earthquake hit. I tried to hurry and get her out of the caves, I carried her to the exit and ve almost made it. A strong tremor knocked me off my feet right at the entrance, the rocks came down and I was buried alive. The princess had one of her legs trapped on this side of the rock slide so even if help came, no one would see her." The atmosphere was somber as the tail ended. "I had to listen to her slowly starve to death before I finally suffocated. It took a month, but it felt like an eternity."

"How did all those toys and stuff get here?" Manny asked curiously.

"Once ve passed, ve woke up in here in this cave. I knew ve vere dead, but the strange thing vas I came back with this ability to shape shift and leave the cave. I believe it vas because I vas buried half in and half out, but the princess couldn't leave the castle or the caves. So I vould go out each night to get her new toys and clothes, even though she couldn't wear them." Wolf explained. "Close to Halloween is vhen ve are at our strongest, able to appear to mortals."

"I am so sorry this happened to both of you." Bergitta said genuinely. "I honestly understand what it's like having parents that don't really care. But now I have my father's that love me very much and I'm sure they are missing me terribly. Manny's father must miss him as well, so could you please let us go home?" She addressed the sniffling little girl.

"I'm so sorry, I just vanted someone to play with. I didn't mean to take you from your families."

"Perhaps, it is time ve let them go home and ve go home ourselves." Wolf smiled as he picked up the little girl. "Could you please share our story, I vant the country to remember their princess that was lost. The true story."

"This could start an international incident." Manny stated.

"Let's do it." Bergitta smiled. "You won't be forgotten." Wolf smiled gratefully. There was a bright light behind them, turning they saw the once rock covered wall now showed a beautiful sunny field of grass and wild flowers. Wolf and Margarethe now stood in front of them.

"Before I forget, there has been this dark entity trying to get in for several minutes now." Wolf
stated. "I've been keeping it out but it seems determined, do either of you know it?" Bergitta smiled brightly as she nodded. Sending them a grateful smile, he turned and walked into the field the little princess in his arms.

Once through the wall became rocks again, a little whisper filled the cave,

Thank you

They both collapsed on the ground in exhaustion.

"Well that was an adventure." Bergitta breathed out.

"I am not moving from my bed for the next year!" Manny groaned. A sudden rumble caused them to stand. "Seriously!? A rock slide on top of all this!" The rock wall fell outward, letting in the light full light of the moon. They were momentarily blinded. They had to blink to adjust their eyes to the white light, once they did they had wished they hadn't.

"Bergitta Dorothea Stormkarlen, you are in very serious trouble." Blackhat hissed. He was in his human disguise, but that didn't dampen his rage one bit.

"Uh-oh." She flinched. Manny slowly tried to hid behind her when a familiar voice stopped him.

"Mannifried Jürgen Kaiser, don't even think about hiding behind her." His father fumed. "You are in just as much trouble as she is."

"Gott rette mich." Manny whimpered.

On the bright side they were out of the cave, though right now they almost wished they were still in the cave.

Chapter End Notes

Gott rette mich: God save me
End of an adventure; At least we're alive?

Chapter Summary

The adventure is finally over! They came out of it mostly unharmed. But wait what's this!? New monsters just when freedom was within reach! No it's much worse! Angry worried parents! -BUM BUM BUUUUUM!!

Chapter Notes

Hello hello! We have reached the end of the journey, the after math of the adventure of Berry and Manny. Their parents are happy they are okay but oooo boy are they mad. This is the last in this arch. Next chapter we will be getting ready to meet the parents of the notorious Blackhat! As always thanks for reading and keep the comments and kudos coming! They fuel my determination to keep going!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They walked in silence ahead of their fathers. Neither wanted to really say anything, in fear of angering the already livid men farther. Bergitta wore Blackhat's tail coat, since it was noticeably colder out and Manny had his father's costume cape wrapped around him like a blanket.

"I hope you two understand how worried you made everyone." Blackhat's sudden statement made the two of them jump slightly not expecting it.

"Yes, faðir." Bergitta nodded guiltily.
"When your teacher came to tell me the two of you had vanished, I had to put the trick or treating and parties on hold. No student was allowed to leave until the two of you were found; you were missing for five hours." Herr Kaiser added. "I had to call the police and other parents, to inform them of what happened." Manny flinched a little as he felt his father's eyes burning holes into the back of his head. "I also called Elenore and Hildegarde, they along with Herr Flug are waiting in the front lobby of the school."

Manny turned as white as a sheet. He called Mutter and Mama, he was so dead. Bergitta also paled at the thought of an angry Babbi.

"Stop here." Blackhat commanded. They were only a few feet from the gates when they stopped. The children faced their fathers. "Now then, before you talk to everyone and explain exactly what happened." He paused as he approached his soon to be daughter. He could see that she was trying to keep a straight face, both of them were. He gently pulled her into a tight hug. "Me alegra que estés a salvo, mi hija."

Herr Kaiser nodded in agreement as he repeated the action with his son. Being wrapped safely in their father's warm and comforting embraces, it was like the dam broke on their tears and the stress, the fear of possibly never seeing their families again over flowed into their emotions. They clutched their respective father's close and began to sob loudly.

"Wir hatte nicht vor, Vater." Manny sniffled.

"Umskylda, faðir." Bergitta held onto her father tightly. The human and eldritch smiled in relief as they held their children close. Once they were cried out, they looked up at the two.

"Ve are just glad you two are alright." Herr Kaiser ruffled his son's hair.

Blackhat nodded as he held his daughter at arm's length. He then noticed an old folder clutched in her arms tightly. Deciding to wait until they explained where they were, he didn't mention it.

"Come, let's head into the school." Herr Kaiser stated placing a hand on Manny's shoulder. Blackhat nodded as he lifted Bergitta onto his shoulder and the group started for the front gates again.

The court yard was a light with red and blue lights of the police cars and other emergency vehicles. A small crowd of parents stood outside the police barricades, demanding their children be returned. Pacing at the top of the steps was Flug. To the side stood two women, one was obviously Manny's mother: same red hair and green eyes. A woman with blonde hair cut military style had a comforting arm around her shoulders.

"There they are!" A by stander cried out spotting them as they approached Flug's head came up so fast Bergitta was sure he had whip lash. Leaping off the steps with the grace of a gazelle, he shoved
his way through the crowd of people, Manny's mothers not far behind.

"Bergitta!" Flug cried out in relief at the sight of his little girl on Blackhat's shoulder.

"Mannifried!" The women cried out in unison.

Sensing the girl wanted down, Blackhat knelt allowing her to slide off his shoulder. Both children ran to their other parents.

Flug knelt with his arms wide open and wrapped them tightly around Bergitta as soon as she reached him. He stood clutching her tightly as she wrapped her arms and legs around him.

"Babi!" She cried as her tears returned.

"Oh my sweet girl! I'm so glad you're okay." He squeezed her tightly before setting her on her feet and knelt in front of her. "Are you hurt any where?" He almost instantly spotted the dried blood on her temple. "How did this happen?" As he fusses his daughter, Manny was held between his mothers both kneeling on either side of him hugging and kissing him.

"Excuse me." Bergitta looked over her Babi's shoulder to see a couple of paramedics coming toward them. Flug stood and faced the approaching man, Bergitta held against his side tightly. "We would like to check the children over so if you would kindly let me take them-"

"You aren't taking them anywhere!" Flug hissed angrily as he nudged Bergitta behind him. Now standing, Manny's step mother stood in front of Manny and his mother.

"I agree." She nodded. "They need to be with their parents right now.

"They look as if they've been crawling through dirty tunnels and the girl has a head injury. If you don't let me take them then I'll-" The EMT froze as Flug got in his face his eyes flashing dangerously.

"Do what exactly? I'd love to hear what you plan to do to take our children. The two that have been missing for five hours, that we just got back." The man shivered at the dark threatening tone.

"Pardon my fiance, good sir." Blackhat retorted placing a hand on Flug's shoulder and gently pulled him away from the terrified mortal. "It has been a long night and I'm sure the children are exhausted. We will get the story out of them after a good nights sleep, also my fiance does have a medical license so he can check the two over." Even though his tone and smile were pleasant, the man could see deadly intent in his strange red eye if he was challenged.
Flug nodded a determined glare aimed at the EMT as he picked up Bergitta. Manny was now held in his father's arms both mothers glaring at the unfortunate man.

"I-I apologize, I was just doing my job." The man stuttered pitifully.

"And we appreciate that, but we can take it from here." Herr Kaiser smiled. The group of five adults and two children walked toward the school leaving the man behind.

After dealing with the police and finally letting the other students go home, the two families sat in Herr Kaiser's personal lounge. The children now dressed in warm pajamas with mugs of hot cocoa sat on the love seat. Their parents stood before them. Now that the relief of finding them had wore off, they were once again unhappy.

"Do you two have any thing to say for yourselves?" Flug asked his foot tapping expectantly.

"At least we're alive?" Bergitta offered earning a glare from Flug and a slight snicker from Blackhat.

"Is that all you have to say?" Flug demanded. He groaned in annoyance as he went to sit in the leather arm chair. The other adults followed his lead and chose a place to sit. "Start from the very beginning, when you two got this hair brained idea to disappear scaring everyone half to death. I want Every detail."

So they recounted their tale, starting from the ghost story they heard in class to finding the trap door as well as the chamber of toys and being chased by the wolf creature. To suddenly being separated and when Bergitta met the little ghost girl. Manny describing his brief battle with the wolf turned wyrm (his mother nearly had a heart attack at this part). They explained the story of the ghost girl and her wolf protector, showing the old articles and photo finally getting to the part when the two passed on.

"We promised to share their true story so Princess Margarethe would be remembered as she should be." Bergitta explained.

"It was the only way they could pass on peacefully." Manny added. "Even though they are now at rest, we want to keep our promise."

Herr Kaiser had a thoughtful look on his face.

"We know this would cause an international incident as well as a scandal, but Margarethe deserves to be remembered and so does Wolfgang." Bergitta insisted, Manny nodded in determined agreement. The two suddenly began to yawn as their exhaustion finally caught up with them.
"I understand, Bergitta. But this is very serious business, are you sure you want to bring this to light?" Flug asked as he looked over the articles and picture. The children nodded stubbornly their eyes drooping slightly.

"Causing an international incident is a serious offence." Blackhat retorted solemnly before grinning widely. "Estoy tan orgulloso de ti, Princessa!" Bergitta lit up a little at her faðir's words.

"Blackhat, you can not be serious!" Flug gaped at his fiance. "She can't have a record this early, it'll ruin her potential university options."

"Don't worry, mi corazón." Blackhat grinned toward the scientist. "Everything will be fine."

"Indeed, Herr Flug." Herr Kaiser agreed earning a glare from his ex wife and her wife. "I have friends at the press who can vord this story just right."

"Johannes, surely you aren't going along vith this!" Elenore cried aghast.

"Not to worry, Elenore. When I go to the post with this, neither of the children will be mentioned. My friend will make sure of it." Herr Kaiser waved dismissively. "It may be a little difficult to hold classes with the press and historians hanging around. Ve will manage some how. This story needs to be told."

"It appears our little explorers are trying to go to sleep on us." Hildegarde stated getting their attention.

Sure enough both of the children were half asleep and half awake. Their mugs tipping dangerously. Smiling fondly, Flug gently took the mugs from their loose grips. Deciding to get comfortable, Bergitta snuggled closer to Manny as she pulled her legs up onto the love seat and laid her head on his shoulder. Felling her shift closer, Manny laid his head on top of hers.

"I really don't want to move them." Elenore smiled at the cute scene.

"Neither do I, but we have to be getting home." Flug stated. He carefully lifted his daughter into his arms, laying her head on his shoulder. Elenore did the same with Manny. "Perhaps we should meet up again some time under less stressful conditions. I'll be sure to get you an invitation to our wedding."

"That would be wonderful." Elenore nodded as she adjusted Manny onto her hip.

With a nod toward Herr Kaiser, Blackhat lead his fiance and future daughter out of the office. Once out of eye sight of other mortals, Blackhat teleported them home where the sun was just coming up.
And so ends Berry and Manny's Halloween adventure.

* The next day*

SCANDAL OF THE ROYAL FAMILY FINALLY COME TO LIGHT!

As Bergitta and Manny read the newspaper, both smiling happily, they could swear they heard Margarethe's happy giggle on the wind.

Chapter End Notes

"Me alegra que estés a salvo, mi hija.": I'm glad you are safe my daughter
"Wir hatte nicht vor, Vater: We didn't mean to father
Umskylda, faðir: I'm sorry, father
Estoy tan orgulloso de ti , Princesa: I'm so proud of you princess!
mi corazón: My heart
Preparations and confessions

Chapter Summary

Preparing for the arrival of the storm AKA the in laws.

Chapter Notes

Hey there! Sorry this one took a bit to put out, got a little busy. SO! The Blackhat House hold is preparing for the arrival of said eldritch's family. How will this go? Will Blackhat's family approve of his choice of partner? And we finally get a little in sight about Blackhat's true feelings for our dear doctor. As always thanks for reading, comments and Kudo's are welcome! Also! If anyone feels wants to send me art and such: Snapperturtle94@gmail.com

It was finally the thirty first of October, Halloween. The streets of Hattington were already crowed with adults going to get last minute candy and decorations, kids scoping out which house gave out the best candy and decorations that were put up much too soon. The spiced scent of cider was also mixed with the rotten smell of moldy pumpkins.

"So, Old man Thomkpin's is giving out full candy bars, Ms. Marks is giving out chocolate covered pop corn balls, and Dr. Perkins is giving out chocolate health bars." A boy listed as he and his friends walked down the side walk. "That all we got so far?" They had already done some trick or treating and had a good stash to hold them over until the main event started later that afternoon.

"What about that place?" One of the boys asked stopping before an iron gate. The other's stopped as well to see where he was pointing at. On the other side of the gate was a house in the shape of a black top hat.

"Right you haven't lived here long, Brian. That place belong's to the notorious villain Blackhat. The local hero's put out a city wide warning not to go near that place, especially after Captain Commando went missing." One of the other boy's explained.

"Come on guys, surely this Blackhat guy isn't that scary." Brian laughed in disbelief.

"BOO!" The boy's screamed and backed away from the gate. Instead of a monster like they expected, it was just a girl wearing an orange sweater and jeans. She stood on the inside of the gate laughing at them.

"Y-you didn't scare us!" The boy with the list claimed. The other boy's nodded trying to compose
themselves. The girl just smiled, looking up and over their heads. As they turned to see what she was smiling at, they only got a glimpse of the infamous Blackhat's wicked shark like grin before his face transformed into a vision of horror and he released a screech almost identical to nails on a chalk board.

The boys let out a scream of pure terror, dropping their candy as they took off down the street. Their retreat was followed by evil laughter from the demon and the girl.

"Nicely done, faðir!" Bergitta smiled happily as Blackhat picked up the abandoned treat bags. "Now we have free candy to last us til trick or treating starts later."

"Indeed, Princessa, now do you remember your babi's rules?" Blackhat asked as he entered the gate.

"Be back an hour before sundown so I can be ready for our guests tonight, don't let Demencia terrorize the commoners to bad and don't eat any candy before getting home." Bergitta recited grasping her soon to be father's hand. They made their way up the walk way to the front door.

"Very good, and?" Blackhat asked opening the front door for them with just a thought.

"Don't go off with anyone and should some one try to or actually kidnaps me just call for you." She added as they entered the foyer.

"Reciting the rules again?" Flug asked as he approached, his bag and goggles were in place as he looked over a check list.

"Babi! We got free candy from some kids loitering outside the gates!" Bergitta stated proudly and excitedly. She rushed to hug him around the waist.

"Did you now?" He asked pushing the bag up revealing his face. He patted Bergitta on the top of her head as he glanced at a smug Blackhat. "And tell me, Blackhat, will these kids be traumatized?"

"They may have nightmares for a few weeks or so." He waved dismissively. "Besides they should know better than to hang around outside a villain's base." Flug just rolled his eyes as he shook his head.

"Bergitta, why don't you go get ready? I'm sure the trick or treating will start in an hour or two." Bergitta smiled brightly at the thought of more candy. With a final hug to Flug's waist, she hurried upstairs grabbing the bag of treats Blackhat held out for her as she passed him.

"So mi corazón, how are the preparations for tonight?" Blackhat asked moving closer to Flug.
"Well it took some threatening and chaining them to the kitchen to get the chef's started but the meal for tonight is being cooked as we speak. I got some of your best china down and set out on the dining room table that we never use. All dangerous weapons and projects are locked up in the lab for the rest of the day. Our attires, including Demencia's and 505's are set out." Flug finished checking the items off his list. "I'd say we are all set for tonight." He was taken aback slightly at the adoring look on the eldritch's face. "What?"

He was suddenly pulled forward by a tendril of darkness until he was trapped in his fiance's arms. A sudden kiss was placed on his lips before Blackhat pulled away grinning.

"Have I ever told you how wonderful you are?"

"Not really, used to you would simply yell at me or throw me around like a rag doll." Flug stated simply as he slipped away. As he went to turn, Blackhat appeared in front of him.

"Well, that has changed you know." Blackhat gently grasped his left hand, holding it up to show his ring. "When I gave you this ring, it meant that we were now equals just as you wanted. That means I will never harm you in such a way again." Flug was surprised at the sincerity on the eldritch's face. He still did not understand why Blackhat wanted to marry him, surely there was some other way for him to get his family fortune with out having to marry him. Not to mention he already owned his soul, why the need to own his body and heart as well.

"You know you never told me why you married me. I mean considering your power I'm sure there was some way for you to get around the druid's enchantment." Flug questioned. Blackhat smiled, actually smiled warmly instead of evilly. He gently pulled Flug forward against his chest, wrapping an arm around his waist he began to waltz them around to a tune only he heard.

"It was about your families influence and power at first. That night when we danced, I was enthralled by you. The way you seduced me with out any effort or intent to follow through. And after seeing you put you parents and you family in their place, easily slipping into the role of a king." Blackhat purred slightly as he leaned his face closer. "I knew then that you were the perfect one for me. Not only your ethereal appearance but that wickedly brilliant mind of yours. I have always sensed there was something different about you, the moment you crashed into my manor. Who would've thought you had such a regal secret? The way you acted, I though surely my sense was wrong as impossible as that is." Blackhat spun Flug out before pulling him back in, holding him tightly against his chest. "There is something special I will be doing on the day of our wedding, and not just adopting Bergitta as my own. I will see you later tonight, mi amour." He lifted Flug's left hand once more, placing a kiss on it. With one last smile he disappeared.

With out the eldritch to hold him up, Flug collapsed to his knees in surprise. He's never heard such words from Blackhat or anyone for that matter, directed at him. He placed a shaking hand over his heavily thumping heart. He could feel something over taking his heart as he thought of what Blackhat said to him. He didn't think let alone believe the eldritch was capable of such passion and his face was very sincere as he said them. Flug smile a little as he stood, his legs wobbly. He needed to go check on the cooks to make sure they didn't try to poison the food or off themselves.
In his office Blackhat sat at his desk pondering.

*Later that afternoon*

Bergitta came down the stairs freshly showered and dressed in a deep violet ball gown with a satin long sleeved top and tule skirt. Her hair hung down in ringlets around her shoulders with an amethyst wisteria hair barrette holding some of it.

She'd had fun trick or treating Demencia, short though it was. They had gotten a bunch of candy, probably enough to last them til the beginning of the year! She'd followed her Babi and faðír's rules and didn't let her get too out of hand. Though those teenagers would probably never be able to use their arms again after pushing her to the side so they could try (and fail miserably) to flirt with Demencia.

"Baw!" 505 hurried toward her to give her a happy hug. He was wearing a little suite jacket and bow tie, his flower looking as bright as ever.

"Easy, Fives, you don't want to wrinkle my dress do you?" She laughed hugging the bear back anyway. He set her down gently, his expression still just as happy. She happened to glance out the window to see the sun was just starting to set. "Looks like faðír's family will be here soon. I wonder what they're like? Have you ever seen them, 505?"

The bear shook his head no. Before she could say anything further, the door bell rang. Looking back out the window, she saw the sun had fully set just that fast. Glancing at 505, she went to open the door.

Standing on the other side were four people, three of which could only be described as her faðír's clones and a man with a wicked grin. The female Blackhat eyed the girl critically, she wore a black long sleeved Victorian era dress with eight silver buttons down the front. The sleeves were rolled up at the wrist showing the teal in side. The black part of the skirt split at the end of the buttons revealing an under skirt of the same color, same as the high collar. A black satin cloak hung over her shoulders. Her black hair was held in a tight bun showing off her deep violet eyes.

"Well child, aren't you going to invite us in?"
Snapping to attention, Bergitta nodded as she moved to the side letting their guests in. One of the men looked just like faðir, his out fit was the exact with white in the place of the black and bright baby blue shirt and band around his top hat. His skin as a little lighter, monocle placed on the opposite side.

The taller man's attire was of the same era as the woman's. Black double breasted over coat, teal
satin puff tie tucked under it, black slacks and a fur hat on his head. The last man wore a dinner jacket, a white button up and slacks. His neck tie hung loosely around his neck. The four guests stared at the mortal girl, she was a little unsure of what to do. Thankfully her faðir appeared next to her, dressed in his usual style. Though instead of his long jacket he wore a black swallow tail jacket.

"Mother, Father, Welcome to my home." Blackhat greeted. He glanced toward the other two. "Panocha, Cogepollos." He smirked as Whitehat spluttered at the insult blushing a little and Thazar glared at him hatefully.

"Blackhat, that is no way to speak to your brothers even in your own home." His mother chastized. "Apologize to them, right now."

"No disrespect, Mother, but I can insult anyone in my home I wish." Blackhat gritted his teeth barely holding his anger. Before the situation could escalate, Flug came into the foyer. His pale hair styled to the side, wearing a pale blue button up with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows a dark blue silk vest and tie.

"Good evening, you must be Blackhat's parents and siblings." He greeted placing his hand on Bergitta's shoulder. "I am King Selphlugis Stormkarlen, Blackhat's fiance and this is my daughter Princess Bergitta." The woman eyed Flug with more interest at the mention of his status.

"Blackhat, Darling, why didn't you tell us you had become engaged to a king." His mother asked, "That is correct, King Selphlugis, I am Chupalla Hattier. This is my husband, Ushanka Hattier and my other son, Whitehat and my step son Thazar." Just then Demencia walked in, dressed in a short satin sleeveless above the knee black dress. It stopped just above her knees in a pleated skirt and had a boat neckline style. "Ah, finally I was starting to think the help would never get here." Chupalla unclasped her cloak and tossed it at the unsuspecting lizard girl. "Take care of that would you dear? I expect it to not have a single wrinkle on it when I get it back."

"Mother, Demencia isn't-"

"I believe the dining room is this way correct dear?" She asked.

"Yes but-"

"Wonderful. Come Ushanka, boys we should go and take our seats. I'm sure the food will be ready by now." She looped arms with Flug pulling him along with her."So tell me, King Selphlugis, what kind of influences do you have?" She pulled him off toward the dining room.

"I'd be careful, hermano." THazar smirked as he passed a fuming BLackhat. "Looks like, mama is trying to steal your fiance."
"Silence, bastard." Blackhat growled in barely contained fury. Just as he went to follow his family, he felt something tug his sleeve. He looked to see Bergitta staring at him, eyes pleading for him to not do anything bad.

He knew tonight had to go just right other wise he'd never get the approval of his parents. Usually that wouldn't matter to him, after all he was the all powerful Blackhat! He did not need anyone's approval but in order to bond with Flug in the way he wanted, he needed the approval and permission of his family head. In this case, his parents.

He tried to calm his nerves before smiling as he took Bergitta's hand earning a small smile from the girl. Once Demencia put away the cloak, the rest of the party made their way to the dinning room.

Flug sat next to the head of the table with his future mother in law sitting next to him, still gushing about his titles. His father and brother's sat down the length of the table on his mother's other side. He tensed slightly as his mother's violet eyes turned toward him.

"Blackhat, why didn't you write and tell us you had been crowned right after your engagement?" His mother tisked, fake disappointment in her voice.

"My apologies mother." Blackhat retorted as he went to pull out Bergitta's chair on the other side of his. 505 pulled out Demencia's chair for her before sitting himself. "We had other obligations, such as my business and getting Bergitta set up in a proper school. It was lucky my fiance was adept at planing under pressure." Blackhat sat in his own chair gently placing a hand over Flug's. He noticed Flug was shaking a little with rage he was pretty sure.

"Yes, yes." His mother waved dismissively. "But that doesn't mean we should've heard about your engagement from your step-brother. Why, Whitehat writes to us about everything despite his busy hero schedule."

"Yea, because he's a mamma's boy." Thazar snickered. \\

"Says the man who still needs daddy to clean up any mess he makes." Blackhat smirked. "Tell me what kind of paper is the best for the bottom of your bird cage?"
"Yeah, well at least I didn't have to go to an insane asylum to find a husband." Thazar shot back. "I heard about what he did outside of Remy's club. That poor soul was just having fun."

"That poor soul," Blackhat growled. "Was slandering my fiance in public. In front of me, he's lucky I didn't get a hold of him."

"Yes because we all know how powerful the great Blackhat is." Thazar rolled his eyes. "You know even pansy boy here is doing better than you, so what does that say about you?"

"He's only doing good because of that crazy mad scientist of his." Blackhat snorted. "THat man
came from an insane asylum."

"My brother's please." Whitehat finally spoke softly. "We are here for a wonderful family dinner, can't we enjoy our meal in peace?"

"Whitehat is right, boys." Chupalla agreed. "You two can continue bickering like children after the meal. The same rule applies here as it does at home."

"Rule?" Flug asked curiously as Blackhat and Thazar glared at each other venomously.

"Yes, when my boys were children they always fought at least those two did. I knew they had to release their violent nature some way and we were running low on servants for them to use as target practice and torture victims." Chupalla explained. "So I came up with a rule for them, one of few: No violent fights until after a meal. I'm sure fighting on empty stomachs would have made them more aggressive and vicious but having full stomachs would give them energy."

"I see." Flug nodded.

"So Hermano, since you got the boy, does this mean the girls available?" THazar smirked eyeing both Demencia and Bergitta. "I've never had greenete before and I'm sure I could teach the little one a thing or two." Blackhat's eye glowed in pure fury, but before he could tear his step brother a new one, Flug got to it first

_That was it, he has gone way too far!_ Flug thought angrily.

"You do not touch either of them!" Flug snapped slamming his hands onto the table as he stood. "Especially my daughter!" His eyes darkened with rage as Demencia pulled a shaking Bergitta closer to her. "Brother in law or not, I WILL kill you if you even think that way again."

"Oo, your little pet has some fire." Thazar laughed as he stood. He suddenly appeared behind Flug, pulling him backwards against his chest. Gripping both his wrists, he sniffed along his neck. "Perhaps you can let me try him out fi." CRACK! Flug slammed his head backwards into Thazar's fore head allowing him to get away.

"Try that again and I am getting the salt and finding the biggest damn owl, you crow bastard." Flug snarled angrily as he backed away from Thazar a little. Said bird demon's blue eyes now glowed bright red in rage.

"You little bitch!" Thazar snarled back. "I'll show you what happen-" Just as he reached for Flug, Blackhat appeared between them, his eye a black void.

"Touch him again and I will kill you." His voice was dark and slightly distorted as he spoke, his
green shark like teeth bared. Thazar smirked as he said,

"I honestly don't know what you see in him? I mean is he a real king?" Blackhat's fist tightened in anger. "He looks like he'd be a better street whore-

With a distorted roar of rage, Blackhat grew twice as big as he foot ball tackled Thazar threw the wall. Flug groaned in annoyance as he sat back down, Bergitta ran around the table into his arms. Demencia and 505 close behind.

"It's okay, Bergitta, faðir will take care of that mean man." Flug soothed her

"My deepest apologies, King Selphlugis, you will have to forgive my step son. He's a half-breed and adopted." Chupalla offered from behind him.

Before Flug could respond, heard the sound of a familiar metal door being slammed against.

"I'm sorry, I have to go take care of something." Flug stated as he stood and sat Bergitta in his chair. "As soon as the food comes out, you can start eating." With a forced smile he hurried out the large hole in the wall.

"BLACKHAT, I SWEAR IF YOU DESTROY MY LAB I AM CUTTING OFF YOUR DICK AND MAKING YOU EAT IT!"

The remaining party members sat in silence for a minute or two.

"So tell me, my future granddaughter, what kind of school do you attend?" Chupalla smiled at the girl earning a smile back.

What a way to start a family dinner.

Chapter End Notes

panocha: pussy
Cogepollos: Chicken fucker
Rules for fighting in the lab: DON'T

Chapter Summary

Its demon vs demon! Who will-wait we have another challenger! Its a pissed of mortal...oh dear.

Chapter Notes

Hey hey, finally got the chance to update! So here we see what happens when you let two demons fight in a scientists lab. It don't end well XD. So Big shout out to Jack-o-lantern for the art of Bergitta and Manny! Thanks again! As always thanks for reading and keep the comments and Kudos coming!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He rushed through the mostly destroyed house trying to at least save some of his lab. The walks had deep scratch and scorch marks and most of the really expensive items were destroyed. Flug was pretty sure Blackhat was not going to be happy about that.

"Please don't be in my lab, please don't be in my lab." Flug begged as he rounded the corner.

They were in the lab.

The reinforced titanium extra thick door laid on the floor inside the lab. As he entered the lab he saw the brother's having a stare down at the moment. Both of their clothes were torn and they bled black blood from their various cuts. Blackhat had returned to his normal size but his eye now glowed bright red, as did his monocle which was cracked.

"Tentacle face fuck!" Thazar snapped as he picked up a glass beaker, humming it at Blackhat who dodged it easily.

"Overgrown feather duster!" Blackhat snapped back as he picked up Flug's stool and tossed it at his step brother.

"Nightmare fuel!" Thazar dodged the stool easily.

"Please that's a compliment!" Blackhat snorted as he grabbed a piece of rubble from the floor and chunked it at Thazar.
"Oh yeah? Well your father fucked a bird demon!" Thazar yelled as he side stepped the rubble. Flug flinched as the piece of rock went through the wall.

"He's your father too!" Blackhat exclaimed.

"Guys-

"You are a poor excuse of a demon." Thazar snarled as he grabbed a random robot arm and threw it at his brother. "And you have horrible fashion sense!"

GASP! "How dare you!? I'll have you know, humans invented the term BECAUSE of my sense of fashion!" Blackhat growled offended.

"Guys please-

"Oh, is that why humans suck at fashion?" Thazar grinned. Blackhat growled as he picked up the desk and javelin threw it at Thazar, only to miss by mere inches.

"Well at least I HAVE a fashion sense unlike the man who dresses like he just had a horrible hangover." Blackhat growled.

"BLACKHAT!" Flug grabbed the eldritch's elbow only to be roared at by his fiance. Not really being in a mood for Blackhat's attitude, he literally almost slapped the demon out of the demon. Blackhat was stunned for a few seconds before he shook his head and looked at his fiance.

"Flug? What are you doing in here?" Blackhat questioned as he dodged a power tool. "And did you just slap me?"

"Yes I did. You two need to take this bickering outside now!" Flug demanded. "Before you destroy my lab like you did most of the lower floor."

"I'm a little busy at the moment, Flug." Blackhat growled as he picked up the work table and threw it at Thazar almost taking his head off.

"No you two need to-wait NO! Don't throw that one!" Flug cried as Thazar picked up a particular machine. Before Flug could stop him, Thazar threw the machine at Blackhat who simply dodged.

"HA! You throw like a gremlin!" Blackhat mocked as he finally physically attacked his brother, having run out of things to throw. Flug numbly walked over to the broken machine. He glanced down at the broken machine, a project he'd been working on since he'd started living here. It was a special ray that when given a piece of a person's DNA, allowed another person to turn into them no
matter the gender. The ray's effects would never wear off until the user was ready. This would've made millions! It had taken several years of pain staking work and research to get it perfect. He was so close to finishing.
And those two demons destroyed it.

*

Blackhat used his tentacles as whips as he tried to get another hit on Thazar who had now sprouted wings in place of his arms.

"Come down here and fight me like a real demon!" Blackhat growled as Thazar kept dodging his tentacles.

"WHy should I? After all you spent my entire life telling me I'm not a real demon!" Thazar grinned as he dodged again. His grin dropped as a second tentacle came out of the wall in front of him. He squawked as he was grabbed out of the air and thrown to the floor.

"And you aren't, half-breed." Blackhat grinned maliciously as he stood over his fallen brother. He dodged as Thazar swiped his now razor sharp feathers at him. Thazar stood on shaky legs glaring at Blackhat hatefully.

Before they could continue, there was a gun shot. They turned to see Flug standing in front of a large safe, a hand gun in his hand. His face and eyes held no emotion.

"Blackhat." Said demon shivered at the icy tone in which his fiance said his name. "I asked you to take this fighting outside. You didn't listen and now my lab is a total wreck, including a project I've been working on for years. Now you will both pay the consequences."

"Please," Thazar snorted. "What are you gonna do, mortal? Shoot us? Regular mortal bullets don't-" BANG! "GAH!" Thazar dropped to his knees holding his shoulder that had been grazed by the bullet. "What the hell! That actually hurt!"

Flug opened the safe revealing about three more hand guns, rifle and two pump action double barrel shot guns. There were about twenty cases of what looked like hand made bullets. He placed the hand gun in the safe as he the pump action shot gun and a couple of shells he started loading.

"Wait, are those bullets-" Blackhat began as he caught a particular scent.

"Laced with anointing oil from the local catholic church as well as cloves and some holy water?" Flug smiled as he finished the statement. "Yes they are." Both demons paled.
"Now, Flug, mi Corazón, amado, lets talk about this." Blackhat started backing up as Flug pumped the gun twice before cocking it.

"Now you want to talk?" Flug questioned his smile still in place though it seemed like a shadow had fallen across his eyes making him much scarier. "I don't think so." He threw up the gun positioning it against his shoulder aiming it at the two. "Now don't worry, you won't die but when these things hit you it will really, really hurt." Thazar stood holding his bleeding arm, his expression terrified.

"Start running, Assholes."

Chapter End Notes

Corazon: My heart,
Amado: Beloved
Tea times and Bonding talks

Chapter Summary

Mean while, the rest of the family is having a peaceful tea time.

Chapter Notes

Hello there! So chapter is on time tonight! Finally, here we see the rest of our diner guests having a nice tea time. We also get to see what Blackhat was planning to do at the wedding. Mother's just seem to poke holes in everything don't they? As always thanks for reading and comments and kudos are welcome! Also two or three chapters from the actual wedding and the wedding night ;) So I'm gonna go ahead and ask should Flug wear a dress or a suit or a combo? I'd like to see what you guys think.

"So, Bergitta darling, you and that little friend of yours managed to shame the old royal family and current leader of Germany by revealing a scandal that has been hidden for over a century. Revealing the truth of the little princess who died tragically alone because her parents didn't want to deal with her. Throwing the political parties and their members into turmoil trying to figure out the source of this information. Hoping to salvage the situation and their credibility but because the two of you were unnamed they have no leads." Chupalla reiterated. "All this accomplished in the few months you've been attending the school." She eyed the thirteen year old girl who sat smiling, giving the impression of an innocent little doll.

Upon closer inspection of her eyes, there was a small bud of mischief and cunning. Waiting to bloom into a rose of manipulation and maliciousness. And with a little nurturing in darkness it would bloom beautifully.

Chupalla continued, "That was positively, villainous." The she demon smiled, proud of her soon to be granddaughter. "Wonderfully orchestrated, my dear!"

"Thank you, to be honest we just wanted to honor Margarethe and Wolfgang's last wishes." Bergitta stated "Those people deserved what they got and are getting right now."

"Indeed my dear, I see that with more time with your fathers you will become a wonderful little villainess." Chupalla smiled.

The two women along with Ushanka and Whitehat had moved to the drawing room that wasn't destroyed. Demencia and 505 had go to check on the chefs and see about dinner.
Said two returned with a rolling cart that had a two porcelain tea sets, one red and one blue and several sandwiches, along with a few tea biscuits.

"So apparently our chefs hearing the commotion in the dining room tried to cut their chains. When that didn't work they either slit their own throats or stabbed themselves." Demencia explained setting the tray of food and a tea set, on the coffee table that sat between the rooms occupants. "Only one is alive, he said he would not be a coward and turn his back on his chef vows or something like that. So he at least made sure the chicken was done and carved it making sandwiches while 505 here made some tea." Demencia was able to pour the tea with surprising delicacy and passed a red saucer and cup to Chupalla.

"Lovely, I prefer a good tea time to a full course meal any way." Chupalla smiled as she accepted Demencia's offering. She picked up the cup daintily, raising her pinky and inhaled the bitterly sweet aroma. "Is this Earl grey and Blood tea?"

"Yes, ma'am." Demencia nodded. "The boss likes this kind of tea so we always have some freshly stocked. Would you two like some?" She addressed the two demons, both nodding yes. "This other pot is for us mortals, right kiddo?" After she poured the tea for the two demons in two other red cups she poured some regular tea from the blue pot into the blue cups for herself and Bergitta who nodded happily as she sat next to her.

The sudden sound of gun fire surprised the guests slightly. Demencia and even Bergitta were used to it so they were not surprised, 505 however was terrified of the loud noise and ducked shaking behind the sofa.

"Was that gun fire?" Whitehat asked worriedly. Demencia smiled as she reached for a biscuit,

"That's just Flug-bug with his shot gun trying shoot the intruders who probably destroyed his lab." She explained nonchalantly. Like she hadn't just said Flug was trying to shoot his fiance before they were even married.

"Why on earth would he try to shoot his fiance over something like that?" Chupalla asked surprised at the explanation.

"Well, you see while the rest of the manor is Blackhat's domain the lab belongs to Flug. I may hassle him from time to time but I'm not stupid enough to out right destroy it. That's just plain suicide." Demencia shivered a little. "I guess Blackhat forgot that bit when he started fighting."

"Indeed he did." Flug stated from the doorway as he leaned the still smoking shot gun against the door frame. "I was able to remind him quite easily."

"Babi, you didn't kill faðir did you?" Bergitta asked worriedly. Suddenly Blackhat appeared behind Flug, most of his injuries were completely gone except for the large bullet hole in his right
shoulder.

"It may take an extra few hours but I am fine, Princessa." Blackhat stated as he went to sit in an arm chair at the head of the coffe table, taking a red cup of blood tea as he sat down.

"Well maybe next time I'm trying to tell you something, listen to me instead of roaring at me." Flug snorted as he went to sit with Bergitta and Demencia on the love seat. "What happened with dinner?"

"The chefs chickened out when they heard the two demons going at it and when they couldn't get away killed themselves. All except for one who decided to keep his life and make some food for us." Demencia explained as Flug took a blue cup of regular tea.

"I do hope you plan to clean up the corpses." Chuppalla stated. "Getting the smell of death out of a kitchen is a nightmare."

"We have Hatbots on it now." Demencia replied. "So where's your other future brother in law?" She addressed Flug. There was a familiar groan of pain from outside the room.

"He's bad at dodging." Flug stated without remorse or care as he grabbed a sandwich taking a bite out of it.

"I am curious about your weapon of choice against my son and step son, King Selphlugis." Chupalla retorted as she reached for a biscuit.

"Flug please, you are to be my mother in law in a few weeks." Flug said. "Well considering my boss now husband to be is an eldritch horror demon I figured it'd be best to have proper protection. Encase any demonic entities attacked us. I knew both of them were powerful demons and I was using the light stuff so I knew it wouldn't kill them."

"I see." Chuppalla nodded in understanding taking a bite of the biscuit. "Very resourceful." She looked at Blackhat her eyes becoming a darker shade. "Now then my son, I believe you wish to preform that bonding?" Blackhat now fully healed straightened in his chair matching gazes with his mother.

"Yes, mother, I do." Blackhat nodded. Flug was confused, what bonding were they talking about? Was this the thing Blackhat wanted to do at their wedding, some type of demonic bonding?

"While I approve of your choice of mate, I have my concerns." Chupalla sipped from her cup before continuing. "Does he know what kind of bonding you wish to perform with him? Does he even know the risks and consequences?"
"I had planed to surprise him on our wedding day, mother." Blackhat replied. Chupalla set her cup and saucer down, the atmosphere suddenly becoming tense.

"I see. I am sorry, Blackhat, as romantic as it would've been, this is not the sort of thing you spring on someone." She remarked her eyes still locked on Blackhat.

"You and father started your bond that way." Blackhat retorted.

"Yes, we did but I am not mortal. I could withstand it." Chupalla turned her dark violet gaze toward Flug. "He is mortal, there is a very high chance of serious consequences. Especially if he is unfaithful, your father only survived his because he was powerful and I kept getting in Michelis' way. A serious blow from that crow demon in a vital weakness and your father would've died." Now Flug was confused and a little worried.

"What kind of bond are you planing to do?" Flug questioned. Chupalla turned her gaze back to her eldest arching an eyebrow in question.

"Would you like to tell him or should I?" She asked. Blackhat remained silent. He had wanted this to be special something just for the two of them. He couldn't believe he'd been blinded by his lust and affection Flug he forgot that he was mortal. "Very well, Flug if you would follow me."

"Wait! I will tell him." Blackhat stated halting his mother mid rise. "But I want to tell him when it's just us. Please mother."

Chupalla sat back down, knowing he was telling the truth since he never used manners unless he really wanted something.

"As you wish, my son. I will leave a gift for you both." She snapped her fingers and a black cat with three sapphire eyes, two normal and a third sat vertical on it's forehead along with two long fluffy tails. "This is Morpheus, for now he is my messenger. If you tell your fiance about the bonding before the sun rises, I will not return to the mortal plane until the wedding. If he appears in my room after the sun rises I will come back and explain the bonding myself. And wouldn't you rather he hear it from you?"

Blackhat's hands balled into fists as he nodded. He should've known his mother would give him no choice in spoiling his surprise for Flug. He knew it made sense, that didn't mean he wasn't disappointed.

"Very good. Well as fun as it has been, we had best head home." As Chupalla stood so did the others. Ushanka grabbed a still injured Thazar by the leg and dragged him to the door. "If you need any help with the wedding please don't hesitate to contact me, Blackhat knows how." The occupants of the house followed their guests to the door. Careful to avoid any rubble. Demencia rushed to grab Chupalla's cloak.
"Of course, it was nice to finally meet you despite how brief the meeting was." Flug smiled. He was pulled into a brief hug by his soon to be mother in law. "Nonsense, we had a wonderful time." Chuppalla stated as she hugged Bergitta as well. "Keep your studies up, my dear and you will be a force to recon with when you are older." Just then Demencia returned with her cloak. Inspecting it, she smiled. "Not a wrinkle thank you very much, dear. I do apologize for my earlier behavior."

"Don't worry about it." Demencia smiled.

"Blackhat, remember what I told you." Her voice suddenly serious as she eyed her son. He nodded showing he understood earning a smile from her. "Well have a happy All Hallows Eve, we will see you at the wedding."

Ushanka opened the door allowing his wife and middle son to leave first before he followed. Since he was still being dragged, Thazar hit his head on every step going down before they vanished into a circle of purple flames.

Inside, the remaining occupants stood in the destroyed foyer. None of them looked forward to the clean up the next morning.

"Come on, Bergitta, lets go get you ready for bed." Flug said taking his daughter's hand. He glanced toward Blackhat. "We'll talk in your office later." With that he walked up the stairs with his daughter and 505.

Yawning Demencia mumbled something about turning in as well before she made her way to her own room.

Soon it was only Blackhat and the cat. Not wanting his mother to come back too soon he transported both of them to his office to wait for Flug. As he waited he prayed to the dark one that Flug would still want to bond with him.
The Blood Bond

Chapter Summary

The truth of the bond.

Chapter Notes

Hey hey! New chapter done early today! We get to find out about the special bond Blackhat wanted to surprise Flug with on their wedding day. Its a good thing it's not a surprise now. Only a couple of chapters until the wedding! So should I keep going after the wedding or stop there? I want to keep going but I don't want it to seem like I'm droning on and on. I guess we'll just have to see when we get to that point. As always thanks for reading, comments, kudos and art work are welcome!

Flug carefully closed the door to Bergitta's room, leaving the girl and 505 to sleep. He sighed as he started toward Blackhat's office. He walked a little slow to give himself time to think.

These past five months had been hetic and actually a little pleasant, since Blackhat stopped threatening his life and sanity every five minutes. He had been so busy trying to get his daughter settled and catch up on and keep ahead of orders for his inventions he honestly hadn't had time to think of his own feelings about this whole thing. He knows he agreed to this but only because at that point Blackhat threatened his family. Since then, things have changed between the two of them.

He had to admit, the side of Blackhat he has been seeing these past few months was a nice change from the snarling angry beast he had started working for. Sure he was still an entity of evil and he made sure to remind heros of that fact. To Flug however, he has been nothing but a gentleman; every once in a while Flug would find roses in his lab or a fresh cup of black coffee on his desk in the mornings. Not to mention he was amazing with Bergitta referring to her as his own since she began living with them. He even spent time with her, helping her hone her piano and violin skills when they weren't busy.

Flug remembered earlier that day in the foyer what Blackhat had said to him, "I knew you were perfect for me." He knew eldritch creatures could not feel love but perhaps they did feel affection and fondness. Before he knew it, he stood before Blackhat's office door. He knocked gently and was surprised to see the door open instead of being teleported inside.

Blackhat stood before him in just his slacks and red shirt, his hat still in place. His expression was a little worried and tense as he wordlessly stepped to the side allowing Flug to enter.
"You did not change into something more comfortable?" Blackhat asked as he closed the door.

"I figured you wanted to get this over with so I came straight here after putting Bergitta and 505 to bed." Flug replied. With a snap of his fingers, Blackhat exchanged Flug's formal wear for a sweater and pajama pants and socks. "Thank you." The two of them walked over to the sitting area in front of the fireplace. With a second snap a cup of hot cider appeared in Flug's hand as he sat down.

For a few minutes the two sat in silence, the crackling of the fireplace the only sound. From the desk Morpheus sat, his three eyes locked on to the two of them. Finally Blackhat spoke.

"The bond that I wanted to perform is called the Blood bond. It is a very serious commitment among my kind and can have very serious consequences if the vows are not kept." Blackhat began. "The way it is performed is the two participants must ingest each other's blood. This forms a very special connection between the two, allowing them to become completely open to each other. No secrets, no lies and if either of them are unfaithful, the unfaithful one experiences pain unlike any other. And should one or the other actually die, the remaining partner will be driven insane from the pain of a broken bond. The person will be inches from death before the pain subsides. That is what my mother meant when she mentioned the fight between my father and Michelis, he had been weakened by the bond's punishment of his unfaithfulness to my mother. Had the crow demon hit him in just the right spot, he would've died. And not to mention, should one or the other actually die, the remaining partner will be driven insane from the pain of a broken bond."

Flug listened to the explanation his emotionless mask giving nothing away. On the inside his mind was in turmoil. Blackhat wanted to form a bond as serious as this, with him. If what Blackhat said was true he'd never be able to keep anything from him. He sipped from his cup before asking his question.

"Theoretically, what if the two decided to split up?" Flug questioned getting an humorless chuckle from the demon.

"That's the real bitch. With this bond there's no such thing as a break or divorce. Should the couple decide to split they might as well make funeral arrangements."

"The bond kills them?" Flug gasped now showing emotions. That was insane!

"But you see, Flug, that is why when this bond is proposed, it means the person is very, very serious about their relationship." Blackhat smiled as he stood. He banished the cup from Flugs grasp as he gently pulled him up. "I know it may seem to soon but I truly feel great affection for you, mi amado. I may not feel true love but I do feel something very strong for you." Blackhat caressed Flugs cheek with his hand. Flug closed his eyes as he leaned into the soft touch, completely enamored by Blackhat's words of affection.

"I feel something for you as well." Flug stated opening his eyes. "But what will this bond do to me? I'm mortal, Blackhat, what will happen if I ingest demon blood?" Blackhat smiled as he replied.
"I will not lie to you, Selphlugis. If you agree to this, if we bond in this way you will be bound to me for the rest of eternity. By ingesting my blood in a matrimonial ritual it will make you immortal. But." Blackhat cupped Flug's face in his hands as he locked gazes with the man, his eye serious. "It will be excruciating, you must be willing to endure the few seconds of pain in exchange for an eternity of affection and maybe one day even love. I am sorry I planned to just spring this on you, if you do not wish to perform this bond I understand. The choice is yours."

As Blackhat pulled away, Flug made his decision. Grasping the demon by the front of his shirt, he pulled him into a deep kiss. Blackhat was surprised by the sudden forwardness, before he returned the kiss wrapping his arms around the mortal as he wrapped his arms around his shoulders.

They pulled apart by only a few inches after a minute or two of kissing. Their gazes warm and full of affection remained locked on each other as they held each other close.

They would bond. Though Flug's heart, body and very soul would now completely belong to the demon for eternity, so would Blackhat's very existence belong to his king.

From her vanity mirror, Chupalla could see the exchange between the lovers through the cat's eyes. She smiled both proud of her eldest and happy that he found someone who would love a dark creature such as him.

Now to begin planning for more grand children.
When I first started this project, gosh a month ago? I never expected it to become so popular! This was my very first time ever even posting something I've written. I've always wanted to be a writer but was never brave enough or had enough self confidence to show my work to others. I've read works by some pretty great authors, for instance Delmire, Green destiny, Kadzuki_Fuchoin, and so many others that have inspired me to write a fanfiction. And of course my wonderful muse and inspiration, Amarynthia. I want to thank each and every one of my readers.

With out you guys I wouldn't have gotten this far. So thank you so much! I want to shout out to some special readers who's opinion and encouragement I whole heartedly appreciate. Aurlim, Jessie3211, Hootootie, Little_Red_hot_Riding_Hood, and Hey! Also very special shout out to Jack-o-lantern, this wonderful reader has provided me with some wonderful art. We'll see where this thing goes and I may do some one shots or spin offs for it.

