Don't get Left Behind on the Road

by Cyke

Summary

Number Four always thought of himself as the expendable one, the person you throw to the sharks first. But when he comes back from Reggie’s wonderful ‘extra training’ too scared to talk, the others take notice. Horrified by what Their father had done Number One brings up the brilliant idea of running away

or

An AU where the others actually care about Klaus and decided to run away from Reginald and his shit parenting

(Inspired by Half an Orange's song Left Behind)

ON TEMPORARY HIATUS

Notes

I'm not that good at writing summaries so I'm sorry, anyway this is my first fic on AO3 as well as my first Umbrella Academy fic so please don't expect perfectly polished and in character work. That being said please do enjoy :)

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Archive Warning: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death
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Relationship: Ben Hargreeves & Klaus Hargreeves, Klaus Hargreeves & Everyone, Diego Hargreeves & Klaus Hargreeves, Klaus Hargreeves & Vanya Hargreeves, Vanya Hargreeves & Everyone, Allison Hargreeves & Vanya Hargreeves, Dave/Klaus Hargreeves
Character: Klaus Hargreeves, Ben Hargreeves, Luther Hargreeves, Allison Hargreeves, Reginald Hargreeves, Diego Hargreeves, Vanya Hargreeves, Number Five | The Boy (Umbrella Academy), Original Male Character(s), Dave (Umbrella Academy)
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(I don't own any of these characters besides Frazer)
Watching the world run past

Hey, so this is my first umbrella academy fic and first AO3 fic so don't expect a perfect one that being said I am in the process of not only writing the story but also editing it so if somethings don't add up just yet I'll get around to fixing that. Anyway thanks for reading I hope you enjoy this.

Four always thought of himself as the disposable one, the first one to be thrown to the sharks. So imagine the surprise when Four finds that his siblings actually care. Like Four knew that Six did, and maybe Seven and Two, but when Three, Five and hell even One corner him he can’t really be mad. Plus after Reggie’s oh so perfect ‘extra training’ leaving him to scared to speak, arms and hands raw at trying to escape the Mausoleum, phantoms of the ghosts cries echoing in his head, Four is grateful for the physical affection that was Ben’s absolutely perfect hugs.

“Four, what happened?” Six asked they weren’t hugging anymore but Four held onto the other boy’s hand like it was his lifeline. Four shuttered feeling the cold of the ghosts tearing through him. Six squeezed his hand and looked at him full of concern.

“Dad--” He stopped at the way his voice sounded, vulnerable and scratchy. New tears sprung in his eyes, but he quickly wiped them away. “He locked me in the Mausoleum, the one at the end of the road.” He paused again wiping away the tears in his eyes furiously.

“It’s okay, take a deep breath.” Six coached him, he’d seen him like this after coming back from special training with dad but never this bad. Four nodded and took a couple of shaky breaths.

Five looked at him, disapproving gaze all too similar to Dear ol dad’s. “What’s so bad about that? It’s just a mausoleum, ghosts can’t be that bad.” He waved his hand dismissively, looking about ready to leave. Four cringed and shrunk into Six who wrapped his arms protectively around the boy.

“Five!” Seven almost shouted, Five and her have always been close and it was strange to see any kind of outburst. “This is our brother! It doesn’t matter if you think it’s stupid, obviously, he’s petrified and we can’t brush that aside.” She glared at him, a slight breeze picked up but died down quickly.

Six shot Seven a grateful looked before glaring at Five again. “No.. he’s right,” Four pushed himself out of Six’s hug and tried to not look broken. “I... I am just blowing this out of proportion. I’ll head back to my room and--” Four let a sob escape his lips and sunk to the floor, not even trying to stop the tears from flowing down his face.

“Four, you're not okay. Look at yourself. Your covered in dirt and haven’t stopped crying since you got home.” Two crouched down to Four’s level treating him like a kicked puppy, which in a way he was. “We want to help you nut you need to tells us why it’s so bad.”

Six nodded and grabbed his brother's hand, in a form to ground him in what’s real and what’s not. Four flashed him a grateful look and took a breath.
“He locks me in the Mausoleum down the road in the graveyard. Do you know who they buried in that?” He asked quietly waiting for the others answers to only be met with silence. “They buried the unidentifiable there, those so mangled and destroyed they couldn’t identify the body. It hasn’t been in use for over a hundred years, what you do if you died and were ignored for that long? What would you do if you died and there wasn’t a funeral for you? If you faded out of everyone’s memory?” His voice was barely a whisper as he looked up to Five.

“I’d scream my frustration and try to get the world's attention.” He answered finally not meeting Four’s eyes. The silence stretched out, no one making a sound as Four held back sobs.

“The screaming is so damn loud, they all expect me to help them. ‘Kill the person who killed me Four’ ‘tell my mum I love her’ ‘let me out of here Four’” He mimicked voice shaking, “all well crowding your vision, blood dripping off them as they reach for you. And they won’t ever stop because I can’t help them.” Four’s voice had gotten louder and louder before quieting suddenly, “And you know what the worst part is?”

Again his question was met with silence as Five refused to look at him. The others shook their head, looking shell shocked. “That bastard we call a father leaves me in there for days on end watching me struggle through a fucking camera.” Four’s voice shook and Six once again had wrapped him in a hug. Seven joined the hug as well, and not long after Two had enveloped Four in a hug.

Five looked away, at least having the decency to look ashamed. Three had a hand over her mouth, frozen in shock. One looked down the stairs to where mom was no doubt making dinner, trying not to meet Four’s eyes.

“He really did that?” One asked voice on the edge of breaking, he knew his father was bad, horrible even, but he’d assumed that the man at least had morals. Six shot him a glare from where he was.

“What do you think, that man is a monster. He keeps us under lock and key but doesn’t care enough to actually make sure we’re okay. He had mom do it, every night he records us in our sleep, and calls crying weakness.” Six snarled, he honestly didn’t mean to sound that rude but One needed to understand that Reginald wasn’t a good person.

“What do we do?” Three asked coming out of her shocked daze. One put a comforting hand on her shoulder and she gave a grateful smile.

“We have to leave.” One finally said Four looked up at him hopefully, so did everyone else. “We need to get out of here before da-- Reginald does anything worse.” He may have been the perfect soldier but his siblings come before anything.

“Anyone have an idea?” Six spoke up, the group hug had disbanded but Six refused to leave Four’s side. And that Four was grateful for, ghosts in the house began to materialize by him and demand attention.

“I have one, but we might need Three’s power.” Seven said looking up from picking at a wooden board. The others all looked and Three motioned for her to continue. “Four and Six sneak out all the time and I was thinking they could sneak us out. Afterward, we go to a car dealer ‘borrow’ a car and get out of here before sunrise.” She looked up waiting for rejection but Three nodded.

“That’s genius Seven!” She said with a smile at Seven quickly mirrored. “We could steal some of dad’s money so we don’t starve.” She added looking at Five expectly, he sighed but nodded. Four couldn’t help the grin growing on his face.
“Well, me and Six may be able to help.” His voice sounded much more confident and controlled now. “I have some friends who own a car dealership. I’m sure they’ll let us borrow one.” Six gave him a smile and One nodded.

“Perfect, we’ll leave at one and get out of the town by sunrise.” The others cheered silently just as Grace rang the bell signaling it was dinner. Four quickly rubbed any trace of tears off his face and followed his siblings downstairs. Just as always dinner was uneventful, Reginald being a dick and the children sharing looks of anticipation.

Once they were released from the awkwardness that they called family dinner they ran to their rooms grabbing backpacks and stuffing it full of items.

One filled a small backpack with blankets and a pillow, he got cold when he slept sue him. Before wisely putting a jacket and hat in the bag as well.

Two took a different approach and added knife upon knife into his back and a couple of necessities because he wasn’t a complete idiot.

Three did mostly the same as One but also threw in a pair of toy walkie talkies and a shit ton of makeup and nail paint.


Five just didn’t pack anything like the idiot he is, logic being ‘I’ll just steal it from a store’.

Six was only slightly smarter than Four, opting to grab one blanket and then proceeding to dump a whole shelf of books. Grabbing a Jacket last minute, actually two jackets Four would definitely forget one.

Seven could fit everything neatly into one bag with plenty of room to spare. A blanket and pillow, jacket and a couple of things of sheet music for her violin, god be damn if she left that behind.