Thank you all so so much! The next chapter will be up a little later, so be looking forward to it.

When you go to this link click on the first part of the conversation and you'll see the art that Jack-o-lantern sent me.

Fanart
Shopping and Debuts

Chapter Summary

Shopping for wedding clothes..what could go wrong?

Chapter Notes

Hello hello! We have an actual chapter today. It's almost time for the wedding. Time for shopping, nothing to complicated about that right? Right? And in this chapter a new villain is introduced! As always thanks for reading. Comments, kudos and art are welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Flug opened his eyes the first thing he saw was white. Groaning he sat up on the stiff cot he'd been laying on, rubbing his head. He looked around to see where he was and all he saw were white walls one of which had a black window. Sitting front of him was a table with a chair on either side of it. His eyes narrowed. He was in some kind of interrogation room and who ever brought him here was probably watching him threw the one way window.

He tried to remember how exactly he'd gotten here. He thought back to a week ago, when his mother called.

*One week earlier, after the diner party*

"Wait a minute, móðir, you're saying you want to take me, Demencia and Bergitta shopping for our wedding clothes." Flug reiterated to his mother on the phone. He could practically hear her smiling.

"Of course dear. The girls need to look their best and we need to make sure you are the center of attention like any bride should be on their wedding day." Apolonia gushed.

"Mother, I'm a man! I should be refer to as a groom not a bride." Flug stated.

"Well, you will be the submissive in the relationship won't you? So you will be the one walking down the aisle. Also no offense dear, but you look to pretty to dominate anyone. And if I was honest, I would gladly be a submissive for him."

"MOTHER!" Flug exclaimed a little disturbed at what his mother had just said about his fiance.
"I'm just being honest." She replied. "You do have a point however. I know of this lovely little boutique in Olso that sells clothing for same sex marriages. I have a few things to take care of here then a week from now, I expect you to come pick me up and we will fly to Norway."

"Wait, mother-"

"I will see you three in a week. Farvæl, min sonur." Then there was only dial tone. Flug looked at the phone in shock.

So a week later, he had made another transporter. This one taking the person to whatever location they thought of. It had been worth it to see Erlingur's face when he and the girls appeared in the foyer. Once his mother was ready to leave they used the transporter to appear in an alley way in the heart of Oslo, Norway.

A few hours later, Flug was ready to strangle the bubbly male attendant along with his mother. They kept throwing all kinds of suits and even a few dresses made for men at him. Every time he found a suit that he half way liked, he was shoved into the dressing room with another outfit to try.

Finally he'd had enough of being his mother's dress up doll. He'd changed into his normal clothes and stormed out, Demencia and Bergitta following close behind. Apparently as they walked down the sidewalk, someone had recognized Demencia and called the nearest hero base.

Everything else had been a blur, with the hero trying to fight Demencia as his side kicks tried to get Flug and Bergitta away from the 'villainous henchman of one of the worst criminals alive.' Some how the side kicks interpreted Flug's resistance as being brain washed. There was a sudden crackle of electricity and a shock coursing through his body. The next thing Flug knew he was waking up in this place.

The sound of a door sliding open pulled Flug from his memories. In walked a middle aged man, a doctor judging from his attire, holding a clip board.

"Glad to see you're awake." The doctor stated as he sat in the chair closest to him. "I know Bolt's shocks can be a little painful way to go to sleep."

"Where am I?" Flug asked not in the mood to make small talk. "And what happened to the little girl that was with me."

"We are in the Lady Justice rehabilitation center, in Oregon. This is a center for the mentally ill and those who have been prisoners of villains." The doctor replied. "The other victim is here as well, she has been placed in the children's ward." Flug's blood started to boil.

"You mean you put her in some ward with unstable children." Flug gritted his teeth angrily. "Do
"Well," The doctor began unfazed by Flug's tone. "According to you blood DNA, you are Selphlugis Stormkarlen a doctor from Vagar in the Faroese Islands. You have quite a few impressive PhD's and degrees." As he went to add to his identity, he got a wicked idea. His attitude completely flipped.

"I am so sorry, doctor." Flug sat feigning tiredness. "You see the girl is my daughter. We have been prisoners of that crazed lizard girl's boss for months. He forced me to work along his mad scientist Dr. Flug. Since we have been behaved, that monster decided to allow us to have some time out in public. So long as that lizard girl went with us."

"I quite understand, Mr. Stormkarlen." The doctor sympathized. "Don't you worry, we'll have you two well and out of here in no time."

"I would truly appreciate it. Also do you think I could see my daughter, please." Flug asked begging slightly. "I'm sure she's absolutely terrified." The doctor smiled as he nodded.

"Of course, Mr. Stormkarlen. I will send for her immediately." As soon as the doctor left Flug's mask fell, he knew it wouldn't take very long for Blackhat to track them down. He grinned maliciously at the thought of what his fiance would do to these fools when he got there.

His grin completely vanished as the door opened. The doctor returned holding Bergitta's hand. Her face was blank, her eyes held no emotion unless you knew what to look for. And Flug could see the spark of his intelligent little girl in there.

"Ven aca mi hija." Flug said gently. Bergitta obeyed, releasing the doctor's hand and walked toward Flug. "Estás herido?" She shook her head staying in character perfectly. He'd have to thank Blackhat later for her Spanish lessons.

"Mr. Stormkarlen, can she not speak English? That would explain why she didn't respond to any of our questions." The doctor stated.

"I'm afraid that as a form of torture, that monster would force her to learn Spanish and would hurt her any time she spoke in English. I had to learn as well just to be able to talk with my daughter." Flug spun his tale easily fooling the doctor. "I take it you do not have any translators here?"

"Sadly no, our only translator has gone on vacation." The doctor explained. "I'm sure you two are perfectly safe with each other, so I'll let you have some time alone. There is a buzzer here next to the door if you need anything." Then the doctor left, leaving the two of them alone.

"Deberiamos quedarnos en papa español?" Bergitta asked her eyes regaining their brightness.

"¿Crees que Demencia está bien?" Bergitta asked worriedly. Flug smiled as the two of them sat on the cot.

"Estoy seguro de que está bien." Flug reassured her. Suddenly the room was bathed in red light as a shrill alarm went off, surprising Bergitta enough to make her jump into Flug's lap. He smiled widely knowing exactly who tripped the alarms. "Él está aquí."

He barely had time to drop his grin when the door opened to reveal a rather panicked doctor.

"Doctor, what's happening?" Flug asked in panic.

"It's Blackhat, he's here." The doctor stated. "Come, we have to get the two of you out of here. The heros should be on their way to stop him." Flug stood holding Berigitta in his arms. "If you'd like I can-"

"NO!" Flug pulled away from the doctor as he tried to take Bergitta from him. "I can carry her just fine." The doctor looked like he wanted to protest but let it go.

"Alright, we need to go this way." The doctor lead them down the hall way among several other panicked patients and doctors. They were lead to the stair way which he guessed lead to the ground floor.

As they entered the first floor, they were greeted by the sound of gun fire and screaming. Flug could make out the sound of Blackhat roaring and he was pissed. As they approached the lobby an armed guard stopped them.

"We can't get you out the front door. That thing has completely blocked it off with some kind of black slime." The guard said.

"Johnson! Johnson have you called in more backup!" A fearful voice crackled over his walkie.

"Negative sir, I just made contact with the civilians. I'm trying to direct them to a safe exit point." The guard, Johnson spoke into the walkie.

"SCREW THE CIVILIANS! We need back up, let the find their own way out!" The other voice said "Matter of fact screw back up, I'm pu-OH MY GOD! FALL BACK, FALL BA-" There was a distorted scream and the line went to static at the same time the gun fire stopped.

"Sir, Sir do you copy?" Johnson called into the walkie. "Matthews? Jones? Gorman, do you copy?"
"Mr. Johnson, please help us get out." Flug's doctor begged. At first the guard looked to be weighing his options before he nodded.

"There's a fire exit door just past the lobby at the end of the hall." Johnson checked his automatic rifle before lifting it. "Stay close together."

With the guard up front they started to move again. The lobby was dark with a few flickering lights. The floor was covered in blood but they only saw guns laying vacant on the ground.

"What happened to the guards?" A female doctor asked worriedly.

"He ate them." Flug stated with no emotion. He could feel the gaze of the eldritch horror lock onto him as he spoke. There was a hissing sound from the darkness and Flug stopped. The sound was calling to him. With a small smile he walked toward the front doors.

"Mr. Stormkarlen! What are you doing the exit is this way." His doctor called to him. Before the doctor could reach him a black mass appeared in front of the father and daughter. As Blackhat appeared Flug set Bergitta on her feet. She smiled brightly as she ran to him.

"Faðir, you came to get us!" She giggled in English as she hugged his waist.

"Of course I did, Princessa." Blackhat smiled as he hugged his daughter back. He turned his gaze to Flug his smile becoming amorous. "My love, I am glad neither of you are hurt."

"We are fine, just a little shook up from being kidnapped and waking up in a strange place." Flug stated. "Is Demencia alright?"

"She is fine, she tortured that lighting hero and his side kicks to get your location out of them." Blackhat replied. "You have been missing only twelve hours."

"I see, and I hope you brought my necessities." With an evil grin Blackhat snapped his fingers and Flug's bag appeared, with his lab coat, goggles and gloves in it. As he pulled out the coat the doctor, who he honestly forgot about finally spoke.

"M-mr. Stormkarlen?" the doctor stuttered.

"Oh my appologies, doctor. I forgot you were here." Flug smiled as he turned pulling on his coat followed by his gloves. "I am afraid I have a confession to make, I wasn't completely truthful about who I am." He approached the doctor who was frozen in place by fear. "You see the first part of what you found out about me was true. My real name is Seplugis Stormkarlen, I do have multiple PhD's and Bergitta is my daughter." Flug reached into his pocket, his smile became an evil grin as
"he pulled out one of his favorite ray guns. It was basically a handheld death ray. "You got my title wrong however."

"T-t-title?" The doctor shook.

"Indeed, I am King Sephlugis Stormkarlen also known as Dr. Flug of Blackhat Organization." Flug pointed the ray at the doctor who turned ghost white. "You should be careful who you try to lock up." With that Flug pulled the trigger. A quarter sized hole was now in the middle of the doctor's forehead as the man fell backwards, dead.

"Very well done, mi corazón." Blackhat clapped from behind him. Flug turned to face the man and his daughter who smiled happily.

"Does this mean we can go home now, Babi?" She asked.

"Of course sweet heart, there's just one thing we have to do first." Flug replied as he put on his bag and goggles. "We always leave a scene with flare, isn't that right, sir?"

Blackhat's grin became impossibly wider at the thought of more destruction.

"Of course, my dear doctor. We shall go out and greet the heroes before setting this place ablaze. But first." Blackhat snapped his fingers and Bergitta's clothes transformed into a gothic lolita dress with a red shash around her waist and tied into a bow in the back as a little top hat appeared on her now black curls. Blackhat knelt before the girl, a Dia de los Muertos mask in hand. It's base was black with red flower designs and two red roses on either side. "I'd say it is time to introduce the daughter of Blackhat and Dr. Flug to the world." Flug stood behind their daughter placing his hands on her shoulders. "What do you say, Muerte Rosa?"

The girl smiled brightly as she hugged Blackhat's neck happily.

"Sí papi."

*Outside the building*

Several police and emergency vehicles sat outside with a couple of heroes waiting to see if any more hostages were coming out. There were a couple of news vans outside as well and a news anchor was broadcasting.

"I'm standing out side the Lady of Justice Rehab center where moments ago, the notorious villain and weapons dealer Blackhat attacked. The details for the reason behind this attack are still unknown and- Wait, some one's coming out!" The camera zoomed in on the front door. "Blackhat is exiting the building with, isn't that his weapons designer Dr. Flug? When did he- there's a little
girl with them!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, Peons in capes. My wonderful doctor and I would like to introduce someone to you." Blackhat announced proudly. "May we introduce to you, making her debut as a villainess, our daughter, Muerte Rosa!" Between him and Flug holding their hands was a little girl who looked no older than twelve or thirteen.

"Daughter, did he just say daughter?" The anchor asked shocked. "That's right viewers, the notorious Blackhat and his doctor apparently have a daughter!" The camera zoomed in on the masked little girl, whose smile couldn't have been brighter or more proud.

"We thank you for your patience and we bid you good bye, good evening and watch for flying rubble." Flug stated.

"Adiós!" The little girl called out as they vanished. There was silence, then the building exploded into a fiery inferno, causing pieces of concrete to fly outwards toward the crowd. The people screamed and dodged trying to avoid the debris, most of which were unsuccessful.

The camera at least caught some of the footage of the chaos before a large piece of rock collided with it making the screen go black.

Chapter End Notes

móðir: mother
Farvæl, min sonur: Goodbye my son
ven aca mi hija: Come here my daughter
estás herido: are you hurt
deberíamos quedarnos en padre español: Should we stay in spanish father
si hasta que tu padre llegue: Yes until your father gets here
Bueno, al menos salimos de compras.: Well at least we got out of shopping
¿Crees que Demencia está bien?: Do you think Demencia is okay
Estoy seguro de que está bien: I'm sure she's fine
Él está aquí: He's here
muerte rosa: Death rose
Sí papi: Yes daddy
Adiós: Good bye
(Lots of spanish today XD)
Here comes the bri-er groom

Chapter Summary

Preparing for eternity

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello! It's finally time for what you've all been waiting for! The wedding of Blackhat and Flug! Er...well the preparations of the wedding. Next chapter we get the nuptials! As well as Blackhat's thoughts as he sees his groom approach. As always thanks for reading. With out your support I wouldn't have made it this far. As always comments, kudos, and art are welcome!

The day had finally came. Flug stood in his old bedroom in his parent's home for what he hoped was the last time. As soon as they got home, he had called his mother. She'd had no idea they had been taken, just that he'd ran off.

In all honesty he was glad she didn't know what had happened. It was best that she was not involved. She had found him a wedding outfit she thought he'd approve of. As he stared at himself in the mirror, he had to admit his mother was right.

He wore a black brocade sharper vest with silver over a white long sleeved shirt. The back lacing was tightened enough to accent his waist but left him enough room to breath. His crown sat perched on top of his hair which was brushed out of his eyes. Clipped to the back of his crown was a black veil and train, both of which had red roses embroidered along the edges. A black silk half skirt was attached to the back of the black leather pants making a train. Along the edges of the skirt was red lace.

All in all he had to admit, he looked damn good. He knew that a bride or in his case groom, was supposed to wear white on their wedding day but this was Blackhat he was talking about. He didn't do things according to tradition.

There was a knock at his door. When he called enter, Chupalla and his mother entered. Both looking like the queens they were. His mother wore a deep burgundy Victorian ball gown with a satin sleeveless top cut in a sweet heart neck line and a tulle skirt.

Around her neck was a necklace made of diamonds with a single ruby in its center, her golden hair hung in ringlets around her bare shoulders.
Chupalla went simpler, also wearing a Victorian style black ball gown. It was made of velvet with a square ruffled neckline and lace trim with wide sleeves also laced.

Around her neck was a black choker necklace with a blue sapphire tear drop hanging from the bottom. She wore the very hat she was named after, black of course, her hair straightened. He noticed she was carrying a small wooden box.

"I have to say, Lady Apolonia, you have good taste in outfits." Chupalla smiled as she appraised Flug's attire.

"Thank you, Lady Chupalla. It was difficult since my son disliked every outfit I showed to him. It was only after he disappeared for several hours that I found this attire." Apolonia smiled rather proud of herself. He shivered a little in fear at the thought of those two becoming besties.

"Mother, Lady Chupalla, may I ask why you two are in here? Surely it's not just to appraise my clothes." Flug said.

"You're right, min sonhur." Apolonia stated as she took the box from Chupalla who opened it. "Lady Chupalla has something for you." Said woman carefully removed a choker necklace made of onyx stones with a five pointed star made of rubies hanging from the front center.

"This necklace has been in our family far longer than humanity has been alive. Every bride whether related by blood or one marrying into the family has worn it." Chupalla explained as she approached Flug. He felt the top two buttons of his white shirt come undone. Allowing her to clasp the necklace around his bare neck. He could feel a kind of magic coming from it making it warm against his skin. As if sensing his thoughts Chupall added. "Yes it is saturated in magic. It has powerful shielding and tracking magic. This way your husband will always be able to find you no matter where you are or what kind of magical barrier you are hidden behind."

Flug smiled gratefully. "Thank you, Lady Chupalla. I will treasure it always." Chupalla returned his smile with a nod and smile of her own.

"Well we'd best get down stairs to our seats." Apolonia smiled as she went to the door Chupalla following. "Come down whenever you're ready, dear." With that the two ladies left and he was alone again. He turned and faced the mirror once more.

Well, he sighed mentally, *This is it. I'm getting married and becoming immortal. Hopefully.*

With quick inhale and exhale he walked towards his door and exited. The path downstairs seemed much longer than it should have, he supposed it was because this was such a life changing event. After what seemed like forever he arrived at the doors of the throne room which had been converted to a chapel.
Outside the doors stood Demencia, Bergitta and Hallbergur all dressed like they were on their way to a Gothic convention.

Bergitta wore a simple black flower girl dress with a red shash around her waist with white stockings and black dress shoes. A crown of red roses sat beautifully among her golden curls.

Demencia wore a gothic red and black corset burlesque dress. The black skirt was a high low style made of taffeta material with red roses stitched in with thread. She wore fishnet stockings with black and red converse shoes. Her hair in a simple ponytail with the lizard hood in its place. Hal wore a black long vest made of velvet over a black shirt with black slacks and dress shoes.

Bergitta gasped when she saw him getting the other adults attention.

"Babi, you look gorgeous!" Bergitta exclaimed.

"Thank you, Sólja." Flug smiled as he stood closer. "You look beautiful as well. You all look amazing."

"Thanks, Flug-bug." Demencia grinned. "Although I wished it were me walking down the aisle, I hope you two have a happy marriage." She leaned closer and whispered in his ear. "Besides, your cousing is almost as handsome as Blackhat. Plus I heard from a reliable source that he's single." Flug rolled his eyes fondly as Demencia waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

The sound of an organ caught their attention. It was time.

"Well, looks like we're up first." Demencia hooked arms with Hal smiling saucily up at him as she picked up her small bouquet of red roses. "Shall we go, Hally?" Flug had to stifle a giggle as Hal blushed at the look the lizard gave him. Flug made sure to stand to the side as the doors opened allowing them through before closing again.

"Babi, your bouquet is on the table as well." Bergitta pointed as she picked up her small black basket of red rose petals. He smiled in gratitude as he went to pick it up off of its stand on the table. The bouquet consisted of black roses that looked as if they'd been dipped in fresh blood. The stems were wrapped in black and red gossamer that hung down a few inches.

The two took their positions before the doors just as the organ began 'Here comes the bride' in a macabre tone. Right after Flug pulled the veil over his face, the doors opened. With a deep breath, he took the first steps toward his new everlasting life with Blackhat.
I now pronounce you husband and husband

Chapter Summary

The vows, rings and blood is exchanged.

Chapter Notes

We're finally here! The big wedding! Thanks so much for sticking with me up til this point! It really means a lot to me! So I've decided to do a few more chapters in this story and then *Drum roll* I will be writing a sequel! Maybe a few one shots. Point is you guys have given me such motivation to keep writing, I don't wanna stop! Now I may work on other fandoms, we'll just have to see! :) As always thanks for reading, comments, kudos, and art are welcome and encouraged!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blackhat pulled his silver pocket watch from his vest pocket, glancing at it impatiently.

"How much longer until this bloody thing starts?" He growled replacing the watch. He stood at the very end of the hall, on the raised plat form a crimson carpet beneath his feet stretching to the hall doors. The hall was decorated in red and black roses and gossamer bows.

He stood under a metal arch which was bent and welded into the form of flowers and leaves, dark red and black tulle weaved in. Behind him was a priest dressed in a black cassock with a red stole around his shoulders with upside down crosses on each end. There behind the priest sat an alter made of black marble, upon which sat a silver tray with two sharp knives one silver, one black with two matching cups along with a white napkin.

Blackhat himself wore a black silk shirt and red puff tie under a red and black tapestry vest made of satin. Over which was a black brocade swallow tail coat made of velvet with silver clasps in the front. The sleeves of the coat was rolled up into a cuff that was held in place by two silver top hat cuff links, between which was a thin silver chain.

The edges of his coat lapels and cuffs were trimmed with red. On his left lapel was a boutonniere made of the same kind of rose in Flug's bouquet he'd been told with a little top hat on the front. He also wore freshly pressed black slacks and along with his spats and best dress shoes. His crown hat was in place on top of his head.

Behind him in place of his best man was Whitehat dressed in his usual attire, since he was too much of a prude to wear any other color. Though his clothes did look to be made of higher quality. 505 stood with them as the ring bear a satin black pillow in his paws. On which sat the wedding
bands, his was a simple black stainless steel wide band with dragons hand crafted into it. A single small red ruby sat in its center, in the mouths of the two dragons giving the impression they were fighting over it. Flugs was made like his engagement ring black with rubies along the top.

"I'm sure he's coming." Whitehat assured him placing a hand on his brother's shoulder only for it to be shrugged off.

"Of course he's coming! It's just taking far too long." Blackhat grumbled. He perked up at the sound of the hall doors opening, only to slump and frown in disappointment when it turned out to only be his mother and soon to be mother in law.

"Now, Blackhat, straighten up." His mother chastised as she and Apolonia took their seats on either side of the aisle next to their husbands. "Your groom will be here any second."

Blackhat grumbled but obeyed his mother. Suddenly as if sensing the groom had just arrived outside, the organ player started playing. The doors opened allowing Demencia and Flug's oddly blushing older cousin in before closing. Blackhat tried to get a peek at Flug, but of course like the little tease he was he stayed out of sight. The two separated to stand in their places. Demencia grinned as she winked at Blackhat.

Just then the organ player began the Bridal march and the entire room stood.

*I'm actually doing this. Blackhat thought. After centuries of being offered marriages to all kinds of mortals and non mortals, I'm finally marrying someone.*

The doors opened wide allowing Bergitta in. She smiled widely as she strode her rose petals along the carpet.

Blackhat's eye widened at the vision behind her. He felt his long dead heart start to beat only for it to skip a few beats. Even with the veil over his face, Blackhat could see his bright red eyes widen as they locked on him. Flug began walking toward him as if in a trance, their eyes never left each others.

After what felt like an eternity Flug now stood at the bottom of the plat form. A welcoming smile stretched across Blackhat's face as he held his hand out to Flug who smiled and took it. Blackhat assisted Flug up to stand next to him. Once they stood faced to face Blackhat gently lifted the veil. His chest swelled with....something akin to affection as Flug glanced up at him through his pale lashes. As impossible as it was, he knew it must have been love.

Now that he could see Flugs eyes clearly he only saw affection and maybe even the first sparks of love in the pools of wine set within alabaster skin.

"Hi." Flug whispered. Blackhat didn't know how else to respond.
"Hi."

The two turned toward the priest who smiled as he addressed the guests.

"Please be seated." Once the guests obeyed, he began. "We are gathered here to witness the union and bonding of King Sephlugis and King Diablo "Blackhat" Oscuro Hattier. These two souls both so different have found companionship in each other and have decided to bind themselves together for eternity. You may face each other." The priest turned to pick up the tray as they obeyed and turned back to face them.

"King Sephlugis, as you share your blood to begin eternity with your husband do you vow to always be faithful and loyal to him and him alone. To obey and always be truthful. To love and cherish, until time itself stops."

Flug took the silver knife as he handed his bouquet to Demencia as Blackhat picked up the black cup. With a warm smile he sliced across his right palm without hesitation.

"I do." Once the cup was a fourth full he set the knife back down and wrapped his hand in the napkin. Blackhat never felt prouder of his little doctor. He set his cup back on the tray and picked up his own knife as Flug picked up his cup.

"King Blackhat Oscuro, as you share your blood and immortality with your husband, do you vow to always be faithful and loyal to him and him alone. To obey, to guide him in the ways of the immortal, and to always be truthful. To love and cherish until time itself stops."

Blackhat pushed every ounce of affection and dare he say, love that he has developed over the past six months to the front of his eye. Never breaking eye contact he sliced his palm allowing his toxic green blood to spill into the cup until it was half full.

"Lo hago, por siempre y mas alla." Flug's eyes began to water with happiness as Blackhat placed the knife back on the tray. His hand was already healing as he picked up his cup again.

"Now as you partake of each other's blood, you seal your vows. Should they ever be broken, you will only know pain until you are forgiven by the one you betrayed."

The priest nodded. Blackhat downed Flug's blood with no problem. Taking a deep breath, Flug downed the contents of his cup. The blood tasted like a mix of diesel oil, sulfur, and hellfire as it burned its way down his throat, absorbing into his fleshy inner walls until it reached his blood stream.

Blackhat had been right that it would hurt, he could feel his aging cells slowly die remaining in their current state for the rest of eternity. Though he felt like screaming, tearing at his throat until he clawed the poisonous blood from his body, he only grunted in pain keeping his mouth shut.
Blackhat watched him carefully waiting for his blood to take full effect. He was proud of how strong Flug stayed throughout the process, though he watched in nervous anticipation. Finally after only two agonizing minutes, Flug no longer looked like he was in pain. He released a sigh as he looked at Blackhat with such tenderness. His eyes flashed the same color as his blood for just a second before returning to their normal color, but just a shade brighter.

"Now that the blood has been exchanged, received and accepted, may we please have the rings please." 505 now stood beside the priest holding the pillow out to the two. "As you take these rings, you now seal your vows in the mortal way. May they be a reminder of your promise to each other." Blackhat placed Flug's ring on first.

"With this ring, I claim you as mine until the end of time." His smile never leaving his face, Flug did the same with Blackhat's ring with his now healed right hand.

"With this ring, I claim you as mine until the end of time." They interlaced fingers as the priest announced,

"I now pronounce you husband and husband you may-" Before the priest even finished Blackhat pulled Flug into a dip as he kissed him deeply. The priest just smiled as Blackhat pulled up a rather dazed and euphoric Flug. "I now present to you for the first and only time, Kings Diablo 'Blackhat' Oscuro Hattier and Sephlugis Slysyrus Stormkarlen Hattier!"

The crowd cheered and clapped loudly as they stood, though Demencia an Bergitta were the loudest, heralding in the new royal couple officially.

Chapter End Notes

Lo hago, por siempre y mas alla.: I do, forever and always (Aurlim, did I get this one right?)
The newly weds were greeted by applause as they entered the ball room. Flug who had removed his veil, smiled politely at the congratulations from the guests. They made their way to the head table, getting a few handshakes (Mostly him, they were still terrified of Blackhat) where his family and new in laws sat.

BLackhat of course just looked smug, proudly showing off his new husband. Just as they arrived at the table, the old king stood as he gently knocked his knife against the glass getting everyone's attention.

"Esteemed and honored guests! Thank you for that warm applause of welcome for my son and new son in law." Dunaldur smiled widely. "Now if the musicians wouldn't mind preparing their instruments, my adoptive grand daughter would like to sing for her new father's first dance as a married couple." Taking this as a sign, the guests moved to the side leaving just the two of them.

Flug looked at Bergitta in surprise. The girl smiled a little shyly as she left the table to greet them.

"You wish to perform for us?" Flug asked smiling at his little girl.

"Yes, Babi. I wanted to do something special for you and faðir since you both have done something special for me." She hugged them both around the waist before looking up. The couple smiled proudly at her, both nodding encouragingly.
With another bright smile, she hurried to the stage with the musicians. One of the attendants placed a mic and stand before her at just the right height. Gently tapping the mike she started with a speech.

"Hello, as you all know by now I am Princess Bergitta adoptive and soon to be adopted daughter of Kings Sephlugis and Blackhat. I decided to dedicate this song to my fathers who took me in, giving me a home and made sure I had the proper education for my gifts." It was only for an instant, but he saw her glance at her birth parents who rightfully looked guilty. "Babi, Faðir, I love you both and wish for the utmost happiness in your future and thank you for letting me be apart of it."

With a nod to the musicians, the music started with a soft piano solo. They took their positions in a traditional waltz position, Blackhat holding Flug’s left hand as he placed the other on his back while Flug placed his right hand on Blackhat’s shoulder. Softly Bergitta’s voice floated over the silent room.

You’re in my arms
And all the world is calm
The music playing on for only two
So close together
And when I’m with you
So close to feeling alive

As they moved around the dance floor, Flug realized he recognized this song. It was from one of 505’s favorite movies and if he was honest it sort of fit.

"Are you happy, mi rey?” Blackhat asked softly as he spun Flug under his arm before resuming their positions. He smiled fondly up at Blackhat.

"Yes, I am happy, my husband." Blackhat grinned, not his usual evil grin but one of happiness as they continued to spin across the floor.

A life goes by
Romantic dreams must die
So I bid my goodbye
And never knew
So close, was waiting
Waiting here with you
And now, forever, I know
All that I wanted
To hold you so close

Re-positioning their hands to a more comfortable hold, Blackhat began to spin waltz them a little faster matching the speed of the music. Flug laughed a little in surprise as he went along with it.

So close to reaching
That famous happy end
Almost believing
This one’s not pretend
And now you’re beside me
And look how far we’ve come
So far we are, so close

As just the music played, it was like they alone occupied the room. It almost felt like they were floating again, their eyes stayed locked onto the other. Blackhat spun him out before pulling him back in, as he got close Blackhat lifted Flug into the air by his waist. As he was set back down, the music slowed down.

Oh how could I face the faceless days
If I should lose you now

Blackhat pulled him close, keeping his hands on Flug's waist. Their fore heads touched, Flug's crown pushed the top hat up a little. There seemed to be a tether keeping their eyes on one another as they swayed a little. They suddenly pulled apart as they resumed the waltz.

We’re so close to reaching
That famous happy end
Almost believing
This one’s not pretend
Let’s go on dreaming
For we know we are

As the music slowed again, Flug slid his arms around Blackhat’s neck interlocking his fingers behind his husbands neck. Blackhat replacing his hands on Flug's waist.

So close, so close
And still so far

As the song came to a soft close, they stopped both leaning in sealing their new love with a soft kiss. As they pulled away Blackhat whispered,

"Te amo, mi esposo." Flug smiled as he hugged Blackhat tightly. They pulled apart as the crowed roared with applause, as their families stood clapping. Bergitta curtsied before rushing off the stage toward them. Flug knelt a little to catch Bergitta and stood with her in his arm. Blackhat smiled proudly at his daughter as he hugged his new family close.

* 

The rest of the evening went by smoothly. Though Bergitta's old family, except for Cosmos left with some lame excuse about other engagements they were late for. Dunaldur wanted to protest,
but Flug allowed it.

The rest of the hall danced to more up beat music. Poor Hal had been pulled onto the dance floor by a giggling Demencia. Poor Manny looked like he was going to combust as Bergitta did the same thing. As the party came to a close, Demencia banged her fist on the table. Startling everyone, except for Blackhat's family and Blackhat himself. Once she got everyone's attention, she signaled for the mic which she was given reluctantly.

*Oh, please lord tell me she isn't.* Flug thought miserably.

"When I first met King Flug-bug." She was. "I thought he was just a normal jittery little nerd. Sure he made great stuff but it always blew up. I mean how do you crash a plane into a building in the shape of a hat? How are you flying that low."

"Demencia." Blackhat growled lowly in warning. She cleared her throat as she continued back on track.

"Sorry. Anyways, despite his failures most of which I caused, he always helped me out. And even though he acted like he was scared of King Blackie, he always stood up to him. I mean he was a hell of an actor. Like one time I swore he was gonna actually wet himself."

"Demencia" Blackhat warned again his eye flashing red.

"In my opinion, he is the perfect other half to Blackhat." Demencia smiled as she picked up her glass, prompting the rest of the guests to do the same. "To Sephlugis and Blackhat. May they have centuries of happiness and love." She gagged a little. "Cheers!"

"Cheers!"

"Now how about the time Flug almost-"

"Thank you, Demencia!" Flug jumped up taking the mic from her, earning a laugh from the guests.

* A little later, Bergitta was now legally his daughter. She couldn't stop smiling. Once the adoption papers were signed and sealed, they signed the marriage license. After which Flug said he needed to go do something leaving Blackhat to the masses. Thirty minutes later after most of the guests had left, Flug was still gone.

"Demencia, where has my husband disappeared to?" Blackhat asked as he approached the lizard
girl who was flirting with Flug's oldest cousin. The poor boy had no chance of slipping away.

"Aww, did you lose your husband already?" She teased. "Why don't you use your new demon GPS thing and find him." Glaring at the girl he concentrated on the new bond he shared with Flug. It was almost like a chain linking them together, showing him where his beloved had gone.

He was...at home? Blackhat glanced toward a grinning Demencia.

"Why don't you go pay him a visit? Me, squirt, and Fives are going to crash at Hally's for the night." Demencia pulled him away from the eldritch, a confused look on his face. Blackhat stared after them for a few minutes before shaking his head.

He noticed his mother smiling toward him, with a nod he vanished and reappeared in his foyer.

It was completely dark except for a line of candles running up each banister upstairs. He happened to glance downwards and found one of Flug’s shoes. A wicked grin stretched across his face as he ascended the stairs, knowing exactly where he was going.

As he reached the top of the stairs he found the other shoe, he picked up pace and found the vest. As he arrived at his office door, he found Flug's shirt once he passed Flug's bedroom door, he found the skirt part. When he finally arrived outside his door, there lay his husband's pants and crown.

He pushed open the double door and was greeted by a sight straight out of one of his more erotic dreams.

In the center of his bedroom just in front of his bed, Flug twirled to a tune only he could hear. He wore a see through white night gown that just passed his hips, showing off his milky white legs that seemed to go on forever. Underneath he wore a pair of lace boyshorts.

Blackhat's eyes turned dark red with lust, watching his husband move about. His eyes followed Flug as if he was in a trance. After what seemed like forever, Flug opened his eyes piercing Blackhat's dead heart. His eyes flashed with playfulness, as a wonton grinned stretched across his face.

"Well, are you going to just stand there or are you going to come claim what is now yours?"

With a growl, Blackhat pounced.

Chapter End Notes
mi rey: my king
Te amo, mi esposo: I love you my husband
**Love in the night**

Chapter Summary

NSFW! Smuts! Almost completely smut.

Chapter Notes

Smut! You get smut! You get smut! Every one gets smut! Sorry XD couldn't help my self. One more chapter guys! It's kinda an epilogue of sorts. Like I said this is my first time writing smut, but I've read lots of smutty stories and yaoi manga to kinda get the idea. Hope I did okay! As always thanks for reading. Comments, Kudos, and art are welcome and Encouraged!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blackhat descended upon Flug, like a creature starved of water. And he was the oasis. Blackhat kissed him fiercely, forcing his snake like tongue into Flug's warm cavern not waiting for permission. Flug knew Blackhat not want to waste time with much foreplay and though he was nervous he trusted Blackhat enough not to hurt him.

Blackhat pulled away, his grin completely carnal. Gently running his now clawed fingers over the straps of the night gown he spoke.

"Do you have any inkling of an idea of how long I've waited to have your body writhing beneath me?" Flug felt a pleasurable shiver crawl down his spine, going straight to his groin. He knew he shouldn't play with fire, but he couldn't help himself.

"Then why are we still standing here, still clothed? I thought the great Blackhat doesn't make idle threats." Flug smirked as he moved backwards toward the bed. He was surprised Blackhat let him slip away. He sat down enjoying the feel of the cool Egyptian silk sheets against his warm skin.

With a 'come hither' look, Flug slid backwards against the sheets until he was against the head bord. He leaned back, his legs spread indecently giving Blackhat a saucy look.

"Come get me." Flug knew any sensible person would've ran at the animalistic look Blackhat was now giving him. Blackhat snapped his fingers and his clothes disappeared, except (of course his hat) and his silk skin tight boxers. Flug had to admit, in the centuries that he's been alive Blackhat kept a very good figure. He was long and lean with well defined muscle structure but not overly so. He had more of a swimmer's build.
If Flug was honest he did feel a little nervous as Blackhat crawled onto the bed with the grace of a panther stalking it's prey. Flug let out a gasp of surprise when his ankle was grabbed and he was pulled to lay flat on his back with Blackhat hovering over him.

"You must really want me to breed you hard for you to keep teasing me." Blackhat rumbled deep in his chest as he leaned down, running his tongue over the side of Flug's neck enticing a moan from his little husband's lips.

"You keep making promises-ah! But I haven't seen any results." Flug smiled filthily. Blackhat growled a little as he reached his now normal hand up to entangle it in Flug's pale hair. With a rough pull, he arched Flug's pale neck forcing him to look Blackhat in the eye.

"You want results?" Blackhat snarled with out malice. When Flug managed to nod, Blackhat smiled darkly. "Very well, Doctor." He released Flug's hair as three black tendrils appeared from under the bed, one trapping Flug's wrists together and the other two spreading his legs a little wider and holding them in place. "Shall we begin?"

Ever so slowly, Blackhat ran his warm hand up Flug's thigh up under the night gown. His fingers became claws once again and he hooked one under the waist band of the under wear. Flug gasped and even moaned a little as accidentally nicked his hip. Blackhat smirked as Flug blushed. "So, my little doctor likes a little pain as well?"

"N-no that was- I just." His stammering was interrupted as Blackhat shushed him gently. "It's alright, mi corazón, if pain is too much for you I will not do it again." Blackhat stated gently and Flug knew he was telling the truth.

"As long as it's not too much, I don't mind a little pain." Flug admited as his blush darkened. Blackhat grinned as he pulled the under wear off releasing Flug's weeping cock.

"You don't? Then you won't mind if I do this?" Blackhat pushed the night gown up and ran his claws down Flug's pale skin earning a little gasp. The claws left thin, barely visible lines of red. "Or perhaps I should do this." Blackhat leaned forward and gently took a pebbled nipple into his mouth earning a much louder gasp and moan from Flug. He carefully circled the nipple with his tongue teasing it with a simple touch from one of his sharp teeth before pulling away.

He didn't leave the other nipple in peace for long, before he used his unclawed hand to roll it between his fore and middle finger. He smirked, he'd barely done anything and Flug was already a moaning mess. He had planned to take his husband hard and fast but after the way the little minx teased him? Oh he was going to torture Flug with such pleasure he'll be begging for Blackhat's cock.
"You look as if you want something, mi tesoro." Blackhat smirked as he pulled off of Flug's nipple now glistening with his saliva. "What do you want?" Flug arched his hips mewling with desire and want. Blackhat knew exactly what he wanted, if the now rock hard dick poking his hip was anything to go by. But he wanted Flug to beg for him.

His hand left the other nipple and slowly made its way down wards. Flug smiled in near relief as he believed Blackhat was going to touch him where he needed it most only to cry out in disappointment as his aching dick was bypassed.

"Patience, mi amour." Blackhat crooned as his dulled fingers became slick with just a thought. He gently poked Flug's most sensitive area. "You'll get exactly what you want. You just have to beg for it." He could tell Flug had cleaned himself beforehand and didn't have to worry about it.

"B-blackhat, please ah, I-I need-" Flug moaned.

"Que necesitas mi amor?" Blackhat smirked wickedly as he slowly traced around the puckered rose bud. He couldn't wait to help it open up to him.
"I-I need you." Flug stated his red eyes pleading.

Almost time. Blackhat thought his smirk growing.

"I don't understand what you mean, mi alma." Blackhat stated every few seconds he would try to push in before retracting his finger resuming its circling. "You have to be specific." He started as Flug lifted his head to glare at him. Even as pleasure fogged his eyes were, they hadn't lost their edge.

"You want me to spell it out? Fine: FUCK. ME. NOW. BLACKHAT." Flug laid his head back down before adding with less intensity and more pleading. "Please."

Well. That did it. Blackhat leaned forward to kiss his doctor. He pulled away a few inches.

"I warn you now, it will hurt a little." He gently kissed Flug's fore head. "I will try to be as gentle as possible, but you have to relax for me." Flug nodded showing he understood.

Ever so slowly, Blackhat's slick finger breached his entrance. Blackhat had been right, it did hurt but it wasn't excruciating just burned a little. He did tighten a little but as he breathed outward, he felt himself relax. Blackhat looked at him asking if he was okay. When Flug nodded the eldritch pushed in a little farther. After a minute of moving his digit around, he added the other slicked finger.

Flug gritted his teeth a little as the burn increased just a bit. He knew that Blackhat was searching for his prostate but he had to wonder if he knew- With a loud gasp, Flug's eyes widened as he arched his back off the bed. His vision went white for just a second before he flopped back on the
Blackhat grinned like the cat that got the canary.

"There it is." Once he found Flug's pleasure button, he relentlessly thrust his fingers against it, pulling loud screams of pleasure out of his husband. Flug felt as if jolts of electricity was running down his spine at every hit to his prostate, little sparks appeared before his eyes.

When he felt something in his gut begin to curl and try to force itself out of him, he knew he was close. Blackhat must've sensed it as well because just as Flug was inches from the edge of release, he completely pulled his fingers out. He smirked as Flug whined at the loss and lifted his head to glare at him.

His glaring didn't last long as he was released from his bonds and Blackhat switched their positions. He leaned against the head board and set Flug on his lap.

"You don't want to finish to quickly do you?" Blackhat grinned as he ran his hands up and pulled off the night gown tossing it into some unknown corner. "We have all night and the rest of eternity."

"It's kind of hard to do anything with your boxers in the way." Flug stated. Only to gasp when the cloth disppeard and he felt Blackhat's cock for the first time. Some how, it was already slick and ready. He could feel the warm head twitch against his slightly stretched and wet entrance. With out even seeing it he could tell it had to be at least ten inches long.

Blackhat looked at him expectantly. With a breath, Flug braced himself on his knees and tried to remain relaxed as he slowly sank downwards.

"Just take your time, mi amour." Blackhat encouraged. "Once the head's in, the rest isn't as hard." Flug nodded as he slowly worked his way down on Blackhat's shaft. After a minute of breathing and slowly sinking down, Flug finally made it all the way to the base of Blackhat's dick. He gasped out at the feeling of fullness. He braced his hands on Blackhat's shoulders as he leaned forward to kiss the demon.

Deciding to test the waters, Blackhat gently thrust upwards causing Flug to gasp against his lips.

"I think you're ready now." Blackhat smiled as he braced his hands on Flug's hips. "Do you feel ready?" Flug pulled away slightly. He bit his bottom lip seductively as he nodded. "I'll start slow." Ever so slowly Blackhat lifted Flug upwards until only the head of his cock remained before pushing him back down.

The pace started out agonizingly slow with Flug loosenings up slowly. Then Blackhat hit Flug's prostate. Flug cried out in pleasure as he wrapped his arms tightly around his husband.
"T-that felt-"

"Good didn't it?" Blackhat grinned. Flug pulled back nodding. "Do you want me to do it again?" Flug's expression slowly morphed into one of excitement and lust before he leaned back in and whispered against his neck,

"Harder and faster." If that's what his king demands, who was he to refuse? Tightening his grip on his husband's hips, he set a brutal pace that had Flug mewling and gasping loudly.

As he tightened his grip more, he felt his claws come out a little and dig into Flug's hips. This didn't even phase the doctor as he moaned loudly. Suddenly, Flug dug his teeth into Blackhat's shoulder as the pleasure became too much. Blackhat gasped out loud, before snarling in pleasure. He pushed them forward, to where Flug now laid on his back and he hovered over him a shark like grin in place.

With a quick thrust he was back inside Flug's warm wet heat. The feeling of those velvety walls tightening around his cock felt heavenly. Flug wrapped his arms around Blackhat's back only to slowly claw their way down, until they came to Blackhat's toned ass and dug in holding on for dear life. Blackhat kept up his brutal pace, holding Flug's shoulder with one hand and using the other to reach between them to finally give him the release he's been begging for.

"Black-ah-hat, Blackhat oh! I- I'm- I think ah! I'm going to-" Flug tried to speak but his pleasure addled brain wouldn't let him.

"Quiero que cum para mí." Blackhat mumbled against Flug's neck.

"Ah! Blackhat! Blackhat! Ah! I'm-" Flug felt a familiar feeling curl in his gut once more as Blackhat stroked him at the same pace as his thrusts.

"Si mi amada, cum por mi." Blackhat gently sunk his teeth into Flug's shoulder as he ramed into Flug's prostate particularly hard releasing his boiling seed within his husband. The combination of pain, pleasure, and the intense warmth finally pushed Flug over the edge and he released between the two of them.

Flug sighed as Blackhat pulled out, he gave Blackhat a blissed out closed eyed smile. He thought they were done, until he felt Blackhat roll him onto his stomach. Before he could ask what he was doing, he felt his checks slowly parted revealing his dripping, twitching entrance. He gasped as his eyes shot open as Blackhat slowly ran his tongue over the entrance.

"W-what?" Flug questioned. He shivered as Blackhat chuckled darkly.
"Did you think it was over? Oh my dearest Doctor." Blackhat slowly leaned forward sinking back into his loose entrance and spoke directly into his ear, "Estamos empezando." Flug gasped as he felt that snake like tongue lowly lick down his spine. His hips were lifted until he was on his knees and his shoulders dropped against the mattress. He cried out in pleasure as Blackhat started his brutal pace again.

*

They went like that for five hours, switching positions moving all around the bed. There was one time the tentacles came out, one stuffed into Flug's mouth, two mouthed tentacles suckling at his nipples, another mouthed tentacle over his cock while a final tentacle fucked him roughly while Blackhat sat back jerking off to the sight.

Flug had gotten up to use the en-suite bathroom and as soon as he had finished, Blackhat practically tackled him against the wall. He lifted him up wrapping Flug's legs around his waist, taking him there hard.

They some how made it to the front of Blackhat's personal fire place in his room and fucked on the black hellhound skin rug.

Finally satisfied, the two of them laid on their backs with Flug curled up against Blackhat's chest in front of the fire place, both carried marks from the other. Though after a few minutes they disappeared. All except for the bite marks on there necks. Blackhat had explained that those were considered mate marks and would never heal. He had summoned a couple of pillows to prop himself up and a blanket to cover Flug.

"How's that for results?" Blackhat smirked smugly only to be greeted by the sound of soft snoring. His smile became soft as he transported them to the now clean bed and covered them. He pulled Flug against his chest, kissing his fore head. "Duerme bien, cariño."

Slowly Blackhat himself surrendered to the siren call of sleep, his husband safely tucked against his side.

Chapter End Notes

mi tesoro: my treasure
mi amour; My love
Que necesitas mi amor: What do you need my love
Quiero que cum para mí: I want you to cum for me
Si mi amada, cum por mí: Yes my beloved come for me
Estamos empezando: We're just getting started
Duerme bien, cariño.: Sleep well my darling
Dawn of a new era

Chapter Summary

A new era dawns.

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello! Well guys, we finally arrived to the end. It was one heck of a journey but so short! Well lucky for you guys, I decided to continue under this story title! It will be called part 2 so it feels like a second arch. Also, there will be one shots for you guys to enjoy. What will the one shots be about? Well we'll just have to see ; ) I just wanna say thank you for staying with me for my journey as a newb villainous writer, you guys are awesome! Well as always thanks for reading. Comments, kudos and art are welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Two Days after the wedding*

In the hall of the league of heroes, several heroes from all over the country had come together seated around a large circle table. The chattering in the hall quieted to a slight buzz as the leader of the League, Centurion called the meeting to order. He was a super human from a long ago past, hence his name.

"As you all know, we have been dealing with a certain threat for a very long time." Centurion picked up the remote laying in front of his seat at the table and pressed a button. The lights in the room dimmed as the windows darkened. Pressing another button a holographic image of Blackhat appeared in the center of the table. "Blackhat and his organization has been around for far longer than any of us, including my self have been alive. The knowledge we have of him is extremely limited and any confrontations with him have been forbidden without backup." Pressing another button several images appeared on the table. Each of them showing a picture where the heroes had caught villains and were taking them to prison. "There for a while, Blackhat's weapons production had slowed down for a bit. Allowing us to prevent more villainy and take down more criminals with out the use of their black market weapons. However, over the pass six months Blackhat organization has improved it's production and quality. Also several incidents happened in these six months that greatly concern me. Lady Owlena, if you would?"

A woman stood, her wide golden eyes surveyed the room as she press a button on her own remote. The hologram disappeared, and a projector turned on showing several news paper clippings.

"Starting at the end of June. A post office in Hattington, the base town of Blackhat organization,
had been destroyed by their robots before hand according to autopsies all the workers had died before hand. Only one worker was unaccounted for on the work roster. For about a week, things were calm. Blackhat had gone quiet. There wasn't even any signs of his minion Demencia or the bear experiment. Just as we began to formulate a plan to infiltrate his manor, Captain Commando was reported missing by his sidekicks. They said he'd gone for a walk that afternoon and never returned. His body has yet to be recovered."

"Muscle bound idiot probably got lost somewhere." One of the heroes Rager scoffed.

"For a week?" Amazonia, a female hero questioned glaring at the man. Despite being a strict female only kind of woman, she did see Commando as friend and comrade.

"Indeed," Owlena stated drawing attention back to herself. "That next day, Blackhat apparently added a new barrier that prevented anyone not authorized around his property. Now, a week and a half later two principals from rather prestigious schools suddenly according to doctors died very slowly of poison secreted form their own tongues. One was Sensei Hoshiro Takegawa, the other was Ms. Maria Castelona. Both teachers had attempted to contact our league but died unexpectedly before they could even utter a word. Rewind back that same amount of time, outside a club in Las Vegas a young man had been stabbed in his femoral artery and liver. According to his friends, witnesses of the incident, he had been drunk and was haggling a homosexual couple of men. One of the men, who according to descriptions by the witnesses was albino, approached the young man. He was the assailant."

"Wait a second." Nitro, a speedster hero interrupted. "This guy, was stabbed in the groin area and liver just because of some drunken insults. And the other guy did this in front of witnesses and just walked away? No one not even the bouncer said anything to him or tried to stop him?" Owlena nodded as she continued.