Now they waited. Waited for Grace to say goodnight and Pogo to quickly follow. Waited for the seconds to tick by until it finally reached one. Four was the first one there, then Six. Not that surprising, they always snuck out of the house at night. Then Two Five and Seven showed up not too much later. Finally One and Three made it.

“You guys ready?” Two asked in a hushed voice, there was no need to though. The city was always loud. Seven looked in at the darkened room worry written all over her face. “Don’t worry, once we're out of the city we can get new names and start a new life. One completely dad free.” Two was never close to Seven but he wouldn’t let anything happen to her. She smiled gratefully as One went over the plan again.

They all nodded and agreed. Once everyone was ready the group climbed down the latter, having to jump down the last few feet. Four landed perfectly well the others stumbled and tripped. He quietly beckoned them forward, a maze of streets and alleyways spread before them. He kept them out of sigh and the city was none the wiser. Well until one of Four’s… friends found them.

“Hey, shortstack. Mi hermano de otra madre!” He rested a hand of the kid's arm and smiled at him a tad bit too creepily for Two’s taste. “Where have you been? Me and the guys really miss you.”

“Hey, I said I was sorry!” Six shook his head and walked away. Troy looked at the others as if just noticing they were here. “Who’s the entourage? Is little Number Four making friends?”

“I said fuck off Troy, sorry doesn’t cut it.” Four glared up at the man, the others watching the exchange.

“Well maybe this will,” Troy took Four’s hand and started to drag him away not even getting three steps before Two put a knife through his hand. The man screamed and dropped his brother. Four kicked him in the balls for good measures before running away.

“Dude I thought you said you were done with them!” Six hissed as they swung around a corner, the man’s pained and angered shouts fading away.

“I am, Troy just doesn’t know when to let it go.” Four hissed back. Two wasn’t having it.

“Who the hell was that?” He asked once they were far away, his other siblings looking at him expectantly. Four looked at Six who just gave him a shrug.

“He’s a… old friend.” Four said trying to seem nonchalant but failing. Troy was the one who had taught him the underground city, ways to slip out of his house and get away from the crippling fear. He’d even go as far as to call the man a brother he never had. Until Troy tried to drug him, get him addicted. Because apparently the man needed to pay off some loans and he could only do it with drug money Four stole from his father.

“Old friend?” Five narrowed his eyes, not believing him for one second. Four shrugged not really wanting to talk about it.

“Look it’s not important, Troy thinks I owe him but he’s delusional.” He pushed them behind a wall and pointed to an old run down car shop. “Here we are, I’ll go in and use my expert negotiation skills and get us a car.”

“You mean you’ll sweet talk Frazer into giving you a car?” Six rolled his eyes as Four beamed.

“You know me so well brother.” Four started forward before being yanked back by the collar of his vest. “Hey!” He protested.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Three asked him.

“I’m going to get us a car, don’t worry Frazer’s a friend.” He slipped out of her grip. Not making it two steps before Two stopped him.

“As much as I’d like to believe you, Troy kinda didn’t help.” Four sighed and cursed that dickbag, Troy.

“Look, Troy was a bad friend with no morals, Fraser, on the other hand, is a real friend who has a moral code.” Two pinched the bridge of his nose.

“How long have you know Frazer?” He used a tone like mom did when he broke a plate or an expensive vase.

“Hmm, about four years.”

“Four what the fuck!?” Two cried, “You were eight?” he looked at his brother like he’d grown another head.
“Well ya, he was a good guy. Busted me out of the Mausoleum once after he heard me screaming. Took me in after that, taught me how to use a blade and tricks to disarm people. Six can vouch for me.” Six looked startled to be brought up but nodded.

“Look, If I need help I’ll scream, then you can burst in here and save me. Wonderful, glad we’re on the same page.” Four patted Two’s back and walked in.

Six shrugged and followed and the others just watched in defeat as they slipped through the slightly open gate. “He’s gonna get himself killed one day.” Seven said earning nods of agreement.

Frazer walked out of the lit garage at the ringing of the bell. Four grinned and so did Six, “Well lookie it’s Mr. big shots.” Frazer grinned back. “What brings you to this fine establishment?”

He had dyed red hair, tattoos and an intimidating leather jacket with the name of everyone in the gang sewn into it the bottom, Four’s and Six’s being the newest addition. Despite the look, he was a really nice guy who would gut you if you threaten his family. The guy was barely out of his teens and treated the two as his own sons, and if you squint you could kinda see it.