"Conveniently, the security footage of the area around the club had been erased. Also the club in question was The Other side, we've had our eye on that place for a long time due to disappearances of quite a few young adults. We believe it is the key location for some villain and occult meetings. Sadly without proper evidence, we have no way to get the police in to inspect the place. Continuing on. A little over two weeks later, three teens attending a gifted school in Germany had been hospitalized due to sudden insanity. According to teachers, the boys were perfectly fine that morning. From how the doctors described, during their mania they kept screaming about red eyes in the shadows. Unfortunately, the boys still haven't recovered one of the boys tragically hung himself using his bed sheets." She paused allowing a moment of silence for the boy before continuing.

"The night of October twenty seventh, at the same school, a scandal involving the old royal family had been discovered and placed on the front page of every news paper. The youngest princess, Margarethe who'd been pronounced dead young had actually lived a while longer, before tragically dying in the caves beneath the castle her parents abandoned her in. The government is just now getting the chaos under control. They have been trying to locate the person or persons that came forward with the information, but to no avail. Now to our main concern." She clicked a button on her remote, pulling up the news footage outside the Lady Justice Rehab center.
"A few weeks ago, Demencia had been spotted in Norway accompanied by a young girl no older than thirteen and a man we assume is her father. It was presumed that the family of two were prisoners and a hero, Bolt who happened to be nearby came. Bolt and his side kicks subdued Demencia and took the family to the center. The odd thing was the young man in question matches the description of the young man from the club stabbing. Unfortunately, Demencia got away. Not long after, Bolt disappeared. He also has yet to be recovered. Now this footage was taken out side the center just after Blackhat oddly attacked the place." She played the footage allowing them to hear Blackhat and Dr. Flug's announcement about their new daughter.

"Hang on, Blackhat said she was 'their' daughter." Surge stated before he got a disgusted look on his face. "Does that mean, they're-"

"We do not know if she is their blood child or not." Centurion finally spoke as the lights came back on. "Thank you, Owlena." She nodded as she retook her seat. "My point to all of this is that they happened one right after another, my thoughts on the matter is that they are all connected some how to Blackhat. One is obvious but the others, I am still unsure of how. As of now our forensics team is attempting to recover the footage inside the building just before the explosion."

As if on cue, the doors opend as a young lady in a lab coat with glasses rushed in her eyes wide with panic.

"Mr. Centurion, sir! We managed to recover the footage and we found something I think you may want to see it." The girl hurriedly plugged a flash drive into the computer projector. Pressing a few button's on the key board, she pulled up the footage.

In the lobby, it showed the guards being eaten by a monstrous version of Blackhat. Several of the newer heroes turned ghost white, having never seen such a nightmare. A few minutes later it showed one guard leading the doctors and patients out.

"Pause there." Centurion ordered. One the screen showed the father and daughter recovered from Norway had broken away from the group, going toward the doors that Blackhat had blocked off. "Why didn't they stay with the group knowing who had entered the building. Continue."

The video started again, another doctor had also broken off from the group to follow them. Both stopped as Blackhat appeared before them. The father set the girl on her feet. The room was shocked to see her run towards Blackhat, actually happy to see him and much to their horror hug him. Even more shocking was when he hugged her back. When the girls father got closer to them, he also looked happy to see Blackhat.

Before the video could continue, the screen started to glitch out as if some one was holding a magnet near the computer. The next scene was of the doctor laying on the floor bleeding from the hole in his forehead.

"What happened? Where's the rest of the footage?" A sudden chilling laughter filled the room as
the screen suddenly turned red with the Blackhat Logo on it.

"Greetings inferior mortals." The screen changed to show Blackhat sitting on a throne like chair, on his lap sat Dr. Flug looking rather comfortable. At his feet sitting indian style was their 'daughter', her mask over her face playing with a black red eyed unicorn. Behind the chair stood Demencia grinning maniacally as she sharpened her axe with a wet stone and the blue bear smiling innocently.

"It would appear you are trying to stick your noses into something you have no business with." Flug stated. "You see my true identity as well as that of our daughter is only known by our little family here at the organization and a very select few."

"There was a few people that found out what Flug-bug looks like. They're all dead now." Demencia giggled. The forensics girl's eyes widened with realization.

"Oh no! Everyone in the lab saw the full video, I have to warn them before it's too late!" She rushed from the meeting room ignoring Centurion's orders to stop as Blackhat laughed maliciously.

"What are you playing at, Blackhat?" Centurion growled. The eldritch just grinned evilly using one hand to stroke under the bottom of the bag earning a groan of pleasure from Flug.

"I'm not playing at anything, I just don't want anyone to see my husband's beautiful face but those I allow to." Blackhat chuckled.

"Wait, husband?" Nitro asked in shock. Both the scientist and Blackhat lifted their left hands up to show of their wedding rings. "That's just disgusting, marrying a creature like that."

"Well at least I'm getting some. You're how old and still a virgin?" Flug teased. Nitro growled angrily and went to stand only to be pulled down into his chair by another hero.

"As much as I'd love to stay and gloat about my future plans but we have other plans for the day." Blackhat smirked. "Also, you should check into getting a new forensics team."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Rager growled. Blackhat just kept smirking as the little girl began to sing rocking side to side.

Gülün çevresinde halka
Cepler çiçeklerle dolu
Küller, küller, hepimiz düşeceğiz

Gülün çevresinde halka
Cepler çiçeklerle dolu
Küller, küller, hepimiz düşeceğiz

She looked up, her brilliant blue eyes sending cold shivers down all their spines. Her smile was a mix of maniacal and sweet as she tilted her head slightly.

"They all fall down." She giggled. Blackhat stretched his unoccupied arm out to rest on top of her head.

"A new era is coming heroes. And It's going to be.." Blackhat's eyes glowed bright red. "Villainous."

The screen went completely black just as the doors opened and one of the side kicks ran in.

"Centurion, the - the forensics lab! It's a slaughter house in there." Said hero ran from the room to the lab and froze at the entrance way. He could feel his stomach roll at the horrific sight. The entire lab was destroyed every piece of evidence they gathered from the rehab center. Gone. Torn to shreds.

All the lab workers were dead but not left in place, oh no. They were torn to pieces, including the girl that was just in the meeting, piled in the center of a large top hat with a crown around it in a circle, painted on the floor with their blood. Unable to stomach the sight any longer, Centurion stumbled away from the lab. He felt to his knees and released his stomach contents.

In the office, after sending the children out to play Blackhat had Flug completely naked even his face and bouncing on his cock. As Flug called out his name like a mantra, Blackhat grinned.

Yes, a new era was coming and soon the world would truly belong to him and his king.

And he wouldn't have it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

Gülün çevresinde halka
Cepler çiçeklerle dolu
Küller, küller, hepimiz düşeceğiz
Gülün çevresinde halka
Cepler çiçeklerle dolu
Küller, küller, hepimiz düşeceğiz

Translation:
Ring around the rosy,
Pocket full of posies,
Ashes, ashes, we all fall down.
Ring around the rosy,
Pocket full of posies,
Ashes, ashes, we all fall down.
Chapter Summary

Summary of part two...sorry

Chapter Notes

Good evening, my wonderful readers!

Hello, hello. Well guys Looks like we have arrived at the second part. What adventures await the Blackhat Family? New loves, new inventions, and a new member. However, there is an enemy around every corner. Will this villainous family be able to survive the storm headed their way? Let's find out in With A Bang Part 2!

So I finally figured out how to insert art, so allow me to share with you the family portrait from chapter 12

I will be adding something to chapters 25-29 as well as chapter 31, so if you want to go back and see them you can. These amazing art pieces were sent to me by Jack-O-Lantern. Thanks again!

There's also this incase anyone missed it.
So Let's kick this bad boy into gear! As always thanks for reading!
WAB. Part 2: Three years later

Chapter Summary

A lot can change in three years.

Chapter Notes

Let's start this baby off with some Demencia and Bergitta bonding shall we? As always thanks for reading, comments, kudos, and arts are welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was just a normal day in Manhattan, New York, birds sang, kids hurried home from school, CRASH! A villain or in this case villains attacked the Tiffany jewelry store. Inside said building the civilians cowered at the duo that had just crashed through their door in. The guards had been knocked out and tied up.

"So, which necklace did you want, Rosey?" The well known Villain Demencia asked cheerfully.

Behind her, observing the cases for what she wanted was a girl about sixteen. She had exchanged her Lolita dress for a short black school girl skirt and ruffled black chiffon midriff shirt. It had tight long sleeves that hung off her slim shoulders and showed off her toned stomach. She wore a pair of finger less leather gloves with spiked bracelets on her wrists.

A black spiked belt wrapped around her waist twice and still hung a little loose. Her long legs were covered with black and red stripped stockings and she wore combat boots. Her long black hair which curled at it's ends was put up in a pony tail, her short blonde bangs were swept to the left of her fore head.

This was the daughter of Blackhat and Dr. Flug, Muerta Rosa. She tapped her finger against her chin in thought before spotting a necklace she wanted, her blue eyes sparkling excitedly.

"That one, Tia Demy! I can't believe your getting it for me." She said happily as Demencia walked over to where she pointed.

"Of course, Rosey, it is your sweet sixteenth birthday present. You deserve something special before you go back to school in a couple of days." Demencia smiled as she raised her ax to break into the glass case. Once the glass was broken she reached in and pulled out a black choker necklace. It had a velvet base and a dark red oval shaped ruby surrounded by small diamonds in the center. "Besides, what's a better way to spend the day than with your favorite aunt on a jewel
heist."
Rosa smiled as Demencia approached her, signalling for her to turn so she could put the necklace on. She obeyed moving her pony tail out of the way. Once the necklace was fastened, Rosa turned to hug her aunt in thanks.

"You horrible girls!" A little old woman cried from the side. They pulled apart, to glare at the woman who looked as if she could keel over at any minute, dressed like she should be the queen of England. "What right do you have to steal from this establishment!? You're kind are not welcome here. Go back to whatever hole or street corner you came from!" Though she was fuming, the old woman was shaking.

"Our kind?" Rosa questioned tilting her head.

Demencia smiled wickedly as her little niece walked over to the old bag. "You mean people that actually have to work to earn money and it's still not enough? The people that despite having next to nothing, will still give away their last cent to help some one? The people that you gladly pass by even mock for having less than you? I wonder how many dicks you've had to suck to get to where you are, judging people from your little pedestal."

The old woman reared back in shock and disgust as the girl kept coming. "You see, Vieja culera, some of us just don't open our mouths and legs to get what we want. There are those that have no other choice. And Your kind sneer and judge them for something they have no control over." As the old woman's back hit the wall Rosa slammed one of her fists next to her head. "Now, we have to go. Can't be late for my party, but just remember."

She moved away from the woman who lost control of her bladder at that time and slowly slid down the wall, sitting in her own piss. Rosa sneered in disgust before laughing cruelly.

"Wow, now who's the disgusting one?" She turned smiling at her aunt who watched the whole thing proudly.

"That's my girl! Making old bats wet themselves in fear of you." Demencia threw an arm around Rosa's shoulders. "I'm so proud of you! And I know your daddies will be proud too."

They stepped out of the jewelry store to see several police cars and officers waiting outside for them.

"NYPD! Drop your weapon and get on your knees hands in the air!" An officer ordered.

"Ooo, kinky little pig. Sorry but I already have a boyfriend." Demencia grinned.
"Does Hallbergur know that he's your boyfriend?" Rosa chuckled.

"Not yet he doesn't, but he'll figure it out one of these days."

"GET ON THE GROUND!" The officer yelled as they trained their guns on the women. They didn't notice Rosa drop a disk like object on the ground.

"You could at least say please." Rosa pouted as she discretely pressed a particular spot in the palm of her glove. Behind them the disk transformed into a portal.

"Later!"

"SOMEONE STOP THEM!" Before they could, Demencia and Rosa fell backwards through the portal. As soon as they did and the portal closed, the disk destroyed itself.

*Inside the foyer of Blackhat manor*

A portal opened up spitting out a laughing Demencia and Rosa. They laid on the ground in fits of hysterical giggles. Suddenly there was a familiar throat clear, snapping them out of it. They stood to see a bagless Flug standing there, tapping his foot. His hair had grown to a few inches pass his shoulders, it was held back in a loose pony tail that fell over his left shoulder.

"And what have you girls up to?" He asked arching an eyebrow as he crossed his arms.

"I wanted to get my favorite niece something special for her birthday. She needed a good accessory for her birthday outfit." Demencia explained simply. "Besides she got to put some old bag in her place for insulting the Princess of Darkness and her favorite aunt."

Flug glanced at his daughter who'd removed her mask. Her hair had reversed colors, the main part being blond and her bangs being black. She gazed at him nervously biting her lip.

"I see." He uncrossed his arms and approached looking at the necklace. "Did you leave with a flare?"

"Yes, Babi. I used the TCD that I made the other day and it worked just like I planned." Bergitta replied. He stared at her for a few minutes, in the three years since she came to live here she'd only grown to just a few inches shorter than Flug. Suddenly the corner of his lip started to twitch upwards before he let out a loud laugh and pulled her in for a hug.

"That's wonderful, baby girl!" He held her out at arms length. "I'm glad your new invention worked perfectly. Also that necklace looks beautiful on you." She smiled brightly at her father's praise.
"Thank you, Babi. So this means we can add it to Papi's catalog?" She asked eagerly.

"I would be disappointed if you didn't, Princessa." A dark voice spoke from behind them. Bergitta turned to see her other father standing there his usual shark like grin in place.

"Papi, you're home early! I thought you wouldn't be home until later tonight." She rushed to hug Blackhat who opened his arms welcoming his daughter in. "Did the discussion with the League of Denizens go okay?"

"It went perfectly, Nena, I only had to kill one major villain who dared question me." Blackhat replied as she pulled away.

"Only one? Not getting slow in your old age are you, my husband?" Flug grinned cheekily.

"I will show you old man later, pequeña zorra." Blackhat's grin was absolutely filthy. Bergitta giggled at her father's flirting while Demencia just rolled her eyes.

"As much as I'd love to stay and watch you two hump like rabbits in heat, I've got to go make sure my niece has a great sweet sixteenth birthday party tonight." Demencia stated as she walked away.

"Agreed, besides I still have to finish a few projects before tonight." Bergitta started toward the stairs stopping to give Flug another hug before she started up the stairs.

She paused half way up and turned to say something else, but decided not to. She gazed fondly at her father's that were already in each other's arms kissing passionately. Shaking her head she continued up the stairs, picking up Morpheus on the way to her room.

In the hall, she passed 505 in his maid outfit dusting the antiques and pictures. One of which was the family portrait they had taken what seemed like a life time ago. She smiled scratching behind the bear's ear as she passed him.

It was good to be home.

Chapter End Notes

Tia: aunt
vieja culera: Old culera
TCD: Transporter Compact Disk
pequeña zorra: little fox/ vixen
Preparing for the party

Chapter Summary

Time for the party!

Chapter Notes

Hey guys sorry this one took so long. Stuff's happened nothing to serious just getting ready for a wedding. So Bergitta turns sixteen! Yay, there's a special guest attending. And is that romance I sense ;) As always thanks for reading. Comments, kudos and art is welcome and encouraged.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bergitta sat in front of her vanity, brushing out her golden curls before putting it up in a pony tail. Her new necklace already in place. She'd wait a little longer before she got dressed.

Her room hadn't changed very much in three years. The only new addition was her vanity her dad's had gotten her for her fifteenth birthday and the blue print board her babi had given her.

She stood, tightening her bathrobe before she started toward her bed where her dress lay. There was a sudden knock on her door causing her to change directions to go answer her door.

A loud "Happy birthday!" greeted her as she opened the door. She squealed in excitement at who stood outside her door. There were two teenage girls, one with dark red hair that hung in ringlets around her shoulders. She wore a spaghetti strap blue high low dress.

The girl next to her had platinum blond waist length hair with blue highlights tied back in a french braid. She wore a baby blue short dress with half sleeves that hung off her shoulders and appliques across the A-line top.

Both girls had identical noses, lips in a natural pout with hazel eyes.

"Alice, Ruby!" Bergitta cried happily as she pulled her twin best friends in for a group hug. "What are you doing here so early? The party doesn't start for another hour."

"Obviously, we wanted to spend time with you before said party." Ruby stated as they pulled apart. "Thanks for sending those transporters to us in our invites by the way."
"Yeah, our dad would've freaked if your dad showed up in our home demanding us." Alice giggled.

"I know, well come on in I was just about to get dressed and do a little make up." Bergitta stated as she moved to the side letting the girls in.
"Baw?" 505 had magically arrived with a tray of snacks and drinks.

"Oh thank's, Fives!" Bergitta smiled gratefully. "Why don't you come in and sit with us a bit?" The blue bear's ears started to wiggle happily.

"I am afraid 505 has to help Demencia get the rest of the ball room ready, mi hija." Blackhat spoke as he appeared at the door, surprising the bear a little.

"Papi, where's Babi?" Bergitta asked looking for her other father. Blackhat suddenly started grinning like the cat that got the cream.

"He's a bit, wore out at the moment." Bergitta rolled her eyes knowing exactly why.

"Seriously, Papi?" She frowned at him. "The party is going to be starting soon and more guests will be here including both sets of grandparents. Couldn't you wait and ravish Babi after the party?"

"You know how I get around your Babi when I leave for a business meeting for more than a day." Blackhat defended. "Now, I shall send up a hat bot to fetch your friends in a little while." He leaned forward and gently kissed her forehead. "Your Babi will be up in time for the party. Come, 505." With a dramatic flare of his jacket Blackhat walked down the hall, 505 following reluctantly.

Rolling her eyes again, she entered her room tray in hand.

"Well we got snacks at least." She smiled walking toward her two friends sitting at the bay window.

"So, Bergitta, one has to wonder is Manny coming to the party?" Ruby asked with a knowing smirk as Bergitta blushed a little.

"He replied to my invite saying he'll be here tonight with his dad and moms." Bergitta stated simply as she set the tray between the two girls.

"Have you heard from him at all this summer?" Alice questioned picking up a cookie. "I know he signed up for a training camp, still not clear on why though."

"Well, considering when we became friends with them after we enrolled in their second year,
Manny tried to stand up to some guys only to get beat up I think I can fathom a guess." Ruby smirked. "I can only imagine what he looks like now."

Bergitta rolled her eyes as she de-robed. Since they were all girls she didn't care if they saw her in her laced red underwear. She lifted her dress off the bed and unzipped it before stepping in the hole.

"He told me before summer break he couldn't really contact me. His trainer said it'd distract him." She pulled up the dress and easily zipped up the low back.

She wore a sangria red dress with a flounced neckline accented with beading and embroidery along the bodice. The skirt was split at the fron with delicate beading running down the edges of it and spread through out the skirt.

"Wow, you look amazing, Bergitta!" Alice giggled as she clapped her hands excitedly.

"So why did you dad want to throw this quinceañera?"

"Quinceañera." Bergitta assisted as she went back to her vanity to do some light make up.

"Yea that, I did a little looking up and apparently this type of party should've been thrown on your fifteenth birthday." Ruby stood followed by her sister who munched on another cookie. "So why'd they wait so late?"

"Papi wanted to combine Mexican tradition with American so he mixed this celebration with an American girls sweet sixteen." Bergitta explained as she dusted foundation on her cheeks. "Also we were in the middle of a big business deal over in Japan with a crime lord super villain and got interrupted by some heros."

"Only you and your family would have these crazy adventures." Alice smiled.

"Not to mention, Papi and Babi wanted me to have a party fit for a princess." Bergitta smiled fondly. Right after she finished her make up, there was a knock at her door.

"Can't be time already?" Ruby frowned as she walked toward the door. She opened the door, revealing Bergitta's other dad. He was dressed in silk button up the same color as Bergitta's dress with a black satin vest over it, his hair tied back in a braid. In his hand was a velvet box.

"Hello girls, you all look lovely." Flug smiled as he entered the room. "I have an early gift for my daughter and I believe it'd go great with her dress." Alice sensed that Flug wanted a minute alone with his daughter.
"Hey, Ruby, let's head down stairs to see if Ms. Demencia needs any more help." Alice stated as she looped arms with her sister. "We'll meet you downstairs, Bergitta!" Pulling a protesting Ruby the two left the room closing the door on the way.

"I'm sorry, Bergitta, I didn't mean to run your friends off." Flug frowned. His daughter simply smiled.

"It's fine, Babi, Alice has always been insightful. She probably figured you wanted to give me my present alone." Flug smiled as he went to stand behind his daughter. Opening the box he pulled out a tiara made of rose crystals, it's centerpiece was a top hat with a dangling blood red ruby teardrop in it's center. Surrounding the centerpiece were scrolling vines and daisies, the base was a brilliant silver finish.

Bergitta gasped quietly as he placed it on her head, mindful of her ponytail.

"Babi, it's beautiful." Flug smiled as he placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Every princess needs a tiara." Flug stated.

"And we figured it was time you had yours." Blackhat appeared next to Flug placing one of his hands over his husbands.

Bergitta smiled brightly at the sight reflected in her mirror. Their family, though it didn't have an ideal start the rest of their lives would be perfect.

"We're going to go greet the guests and send 505 up when it's time." Flug said leaning to gently kiss her cheek.

She nodded as the two disappeared, leaving just her. Reaching into her shoe shelf she grabbed her flats that matched her dress. Slipping them on, she went to sit at the bay window to wait for her brother of the last three years.

Thirty minutes later, there was a knock at her door. She stood and approached the door. As expected, 505 stood at the door a bow tie attached to his neck.
"Hey, Fives." She greeted smiling. "Well, let's get going." Bergitta exited her room and closed the door. Looping her arm around the bear's they walked down the hall toward the stairs. As they walked down the stairs, Bergitta saw a familiar man waiting for them.

His red hair had darkened a shade or two from possible sun exposure. The sides of his head were shaved short, leaving the rest of his hair on top to be slicked back. His skin tanned a little adding a few more freckles. He wore a simple black suit with a red button up and black tie. She could see he'd put on a good bit of muscle over the summer even through the suit. His blue eyes shone with
excitement at the sight of her, his smile was dazzlingly bright.

"Hey, Berry." Mannifried greeted as she stopped before him. And he was a head or two taller than her, he looked to be a few inches taller than her Papi. "How's it going?"

Oh no he's hot! Bergitta cried mentally.

Chapter End Notes

Quinceañera: A special party done when a girl turns fifteen. It symbolizes when a girl becomes a woman.
Party for a princess

Chapter Summary

Heart felt speeches, gifts, and...well 8#) you know.

Chapter Notes

I am alive! So this one isn't too exciting but next chapter we get..smexy times XD. So I've hinted at a new Oc that has yet to be born. You guys get to decide if it will be a boy or a girl, I'll set up a poll for the next few chapters. Once that's over you guys also get to pick out the name! The languages for the name are Spanish, Icelandic/ Faroese, or English. Can't wait to see what you guys come up with! As always thanks for reading. Comments, kudos and art welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bergitta stared at Manny for a minute before she shook her head. Smiling he let go of 505's arm to hug her best and first friend. Since apparently he was chugging Miracle Grow, making him freakishly tall she had to hug him around his waist carefully pressing the side of her cheek into his stomach.

"It's great to see you, Manny." She stated squeezing his warm...muscular....She let go of him quickly as if she'd been burned. "You look great! I guess the summer training paid off huh?"

"Yea, Franz vorked me to the bone." He chuckled a little embarrassed rubbing the back of his neck. "I learned martial arts and fencing rather quickly. So now when you decide to fight boys I can help."

"Hey they had it coming." Bergitta crossed her arms. "So what are you doing out here? Parties in the ball room, don't tell me you got lost again." She smirked remembering the first time Manny visited the manor.

"How vas I supposed to know your demon dad had a room of phobias?" Manny defended earning a giggle from Bergitta. "I still have nightmares."

"I still can't believe you're terrified of frogs, their adorable." She grinned laughing a little as the boy shivered.

"I have seen that horror movie about the killer frogs, plush there's frogs out there that with a simple touch can kill you!" He cried throwing his arms up in emphasis. Bergitta stared at him a thin blonde eye brow raised. Unable to keep it in, the two teens burst out laughing.
"I missed you, Manny." She smiled brightly. Earning a smile in return as he lowered his arms.

"Me too, Berry. Nah I'm not lost, I just wanted to escort you in." He bowed lowly at the waist offering his hand to her. "Wenn ich darf, Prinzessin?" Smirking Bergitta played along. Grasping her skirt she curtsied daintily taking his hand.

"Por supuesto mi caballero." She replied. The two walked toward the dining room, both trying not to burst out laughing again. Smiling 505 followed close behind them.

In front of the ballroom doors stood two of the larger hat bots. With a bow they pushed open the doors reveling them to the rooms occupants who started clapping at the sight of them. The room was beautifully decorated in black and red gossamer wrapped around the few pillars and tied into bows. There were tables set up all along the sides. The two biggest had the buffet and her birthday presents.

As they walked into the room Bergitta spotted her fathers both smiling proudly along with Demencia, Hallenburg, her mortal and demonic grandparents, her demonic uncles and even her biological brother. Her two best friends stood next Manny's father and mothers, all smiling happily.


"Babi, you haven't called me that since I was fourteen." Bergitta pouted but hugged him any way.

"You look beutiful, my dear." Chupalla smiled as she went to hug the girl.

She wore a dark navy satin ball gown with off the shoulder long sleeves. Appliques covered the sleeves and top running down the skirt stopping a quarter of the way. Her black hair was in a side plait that fell over her left shoulder, showing off her tear drop sapphire and diamond necklace.

"Thank you, Abuela." Bergitta hugged her back and pulled away only to be pulled into a hug by Apolonia. Her dress was bright red also off the shoulder in a mermaid design with a sweep train. The long sleeves were made of lace, a rhinestone flower sat in the middle of the satin belt. Her now silver hair was pulled into an intricate braid.

"She is right, min abbadóttir. You look stunning." Apolonia cupped her cheeks delicately smiling.

"Thank you, omma." She nodded smiling. Flug clapped getting everyone's attention.

"Friends and Family, thank you all for coming to celebrate our daughter's sixteenth birthday. This is not just a simple party." Flug stated nodding to his husband who snapped his fingers making a chair appear. Flug took her hand and lead her to the chair, she sat down pulling up her skirt just
enough to reveal her flats. "It symbolizes her transition from girlhood to woman hood." One of the smaller hat bot's came forward holding a velvet pillow. On top of it was a pair of three inch sangria heels with sequins running around both sides meeting at the star shaped rhinestone on top.

Flug knelt in front of her and removed her flats. Surprisingly, Blackhat also knelt before her and helped her put on her heels. Standing he assisted her to her feet. Prompting another short round of applause. After the applause died down he spoke.

"We will now present the ring and bracelet." With another snap, a ring box appeared in his hand while a long rectangular box appeared in Flug's. The box opened itself revealing a gold crown ring with two rubies set on either side of the crown and a third in its center. Beneath the crown sat six diamonds. On inner back of the band were the words: Mi amour, orgullo, alegria written in delicate curved writing.

"This ring will hold the place of your wedding rings and symbolizes the circle of life never ending." Banishing the now empty box, Blackhat lifted her left hand and slid the ring on Bergitta's appropriate finger. Smiling proudly he kissed her forehead. "Felicidades mi princesita."

Blackhat moved to the side as Flug opened his box, inside was a gold bracelet with a crown center piece that a ruby in its center with a small diamond on top.

"This bracelet also symbolizes the never ending circle of life." Flug clasped the bracelet around her right wrist. After Blackhat banished the now empty box, Flug cupped his daughters cheeks lovingly. As if he were holding a precious gem in his hands and in a way he was. His eyes became moist as he spoke. "As well as our unending love for our daughter who has done us so proud." He repeated his husbands action of kissing her forehead. "Ynski, min dóttir."

"Takk fyri, Babbi. Gracias, faðir ." Bergitta replied trying to hold back her tears as she hugged both of her fathers and the crowd applaused once more. As they pulled apart, Flug addressed the guests.

"After refreshments, my husband and daughter shall have their dance. Please enjoy the rest of the party."

Most of the other guests that weren't her family members and close friends milled about the room. Alice and Ruby nearly tackled her in a hug. Her grandfather's hugged her before they wandered off to probably get food and sit and chat like old men do.

Cosmos pulled her into a one armed hug, he stillled teased her about her height even with the heels calling her shrimp. She punched him in the gut for it, though not too hard. She didn't want him to throw up on her dress.. Demencia gave her a tight hug before resuming her position as Hallenburg's cling on.

More hugs and congratulations were given before Bergitta finally managed to make it to the buffet table. Once everyone had eaten their fill, Flug called his husband and daughter to the floor where
they waltzed for a little while. On the next song, more couples joined in. Hallenburg no longer seemed reluctant around Demencia as he once had been three years ago, even smiling fondly at her spastic outbursts of random dance moves.

As Bergitta went to dance with her friends, a voice caught her attention.

"May I have this dance, princess?" She turned to see Manny smirking. Returning the smirk she nodded as they took the waltz position and began to move to the music.

Sitting at the table watching the two teens, Flug along with his mother, mother in law, and Manny's mothers shared knowing looks. It wouldn't be long before those two were together.

The party continued without incident; gifts were opened and the younger party goers as well as Demencia, a few adults and 505 danced to more up beat music while the remaining adults sat and watched smiling.

It was close to midnight when the party finally dispersed. With farewells and promises to see each other at school, Bergitta's friends left. Followed by her family members and the other guests.

It was an hour later before Bergitta showered and changed into her pajama shorts and tank top. Just as she crawled under her comforter, there was a knock at her door. After she called enter, her fathers appeared next to her bed.

"We just wanted to check on you and say good night." Flug smiled as he pulled the covers up to her chin.

"Babi, I'm not a little girl any more." Bergitta rolled her eyes fondly. "I can tuck myself in."

"Well, now that my baby girl going to be a woman starting tomorrow I just wanted to tuck her in one last time." Flug pecked her forehead. Blackhat stroked her head a little his smile fond. As she closed her eyes, she could feel the pull of sleep.

"Sleep well, Princessa." Yawning she mumbled a good night before she rolled onto her side.

The two vanished reappearing in their room. Slowly Flug began to undress.

"Well, that was a fun party. I am exhausted." He'd only just gotten to his shirt buttons when he felt his husbands long arms wrap around his waist. He shivered in pleasure as a forked tongue ran up the shell of his ear.

"Surely you aren't too exhausted for..other activities." Blackhat's voice deepened as he spoke the
last two words. Feeling mischievous Flug pulled away his expression unimpressed.

"I don't know. You may have to convince me." Flug finished unbuttoning his shirt as he glanced over his now revealed pale shoulder. His eyes became wanton and down right sinful as he smirked at his husband. "Piensa que puedes, oh oscuro?" Blackhat's eye glowed red as a predatory growl escaped his lips.

As he pounced Flug was thankful for his advanced healing since he knew without it, he'd never be able to walk straight again.

Chapter End Notes

Wenn ich darf, Prinzessin: If I may princess
Por supuesto mi caballero; Of course my knight
Sólja.: Buttercup
Abuela: Grandmother-Spanish
min abbadóttir: My granddaughter
Omma: Grandmother-Faroese
Mi amour, orgullo, alegria: My love, pride, joy
Felicidades mi princesita: Congratulations my little princess
Ynski, min dóttir: Congratulations my daughter
Takk fyri, Babbi. Gracias, faðir: Thank you, Daddy. -Faroese. Thank you father-Spanish
Piensa que puedes, oh oscuro: Think you can o dark one?
Darkness and Dreams

Chapter Summary

The couple share a passionate moment. And Blackhat dreams.

Chapter Notes

Hey hey. So first part is smut, yay! This next part is kinda angsty, sorry. Blackhat has a dream but is it a dream or a premonition? As always thanks or reading. Comments, kudos, and art is welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

With a snap both of their cloths vanished as Blackhat tackled Flug from behind, thankfully they were close to the bed. Flug landed with an oof which quickly turned to a pleasurable moan as Blackhat started running his tongue along his neck.

"You enjoy teasing me don't you, mi amour?" Blackhat's voice was deep with lust as he whispered in his husband's ear. Flug let out a gasping moan as Blackhat rimmed Flug's entrance with a finger before easily slipping in. "Your still loose from earlier and here I thought I had satisfied you enough."

Flug turned his head slightly to glance at his husband his blue eyes almost black as his pupil was blown wide with lust. His grin was positively sinful.

"Perhaps you need to try harder, unless you've lost your touch." Growling at the snub to his skills, Blackhat flipped Flug onto his back before using a tendril to tie his wrists together, sitting back on his feet.

"You must be a glutton for punishment, Sephugis." Flug shivered at the dark tone in which his full first name was spoken. Blackhat's eye glowed with the red pupil surrounded by black. As a sudden thought came to mind a devilish grin split nearly split his face in half. "Tell me, mi amado, are you afraid of the dark?" Flug lifted his head to glance at his husband, his expression questioning and a little worried.

"Why do you ask?" Blackhat leaned forward until he hovered over his husband. He gently cupped Flug's cheek as expression and eyes back to normal.

"¿Confías en mí?" Knowing Blackhat would never hurt him, Flug nodded as he leaned up to kiss the Eldritch above him. The kiss quickly went from tender to messily passionate. A small mixed
trail of clear and green saliva connected them as Blackhat pulled away. His shark like grin returned. "I wanted to try something different tonight, mi amour."

With a wave of his hand a silk blind fold appeared around Flug's eyes, shrouding him in darkness. At first Flug was a little worried, until a familiar tongue began working it's way down his chest.

"B-bla-ah-blackhat?" He gasped as the warm wet appendage wrapped around his nipple. He shivered at the dark chuckle that seemed to come from all sides.

"You look like a little lamb sacrifice all tied up and waiting to be devoured by a demon. In a way that's what you are." Flug gasped as his other nipple was teased and pinched lightly. "Do you wish me to devour you, mi corderito?" He could feel Blackhat's lecherous grin rather than see it. Deciding to play along, Flug used his more timid persona.

"P-please, Lord Demon, don't eat me." Flug stuttered quietly. He turned his head to the side exposing his pale neck. "I won't taste very good."

"Oh, I'll be the judge of that." Blackhat purred at the offered expanse of lilly white skin. He leaned forward, gently biting down. Pulling a pleased groan from Flug. As he sucked causing a bruise to form, he slowly trailed his hand down wards. He traced around the quivering entrance before pushing in.

"AH! My lord Demon, that-hah!- p-place-" Blackhat pulled away from his neck and growled in his ear.

"Belongs to me. As does the rest of you, corderito." Once he was sure Flug was stretched enough he removed his fingers, placing the head of his cock at the entrance but not pushing in yet. "I want to hear you say it."

"B-blackhat! Pl-please, I want you!" Flug whined as he tried to push himself down on the warm shaft at his entrance. His timid persona gone. Chuckling Blackhat pulled away earning a mewl of sadness from his bound husband.

"¿Qué te parece?" Blackhat purred. He banished the blindfold so he could see the watery desperate eyes of his beloved.

"Soy tuyo." Grinning broadly, Blackhat slammed into Flug's quivering entrance hitting his pleasure spot dead on. The force of the thrust caused Flug's eyes to widen as his back bowed upwards, nearly cumming. His mouth was stretched in an silent gasp. When he flopped back on the bed, he saw Blackhat's eye were completely red his grin dark and erotic.

"Tu eres mio." Blackhat agreed. Once he was sure Flug was ready he pushed the doctor's legs up toward his chest and set a brutal pace.
The sounds of his husbands cries of ecstasy, the obscene sound of skin slapping together, and the creaking of their bed was the greatest symphony he's ever heard. It is a song he has enjoyed for the last three years and one he planed to hear for the rest of eternity.

"B-bla-ah! -ack Hat, I wa-ah-nt to h-hold you." Flug moaned between thrusts. In an instant the tendril was gone and Flug had his arms wrapped around Blackhat's back, clawing down wards. The familiar sting of his husband's blunt nails leaving green streaks on his back pushed Blackhat to the edge.

His thrusts increased to near inhuman speed, his animalistic growls became louder the closer he got.

"Sephlugis, corras para mi." Blackhat growled as he felt the spring in his gut tighten ready to burst. He released Flug's legs only to have them wrap around his waist holding him close.

Blackhat roared out his release as Flug tightened his legs around the eldritch crying out his own. Once Flug unhooked his shaky legs, Blackhat pulled out and laid next to him pulling his spent doctor close.

"Are you sated now, mi corazon?" Blackhat grinned snapping his fingers vanishing their mess. As his black comforter covered them both. There was a mumbled yes before he heard the sound of Flug snoring softly. With a fond smile, Blackhat waved his hand turning off his lights following his husband into sleep.

*

Blackhat walked down the hallway, portraits and trophies hung on both walls. He seemed to be going somewhere but he wasn't sure where that was. Finally at the end of the never ending hall there was a single door painted half blue half pink.

He reached to open the door only for it to open itself. His eyes widened at the nursery before him. Toys, a crib, bassinet, and in the center rocking a white bundle sat his beloved husband. As Flug looked up, his face glowed with a peaceful wonderful light. Before he could approach the two, the room was bathed in blood red flames.

"Flug!" Blackhat called attempting to get to his husband. Flug simply smiled and kept rocking the infant. As the blanket was burned away, it revealed the withered corpse of an infant.

"You couldn't protect us, Black hat." Blood began to run from Flug's now milky blue eyes, like tears.

"NO! FLUG!" He roared as he leaped through the wall of flames, he found himself standing on a hill over looking what he could only describe as the apocalypse. The buildings even his manor
were in shambles. The humans that weren't torn to shreds on the ground ran from creatures of pure horror. Screams of fear and pain filled the air, the sky was a bloody red. "What is this!?"

"Your future." A voice spoke. Blackhat turned his now red eyes searching for the source. "You will herald in the end times as you always wanted."

"I didn't intend for this! What's the point of ruling if there's no one to rule?" Blackhat growled. There was a sudden weight around his throat as a collar appeared. The voice laughed manically.

"Who said you were going to rule? No, Black hat, you will be my attack dog. Bound at my feet while I sit on the throne, as the new god of this universe."

"I bow to NO ONE!" Blackhat's voice deepened as he tried to pull off the collar but was unable to. "And what of my husband and the rest of my family?"

"They are nothing hindrances. They serve no purpose but to distract you from My goals." The voice chuckled lightly. "They are stepping stones as you can see."

Blackhat looked down and nearly fell over from shock. Sure enough the 'hill' he had been standing on was made from the dead bodies of his parents, in laws, Demencia, 505, and his brothers. At the very top where his feet had been, was Flug and Bergitta wrapped in a final embrace between them was the infant corpse.

"No, mi corazon, mi hija." Blackhat's voice broke at the sight of them.

"Your days are numbered, Blackhat. I am coming and when I arrive, you're mine."

The hill of corpses began to move as the bodies were revived. They began to crawl up his legs, attempting to pull him down. To where he didn't want to find out. He tried to pull away but the collar kept him in place.

"When you get here, bastard, I will kill you!" Blackhat roared trying to fend off the hands of his undead family. "You have no power over an entity such as me!"

"Tell me, oh powerful Blackhat, what's the one way to control any demon or supernatural creature?" The voice sing-songed. Blackhat's eyes widened as the answer immediately came to mind.

No! It's impossible! Blackhat thought.

"Who are you!?" The voice just laughed as the corpses began to over take him. He glanced to the side, between the arms and hands to see the empty eyes of his husband and daughter watch as he was swallowed by the corpses. Still held in Flug's arms was the infant.
Thousands of voices called his name, getting louder and louder the farther down he was pulled. It was worse than the eternal screams that came from the fires of hell itself.

Though the corpses were gone, the voices remained as he was pulled farther into the darkness. The collar and chain were still around his neck. He gave up trying to break the collar and grasped his head screaming, but the voices just got louder.

"Blackhat."

"Blackhat."

"BLACKHAT."

"BLACKHAT!"

* *

..ackhat! Blackhat, wake up." The light voice of his husband filtered through the darkness. With a gasp Blackhat sat up his eye wide with something he has never felt, fear. His claws were out as he looked around his red eye searching for intruders. "Blackhat."

The demon glanced over to see his beautiful husband, alive. With out a word, Blackhat threw the covers to the side and wrapped himself around Flug burying his face into Flug's neck. The scent of his husband helped calm him.

"Mi corazon, nunca me dejes." Blackhat mumbled against Flug's neck.

"Of course I won't , love." Flug stated though he was a little shaken by Blackhat's behavior. Through the bond he could feel fear, worry, and anxiousness. Things he never thought his eldritch could feel in the time he's known him.

What sort of dream did he have that actually scared the scariest creature alive?

As he held his husband close, Blackhat vowed silently that no one would take his family away. Especially not his yet to be conceived child.

Chapter End Notes

mi amado: my beloved
¿Confías en mí?: Do you trust me?
mi corderito: My little lamb
Qué te parece: What do you say
Soy tuyo: I'm yours
tu eres mio: You are mine
corras para mí: Cum for me
Mi corazon, nunca me dejes: My heart, never leave me
Conventions and old Friends

Chapter Summary

Flug gets to go to a science convention! There he meets an old friend and his ex nemesis.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took a while to get out. So, I may not be able to post for a couple of days but it'll depend on if i'm near internet or not. But I suppose this will be a good break to get my thoughts and ideas in order. Also I'm not sure if I've said this or not but I own nothing in these stories except my Ocs. As always thanks for reading. Comments, kudos and art are welcome!

A few mornings later found the couple sitting at the dining table. The scene was strangely domestic as Blackhat sat reading the morning paper, occasionally taking a sip of his blood coffee. Flug sat in his place next to Blackhat munching on his toast while he drew out blue prints for their latest weapon request.

Bergitta was at school and would be home in another thirty minutes. Her TCD had been a huge hit with their clients. It was a speedy get away and they could break into a place as long as they programmed it in the micro mother board. Blackhat had wanted his daughter to be given full commission since it was her design. She refused saying she'd only take fifteen percent of sales. Since she was a princess and the daughter of the richest and most successfull villain agency she didn't need the money.

As Flug finished the last of his blue print, a small hat bot rolled in holding the mail. The robot immediately brought the mail to the doctor. Nodding appreciatively, Flug began to go through the mail.

"Anything of interest, mi amour?" Blackhat asked not glancing from his paper.

"Let's see, grocery sale paper, a few fan mails for us and even Bergitta, oh new applications to join our organization." Flug stated as he set two envelopes next to his husbands coffee cup.

"Excellent! We need new souls to trick and torment." Blackhat chuckled evilly. Flug just rolled his eyes returning his gaze to the remaining mail in his hand.

"Demencia's new issue of Villainess Views, 505's new mail order coloring book, and a letter for
me." Blackhat looked up at the last bit.

"Last time a letter came for you, I learned you were a prince about to be crowned king." Blackhat set his paper down as he interlaced his fingers and studied his husband. "Any other secrets you wish to share, mi amada?"

"Not that I know of." Flug shook his head smiling as he opened the letter.

To whom it may concern,
You have been invited to the World Inventor & Scientist Convention (WISC) being held this year in Moscow, Russia on the 8th of August at 6 pm to the 9th of August 12pm, as an observer and scouter for potential. As well as a buyer. Inventions and projects in the works will be displayed by promising young minds.
Snacks and entertainment shall be provided.
Sincerely, The Board of scientists.

"It's been ten years already?" Flug questioned out loud as he handed the letter to Blackhat.

"Will you be attending this convention, mi corazon?" Blackhat asked as he set the letter on the table.

"Of course, the WISC is the biggest gathering of intelligent minds and their inventions. Only the top doctors and scientists get invited, but you have to be well known and of age to go. It's held every ten years so the last time it was held I was just leaving my parents home striking out on my own." Flug explained. "Then a year or so later, I met the man who'd become my husband." Flug placed his hand over Blackhat's smiling.

"That is the most sickeningly sweet thing I've heard." Blackhat faked a sneer of disgust, before he smiled as well. "And yet, I couldn't be more grateful for you crashing into my life and house."

"BLECK! You two are disgusting!" Demencia gagged from the door. "All lovey and mushy, Yuck! I never thought Blackie could be so sappy." Blackhat growled at the girl as Flug rolled his eyes.

"Oh I don't want to hear it, Demencia. From the time I started working here to my coronation three years ago all I heard from you was how you wanted to be all lovey dovey with Blackhat." Flug glared light heartedly at the lizard girl. "Now you obsess over my cousin who for some reason, puts up with it."

"Well, when I found out my precious Blackie was marrying the nerd, I knew it was time to give up. Besides." Demencia smiled giddily. "I think Hally is really starting to like me. He doesn't even scream any more when I appear in his apartment."
"Right, such an improvement." Flug rolled his eyes. Demencia just grinned.

"Well, I'm gonna go visit my boyfriend. Don't wait up!" She singed pulling her own TCD programmed to open directly into Hallenburg's apartment. She tossed it on the floor pressing a button on her glove, much like Bergitta's opening the portal. "HALLY BABY! I'M COMING!" She cannon balled into the portal just before it closed, destroying the disk leaving the two men to stare after her.

"I hope she has a way to get back." Flug said.

"If she doesn't I am not going to get her." Blackhat stated. "As I was saying, do you plan to attend this convention?"

"Yes, I'll use my own TCD so I can come home as soon as it's over." Flug nodded. "I'll leave in a few hours." Flug quickly finished his breakfast before hurrying to his lab, blue prints in his arms.

Blackhat stared after his husband before disappearing. When he reappeared in the lab he saw Flug jumping between projects. Making sure everything looked right.

"Flug, are you sure this convention will be safe?" Blackhat questioned. Flug continued his work when he answered.

"Of course, considering it will be held in Russia and all the expensive machines that will be there I'm pretty sure the security will be tight." Once he tightened a final screw he turned to his husband. "Plus I'll take something to protect myself just incase. Is everything alright?"

Flug approached his husband gently cupping his cheek. His bright red eyes shone with concern.

"The way you acted last night worried me. I've never seen you so..afraid before. What was that dream about?" Flug asked. BLackhat leaned into Flug's hand placing his own over it. He didn't want to tell him the full truth, not until he knew it's meaning himself. So he settled on a half truth and hoped Flug would be satisfied with the answer.

"Everything is fine, mi amado. It was just a dream about how I lost you and Bergitta. Just my dark mind trying to torment me." Blackhat replied. Flug could feel there was something else, but decided to not question it.

"Nothing is going to happen to us, not as long as you're around." Flug smiled as he wrapped his arms around Blackhat's waist. "I know you'll protect us no matter what." Blackhat looked down at his husband his gaze fond as he leaned down to kiss his fore head.

"And I always will. Finish what you need to in here, I shall go pack you an over night bag. Should I
include your disguise?" Blackhat asked as they released each other.

"Hmm, perhaps just incase we are attacked and I have to fight." Flug nodded. With a chaste kiss, Blackhat disappeared.

*

A few hours later Flug had showered and dressed in a simple blue button up and slacks with his lab coat. He came downstairs into the foyer where Blackhat waited with a small duffel bag in hand.

"I'll be back soon, hopefully with new inventions and ideas," Flug greeted. Before Blackhat could reply a portal opened and Bergitta came through. Her uniform hadn't changed much since she had started school. The skirt was shorter but she wore tight sport shorts that peaked from under her skirt. Her white socks had turned black and now came to just under the shorts.

"Babi, where are you going?" She asked noticing the bag.

"I've been invited to the World Inventor & Scientist Convention." Flug explained. His daughter's eyes lit up at his answer.

"You're going to the WISC!? I wanna go!" She begged. "Please, Babi, can I go?"

"No, Bergitta, the rules are you have to be of age to attend, not to mention you still have school." Flug answered sternly. His expression softened at her pout. "Since they will be selling inventions as well, is there anything you want me to look for?"

Her pout disappeared as she thought about what she wanted.

"If you can find a nitrogen power core that'd be great, I'm almost done with my speedster trap." She finally replied.

"A nitrogen powered speedster trap?" Flug questioned arching his brow.

"I'll release the nitrogen in the trap that will already be filled with hydrogen so when they try to speed up their molecules to keep warm..." She paused letting Flug finish the sentence.

"It cause them to mix making amonia, so when they pass out they also freeze." Flug smiled at her brilliance. "Killing them slowly. Nicely thought out, Sweetheart." He kissed her fore head. "I'll be sure to find you one. Well I'd better get going, see you when I get home." With a final kiss to Blackhat's cheek, he took his bag opening his portal and stepped through.
"Hey where's Demencia?" Bergitta asked as the portal closed.

"She's gone to bother Hallbergur." Blackhat replied. "Do you have any history homework today? I'd love to provide more details to your human wars that aren't included in your history books."

"Not today, Papi, it's just trig and Language Arts." She shook her head yawning. "I'm going to rest a little before I start." Giving him a quick hug she went up stairs, leaving just Blackhat in his foyer.

Now that he was alone, Blackhat's mind began to wander back to his dream the night before. Whoever sent that dream knew his real name, how he had no idea but this person was dangerous to him and his family. Perhaps it was time to search through his personal history archives, to see if they held any clues as to who this person was. With a thought he disappeared, reappearing deep in his manor where no one but he has been.

He stood before a set of dark red double doors, the handles were made of the horned skull of a demon. Around the doors were heavy chains. Removing his glove Blackhat placed his hand under the skulls mouth. A single sharp black fang came down, as it pierced his hand he flinched just a little. This was the only thing that really hurt him, besides his husbands holy bullets.

As the fang went back up into the skull, he replaced his glove over his already healed hand. There was a clicking sound and the chains fell away with heavy bangs against the floor. The doors opened on their own as he walked forward, once through the doors shut with an audible bang.

* In Moscow*

Flug had checked into a hotel before heading to the Gostiny Dvor, where the convention was being held. Once he checked in at the reception and got his badge he explored around. The main hall was filled with all kinds of inventions and designs from all over the world. He spotted a few more human villains mixed in with the normal scientists.

While he searched around for what Bergitta asked for he wasn't watching where he was going and bumped into some one. Being the skinny body he was, he easily fell over.

"Oh I'm terribly sorry." The other stated. His voice was rather high pitched and could easily get on ones nerves, though it did sound familiar.

"No it's quite alright, I wasn't paying attention." As Flug looked up he saw the person he'd bumped into was none other than Heinz Doofenshirt. "Heinz? I don't believe it." The man looked at Flug closer before his eyes widened with surprise.

"Sephugis, is that really you? You've changed so much." The two embraced in a quick hug. They had been friends when Flug had been in university, in fact Heinz had been his only friend and the only one who took him seriously. "How have you been old friend?"
"Fine actually, I'm married now and have a daughter and son." Flug explained as they continued exploring the convention. "Currently working as a scientist and inventor for a...powerful business man." Even though Heinz was his friend, he couldn't tell him exactly who he worked for.

"You're married and have children?" Heinz repeated in shock. "So much has changed since we saw each other last. I continued my path of evil, making my -inators and only to be foiled by my arch nemesis. I gave up the evil life a while ago for my daughter Vanessa."

"You have an arch nemesis?" Flug questioned. Almost instantly, a blue bipedle platypus in a fedora appeared.

"Perry the platypus? Didn't you get my note from Norm saying i was on vacation?" Heinz glared at the mammal in annoyance. The creature made a low chattering noise. "No I am not planing anything evil! I'm just enjoying a nice vacation filled with inventions and other scientists."

"Um, Heinz, you're arguing with a platypus on two legs wearing a fedora." Flug argued.

"Ah, right. Sephlugis, this is my ex-arch nemesis Perry the platypus also known as Agent P." Heinze introduced. "Perry the platypus, this is my friend from college Sephlugis Stormkarlen."

"It's Stormkarlen-Hattier now." Flug corrected nodding in greeting to the platypus as it tipped it's hat returning his greeting. "And your arch nemesis was a platypus? They supposedly don't do much."

"Yes well." Heinz rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. "Danville doesn't have any super heroes or anything. Just an organization that as animals for agents."

Before the conversation could continue, Flug caught a wif of something. Apparently so could the platypus, who looked around for the cause.

"Something's wrong." Flug stated. Suddenly the occupants of the convention began to drop in apparent sleep. That's when he recognized the smell. It was Ether gas. "Heinz, we need to-" Before he could finish his sentence, Heinz and the platypus was already on the ground passed out. Thanks to his immortal stat it took Flug longer to pass out.

As he collapsed, he swore he saw the shape of strangely his husband.
Imposter vs the real deal

Chapter Summary

Slight change on the previous ch. The last line now says: "As he collapsed, he swore he saw the shape of strangely his husband." Hope this clears any confusion.

Chapter Notes

I LIVE! So sorry for the long wait, my best friend got married this weekend! Hopefully their won't be any more delays, except for maybe holidays. And now back to your regularly scheduled update. XD So, this chapter is probably not going to be as exciting, but next chapter is gonna get gory! As always thanks for reading. Comments, Kudos and art are welcome. Oh and I will try to update my other story. Any ways enjoy the story!

As he returned to the waking world, Flug could feel someone shaking his shoulder gently calling his name.

"Sephlugis, Sephlugis, please wake up." As he opened his eyes, Flug was greeted by the sight of Heinz kneeling next to him. Relief flooded the brown eyes of the man as Flug sat up with a groan. "Oh, thank heaven you're okay. I was starting to get worried, most everyone is already awake." Heinz stood offering Flug his hand.

"Yeah, Ether gets to me pretty bad." Flug took the offered hand and stood as well. They seemed to be in some kind of auditorium much like the convention hall, only there were bars on the windows and the doors were blocked by large steel plates. In the center of the room was a round stage of sorts. "Where are we?"

"Not really sure, those that woke up earlier said no one has shown up." Heinz replied. Suddenly the platypus jumped down from the ceiling. "Ah, Perry the platypus, did you find anything?" The platypus chattered in response. "Everything's blocked? Even the vents?" The platypus nodded grimly.

"Great," Flug groaned. He'd told his husband this trip wasn't going to be dangerous. Now he was going to have to call Blackhat to come rescue him. Perhaps the other scientists as well.

Before he could reach out to the eldritch through the bond, the lights went off and dark eerie music began to play. Spot lights began to move around the room as a voice came over the loud speaker.
"Attention, geniuses from all over the world, rejoice as you have been chosen to join the greatest evil mind in the world!" The voice announce dramatically. Flug arched an eyebrow skeptically. "You are now important pieces of the great plan of the infamous" The lights all pointed toward the stage. "The terrible and frightful." The middle of the stage opened up and smoke poured out. "The dashing and handsome." The lights turned off just something came out of the hole. The lights came back on revealing a man that looked almost exactly like his husband. "Black hat!"

"You have got to be kidding me." Flug face palmed. This man was just an impostor, if that really was Blackhat, he would've simply appeared in a flash of fire or darkness. While he wasn't fooled, the rest of the room was. They trembled as the fake Blackhat began laughing evily, even his laugh was wrong. "Well, he's gonna die."

"Sephugis, you shouldn't say that out loud." Heinz warned gently. "That's THE Blackhat, the worlds greatest evil! I had thought about joining his organization, but I didn't want to actually hurt anyone."

"Heinz, that's not the real Blackhat." Flug stated earning a few worried looks from the other scientists.

"What do you mean? Of course that's the real Blackhat!" Heinz protested. "He looks just like he does in his pictures."

Flug simply shook his head as he closed his eyes and focused on the dark entity connected to his heart and soul.

Blackhat.

*

"This seems promising." Blackhat mumbled to himself as he pulled a book off the self. He floated at least ten feet in the air, with random books and scrolls floating around him. As he levitated downwards he read through the green snake skin book. "In the dimension of Demogorgania, I was worshiped as a god. My second in command was a powerful sorcerer who's evil nearly rivaled my own." He walked over to his black leather wing backed chair, which sat by the fire place.

Stretched out, all thirty five feet of him was a white python cobra hybrid. His loyal pet, Lil' Jack. Since he was so ravenous most of the time, he had to stay in the archive room. Of course Blackhat fed him everyday. The snake lifted it's head to greet his master. Still reading the book Blackhat used on hand to stroke the snake's great head, earning a pleased hiss.

Blackhat. Flug's voice spoke in his mind causing Blackhat's head to snap up, searching for his mate.
"Flug?" He called.

*Blackhat, can you hear me?* Flug's voice spoke again. *I need your help, but I can't talk out loud.*

That's when Blackhat realized Flug was speaking through the bond.

*Flug, mi amour, what's the matter?* Blackhat spoke in his own mind. *I thought you were enjoying that science convention, has something happened? Are you okay?*

*I'm fine, love.* Flug soothed the panicking eldritch. *Some third rate villain kidnapped the entire convention. And get this, he's impersonating you.*

*He's WHAT?* Blackhat growled angrily.

*That's right, you have an impersonator or impostor not sure which.* Flug stated. Blackhat could feel the smile on his husbands face, he knew how much Blackhat hated it when some one tried to pretend to be him.

I'm on my way. Blackhat announced setting the book to the side.

*Alright, just try not to kill any one here. I just ran into an old college friend of mine and-.* Flug went silent.

*Flug? Mi corazone are you alright?* Blackhat questioned.

*Oh, HELL NO!* Flug snarled. *He's even got an impersonator of me!* Blackhat chuckled a little.

*Not so fun any more is it?* Blackhat grinned. *I'm on my way, try not to kill anyone before I get there.*

*No promises.* Flug snorted.

* *

"My head scientist, Dr. Flug will now be your superior." The fake Black hat announced as a fake Flug climbed onto the stage. Meanwhile in the back, the real Dr. Flug was fuming.

"I can't believe he's got a fake me too." Flug grumbled annoyedly as he tapped his foot. Heinz watched with worry and a little curious.
"Um, Sephlugis, what do you mean by a fake you?" Heinz questioned. Flug glanced at his friend before sighing.

"Heinz, what I'm about to tell you must stay between us." Flug fixed the man with a serious stare, when Heinz nodded Flug continued. "That man on stage is not the real Blackhat, I should know I married him three years ago and I'm the real Dr. Flug."

Heinz's eyes widened in shock as did the platypus's. For further emphasis, Flug held up his left hand showing his wedding rings.

"You're...married to the evilist, most sadistic, dark and vilest villains in the history of man kind?" Flug smiled as he nodded. "But-wha-how?"

"I'll explain further after we are rescued, right now I have to debunk a couple of impostors." Flug turned toward the stage and started straight for it, Heinz and Perry close behind.

"You're first project shall be to build me-

"A better disguise!" Flug interrupted climbing onto the stage, with a nervous Heinz and defensive Perry behind him. Now that he was close up, he could see the man was covered in heavy body paint the same as his husbands. A few hairs peeked out from under the top hat, his teeth were just implants that weren't even green, and his suit was cheaply made. Not to mention the monocle was on the wrong side.

The man floundered a bit as the room started whispering. Clearing his throat, the man replied with a poor replication of his husbands voice.

"I am the great Blackhat! Who are you to question me, mortal?" The fake Flug came forward. He wasn't even wearing goggles or gloves.

"You dare question the powerful Blackhat? He has done things far beyond your comprehension and-" Having enough of the squeaky nerve grating voice, Flug grabbed the fake by the front of his shirt.

"Listen here you dollar store copy, if you even dare to think about talking to me again I will make you eat that costume lab coat and I will shove my foot so far up your ass it'll kick start your brain." Flug growled befor shoving the terrified man away. "Listen up everyone, these two are fakes. They are not the real Blackhat and Dr. Flug."

THe scientists began to talk a little more loudly with each other, before one finally asked.
"How do you know they aren't?" Flug started to answer when he felt a dark and familiar presence. Glancing down, he saw Perry's fur standing on end and he chattered nervously. Smiling Flug addressed the crowd of scientists.

"Because he just got here."

Suddenly a pillar of hellfire shot up from the stage, the screams of thousands of tortured souls filled the hall. The fire disappeared leaving the real Blackhat in it's place and he did not look pleased.

His eye wandered around the hall before landing on his husband.

*Shall I address you properly, mi amour?* Blackhat asked through the bond.

*Sure, you can erase their memories later.* Flug replied. Grinning Blackhat approached his husband and pulled him in close.

"My husband, Dr. Flug, I felt your call and came as quick as possible," Blackhat stated a little dramatically but it got the response he wanted: total shock and fear.

"Thank you for coming so fast, my husband." Flug replied playing along. "There appears to be someone trying to use our names to get these scientists to work for them." Behind Blackhat said imposters were trying to slowly get away.

"Are they now?" Blackhat grinned before turning his head 180 degrees to glare at the two men, who froze in horror. "That just won't do." Snapping out of their petrified states the two started to run. Turning his body all the way around, Blackhat's tentacles lashed out wrapping around the two before pulling them back kicking and screaming.

"Let's deal with them later, darling." Flug placed his hand on Blackhat's elbow. "I want to finish the convention, then we can deal with the imposters." Flug knew Blackhat would agree, he just pretended to think to scare the two impostors.

"As you wish my love." Blackhat replied, with a snap a portal opened. "See you two in a few hours." The last thing they saw before being surrounded by darkness was a pointed green smile.

The hall was silent as none of the scientists dared to speak. This was the real Blackhat, the aura of darkness surrounded him like a dark cape. The white haired man beside him had the same aura though not as murderous.

The real Blackhat turned toward the crowd earning a collective flinch.
"My apologies for the delay in your convention. Allow me to correct this interruption." With a
wave of his arm, all the scientists as well as their inventions and projects reappeared in the original
convention hall. Though for some reason, they felt as it there was a gap in their memories. As if
something terrifying happened but they couldn't remember what. Deciding not to dwell on it, the
convention continued.

Outside the hall, stood Blackhat, Flug, Heinz and a still nervous Perry.

"I am supper confused right now." Heinz murmured as he sat on a bench, Perry climbed up to sit
next to him.

"Allow me to start from the beginning." Flug offered and begun to tell his story, the whole thing.
By the end of it, Heinz looked even more confused.

"So let me get this straight," Heinz started. "You were a prince, now crowned king of a pseudo
kindom, you married the greatest evil entity of all time before then, you worked for him as the mad
scientist Dr. Flug. You have a daughter who is actually the up and coming newbie villain Muerta
Rosa, and all this from after we parted ways after college."

"That's pretty much it." Flug nodded smiling. Blackhat stood to the side, with his arms crossed.

"And I thought I had a complicated life." Heinz shook his head. "I'll keep your identity a secret if
that's what you want."

"It would be appreciated. If people knew who I really was, I'd never be able to go out in public
again." Flug chuckled. "It's good to know I still have a friend in you, Heinz."

"Of course you do." Heinz stood holding his hand out. "And should you ever need another genius
to help out with your projects, I'll be in Danville." Flug shook his head smiling. "Come on, Perry
the Platypus, I saw a particularly interesting project on turning animals into people. It'd be great to
actually talk to you for once."
As Heinz and Perry left, the platypus glanced nervously back toward Blackhat before hurrying to
catch up to Heinz.

"Well, now that the crisis is averted I shall be headed back. I'll wait to torture those two when you
return, Mi amour." Blackhat kissed Flug before smiling. "Try not to get kidnapped again."

"I wasn't trying to get kidnapped the first time." Flug snapped indignantly. Blackhat just laughed as
he teleported home. Once alone, Flug remembered something he wanted to ask his husband. What
was that library he sensed Blackhat in? He's never seen it before. Shrugging his shoulders, he
returned to the convention.
Careful who you try to impersonate

Chapter Summary

The torture of the imposters

Chapter Notes

Man! Sorry this took so long guys. Don't know why I had trouble with it. Any who, so torture yay! As always thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are welcome and encouraged

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next night, Flug arrived home via TCD. As he entered the foyer, he found an overly giddy Demencia twirling around with her phone in hand.

"Hey, Dem, what's got you all happy?" He asked.

"Oh, Flug-bug, you're not going to believe this! So you know how I've been flirting and hinting at Hally for three years? Well yesterday when I went to his place, he wasn't there sadly. So I called Blackie, pestering him until he finally decided to come get me. He said he had to go rescue you again."

"It wasn't my fault! Some idiot impersonators tried to pass themselves off as me and Blackhat." Flug defended himself.

"Uh-huh. So any way not long after I got home, Hally texted me and asked me out on a date!" Demencia explained her mix-matched eyes full of excitement. "He said to use a TCD to get to his company tomorrow evening, after he finishes work we'll go out on our date! Oh, I need to go pick out my outfit!" Tucking her phone away in her hoodie pocket, she crawled up the walls toward her room.

Flug shook his head as he placed his bag on the ground. It took a while but he found the nitrogen core Bergitta had asked for. Just as he started toward the stairs, one of Blackhat's portals opened up beneath his feet. Flug groaned as he fell through and as expected landed in Blackhat's waiting arms.

"Well look at this, a little angel fell from heaven just for me." Blackhat stared down at his husband with a pointed grin. "What caused such a creature to fall into the bowls of hell?"

"I married a demon lord." Flug replied playing along. He noticed the two impostors were chained
to the wall still in costume. "It's good to see you waited for me."

"But of course, mi amour." Blackhat smiled as he set Flug on his feet facing the impostors and wrapped his arms around Flug's waist. He rested his chin on his husband's shoulder. "I knew how much you hate having someone impersonate you, so I waited until you came home to have your fun. Since there are two, would you like to do this together or separate."

"Perhaps let me show my impostor what the real Dr. Flug is capable of." Flug stated as a sadistic grin split his face in half. "You can let your impostor watch if you wish, before finishing him off."

"Una idea tan villana mi amor." Blackhat purred into Flug's ear, his snake like tongue peeking out to brush against the outer shell of his ear.

"Hey look, man, we only did this cause we needed the money." The Flug impersonator spoke his voice trembling. "If you let us go, we'll never do this again. We'll even change our names and move away."

"Ah, but you see here's the problem." Flug moved away from Blackhat's hold toward the men. "You know who I am, and you know what I really look like." Flug lifted a his hand and gently stroked the bag covered face of the fake Flug. "You understand that this means we can't let you leave alive. There's always the chance you may go to the heroes or police with this information."

"P-pl-please, at least let me go!" The fake begged. "He roped me into this saying we'd get away with it that the real Blackhat and Dr. Flug never find out we did this!"

"You bastard!" The fake Blackhat growled angrily as he pulled at his chains in an attempt to get at his now ex-partner. "I hope he kills you slowly and painfully!"

"Now children, let's not argue." Flug smiled brightly. "You will be treated equally. We'll start with you first." As if sensing what he'd need, Blackhat snapped his fingers and Flug's sheet covered operating cart appeared next to him.

"No! No, please don't do this!" The fake Flug cried fearfully as his struggles increased. "I was going to make this simple and do this while you were standing but you seem to want to make this difficult for me." Flug hummed feigning sadness.

"Blackhat, could you be a dear and make this young man...comfortable?" Blackhat was grinning from one side of his face to the other. He loved when Flug turned sadistic. With another snap the, fake Flug was strapped to an operating table right in front of the fake Blackhat.

"Thank you, love." Flug smiled as he rolled his cart over to the fake. "Let's see what surprises we have this time." Flug pulled the sheet off revealing a sewing needle and cat gut thread, along with his sharpened scalpel, a beaker of acid, and a few syringes.
"Interesting, I was hoping for a little more carnage this time."

"As my king wishes." The scalpel then became a bone saw. The fake then began to scream bloody murder and struggled even harder. "Mi amour, perhaps you should do something about this coño perra and his screaming. It throws off the mood." With a wave of his hand his favorite arm chair appeared facing the table beside the other fake as a cup of blood tea appeared in his hand.

"Who is in charge of this torture?" Flug questioned as Blackhat sat down. "Though you do have a point." Flug picked up the 10 Gage needle and cat gut and threaded the two. "It is kind of hard to focus with all that screaming." Once the needle was threaded, Flug positioned it over the man's lips as another shrill scream poured out.

"NONONO PLEASE DON'T!"

"Now, now this won't hurt a bit." Flug suddenly ripped the bag off of the man's face revealing fearful brown eyes and a tear streaked pale face. His sadistic grin returning to it's place on his lips. "It's going to hurt a lot."

With that Flug grabbed the lips with his free hand and pulled them out ward before he stabbed the large needle threw both at the same time. As the large needle and thread passed through five more times, the man tried to pull away, tearing his lips a little. After a few minutes, Flug cut the thread before tying a large knot on either end of the thread.

"There much better. Now I can work in peace." Flug set the bloody needle on the cart. Next he pulled on his thick gloves before picking up the beaker of acid and a syringe. "I wonder how long it will take this acid to reach your heart?" Flug mused aloud. After drawing up two CCs of acid, he set the beaker back on the cart. "Lets start at the femoral vein." Flug then stabbed the needle threw the pants directly into said vein.

The man tried to arch off of the table as the acid entered his system burning his vein. He tried to scream but since his lips were now sewn shut his screams were muffled.

"Oh, I wonder if we can see the acid's progress. Blackhat, can I have my scalpel back?" Blackhat nodded grinning behind his tea cup and the scalpel appeared in Flug's empty hand. "Thank you love." Quickly Flug began to cut away the pants leg and shirt. Just as he hoped, Flug could see where the acid had burned a path through his venous system. Flug could tell when the acid reached the heart because blood started bubbling out through his sewn lips.

"STOP IT! Please, you've done enough!" The fake Blackhat cried his tears smearing his paint. Flug glanced up toward the man, his expression curious.

"I thought you wanted him to suffer?" Flug asked tilting his head slightly. "After all he did throw you under the proverbial bus."
"I-I, please he's my brother!" The fake admitted hanging his head, causing his top hat to fall off revealing brown hair. Flug's expression softened a little.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I had no idea." Flug set the scalpel to the side. "I shall let him rest."

Flug grabbed the bone saw and brought it down hard over the man's neck easily severing the head from the rest of the neck. The fake Blackhat screamed in anger and anguish as his brother's blood gushed out of his now open neck. Some even splashing on him.

"Well done, mi corazone." Blackhat stated banishing his now empty cup and stood. "Now I believe it is my turn." The fake Blackhat's screams slowly faded as the demon's eyes began to glow red. "I promise, my impostor, you will feel every bit of this before you join your brother." Several mouths and eyes appeared on the eldritch's body as he approached the struggling mortal who was so paralyzed with fear he couldn't scream anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Una idea tan villana mi amor: Such a villainous idea my love
cóñó perra: pussy bitch
* So in the medical field, the smaller the number of the needle the bigger it is.
Demencia's first date pt 1

Chapter Summary

Demencia get's to go on her very first date!

Chapter Notes

Woo! Two in one night...er...morning. SO we have the beginigs of our favorite lizard girl's first date! Hopefully you guys like it! As always, thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are welcome.

Hallbergur stared out his office window over looking the bustling city of Copenhagen, Denmark. Despite Sephlugis and Black hat becoming kings, they still had their busy schedules and such with Blackhat organization. The orders for more of Sephlugis's inventions and Blackhat's services kept them busy.

There fore someone needed to run the Stormkarlen's numerous companies. One in particular, the very first was The Jesper Corporation named after it's founder in the early 1900s Jesper Stormkarlen. Hallbergur had worked for the company for near ten years even before their marriage so he knew the company in and out. At that point, his uncle Dunaldur was still king and in charge.

Even when his uncle was in charge, Hallbergur refused promotions by his boss's who hoped to gain favor from the CEO's nephew. Plus he was happy where he was, a simple desk worker that made sure the companies money was right and their business partners paid what they owed.

Then Blackhat took over the company since Sephlugis wanted nothing to do with it, adding his own brand to the company. However since Blackhat was married into the royal family it took some..'convincing' to get the older employees and board members to agree, but they finally did. Once Blackhat asserted himself as in charge, he immediately ordered that Hallbergur would be his proxy. Anything that happened would be reported to him.

It took a little getting used to, since he'd never been a CEO before. He didn't let that stop him from doing his very best at the job. Even though that demon pulled the strings, this was still his baby cousin's company. This also didn't stop the greedy board members from trying to steal from the company now that there was new management.

Having worked in the financial department, Hallbergur knew how to spot abnormalities in the company earnings and pay outs. As soon as he'd found them, he'd reported to Blackhat who did not
take kindly to be stolen from. He could still hear the screaming of the men as they were pulled into a fiery abyss.

A knock at the door had pulled him from his disturbing memories. Shaking his head he called enter as he turned facing the door.

The office door opened revealing his secretary, Frederick. His black hair was styled neatly and his suit was perfectly pressed.

"Good evening, Mr. Stormkarlen, I have this weeks reports to send to King Blackhat." Frederick approached the desk a stack of ten folders in hand each ten inches thick. "If you wish you can review them before we send them off."

"I trust your judgement, Fred." Hallbergur smiled. Federick has been a big help these past three years. Hallbergur sat down at his desk. "I know you've already checked for any mistakes." Frederick nodded as he used his index finger to push his square framed glasses back up his nose.

"Indeed, sir, I have reviewed each carefully and have made sure to rectify any mistakes." The intercom suddenly buzzed. Hallbergur reached over to press the button to answer it.

"Yes?" He spoke into it.

"HALLLLLYYYYYYY BABBYYYYYY!!!" A familiar voice screeched.

"It's that girl again." Frederick stated annoyed as he pulled out his smart phone. "I shall call for security."

"Fred, surely you haven't forgotten that I have plans with Demencia this evening." Hallbergur stood taking his jacket from the back of the chair a fond smile on his face. "Tell my driver he can have the day off, I wish to take my motorcycle." He pressed the button again. "I'm on my way down, Dem."

"Hurry, down now. I'm getting bored already." She replied giggling.

"But sir, I really wish you'd review these files. Also perhaps you should avoid encouraging that lizard girl from hanging around here and you. It's bad for your image; also if you wished for female companionship I can easily contact women of better standing. And the motorcycle, really sir? It would be much better for your image if you allowed me to call the driver."

"Frederick." said man flinced at the use of his full first name. He glanced up at his boss's expressionless face. "The last time I checked you were the secretary, not the boss or my mother. You also forget, Demencia is the honorary sister of one of your Kings. She does appear in the royal family portrait after all. There fore she has higher standing than any girl you could ever find. I also
happen to enjoy her company, she doesn't talk constantly about parties or things she wants me to buy her. Also I'm taking my motorcycle because Demencia hate's enclosed spaces and it's better on gas." Hallbergur came around the desk standing three feet taller than his secretary. "Do I need to simplify what I just said further?"

"No, sir, Mr. Stormkarlen, my apologies." Frederick stated lowering his eyes.

"Good, Blackhat expects those reports by tomorrow night." Hallbergur pulled his jacket on and walked toward the door before turning back toward Frederick. "Have a good evening, Fred." With that he left the office.

Once alone, Fred let an ugly scowl crawl across his face. That ungrateful brat, after all his hard work he was just going to brush it and him off to go spend time with that freak lizard girl. Had Hallbergur not been the cousin in law to the new owner, then he Frederick Mogens would've been the CEO. The previous CEO was going to even promote him to the position!

He'd been away the day the new CEO, this Blackhat had came to announce his title as the new owner. And when he came back he'd expected the position that he was rightfully owed would be waiting for him. But was it? NO! It was given to a family member that worked in the company, someone who had no real idea what went on with the company.

Deciding it was time the little thief up start was taught a lesson, he dialed a specific number.

*

In the lobby, the receptionist was curled under her desk attempting to hide from the crazy lizard girl crawling across the walls. It was her first day, she wasn't used to this sort of thing. The guards had told her the girl was an acquaintance of the CEO there for she had free roam of the building.

This was the sight that greeted Hallbergur when he stepped out of the elevator. Shaking his head fondly he called out,

"Demencia, stop scaring the new employee." The lizard girl smiled impossibly brighter as she crawled down from the wall. She bounded over to the man and latched onto his arm.

"But, Hally, I was so bored! I had to do something while I waited for you." Demencia whined as she pouted. "Besides, this was the first time you invited me over here. I was so excited I was..Up the walls." Hallbergur smiled down at her as he patted her head.

"You have a point. So are you ready for our date?" He asked leading her toward the door.

"Of course? So where are we going?" Demencia asked unable to keep the grin off her face.
"It's a surprise." As they walked toward the parking garage, neither noticed they were being watched.
Demencia's first date part 2

Chapter Summary

Time for the actual date!

Chapter Notes

Hey hey! Sorry this took so long work....ugh! So we see more of Dem and Hal's first date together! Nothing could go wrong! Next ch will be the end of this arch, but we may see more of the two later. As always thanks for reading. Comments, kudos are welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hallbergur sat rather awkwardly in Gothic clothing store. He sat on the coffin shaped red velvet couch in front of the dressing room surrounded by several kinds of textures and varying shades of red, blue, purple and blacks. There were several trinkets and accessories with skulls, crosses, dragons, and pentagrams. A song by some American band played through the speakers.

He had decided that Demencia should get a new outfit to celebrate her first date, plus she needed something more fitting for their next stop. He had glanced at his phone to check the time when he heard the door open.

"How do I look?" She asked. He nearly dropped his phone as he glanced up at her. She wore a white off the shoulder long sleeved shirt with holes in the cuffs where her thumbs poked out.

A black leather underbust zipper corset wrapped around her middle, two leather belts were buckled on one side while the other was laced up with leather string. Her skirt was made of black cotton with red stitching and trim allong it's jagged hem. Several silver chains hung around the front and back with black ribbons laced through the silver eyelets. She wore fishnets and black combat boots, her hair was in it's normal style with the lizard hood in place.

Hallbergur smiled as he stood to greet her.

"Very nice, like a Gothic princess." Demencia giggled at the complement wrapping her arms around his.

"I want to wear it out! Can I please, Hally?" She begged as they walked toward the check out desk.
"That's the reason I asked for your old clothes as well as the price tags." He nodded handing the tags and his credit card to the desk clerk. "Besides, you need to be properly dressed for our next stop." With a nod of thanks to the girl he took his credit card as well as the receipt.

"Really? Where are we going?" Demencia asked her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Tell me, tell me!" Hallbergur just shook his head as they walked out of the shop toward his black Honda CBR1100xx Blackbird. Along it's body a nøkken was painted in red rearing up on it's tail.

"It's a surprise." He stated as he gently pulled his arm from Demencia's grip. He removed his suit jacket and tie and undone the top two buttons of his shirt. "There much better." Lifting the seat he placed his jacket and tie in the storage hold and closed the seat.

"Why do you have to wear all that? You're the boss, though technically Blackhat is boss but you're boss too. Doesn't that mean you can wear whatever you want?" Demencia sat indian style on the back seat of the bike, not caring about decency.

"That may be true, Dem, but as boss I have an example to set." Hal replied climbing on in front of her mindful of her legs. "Or at least that's what Fred says."
"He really needs to get the stick out of his ass." She grumbled wrapping her arms around his chest. Hal just grinned as he started the bike, after checking to make sure traffic was clear they pulled away from the curb. After driving for a few minutes, they pulled up to a night club with the word Skygge in neon purple on the front.

The front was crowded with people trying to get in but the large bouncer wouldn't let them.

"You brought me to a night club?" Demencia asked excitedly.

"Figured you'd prefer a loud environment with other weird people to a fancy restaurant where everyone stared at you." Hal nodded as he dismounted offering his hand to Demencia. "Plus, I know the owner of this place."

With a happy giggle, Demencia took the offered hand and hopped off the motor cycle. Still holding hands they approached the bouncer.

"Hej, Bjarke, hvordan går det?" Hal greeted the large bear like man. The bouncer, Bjarke smiled at the sight of him.

"Ah, the eldest prince of clan Stormkarlen." Bjarke greeted. "Your cousin has a table set aside for you and your date." The bouncer moved to the side allowing them through the door, earning annoyed groans from the crowd.

Inside a hostess in a cocktail dress greeted them before leading them to a stair case leading to the
tables. As they got to the top they were greeted by a familiar face.

"Greetings, cousin!" Cosmos grinned brightly dismissing the hostess. "And the lovely Demencia."

"It's not going to happen, Cosmos." Demencia rolled her eyes. Cosmos just laughed as he led them to his private table closest to the bared edge which over looked the whole club.

"Relax, Sweetheart, I know you only have eyes for Hally here. Besides, I'm not quite ready to settle just yet." Cosmos smiled as he gestured for the two them to sit. "If you need anything." He signalled for another hostess to come over. "Embla here will take care of it for you. Enjoy your date!"

* *

They ate and drank trading embarrassing stories...about Flug. After she'd had a couple of drinks Demencia started tugging Hallbergur's arm begging to go dance. Taking another quick sip he let her pull him toward the stairs.

The music thumped loudly as the multi colored strobe lights flashed around. The bodies grinded against each other to the beat, though some dancers were completely off beat. Demencia pulled Hal into crowd of writhing bodies before pushing up against him.

They danced together a good while, the buzz of alcohol and the beat of the music giving them a high of some sort. Their high however was disturbed when a random drunk tried to cut in. He looked to be barely legal and possibly on something.

"Move it, old man, this babe needs someone who can keep up with her." The teen slurred as he shoved Hallbergur aside and reached for Demencia's waist. Before Hal could react, Demencia punched the teen square in the mouth knocking a few teeth loose.

"I have someone to keep up with me thank you." She growled her mix-matched eyes flashing angrily in the lights. A couple of security guards came over along with Cosmos. By this point the music had died down a little and all the patrons turned toward them to see what was going on.

"Is there a problem here?" Cosmos asked.

"Yeah, this bitch and her old man ganged up on me just cause I bumped into her." The young man lied smoothly. Cosmos nodded as he turned toward Hal and Demencia his gaze questioning.

"We were dancing here not bothering anyone when this kid shoved me aside and tried to cut in. Demencia punched him when he tried to grab her." Hal explained wrapping an arm around the lizard girl's waist, not to comfort her but to keep her from hitting the kid again.
"I see," Cosmos nodded. He glanced toward the teen who looked smug for some reason. He must have thought that since he was the one injured they would believe him. "Erling, Gunne, take this young man and give him our sincerest regards." The two men grabbed the kid by both arms and dragged him away. Realizing he wasn't getting his way, the kid started kicking and screaming.

"Well, that was a pain." Cosmos groaned as the music started up again. "Sorry about that."

"It's no problem, we need to be heading out anyway." Hal stated. "Someone needs to get home before it gets too late."

"Awe but, Hally, I wanna stay longer." Demencia pouted.

"I promised your boss I'd have you home at a decent time so you'd be ready for work tomorrow." Hal replied firmly. "Thanks for the table, Cosmos."

"No problem, guys. Hey, tell Berry when she turns 21 she can have her party here!" Cosmos called as they started toward the door.

Once outside, they sobered up a little but not enough for Hal to drive his bike. After he tossed the keys to Bjarke saying he'd be by tomorrow for it, they started walking back toward his apartment. As they talked about random subjects, three men started following them waiting for them to pass an alley. When they did the men rushed and pushed them into the alley.

"Here's what's going to happen." One spoke pulling out a butterfly knife. "You're going to hand over your money and anything else of value if you don't we'll be forced to hurt the girl. So what's it gonna be, pops?"

They heard a noise almost like a low chuckle before Hallbergur started out right laughing. The three men were both surprised and a little concerned.
"You guys really need to learn how to recognize people." Hal shook his head as he started toward them.

"I'm serious, man! I don't wanna fight you for your stuff." The young man held the knife up in front of himself as if it were a shield against the approaching man. Hal simply walked past the them toward an old chair someone had thrown out, surprisingly in good condition. He pulled the chair into the middle of the alley facing the men. After dusting the seat of the chair he sat down. Now the men were really confused.

"You aren't gonna fight us or even go for help?" Another of the three asked.

"I don't want the police involved in a simple mugging." Hal stated. A sudden wide grin spread across his face. "Also, I'm not going to fight you." Hal glanced up the wall behind them. "She is."
The men turned but didn't see Demencia until they glance up. She clung to the wall her teeth bared in an angry snarl.

"You ruined my first date!" She growled crawling across the wall toward Hal. She dropped down next to him. "Can I kill them, Hally? Please?" The men began to tremble in place. The only exit of the alley was behind those two.

"You can't kill them, Dem." Hal stated. "However you can pay them back for ruining your first date." He gently took her hand into his kissing the back of it. "Just leave one unharmed."

An insane grin spread across her face at the thought of carnage and she began to giggle. Smiling Hal released her hand saying two simple words,

"Sic 'em."

With a growl she pounced fingers curved like claws. She easily grabbed the knife from the startled leader's hand. When she wasn't stabbing one man in nonvital areas, she was clawing at the other the red life liquid covered her hand like a bloody glove. Blood splattered across the alley way like a morbid and gory Jackson Polick painting. To Hal, there wasn't a more beautiful sight than the green and red haired girl laughing as she twirled relishing in her own gruesome dance. As she alternated between the two attacks, her smile remained bright.

Finally, neither of the men were standing or even moving except for the shallow breaths showing they were somewhat alive. The last man had fallen onto his ass as he watched his two companions be torn apart by the girl now covered in blood. He nearly wet himself as she turned her crazed mismatched eyes toward him. Her once white shirt was now splattered with red as was her face.

"And then there was one." She giggled walking toward him.

"Demencia, we need that one alive." Hal stated as he stood and walked toward the bloody girl. He tenderly tucked a loose piece of green hair behind her ear.

"Did I do good, Hally?" She asked eagerly like a puppy waiting praise. He smiled using his thumb to wipe away a spot of blood from her fore head, before he bent down to gently kiss her fore head. As she turned red he wasn't sure if it was the blood of her victims or her own blush filtering it's way into her cheeks.

"You did wonderful, Dem." He turned his gaze to the petrified man. His smile though still pleasant held a promise of pain if he was lied to or even mildly insulted. "Now then." Hall crouched down before the man. "Why don't you tell me who hired you to attack us?"
hej hvordan går det: Hey, Bjarke how's it going?
The date's conclusion

Chapter Summary

We find out who ruined Demencia's first date.

Chapter Notes

I LIIIIIIVVVVVEEEEE! So sorry this took so long guys! Like really really sorry. But it's finally here, and I will try to do better on my updates. Any who, we see the conclusion of Dem's first date with Hal and a certain someone get's what they deserve well, two someones. As always thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are welcome and appreciated.

"I trust you gentlemen intend to uphold your end of the bargain?" Fredrick questioned the three men on the other end's of the three separate holographic screens that floated just above the desk. All three were mafia bosses from Russia, Japan, and Italy.

"Of course we do." The one from Italy snorted indignantly. "I just find it amazing that you were able to get one over on the great Blackhat."

Frederick rolled his eyes leaning back in 'his' chair.

"Oh please, the great Blackhat put an incompitant in charge of one of the most successful companies he acquired in his dowry. Had King Dunaldar waited a little longer, I would've been CEO and possibly married to Prince Sephlugis."

"That may be true, Frederick-san" The boss from Japan stated. "But the fact remains, you are just an Assistant. An assistant who is playing a very dangerous game, I have heard stories of Blackhat's wrath to being betrayed."

"Well it's a good thing, that he won't be finding out about our side deals." Frederick fixed each man with serious gaze. "If he finds out, and that is a big IF, then you three will also be included in this betrayal."

"We are very much aware of this, Mr. Mogens." The boss from Russia replied coolly. Frederick nodded satisfied with their cooperation.

"Very good. The shipments will arrive by this time tomorrow in our underground facility."
Frederick stated glancing over the few papers on 'his' desk. There was a sudden noise in the hallway startling him though he would never admit it. "We shall continue our conference tomorrow night. Good night gentlemen." With out waiting for replies from his fellow conspirators Frederick disconnected the feeds.

Immediately, after the door opened revealing a bloodied Hallbergur. While he laughed spitefully on the inside, he schooled his outer expression into one of shock and worry.

"Mr. Stormkarlen, what on earth happened to you?" Frederick stood from the chair and hurried to his side.

"Me and Demencia were attacked while on our date." Hal gasped out his expression twisted in pain as he held his side. Frederick carefully sat him in one of the spare chairs. "I tried to fight them off but one of them grazed me with a knife on my side. While I lay on the ground they knocked Demencia unconscious and took off with her. I think they had a score to settle against Blackhat and must've recognized her as one of his minions."

"I see, sir." Frederick appeared remorseful at the lose of the girl. "I am terribly sorry, but I am just glad you were able to return. I don't know why you decided to go to such a disreputable place for a date even if it is owned by your cousin. That part of town isn't safe especially at night time. And I'm sure a strong girl like, Ms. Demencia can handle those three men on her own."

"Thanks, Fred, I'm sure she is fine." Hal nodded seeming to calm down a bit. "I'm pretty sore, do you think you could get me a pack of ice from the break room?"

"Of course sir." Frederick nodded as he started toward the door. Once his back was turned to Hal a wicked grin stretched across his face. His men did their job right after all. He'd been a little worried that they wouldn't be up to the task. Looks like gutter trash could be useful after all.

"Oh Fred, one more thing." Hal called from behind him. He groaned internally as he rolled his eyes before replying.

"Of course, Mr. Stormkarlen, what is it?" Frederick asked without turning.

"Oh, nothing really. It's just I was wondering how you knew we went to Cosmos's club." Frederick paled just a little. He'd slipped, he had to recover and quick.

"I just saw the reservation plans for the club on your desk earlier." Frederick lied smoothly. "I'll go get that ice pack." He reached out and opened the door. Just as he did-

"BOO!" Demencia appeared before him hanging upside down. Her appearance absolutely ghastly as she was covered in blood. Frederick jumped backwards with a slight scream.
With an insane giggle the hybrid girl crawled into the room using the walls. As she entered she used one of her legs to kick the door shut, he paled even more as the door locked itself. She scuttled across the ceiling before dropping down next to Hallbergur who was now standing and not holding his side. And he did not look happy.

"See, I don't believe that. Wanna know why? Because I never wrote down our date plans. And also, how did you know how many men attacked us?" Hal asked rhetorically.
"Oh, I have a theory, Hally." Demencia giggled.

"Of course, my lady, please tell me your theory." Hal smiled darkly.

"My theory is, he planned to ruin my first date. He knew where we'd be because he eavesdropped on your planning with Cossy and sent those men." Demencia stated matter of factly before her smile twisted into her usual insane grin. "Too bad they're all in pieces now." Having been caught, Fred decided to at least spin his tale to make himself look better.

"Yes I sent those men after you to teach you a lesson." Frederick scoffed not even the least bit remorseful. "It was for your own good. Associating with the wrong sort of people particularly who you have as a partner, will greatly affect your future business deals. I was only looking out for your interests."

"Hmm, I don't think making side deals with mafia bosses counts as looking out for Hally's interests." Demencia sang songed.

"How do you- I don't know what you're talking about, woman." Fred corrected himself. "I am loyal to the Stormkarlen family and have been since I became an intern years ago."

"Sure about that?" Hal questioned raising an eyebrow. "See, Freddy, you have this flaw about you. You see yourself as flawless and your are arrogant. Yes you are brilliant but there will always be those smarter than you." Hal pulled a recorder from his pocket and pressed play. He turned white with shock and red with rage as his entire meeting with the mafia bosses came from the speaker. Halfway through, Hal paused the recording.

"You didn't even notice that Demencia was hiding in the vents, her specialty according to Selphlugis. Also, I noticed a few abnormalities in the reports that get sent to Blackhat. They are too perfect, almost as if they'd been written by someone else and not the department managers. Yesterday on one of your rare days off, the reports were delivered by each manager. Wanna know what I found?" Hal paused waiting for Fred to answer. When he didn't he continued.

"They don't match what you bring me everyday. I'm guessing that's why you're so insistent that I read your reports because you want to make sure I just see what you want me to see. That same day I did some digging going over reports that have been delivered ever since you became CEO assistant. The first several looked normal, with a few shorts like any company should have. Then slowly the reports became perfect like nothing was wrong."
Suddenly Fred pulled a hand gun from the hidden inner pocket of his jacket.

"So you figured me out, congratulations, do you want a meddle or do you public school bred bafoons prefer a gold star." Fred snarled pointing the gun at the couple. "Yes I've been changing the reports, yes I've been doing side deals with the company business partners. I'm only getting what I deserve."

"What you deserve?" Hal questioned neither he nor Demencia seemed affected by having gun pointed at them.

"Yes what I deserve." Fred gritted his teeth angrily his face getting redder. "I slaved for this company for years! And was I ever thanked or even compensated? No, so I started changing the reports to look perfect and would pocket the extra money. It was perfect since I was the one who always had access to the reports. In time, the old king began to recognize my potential. I was supposed to be the next CEO, ME! But when the old king stepped down and that demon took control of the company, they gave the postion to you! Some one with no leadership skills and no idea on how to properly run a company. All because you were the new king's cousin; I was passed up for a family member." As he finished his tirade Fred's face returned to it's normal color as a smile stretched across his face.

"Now that you know everything, you are aware I can't let the two of you leave. At least not alive."

There was a sudden noise like a giggle before the girl burst out into insane laughter while Hal just smiled.

"You are really stupid, Freddy." Demencia giggled. "Blackhat probably already knows what you've done or have been doing."

"Oh please," Freddy laughed out. "He's half way across the world how could he possibly know what I've been doing?"

Suddenly the room's temperature dropped to freezing as the lights flickered. Demencia just grinned as the two of them moved backwards.

"What's going on? This building doesn't have power shortages, not even during a blackout." The lights turned off completely leaving them in darkness except for the lights of the city. In the darker part of the office there was a sudden growl. When he turned toward the sound, he dropped the gun in shock. Peering at him from the dark was a pair of red eyes one larger than the other.

"See, Freddy, Blackhat knows everything especially when it concerns his finances." Demencia spoke from the back of the office. "And he always collects his payments."

When he ran for the door, several tentacles shot out of the darkness and wrapped around him. He
kicked and screamed as he was pulled across the floor toward the darkness. He glanced over his shoulder and wished he hadn't. Now below the eyes was a glowing green pointed grin, he clawed at the floor trying to pull away but was unable to as he was pulled into the darkness.

The lights came on as the temperature returned to normal revealing only Demencia and Hal, the only trace of Fred was his gun.

"Well that was fun." Demencia smiled looking up at Hal who smiled down at her.

"Indeed it was, but I'm afraid it's time for you to return home. It's nighttime there." Hal stated as he faced her. Demencia pouted not wanting to leave yet. Hal smiled as he pulled out his own TCD and activated it. "How about I leave you with something before you leave. Have you been kissed before?" Demencia looked up curiously and maybe a little hopeful.

"Of course I haven't." As she replied Hal leaned down a gently kissed her. Her face turned bright tomato red as her pony tail started wagging on it's own. Before she could process what happened, Hal gently pushed her backwards through the portal.

She landed on her back in the foyer of Blackhat manor, just as Flug walked through the room a clip board in hand. He glanced down at her.

"You have a fun date, Demencia?" He asked as the portal closed.

Demencia just giggled happily, squirming in place as she kicked her legs. He guessed that was a yes.
Chanting filled the run down auditorium as five individuals in blood red cloaks surrounded a waist high alter. Upon which lay a young woman in a pure white dress, her arms were stretched above her head with her hands tied. Her ankles were tied down to the alter to keep her more secure. She turned and squirmed in attempts to get away. As the Latin chants got louder a man dressed in a black cloak and hood came toward her. A long forearm length dagger in his hands. She began to scream and fought harder to get away. As the man got to her side he lifted the dagger above his head. Just as was about to bring the dagger down onto her heart, a slow clap caught everyone's attention.

"Who's there? This is a private ceremony." The priest stated.

"I have to say, Cornelius, you're performances have gotten more theatrical. No goats, no calves, not even a real virgin sacrifice." A familiar voice stated from behind them. Though he had no sight, the priest would know that voice anywhere. Out of the shadows came Blackhat, the men that could see paled significantly.

"My lord Blackhat, I was not aware you would be coming." The priest turned toward the sound of Blackhat's voice and bowed.

"Indeed, I have a few questions for you, about your old home." Blackhat said. "If we could speak in private."

"Of course, my lord." The priest nodded as he picked up his walking stick from the side of the alter.

"Father Collins, we have to finish practice." One of the men stated. "The new recruits and potential recruits will be here tonight and we need to be ready."
"Dad, can I get up now that you're going to talk to that man?" The girl asked as she undid the Velcro on the ropes. "I have a psychology paper due tomorrow and my professor is a hard ass who believes in no leniency."

"Of course, Cecilia, you may go do your homework now. This talk may take a while." The priest nodded. Hopping off the alter the girl quickly kissed the man's cheek before levitating to the upper floor. All the men made sure to keep their eyes on the ground. "I'm sorry, Andrew, but this is very important. That man is an very old acquaintance of mine and is an important guest. He should be treated with the utmost respect."

"Father Collins, you can't honestly make me believe this fake demon is more important than our current task?" The man Andrew stated with a short laugh. Blackhat arched a brow at the man.

"You believe I am a fake demon?" Blackhat asked. Something in his voice caused the other men to step away from Andrew. "Tell me do you even believe in any of this?" As Andrew stared at Blackhat he felt compelled to tell the truth.

"Of course not! I'm an atheist, I don't believe in Heaven, Hell, or any of that mess. But I figured this cult stuff is profitable business so I'd be able to make a decent profit." Andrew replied. He gasped realizing what he'd just said. "I- I didn't mean it. Father Collins, I-"

"Tell me, Cornelius, are you fond of that man?" Blackhat asked his grin dark and blood thirsty. Without turning the priest replied,

"No, my lord, not any more." Out of Blackhat's shadow came a hell hound, it's fangs were pure white as it's six golden eyes glowed. Blackhat simply lifted his arm and pointed. With a quick growling bark the hound galloped toward the screaming man.

It jumped up digging it's fangs into the man's shoulder. It hit with such force that it knocked him onto the alter and began tearing into chest and stomach. The other men screamed and backed away in terror as blood cascaded off the alter onto the floor. The creature lifted it's head, a long piece of big intestine hanging from its jaws. Suddenly six more hell hounds slinked out of Blackhat's shadow, though they were smaller than the one on the alter.

"She had pups, I hope you don't mind feeding them as well?" Blackhat questioned as the priest stood at his side.

"Not at all, I planned to promote some of the more qualified members anyway." the priest stated. Soon the hall was filled with the sounds of screaming and the tearing of flesh. "If you'd like to follow me, my lord, my office is just this way." With a curt nod, Blackhat and the priest left the room.

Leaving behind a sight of carnage, the stage was bathed in red with limbs lying all around. Two of
the pups played tug of war with one of the men who was still screaming, another pup lazily munched on a man's head. On the alter the mother hound who'd finished her meal sad and watched her pups.

In the back of the theater, the two men entered a medium sized office with a desk, a fire place with two chairs before it and a small bar.

After the fiasco at Flug's convention, Blackhat returned to his library to finish the book. Upon further reading he discovered that he had given up on that world and left it to the monsters and other creatures that had fled when he arrived.

When he left he brought with him a man who had been the head priest incharge of the massive following he had gathered. Along with the priest's pregnant wife who had been carrying twins. When they crossed from their world to this one, the twins had acquired special abilities from the nether portal Blackhat had opened.

Sadly when they crossed over, the wife had gone into labor and died shortly after the children were born. Being from another world, that knew no time the priest had acquired immortality surprisingly so did his children. They had stopped aging at the end of the 1900s. Unfortunately just before they left the priest had some how lost his sight. After Blackhat had helped them settle, Cornelius continued his cult work though with less mortal death and had changed his name to Collins.

"I made sure to keep your favorite blood wine stocked incase you decided to visit." Cornelius stated as he used his stick to feel his way to the bar. "Care for a glass?"
"Of course." Blackhat replied as he sat in one of the chairs by the fireplace. "I see you get around fine without your eyes."

"Indeed, it took a few centuries of practice and a lot of broken dish ware and windows but I finally got the hang of it." Cornelius said as he felt for the right glass bottle and a tumbler. Once he heard the wine reach the right amount he set the bottle back on the shelf before pouring himself a glass of water. He mentally counted the steps to the chairs before he handed the glass of wine to Blackhat, who took it.

"I can tell." Blackhat stated as he sipped his wine. "I see young Cecilia has decided to go for psychology again?"