Four looked at Six who gave him a reassuring nod. “Well, we need your help.” Frazer nodded and Four launched into the story, explaining how Reginald had been locking him up again and doing similar things to the others. By the end of his explanation, Frazer looked ready to kill Dear Reggie.

“He did that to you?” The older man glared in the direction of his house. “Ima kill that bastard.”

“I won’t stop you but first we need a car.” Four said holding up his hands.

“Could our siblings come in?” Six asked quickly and out of nowhere. Frazer looked at him for a few seconds before nodding. Four and Six had been an exception but he had a pretty strict rule about people being let in after work hours. Something happened on a day when they let someone in and they’d lost someone.

“Frazer please, I know you don’t like giving up stuff like this but we really need it.” Four pleaded as Six let their siblings in. His eyes looked from Four to the others. “I wouldn’t ask unless it was necessary.”

The man sighed, “Well I can’t deny that. We have one bad boy left, so count yourself lucky.” Four did a little jump of joy, he looked so happy that Frazer couldn’t keep a smile off his face. “Come on.” He beckoned them forward to where the last van was.

“That’s the car we’re getting?” Three asked before slapping a hand over her mouth. Frazer didn’t look mad and instead laughed.

“Quite the gem right?” The car was an old 70’s van with paint all over it, a mural was painted on the side if a colorful tree representing all the seasons. “Bought it a couple of years ago at a yard sale, fixed it up and now it runs smoother than ice.”

“Frazer I will forever be in your debt.” Four cried opening the side door, it had plenty of room for them.

“Nah that won’t be needed, just make sure you stop by some time, we should finish your motorcycle lessons.” He ruffled the boys head, with an almost sad smile. “Don’t you forget about us on the road.”
“Don’t worry, there’s no way I could ever forget you.” Four said and Six nodded beside him.

“I think Four would rather raise hell then forget about you guys, and same goes for me.” Six put his arm around Four who nodded vigorously.

“Well, same goes for you guys. If anyone hurts you on the road, they’ll hell to pay.” Frazer slipped the leather jacket off and handed it to the two of them. “Wait right here.” The man ran into the back and rifled around, you could hear stuff falling off shelves and papers being thrown around.

Frazer walked back out looking like he got into a fight with his desk, in his hands were two boxes. “We were gonna give this to you later on but, I guess now is as good of a time as ever.” He handed the two boxes just as Five honked the car, getting impatient. “Well, I guess you better get going.” He gave one last hair ruffle to the two of them before turning away.

“Bye Frazer!” Four called mirrored by Six as he jumped into the car. Five started the engine and drove out. They didn’t speak just sat in silence together, until the soft sound of snoring filled that car and Five, Four, and Six.

“Hey, Five?” Six asked quietly, careful not to disturb the others.

“Ya Six?”

“Could you turn the radio on? Quietly?” Five nodded and reached over to the radio and turned it on, keeping the volume down. ‘I think we’re alone now’ drifted through the speaker and Six closed his eyes and leaned against the window, looking at peace. Four smiled and looked at the box in his hands, he couldn’t bring himself to open it. It felt too final like he’d never see his red-haired friend again.

Slipping the box into his bag quietly he leaned back and closed his eyes. They were safe now, no more special training or missions, just them on the road and Four never felt better. He slipped into a peaceful sleep. Things were gonna get better now.
Blood burns red

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry if some of this is bad and choppy, a lot was written at night because that was the only time I had to write, that being said please do enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Five, come on man. You look like your gonna fall asleep any minute, pull over and take a nap.” One said shaking him as the boy started to fall asleep. Five sighed and shook his head, they had been driving all night, and Five hadn’t slept since a couple nights ago.

“Dude, One’s right you almost hit a bus.” Two said watching him with concern. As they had been driving they listened to see if any missing kids reports came up, thankfully none have yet. A soft song that Four remembered heard came on the radio.

“Fine, we’ll stop for a few hours, but then we leave again. We’re still too close to the city.” Five said pulling onto a back road and under a bridge, parking in a parking lot seemed too risky. “We should probably get some different clothes too, these uniforms are to telling.” Five said with a yawn.

“Alright but first you are taking a nap, you look like shit.” One said sternly. Five let out a dry laugh.