"She has, every few years they add something new and she has to recertify to keep her business." Cornelius nodded.

"I see, and your son young Christopher how is he doing in his necromancy career?"

"Wonderful actually, he's currently touring the nether relm."
"Really, it's good to know he's doing well." Blackhat smiled.

"Indeed, we all are. I hear you are doing well for your self as well. A married man and king at that." Cornelius smiled back.

"Yes, my scientist turned out to be a prince to be king. At first I simply wanted him for his throne and the power it came with but once his past was reveled and his true self came out, my feelings for him changed." Blackhat explained his expression fond. "Before I knew it I was not only engaged, but I became a king and had grown fond of a little mortal girl I now call my daughter. My business has prospered even more now that she has added her inventions to my catalog. My life couldn't be more perfect as strange as that sounds."

"Something is threatening your home and family." Cornelius theorized. "That is why you have come to me, isn't it?"

"I had a dream a few weeks ago, there was carnage and death everywhere and I stood above it all. A voice told me I would use my powers to herald in a hell on earth. At one point that would've been fine but after a few millennia of destruction I realized there was no point in taking over a world if it is destroyed. Who would there be left to rule?" Blackhat stated as he set his glass down. "This voice said they now my true name which doesn't sound likely. I was never stupid enough to give out my true name so I did some research in my personal library of my history and found something. Apparently when we were in the dimension of Demogorgania I was close to a particularly powerful sorcerer but that is all that was mentioned."

Father Cornelius set his own glass down and interlaced his fingers his expression worried.

"I had hoped he would remain there and be happy ruling that world. It appears his obsession with you has gotten even worse and if he was able to reach you through a dream then I fear my enchantment may be wearing off." Blackhat stared at the man in disbelief.

"You know who sent me the dream? Who are they?" Blackhat demanded.

"My lord, I have something to confess first. When I lost my normal sight I gained a different sight; future sight," Cornelius sighed. "I see two paths in your future. One filled with a happiness for you and your family even the one yet to be born. The other however is dark and filled with nothing but darkness and blood. This person who threatens you and your family is a powerful adversary, one of the most powerful you have or will ever face. Sadly it was you who helped him achieve this power."

"Tell me everything from my time in that dimension." Blackhat sat back and waited for the priest to start.
"I'm sure your history tells you that your mere presence scared the rest of the creatures away that terrorized our people correct? Because of this you were regarded as a god, worshiped and revered. I was already a priest at that time so you had made me your own priest. I was in charge of your followers and even had my own room at your palace. You were very paranoid back then, not wanting those in your employ out of your sight."

"I still don't." Blackhat mumbled.

"Indeed, my lord." The priest chuckled before continuing."You enjoyed the high life of a god, food, sacrifices, and as many mortal souls to torment as you wished. However, a few centuries after you arrived, you began to get bored. So you ordered me to send out a proposal: Any one available, male or female was asked to report to your palace. From those that arrived you would make a harem." Blackhat stared at the man. He didn't remember reading this in his history book.

"I had a harem?" Blackhat asked.

"Actually no several arrived you see, some I knew for a fact were married for I myself had married them and even had children. However, you were not pleased with the choices. They were all beautiful but just beauty was not what you were searching for. Then you found him, he was a young man of just twenty one but something about him intrigued you. He was the only one chosen, the rest were sent home with minuscule amounts of gold. For a while he was just your sex toy to be used as you wished as often as you wished. After a time it was discovered he had magic. Once you found out, he went from being a concubine to being consort."

"I was married before? Why does my history book of that dimension not mention this?" Blackhat demanded. The priest looked forloarned at what he was about to say next.
"Because of what happened not long after you were married. You see, you had begun to train him in darker more demonic magics making him the most powerful being in our world second to you. All that power got to his head corrupting his mind and very soul. Not only that but he became obsessed with you, spending every minute with you even in private meetings he would be in your lap clinging to you like a leech. One day you told me you had planned to abandon Demogorgania to return to the dimension of Earth to start a business. You told me that my wife and I had earned your favor by being loyal so we would accompany you. Your consort however, had begun to get too clingy as you stated so he'd be left behind. I am not sure if he over heard you but that next day, he was no where to be found."

"He left to seek revenge?" Blackhat questioned.

"No, he was still in the palace. It was two days later that you decided to leave. I tricked my fellow priests into believing they'd all be leaving when you did so they'd help me prepare a transdimensional portal. While they finished last preparations I went to find you, naturally I thought you'd be in your office and since the door was open I went in. Instead of you I found your consort going through this." The priest stood and carefully made his way to his book shelf. He felt three books before pulling the fourth, the spin had three sixs of course. A panel opened at the back and Father Cornelius pulled something out and turned toward him.

Blackhat's fist tightened shattering the glass in his hand as he stood his eyes blazing red. It was a book with a black leather cover made from the hide of the great dragon himself. It's pages made from the skin of the priests that ordered the crucifixion of Christ, written in the blood of Judas. The gold clasps were made from the molten halo of Lucifer when he fell. The name Hattier was burned into the front along with the family symbol. Much like Flug's wedding necklace only in the center of the star was the three sixs forming what looked like a pin wheel.

"The Hattier Family Grimoir. I have searched for that book for centuries! Why are you just now handing it to me?" Blackhat asked his voice becoming distorted.

"Because my lord, of what your ex-consort did with it." Cornelius stated, even milky blue the priest's eyes held some fire. "As you are very aware only a being of pure evil or a member of your family may open this book and read it's contents. When I entered your office, you consort had this book open to your family tree and learned your true name. Fearing what he'd do, I cast a powerful sealing enchantment to stop him from moving or even speaking for several centuries. However just as I cast my enchantment he cast one of his own. It removed his name and all memory of him from everyone's mind." The priest looked at Blackhat sadly.

"Even your's, he had become that powerful. I was able to cast a counter enchantment protecting my memory of him but I forgot his name. Unfortunately, casting two enchantments at once cost me my sight. Before I became totally blind, I had closed the grimoir and left the office. It was about that time you found me saying the portal was ready to use. I feared that he may have already gained sway over you, my lord, which is why I hid your grimoir from you. I did not know of any of your family members so I didn't know who to get the book to, so I kept it even after we crossed over." The priest walked toward him and held the book out toward him. "I see can tell you this, my lord, you will need it now more than ever."
Blackhat took the book with both hands and felt a sudden surge of dark power flow up his arms. It felt almost like an electric shock. He gasped out loud as he could feel his family magicks settle into place within his very soul.

"You say this sorcerer is second in power to me, what's worse he knows my true name. If my dream was any indication, he will be coming soon. How long do I have to prepare to face him?" Blackhat asked his eye focused on the priest.

"If I were to guess, my lord, he will arrive at the start of the new year when the barriers between dimensions are at their weakest. My enchantment may have weakened him but it won't take long for him to regain strength." The priest locked his blind eyes on the spot where he sensed dark energy. "Once he does, he will come here and summon you first chance he gets. You should prepare shelter for your family one strong enough to defend against the monsters of my home demension and against you."

"Me? I would never willingly attack my family." Blackhat insisted feeling sick at the very thought of hurting any member of his family especially Flug.

"Not willingly, my lord, but when your ex-consort gets here your will belongs to him the second your true name passes his lips." Cornelius stated solemnly. The two were silent as Blackhat took all this in. Finally the eldritch spoke.

"Show me my two futures." Blackhat demanded. The priest's eyes widened in shock.

"My lord, these are merely potential futures neither are set in stone. Also I highly disagree with seeing the more horrible future." The priest protested. Blackhat was suddenly in his face, growling angrily.

"Show me." The priest decided to do as asked lest he lose his life. He gestured for the seething demon to back up a little. Once given space, the priest lifted his hand and pressed his index finger to Blackhat's forehead.

"Close your eyes, my lord. Glimpses of what may be requires complete focus." The priest stated. Blackhat did as told and once he did he found himself standing in total darkness. Before him stood two doors, one was pure white the other was black with smoke and embers coming out from under it. "You may choose which to see first, once that is seen the door will disappear."

Blackhat grasped the golden handle of the white door and found himself in what looked like a hospital room. Flug lay on a delivery table in the middle of labor, he wailed in such pain and agony Blackhat thought this must be the bad future. His pale face was flushed dark pink and glistened with sweat. Blackhat stood by his side, coat and vest tossed to the side as he held Flug's hand.

"Breath, mi corazon, our child is almost here. You have to be strong." Blackhat encouraged. His future self winced as Flug tightened his grip on his hand glaring poisonous daggers at him.
"Your demon spawn is tearing me apart! When this is over, I am finding the nearest exorcist and drowning you in holy water!" Flug growled out before screaming out in agony. At his lower naked half stood, surprisingly Chupalla and Whitehat both dressed in surgical masks and scrubs.

"Your almost there, Sephlugis, one more push and your child will be here." Whitehat announced. "Mother, get the towels ready this is gonna get messy." Chupalla snapped her fingers summoning a warm wet towel. "Okay, Sephlugis, one big push on three. One. Two. Three, Push!" Flug's screamed even louder as he bore down and pushed. He flopped back in exhaustion. Suddenly the room was filled with the wails of an infant.

Before he could see whether it was a boy or girl or even glance at the child, he was forced out back into the darkness. Now it was just him and the black door.

"My lord, you don't wish to see what is behind that door. Please, leave with the knowledge you will have a child soon." Cornilius's voice begged.

"No, I need to see what will happen when He get's here." Blackhat reached for the black door knob and pulled the door open. He found himself in a similar scene as that of his dream, though thankfully he wasn't standing on a hill of dead bodies. However now he wished he was.

Before him lay the dead bodies of Demencia, Hallbergur, Bergitta, Mannifried, and several other mortals that had become close to his family. Passed the bodies Flug was being restrained by two demons, was covered in bruises and cuts. His stomach swelled with pregnancy. Behind Flug, were his mother, father, and brothers all with various injuries and they were also restrained.

Then Blackhat saw himself standing a few feet from Flug but he didn't look like himself. He was completely bare save for his pants that were torn and ragged coming up to his knees and he was bare foot. Even his hats were missing, revealing two tightly curled pure black horns between which was a tuft of black hair that lay flat against his head. Around his neck was a glowing red collar with a matching chain stretching from it to a throne.

Laying across the throne was a young man with auburn hair that tumbled down his back in waves. He wore a bright purple skirt that was split all the way up to his hip. The way he sat was completely shameless, one leg sat on the ground the other bent upwards. On his head sat Flug's crown. His expression was completely smug, knowing he'd won.

"Now, my beloved pet, I order you to kill the whore and his bastard spawn." The young man grinned nastily. His family struggled harder screaming for him to stop as he approached Flug. He could see himself trying to fight the order but it was in vain. Flug was pulled to his feet by the demons, his expression was completely blank though his tears betrayed him.

"It's alright, Blackhat." Flug stated as Blackhat unsheathed his claws. Oily black tears began to spill down his future self's cheeks as he poised his claws in front of his unborn child. Flug pushed every ounce of love and forgiveness to the front of his watery ruby eyes as Blackhat reared his hand back. "I love you."
With a sickening squelch, the clawed hand was plunged into Flug's stomach. Flug didn't even scream or cry, he just smiled as blood flowed from his mouth. Blackhat pulled out the infant demon just as Flug collapsed blood gushing from his stomach. Blackhat using two hands, snapped the infant's neck before it could take it's first breath and dropped it next to it's mother.

As the young man began to laugh maniacally, Blackhat's future self collapsed to his knees grasping his head in with his bloody hands. He let out an anguished wail that sent shivers down the present Blackhat's spin.

Suddenly he was back in he priest's office, sitting in his seat once more. The priest stood before him his expression sad.

"As I said, those are possibilities for your future neither set in stone." The priest stated. Blackhat stood his expression dark.

"Thank you, for everything, old friend. I may have to call on you again when the time comes." Blackhat stated. The priest nodded in understanding.

"I shall start preparing myself. My door is always open to you and your family, my lord." The priest replied. With a nod, Blackhat disappeared. The priest collapsed into his chair and began to pray. "May the deities, and God Protect them."

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As Blackhat reappeared in his foyer, he was greeted by the sight of rose petals making a trail up the staircase. It took a second to realize what was going on but once he did all thoughts of the future and the horrors it may bring left his mind. Teleporting his grimoir to his personal library he began to follow the trail of rose petals.

Instead of leading to the bed room he shared with his husband as he thought they would, the trail lead to his office door. His grin amorous, he pushed the double doors open and was greeted by the most erotic sight since his wedding night.

Flug lay on his stomach atop his desk completely bare except for a bright red ribbon around his neck. His head was pillowed in his arms as he glanced toward the shocked demon. His ruby eyes became clouded with lust as a wanton smile stretched across his lips slowly. The red tinted moon light from his window cast Flug in a pale red glow, making his alabaster skin look flushed. It was the most beautiful sight Black hat had ever witnessed.

"I was starting to think you were never going to get here." Flug stated. A shark like grin stretched across the demon's lips as he entered the office and willed the door to close and lock.
"Well, isn't this a pleasant surprise." Blackhat purred as he loosened his tie approaching the delicious sight before him. "To what do I owe this enticing display?"

Flug turned onto his side curling one of his arms beneath his head. He enticingly slid one of his legs up in a bend covering his half aroused shaft.

"You've been gone all day, the whole time I could feel you were anxious and upset. So I decided to be waiting for you to help relieve some stress." Flug replied. "Unless you wish to just go to bed."

Before Flug could get up, the ribbon around his neck suddenly came alive unwrapping from his neck and binding his wrists together.

"I take that as a no." Flug grinned as he rolled onto his back.

"You lay on my desk in nothing but a bow and expect to just walk out of here?" Blackhat rumbled as he slid a now bare hand along Flug's pale chest. He brushed a nipple lightly enticing a gasp from his husband. "I don't think so, Mi amour. It has been a while since we made love in my office, I'd say we should make up for lost time don't you agree?"

Without giving Flug a chance to answer Blackhat crawled on top of him and began to attack his chest with his teeth and tongue. Flug gasped as his cock was suddenly grasped by his husband.

"B-bla-ah-Blackhat, please-" Said demon lifted his head his grin was wide and a little bloody.

"Please, what, Mi amour?" Blackhat slowly pulled his hand away hovering a few inches from the leaking shaft, he brushed a finger tip over the swollen head. "Do you want or need?"

"Black-ah-hat, please I need-" Flug almost felt embarrassed with how easily Blackhat got him
excited. And Blackhat called him a tease.

"What do you need, darling?" Blackhat purred as he leaned forward to run his forked tongue up Flug's neck up to his ear. "What ever you want I will happily give it to you." Flug gasped loudly as a particularly sensitive spot behind his ear was sucked.

"I-ah-I ne-need you, please, my love." Flug begged breathlessly as he tugged at his bindings. "I n-need you inside m-me." Blackhat pulled away to lock his now red eyes with Flug's pleading and lust clouded ruby pools.

"You're wish is my command, mi amado." Crawling off of Flug, Blackhat banished his own clothes. Grasping Flug by his quivering thighs he turned his husband toward him. He eyed Flug's quivering entrance and grinned impossibly wider. "You prepared yourself for me."

Flug lifted his head that was hanging off the other side of the desk and smiled sweetly at the demon.

"I'm always ready for you, my king." Blackhat suddenly yanked Flug forward impaling him on his own hard cock. Flug arched upwards almost painfully gasping, his hands which were still above his head which now lay on the desk grasped the edge of the desk and braced himself.

Deciding he gave Flug enough time to adjust, Blackhat tossed Flug's legs over his shoulders. Grasping Flug's hips in an almost painful grip he set a brutal pace. The desk shook in time with the thrusts. The room was filled with gasps and groans of pleasure, the smell of sex filled the air like a strong perfume.

"Bl-bla-ah-ackhat, Bla-uh-Blackhat!" Flug gasped out as he hooked his legs around Blackhat's neck.

"That's it, Flug, call out for me. Let the world know who you belong to." Blackhat growled as a black tendril sprouted from his arm and wrapped around Flug's member stroking to the rhythm of Blackhat's thrusts.

"B-bla-ah-hah! Bla-ah-ack Ha-ahh-at!" Flug could feel the familiar tightening in his gut signaling that he was getting close. "Bla-ah-blackh-ah-at, I'm about to-"

"Yesss, come for me." Blackhat could feel himself getting close as well. With a few more hard thrusts, he emptied his boiling seed deep inside his husband. Feeling the intense heat filling him pushed Flug over the edge as well and promptly passed out.

Letting Flug's legs fall to the side Blackhat pulled out but stayed close to his husband. Once he caught his breath Blackhat teleported the two of them to their room. Laying Flug on their bed,
Blackhat snapped cleaning him instantly. He pulled the black comforter up to Flug's chin and kissed his forehead.

"Te amo, mi esposo." Blackhat whispered. Standing up he was suddenly covered by his black silk pajamas and his cotton robe. His black lamb's wool slippers were now on his feet. With a gentle brush of his knuckle against Flug's cheek, he teleported to his personal library.

Lil Jack lifted his head as his black forked tongue flicked out tasting the leftover scents of mating on his master.

"Yes, yes I know you hate this smell. Maybe one day you can meet my family, my pet, only once I'm sure you won't try to eat them." Blackhat stated as he patted the serpent on his head. He picked up his family grimoire from the seat of his chair and sat down.

He stared at the cover, it had been so long since he's seen this book. When he had supposedly lost it, his mother and even his normally passive father had been furious. This book held all their family secrets, spells, enchantments, and histories of the more famous Hattiers. As children, his mother would read to him and his brothers the stories of their ancestors and how they conquered several other dementions.

Blackhat wanted so bad to have his deeds written down in the family grimoire. It was why he got into villainy in the first place. Sure he infected a few fleas to spread the most deadly disease taking out nearly all of Europe. He helped start quite a few of Earth's bloodiest wars, there was even that incident with the 'unsinkable' ship and the iceberg.

Sadly however, none of it had made it into the book. He asked his father once why, he simply replied that in order to get into the book he must do something truely worthy of being in the book.

When he had lost the book he had given up on ever getting in it. Conjuring a glass of blood tea Blackhat opened the book and began to read.
Adventures of Berry and Manny: Planning for a date

Chapter Summary

Berry and manny get ready for their first date! But with trouble on the horizon will this date be romantic or tragic?

Chapter Notes

So sorry this one took a little while. So, Berry and Manny's first date! They grow up so fast, don't they? But as usual with the Hattier family there's always trouble around every corner. Also we got a new out fit! I'll try to put the pic with the story if it won't show up then I'll include a link here. As always thanks for reading! Comments and kudos are welcome and encouraged. Here's the link, it actually goes to all the arts I have so far. I hope to get more, I'll keep you guys updated on that. https://drive.google.com/drive/my-drive

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*In a military lab in Germany*

Emergency sirens sounded as armed German soldiers rushed toward the lab. The site that greeted them was chaotic, small fires everywhere, cages broken open and experimental animals running loose. Standing on top of one of the tables with her back to them was the supposed daughter of Blackhat and Dr. Flug. In her hand was the carbon core their scientists had been working on.

"Bewege dich nicht! Hände, wo wir sie sehen können!" The leader of the soldiers yelled as they aimed their guns at her. She turned toward them a devilish smile stretched beneath her mask. "Bewege dich nicht! Lass den Kern fallen."

"Entschuldigung Jungs," Muerta grinned. "Aber ich brauche das." She suddenly threw a TCD into the air allowing it to stick to the ceiling and activated it. The soldiers followed the small disk with their guns. When their eyes were off of her, Muerta took a running start grabbing a hanging wire she Tarzan swung upwards into the portal. Just before entering she called back, "Tschüss!"

In the academy court yard, a portal opened up allowing Muerta to come through. Once she landed on her feet in a crouch the portal closed. Giggling slightly she removed her mask allowing her original appearance to show.

"Well that was fun." Bergita grinned. She quickly ducked behind one of the buildings and set up a portable changing room where she changed into her school uniform. Once dressed she collapsed the changing room to about the size of a quarter and started walking toward the main school.
building.

As she got closer, she noticed that it was oddly quiet and it was Tuesday. Just as she got to a certain tree someone cleared their throats. Jumping in surprise she turned toward the person to see Manny leaned up against the tree trunk.

*Of course he makes leaning look cool.* Bergita grumbled mentally.

"Never thought I'd see you skipping classes, Manny." She smiled as he walked toward her.

"It's not skipping if there is no class." Manny stated earning a confused look from Bergita.

"What do you mean?" She asked curiously.

"Had you been here instead of stealing a carbon core from a German military lab you would've know that Vater dismissed classes today due to a teacher conference." Manny explained as he placed his hands in his pockets.

"Aw, really? I could've just gone home and- wait. How did you know I- I mean what are you talking about? I didn't steal any core or anything." Bergitta tried to cover up her mistake. Manny arched a bright red eyebrow glancing down at her.

*Curse his tallness and him knowing me so well.* Bergitta thought bitterly.

"Okay so I stole a carbon core but I need it for my speadster trap. I'm almost done with it I just needed one more power source." Bergitta defended. "So since class is dismissed for the day what are you still doing here?"

"Waiting for you to let you know why no one was here." Manny suddenly looked a little bashful. "And to ask you if you wanted to hang out today in Nuremberg, just the two of us." Bergitta blinked in surprise, was he doing what she thought he was?

"Are you asking me out, Mannifried?" Bergitta asked crossing her arms as his face suddenly turned a little pink.

"Vell, I mean ve've known each other a while and it's not like it's a date or anything unless you want it to be." Manny spluttered nervously. Bergitta just smiled at him fondly.

"I'd love to go out with you, Manny. Just let me call Babi and send him the core." Bergitta pulled her cell from her messenger bag and dialed her Babi's number.
"You, ah are insati-ah-ble!" Flug gasped out part in pleasure part in annoyance as he braced himself against his work table. He was in his lab minding his own business and he just happened to be leaning over his work table when suddenly he was pinned to the surface by his husband's hands. Sharp teeth started nibbling at his neck while tentacles pushed his jeans and underwear down while another teased his entrance.

Now Blackhat was balls deep inside him, his thrusts sharp and perfectly aimed. Said demon grinned as he licked the side of Flug's neck.

"Of course, mi corazon, how could I resist such a tempting site? You leaning over the table teasing me with this succulent ass in tight jeans. What else was I supposed to do besides indulge myself in such a delicacy?" Blackhat purred into his husband's ears.

"I don't know, ignore me? Go take a cold shower in holy water?" Flug grumbled only to gasp loudly as Blackhat hit that particular bundle of nerves deep inside him.

"You know you enjoy it when I devour you, mi amado." Blackhat continued hitting that same spot pulling small gasps and whimpers from his husband.

Suddenly a loud vibration on the table caught both their attentions. On the table lay Flug's phone on it's screen was a picture of Bergitta, she was calling for some reason. Blackhat, not wanting to stop in the middle of sex kept going. Flug on the other hand was curious as to why his daughter was calling right now.

"Bl-ah-blackhat, Bergitta-ah is calling. I ne-eh-ed to answer it." Flug gasped out trying to get out from under his husband. Blackhat was having none of it.

"If you need to answer so badly, then answer it." Blackhat growled tightening his hold on Flug's hips.

"I am not answering our daughter's call while we're having sex." Flug snapped glancing at his husband angrily over his shoulder.

"I suppose then you'll have to call her back." Blackhat grinned. Flug groaned in annoyance/pleasure as he turned back towards the phone. Thankfully Blackhat slowed his thrusts to barely moving as Flug reached for his phone. After hitting answer he put the call on speaker phone.

"Bergitta, what's going on, shouldn't you be in class?" Flug asked before the girl even had the chance to say hello.
"Right, I had gotten um distracted and was running a little late. I had missed out on the announcement that Herr Kaiser canceled classes for the day due to a teacher meeting." Bergitta replied.

"And what was it that distracted you from getting to school on time? You have a TCD that teleports you directly into the school court yard." Blackhat asked from behind Flug. There was a few minutes of silence before she answered reluctantly.

"I may have broken into a German Military lab and stole a carbon core." Both men could practically see her attempting to smile innocently.

"Bergitta Dorothea Hattier-Stormkarlen, why in the world did you skip to go steal a core from a military lab." Flug snapped as he finally pulled away from his husband. "Did you at least have your disguise on?" Flug pulled his pants and underwear back up before snatching the phone from the table.

"Yes Babi, of course I did! I needed another power source for my speedster trap, the carbon core would work great and--"
"I don't care if you needed another power core. You know better than to do villainy during school hours." Flug snapped interrupting her.
"But Babi, school wasn't in cession so I didn't miss anything." She insisted.

"You're very lucky that it wasn't. Had you skipped and school had been in cession, I would've tanned your ass in front of the whole school." Flug snarled. "You have ten seconds to open a portal in my lab starting now."

"Babi, wait Manny and I were about to--"

"Ten, nine" Flug started counting.

"Please Babi, we haven't had a chance to hang out and--"

"Eight, seven," Flug continued to count ignoring his daughter's pleas.

"Babi-" There was a sudden movement and Mannifried's voice came on the phone.

"Mr. Hattier, I wish to take Bergitta out on a date in Nuremberg." Manny stated halting Flug's counting.

"Bergitta, open a portal I wish to see both of you." Blackhat finally spoke now redressed.
"Yes, Papi." Bergitta mumbled quietly before hanging up.

"Did he just ask permission to take Bergitta out on a date?" Flug turned to his husband in surprise. He knew the way they acted at Bergitta's Quicinera it wouldn't be long but he expected it would be Bergitta who would ask him.

A portal opened up revealing the two teens. Before anyone could say anything Blackhat grabbed Manny by his shoulder and the two of them disappeared, leaving just Bergitta and a still unhappy Flug in the lab.

"Come with me, young lady." Flug stated turning to leave the lab knowing his daughter would follow him. As they walked toward a sitting room Flug reached out to Blackhat through the bond.

*Please tell me you aren't killing the poor kid.* Flug asked mentally.

*Of course not, mi amado, I'm just testing him to make sure he can protect Bergitta if we allow them to go out.* Blackhat replied.

*Well I haven't decided if she should go out after this stunt.* Flug grumbled glancing over his shoulder at his daughter. He could tell she felt bad but she still needed some form of punishment.

*I understand you are upset, but let's try not to ruin our daughter's first date.* Blackhat stated. *I shall leave you two alone.*

Once they arrived at the sitting room both took a seat across from each other with a coffee table between them.

"I'm sorry, Babi." Bergitta finally spoke. "I just wanted to make my invention as great as yours. I know I shouldn't have done it during school hours but I had done my research on the lab and that was the only time I had a window to sneak in." She reached into her bag and pulled out the core placing it on the table in front of Flug.

"I see," Flug stated. "You should've told me you needed a carbon core, I could've made you one since they are not hard to make or your father could've stolen it for you."

"I know Babi, I understand if you won't allow me to go out with Manny today." Bergitta looked up at her father her expression serious though he could see sadness in her eyes. She must really want to go out with Manny. Letting out a sigh Flug stood and picked up the core.

"I shall be holding onto this for about two weeks, that shall put you behind even farther on your invention." Flug stated. "I'm sure you and Mannifried have other things to discuss on this date of
"You're serious? I can still go?" She asked hopefully. Flug smiled nodding and was nearly tackled by the happy teenager. "Thank you so much, Babi! I'm going to go change!" She hurried out of the room and upstairs.

Once she was gone, Blackhat reappeared with a wore out and slightly scratched up Manny. His hair was disheveled and wind blown while his uniform had a few tears in it.

"I take it things went alright with Bergitta?" Blackhat asked sitting down.

"Yes, I told her she could go out with Mannifried here." Flug eyed the slightly exhausted boy. "If he's not too wore out that is."

"No sir, Mr. Flug, I'm not wore out at all." Manny stated as he tried to straighen his hair. Blackhat rolled his eye snapping his fingers healing the boy's injuries and changing him into a new set of clean clothes.

Manny now wore a yellow orange tee-shirt with red orange sleeves and dark blue jeans along with a pair of orange converse shoes. His hair now laid flat against his scalp.

"There much better, now we expect her home before ten p.m German time. That should give the two of you plenty of time." Flug stated. "I know you're a good kid, Mannifried, and that you would never let anything happen to my daughter but I have to give you the warning I would give any boy dating my daughter." Flug smiled up at him before yanking him down by his shirt front until he was eye level with the immortal scientist. Manny gulped as the man's eyes became as hard as steel full of promises of pain.

"If anything happens to her I will make what my husband just put you through look like a picnic. Do I make myself clear, young man?" Manny could only nod in understanding. Flug smiled kindly before he released the boy's shirt.

"Babi, don't threaten Manny like that. You know he'd never let anything happen to me," Bergitta chastised from behind them. Manny froze at the site of her.

Her hair was up in it's usual pony tail and she wore a black choker necklace with a golden round tag hanging from the front. Her shirt was the same color as his with a red rose curling up the right side where it blossomed just in front of her arm and red trim along the bottom and sleeves. The shirt was a midriff style showing off her toned stomach with hang off sleeves that showed her shoulders. She wore black jeans with a grey belt that had a pouch on the left side that hung off one of her hips and red converse shoes like his.

All in all, she looked gorgeous. He shook his head banishing the embarrassing thought before he approached her.
"Nice color coordination." He grinned.

"Thanks, I'm guessing Papi 'tested' you which messed up your uniform so he got you new clothes." She guessed glancing at her other father who didn't even look guilty if is devilish grin was anything to go by. "Anyways, I'm ready when you are."

"You two have fun. And no villainy while on this date, Bergitta Dorothea." Flug stated sternly. "I don't want you to get Mannifried in trouble."

"I know, Babi, I'll behave." She smiled pulling out a TCD from her pouch. "See you tonight." She activated the TCD and dropped it on the ground. Once they were through the portal closed leaving just Blackhat and Flug.

"She's going to steal something else you know." Blackhat stated suddenly right behind Flug.

"She's your daughter, of course she will." Flug sighed. Blackhat wrapped his arms around Flug's waist before kissing his cheek.

"She's your daughter as well, mi amour." Blackhat smiled. He then remembered what they were doing before this mess happened and his smile became wicked. "Perhaps now that we solved this little delima, we can continue where we left off?" Blackhat gently ran his tongue up the side of Flug's neck earning a pleasured groan from the man.

"If I didn't know any better, love, I'd say you were trying to get me pregnant." Flug glanced at Blackhat from the corner of his eye. The amorous grin he saw cause a shiver to run down his spine.

"Perhaps I am, is there anything you wish to say about that?" Blackhat asked. Flug suddenly slipped from his grasp handing the core to a passing small hat bot. He gazed at Blackhat his eyes lustful.

"I'd say if you wish to continue this conversation we'd best go upstairs." Flug smiled as he took off toward the stairs. Blackhat grinned hungrily before taking off after his little minx of a husband.

In Nuremberg at a small bar, three men sat discussing their new target.

"So it has been confirmed that the daughter of Blackhat and Dr. Flug is in this city?" One of the men asked spreading out the information from a folder onto the table.

"That's right, she attacked the Military Lab in Berlin earlier today. Also I believe we may have found out her secret identity." A second man stats as he pulls out a picture of a teenage girl with blonde and black hair from his pocket. He set it next to the photograph of Muerta Rosa. If it
weren't for the mask and reversed hair they would look exactly alike. "I had a team run these two photographs together and they match. The blond girl is named Bergitta Stormkarlen, she is a Pseudo princess of Vagar in the Faroe Islands. That is all we could get from our source."

"So we just wait until she shows up and we snatch her. Once Blackhat pays her ransom we skip town and head to Fiji right?" The third asked eagerly.

"Wrong, our employer said that once Blackhat pays, we kill her." The first man states.

"That's practically suicide you know. We kill her and Blackhat will hunt us down like animals." The second shook his head. "I'm with Rick on this one, we take the money and leave."

"Look I don't like this plan any more than you do but do you really want to explain to Don Serpico we failed?" The first asked glaring at his partners. Both shook their heads looking slightly pale. "So we wait until we see the girl and grab her, then we take her to the Don. Let him do what he wants with her. We'll wash our hands of her so to speak."

All three men nodded in agreement and waited for their target.

Chapter End Notes

Bewege dich nicht! Hände, wo wir sie sehen können: Don't move, Hands where we can see them
"Bewege dich nicht! Lass den Kern fallen.: Don't move, Drop the core
Entschuldigung Jungs Aber ich brauche das.: Sorry guys but I need this
"Tschüss: Bye bye
Adventures of Berry & Manny: Kidnapped

Chapter Summary

Berry and Manny are on their date! Will they confess their feelings or will an interruption spoil the whole thing?

Chapter Notes

Hey hey! New chapter today! Sorry, so our favorite teens are on their first date together! They grow up so fast. But what's this? Manny is about to confess something. Will these two young lovers confess their feelings to each other? Let's find out and see! As always thanks for reading. Comments and Kudos are welcome and appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So where exactly are we going?" Bergitta asked from behind Manny. They were riding on his black Vespa scooter headed toward town.

"I figured we could get something to eat then just explore around a bit. It's better to walk than drive around here since most of the sights are so close." Manny answered as they arrived in town. Bergitta looked around in awe at the impressive architecture of the buildings and interesting design of the statues. After driving through town a bit, Manny finally parked his scooter outside a small cafe. "I know the guy that owns this place, he'll let me park here and I don't have to worry about getting my Vespa towed."

The teens dismounted and headed inside. Bergitta was greeted by the wonderful smell of coffee, cinnamon, and pastries. It wasn't very crowded but it wasn't empty either.

"Mannifried, mein freund!" A cheerful voice called from behind the counter. A young man a little older than them approached them a bright warm smile on his face. His hair was dark black in a crew cut style, his warm chocolate brown eyes were hidden behind round frame glasses. He wore a blue apron which had a few flour hand prints along the front, beneath which was a white button up with the sleeves rolled up and he wore white washed blue jeans. "It is so good to see you!"

The young man pulled Manny into a tight hug before he noticed Bergitta.

"And who is this schöne Blume?" The young man asked smiling as he took her hand gently into his before kissing it.

"Ludwig, this is Bergitta my best friend from school. I wanted to show her around town." Manny explained.
"Only freund? I was thinking she was your freundin." Ludwig stated causing both teens to blush.

"Well, I mean we are on a date but we haven't established the boyfriend girlfriend thing just yet." Bergitta explained a little embarrassed. Ludwig just smiled at her his eyes knowing.

"I take it you wish to leave your scooter here?" He asked turning toward Manny.

"If you don't mind." Manny replied thankful for the change in conversation.

"You know I never do. Now you two go have fun." Ludwig smiled as he went back toward the counter.

Smiling the two teens left the cafe and headed down the sidewalk.

"So where to first?" Bergitta asked.

"There's this stand down the street that makes the best bratwurst hot dogs." Manny suggested.

"I don't think I've ever had authentic bratwurst dogs before. Which is weird since I go to a German private school." Bergitta giggled slightly.

"Well, we'll just have to change that." Manny grinned as he placed an arm around her shoulders.

After they had gotten their bratwurst dogs they explored around Nuremberg taking in the sights. Checking out the Frauenkirche and several other old buildings along with several of the unique statues. All in all they enjoyed the day and each other's company.

As they spent the day together, Manny had started looking a little nervous about something. Bergitta wondered if it had anything to do with what Ludwig had said about them being 'together'. If she were honest the thought didn't seem so bad to her. They had known each other a while and she enjoyed spending time with him. He made her laugh, he didn't judge her for her choice of life. In fact he had offered to be her support when she started her official career as a villain. It would be a welcome assistance.

Meanwhile, Manny was having a slight mental break down. He wanted to confess his real feelings for the villain princess. Ever since they met, he had felt something for her. At first he believed it was just friendship, then they got older and he knew. It was love, he knew there may be a chance she didn't feel the same way. It was the only reason he hasn't confessed already. He feared that if he did, it would make things awkward between them and he could possibly lose her friendship. He thought back to his 'talk' with Mr. Blackhat.
*A few hours earlier*

Manny grunted as he was dropped on a hard wood floor.

"Get up, boy." Blackhat demanded, his voice had gone colder than Manny had ever heard before. Manny quickly obeyed as Blackhat began to circle him. The demon eyed him like a predator eyeing potential prey searching for any weaknesses. "I want the truth now. Do you have serious romantic feelings for my daughter?"

"Yes, sir." He answered without hesitation. "If you would give me your blessing, I wish to date Bergitta." Blackhat stopped pacing standing right in front of Manny. There was silence at first before Blackhat broke out into hysterical laughter. Manny wasn't sure if he should feel offended or disheartened for being laughed at. "I am not joking, sir. I have very strong feelings for her."

The laughter slowly died down as Blackhat fixed him with an intense stare.

"I know you aren't joking, Mannifried, but I have just one concern." Blackhat started. "As you are aware, I have powerful enemies. Heroes, other villains, mob bosses, even other supernatural entities. I have the means to protect her, so does Flug, and Demencia. Even that useless bear can be vicious when her safety is threatened. You on the other hand, are simply human. Sure you have had some military training, but what will you do should she be captured by say a monster?" He paled as Blackhat's human form suddenly changed into that of a massive creature with multiple red eyes, though it still had the monocle and top hat, multiple mouths filled with shark like teeth, tentacles and..was that a saw blade coming out of it's largest mouth?

Suddenly a case appeared next to him, filled with several different weapons. Swords, axes, even machine guns.

"Prove to me you have the strength to protect her." Blackhat's voice seemed to come from the shadows. Mannifried didn't have to be told twice as he dove for the case just as a tentacle slammed down on where he once stood. At first he thought about grabbing a machine gun but changed his mind and reached for a broad sword. "You don't believe the gun would be a more effective weapon?"

"Guns jam and run out of bullets. Plus I'm more comfortable with a sword and besides," Manny grinned as he rushed forward and sliced off a tentacle. "What's a knight without a sword?"

The creature grinned in satisfaction as it began it's full attack. Their fight went on for about
twenty minutes before Manny was wrapped in the creature's remaining tentacle. He was covered in scratches and his uniform was torn. The Blackhat creature had several stab wounds as well as a few extra swords sticking out of it. "Now what will you do, little knight?" The creature teased as it pulled him close.

"You know sir, there was something you taught me when I was a kid. The best way to be a villain." Manny stated.

"Oh? And what was that, boy?" The creature asked. Suddenly Manny kicked the creature in its large eye earning a screech of pain as he was released. Instead of dropping to the floor he grabbed onto the tentacle as he pulled a hatchet from the back of his pants.

"Always be unpredictable." Manny grinned before swinging forward and plunged the hatchet into the creature's forehead. As he dropped down the creature fell backwards with a final screech of pain. There was a sudden slow clapping from the shadows, then the real Blackhat appeared. In his eye, Manny could see what he thought was pride.

"Well done, boy." Blackhat smiled. "You have my permission and blessing to date my daughter. Now let's go see if Flug is done lecturing her."

*

He'd fought demon ghost, went through three grueling months of military training, and fought an eldritch demon (though it was a fake). Yet the thought of Bergitta not wanting to be his friend anymore terrified him like nothing else. The sight of a familiar place pulled him from his thoughts.

"Hey, we made it to the Hauptmarkt that's the Schöner Brunnen." Manny smiled as he pulled Bergitta toward the familiar and famous fountain.

"Wow." Bergitta breathed out staring at the 'gilded beautiful fountain'. It was made of different tiers. There were forty colorful figures."Its so pretty. So those figures are the ones that represent the Holy Roman Empire right?"

"The world view anyway. Each one represents something different, one is philosophy, seven represent liberal arts, four Evangelists, four church fathers, then there's the seven prince-electors, nine worthies, Moses, and seven prophets." Manny explained. "See those two brass rings on either side? It's said that if you spin them they will bring you good luck."

"That's so cool." Bergitta smiled taking pictures with her phone.

As she took pictures, the light of the setting sun reflected onto the fountain's golden tiers which in
turn reflected off of her. While she didn't notice, Manny who stood behind her did. When she turned he felt his breath catch in his throat. The golden reflection cast her already gold hair in an even brighter golden color, making her look almost angelic.

"Manny, you okay there?" She asked looking at him curiously. Her blue eyes shone with concern taking on a slight golden tint as well. As he felt his heart thump almost painful at the beautiful sight before him he made a decision

That's it, I have to tell her. He thought stealing himself. Even if she doesn't feel the same way.

"I'm fine, Berry, but there's something I have to tell you." He began. "You see, ever since-

The sound of squealing tires interrupted him, catching both of their attention. Then everything happened so fast as a strange man came up behind Bergitta and covered her mouth with a cloth. Before he could even protest, there was a harsh blow to the back of his head. As he started to black out he felt himself being lifted and laid down on a metallic surface.

"What are you doing? We were supposed to grab only the girl." A voice said.

"I know, but if we just left him he could've told Blackhat what we look like. If boss doesn't need him we could always kill him." A second voice stated.

I failed. He thought briefly before passing out. I couldn't protect her.

Chapter End Notes

mein freund: My friend
schöne Blume: Beautiful flower
freundin: Girl friend
Hauptmarkt: The central square market.
More about the Schoner Brunnen:
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sch%C3%B6ner_Brunnen
Hello everyone! I'm talking to you guys through my phone. So, I have gotten some kind of virus on my computer. So until I get it fixed which idk how long it'll be for that to happen, I will b on hiatus. I am so sorry! But I will keep going writing down the rest of the chapters until my computer is fixed or I can get to another computer. So when I can update again, I'll have plenty to upload. Again I am so sorry! I thank you all for your support so far. Hope to see u guys soon! OH and if u still wanna talk my email and Tumblr address is here somewhere. Laters!
Adventures of Berry & Manny: Capture

Chapter Summary

A ransom video is made, a romance blossomed in the most unlikely situation. Will everyone make it out okay?

Chapter Notes

I HAAAVEEE REETUUURRRRNNEEEEDDD!!! I hated being unable to bring you guys new chapters. What a way to start the new year huh? Also this one may be a little long, which is a good thing I suppose. So our favorite adventures have been captured. Will they get out on their own or will Blackhat be the one to save the day? One way to find out! So glad to be back! As always thanks for reading. Comments and Kudos are welcome.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"..ny..anny...Manny" He opened his eyes and instantly regretted it. It felt as if he was staring straight into the sun as a jack hammer slammed inside his head. He groaned as he rolled onto his side closing his eyes tightly as small sparks lite up behind his eye lids.

"Ugh, did you get the license plate of whatever hit me?" He groaned as he pinched the bridge of his nose. While he laid on his side he notice the feeling of rock against his cheek.

"Sorry, I was knocked out too." Bergitta replied as she gently ran her fingers through his hair. "Here let me help you sit up. Try opening your eyes a little bit at a time, that should stop the throbbing pain." She helped his sit up straight as he did as she said and eventually the pain stopped. Now that Manny could see he was able to take in their surroundings. It looked as if they were in some sort of cellar with a single light bulb hanging above their heads, a wooden door was set in the far wall in front of them.

"Do you have any idea where we are?" He asked looking at Bergitta.

She shook her head, "No, I just woke up a few minutes ago. They took my bag of TCDs so we're stuck here until rescue comes or our kidnappers come get us."

"You think those guys or whoever employed them has something against Mr. Blackhat or the royal family?" Manny asked earning a snort from the girl.

"Have you met my papi? I'm sure he has enemies everywhere. But we've been so careful about
keeping our connection secret." Bergitta stated taking on a thoughtful expression. "Perhaps it's someone with an ax to grind against the Vagar Pseudo royalty?"

"It's very possible, but how would they know you were currently crown princess? No one besides your family knows." Manny questioned.

"We won't truly know until our 'hosts' come to get us." Bergitta replied.

As they entered a silence, Manny glanced at Bergitta taking in her appearance. Thankfully no one got 'handsy' with his girl while he was unconscious. He froze at the sudden thought.

*My girl? Since when did I start thinking of her like that?* He panicked mentally. She's a person not a thing. *Man this date has to be the worst, she probably hates me. I should apologize.*

"Listen, Berry." He started getting her attention. "I'm sorry our first date didn't go as well as you'd hoped. If I had paid better attention, this wouldn't have happened." He turned his gaze downwards as he clenched his fist against the stone floor. "I'm still the weak little boy you met three years ago."

"Manny, look at me." When he didn't, Bergitta placed her hand beneath his chin and lifted his head up until his gaze met hers. His heart skipped a beat as his very breath froze in his lungs. Her gaze was so adoring as if he was the most important thing in the world. "I don't blame you. You forget publicly, I'm the pseudo crown princess the daughter of Pseudo Kings Sephlugis and Diablo Hattier. My villainess identity is the daughter of the notorious Lord Blackhat and Dr. Flug. This sort of thing was bound to happen, my entire life is going to be me looking over my shoulder."

"I know that," Manny began gently removing her hand from his chin but instead of releasing it he held onto it as if it were a life line. "I knew that the day we met, but today was about us. I was supposed to protect you and I failed. Today was supposed to be special and we got kidnapped because I wasn't paying attention."

"Manny, you couldn't have predicted that we'd get kidnapped. And you don't have to protect me, I can protect myself." She insisted. His blue eyes became warm as he gently cupped her cheek causing her own eyes to widen.

"I know you can, Krieger Prinzessin." He smiled. "That doesn't mean I won't try. Their moment was interrupted by the sound of locks clicking. Manny released Bergitta and moved in front of her. "And I won't fail this time."

The door opened revealing three men, one was at least seven foot tall. His black hair was cut military style and he wore a black wife beater and camo army pants. The second man was at least a head shorter with shoulder length black hair as well. He was dressed a little formally than his counter parts, wearing a black dress shirt and slacks along with black dress shoes. The third and final man looked as if he crawled out of the sewer, with greasy black chin length hair and ragged clothes. His beady black eyes seemed to focus on Bergitta causing her to shiver with disgust.
"Who are you men?" Manny asked his eyes hard as if he dared any of them to come closer. It was the well dressed man that spoke first.

"We apologize for the inconvenience, but my associate believed that if we left you there you'd be able describe us to Mr. Blackhat. And also the area was much too crowded to simply kill you."

Bergitta rolled her eyes, "Great, kidnappers with morals. Why don't you guys tell us who you are or better yet who sent you."

"Patience, little princess, we are here to bring you two to our boss now." The largest man chuckled as he pulled out tow sets of hand cuffs from one of his pants pockets. "Just be a good little girl and boy and my partner won't have to shoot you."

The third ragged man was now grinning at both of them holding what looked like an automatic rifle but the barrel of the gun had a point at the end making it look more like a ray gun. It looked like an old weapon her Babi had made when she first moved into the manor.

As the teens stood up they locked gazes, silent understanding passed between them, don't fight yet.

The large man came toward them and locked the hand cuffs in place, he also tied two sets of rope to the link chains. With the gun at their back and the large man leading their ropes they were lead out of their tiny cell.

So not a cellar, Manny thought as they entered a lavish hallway.

Whoever had them captured was rich, that much was obvious. Also the fact that they were still in Nuremberg since he could see the silhouette of the church steeple in the setting sun through a window they had passed. As they were lead down the hall Manny made mental notes of the number of turns they'd taken as well as any distinguishing pieces of art that decorated the wall.

It seemed like they hadn't been walking long before the stopped before a set of large oak double doors. The well dressed man knocked.

"Enter." A deep voice called from inside. The man pushed the doors open and entered ahead of them. The office was very large with a full living room set minus a t.v. set before a lavish mahogany fire place. Sitting behind a large black oak desk that sat before them was a rather large man both height and width wise. His three piece Armani suit seemed to be barely holding on by its seams. His fingers were adorned with jeweled rings and a few plain gold bands. He looked like a cheesy mafia boss right down to the obvious comb over and beady black eyes.

"Ah so this is the famous Pseudo Princess Bergitta. Or would you prefer your alias Muerta Rosa." The man smiled as he stood from his desk. Slowly he lumbered toward them before focusing his attention on Manny. "And you are? Surely not her body guard if so you have done a terrible job."
Manny remained silent as he clenched his fists.

"Our apologies, boss, we thought it would be easier if we brought him with us instead of killing him." The large man stated.

"I see. Well either way we need to get to the task at hand. I am Don Raphael Serpico, your adoptive father Blackhat and myself used to be business partners." The Don began. "However he cut our partnership, 'wasn't bringing in enough money from sales' he said."

"So you are just looking for revenge." Bergitta stated earning a slight chuckle from the man.

"Revenge? Of course not, as a fellow business man I completely understand his reasoning." The large man reached out his large meaty hand. The goon handed Bergitta's rope to him, as soon as he did she was tugged away from Manny who instantly tried to get to her.

"If you even think of hurting her I'll kill you!" Manny snarled his blue eyes murderous.

"Easy boy." The large man said as he grabbed Manny before he could get far. "We won't hurt the little princess."

"I am merely offering him a business deal." The Don pulled her toward a blue back drop that was next to his desk as the well dressed man followed pulling out his camera. "Sign over his company to me and I won't kill his daughter or her little friend."

"That won't work." Bergitta snorted. "As soon as he gets here he'll tear you apart like a hog at a luau." The room went completely silent as the Don's large hand cracked across Bergitta's cheek backwards. The impact knocked her to the floor.

It took both men along with a few extra that had been passing to restrain a snarling, raging Manny. His eyes had go completely wild as he tried to break loose to get to Bergitta. She sat up holding her cheek. She felt a warm wetness and pulled pulled her hand away, her eyes widened as she stared at the bright crimson liquid on her finger tips before she glared up at the man.

"That, my dear, is where you are wrong. You see before you were brought here I had my entire mansion blessed and had several sealing symbols placed through out the manor. When your father gets here, he will be as helpless as any other human here." The Don suddenly looked angry as he glared toward where the men still struggled with Manny. "Take the brat out and teach him a lesson, then put him back in the cell."

The large man drove his fist into Manny's stomach effectively knocking the breath out of him. This allowed him and the other men to drag Manny out of the office.
"Manny!" Bergitta tried to get up to go help him but was grabbed by her ponytail and dragged back. "You won't get away with this! Even if Papi signs his company over to you, he'll just get it back."

This prompted the large man to laugh mockingly at the girl as he pulled her up by her ponytail. "Oh you poor naive child, you have no idea the kind of powers that are out there." The man used his free hand to pull a small glass ink well from his pocket. The ink inside almost looked like a small galaxy, with small white dots and multiple colors swirling around.

"What is that?"

"This, Princess, is the ink of the cosmic god Cthullu. When a contract is signed with this ink, it can never be broken. I will have successfully brought down the invisible and great Blackhat, all because he got soft and had a family." The Don laughed before forcing her to her knees facing the man with the phone, her hair still in his meaty hand. "Now we are going to make a little video for your Papi and use one of your little gadgets to sent it too him. If you say anything besides what I say I'll make that boyfriend of yours pay."

"May I ask one question?" Bergitta gritted out past the pain in her scalp.

"Go ahead." The Don nodded.

"You are simply human, how did you know to use all this stuff against my Papi? I'm sure the ink of Cthullu isn't a normal black market item." Bergitta asked glancing upwards at the Don.

"I got this information from another...associate that your father spurred in the past." The Don replied nodding toward the man before them. "Now it's show time." The goon gave a thumbs up signaling the phone was ready to record.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Blackhat. I have something or rather someone that belongs to you. If you want her back in one piece and not mailed to you piece by piece then you will listen very closely." The Don grabbed a piece of paper from his desk passing it to Bergitta. "Read it." She paused before obeying.

"You are to come to the coordinates that have been programmed in the TCD that you shall be sent. You are to come alone and unarmed, normal or supernatural wise. You are to arrive at seven pm in this time zone. Not a minute before or after, do as you are told and your daughter and her friend will be released to you." Bergitta read aloud, her voice not wavering.

"Remember, seven sharp. Come alone or I slit her pretty throat." The goon lowered the phone signaling the end of the video.

After she had keyed in the coordinates the Don gave her in one of the blank TCDs, she was lead
back to her cell. As soon as she walked in still handcuffed, she spotted Manny laying on his side. She could see the stone beneath his face was darker than the rest.

"Manny!" She rushed to him falling on her knees next to him. She let out a shrill gasp at the sight of his back. The back of the shirt was completely shredded revealing the bleeding whip marks on his back. His left eye was swollen shut and black while his lip was split and bleeding. "Oh, Manny, what did they do to you?"

"Nothing I can't handle." He groaned as he slowly sat up. "What about you? Did they hurt you anymore?" He raised his hand to gently cup her injured cheek. "No, he just made a video of me reading out his demands of Papi before sending it to him." Bergitta replied. "We have to find a way out of here. If we don't find one of those seals, Papi will be done for."

"I know, but we need to wait until closer to time. When is Mr. Blackhat coming?" Manny asked lowering his hand.

"At seven sharp, not a minute before or after." Bergitta replied. Manny glanced at his watch.

"We have an hour til then. Let's plan our escape."

*forty-five minutes later*

"You ready to do this?" Bergitta asked locking gazes with Manny.

"When this is over, I am taking you on a proper date." Manny nodded.

"Oh come on, Manny, what's a date without a fight with disgruntled mafia bosses?" Bergitta grinned. Manny just gave her a look before laughing.

"Boring I guess." He smiled. "Alright, let's do this."

"Just one more thing." Bergitta stated. Before he could ask what, her lips gently pressed against his. Her soft petal like lips felt like a healing balm on his rough split lips, even if it hurt a little, even if they were in potential danger and may never make it out of here. He would always remember the feeling of having the girl he loved from the bottom of his heart kiss him for the first time. He felt his chest swell with so much excitement and joy, he thought it may burst. If he died today then he'd die a happy man. The kiss ended too soon as she pulled away a smile in place.

"Now we're ready."
Chapter End Notes

Krieger Prinzessin: Warrior Princess
Adventures of Berry & Manny: Escape & Rescue.

Chapter Summary

The adventures of Berry and Manny's first date are coming to a close. Will the two make it out, will Blackhat be able to save them without powers? Let's find out!

Chapter Notes

HAPPY NEW YEAR GUYS! What a way to start the new year than with a new chapter! My new years resolution, try to keep up to date on my chapters. So, we are getting to the end of the date! How will it end? Lets dive in and see! As always thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Seven p.m*

A portal opened outside of the Serpico gang's base. Blackhat walked out of the portal, his clawed fist tightened on his cane in barely contained rage. As he approached the manor he could sense that the place was suffocated with holy protections and not simple blood and salt protections. These were the real deal, the ones that true exorcists and priests used to battle dark creatures such as himself in the past. Before the churches got away from their roots and became houses of judgement and greed instead of protection and sanctuary.

He stopped at the edge of the barrier he was greeted by several men in suits with some of Flug's older model weapons. A man with shoulder length black hair spoke first.

"Welcome, Mr. Blackhat, to Serpico Manor. My employer, Mr. Serpico has asked that I make sure you came unarmed. So if you would kindly enter the barrier we can begin." The man stated. Blackhat growled under his breath and entered the barrier.

He could feel the weight of the holy protections greatly dampen his powers. He was able to keep himself up right as the man came forward to search him. Blackhat barely tolerated the searching hands along his torso.

"He's clean. Now if you'd kindly follow me to my employer." The man turned and started toward the front doors as Blackhat and the armed men followed.

*Fifteen minutes earlier. Outside Berry and Manny's cell*

"The dark one will be here soon." The well dressed goon stated looking at his watch. "I shall go
greet him, you two stay here and make sure the kids don't go anywhere."

"I'm curious as to why we are still here." The large one called after his companion but got no response. "We were supposed to just get the money and bail, not be here when the demon arrived."

"I wonder if she's still pure." The ragged man wondered out loud. The large man turned toward him his eyes questioning. "The princess, I wonder if she's been deflowered yet. You know I like my girls virgins. That tightness is like nothing else, when that little bud finally blooms around me. It's a euphoric experience."

"Okay, you are seriously creeping me out. We can't touch the girl you know that." The large one chastised.

"Oh come on, the boss is going to kill her after this anyway. With the great Blackhat reduced to a mere mortal, he can't do anything." The ragged one snorted.

"Come on, let me have some fun with her before the boss kills her."

Before they could continue their conversation, someone started banging on the cellar door.

"Someone, please! My friend has stop breathing! I can't wake him, someone help!" The girl called from inside.

"Great, now we have one dead brat on our hands." The large one groaned as he pulled out the keys to unlock the door. "Stand away from the door."

"O-okay I'm clear." The girl called from inside. He pulled the door open to see the tearful girl standing next to the body of the prone boy.

"Great. Move aside, princess." The large one demanded as he moved toward the boy and knelt next to him to feel for a pulse. As the girl did as he asked his partner came closer to her.

"There, there my dear." The ragged man soothed as he gently touched the girl's arm. "I'll take care of you."

"I told you to leave the girl alone, Rick." The large one growled as he stood up.

"You promise?" The girl asked her smile watery as she turned to him. "This has been so terrifying. I'm just a small time criminal, I've never dealt with real mafia bosses or being kidnapped. And now my friend died." She held his hand in hers her eyes begging. "Please, if you get me out of here I'll be ever so grateful. I'll do anything you want."
"Anything?" Rick grinned lewdly as he eyed her figure, his mind filling with all the filthy things he could do to that young vigorous body.

"Don't buy it, Rick." The large man growled standing, he didn't feel a pulse on the boy. "She's the daughter of villains, she was probably trained from childhood on how to manipulate."

"Now, Alexi, this may be a better opportunity. If we get out with her we can get way more money than the boss promised. I'm sure either has her own trust fund or even access to full Blackhat fortune don't you, princess?" Rick asked his smile even wider. Before she could answer, the large man shoved them apart.

"Use the head between your shoulders instead of the head between your legs, Rick." The large man growled grabbing his associate by the front of his ratty shirt. "She's manipulating you, the second we let her out of here she's gonna bolt."

"You just want the princess for yourself!" Rick snarled as he shoved Alexi away from him. "She's asking me for help, ME! Every time we get a score you and Marcus take most of the spoils leaving me with scraps! Now I'm finally getting something good for myself you're trying to take it!"

As the two argued neither notice Bergitta had snatched the keys and was slowly making her way toward the doorway where Manny stood waiting.

"Hey, guys." Bergitta called into the cell getting their attention. "Thanks for the keys, and opening the door. Later!" Manny slammed the door closed and locked it before they could even react.

"Vell the big guy vas right about the manipulating." Manny chuckled as he unlocked Bergitta's cuffs before unlocking his own.

"Of course." Bergitta grinned cheekily. Glanced Manny's watch and cursed. "It's seven, Papi should be here by now. We need to find the seals quick before Papi signs that contract."

They rushed down the halls looking for anything that looked like a supernatural symbol. As they were about to turn a corner, they heard an entourage coming.

Manny pulled her behind a suite of armor and waited for them to pass. Blackhat was being led by the third goon as he was flanked by several men in suits.

"When may I see my daughter?" Blackhat asked smoothly.

*Oh, he's pissed.* Bergitta thought. Anytime Papi spoke with that voice he was barely holding back his rage.
"In due time, Mr. Blackhat." Marcus replied. "Don Serpico wishes to speak with you first then you can see her."

"And how do I know she and her friend are still alive?" Blackhat glared at the man who simply smiled.

"You will just have to believe we have kept our word, now the boss's office is right this way." Marcus lead the group passed the teen's hiding place and around the corner.

"Vell, that's not good." Manny stated. "Hopefully we can stop him before he signs that contract."

"We have to split up, I'll try to stop him before he signs. You try to find the symbols and break them. As long as one is broken the whole thing comes apart." Bergitta ordered.

"Wie du kommst, Prinzessin." Manny stated with a bow. He swooped in and kissed her quickly before taking off down the hall. Bergitta giggled to herself as she touched her lips. She quickly shook off her giddiness as she began to follow the entourage.

*With Manny*

"Okay, supernatural symbols, where would those be hidden?" Manny asked himself aloud as he wandered down the hall. He had gone up another level searching for anything that felt Holy. There was a sudden hum of power as he passed a small door. He backtracked and stood before it. After being around pure evil for three years he was able to sense the other end of the spectrum quite easily. He opened the door, hoping it wouldn't be too difficult to break the symbol. He should've known better.

On the other side stood several imps around the symbol as if guarding what could easily destroy them. Manny spotted a set of swords on the wall next to him. He quickly rushed to grab one of the broad swords before facing the imps sword first.

"Komm und hol dir hässliche Bastarde!" He cried as the imps rushed him.

*With Bergitta*

"Maldita sea." Bergitta cursed as she glanced around the corner where the Don't office was guarded by several men in suites. "Of course they'd be outside the office. Now how am I supposed to get in?" A hand grabbed her arm and pulled her into a room close by. As the door closed she got ready to fight.

"Warten, ich werde dich nicht verletzen." A female voice cried. Bergitta studied the girl before her. She couldn't be much older than herself, with dark brown hair and frightened hazel eyes. The night
gown she wore was very short and barely brushed the bottom of her thighs. "Bitte, ich bin ein Freund."

"Sprechen Sie Englisch?" Bergitta asked.

"English, yes. I speak English, I am Brunhilda and I wish to help you." The girl Brunhilda said. "Come with me, there is a path directly into Serpico's office." Brunhilda pulled her toward a book shelf where she pulled it out revealing a staircase. The two girls made their way up into an attic of some sort.

Bergitta's eyes widened at the sight of several girls and young women varying from the age of ten to early twenties all from different races.

"If you are wondering, yes we are the gang's women. Some of us taken from our families others sold." Brunhilda explained as she guided them to another staircase across the room.

"In a few minutes you won't have to worry about Serpico or any of his men ever again." Bergitta declared. "Not once me and my Papi get done with him. And I promise I'll get you to someone who can help. My uncle is the hero Whitehat, he'll be able to help you get somewhere safe."

"Thank you." Brunhilda smiled as she opened the door for Bergitta.

Bergitta nodded before addressing all of the girls. "No matter what you hear don't open this door until someone comes for you." The girls nodded in understanding before the door was closed.

Bergitta made her way down the dark narrow stair case until she came to a door. On the other side she could hear her Papi talking with Serpico.

"To put it simply, Blackhat, sign your company over to me and you'll get your daughter back." Serpico stated.

"I'm not signing anything until I see Bergitta and Mannifried alive and unharmed." Blackhat demanded.

"Now, Blackhat, you are not in a position to make demands. If you were shot now, I'm sure you would die since your powers are all gone." Serpico chuckled mockingly. "You can see your daughter after you sign."

*Now or never.* Bergitta thought as she steeled herself.

She ripped the door open and went straight for the ink well and quill knocking both away from a
surprised Blackhat.

"How did she get out!?" Serpico roared angrily.

"Bergitta, princessa, are you alright?" Blackhat demanded as he turned his attention to his daughter, checking her for anymore injuries.

"I'm fine, Papi, but don't sign anything. That ink is from Cthullu, it'll bind you to that contract for eternity." Bergitta explained as she stood close to Blackhat.

"What?! You bastard, you tried to ensnare me?!" Blackhat snarled at the Don who now stood behind his men. "You shall pay dearly for that."

"How's that? You are completely powerless and out numbered." Serpico snorted. "There's nothing you can do!"

Suddenly Blackhat felt the weight lift from him just as something came through the window swinging on what looked like a curtain. Standing between the two groups was Manny. He was now more injured than before, covered in claw marks and a mix of his blood and strange black blood. He held a broad sword in one hand and a samurai sword in the other.

"Sorry, Fettarsch, your little protection is done for. As is your army of imps." Manny grinned. Bergitta felt herself blush as Manny stood to his full height. He was such a badass and hot. "Mr. Blackhat, sir, you should be able to use your powers now."

Blackhat snapped his fingers healing Manny's many injuries and fixing his clothes and also summoning Bergitta's mask as well as a large black and red battle ax with spikes along the blades. At the back corner was a little black top hat in a white circle.

"My thanks, young Mannifried." Blackhat grinned as several tentacles appeared behind his back. "I believe I shall let you kids have your fun first before I finish them off."

The teens shared matching grins of malice and mischief before they rushed the mafia men who weren't ready for the sudden rush. They took down several men, Manny with his swords and Bergitta with her ax. Blackhat stood back laughing occasionally grabbing a random man with a sharp toothed tentacle to be eaten. The teens moved so fast and in-sync none of the men had time to draw their guns.

"Some first date huh?" Manny called over his shoulder laughing the whole time.

"Best first date ever!" Bergitta laughed as she sliced a man in half.
As Manny went to say something else, he notice the Don pulling a hand pistol out of his inner jacket and pointed it right at Bergitta. He didn't even think as his body went on autopilot. He dropped his swords and quickly shoved Bergitta out of the way just as a shot went off.

Bergitta landed on her front as she heard a gunshot. She quickly glanced back toward Manny and saw the front of his shirt blossoming in crimson right next to his heart. He looked up at her just as blood began to trickle down his chin and collapsed.

"MANNY!"

Chapter End Notes

(I"M SORRY FOR THE CLIFF HANGER!) -hides from angry mob- I promise I will update soon.

Wie du kommst, Prinzessin: As you command, Princess
"Komm und hol dir hässliche Bastarde: Come and get some you ugly bastards
Maldita sea: Damnit
"Warten, ich werde dich nicht verletzen: Wait, I'm not going to hurt you
Bitte, ich bin ein Freund.":Please, I'm a friend
Sprechen Sie Englisch: Speak English, yes
Fettarsch: Fat Ass
Chapter Summary

Hell hath no fury like a woman with the power of fire.

Chapter Notes

See I promised I wouldn't leave you guys hanging for long. So we get to see what an angry Bergitta looks like. If anyone hasn't seen her powered form let me know and I'll send you the link. As always thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are welcome and encouraged.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blackhat cast a shield around the teens as Bergitta crawled over to Manny. Taking the opportunity, the gang started shooting at the shield.

"Manny, Manny, why did you do that?" Bergitta sobbed as she held his head in her lap. He looked up at her his blue eyes partially glazed in pain.

"I-I'm your knight aren't I?" He replied weakly. "I couldn't let them hurt you."

"But you could've just knocked me down, or even tackled me. You didn't have to take a bullet."

She insisted.

"I guess love makes you act without thinking." Manny smiled up at her as he raised his hand to cup her cheek. He suddenly started coughing, causing more blood to come up.

"Bergitta we need to get him to your Babi, he doesn't have long." Blackhat placed a hand on Bergitta's shoulder. He wanted to tear them all to pieces for causing his little girl such pain.

"Faðir," Blackhat glanced down at the girl in surprise. She hasn't called him that since she was a pre-teen. "Take Manny to Babi also there's several girls through that door. They need to go to Uncle Whitehat."

She gently laid Manny's head on the floor and stood. There was a sudden change in the atmosphere as if the very air heated up then turned cold.
*One year ago*

The Hattier-Stormkarlen family appeared in their home. They had handled the issue in Japan and was finally home.

"Well that was fun." Bergitta giggled. "Way to celebrate my birthday."

"I'm sorry it wasn't the birthday we planned for you, sweetheart." Flug apologized.

"Are you kidding? Fighting a superhero upstart, humiliating him in front of all his supporter? That was the best birthday ever! Plus Ryuzaki-san gave me this pretty yukata for my birthday." Bergitta smiled gesturing to her attire.

The yukata dress was knee length and black with beautiful Asian floral patterns scattered along the main part and the wide sleeves. A bright red bow was tied in the back, which matched the red ruffled hem. She wore knee high stockings and black geta sandals with red laces embroidered with red flowers. Her hair was held up by a pair of black and red kanzashi sakura hair pin sticks.

"That was very kind of him. I believe he said his daughter used to love to wear these kind of dresses before she died." Flug smiled sadly.

"Well, I'm going upstairs to rest. Night, Papi, Babi." She hugged them both before hurrying upstairs.

She paused when she arrived at her door. Something felt off, as if someone was inside her room. She reached into the yukata and pulled out a black and red Japanese war fan. She unfurled it and swung her door open fan at the ready.

"Well, it's good to see your instincts have improved, my dear." Chupalla stated as she sipped from her cup of blood tea. She was sitting on the bay window seat dressed as elegantly as always this time wearing a simple navy governess dress. "Love the attire by the way."

"Abuelita, what are you doing here?" Bergitta closed the door and went to sit next to the she-demon.

"I can't come visit my grand daughter on her birthday?" Chupalla smiled as she set her tea cup and saucer down.

"I'm just surprised is all, happy to see you but still surprised." Bergitta stated.

"Well the main reason I am here is that I have a present for you, Bergitta." Chupalla pulled a small square velvet box from her dress pocket. She opened the box to reveal a small pale blue bulb no bigger than her pinky.
"What is it?" The girl asked curiously.

"Rosa glacies, the 'ice rose'. It is the only thing that truly grows in Hell without help from magic. It grows in the * Ninth circle of hell, Treachery in the fourth round of Judecca. The ninth circle is a frozen lake where the most severe sinners are sent. The further down the rounds the greater the sin. Nothing is able to withstand the severe cold but these roses are able to grow there." Chupalla explained. "When the seed is ingested whole, it gives the person the power over normal fire but also over blue fire, the hellfire. When a person is burned by blue fire it feels as if they are burning from the inside and freezing to death on the outside. Once the power is unlocked, you have it forever."

Bergitta stared at the seed in wonder and a little fear. Something so small had such history and power.

"You are giving it to me?" She glance up at her grandmother in surprise.

"I believed it was time for you to have some powers of your own." Chupalla smiled as gently took Bergitta's hand and placed the seed in her open palm. "It is a gift but if you do not believe you are ready nor want it, you do not have to take it."

Bergitta stared down at the seed a minute before she swallowed it whole.

"How long until it takes affect?" Bergitta asked coughing a little. Chupalla summoned a glass of water and passed it to the girl.

"It takes a year for it to blossom, the normal fire is unlocked instantly. The hellfire I'm sorry to say is unlocked with tragedy." Chupalla smiled sadly.

*Current time*

Bergitta could feel as if both ice and fire was racing down her veins. They had hurt her knight, her Manny. She would show them the power of a Demon's daughter, they would pay by the flames of Hell.

She walked away from Manny to the other side of the shield before she was engulfed in flames.

"Bergitta!" Blackhat cried out as he picked up the injured young man. His eyes widened in pure shock and awe at what came out of the flames.

The girl that stood before him had skin as pure as freshly fallen snow. Her hair had became blue flames that flowed upwards, her fingers were now pointed like claws. Even her clothes changed.
She now wore a black midriff with an around the neck strap and flowing down from the back of the strap was a single vine with pale green leaves, connecting the back of the midriff. She wore a blue short skirt with blue and black striped knee high stockings and blue converses.

"It's alright, Papi." She stated glancing at him over her shoulder smiling. Her eyes were completely black except for the blue pupil in the center. "Just take Manny to Babi and those girls to Uncle Whitehat, I'll handle the trash." She summoned the samurai sword to her engulfing it in fire transforming it making it match her attire. Before he could protest, she launched herself at the men using said sword to slice the men. As the were touched by her blade the men began to scream in pain about being both burned and freezing.

Blackhat stared at her in awe; where had she gotten hold of such power? He was snapped out of his daze by the injured boy's groan of pain. He glanced toward the open door and transported himself and Mannifried into the room filled with girls. Before they could protest or scream he transported all of them to where they needed to be. Himself and Manny to Flug's lab and the girls into Whitehat's home.

"Blackhat, what happened? Where's Bergitta?" Flug demanded as he lead Blackhat and the injured boy to a table.

"She's fighting, I'm going back to get her. Help the boy, he's been shot." Before Flug could reply Blackhat disappeared only to reappear outside the manor. The entire house was engulfed in flames, those that were still alive screamed in agony from the inferno. Suddenly a figure stepped out of the flames.

Bergitta walked out, sword in hand with the head of the mafia boss in her other hand. She walked toward Blackhat and dropped the head at his feet.

"It's done." She stated before passing out. As he caught her, her appearance returned to normal even her clothes. Blackhat knew he'd get his answers later so he simply lifted his daughter in his arms and left the burning manor.

*One hour later*

Bergitta sat on a couch in the living room with her parents standing before her. Flug with concern and Blackhat with barely contained rage.

"So my mother gave you these powers, with out my permission and you didn't think to tell me?" Blackhat stated staring down at his daughter.

"I'm sorry, Papi, I didn't think it'd be that big of a deal." Bergitta replied quietly.

"Not that big of a deal? You are now technically part demon with powers that could destroy an
entire city and you think it's not that big of a deal?" Blackhat questioned. "Those abilities are kept in the lowest region of Hell for a reason! Even I know they are too dangerous for a normal mortal. I don't know how you could use them, because the last time I saw a mortal use those powers he caused the great fire of London. What in the world was my mother thinking?"

"I was thinking that my granddaughter deserved the chance to protect herself without having to call you every time something happens." A voice spoke from behind them. Chupalla stood behind them holding Morpheus. "And she took those powers willingly. That other boy had his powers forced on him, that's why he lost control."

"That is beyond the point, Mother, you should've asked my permission. She is my daughter. Also what are you doing here?" Blackhat growled glaring at his mother.

"And she is my granddaughter." Chupalla stated simply petting the three eyed cat in her arms. "I saw through Morpheus's eyes that you were getting angry at my granddaughter when she doesn't deserve your anger."

"You still should've talked to us, Chupalla." Flug sighed. "But what's done is done. Bergitta now has the powers, which means she needs to be trained on how to properly use them."

"Um, Babi." Bergitta said getting his attention as her father continued to glare at her smiling grandmother. "May I go check on Manny?"

Flug smiled at his daughter before nodding. "He's right next door." Bergitta got up and left the tense atmosphere and walked into the lab. Her heart clenched at the sight of Manny laying in the bed hooked up to a few machines. They had contacted his parents and explained most of what happened, telling them that they had gotten captured and hurt. Flug told them that as soon as Manny was better they'd send him home.

He opened his eyes and smiled at the sight of her.

"So you're a flaming warrior princess now?" Manny smiled.

Bergitta returned his smile as she sat on the edge of his bed. "Looks that way."

"I feel bad for Klaus and his boys when they make you mad." Manny laughed earning a slight giggle from Bergitta. She thought back to something Manny had said at the manor.

"Manny, did you mean what you said after you were shot? About 'love making you act without thinking'?" Manny reached his hand that wasn't hooked up to a machine up to cup her cheek. His blue eyes were both serious and over flowing with love for the girl before him.

"Ich liebe dich, Bergitta. I have for a long time and I may not have powers or connections. All I have is my heart to give if you'll have it." Bergitta's eyes watered. She placed her hand over his
smiling, they sat in silence neither noticing the adults lingering in the doorway.

*In the demension of Demogorgania*

A stray imp limped it's way through the bloody streets. Screams filled the air as it made it's way up to the palace. After passing several stronger monsters 'playing' with their toys it finally arrived at the base of a high throne.

Sitting on the throne currently having his cock sucked by one of his numerous male slaves was a young man with long auburn hair. He glanced up at the imp standing in his palace.

"Let me guess." The young man began as he kicked the slave away into the hands of several waiting monsters. "Serpico failed?" The slaves screams didn't last long as a monster dick was shoved down his throat while another entered him without preparation.

"Y-yes, my lord. It appears Blackhat's daughter has acquired powers." The imp replied as it glance fearfully at the slave.

"Well, there are other ways. Priest!" The young man called. A tall bird like creature dressed in cleric robes came forward. "How close are we to breaking through the barrier?"

"I'm afraid there was a set back, my lord. We won't be able to invade at the turn of the year. However there is an eclipse this year, a blood moon. It won't happen until the month of June at the beginning of the summer solstice in their world but it's power will work much better." The priest explained. The young man grinned evilly his eyes flashing purple with power.

"Perfect. Keep working, and make sure my army is ready to march that day." The young man ordered as he signaled for another slave to take the now dead slave's place.

"As you wish, Lord Adrianus." The priest bowed before walking away.

"Just you wait, I'll be seeing you soon, Darling." The hall filled with malicious laughter which joined the symphony of agonizing screams.

Chapter End Notes

yukata: Japanese robe
kanzashi: Japanese hair pin
geta: Traditional wooden japanese sandal
Abuelita: grandmother in spanish
"Ich liebe dich: I love you in German."
In the story Dante's inferno, the ninth circle of Hell the Circle of treachery is a frozen lake with four rounds named after four men who personify the sin: Round 1 is named Caina after Cain who killed his brother Abel, Round 2 is named Antenora after Anthenor of Troy who was Priam’s counselor during the Trojan War, Round 3 is named Ptolomaea after Ptolemy (son of Abubus), while Round 4 is named Judecca after Judas Iscariot, the apostle who betrayed Jesus with a kiss. It is also where the devil is kept.
Training and trips

Chapter Summary

Bergitta gets a little training with her powers. The married couple are about to celebrate their third anniversary.

Chapter Notes

Hello, hello! Slowly but surely I'm getting back to my regular updating, so here's a new chapter for you guys! Also if you want send in baby names in the comments for the future little blackhat's and Flug's. As always thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are welcome.

Bergitta landed on her backside with a grunt, panting in exhaustion.

"Again." Blackhat ordered as he stood before her.

Blackhat had allowed Bergitta some time with young Mannifried while he recovered. The very day Flug had cleared him Blackhat informed Bergitta that he would begin training her on how to use her powers. They were currently in the same room where Blackhat had tested Manny.

Bergitta was dressed in a pair of bike shorts and a sports bra with her hair pulled up in a high pony tail, her hands were bandaged to protect her knuckles.

"Papi, I've tried to summon my power but I just can't." She insisted as she stood facing her father. He had even dressed down to train her. His normal suite was replaced with a black karate gi and red belt, unsurprisingly his hat was still in place. "Abuelita said it only appears in times of tragedy, like when Manny was shot."

"It is awakened in times of tragedy, once awakened it can be summoned any time the user wishes." Blackhat began his attack again, punching and kicking. Though exhausted, Bergitta was able to block his attacks.

"I've tried to summon it, but it won't come out." Bergitta insisted. "I don't know how to make it." She grunted in pain as one of Blackhat's kicks knocked her over.

"You own this power now, Bergitta. You are it's mistress, so in other words you can make it do what ever you want. And if it won't listen then you force it to listen." Blackhat growled. "Perhaps we should try the last minute theory."
She glanced up at the demon in confusion. "Last minute theory?"

"Yes, I've heard of many instances where a person's power comes out at the last minute when they are under great stress." Blackhat grinned as a few tentacles sprouted from his back. "Shall we test that theory?"

Bergitta barely got out of the way as a tentacle slammed down where she was standing.

"Papi, you can't be serious!?" She cried dodging another tentacle.

"Unless you figure out how to summon your power I'm not stopping nor are you resting." Blackhat stated launching a third tentacle at her. "Now, show me your power!"

At the edge of the training room, Manny and Flug sat safely behind a barrier Flug had set up.

"Vill she be okay?" Manny asked worriedly. "He won't actually hurt her vill he?"

"Have no fear, Mannifried, Blackhat knows what he's doing. She's still part mortal even with those powers so he knows how much she can take." Flug reassured the teen. "She does need to learn how to summon this power at will, especially when other demons sense she has this power."

"They'll come after her?" Manny asked looking at Flug in surprise and fear for his girlfriend.

"Yes, being the our daughter puts her in danger from the normal every day villains. When Blackhat's supernatural enemies find out she has the power of Hellfire? It'll be an everyday struggle anytime she leaves this house." Flug confirmed sadly. "If you intend for this relationship to last a long time, then both of you need to be prepared for the obstacles."

Their conversation was interrupted by Bergitta's cry of pain. She lay on her side holding her now bloody arm as tears of pain streamed down her cheeks.

"Focus on your enemy." Blackhat snarled. "NEVER get distracted during a fight, especially with something stronger than you."

"I was trying to focus on summoning my power." Bergitta snapped glaring at her father. Blackhat could see the Hellfire burning behind her bright blue eyes. She just needed one more good push and she'd have it. "If you'd give me a minute-" She rolled to the side as a tentacle shot toward her barely missing her ear.

"When you are fighting other demon's you won't have a minute." Blackhat stated. "You won't have
a minute with normal enemies. You remember that Captain Commando idiot that tried to kidnap you when you were a girl? Did he give your Babi a minute to fix his freeze gun? No. When it comes down to your very survival you have to be able to summon all your power in an instant, otherwise you will die." Blackhat aimed all his tentacles at his daughter who continued to glare angrily at him. "Now, show. Me. YOUR POWER!!" He launched all his tentacles at the girl.

Her eyes closed for just a second before snapping open revealing the black sclera and blue pupils which burned with anger.

"FINE! YOU WANT IT?!" She roared as her appearance changed to it's demonic form as she stood up. She formed a basketball sized ball of blue fire in her hands. "THEN TAKE IT!!" She threw the ball at the tentacles rushing toward her incinerating them.

Blackhat simply smiled as he lifted his hand to stop the ball with a powerful shield.

"Well done, mi hija." Blackhat praised as she collapsed to her knees once again in human form. "Very well done."

Flug stood and approached the two followed by Manny who was carrying a towel and bottle of water for the girl.

"Bergitta, perhaps you could envision your power as something you can easily open whenever you want." Flug stated as he helped his daughter to her feet. "I've heard that works with strong powers like these."

"Thanks, Babi, I'll try to meditate later tonight." She accepted the offered bottle of water from Manny. She took a couple of gulps before handing it back to him. "By the way, there's a big Anime Con in San Fransico today. Is it okay if me and Manny go?"

Flug looked toward Blackhat. "I'd say she deserves a reward for doing good in training, wouldn't you say, dear?" Blackhat smiled nodding.

"I suppose she does, just remember Mannifried needs to go home tonight. You both have school tomorrow." Bergitta smiled brightly as she hugged the demon. "Thanks, Babi! I'll go get cleaned up and changed." She stated as she hurried out of the training room.

"Vell, I'd better go vait in the foyer for her." Manny stated as he followed the girl. Flug shook his head fondly at the teens.

"Who would've thought our little girl would get such power." Flug smiled.
"Considering she is our daughter, I believed something like this would happen sooner or later." Blackhat stated placing a hand on his husband's shoulder, and lead him out of the training room. "I just can't believe my mother was the cause of it."

"Well, mother dearest does like to make her own plans." A familiar voice spoke as they walked out of the room. Blackhat spun around pinning the intruder against the wall by their necks. His eye narrowed in annoyance at the sight of his half brother.

"Thazar, what in the nine circles are you doing here? How did you even get in?" Blackhat growled.

"Relax, Hermano, I'm not here to fight or anything. I'm here to deliver a present for you and the Doc here." Thazar grinned despite being in danger of getting gored by his brother's claws.

"What kind of present, Thazar?" Flug asked placing a soothing hand on his husband's arm currently pinning his brother in law. With a final growl Blackhat released his brother.

Thazar straightened his jacket before pulling out two slips of paper from his inner pocket. One was a folder holding two boat tickets, the other was a hand made brochure.

"Call it an early anniversary present. A five day six night stay on a private island off the coast of French Polynesia. A luxurious beach house shall be your home away from home. The island is covered in a tropical jungle filled with exotic wild life." Thazar explained passing the papers to Flug. "Compliments of your cousin Cosmos, the owner of the island. He wanted you two to test the island before he opened it as a winter get away for rich couples."

Flug took the hand made brochure and read it. The pictures were very beautiful showing off the best features of the island. The house in the picture was a massive bungalow only a few minutes walk from the white sand beach.

"Cosmos is offering to let us stay here. For a week, no charge?" Flug asked looking at Thazar who was grinning.

"None what so ever." Thazar nodded. "Also if you are worried about your kids, Cosmos has offered his condo in Berlin to Bergitta and the bear so she can keep going to school. Hal has agreed to take Lizard-girl so the house will be in one piece when you get back. And I will make sure your house will be covered in the strongest protections to keep unwanted guests out."

This seemed like a bit much for just a simple vacation, even if it was an anniversary trip.

"What do you think, Blackhat?" Flug glanced at his husband who looked lost in thought. Suddenly Flug felt arousal and excitement from Blackhat's end of the bond.
"I'll start getting our affairs in order so we can go." With that the demon disappeared. Flug shook his head as he focused on his grinning brother in law.

"Why are you and the other's doing this, Thazar?" Flug asked crossing his arms.

"We figured it was time for you and old Blackie to take a proper vacation." Thazar shrugged a pointed grin stretched across his lips. "So should I tell Cosmos that you two are going?"

Flug could feel Blackhat's emotions vary from excitement to arousal to just plain lustful. Rolling his eyes at his currently horny husband Flug nodded.

"We'll go. Let Cosmos know we won't leave until closer to our anniversary." Flug stated.

"Great! I'll let him know, see you then." With that Thazar disappeared leaving Flug alone.

As he started upstairs he wondered about something: Since when has Thazar and Cosmos been on such familiar terms?

*Stormkarlen residence*

Thazar appeared in the study a grin of victory splitting his face in half.

"I take it they agreed to go?" Cosmos asked eagerly.

"I nearly had my throat torn out but yep, they're going." Thazar nodded. "So are you sure this will work?" He addressed the two ladies sipping tea as they shared a love seat.

"Of course it will work. This method is very effective for male pregnancies." Chupalla replied. "Also considering how strong Blackhat is, it will only take one try."

"Knowing those two, Blackhat will try more than once." Cosmos laughed.

"Now, Cosmos, that is a vulgar thing to say concerning not only your Second King but also your cousin in law." Apolonia chastised. "Let's hope our boys know we're doing this for their own good."

"Of course they will, they've been married for three years now and Bergitta is blossoming into a young woman. It's time for another child before the empty nest syndrome sets in." Chupalla retorted.
The two young men shivered slightly at the matching grins the women shared. It was kind of hard to tell which one was mortal currently. Silently they apologized to the married couple they threw under the bus labeled 'Motherly Plans'.
Chapter 63

Chapter Summary

Just a quick shopping chapter, that I've been stuck on for almost a week.

Chapter Notes

Hey there, new chapter! SO the Oc in this chapter is on loan from a good friend of mine. Thanks again, Shadow-Draygan! As always comments and Kudos are welcome!

"Remind me again why I'm shopping for lingerie with you?" Demencia groaned as they exited from the fourth lingerie shop empty handed again.

"Because as my adopted sister it's your job." Flug stated as they walked down the side walk. "Plus I don't want to give my husband any ideas what with all those fetish toys in there, which I am not ready for thank you very much."

"Oh, don't be such a pansy, Flug. Besides you're married to a eldritch demon with tentacles." Demencia grinned. "Is his dick a tentacle too?" Flug stared at the lizard girl incredulously.

"Seriously, Dem?" His face burned bright red. She didn't even look ashamed at the vulgar question. Letting out a sigh of slight annoyance, "No it's normal. And before you ask yes he has used his tentacles."

"Wow, I was thinking since he's not human he wouldn't have a human dick." Demencia huffed in surprise and slight disappointment.

"Can we change the subject please?" Flug begged. 
"You'd think after being married for three years you'd have gotten over your shyness. Guess not." She shrugged.

Flug had decided to go shopping in Las Vegas, since it was nicknamed 'Sin City' it was bound to have a quality lingerie shop. Unfortunately, they had yet to find one that sold men's lingerie. His wedding lingerie was mail ordered and had been very expensive. Unfortunately during their first anniversary, it had been completely shredded.

"Anyways the point I'm getting at is the fact that your husband has the libido of a dolphin on Viagra. He'll be happy if you just lay on the bed bare ass naked." Dementia said. "Any clothes you
"Because I want it to at least be special." Flug sighed. A shop finally caught his attention, it looked like it could be a Native American souvenir shop if it hadn't been for the name: LISSY'S LINGERIE, an outfit for all occasions and genders. "This looks promising."

The front window had four manikins modeling various lingerie styles, two female and two male. The building itself was made of adobe brick that had been tanned by the Nevada sun. The smell of incense hit them like a wall as they entered the shop.

The inside was a tasteful mix of a sex shop and a museum. A Canadian flag hung against one of the back walls, behind a full dominatrix outfit. The music of flutes and rattling beads filtered through out the shop.

"Well, it's certainly a mix of guy and girl stuff." Demencia mused as she stared at a pair of short men's briefs to which a pair of suspenders were attached.

"Agreed." Flug nodded as he looked around. He walked over to the counter to see if he could find any workers. Against the back wall was several black and white photographs surrounding a beautiful yet disturbing oil painting.

It was of a lake side shrouded in winter. The trees like black skeletons of themselves, the lake itself was frozen solid. Amongst the trees was a tall creature, it's ashen-gray skin looked to be pulled taunt against it's skeleton as two wickedly sharp antlers sprouted from it's head. Even in the painting, the silvery sunken in eyes were lifeless and cold, in it's long needle like fingers was the body of an Indian man. All of the pictures had something to do with the creature, clawed foot prints, five claw marks on a tree, and most disturbing was a campsite massacre.

"Disturbing isn't it?" A female voice spoke from next to him. His instincts kicked in as he turned and pulled his stun gun out of his jacket pocket. The woman standing next to him had tan skin and long dark hair braided into two side braids that hung nearly to her waist. Around her neck a black and yellow speckled snake rested comfortably, though it kept an eye on Flug. She wore a white spaghetti strap and dark blue jeans with cowboy boots. "The Windigo, a mythical creature with the taste for human flesh. Or it is something a person over come with either greed or the overwhelming need to eat their fellow man can become." She then turned her dark brown eyes on the two staring at her.

"Sorry, I get so into my tribes culture sometimes. I'm Lissy, welcome to my shop." She smiled at them not even bothered by the gun in pointed at her.. "So who's the dom in the relationship?"

"We're not-"

"Sorry, Pocahontas, string bean here isn't my type." Dementia wrinkled her nose in slight disgust earning a look from Flug. "I already got a man, a tall drop dead gorgeous dangerous hunk of a
"Gee, thanks, Dem. Nice to know you aren't interested in me." Flug turned his attention back to the
girl tucking his gun back in his pocket. "I'm Sel, my sister Dem is helping me shop for some
special lingerie for mine and my husband's third anniversary trip next week."

"Gotcha. Usually I get guys that look like you come in here with their dominate girlfriend or
boyfriends so I kind of assumed." Lissy smiled sheepishly as she rubbed the back of her neck
surprisingly not disturbing the snake.

Clapping her hands together, "So, what kind of lingerie did you wear your wedding night?"

"Well, it wasn't much just a white see through night gown that came just above my thighs and lacy
boy shorts." Flug replied blushing slightly. "It was kind of destroyed on our first anniversary."

"Oo, your husband sounds like quite the animal." Lissy grinned.

"You have no idea." Dementia grinned. "I actually live with these guys and let me tell you they can
get pretty loud. In fact one night-"

"Yes, thank you unwanted peanut gallery." Flug shoved Dementia toward the shop floor. "Why
don't you look for something to wear to entice your man." Dementia grinned but did as Flug asked.

"She lives with you guys?" Lissy asked confused.

"My husband is a rich business man who owns several companies but operates his main company
out of his manor. we both work for him as his live in assistants." Flug explained. "Anyways back to
the main subject. We have reservations for a private island off the coast of French Polynesia, I was
wanting something special for him even though I know it won't survive very long."

"I see," Lissy began to circle the scientist eyeing his body shape. "You have a great physique, long
and slender. I'll have to see the entire thing so let's go to the dressing room so you can strip for me." Before Flug could protest he was pulled toward a back room.

After some arguing, Flug now stood in just his briefs in a room filled with various materials in a
multitude of colors and textures. Lissy was mumbling to herself as she snipped several pieces of
materials.

"Um, if it would be easier for you we can just use white like the last suite." Flug offered.

"Who's the seamstress here?" Lissy snipped as she cut one last piece of material.
"Well, you are but-" Flug started.

"Then trust me to know how to make your outfit something your husband will be drooling over for years." Lissy walked over to him her eyes scrutinizing. She deposited her arm load on the nearest chair. "Hmm, I think with your body you'll need something more seductive than a simple lingerie." She picked up several pieces of the matterial and held it against his skin. Most she shook her head, other's she set to the side in the 'maybe' pile.

Once she'd gone through all the pieces she had, she started on the maybe pile. Before long, she had gathered up the right material to make his outfit. After he got redressed, the two walked to the front.

"You're sure he'll like this?" Flug asked slightly nervous.

"I guarantee, when he sees you he'll have that image burned into his brain for the rest of his life." Lissy stated confidently. "Now, it will be ready the day before you leave so I suggest you start, practicing your performance for your husband."

"Thank you, Lissy." Flug smiled. "Come on, Dem, we gotta- DEMENTIA! NO!" He turned to see the lizard girl completely clothed in what little of a dominatrix outfit there was, a shit eating grin plastered over her face a riding crop in her hands.

"Awe, come on. You said to find something to entice my man." Dementia wriggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Entice, not traumatize!" Flug face palmed glaring at the girl between his fingers. "Put it back, now."

"But, Selly." Dementia begged trying to imitate puppy eyes.

"NOW, Dem." Flug ordered pointing toward the naked manikin. The girl huffed in annoyance as she went to do as she was told.

Next time, he's bringing someone else shopping.
Bergitta sat at her desk packing away her books for the day as her friends stood around her.

"So, you and Manny are a thing now?" Alice asked curiously. "How exactly did that happen?"

"It just did, he asked me out on a date. We both confessed, that's pretty much it." Bergitta stated simply.

"After that fight with the mafia right?" Ruby grinned. "Talk about romantic." Bergitta just rolled her eyes as she stood placing her messenger bag over her shoulder.

"Speaking of your knight in lederhosen, where did Manny get off to?"

"Not sure, after class ended he said he had to go talk to his dad about something." Bergitta answered as they started toward the class room door.

"Alice, my angel!" A voice called from behind them. They turned to see Hans on one knee with a bouquet of blue roses. "My I have the pleasure of your company at the Fall Dance?"

The girls just stood there, Alice blushing a little. After a minute she walked toward him smiling. She grabbed his arm and lifted him to his feet, "Of course I'll go with you, Hans. I'll catch up with you girls later, me and Hans need to color coordinate our outfits."

"Poor guy has no idea what he's gotten himself into." Bergitta shook her head as the couple walked away. "I guess they're hosting a dance this year."

As they walked further down the hall, they noticed more couples pairing up.
"I'm curious though, how did everyone else know about this before us? I haven't heard it announced today." Ruby pondered. As they turned a corner there was a large banner that read:

Herbsttanz, nächst Woche!

"Well, there it is." Bergitta deadpanned. "These teens didn't waste time getting a date."

"Hey, Berry." Manny called from behind them. They turned to see the young man coming toward them.

"Hey, Manny, so I guess this is what you had to talk to your dad about?" Bergitta smiled as she immediately slipped her hand into his.

"Yeah, Vater needed my help to hang up the sign." Manny replied. "So, your dad's are going on vacation next week?"

"Yup, third anniversary. My biological brother is offering me and 505 his apartment in Berlin while they're away. Not sure why I'm being sent off, Dementia's the one most likely to throw a wild party." Bergitta huffed.

"And you know you'd help and enjoy it." Manny smiled down at his girlfriend knowingly as she huffed slightly annoyed that he knew her so well.

"So, do you two have an idea of what you're going to wear for the dance?" Ruby asked changing the subject.

"Hmm, I honestly don't know." Bergitta stated her expression thoughtful.

"Oh, I forgot to mention. You can wear normal dance clothes or you can wear costumes, as long as it's appropriate." Manny said.

"Really? That makes this a little easier." Bergitta smiled up at him.

* 

It wasn't easier.

"I don't know what to wear!" Bergitta cried tossing up the two dresses she had been comparing in the mirror. The week had flown by quickly and the dance was only one day away. 505 lifted his head from the floor where he laid next to her bed, his expression worried for his little sister.
"Baw?" He questioned.

"I'm fine, Fives." Bergitta sighed. "I just wish I could ask Manny what he was wearing. Apparently it's supposed to be a surprise for me. How am I supposed to pick my outfit to match his if I don't know what his is?" She groaned as she flopped face first on her bed. 505 lumbered over and nuzzled her hand hanging off the edge of the bed.

"Bergitta, sweetheart?" Flug called from the other side of her door as he knocked.

"Come in, Babi." She lifted her head to call back before dropping it back into the plush mattress.

"Bergitta, what's the matter?" Flug asked as he entered his daughter's room.

"I don't know what to wear for the dance, Manny won't tell me what his outfit looks like or even is. How am I supposed to match him if I don't know what he's wearing?" Bergitta cried miserably.

"Oh, well I wonder what this package labeled: Berry's Outfit, was doing in my lab this morning is?" Flug smiled chuckling a little as the girl suddenly shot up to face him. Sure enough there was a long rectangular box in her father's hands.

"Gimme!" She reached her hands out expectantly. Flug handed the box to the girl who wasted no time in opening it. She gasped at the sight of what was in the box. "This is- he remembered I like this?" She turned to look at Flug her blue eyes overflowing with happiness.

"He asked me for your right size just last week." Flug smiled happy to see his little girl so happy as well. "He's a very thoughtful boy."

Bergitta being speechless could only nod.

*At the dance*

The school's auditorium had been transformed into a replica of a forest in the fall. Fake trees lined the edges of the room with paper leaves of browns, reds and oranges taped onto the limbs. The ceiling had little lanterns hanging down over the crowd of teens in various clothes. At the back of the room close to the door stood Manny, Alice, Hans, Ruby, and Uwe.

Alice wore an above the knee tangerine orange dress that crisscrossed in the back with matching heels. Her hair twisted into a bun on top of her head and held up by a topaz encrusted maple leaf comb. Hans wore a black button up with a silk vest and tie that matched his date's dress color along with black slacks and shoes.

Ruby decided to go with the costume theme, wearing a lolita style Red Queen dress with a black
petticoat beneath the red satin skirt that came just above her knees. Her stockings were dark red matching the main dress in color. A golden heart crown was attached to a red headband that blended in with her hair easily. Uwe was dressed as a heart soldier wearing a military style red leather jacket and slacks with black leather riding boots.

Manny looked as if he'd just stepped out of a medieval story. He wore a dark blue cotton velvet vest over a silk black button up. Gold flame designed brocades went up the front with golden trim along the collar and waist. He wore black leather pants with leather boots and a satin cape with it's top corners linked together by a golden chain. His hair slicked back.

"This place looks amazing." Alice smiled admiring the decorations.

"Agreed." Ruby nodded agreeing with her sister. "But I wonder where Bergitta is, she should've been her by now."

As if on que the auditorium doors opened revealing a vision of ethereal beauty.

It was a floor length medieval dress the same color as Manny's vest with long gold arm bands just above the bend of the elbow, below the armbands the sleeves belled out. The wide V-neck was lined with gold trim as was the hems of the sleeves. Golden flames were embroidered along the hem of the skirt and stretched up creating a heart design at the top and center of the dress's bodice. Her golden tresses hung loose as her black bangs were brushed to the side. She wore a golden circle crown with a bright heart shaped sapphire in it's center. She wore midnight blue eye shadow making her blue eyes stand out even more.

She blushed slightly at all the eyes that were suddenly on her. Deciding he'd better step in like a proper gentleman, Manny approached his princess. One he stood before her he gave a sweeping bow holding out his hand.

"My lady." He greeted. She smiled taking his hand.

"My knight." He stood smiling down at her. "I can't believe you went with the princess and knight thing."

"Vell, it's fitting in my opinion." Manny replied as he lead her over to where their friends waited smiling.

"A dress fit for a princess." Alice smiled approvingly. "Where did you get it from?"

"Manny, sent it to me. Not sure where he got it from." Bergitta turned toward him. He simply shrugged with a smile.
"I know a guy."

Herr Kaiser walked on to the stage dressed as King Aragorn. "Welcome students to our first Herbsttanz. Before the DJ comes out I would like to remind everyone there is a voting for this years Fall king and queen. At the end of the night I shall announce the winner. And with that out of the way, enjoy the dance!"

The DJ came out and started blasting out various musics. Some everyone knew, other's only a few students knew. All in all it was fun, even though Bergitta had to keep her dress picked up some of the time. All too soon, the dance was winding down to a close as Herr Kaiser came back on stage with a navy envelope in his hand as the DJ turned the music down.