“Thanks for noticing.” He climbed through the seats and laid down on a row of seats. “Maybe some of you should pick us up some more money. Dad’s will only last so long.” Four grinned this was something he could do.

“Don’t worry little bro, I’ll get us enough for a month.” He said before jumping out of the van with a grin, Six sighed but made no effort to stop it. Four heard Five say something about him only being younger by a few milliseconds, he laughed and continued to walk.

“I guess I could get some money… “ Seven said looking at the violin she’d brought. The others nodded. They were a team now, they couldn’t exclude her, not anymore.

“If anyone comes back with a broken nose I’ll kill you.” One joked before turning back to the radio. Seven smiled a small bit before jumping out of the car and running after Four. The others all stayed back, either catching up on sleep or polishing knives (take a guess).

“Four! Hey, wait up!” Seven called running after her brother. He stopped and watched her run up. “Sorry, I just… wanted to…” She trailed off not sure what she was trying to say.

“It’s fine don’t worry about it. You gonna play your violin?” Four asked motioning towards the case in her hands. She nodded, “Wonderful! Maybe I could put my awesome music skills to work as well.” Seven smiled, Four wasn’t the best when it came to music but he could improvise if they had something to drum with.

“Do you want to help me?” She asked as they made it to downtown Chicago, people milled around them not really paying attention to the kids.
“Hell yeah!” Four fished a small wad of cash out of his pocket, “You think this will be enough?” Seven tilted her head to the side, confused.

“Enough for what?” She asked. Somewhere in the distance police sirens wailed through the buildings. She started freaking out internally, thinking that Reginald had called the cops and they knew that they were here. Four put a hand on her shoulder, snapping her out of her panic.

“Don’t worry, Chicago is the last place he’d look for us at. Now bout we go buy some instruments?” Four pointed to a music shop across the street. “We’ll make some money playing.” He started across the street, ignoring the angry honks of people that almost hit him.

Seven watched with concern before heading over to the pedestrian crossing. Once she made it to the other side she came across Four in a heated argument with a man covered in tattoos, he had a leather jacket on and looked like a biker. Seven was just gonna let them argue until the man pulled a knife on Four.

“Woah dude calm down, no need for violence…” He said taking a few steps back, he glanced over at Seven for a quick second but looked away. He wasn’t quick enough though. The man chuckled.

“Oh, is that your little friend?” He started towards Seven but hardly made it two steps before Four punched the man in the jaw. Seven heard the snap of bone and the man fell backward. He held his jaw in shock and pain.

“Don’t fucking touch my sister, or I’ll do a lot more than break your jaw. Seven couldn’t recall a time when Four looked this mad. The man’s shock quickly turned to anger. He surged upwards and punched Four back. A large cut appeared on his face.

The man now had his knife back charged at Four, he barely missed being stabbed in the throat. He jumped back and stayed out of the man’s range, it looked like Four was listening to something Seven couldn’t see but considering what his power is he was. Seven tried to get them to stop watching in fear as the man kept advancing on a quickly tiering Four.

Somehow they’d been backed into an ally where no one could see them. Four slipped on wet concrete and the man took advantage of the slip-up, he lunged forward and grazed Four’s side with the knife. Four let out a cry as blood started to come out. Seven’s pleads turned to frantic screams. The sound of dripping water kept getting louder and louder until it was the only thing Seven could hear.

At the very last second right, before the man drove the knife through her brother’s throat she screamed, the sound destroyed everything in the alleyway. Glass shattered, the fire escape fell and the man was launched away from her brother. Four looked up at Seven fear and awe written all over his face.

She ran over to him and pulled him up, blood soaked through his uniform, it was uncomfortable with how normal it looked. The man stood up at the end of the ally, he pointed his blood covered knife at Four and Seven.

“You better watch your backs, you angered the wrong person. I have people everywhere, and they won’t hesitate to kill you even if you are kids.” He grabbed his jaw and ran away, probably to tell his ‘friends’ about them.

“Seven… how did you do that?” Four asked, he didn’t look scared but he had to be.

“I-- I don’t know. He was hurting you and I couldn’t stand by and let him do that.” She looked at
her hands, the thought taunting her mind. She didn’t have her pills yesterday, could it be that…

Seven shook her head. There was no way, she was normal just like everyone else. Four looked at her excitement growing.

“Seven do you know what this means?”

“Four, don’t be stupid, it’s impossible.” No matter how much Seven wanted it to be true it was impossible. Four shook his head.

“There’s no way I could’ve done it, nor could anyone else. Seven. You have powers.” Four smiled at her but it couldn’t help the confusion and anxiety churning around in her mind. If she had powers why did Reginald hide them from her? Were they too dangerous for even him? She was so lost in thought she hadn’t noticed Four stumbled and catch himself, wincing at the pain in his side.

“Hey, hey. Earth to Seven. SEVEN!” Four shouted snapping her out of her thoughts. “How bout we figure this out with the others? Maybe they’ll know something?” Four doubted they did but Seven wasn’t gonna go anywhere until they figured it out. She nodded, Four smiled and started back out the ally.

Hopefully, his jacket covered the bloodstain and cut. No one stopped them so it seemed to have work, Seven walked in silence lost in thought, how did she have powers? Now that she thinks of it there were times when weird things would happen, every day a nanny would go missing and Reginald would come back with a new one until Grace.

“What the fuck happened to you?” Two shouted running over to their brother. He gave a weak smile and lifted his hand the show then wound. If hadn’t stopped bleeding the entire time, it looked like it was worse than Seven though. The cut was pretty deep, deep enough to need stitches.

“Sorry, they threatened Seven.” Four sat down on the ground before yelling in pain. “FUCKING HELL!” He cried as more blood came out. Two shushed him and ran into the van pulling out a first aid kit.

Thankfully this was one of the emergency kinds and had a needle and string. Two ordered Four to lay down on his side before getting to work. Three and Six came over and watched worriedly. For once all the stuff their father drilled into them is actually useful.

“How did this happen?” Two asked well cleaning up. Four had fallen asleep and was moved into the van by Six. Seven sighed and explained the whole thing, including the threat the guy had left. Two frowned.

“Do you think he’ll actually do anything?” He asked looking back in the van where the others were. Tonight they needed to get new clothes and new identities, not even to avoid dad anymore but to also avoid being recognized.

“I don’t know, he doesn’t seem to be the type that has that kind of power.” Seven watched children play at a park not too far away. “Speaking of powers, do you know what might have happened in the ally?”

“I think I agree with Four on this one, none of us were there with you nor does anyone have that kind of ability.”

“But it’s stupid to think I have powers. Dad always left me out because of that.” Seven argued, she didn’t know why. If she had powers she should be jumping up and down in joy. “Plus, shouldn’t I have noticed earlier if I didn’t have powers?” Two shrugged, it kinda made Seven mad. He was
acting so nonchalant about it.

“I don’t know maybe it only activates when you're in extreme peril. Mine didn’t show until I was four, maybe yours is just a really late bloomer?” Seven didn’t want to let the idea in but she did entertain the thought of her and powers. “How about we let it sit for a bit, maybe if you concentrate on how you felt today it might activate your power.” Two stood and patted her back before going to check on Four.

Seven looked around before spotting a table in the shade. She felt stupid but went over to the table and sat down. Seven closed her eyes and focused on how she felt, she remembered watching Four feeling helpless, screaming for the man to stop. Then the sound of dripping water grew louder and louder until it was all she could hear… then the man flew away from Four.

She tried to focus on it but the sounds around her kept getting in the way, the blowing of the leaves, the happy shrieks of children, the distant sound of traffic. She covered her ears trying to block out the sound until the familiar sound of her violin filled her ears. A song she didn’t recognize filtered around her head, soon it encompassed everything else.

The wind around her had started to pick up, blowing the leaves harder and harder, then it fell. The tree landed on the ground with a sharp thud. The children screamed and Seven snapped out of whatever trace she was in. Three came running up, most likely worried that the tree had crushed Seven, the other girl breathed a sigh of relief when she saw her sister was okay.

“What happened?” Three asked observing the fallen tree.

“I don’t know, one moment I was sitting here and the next it had fallen down.” Seven felt the truth taunt her, she’d done this. She had powers, she had made the tree fall. She didn’t bite, Seven was ordinary just like the rest of the population.

“Well we should probably get going, the cops might show up and we don't want that.” Three held her hand out to help Seven up, she took it.