"I shall now announce this year's King and Queen. The two students who's names I announce shall dance the royal valtz." A student ironically dressed as a hobbit rolled out a cart upon which sat two crowns a large one for the guy and a simple tiara for the girl along with two sashes that read 'king' and queen in German. "And the winners are..." He paused dramatically after opening the envelope. "Bergitta Stormkarlen-Hattier and Mannfried Kaiser!"

Some how the person operating the lights found them as he shone a spot light down on top of them. The room burst into applause and cheers as the two blushed slightly under the attention. Manny went up to the stage where his smiling father passed the crowns and sashes down to him.

"You've got to be kidding me." Bergitt groaned eyeing the sash and tiara warily.

"Guess this means we have to dance." Manny grinned as he placed the tiara and sash on Bergitta before putting on his crown and sash.

"Guess so." Bergitta shrugged. The rest of the students moved back forming a large circle around them. "Why do I have a feeling this was set up?"

"Oh, I know it was. Vater just confessed that he bribed the students with no Mid term testing if they voted for the two of us." Manny confirmed.

"Wait, when did he do this?" Bergitta asked curiously as the two of them got into position.

"That day we went to visit Margarythe and Wolfgang's memorial." Manny replied. The music began with a familiar tune that Bergitta instantly recognized, her eyes widening.

"Did you?" She asked staring up at Manny in surprise.

"Even if Vater set this up, that doesn't mean I can't use it to my advantage." He grinned as the first words filtered through the room.
You're in my arms

And all the world is calm...

Chapter End Notes

Herbsttanz, nächste Woche!: Fall Dance, next week!
Arrival in Paradise

Chapter Summary

They arrive on the island, and a quick description of the house. Then sexy times.

Chapter Notes

Hi there! Just a simple chapter about the location. Next chapter is gonna be kinda long, cause..you know...sexy times. As always thanks for reading, Comments and kudos are welcome and encouraged.
Quick update: Or pointing out the obvious, These next few chapters are part of the Paradise arch, so i kinda appologize for the weird name.

It was around twelve in the morning the day of their anniversary, the Blackhat family stood in the foyer saying their goodbyes.

"Now remember, you are allowed to go visit your friends during the week you're at your brothers but make sure you're back on time." Flug stated hugging his daughter.

"I know, Babi." Bergitta smiled as she went to hug Blackhat. "There's nothing to worry about so you two just relax and try to make me a little brother or sister."

"Bergitta!" Flug spluttered embarrassed as his ears turned bright red.

"Well, that's what you plan to do right?" Bergitta asked innocently though they knew she wasn't.

"Oh they plan to do alright." Dementia grinned. "To do and do and do and possibly eat and sleep and do some more."

"Enough, Demencia!" Blackhat growled getting annoyed at the lizard girl who just grinned cheekily. "Now I see why we're pawning you off to Hallbergur."

"Right well, you guys have your bags for the week?" Flug asked trying to keep Demencia from being killed.

"All packed." Bergitta confirmed as 505 held up their bags
"Yeah, I'm ready." Demencia stated holding up her large duffel bag. She leaned close to Flug as she grinned, "So did you go pick up your 'package' from Lissy yesterday?"

"Quiet, Demencia. I don't want to give away the surprise to Blackhat too early." Flug hissed. "And yes, I got it yesterday. I also did some research between inventions so I'll be ready." He was grinning now.

"Man, I hope your advanced healing can keep up with you two." Demencia shook her head as she pulled out her TCD. "Welp, I'll see you guys in a week. Look out, Hally baby! Your Lady Lizard is coming for you!" She activated the portal and went through.

"I almost feel bad for Hal." Flug shook his head as the portal closed. "If I didn't want our house to be the same as when we left it, I'd say just let her stay here."
"He enjoys her company for some odd reason or another." Blackhat stated.

"Well, I'm headed out thankfully it's Saturday so I can sleep when I get there before working on my newest invention." Bergitta said as she gave them both one final hug before activating her own TCD programed to open in front of her brother's apartment. "Love you guys, have fun! Come on, Fives." With that the girl and the bear entered the portal leaving the two alone in the foyer.

"Well, I suppose if we're going to make that boat to Cosmos's island we'd best get going." Flug stated as he picked up his suitcase.

"Perhaps since we are vacationing, mi corazon, we should look the part?" Blackhat grinned before snapping his fingers. Flug's normal lab outfit changed into a baby blue polo and tan cargo pants and sandals. Blackhat's own clothes changed into a red polo and black cargo pants with sandals. "The security system is all set and ready to go. How about you, mi amour?"

Flug smiled as he held up the TCD, "More than ready. I hope you are ready for your surprise as well." He felt Blackhat's hand slide down his waist before playfully grabbing a handful of his ass. Taking that and the shark like grin as his answer, Flug activated the TCD and they stepped through it.

*Island of Bora Bora*

Their portal opened up on the island of Bora Bora, thankfully behind a shed allowing Blackhat to cast his human illusion over himself. Once they were ready they went to find the man who was to drive their boat to the island where they'd be staying for a week. Said man was holding a white cardboard sign that read: Stormkarlen.

"You must me Mr. Cosmos's cousin and cousin in law." The man greeted as he shook Flug's hand.
"That us." Flug confirmed as they boarded the small white speed boat. Along the front of it's bow was the family crest. "So how far out is this island?"

"Cosmosian Island is only a few miles passed the reef. It sprung up several millennia ago, but no one wanted to use it because it was so far from civilization. Mr. Cosmos said it was the ideal get away for rich patrons. Even though it wasn't owned by anyone he still payed our president." The man replied starting up the boat.

They sped pass the over crowded beaches and a few yachts before they exited through the channel. Surprisingly (or not) Blackhat's hats remained in place despite the wind. It took about thirty minutes before the island came into view.

It was almost like a green jewel surrounded by white that had been dropped in a sea of sapphire. It had a small mountain, perfect for climbing and there was a wooden board walk roughly a half a mile long where the boat could unload it's passengers. Once dropped off at the board walk, the driver waved good bye before driving off.

Once alone Blackhat dropped his disguise.

"Looks like it's just the two of us, mi amada." Blackhat smiled at his husband.

"I hope Cosmos told him we don't need to be picked up." Flug stated as they started walking toward the island.

The board walk continued up the island ending at the large bungalow. The white sheer curtains fluttered in the slight breeze through the glass-less windows. It had only one level with an open air design.

There was a kitchen and dining room to the left of the front entrance and a sitting area with deck furniture to the right. As they walked deeper into the house they found a bathroom with a stand alone copper soaking tub on either side of the tub were two head rests. In the middle was what looked like a wide copper faucet which would make a waterfall effect as it filled the tub. Surrounding the tub was a granite stone lining.

In the very back of the bungalow was the master bedroom. It had a large canopy bed with white sheer curtains. In front of it was a large infinity pool with a stone waterfall feature that stood before the jungle. To the side of the deck stood a shower to wash off the chlorine as well as a pair of long deck chairs. Off of the pool deck was a stair case that led into the jungle.

They set their suitcases down next to the dresser. They stood there taking in the area before glancing at each other, silent understanding passing between them as they both collapsed on the bed. Being immortal didn't spare you from sea sickness.
Passion in paradise

Chapter Summary

Time for the vaction to begin! Exploring, swimming, mind blowing sex.

Chapter Notes

Hey there, I've been hinting at it and its finally here! The amazing anniversary sex! it's kinda at the bottom but its there! As always thanks for reading, comments and kudos are welcome and encouraged. Also this is the music Flug does the thing to. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rnv-Dpq4XnI

After the effects of sea sickness wore off, Flug got up to put away their clothes in the dresser.

"So what should we do first?" He asked as he discretely hid the long white box beneath his tee shirts. "We can either swim in the pool or ocean, perhaps explore the jungle." He nearly jumped as he felt his husbands arms snake around his waist.

"Or perhaps you can tell me what's in that box." Blackhat suggested grinning mischievously.

"You will have to wait until tonight before you get that surprise." Flug stated as he slipped away from Blackhat. "I'd like to explore the island a little, see if there's any natural lagoons or anything." Knowing his husband would follow Flug walked toward the staircase leading into the jungle. He smiled as he heard Blackhat grumble as he followed behind him.

"You know the longer you keep me waiting, the worse for you it's going to be." Blackhat stated as they left the house.

"I know and I hope that after you get your surprise, it's going to be much, much worse." Flug smiled over his shoulder at his husband coyly

'Oooo, he is so gonna get it tonight. Blackhat growled lustfully to himself.

They spent about an hour exploring the island. The brochure wasn't wrong about the various wildlife, they'd come across a troop of spider monkeys as well as a flock of tropical birds and even a few small wild pigs. The plants were just as various and colorful. They actually had found a natural lagoon with crystal clear water and a large rock waterfall about ten foot tall. They'd decided to come back to another day and continued their exploration.
After they'd gotten bored of the exploring, Flug had decided he wanted to go swimming in the turquoise ocean that surrounded them. He honestly wasn't worried about sharks since Blackhat could easily scare them off.

"I actually remember a time when today's sharks looked like minnows compared to the creatures that used to swim in the ocean." Blackhat remarked as they changed for swimming.

Flug, still being modest had decided to bring a pair of sky blue trunks with little planes on them. While his exhibitionist husband went with tight black silk brief like trunks that left nothing to the imagination.

"R-really? You got to see the age of dinosaurs?" Flug asked once he'd got his short circuited brain back on line.

"Indeed, Flug. Immortal creature with unlimited abilities, remember?" Blackhat gestured to himself.

"Careful, dear, your ego may not be able to fit through the door." Flug grinned as he grabbed his towel and ran out toward the beach.

"Oh, that is it you cheeky brat." Blackhat growled playfully as he took off after his laughing husband.

Blackhat easily caught Flug by the waist just as they got to the edge of the water. He lifted Flug slightly as he spun them around gently nibbling along his husband's neck. As he glanced down at the alabastor flesh before his eyes he thought of something.

"How come you haven't started to sunburn, mi amour?" Blackhat questioned as he set Flug on his feet.

"I guess my immortality overrides the burden of being an albino." Flug replied as he spread his beach towel out and sat down followed by his husband. "Or any normal human sickness except for sea sickness apparently."

"I haven't quite figured that one out yet either." Blackhat agreed laying back stretching out as he placed his arms behind his head, pushing his hats over his eyes. Flug glanced over at him, noticing how almost reptilian he seemed taking in the tropical sun. Since it was just the two of them Flug decided to ask a question he's always wondered for as long as he's know his husband.

"Blackhat."
"Hmm?"

"There's something I've always wondered." Flug took a breath before asking. "What's under your hats?" Blackhat lifted his hat to glance at his husband. "It's just I've known you for a long time and we're married but you never take off your hats. And when you do, there's something covering your head."

Blackhat sighed as he sat up facing Flug who did the same.

"Flug, mi alma, I must confess something. Myself, my father and twin wear hats for well a rather silly reason." Blackhat began. "You see, we- I have horns and some hair as well. I cover them as a maid used to cover her ankles from men, for modesty's sake. I am very self conscious about them and no one aside from my mother, father and brothers have seen them." Blackhat smiled lovingly as he removed his top hat leaving the bowler hat. He gently grasped Flug's wrists and placed them on the rim of the hat. "I believe it's time my husband sees them."

With a final encouraging nod, Flug lifted the hat and let out a tiny gasp. The horns sprouted just below his hairline and were curled tightly against his head and shone like polished onyx. Between the two horns sat tuft of black hair that stood up slightly from being under hats all the time. Flug set the bowler hat to the side as he cautiously lifted his hand to touch the horns. His eyes searched Blackhat's for permission and found only love, taking that as approval he slowly continued toward the horns.

When he touched them they were surprisingly cool, as he moved his hand down toward the point Blackhat's eyes closed in pleasure as he groaned deeply nearly purring. He placed his hand at the back of Blackhat's head and pulled him forward touching their foreheads together.

"Thank you for showing them to me, my love." Flug smiled. Both sets of crimson remained locked together, neither wanting break the intimate moment. Until Flug licked Blackhat's nose ridge before running toward the water. Snapping out of his shock, Blackhat rushed after his husband leaving his hats behind.

Blackhat cast an enchantment that allowed Flug to breath underwater so they could explore the underwater reefs. It was almost like another world with the multiple reef types and colors. For some reason Blackhat decided to have a 'whose got the bigger teeth' competition with a moray eel, which he one unsurprisingly.

After while the sun began to set and their stomachs growled to be fed. The kitchen was stocked full of all kinds of ingredients for making any type of dish, except for raw meat. Being the carnivore he was, Blackhat set off on a hunting expedition to 'bring home the bacon'.

While he was gone, Flug rummaged through the fridge and cabinets searching for more ingredients to add to tonight's meal. He turned from the fridge arm's filled with onions, bell peppers, and garlic. As he placed his load on the counter, he noticed a bowl of odd fruit sitting on the island. It had the coloring of a peach but the shape of papaya. He shrugged as he took one from the bowl, he must've
just over looked them. Deciding he wanted to taste the fruit before using it for anything, he washed
the fruit and cut into it.

The aroma that hit his nostrils was like walking into a bakery just as the fruit pastries were coming
out. The fleshy insides looked like that of a Dragon fruit but a deep red. He cut a slice and took a
bite, the flavor was a perfect mix of sweet and tart. It was almost as if every fruit in the world was
squeezed into this one fruit. He wanted more so he kept eating the fruit until it was finished.

Almost instantly he felt a slight cramping in his stomach as if he'd eaten a full course meal by
himself. The feeling quickly disappeared leaving him with one thing: Pure unadulterated lust.
Forgetting dinner all together, he hurried to get ready for his surprise.

It was nearly sunset before Blackhat entered the bungalow, a boar tossed over his shoulder like a
sack of potatoes. It had taken longer than it should've since he didn't want to destroy the island by
using his powers. Instantly he sensed something was different, not bad but different.

"Flug?" No answer. He walked into the kitchen finding a few vegetables carelessly dropped on the
kitchen counter. On the counter was a bowl of fruit. It looked vaguely familiar, ignoring the fruit
he dropped the boar on the table and continued to search for his husband. As he entered the living
room, he noticed all the furniture had been pushed to the side. Candles had been lit and spread
around the room, through the window Blackhat could see the golden-red sunset. Several pillows
were set on the floor, next to them was a bottle of wine and a glass.

"Welcome home, darling." Flugs voice called from somewhere in the house. "Please have a seat
and some wine, I'll be out in just a minute."

Curious about what his husband had planned, he did as asked. Popping the cork on the wine he
expertly poured himself a glass.

"I thought you were cooking?" Blackhat stated as he took a sip. His eye widened at the flavor, it
was the most delicious wine he'd ever had. And he's had a lot of wine. Forgoing manners, he
downed the whole glass.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a violin, before he could say anything he felt his top hat taken from
his head as his vision filled with deep crimson. His eyes widened in shock at the sight of his
grinning husband now wearing his hat.

His chest was covered by a crisscrossed sheer red fabric with golden beads along the edges, his
pink buds barely visible. His toned stomach was on display for his husband's eyes only. A scarf
skirt was wrapped around his narrow waist with a red beaded belt, on his left hip it was held
together by a single tie and split showing off a long pale leg. Wrapped around the visible leg was a
red laced garter belt with two golden bells. He was bare footed. On his upper arms were beaded
bands with a red sheer cloth attached to both.
Behind his crimson eyes he saw barely controlled lust and passion.

"Flug, what is this?" Blackhat asked breathlessly.

"Your surprise, now sit back and enjoy the show." Flug smiled at his husband. Soon the music picked up tempo and added more instruments.

As the music picked up Flug began to move. He swayed his hips enticingly, putting Blackhat in an almost trance like state as he swayed slightly as well. Like a cobra being charmed by a flute. Suddenly the music got even faster, as did Flug. His hip swaying got even more enticing and erotic as he began to spin and twirl making his skirt flare out. Blackhat now saw he wore two garter belts, one on each leg. As he danced Flug held onto his husband's hat, placing it on his head as he danced before taking it of again using it almost like a dance partner. Suddenly he set the hat down and just as the music reached its final peak, he untied the skirt.

Beneath it he wore a red laced bakini style underwear. He started toward Blackhat, his eyes even more lustful and simply walked by gently brushing his hand against Blackhat's shoulder. Said man snapped out of his trance to follow his husband who was now walking backwards toward the bed room. Flug's grin became even more amorous as he crooked his index finger in a 'come hither' motion. Blackhat's eyes turned dark crimson with lust. His growl was predatory as he stalked after his husband.

Once in the bed room Flug sat on the edge of the bed and slowly, enticingly slid backwards and stretched out his long lean body on top of the mattress that was now covered in rose petals.

Vanishing his clothes, Blackhat crawled on after him, his erection was painfully hard. He stopped at the garter belts. Removing his bowler hat he lifted his now crimson eye up to connect with his husband. Using his teeth gently scraping the pure white leg, earning a hiss of pleasure from his husband he removed the first garter belt. He lifted the leg up the farther down he got. Once the garment was removed he tossed it to the side carelessly, he ran his tongue down the leg as he set it down and repeated the action with the other leg.

He could see Flug's cock straining against the underwear staining it, his precum making the area above it darker. Blackhat hooked his claws beneath the delicate fabric and ripped it off. Flug gasped as the tropical air hit his shaft not caring that his under wear was torn. He only cared about having that itch deep within him scratched, it was an itch that only his husband could reach.

Flug felt as if a million tiny fire works went of at once in his head as his cock was engulfed in that warm wet inferno his husband called a mouth. That wicked snake-like tongue teased at his hole, lapping up the precum now gushing out like a faucet.

"B-ah-Bla-ack hat." Flug moaned as he gently touched his husband's horns. Said demon lifted his head, his grin like the cat that got the cream. In this case literally.
"Yessss, mi corazone?" Blackhat hissed as he licked up Flug's stomach reaching the top. Not wanting to tear it, he simply vanished it revealing his goal. The two dark pink pebbled rose buds that always seem to tease him. He flicked on with his tongue before covering it with his mouth his teeth making faint marks and began to suck, causing Flug to arch in pleasure.

"Bl-anngh-Blackhat, I-I need you-pl-please." Flug begged. Blackhat pulled away leaving a large mark over the nipple. He hovered over Flug mere inches away.

"Since you begged so nicely." Blackhat descended down covering Flug's quivering lips with his own. His long tongue wrapped around Flug's own, pulling it into a type of dance. As they kissed Blackhat slowly moved his hand downwards to Flug's entrance. He was surprised to find it already loose and wet, but didn't comment on it. Blackhat pulled away so he could line himself up with the quivering entrance, that seemed to be begging to be filled.

When he entered his husband, both let out a gasp of shock. It was as if a piece of themselves that neither knew they needed finally slid into place. They locked gazes for only a second before Blackhat started a brutal pace. Flug wrapped his legs around Blackhat's waist tightly as he wrapped his arms around his shoulders, both let out cries of pleasure. Suddenly, Flug felt himself lifted off of the bed. He thought he was being put on top as they rolled in midair, but instead he felt a hard surface against his back he opened his eyes to see the bed below them.

They were having sex...on the ceiling! Flug was going to comment until Blackhat hit that special pleasure button completely cutting off his train of thought. They continued, Blackhat pounding into his husbands velvet heat growling out his pleasure leaving marks all along Flug's neck. Flug gasping and whimpering, holding on for dear life leaving scratch marks up and down Blackhat's back. They both could feel their release coming fast, they dropped from the ceiling, Flug landing on the bed first.

Blackhat unwrapped Flug's legs from his waist, and pushed them up toward Flug's chest nearly bending him in half as he rose to his knees his feet giving him more leverage. As he pounded into his husband at near inhuman speed he could feel and hear the bed begin to creak and crack.

He roared out his release the same time as Flug cried out his, just as the bed gave one last creak before the legs snapped out from beneath it. Blackhat collapsed onttop of his husband actually panting.

This was the first time in centuries he's ever been tired. He went to pull out only to find he couldn't, to tired to think about it he rolled them both onto their sides gently as to not hurt Flug and passed out.

Just outside of the bed room a black three eyed cat vanished into a puff of smoke.
Lost in paradise

Chapter Summary

Turns out this island isn't as deserted as they thought. A challenger approaches to challenge Blackhat for Flug, we know how this is gonna go.

Chapter Notes

Hey hey! Another long chapter! This one took a little thought but I did it. As always thanks for reading, comments and kudos are welcome and encouraged.

The smell of bacon, eggs, and coffee greeted Flug's sense of smell first as he peeled his eyes open. As he went to sit up he hissed at the twinge of pain from his lower back.

"Buenos días cariño." Blackhat greeted as he entered the bedroom. He was dressed in a just his sleeping pants and in his hands was a tray. On it sat two plates both holding two eggs sunny side up, three pieces of freshly cut bacon and a piece of bread toasted to perfection. Next to the plates sat two coffee mugs one blue and the other red. He set the tray across Flug's lap as he sat down next to him. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Sore actually, which is weird since normally I'm recovered by the next morning." Flug mused as he grabbed the blue cup of normal coffee. "So, want to tell me what the ceiling sex was about?"

"I apologize, I got a bit excited last night." Blackhat actually looked more proud than apologetic. "We also need to tell your cousin he needs to invest in another bed."

"I wondered why everything seemed lower." Flug smiled.

They finished breakfast and allowed Flug time to recover before making plans to explore more of the island. While Blackhat went to clean up in the kitchen Flug got dressed in his board shorts and tee shirt.

"So I think we should stop by the lagoon and leave a marker so we know we've been there." Flug called into the kitchen as he laced up his hiking boots.

"Exalant idea, mi amour." Blackhat replied from behind him. Blackhat went for more open attire wearing a black ball cap over his horns and a button up short sleeved dark red shirt and black board
shorts along with sandals. And he was wearing sunglasses.

"Are the sunglasses really necessary?" Flug asked arching an eyebrow.

"Of course they are. Sunlight is harsh on the eyes." Flug simply shook his head at his over dramatic husband.

"Should we pack a lunch and water while we are out?" Flug asked. Blackhat grinned snapping his fingers making two backpacks appear in his hand.

"Already done and I added our swim suits encase we find another pool on our expedition."

"Show off." Flugg rolled his eyes as they set out toward the jungle.

Since they had a better idea of where the first lagoon was they were able to find it rather easy. Once found, Blackhat used one of his talons to carve a top hat into the bark of the tree and they continued on. The deeper they got the more dense the jungle seemed to get, there was a few times Blackhat had to help Flug down from a higher ledge using his tentacles.

It was at least two hours before they found the much larger and deeper lagoon, it also had a waterfall that happened to be in front of a large cave.

"How deep do you think this one goes?" Flug squatted on the edge of the pool looking down into the crystal clear water. He could make out several rocky ledges and tunnels that possibly led to under water caves.

"Only one way to find out." Blackhat announced as he vanished his clothes with a dramatic wave of his arm leaving him completely naked. Flug gave him a deadpanned look.

"I thought you brought swim suits?"

"This makes things much easier." Blackhat grinned. "Care to join me, mi cariño?"

"I think I'll just wait here thanks." Flug stated as he went sat down next to his pack to search for a snack.

"Suit yourself." Blackhat shrugged making his way to the top of the waterfall.

"Please be careful." Flug called up to his husband in slight concern.
"I am immortal, nothing can hurt me. Have no fear, mi amour." Blackhat called back standing proudly on top of the rock, completely naked.

"Being immortal doesn't save you from doing something stupid." Flug remarked. Blackhat just grinned widely as he backed up a little. As he ran forward to do a dive trick, he didn't notice the root sticking up. Instead of doing a perfect jump and dive, he instead imitated a frog that lost it's balance and belly flopped into the water.

"HIJO DE PUTA!" Blackhat cried out just before he smacked the water face first.

Flug groaned in sympathy for his husband who sank into the water. "I told you."

He tried to hold in his laughter as the top part of Blackhat's head surfaced, his eyes glaring annoyed at his husband. Blackhat let out a hiss underwater causing the water around him to bubble showing his annoyance. Flug just couldn't hold it in anymore as he began to laugh loudly at the sight.

Blackhat lifted the rest of his head above water, "I'll be back in a minute." He dove beneath the water and disappeared into one of the tunnels.

Reigning in his laughter, Flug leaned back against the tree he was sitting under. The sun speckled the ground around him as it's rays filtered through the leaves. He suddenly heard a twig cracking and sat up looking around.

Blackhat was in the water, so it must've been an animal. Still Flug stood up and looked around. A small jungle shrew hopped out of the under brush staring at Flug with wide brown eyes. Just as Flug was about to drop his guard, he felt a large calloused and hairy hand cover his mouth as a large arm wrapped around his waist. He was pulled deeper into the jungle, leaving the curious shrew to rummage threw the abandoned packs.

*With Blackhat*

The tunnel seemed to stretch on for miles before Blackhat saw light beaming down from the surface. He kicked his way up and surfaced in what looked like an air pocket cave. He pulled himself up onto the stone ground and looked around. He was shocked to see what looked like human skeletons, several broken pieces of pottery and old rusted swords.

Snapping his fingers he made his discarded clothes reappear on his now dry body. Summoning a small ball of red fire, he went to inspect the remains. Some how the clothes remained intact revealing that at least some of these people were pirates. Upon further investigation, he notice a few other skeletons were wearing clothes of late 1800's sailors and explorers.

"I suppose this island wasn't as deserted as they thought." Blackhat mused out loud to himself. Leaving the bodies he went to investigate the broken pottery; they had strange designs on them that
not even he was familiar with. As he shifted through the broken pieces he found a journal still in one piece though very damp.
Opening the journal carefully to the last entry he notice the language was in French,

"Juillet 22, 1819.

The writing ended here, leaving the rest of the journal ominously empty.

BLACKHAT! He DID NOT jump at the sound of his husband yelling his name from the other end of their bond.

*With Flug*

Flug winced as he felt his husband's anger explode at the thought of someone else marrying him. This lost tribe was about to become extinct.

"Are you alright?" Jean-Claude asked worriedly.

Apparently the man before him was well over two hundred years old even though he barely looked fifty. He and his crew had been taken over by pirates and were forced to work on board their ship. The pirates on the run from the navy had stopped on this island thinking it'd be safe to hide out.

They had been wrong. The natives however seemed to be a hybrid of monkey that got caught between human and sapiens. They were tall and limber and very powerful. Their furs varied between black and golden with long fingers and apposable tails. And apparently they didn't discern between genders, since Flug had caught a glimpse of a few obviously male couples being extremely friendly. Apparently they had no shame either.
A few minutes earlier, he had been brought before one of the largest members of the tribe, who wore a pig's pelt around his waist and a tusked jawbone as a necklace. He sat on a raised platform with five more of his kind sitting just below the platform, all beautiful males each wearing a tusk choker necklace.

Flug was dropped before the leader who looked at him in surprise. He let out a call and a human man came forward. His hair even tied in a ponytail reached his lower back and he wore a tanned hide wrap that came to his knees along with round spectacles. The leader made several grunting noises pointing at Flug.

"It's impolite to point." Flug grumbled.

"Ah, English." The man's accent was French. "The chief asks what are you? He has never seen your coloring before."

"Last I checked I was human." Flug stated standing. "Who or what is he? And who are you?"

The man replied to the tribe leader in his language getting several more grunts. "He says he is Razor, the leader of his tribe and strongest male. He doesn't believe you to be a normal none haired, he asks if you are the White god."

"Look, I am no god. I'm just on a vacation with my husband who is swimming somewhere in the tunnels. I should really be getting back before he starts looking for me." Flug stated as he turned to leave only to find his path blocked by two burly tribesmen-monkeys- Planet of the apes rejects? He turned toward the chief who was grunting rather harshly at the human. The other males below him were now staring at Flug angrily.

"Chief Razor says he believes you were sent by the heavens as a gift for him for being a powerful warrior, there for you shall be his bride and sit at his left side." The human stated. With another grunt the two creatures grabbed Flug taking him to a simple tent made of tanned pig's hide. As he was shoved inside the human followed. "Sorry about that, these people can be pretty stubborn when they want. I am Jean-Claude."

The man explained his story. When the entire crew had been split up, they had given them a strange fruit which turned them into the monkey creatures. Jean-Claude had been allowed to keep his human appearance but was given a silvery water to drink that made him immortal.

Now that Flug knew his husband was coming he didn't feel so worried.

"Listen to me, Jean-Claude, my husband is on his way and when he gets here whatever or whoever is between him and me will die." Flug warned.

"I don't think you understand, Flug. These creatures are powerful, I have seen them rip a man apart with barely any effort, the chief himself has ripped a tree right from the ground. NO normal man can defeat them. Bullets do not work either." Jean-Claude tried to reason. Flug just smiled. His
husband, his Blackhat was not a "normal" man.

The tent flap was pushed to the side as several female creatures came in holding what looked like sponges a clay bowl of water and a white fur pelt.

"They are here to get you ready for the ceremony." Jean-Claude stated as he stood up. "I shall be outside, as long as you don't fight you shall not be hurt."

Once Jean-Claude left he was stripped and scrubbed down. Once the pelt was wrapped around his waist a comb was ran through his hair and a crown of tropical flowers was placed on his head. After they finished with him they lead him outside. Jean-Claude lead him back to the chief's platform which was now covered in several pelts and leaves. The chief grunted at them his gaze lustful as he eyed Flug like a piece of meat.

"He says he will mate you before the tribe showing that you now belong to him." Jean-Claude translated.

Flug crossed his arms stubbornly. "Tell, the chief that I will not be his mate because my real mate is on his way." Jean-Claude spoke to the chief though a little reluctantly. Even under the fur Flug could see the chief's face turn red with anger as he barked something out to Flug.

"He says, that you are his mate now. If your other mate wishes to reclaim you he will have to fight Chief Razor for you." Jean-Claude replied. Flug smiled as he felt Blackhat getting closer.

"As you wish." Suddenly a pillar of fire appeared behind Flug making several tribesmen back up in fear including Jean-Claude. Blackhat emerged from the flames dressed in a black wrap with gold and red trim. His top hat now had a red and gold band forming triangles with a red jewel to which was attached four large red glossy feathers. Around his wrists half way up to his elbows he wore golden arm guards. In his hand was a long spear with a serrated arrow head, two golden rings held two more feathers to the spear.

All around them the creatures knelt with their faces to the ground while the chief looked torn between scared and pissed.

"I apologize for taking so long, mi amour." Blackhat purred as he wrapped an arm around Flug's waist. Flug glanced at him from the corner of his eye.

"You just had to make an entrance didn't you?" Flug asked smiling. The chief began to speak again, it took Jean-Claude a minute to recover from shock before he began translating.

"He says he doesn't care that your mate is the Black god. He still wishes to challenge him for you. If he wins he will not only get you as a bride but he will forever be known as 'Razor the god Slayer'." Jean-Claude stated.
"So, monkey boy here wants to challenge me for my mate." Blackhat grinned showing off his sharp teeth. "Very well, I could use the entertainment." Jean-Claude translated to Razor who let out a loud call earning a call from his own people who finally recovered from shock. Razor came down from his platform saying something to Jean-Claude.

"He says that since you are the prize, it is fitting that you sit on the high seat where the winner will claim you before the tribe." Jean-Claude translated to Flug. Flug kissed Blackhat's cheek for luck.

"Try not to hurt him too bad." Flug said.

"He tried to take you from me, he will be lucky if I decide to let him live." Blackhat growled eyeing the approaching chief. Flug smiled at his husband once more before walking toward the platform. As he passed Razor he felt a hand slap his ass. Flug whipped around red faced and about to punch the chief himself until he saw his husband's red eyes. He'd let Blackhat handle this pervy monkey.

"This is a fight to the death. Last one standing wins the prize." Jean-Claude stated in both languages. "Begin." From the moment the fight started, Flug knew Blackhat was just playing with the chief. He easily dodged and ducked getting a punch in every few minutes. The chief was getting more frustrated by the second and it was showing in his fighting, where as he started out skilled and calculated at the beginning now he was sloppy and not thinking.

Blackhat drew the fight on for about an hour before Flug started to get bored.

"Blackhat, I'm ready to go home could you wrap this up please?" Flug asked propping his arm on his knee placing his cheek in his palm.

"Why the rush, Flug?" Blackhat asked as he dodged another punch. "We have all day, why not have fun?" Blackhat turned toward Flug as Razor fell forward losing his balance.

"Because, I'm tired, exposed, hungry and possibly horny." Flug replied. "Now hurry and fini-WATCH OUT!" Before Blackhat could turn he felt a sharp knife in his back. Razor yanked the knife out grinning ear to ear. He shoved Blackhat to the side letting out a loud war cry of victory.

He spoke eyeing Flug hungrily as he walked past Blackhat's body.

"H-he says he is now a god killer and by rite of combat you are now is mate." Jean-Claude translated. "I warned you, no man can beat these creatures." He glanced at Flug sympathetically, his shoulders shaking. "It won't be so bad, once you get used to them yo-" He was interrupted as Flug began to laugh near hysterical.

"Your chief is really an idiot." Flug giggled standing. Suddenly three black tentacles sharp as
thorns burst through the chief's chest. Blackhat stood his eye completely black save for the pin prick of red. "My husband is not human or even a god." As Blackhat removed the tentacles the stronger warriors moved to attack the creature that killed their chief. "He's much worse."

Jean-Claude stared in horror as the creature before him tore through the very creatures that killed several of his friends and turned the others into their kind, taking away their humanity. "W-what is he?" Flug just smiled his red eyes full of dark amusement at the carnage before him and lust for the very creature causing it. Blackhat let out a roar of triumph as he stood victorious surrounded by blood and bodies. Flug went to move off of the platform but was stopped by Jean-Claude's hand on his shoulder.

"Jean-Claude." Flug began with out looking at him, his voice chilling to the bone. "Remember what I said earlier about those who get between my husband and me? Even though you attempted to help me, you will not be spared from his wrath." Jean-Claude removed his shaky hand allowing Flug to continue his journey through the carnage.

As he approached, Blackhat smiled darkly as he snapped the neck of the final warrior.

"I believe you mentioned something about being horny?" Blackhat questioned huskily. Flug shamelessly rubbed up against Blackhat not even caring about the blood.

"I believe my victor deserves a reward." Flug smile was sinful as he wrapped his arms around Blackhat's neck. "Perhaps we should try out that first lagoon we found?"

"Oh you are a playful little minx aren't you?" Blackhat grinned reaching a bloodied hand to grope Flug's ass staining the white pelt. "First, we wouldn't want anyone else to have trouble with these natives." Snapping his fingers all those who were still alive, except for Jean-Claude vanished. "I believe the Bermuda triangle is an appropriate place for them. Now what to do with you?"

Blackhat eyed the pale and trembling man.

"I believe your brother can use a historian, don't you?" Flug rubbed his nose against Blackhat's neck teasingly as he inhaled the brimstone and blood scent of his husband.

"I suppose so. Thank what ever god you believe in that my husband is in a forgiving mood." Blackhat growled toward Jean-Claude. "Tell my brother you are under his employ now." Before the man could reply, he vanished leaving just the two of them surrounded by carnage. "Shall we, mi corazon?"

*At the first lagoon*

Flug winched slightly as he was roughly pushed against the rock wall behind the waterfall. He didn't have long to recover as his neck was assaulted by sharp teeth and a serpentine tongue.
"Bla-ah-Blackhat, you should really wash off." Flug gasped. Not getting a response, Flug reached under the hat and pulled on one of his husband's horns pulling him away from his marked neck. "Clean up first then we can continue. I don't want that blood all over me, who knows what diseases it my have."

"Flug, you are now immune to diseases." Blackhat reminded him slightly annoyed at being denied his prize.

"That doesn't mean I want to be covered in blood while you fuck me." Flug moved away from the wall and toward the edge of the water. He slowly pulled the pelt from around his waist, "Plus you have to catch me." With that he dove into the water leaving a bewildered and aroused Blackhat behind, but not for long. After banishing his own clothes and hat he dove in after his husband, intent on claiming what was his.

Chapter End Notes

Buenos días cariño: Good morning my beloved
HIJO DE PUTA: Son of a bitch!

"Juillet 22, 1819.

"July, 22, 1819,

The natives decided what to do with us. The strong will be part of their warriors. The most beautiful and the weakest will become brides, even if they are men. The cowards must be thrown into the pit of the black god. Our scholar will be obliged to teach them. This may be my last entry. My love André, if you find this diary, know that I love you. They arrive. May God have mercy on us."
Waves of Paradise

Chapter Summary

Shark merman sex, nough said.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this one took so long to put out, I hope I did okay on it. As always, thanks for reading and comments and kudos are welcome.

Flug swam through the crystal waters attempting to keep ahead of his husband, who no doubt was right behind him. Just as he got to the shallow end of the lagoon he felt the familiar sensation of being teleported somewhere. He suddenly found himself on the beach surprisingly dressed in a silk pair of tight blue swim trunks.

"Blackhat?" Flug glanced around trying to catch sight of his husband.

*In the water, Flug.* Blackhat replied in his mind. *There's something I wish to show you.*

The ocean felt like a mix of warm and cold as the sun had started to set, bathing the sky in dark reds and purples. He was waist deep and still saw no sign of his husband.

"Blackhat? Come on this isn't funny now where are you?" Flug called. As a large hand grabbed his ankle, Flug was barely able to get a breath before he was pulled under. Once underwater he felt the sensation of his husband's magic surround him allowing him to breath and talk underwater. "Mind telling me why you pulled me-

Flug froze mid sentence at the sight of his husband. He was now twice his normal size and had a great white shark's bottom in place of his legs. His eye glowed white beneath the now dark water.

"So, you are half demon creature thing, half shark?" Flug questioned.

"I created this form a long time ago, when mer-creatures were more prosperous before humans started polluting and over fishing the ocean. They retreated deeper into the ocean where humans can't reach." Blackhat explained. He swam around Flug allowing his husband to get a better look at his form. "What do you think?"
"You look like a selachophobia's worst fear." Flug grinned. "How come you grew so big?"

"I decided to take the form of an ancient great white from dinosaur times." Blackhat replied. 
"Ready for your first ride on a shark?" Blackhat floated in front of Flug allowing him to straddle his back just behind the large dorsal fin.

"Technically you're only half shark so how-WHOA!" As soon as Flug was settled Blackhat shot downwards toward the deeper part of the water. Flug clung to the fin for dear life trying not to be pushed off of his husbands back as he sped downwards. Before he knew it, Blackhat slowed down and became parallel again.

"You can look now, Mi Alma." Blackhat stated. Flug slowly opened his eyes readjusting to the salt water. Once his vision cleared properly, his eyes widened in surprise.

The sun had gone completely down making way for the moon. It's rays beamed down into the water creating a silvery curtain that covered the reef. Said reef seemed to take on a new look as everything was illuminated by the pale light. The fish reminded Flug of the busy human cities, everyone rushing around with no direction in mind. A few reef sharks cruised by paying them no mind, a dark shadow passed over them. Flug glanced up to see a massive stingray gliding through the water as if it were flying.

"Blackhat, this is gorgeous!" Flug smiled as he slid off of his husband's back to get closer to the beautiful scenery before him.

"Indeed, the ocean is much more luminous at night." Blackhat commented, watching his beloved swim among the sea life as if he belonged.

He would've made a beautiful merman. Blackhat smiled at the thought of his husband with a pure white mermaid tail. Fins along the backs of his arms, bio-luminescent scales speckled around his blood red eyes which would glow beneath the water.

He purred lustfully at the very image, his hungry grin nearly splitting his face in half.

"Um, Blackhat." Flug's voice cut through his fantasy.

"Yes, mi amour?" Blackhat cleared his throat looking at his husband.

"I don't mean to alarm you but you have, um two dicks sprouting from your shark half." Flug stated pointing. Glancing down Blackhat saw two dark purple cocks sprouting from the place where his normal one cock would be. Both were at least an inch longer and thicker than his original cock, with slight ridges along the shaft.
Blackhat's grin became amorous as he swam closer to Flug grasping him around his waist.

"I just had a very pleasant thought and got excited." Blackhat leaned in close to Flug's face. "Besides I believe we need to continue from the waterfall." Blackhat ran his face along the collar of Flug's neck taking in the mix of Flug's aroused scent and the salt of the sea.

"Wait, underwater? Isn't that dangerous?" Flug questioned. "Also you have shark dicks. That's almost borderline bestiality." Blackhat lifted his head to stare at his flustered husband.

"You are married to a dimension hopping, eldritch horror demon. I don't think you could top that." Blackhat chuckled. Without warning he used a sharp claw to tear Flug's swim shorts down the side. "And yes, underwater. Don't worry about anything else."

Before Flug could protest, he felt Blackhat's now declawed finger gently push it's way into his entrance. Flug gasped at the sensation of water going into that hole, the salt stung a little against his sensitive inner walls. Strangely enough the sting actually added to the pleasure, especially when Blackhat found his sweet spot. Flug's reaction was to wrap his legs around his husband's waist, spreading them a little wider trying to give Blackhat more access.

"That's it, mi corazone, open up for me." Blackhat's voice was almost like liquid sin oozing from his lips like a sickly sweet honey. Flug couldn't help but obey.

"B-Blackhat, I need you please." Flug breathed out.

"I will warn you, these are larger than what you're used to. It may hurt a little more than normal." Blackhat purred as he added another finger. He moved the digits around gently caressing the bundle of nerves that turned his husband into a panting mess, even beneath the water. After scissoring Flug a few times and adding a third finger, he believed Flug was ready to at least take in one cock. "I'll start out slow."

He locked eyes with his husband. Once he saw understanding and permission, he gently guided one of the cocks to Flug's stretched entrance. As the head popped in, Flug's eyes clenched in slight pain. Even with the stretching it still hurt a little.

"Relax, mi amour." Blackhat cooed attempting to calm his husband. After a minute or two Blackhat felt Flug's walls loosen their grip. "That's it, Flug, just let me in." After several painful minutes of gently pushing, the shark dick was all the way inside Flug. Every time it twitched, Flug did as well. The second cock laid against Flug's own erect cock, the soft leathery skin felt amazing against his own. They stayed still for a little bit, gazes locked on each other holding tight.

Usually their love making started instantly, animalistic growls and grunts would fill the air around them. Just being still and tied together was the most intimate thing either of them had experienced in their life. Finally, Blackhat felt Flug loosen up enough for him to move.
"I'll start slow, tell me if it's too much." Blackhat's deep sultry voice sent shivers down Flug's spin as he nodded. Gently Blackhat moved Flug upwards pulling a gasp from the man. The ridges rubbed his inner walls making him shiver even more with pleasure that combined with the sensation of the other cock rubbing against his was pure euphoria.

"Bl-ah-Blackha-ah-t." Flug breathed out tightening his arms around his husband, burying his head against the crook of Blackhat's neck.

"Mmm, yes my love." Blackhat groaned. Apparently he didn't count on how much more sensitive a shark's dick would be, pleasure coursed through his entire body. It took everything he had not to start pounding into his husband. He pushed his tail upwards thrusting his twin cocks up as well pulling a deep groan from said husband.

The pace was slow at first. The thrusting causing them to float upwards with each thrust until they were just above the reef. Before too long, Flug gave the go ahead for Blackhat to speed up. Well, more like he begged Blackhat to go faster before gently nipping the bend of Blackhat's neck while simultaneously tightening his walls. Soon the water around them began to form tiny whirl pools as the shark tail moved and thrust up faster than before.

The sea life seemed to disappear as the scent of a dangerous predator in arousal wafted through out the area. The water around them turned a little cloudy as the pre-cum leaked from the weeping cocks thrusting against one another. Before too long Flug's inner walls clamped down on Blackhat's cock as he came with a cry. Blackhat groaned loudly as he followed right behind his husband. Suddenly they were above the water, the full moon now high in the sky above them.

Blackhat laid on his back allowing the now soft shaft in husband to slip out and both returned to their sheath. He held Flug close to his chest to keep him from falling off.

"Well, that was fun. Don't you agree, mi amour?" Blackhat was answered by the sound of light snoring. The combination of the gentle rocking of the ocean and Blackhat's natural heat caused Flug to pass out right in the middle of an open ocean. Blackhat smiled fondly as he kissed the top of his husband's silvery hair. They stayed like that for a little while, just the two of them drifting along before Blackhat transported them back to the room changing himself back to normal. He gently tucked Flug into bed before climbing in himself and followed his husband in sleep.
The vacation is slowly coming to a close, Flug has a new idea he wishes to try but is he ready for the beast he's awoken?

I'm alive I promise! Sorry I haven't updated in a few days. Hope this makes up for it. Yes the paradise arch has one more chapter after this one. Then back to the plot Yay! As always thanks for reading, comments and kudos are encouraged and welcome.

The rest of the week passed almost too quickly as the immortal couple spent it either exploring the ocean, or jungle. One or two days were spent in the house christening it for other couples that would come after them. Though Flug would have to inform Cosmos that some repairs would need to be made to the walls and the ceiling and the bed frame would need to be replaced as would the tub.

It was their last day and night on the island before they would need to vacate the island. Flug sat dressed, for the first time in two days, at the island in a tank top and shorts as he watched his husband cook with the skills of a master chef.

"I never knew you could cook, love." Flug stated smiling as Blackhat poured a generous amount of red wine into a skillet causing it to erupt in a pillar of fire.

"I can do many things, Mi amour, as you are well aware." Blackhat grinned as he began to move the contents of the skillet around once the fire had calmed down. "After all I have been around for a long, long time and I had gotten bored so I thought I'd pick up a few skills."

"I'm really starting to think we need to expand the manor to fit that ego of yours, dear." Flug teased. "Or we could just let you use the manor as your hat, it may be big enough."

"One more word from you, Flug, and you won't be getting any food." Blackhat hissed as he plated the steaming food. He'd preserved the hog meat and cooked it along with a few peppers and onions. He sat the plate before his husband before sitting next to him at the island.

"You wouldn't let me starve." Flug smiled he picked up a fork full of steaming food and blew to cool it off. His eyes widened as he took his first bite, several flavors filled his mouth mixing
together to make a new flavor but leaving hints of the original. "This is amazing."

Blackhat smiled proudly as he watched his husband devour the food he'd prepared. "Of course it is." Blackhat picked up a piece of meat from his own plate and held it out to his husband between sharp nails.

Flug glanced toward his husband as he finished off his food eyeing the meat hungrily though he felt full. He smiled wantonly as he leaned over and gently took the meat dripping with juices from his husband's fingers, licking at the digits like a cat once he'd chewed and swallowed the meat. Blackhat's smile turned carnal as he watched that pink tongue lap at the juices that had slid down his fingers to his hand, he shivered as he felt that warm fleshy appendage lav at his exposed wrist.

Before Flug knew what was happening, the dishes on the island was swiped onto the floor by an invisible force sending the dishes crashing to the floor as he was picked up and set on the edge of the now empty counter. His lips were dominated by his husband's in a hungry kiss as clothes started coming off.

Flug tightened his arms around Blackhat's neck as their tongues battled for dominance, which Blackhat easily won. Just as Blackhat was about to start preparing Flug, he was pushed away.

"Why did you stop?" Blackhat growled and no he was not pouting. His annoyance subsided a little at the sight of Flug's teasing smile.

"I have an idea, something I'd like to try before we leave." Flug gently moved his husband to the side and hopped off of the counter. As he walked toward the bedroom he could feel the demon's smoldering gaze on his back, or maybe it was his backside. He searched through their clothes before letting out a triumphant noise as he found what he was looking for. "Blackhat, could you-" Before he even finished his sentence his husband appeared before him in all his dark skinned naked glory, cock standing at attention waiting.

"Here's a thought, why aren't we already on the bed with me buried balls deep inside you." Blackhat growled deeply as he reached out to cup Flug's jaw gently.

"Because you maybe horny as hell but you're also curious as to what new thing I wish to try." Flug smiled.

"You know me far to well, mi corazone." Blackhat grinned as he released his husband's jaw. "What is it you wish to try?"

Flug held up his tie his smile becoming lewd. "A little game I thought of, but you'll have to start out blindfolded." Blackhat grumbled in annoyance at not being able to see his husband's pale alabaster skin, but lowered his head slightly as he removed his hat allowing Flug to wrap the tie around his head.
"There now what?" Blackhat asked. Though his vision was obscured he could still sense Flug with his other senses as well as through the bond. He shivered slightly as he felt Flug circle around him, gently running just the tips of his fingers along Blackhat's broad shoulders.

"We're going to play a game I like to call Mate Hunt. The rules are simple: I run into the jungle, naked, and try to find a place to hide. Now that the natives are gone, we won't have to worry about any unwanted interruptions." He felt Flug stop in front of him just inches away. "Once I've gotten a good distance away, I'll let you know through our bond when you can come find me and no using the bond to find me, only your sense of smell and hearing and you can use what ever form you wish to hunt. Just keep in mind I don't do bestiality. Think of it as a hide and seek foreplay."

Blackhat groaned as his warm shaft was suddenly stroked slightly by Flug's hand. "That end's in wild, hot sex out in the middle of the jungle. If you leave too early, I'll call off the game and you won't touch me the rest of the day or night, understand?"

Blackhat grinned at his beloved doctor/husband's assertiveness. His manipulative side was showing and Blackhat loved it, but it seems even after three years Flug forgot that he was playing with fire.

"Perfectly, Amado." Blackhat grinned as he leaned toward where he could sense Flug was standing. "I hope you understand that once I find you, you will be unable to escape and quite possibly unable to walk tomorrow." Flug shivered as he felt his bravado slip slightly at the demon's dark tone. He regained himself as he released Blackhat's cock.

"I look forward to it. Now, I'll go first and also no taking off the blind fold until I say 'Go'." Once he was sure Blackhat wasn't going anywhere til he said he took off down the steps and into the jungle.

Blackhat stood in the bedroom, blindfolded as he waited for Flug to give him the go ahead. The thought of pounding into Flug's perfect pale ass kept him from going flaccid. After about ten minutes, Blackhat was assaulted by a sensation of pure, unadulterated lust from Flug's end of the bond that was so intense it nearly knocked him off balance as three words were spoken into his head:

**Come get me.**

Blackhat grin was a mix between the Cheshire cat and a shark as he ripped the tie from around his eyes which glowed deep red with lust. He leapt onto the railing of the porch like a gargoyle as he sniffed the air for a hint of his husband, grinning impossibly wider as he caught that intoxicating sent he was searching for.

"Perhaps, I should remind Flug of the beast he's just awoken." Blackhat dug his claws into the wood as he leaned back slightly inhaling deeply before letting out a deafening roar that shook the whole island causing several birds to flee He leapt from the railing in his humanoid form and landed on the ground in the form of a black panther, wearing a monocle, and began the hunt.
Deep in the jungle just past the natives abandoned village, Flug ducked and dodged several branches and fern leaves as he ran. The roar which could only belong to his husband alerted him that Blackhat was serious about his earlier promise of him probably not being able to walk tomorrow. Though he knew this was his idea, Flug couldn't help but regret it just a little. He leapt over a large tree root and found himself in a large clearing where the sun broke through the canopy bathing the field of pure white hibiscus flowers. In the center of the bed was a small bed of soft looking grass.

*I'll have to get Cosmos to take a picture of this place for me.* Flug thought smiling as he walked into the clearing.

He gently touched the delicate white petals of the flowers as he passed them. Suddenly a tropical wind began to blow causing the flowers to sway and dance. As the wind passed through the jungle pulling at his shoulder length white hair almost playfully, Flug himself couldn't help but sway and twirl along with the flowers.

As he danced with the flowers almost like a recital, he failed to notice the glowing red eyes in the shadows. Blackhat lay on the large root still in panther form and watched his husband dance among the flowers. It was pretty easy to track Flug down since he didn't do much to hide his scent or tracks.

What he found was such a beautiful and ethereal site he almost didn't want to interrupt it. Almost. The way Flug's pale skin shone like freshly fallen snow in the rays of light made his mouth water hungrily as he leapt from the large root smoothly returning to his humanoid form.

Still very much aroused, he slowly stalked toward the pale creature dancing among the pure blossoms unaware of the dark creature closing in on him.

*Almost like when Hades found Persephone only we're both males.* Blackhat thought as he entered the sun lit field and no one was going to take Flug from him. As he passed the flowers, the edges of the petals turned dark from being in the presence of one so dark. As Flug twirled once more, he found himself captured by a pair of strong familiar arms and pulled against a strong chest.

"Te Atrapé, mi luz." Blackhat whispered into Flug's ear as he ran his snake like tongue along the outer shell of his ear. "Y nunca voy a dejarte ir." Flug groaned a little at the sensation that always seemed to get a reaction out of him.

"So you have, my dark one. What do you intend to do now that you have caught me?" Flug asked as he turned his head slightly to glance at his husband. He gasped as he felt a familiar appendage poke at his entrance teasingly.

"I believe you promised wild, hot sex in the middle of the jungle?" Blackhat grinned as he ran his teeth gently along Flug's shoulder and neck leaving small thin red lines in their wake.
Before Flug could reply he found himself laying on the ground, shoulders and head down and ass in the air. "You could've warned me at le-EEES- Ah!" Blackhat waste no time in talking as he licked a Flug's entrance with his snake like tongue.

"I believe during mating, the submissive is supposed to be quiet except to voice their pleasure when their alpha takes them." Blackhat chuckled before returning to his task of preparing Flug with both tounge and fingers.

The clearing was filled with the sounds of Flug gasping and panting as his entrance was thoroughly prepared. Flug turned his face to the side, his breath coming out in warm puffs of air making the grass close to him moist.

"Bla-ah-ack H-ngh-hat." Blackhat pulled away once he was sure Flug was ready. He lined himself up and pushed in slowly as he covered Flug's body with his own. Flug groaned loudly as he tried to bury his face in his arms, which didn't last long as Blackhat slipped one hand beneath Flug's chin and lifted it as he gently grasped Flug's leaking member.

"Don't hide your voice, mi amour." Blackhat rumbled in Flug's ear. "Let the whole island hear as I take you." Blackhat removed his hand from Flug's chin after receiving a slight nod letting Blackhat know he'd obey. Blackhat leaned up slowly as he pulled his throbbing cock from Flug's fluttering entrance and moved Flug's silvery white locks to the side revealing the pale back of his neck. Then he surged forward thrusting hard and deep into his husband's willing body as he clamped his teeth around the back of Flug's neck. Flug gripped the grass tightly as his back bowed downwards as he cried out in equal parts pain and pleasure.

Once Flug loosened up enough for Blackhat to move, he set a brutally hard and fast pace. As if his own pleasure of Blackhat hitting that special spot and stroking his cock at the same speed as his thrusts wasn't enough, Flug was absolutely euphoric as Blackhat pushed his own pleasure through the bond. Flug ripped up hand fulls of grass and dirt as he groaned and whimpered. While Blackhat grunted and growled, he dug the clawed fingers of his free hand into Flug's quivering hip drawing a little blood.

Soon Flug began to tighten up preparing for his oncoming finish but just as he felt himself about to cum, Blackhat pulled out and away from Flug but not too far. Flug nearly cried at the sudden lose of pleasure and warmth until he was flipped over onto his back. His knees were tossed over Blackhat's shoulders as said demon reentered his husband. Blackhat grinned pointedly at Flug's confused yet enamored expression.

"You didn't think I'd let it end so soon did you, Mi corazone?" Flug was only able to cry out as Blackhat resumed hitting his already sensitive prostate. "I fully intend to make this last as long as possible. Since you made me chase you for my pleasure, I shall make you chase yours."

They continued like this for nearly two hours in several positions before Blackhat couldn't stop neither himself nor Flug from finishing. As he spilled his seed within his twitching, pleasure buzzed husband Blackhat let out a roar that echoed all across the island, letting every creature
know of his pleasure as he collapsed next to his exhausted husband.

Blackhat used the rest of his current energy to pull Flug close to his body as they both closed their eyes to rest.

Chapter End Notes

Te Atrapé, mi luz; I caught you my light one
Y nunca voy a dejarte ir.: And I'll never let you go
As Flug returned to consciousness he could feel something warm and soft against his cheek. At first he thought they'd returned to the bungalow until his 'bed' breathed and he realized the softness was the silky fur of a panther. As he sat up opening his eyes he saw the panther, which was staring at him, wore a monocle same as his husbands and along with his horns.

"Blackhat?" Flug guessed. The big cat gave out a deep rumbling purr as it gently nuzzled his cheek.

Yes, mi amour. Blackhat replied in his mind.

"I knew you were part cat." Flug smirked as he scratched Blackhat behind his round ear causing the purring to get louder. "So shall we go back to the bungalow for our last night?"

Blackhat stood causing Flug to do the same, a slight breeze caused him to silver a little as he remembered he was completely naked.

I was thinking of something else. Blackhat lowered himself just below Flug's waist. Climb on, it's a bit of a run.

"You mean for me to climb onto your furry back, completely naked and still leaking cum from by ass?" Flug crossed his arms raising a pale brow. The demon turned big cat gave him a dead panned look, surprisingly since most animals can't make expressions, before flicking his tail. Flug shivered as the remaining seed disappeared from his body and a white loin cloth appeared around his waist.

Is that better for your modesty, my king? Blackhat chuckled.
"Keep it up, Kitty, and you'll be getting cat nip and a laser pointer for Christmas." Flug grumbled as he climbed on to the large back making sure that there was a piece of cloth between him and the fur. He gently fist the dark fur in both his hands as Blackhat stood. Once he was sure Flug was settled Blackhat took off into the dark jungle.

As they ran through the dark undergrowth Flug noticed that they seemed to be going up hill. The vegetation seemed to get thinner as the moon light got brighter. Soon they left the jungle behind as the mountain top came into view.

Blackhat stopped once they reached the top, lowering himself to allow Flug to climb off. Once Flug was standing Blackhat resumed his humanoid form though he wore a black knee length cloth wrap around his waist.

"This is a beautiful view, my love, but why are we up here?" Flug asked as he gazed out over the moon bathed island, the ocean sparkling in its light.

"Tell me, Flug, do you still enjoy flying?" Blackhat questioned. Flug turned his gaze toward his husband in curiosity.

"Of course I do. Flying was the only other thing I loved to do besides invent before I started working for you." Flug replied. "But I spend so much time on my inventions and then the coronation happen and I was forced to be king, thanks for that by the way. On top of that my baby cousin became my daughter and I had to make sure she had a good childhood along with my other duties. I miss being able to just go out and fly my plane." Flug finally stopped to breath, he closed his eyes as he turned his face to the side. "Sorry I don't know where all of that came from. I enjoy my life with you though the beginning I had to pretend I was someone I'm not."

He opened his eyes as he felt Blackhat's fingers gently grip his chin turning his face back to meet his husband's eye.

"You've been keeping all that bottled up for a while haven't you, mi amour?" Blackhat smiled fondly down at his husband who flushed pink making the rest of his pale skin stand out in the light. "You should always be honest with me, Sephlugis. As your husband you should be able to tell me anything no matter what."

"I know." Flug sighed. "I'm just so used to keeping it in that I forget I have someone to tell all my troubles to."

Blackhat leaned down gently kissing his husband. "And I will always listen. Now the reason for my question and why I brought you up here have the same answer." Blackhat gripped Flug's shoulders and turned him forward, placing his hands on between Flug's shoulder blades. "I'm going to cast a powerful spell on you, it shall change your body's physiology remaining permanent and it will hurt. If you do not want to do this you must let me know."

Flug glanced over his shoulder at his husband. "As long as it require me to loose any limbs, then you have my permission." Blackhat felt his heart swell at the trust and love in his husband's
"It will be over quickly as long as you remain relaxed." Flug turned his gaze back forward and nodded. There was a dark red glow from behind him just before he was slammed by white hot pain coming from his spin and shoulder blades. It did hurt, a lot, but Flug kept his screams in, gripping his fists his fingernails biting into his palms. "Almost done, mi alma, just a little more. You're doing very well." It felt as if his bones were being forcefully shoved aside and stretched as if making room for something as the glowing behind him turned from red to white.

Blackhat focused on the last part of the spell as he felt two lumps begin to move under his hands. He grinned as he pulled his hands away curling his fingers like claws as if he was pulling something out. He backed up and gave a hard yank as he did two large wings burst from Flug's back. Flug collapsed to his knees as he panted in pain, his wings lay stretched out on either side of him limp. Even laying down Blackhat could see they were at least fifteen feet across. They were an off white with dark black swirls along the tops, the larger feathers looked as if they'd been dipped in ink.

Flug glance down at his new appendages in shock and wonder. "I have...wings now?" Blackhat walked around to stand in front of Flug who looked up at him.

"Yes, mi Angelito." Blackhat smiled as he offered his hand out to Flug. Flug took and stood on shaky legs the added weight to his back would take some getting used to. The wings lay behind him limp and unmoving. "Now, your wings are apart of you just like your legs and arms. It may take a while but once you learn to use them unconsciously, it'll become natural instinct."

Flug looked over his shoulder and focused on lifting his new wings. They just twitched, so he tried again thinking of the wings as a part of a machine and he just needed to find the right gear/muscle to move. Once he found it, his wings lifted from the ground stretching out to their full length before folding against his back.

"Very good, Flug. Now try to flap them and get used to the feeling." Blackhat encouraged. Flug refocused on the muscle he found and started willing it to move the way he'd imagine a bird would. His wings unfurled and started to moved up and down. "Good, keep going now try to get some lift." Flug flapped them a little harder lifting himself off the ground a few inches before touching back down. "Very well done, mi amour. Keep going until you can hover." As Flug was focused on trying to fly a few inches off the ground, he didn't notice Blackhat slowly walking toward the cliff edge.

"I think I got the hang of it." Flug stated smiling at his husband who smiled back. Suddenly he let go of Flug's hand and fell backwards over the cliff edge. "Blackhat!" Flug landed on the ground and went to look over the edge when a black blur flew upwards in front of his face. He looked up and glared at the demon who now had wings of his own, the very same he brought out during their dance at the Summer's Eve ball. "You asshole! I thought you actually hurt yourself."

"Now, now, Mi alma, surely you didn't believe I could be hurt from one little fall?" Blackhat
grinned as he came closer to Flug. "Think you can fly?" He held his hand out to his husband. "I won't let go until your ready to fly on your own."

Flug eyed Blackhat's offered hand skeptically before taking it as he started to flap his wings getting lift. Slowly they rose higher into the air leaving the ground behind. Flug gave one last glance to the cliff before he focused on trying to stay in the air. Once Blackhat decided they were at a good altitude, he just hovered.

"Now straighten out your body, and rotate your wings as if you were rowing a boat." Flug shakily tried to do as Blackhat said, lifting his body into a parallel position and focused on the muscle controlling his wings. Blackhat moved to hover in front of Flug holding both his hands to keep him steady. "That's it, now lets try going forward."

It took around ten minutes before Flug was able to fly straight, once he got the hang of it Flug had actually started enjoying himself.

"I think I got it." Flug smiled at Blackhat. His smile faltered as he saw the mischievous grin on his husband's face.

"Wonderful, time to fly on your own."

"Wait, Blackhat, I'm not-" Blackhat released his hands leaving him to fly without help. Flug tried to keep himself up but the thought of falling so far down made him lose his focus.

"Stay calm and focused, Flug. If you panic you'll lose altitude."

"I- I'm trying." Flug stuttered as he flapped his wings hard. Suddenly Blackhat was in front of him and kissing him as he held his body close to his own. He pulled away stroking Flug's cheek gently.

"I won't let you fall, mi amour. I promise." Flug stared into his husband's eyes. His nerves calmed at the sincerity he saw there. Taking a deep breath Flug refocused on flapping his wings, once he was ready he nodded to Blackhat who slowly let him go. When he stayed steady, Blackhat smiled proudly.

Flug grinned as he gave a powerful beat of his wings and shot upwards and began flying away from his husband. The warm tropical air blew passed his face quickly as he soared through the air. In a plane flying was exhilarating and a little frightening, mostly because there was always that potential danger of something in the plane messing up. You could loose control at any moment, your life ending in a ball of fire. Having wings, being in complete control? Well if flying a plane is exhilarating, flying with your own wings was euphoria.

Being apart of the breeze and just taking in the smells of the air, this is what Flug realized he was missing in his life. As he continued his flight he didn't notice the dark shape flying beneath him
until Blackhat flew up in front of him. Flug was able to straighten his body, using his wings to stop himself.

Blackhat hovered before him, his large bat like wings stretched out to their full eighteen foot length. A green shark like smile stretched across his face as he hovered closer to his Doctor.

"Enjoying yourself, Angelito?" Blackhat asked.

"Of course! I always thought flying in a plane was great but being able to fly on my own, with my own wings?" Flug grinned as he twirled a little. "It's amazing! And I can use these whenever I want!" Flug fluttered closer to his husband and hugged him tightly wrapping his arms around Blackhat's shoulders and his legs around his waist. "Thank you so much."

Blackhat wrapped his arms around Flug's waist holding him tight against his body. Both of their wings flapped in sync keeping them both in the air, the hovered in the air just relishing in the feeling of holding each other.

The feeling of Flug's warm naked skin against his own seemed to go straight to Blackhat's, other head. He grinned sharply as he moved his mouth toward the shell of Flug's ear.

"I believe I deserve a reward, don't you, mi amour?" BLackhat rumbled deeply. His grin widening as he felt the shiver's running down Flug's spine. Flug gasped slightly as he felt Blackhat's hard erection poke at his sensitive entrance from beneath the wrap.

"You want to have sex, while flying? Isn't that dangerous?" Though he voiced his concern, Flug felt himself become hard at the thought.

"Eagles do it all the time. They lock talons." Blackhat gently removed one of Flug's arms and linked their fingers. "And stop flying spiraling in a free fall, then just before they get close to the ground they relase and mate. It is the ultimate test of trust, not to mention they mate for life much like we are now."

"Yes but they at least land on the ground or in a branch first." Flug's protest was weak as he felt Blackhat's arousal twitch against his sensitive entrance.

"I promised I wouldn't let you fall, mi amour and I meant it." Blackhat pressed his forehead against Flug's. Seeing the sincerity eased Flug's nerves as he nodded slightly giving Blackhat permission to continue.

Blackhat vanished both of their coverings which earned a hiss from both of them as the cool tropical air caressed both of their hot members. Flug gasped louder as the bare tip of Blackhat's cock brushed his entrance. He lifted himself just a little and slowly sank down on it, the sudden warmth around his cock caused Blackhat to growl with pleasure.
"So how exactly are we going to do this?" Flug squirmed both in excitement and slight nervousness.

Blackhat grinned mischievously at his husband as he wrapped his arms around Flug's wings trapping them as he suddenly stopped moving his own. Flug let out a cry of fear at the sudden drop only for it to be interrupted as Blackhat stretched his wings out to their full length stopping their decent.

The sudden powerful thrust aimed directly at his prostate caused Flug to see stars.

"Well, we could do it that way or you could flap those beautiful wings of yours so I'm not doing all the work." Blackhat smirked as he released Flug's wings. Once he got his breath and vision back Flug glared at Blackhat.

"I h-hate you." Flug growled slightly only for Blackhat to grin broadly as he flapped downwards while thrusting upwards earning a strangled gasp from his husband.

"Do you now?" Blackhat chuckled.

Once he got the hang of it Flug was able to get in-sync with Blackhat's rhythm, flapping his wings up as Blackhat went down. They were both still sensitive from earlier so it didn't take them long to finish.

As they got close to climax neither noticed they'd stopped above the dock, where a boat had arrived.

Cosmas stepped onto the dock and glanced toward the bungalow which was dark.

"Huh, wonder where the love birds have gotten off to?" He wondered aloud. There was a faint cry on the wind, he glanced around and saw nothing. Suddenly he felt something wet and sticky land on his hair. He reached his hand up to feel it, bringing his hand around to see what the substance was he noticed it had a familiar feel to it. As he glanced at the substance in the flash light provided by the boat driver it finally hit him what had just hit him.

His face twisted into a look of disgust. "Oh you have got to be kidding me." He glanced up to see two winged shapes suspended mid air about twenty feet above him. "SERIOUSLY!? Come on guys! Gah!" He stalked toward the bungalow to hopefully wash the cum out of his hair only to stop at the sight of the walls and bedroom.

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO MY HOUSE!?"
In the air Flug glanced downwards toward the bungalow where he heard Cosmos's voice could be heard. "I think we just traumatized my cousin." Flug grinned not at all sorry. "It's his fault for coming here to early." Blackhat scoffed. They were silent for only a minute before both burst out laughing. What a way to end a vacation.
Flug tried not to laugh out loud at the sight of Cosmos who'd just washed his hair. The two had landed just outside the bungalow as Blackhat made clothes appear on them both. Though Flug couldn't wear a shirt until he either cut holes in all of them or found something to bind his wings.

"So, Cosmos, is there any particular reason you're here? We still have tonight before we have to leave." Flug questioned.

"Well, apparently word of my tropical island get away has already reached the ears of some very rich clients. I came out to see how the two of you enjoyed it." Cosmos stated as he finished towel drying his hair. "If the broken bed, messed up bath tub and numerous scratch marks on the walls are any thing to go by, I'd say you enjoyed it?"

"Very much so." BLackhat nodded. "Although we had to deal with a little pest problem."

"What, giant mosquitoes?" Cosmos ask.

"If only." Flug shook his head. "Apparently there were these monkey like creatures that lived deep in the jungle. They've been here for years by the look of things, Blackhat took care of them so they won't be a problem for your other guests."

"Wait, seriously? And here I thought this island was completely abandoned." Cosmos scratched the back of his neck. "Well thanks for that. So since you guys were coming home tonight, I went ahead and let your kids know. They should all be waiting for you at home."

"So you're just kicking us off your island?" Flug raised a brow in question.
"Well I have to get it ready for my next guests after the two of you messed it up." Cosmos retorted as he walked back toward the bedroom. "At least the kitchen is still in one piece though I probably still need to have it scrubbed. I need to order a new bed, a new tub and." Cosmos paused as he glanced upwards at the ceiling of the bedroom. He shook his head choosing to ignore the claw marks on the ceiling."You know what, I'm just gonna have the whole house redone."

"Honestly, Cosmos." Flug rolled his eyes. "You should've known we would've messed it up some, you did offer it to us for an anniversary get away."

"Yeah, some. I expected at least a few claw marks on the walls not having to completely redo the place." Cosmos snipped crossing his arms. "There's no telling how much it'll cost me to get it all fixed."

"Oh for Satan's sake." Blackhat groaned. Having grown tired of listening to Cosmos's winning he snapped his fingers creating a black cloud which engulfed the entire house before disappearing. "There, now will you stop whining?"

The house now looked just as brand new as when they arrived. All the marks were gone and the pieces that had been broken were repaired.

Cosmos looked around the house in wonder and happiness. He approached the couple with a happy glow around him. "Thank you! Oh this saves me so much money! Hey you think you could work your magic of a few other properties that need repairing?"

"Do I look like your personal Demonic construction worker?" Blackhat growled angrily baring his sharp teeth causing Cosmos to jump back his glow replaced with an air of fear.

"I believe we should get going." Flug stated trying to keep his cousin from being killed or at the very least from being maimed. "We've been away for a week, the heroes and our clients probably think we've gone out of business."

"I highly doubt that but you are correct, Mi amour." Blackhat growled lightly still glaring at Cosmos. With a snap their suitcases were packed and sitting at the front door. Flug was now wearing a blue button up which had holes for his wings. "Cosmos, I thank you for allowing us the use of your island. It has been a proper bonding moment for myself and my husband."

"Oh yeah, sure. If you wanna use it again anytime you guys are more than welcome to." Cosmos replied. "Say, did you guys find any weird fruit or anything?"

"Hm? Fruit?" Flug asked thinking back to the fruit he found the day they arrived. "Yeah, there was this bowl of fruit on the counter, it looked like a mix between a papaya and a peach with the insides of a dragon fruit. It tasted amazing but when I went to look for it, it had disappeared. I guess the monkeys decided they wanted it. There was also a bottle of wine too, I set it out for Blackhat."
"It was delicious, where did you find such wine?" Blackhat questioned.

"Oh, well I found it on one of my travels." Cosmos replied a little quickly. "The guy I bought it from said it was nick named 'Lover's wine'. Because it was such a great mix of fruits and because of how good it tasted." Well it wasn't a complete lie. Blackhat narrowed his eye at the man before simply shrugging it off.

"Thanks for making this a memorable vacation, Cosmos." Flug smiled as he picked up his suit case as Blackhat did the same. "Ready to return to our empire, my love?"

Blackhat grinned as he wrapped an arm around Flug's waist. "Of course, my king." With a thought he teleported the two of them home leaving Cosmos to stand alone in the living room.

Once gone, Cosmos sat down with a sigh of relief. He'd did as his aunt and aunt in law asked, now it was only a matter of time.

At Blackhat Manor, the couple appeared in the foyer. Instead of silence they were greeted by Bergitta, 5.0.5, and Dementia.

"Welcome home, love birds!" Dementia smiled broadly.

Bergitta went to hug her fathers happily. "I'm so glad you're home, Papi, Babi." She gasped as she saw Flug's new appendages. "Babi, you have wings?" She backed up a little allowing Flug to unfurl his wings to their full length showing them off.

"They were a gift from your father. With my permission he preformed a spell that made them grow and they are permanent." Flug smiled brightly. "Now I can fly whenever I wish, I'll just have to make a halter to hide them when we're out in public as a royal family. When I'm Dr. Flug, I shall keep them out."

"That's wonderful, Babi, they're so beautiful." Bergitta gushed a little. "Can I have wings, Papi?"

"If you train up your demon form a little perhaps you shall grow wings of your own. If they don't, once you're eighteen I shall think about giving you wings."

Blackhat stated. "I shall go to my office now, I need to check on my paper works." With a quick kiss to Flug's temple and Bergitta's forehead he disappeared.

"Well, as tired as I am I need to go see if there's any new orders." Flug pulled his wings in as he gave Bergitta another quick hug. He patted Demencia's shoulder and 5.0.5's head as he passed them headed toward his lab.
Bergitta sighed in relief as they left. "At least we got ride of those papers before they got home."

"Got rid of, are you kidding me? That was the greatest night of my life! I put mine right on Blackie's desk so he could see." Demencia grinned as Bergitta paled.

"Are you serious!? Papi will be furious when he sees you-"

"DEMEEENCCCIIAAAA!" The roar of Blackhat shook the manor. Said lizard girl lost her bravado and triumph at the sound of his roar.

"Maybe I should've waited a bit to show him." She wimpered as she paled. "Hey maybe Flug will be proud of your accomplishment, you have your own villain gang now."

"Wait, you put mine in-"

"BERGITTA DOROTHEA STORMKARLEN-HATTIER!" Flug's yell reached them causing the teen to pale dramatically.

"You think it's too late to go back to Germany?" Bergitta whimpered slightly.

"Very too late." Flug growled from behind her causing the girl to jump slightly. The two girls turned to see both man and demon glaring at them, their red eyes flashing in rage. Being innocent 5.0.5 ran to hide from his daddies' anger.

They were so dead.
Chapter 72

Chapter Summary

Flug is acting peculiar. Will Blackhat be able o find out why before it's too late?

Chapter Notes

*Three weeks later*

The snowy streets of Chicago were filled with rubble and metallic debris. The once beautiful Christmas decorations now lay broken and forgotten, the once peaceful holiday spirit had been disturbed by a villain seeking chaos and destruction. Thankfully a hero had appeared to end the villain's tyranny.

By standers crawled out of their hiding places taking in the sight before them. The evil villain Raptor lay on the ground, his metallic wings torn to pieces standing over him was the hero Owelena stood above him. Her now sword like wing was held at his throat.

"Villain Raptor, you are here by under arrest by order of the law and The League of heroes." She declared her golden eyes glaring down at him.

All around Raptor's minions were apprehended by Owelena's side kicks. He was truly defeated. For some reason however, he was still smiling.

"You think so, Owelena?" He grinned beneath his goggles she saw his red eyes glinting with glee.

Owelena pressed the metal wing against his skin causing a thin line of blood to trickle down his throat.

"Your machines are destroyed, your minion's are captured, and I have you pinned." Owelena stated narrowing her eyes at the other aviary. "There's nothing you can do to escape right now."
"Oh I'd beg to differ, bird lady." A familiar female voice stated from behind her.

"Finally." Raptor stated.

Owelena whipped around and froze at the sight of the villain Demencia standing behind her. Now held at her throat was the lizard girl's famous battle axe, a wide grin split the girl's face in half.

"Let him up if you know what's good for ya." Demencia stated, her mix matched eyes held an uncharacteristic seriousness.

Having no other choice, Owelena did as order. She waved off her side kicks who tried to come to her aid. Not wasting a second, Raptor scrambled up and away from the female hero.

"Villain Raptor, we of Blackhat organisation have come to offer our services." Raptor turned toward the voice and saw the Famed Doctor Flug standing next to him. "We received your request for aid and came as soon as possible."

"Not soon enough obviously!" Raptor snapped. "Look at my beautiful wings! My precious machines! If you'd come on time I wouldn't be in this mess!"

"Hey, Bird boy, lay off the doc would ya? He's been kinda sleep deprived lately." Demencia called from behind them.

"That's not my problem, now is it? Looks like the great Blackhat Organisation has started to lose it's touch." Raptor sneered.

"Lady Owelena, what do you want us to do?" One of the sidekicks called to the owl hero.

"Nothing at the moment." Owelena replied. "It would appear your services are not appreciated, Dr. Flug."

"Of course they aren't appreciated. They dragged their asses and now I have to rebuild all my machines." Raptor snarled angrily. "Do you have any idea how much that'll cost?"

"I apologize, I'll be more than happy to help you rebuild-"

"You?! From what I've heard you've been busy going down on that demon to be of any use to anyone." Raptor growled getting into Flug's space.

"Alright pal, that's going way to far." Demencia growled angrily.
"I agree, Tia Demencia." A second female voice spoke from his other side. Raptor turned his gaze toward the voice and saw Hielo standing there, a shard of ice in her hand. Her black and blue eyes were narrowed in annoyance. "I'd suggest you apologize to my Babi, now."

"Please like I'm afraid of a little demon wannabe." Raptor scoffed. Before anyone could react he wrapped his arm around Flug's neck pulling a hand gun from his belt. "Alright here's what's gonna happen: Blackhat is gonna completely reemberse me for all my machines that I lost waiting for you to get here. Every cent. If not then I'm gonna blow a new hole in the doc here."

Demencia growled angrily as she removed her axe from Owelena and pointed it at Raptor.

"Look here, I don't care if you are a client you'd best step away from my brother." Demencia snarled flashing her fangs.

"It'd be in your best interest if you listened to her." Hielo added. "See, Papi doesn't react well when Babi is threatened."

"Please, he isn't here." Raptor scoffed. The sudden sound of a helicopter caught his attention and his grin widened. "Tell him I'll send him my demands on paper, once they're met then you can have your precious scientist back."

A rope ladder was dropped next to them, as Raptor grabbed the first bar Demencia started toward them only for Flug to shake his head.

"Don't worry, Dem, Hielo. Just go back to the manor." Flug stated a little too calmly.

The two girls still looked reluctant as Raptor ordered Flug to start climbing. Eventually Hielo pulled out a TCD and created a portal, with a final look at the ascending doctor and villain they entered the portal.

Owelena and her side kicks along with the forgotten minions looked at each other all unsure of what to do now.

*At Hat Manor*

The portal opened in the parlor letting a seething Demencia and Bergitta out.

"I can't believe that guy! We showed up, who cares if we were a little late?" Demencia growled angrily.
"Him obviously." Bergitta stated removing her mask resuming her normal appearance. "We should tell Papi what happened."

"No need, Princessa." Blackhat's sultry voice spoke from behind them causing them to turn. "I saw everything from the shadows, hopefully Flug should be calling for me to come get him any moment now."

A minute when by, Blackhat felt nothing. No normal tug on his end of the bond, nor his husband's voice in his mind.

"Something's not right." Blackhat stated.

"Papi?" Bergitta asked worriedly.

Before he could even reply, the front doors were thrown open revealing Flug. Missing his bag and covered in blood, in his hand was the head of Raptor his face still contorted in shock and fear. His wings were unfurled and dripping with blood. Flug's expression was one of calm rage, his red eyes flashing angrily.

"Flug, what in the world happened to you?" Blackhat asked approaching his husband. "Why didn't you call for me?"

SMACK!

The room fell into a dead silence as Flug's bloodied free hand came across Blackhat's cheek. Since it was wet with blood it made the sound of skin against skin much louder. The slap itself was enough to make Blackhat turn his head. No one dared to move or even breath. Slowly Blackhat turned his face back toward his enraged husband, his eye was completely black as was his monocle. The room's temperature dropped several degrees as all light seemed to fade. Large shadows grew around them.

"That is the second time you've struck me, Sephlugis." Blackhat's voice was distorted like he had multiple voices. "I suggest you explain yourself or you won't like what I do."

"What? Beat me? Please it's nothing new, in case you forgot the first several years of my employment." Flug sneered. "And for your information, Diablo Oscuro Blackhat Hattier, I have been calling you for several minutes."

"I have not heard nor felt anything on my end of the bond." Blackhat stated. "You must not have been trying hard enough to reach me."

"Not trying hard enough?" Flug repeated narrowing his eyes at his husband. "Right, I must've been
distracted by this asshole trying to see 'what got a monster like Blackhat interested in me.'" Flug tossed the severed head at Blackhat's feet.

Blackhat's eye turned from black to a hellfire red. "What?"

"Babi," Bergitta bravely began, "Did that man try to hurt you?"

"Yes, Bergitta, he did. If you open your ears and listen I'm sure you would've heard me say that." The bite in his voice made her flinch, it was like being with her birth parents again. "He managed to remove my bag before I kicked the ever loving hell out of his balls. Once he was down, I slaughtered every man on that helicopter and as it went down over a small town I got out." Flug stated. "I landed in the middle of said town and approached the copter, Raptor crawled out with a massive gut wound and I cut off his head. Then the local police had the gall to point their guns at me, so I killed them."

"Hold on, Flug, I'm one for mindless slaughter and all but killing cops just doing their job was going a bit far wasn't it?" Demencia asked pulling a shocked Bergitta back. She flinched at the insane smile Flug gave her his eyes flashed with blood thirsty malice.

"But, Demmy, we're evil aren't we? That's what we're supposed to do, murder any and all that get in our way." Flug chuckled sending shivers down her spine. "Besides the innocent screams are the best ambrosia in the world."

Something's not right. Blackhat thought resuming his normal appearance. *Flug does enjoy torture but not cold blooded murder.*

"Flug, I am sorry for not hearing your call and I'm sorry you had to endure that." Blackhat stated.

"Well imagine that, the Great Blackhat apologizing to a human." Flug grinned. "Should I mark this on he calendar?"

"Mi Amour, you are unwell." Blackhat said as he placed his hand on Flug's cheek. "You have been working yourself to the bone since we got back from our vacation. Perhaps you should go rest."

"I don't need rest what I need is to finish my assignment so I can start on the next one, Boss. That ungrateful excuse of a villain put me behind." Flug hissed as he knocked Blackhat's hand away. He turned and started toward his lab, he pushed pass Demencia and a worried Bergitta. To everyone's shock he shoved 5.0.5 out of the way actually knocking him off his feet. "Out of my way, Bear. No one bother me."

The light returned to the parlor revealing Flug's bloody shoe prints leading to his lab.
"Papi," Bergitta whimpered. "There's something seriously wrong with Babi." She rushed to her father's arms who welcomed her.

"I know, Princessa, I was thinking the same thing. I will find out tonight, hopefully I can figure out what." Blackhat nodded as he stroked his terrified daughter's hair.

*Later that night*

Blackhat materialized into the lab with a cup of coffee in hand. Flug was hard at work drawing up blue prints for his next project, strangely enough he was still covered in blood.

"I told you not to bother me." Flug stated without turning.

"I am aware, Mi corazón, but I thought you'd enjoy some coffee so you can keep working." Blackhat smiled as he approached his husband.

"Well, at least you're good for something since rescue isn't one of them." Flug growled. "Just set it on the table and leave me be."

Blackhat nodded, "As you wish, you know 5.0.5 hasn't come out of Bergitta's room since earlier."

"What's wrong with that mistake now?" Flug asked picking up the cup of coffee. Blackhat arched a brow ridge in surprise.


"You don't remember? You shoved him out of the way calling him useless. Normally when I do that he only cries a little but when you did it he out right balled." Blackhat explained. "Poor Bergitta was also upset by your behavior earlier even made her cry. Neither of them have come out all day."

A sudden crash caught his attention, Flug had dropped the cup of coffee from his suddenly shaking hand his face deathly pale.

"I hurt Fives?" Flug asked timidly. The sudden change in attitude made Blackhat blink in surprise it was almost as if he had been speaking to another person just seconds ago.

"Well you shoved him hard enough to knock him over so-"

"And I made Bergitta cry? I promised I'd never do that. What did I say to her?" Blackhat was taken a back by Flug's suddenly terrified voice. "Blackhat, why am I covered in blood? What is going
Flug pushed away from his work table his hands shaking his pupils suddenly dilating. He was having a panic attack, something he hasn't had since he was a child or when he first started with Blackhat Org.

"Flug, calm down." Blackhat said holding up a hand to try and pacify his husband.

"Calm down? Calm down! Killed a man in cold blood, I killed several officers in cold blood and laughed about it! I hurt our son, scared our daughter and I have all these memories but I don't even remember doing these things!" Flug yelled. "I hit you! I couldn't contact you, there was something blocking me. Something is wrong, something is very, very wrong."

"Flug, Mi amour, shh mantén la calma." Blackhat shushed the hyperventilating man as he approached. "We'll figure out what's wrong."

"But what if I black out and do something horrible again? What if I hurt Bergitta, or Demencia, or Fives again?" Flug looked up at his husband his crimson eyes watery with tears. "Wha if I hurt you?"

"I know you won't, you would never." Blackhat tried to soothe him.

"But what if- I- I c-can-can't." Flug's breaths came out in short choppy pants. His vision slowly started to tunnel as he felt his body tilt and fall, the last thing he heard was Blackhat calling his name.

Blackhat caught his husband before he hit the floor, his usually cool skin was burning up his face now flushed.

"Flug! Sephlugis, answer me. Por favor, mi amor, despierta" Blackhat begged stroking the warm cheek. He received no answer but the small pants now coming from his husband. "Demencia! Get in here now!"

Seconds later a foot kicked the vent cover out allowing the lizard girl to fall threw landing in her feet.

"Sir, what's wrong with him?" She asked immediately coming over to them as Blackhat stood with Flug in his arms.

"I am unsure, I need you to get Bergitta to put these coordinates into a fresh TCD and meet us there." A tendril pressed itself into her temple for just a few seconds before being removed and disappearing. "I am going ahead."
Blackhat disappeared holding his husband's trembling form close.

Once alone Demencia did as ordered.

*In Priest Cornelius's church*

Father Cornelius stood before a podium reading from a leather bound book surrounding him were several candles set to form a pentagram. In the theater seats sat several people mostly young adults wearing mostly black.

"Now, My Flock, go forth and-" His reading was interrupted by the screams of his guards. He felt his true lord's ire before he even saw him.

The double doors were blown open by a strong wind as the guards came threw sporting large holes in their stomachs. The sight plus the one of an enraged Blackhat carrying an unconscious bloody man was enough to send the audience running and screaming.

As he walked down the aisle the humans gave the demon wide berth as they ran.

"My lord, what ever is the matter?" Cornelius asked worriedly. Along with rage Cornelius also felt worry even a small bit of fear.

"My husband is the matter, Cornelius." Blackhat replied as he floated up and onto the staged before the blind priest. "There is something seriously wrong with him."

"I see," Cornelius nodded "If I may touch him?"

"I'll allow it," Blackhat nodded. He tried to hold back a growl as the priest placed a hand on Flug's head and stomach. He gasped in shock after only a few seconds removing his hands. "Well?"

"I believe I know the cause, My lord, but I must run a blood test to be absolutely sure." Cornelius stated as he grabbed his walking cane. "Please follow me."

They started to leave when they heard running feet.

"Papi!" Bergitta rushed into the theater still in her pajamas with Demencia close behind.

"This way, mi hija." Blackhat stated as he and the priest walked toward the back. To Blackhats surprise instead of the priest's study they went another way which lead to a medical area.

"Argus, are you here?" The priest called into the room. A young man with dark blue hair came out
from behind a privacy curtain.

"Yes sir?" The young man Argus answered as he approached earning a hiss from Blackhat.

"My lord, Argus is one of my most trusted members. He is a warlock trained in healing." Cornelius stated. "Please if you lay your husband on the bed and allow us to work, I can assure you we will find out what is ailing your beloved."

Blackhat remained silent casting a worried look down at his husband. Flug's face seemed even more flushed than before, his breathing coming out in small puffs. Sighing in acceptance Blackhat placed a kiss on the sick scientist's hair.

"Very well, Father Cornelius, I will trust you with my husband." Blackhat gently laid his husband down. With his back turned he wrapped two tentacles around both priest and warlock's throats pulling them close. He turned revealing his face of multiple red eyes and large fanged teeth. "I warn you now, friend or no if anything happens to him I will personally drag you both to Hell. Am I understood?"

Argus gulped as best he could with the tentacle wrapped around his throat, Cornelius though blind could feel the dark intent from his lord nodded. "He is in good hands, my lord." Cornelius replied. After a minute Blackhat resumed his normal face and released them. "If you wish to wait in my library, My lord I will come get you when we are finished."

"Very well." Blackhat nodded with one more kiss to the sweaty forehead of his husband he turned away. His daughter stood behind him wringing her hands worriedly. "Bergitta, if you wish to say a good bye to your Babi you are welcome to." With a nod she walked forward copying her Papi's action. "Come, Princessito, lets allow the healer and priest do their job."

Wrapping his arm around her shoulders Blackhat lead his daughter out of the med room, after copying her boss and niece's action Demencia left the room with a quick death threat to the remaining men.

Once they were gone, Argus let out a sigh of relief.

"Well, Father, I hope you know what ails this man."Argus stated as he went to was his hands.

"I believe I do, but we need to deal with this fever first." Cornelius replied following the young warlock's example.

*An hour later*
Blackhat paced the library room like a frustrated animal, his tentacles were out whipping back and forth in agitation. Demencia sat on the couch with a sleeping Bergitta's head in her lap, she absent mindedly stroked the blond hair.

"They've been in there for an hour, what could possibly wrong that it takes this long." Blackhat growled.

"I'm not sure but you said you trusted this guy right?" Demencia asked.

"Of course, Cornelius has been loyal to me for centuries. He knows the consequences if he betrays me in any way." Blackhat stopped to glare into the fireplace.

Suddenly the door opened revealing Cornelius.

"My lord, if you would follow me please." Cornelius stated. Blackhat pulled his tentacles back in as he left the room. "I will send someone for you ladies in a few minutes."

The two walked in silence back toward the med room. Blackhat walked through the door and froze, there lay Flug wide awake and perfectly normal though he was smiling brightly.

He looked up and Blackhat felt himself melt at the warm smile that he received.

"Hello my love." Flug greeted. Blackhat walked toward his husband who held out a pale hand to him.

"Hola, mi amado." Blackhat returned the greeting as he took the hand offered into one of his own as he sat on the edge of he bed. "I take it you're feeling better?"

"I am. Father Cornelius and Argus figured out what's was wrong with me." Flug stated. "Or better yet what's right." Lifting his shirt up Flug placed Blackhat's hand palm down onto his stomach.

Blackhat stared at his smiling husband in confusion until he felt it. Two small but obvious energies, right beneath his hand. He stretched out his own energy and (though he'll never admit it) he jumped a little at the reply he got back.

"Is- are those?" Blackhat couldn't even form words though he knew exactly what Flug was telling him.

Flug nodded his smile watery with happiness. "Yes, love, I'm pregnant. With twins of all things."

*Demegorgania*
"My lord, Blackhat's husband has conceived." The bird priest announced. Adrianus grinned widely.

"Perfect, move ahead with the first part of our plan."

*

Blackhat sat next to his husband smiling proudly holding him close with both of their hands over the spot where their children rested.

Chapter End Notes

mantén la calma: Stay calm
Por favor, mi amor, despierta: Please my love wake up
Princessito: Little princess (I think)
Chapter 73

The sound of a pen scribbling across paper mixed with the crackle of burning wood. Blackhat sat in his office signing some paperwork he'd gotten behind on, though he wasn't truly focused on his task. Twins, children born of himself and Flug. The thought itself still made him exceedingly happy. While he used to think such a thing was trivial, a waste of time and a weakness.

Now that he had a family of his own he wouldn't trade it for anything.

*I believe I've done enough work for the night.* Blackhat thought setting his pen down stretching his arms.

Pulling his pocket watch out Blackhat flipped it open to check the time. He arched a brow in surprise. Three in the afternoon, but it was pitch dark outside his window.

"Odd, I thought the proper eclipse wasn't for another several months." Blackhat wondered aloud. He walked around his desk headed for the door only for it to warp and bend the knob away from his hand. Before he could even question what was going on, all four walls of his office fell away revealing a familiar hell on earth scene.

"No, not again." Blackhat growled angrily. "Show yourself, wretch!" He spun around trying to catch a glimpse of whoever was behind this.

A chuckle caught his ears. "Now is that anyway to talk about your ex/future husband?" "I only have one husband and it's not you." Blackhat replied. "Nor will it ever be you ever again." He felt his temper spike at the laughter that sounded around him.

"You seem so confident about that, love, but what happens when I show up? When I call out your true name and you have no choice but to obey me?" As the man spoke Blackhat knew he was right. It was the one fatal flaw in any demon kin, even though names gave demons and eldritch's power it also could act like a leash to even the strongest.

"I will tear your throat out before you even get the chance to speak a single word." Blackhat stated. "Oh rest assured, Blackhat," He growled as his name was spoken with such mocking venom, "I have a plan for that. Just wondering, does your little husband know about me? Does he know that he and your children are in danger?"

"He doesn't need to, I am strong enough to handle you on my own." Blackhat announced. Suddenly a set of double doors identical to those of his and Flug's bed room appeared. "It seems I am awakening, and YOU rest assured that the second you set foot in my dimension I'll make you regret it and ever threatening me or my family." He strode toward the doors and was about to open them, until he felt a hand on his shoulder stop him as an invisible pair of lips spoke next to his head.

"We'll see about that confidence when I make you snap your children's necks after you tear them from their mother's womb." Before he could reply or even snap back the doors flew open and he was shoved into darkness.

Immediately his eye shot open as he sat up in his own bed. The morning light filtered in dyed a bright red color due to his curtains. He glanced down to see the sleeping face of Flug, his silvery blond hair spread out over his pillow like a halo. His wings curled close to his body as possible. A fond look came over the eldritch's face at the peaceful sight in his bed. He leaned down next to
Flug's head gently brushing a lock of hair away kissed his temple gently.

"I swear, mi corazon, I will keep you and our children safe."

*Later that day*

Flug stood in his lab glancing over some of his blueprints, he decided that he'd best try and get as much work done as possible. From what he's read about pregnancy's after a certain amount of time has passed he won't be able to work in his lab. He may need to employ Bergitta or even Dr. Zug to help out when he gets into the later months of his pregnancy. Speaking of he didn't know the first think about demonic pregnancy, human he at least knew a little but that was for human females.

*Perhaps I should contact my mother in law and mother for advice? Flug thought. They've been through this before.*

The door to his lab slide open revealing 5.0.5 his bright smile in place as always. In his paw's he held what Flug assumed was the mail.

"Hey, Fives." Flug greeted the bear cheerfully as he approached. Despite his horrid behavior toward his adoptive son the bear didn't seem to hold a grudge. "What do we have in today?"

"Baw!" The bear replied holding out the mail to the man. With a thankful smile Flug took the mail from him. Glancing through the envelopes one in particular caught his eye. On it was both his and Blackhat's royal titles. It was an ashen grey with silver borders, the front was sealed shut with silver wax. In the wax was he symbol of a snowflake surrounded by a rose bush.

"Odd." Flug stated setting the rest of the mail down. The symbol looked familiar but he couldn't exactly pin point it. Removing his lab coat, he stretched out his wings before leaving the lab. "Fives, why don't you go find something to make for supper?" Flug suggested as he passed the bear. With a smile and salute of his paw 5.0.5 left to do as he was told.

Flug made his way toward the stairs, thinking of who the letter could've came from. He at least knew it belonged to a rather prestigious and wealthy family that his family knew very well but he couldn't remember which one. Soon he stood before his husband's office and knocked. Suddenly he appeared in said office in a grinning Blackhat's lap.

"Ah, wonderful of you to drop in, Mi amado angelito." Blackhat stated wrapping his arms carefully around Flug's chest so as to not squish his wings too much. "To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

"Well we just received a letter from someone very prestigious." Flug replied simply ignoring his husband's usual attempts at flirting. He held up said envelope showing the wax seal. "They addressed us by our titles so I assumed it is a family friend."

"I see, looks like Boss Nikiforov's family symbol." A black tendril lifted a sharp letter opener from his desk and passed it to Flug who swiped the blade through the top of the envelope. "I knew that symbol looked familiar." He pulled out a card decorated with silver stars and a white moon beneath which was the shape of a male and female deer. "He is a don in the russian mafia as of right now. My family has invited his father and now him to several functions. I guess it makes sense you'd know him since he's in your line of work."

"Not quite the villain but I have had dealings with him in the past. He's scarily intelligent and has held his position since it was given to him by his father at the age of fourteen." Blackhat explained. "He is one of the very few mortals I respect. What has he sent us?"
"Apparently he and his husband have invited us to a Winter festival at his mansion outside of Moscow next week." Flug read from the card. "The invitation extends to Bergitta and Demencia and they are allowed to bring a plus one."

"I see. It has been a while since I last saw Don Victor, I am surprised someone's finally caught his eye enough for marriage." Blackhat pondered holding Flug a little closer.

"It doesn't surprise you that it's a man?" Flug asked curiously. "Not at all. He has always made his preferences known, though his father would've preferred he find a woman to continue the family line." Blackhat replied. "Speaking of offspring, how are our little ones doing today?" Flug smiled as he felt his husband's warm hand slip under his shirt to touch his bare stomach. He'd noticed it has already began to harden making a protective place for their children.

"Fine so far, I thought about getting in touch with my mother and yours as well." Flug stated. He rolled his eyes at Blackhat's groan of annoyance. "Must we get them involved?" Flug was suddenly turned to face his husband. "I'm sure we could figure things out without their 'assistance.'"

"Perhaps but I'd much rather be safe than sorry. My mother knows about pregnancy period and yours knows about demon pregnancies, neither of which we are prepared for." Flug explained.

"I know, mi amado, but that means we risk them moving in as potential mid wives." Blackhat shivered at the thought of having to share his home with his overbearing and critical mother. "Blackhat," Flug spoke softly placing his hand against his husband's cheek, the action pulled Blackhat's attention from his whining.

"We are both treading unfamiliar territory here. As powerful and as smart as we are, neither of us know how to raise a newborn be it human or half-breed. Wouldn't you rather put up with our mothers for a few months than risk something happening to our children?"

Blackhat looking into Flug's worried ruby eyes noticing how his wings fluttered nervously. Flug was scared, not that he blamed him he was as well. Not just being a first time father to newborn half demon's but also the threats of his ex lover. The images of his dead husband and children by his own hand caused him to pull Flug tight against his chest, causing the young man to blink in surprise.

"Alright, Mi corazon, we will tell our families." Blackhat relented. "After we attend the Don's party, we'll announce it to both our families. And though it will be hard, I will endure the overbearing and criticism of my mother."

"Thank you, love." Flug sat up and kissed the man. "Though it think it my be a competition of who's mother is the most critical."

In the far corner of the office Morpheus sat his blue eyes flashed before he disappeared. In Apolonia's room, the two women sat smiling and began to plan.

End Notes

Thanks for reading, comments and kudos keep me going
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