“Alright let's get going then” Seven jumped into the van and saw Six and Two had fallen asleep next to Four. Five has woken up and was now planning their route and which ways would be best, One sat next to him and pointed out roads they could take Five only ignored him most times.

Three sat down and patted the spot next to her for Seven, she took it with a smile. One good thing that had come from running away was that her siblings were more willing to accept her. The door slid shut and Five started the car. The sleeping trio in the back didn’t make a sound as they started driving.

“So where are we heading?” There asked digging through Fours bag for something to do.

“We’re gonna find a target or something and buy some new clothes, Four’s are now covered in blood and apparently people don’t like when that happens” Five turned onto a smaller road that got them away from Chicago.

“And we need to get out of these uniforms.” One piped up from his shotgun seat, “once word gets out about us these will be a dead giveaway.” Three nodded.

They drove for five hours straight, not really talking just enjoying the silence. Four and Six had woken up a little while ago and Two was still passed out in the back. Seven was inspected the strings on her violin. One and Three were trading looks, probably some weird form of communication they came up with.
Five turned into a target parking lot sharply startling everyone. Two fell off his seat and swore up a storm his fault though, he wasn’t wearing a seatbelt.

“What the fuck man?” Six rubbed his head, he’d been sitting by the window and had smashed his head into it. Four looked undisturbed, Seven Three and One all wore seatbelts and didn’t suffer the same fate as Two.

“We’re here at Target, get out and grab some cash. We’re buying clothes and clothes only.” Three and Four looked excited and traded looks. “And please for the love of god don’t buy anything too flashy or dramatic.” Three and Four looked dejected.

“Fine, I’ll buy ‘normal’ clothes…” Four jumped out of the car and winced grabbing his side. “Forgot this was here…”

“Are you gonna be okay?” Six asked concerned. Four nodded but didn’t take his hand off his side. One looked at Three and she nodded, again with that weird silent conversations.

“How about we shop in pairs? That way we can make sure no one buys anything stupid.” He looked at Four but left the second part unspoken, and to make sure no one got hurt. The others nodded and grouped up in pairs.

Seven and Three went together (obviously), Four Six And Two grouped up and Five and One were stuck together. They didn’t look happy about that but didn’t complain.

Everyone went their separate ways. Seven, to her embarrassment, could barely fit in adult extra small but managed to. Curse being short. Three thought it was pretty funny when she went to try a sweatshirt and found it encompasses her, frustrated she finally found a sweatshirt and shirt in extra small that she liked. And eventually a pair of pants to go with it.

Three picked a nice pair of jeans and a sweater that Seven thought was ugly but Three managed to pull it off somehow. Seven swore to god that if Three didn’t become a fashion star one day the world would miss out.

Meanwhile over with Four Six and Two, the even number gang, Four found some absolutely amazing black jeans and a nice black shirt with an alien on it. After nagging from his siblings Four caved and got a red jacket. One day he’d expand his wardrobe, just not today.

Two went all in buying combat boots jeans and a hoodie in all black. Thankfully the others all seemed to be buying all black as well so Two wasn’t the odd man out.

Six looked around until he found a pair of sweatpants and a hoodie and another hoodie to go on top of his other one, for fashion purposes he says. Tow shook his head but Four just went along with it. Thankfully they were going up north and summer was ending soon.

Over with One and Five things weren’t going smoothly, Five demanded he has a suit jacket, not the nice kind but the casual ones. One argued that he just get what he got, a normal grey sweater and jeans with a green army jacket to go over it. Five argued back that unlike One he had a sense of fashion. They continued going back and forth until the others approached them, arms filled with clothes.

Finally One caved and Five got a casual button-up shirt with a jacket to go over it and a pair of jeans. Three nodded approvingly and they headed out to the checkout. Four spied a Walkman in the electronics area and knew he had to have it.

He waited for his siblings to pass him and ran over to his prize, only twenty bucks. He cheered at
his victory and grabbed it along with some headphones and a cassette. He didn’t look at what it was but figured he learn to enjoy whatever it was… it was Led Zeppelin.

Six noticed the Walkman but didn’t say anything, Four would let him borrow it if he asked so what was the big deal. The others checked out not noticing the weird look the cashier gave them.

As they walked out something strange happened, Fours eyes darted over to something that wasn’t there. That wasn’t strange, Four was always looking at things that weren’t there for the others. Whatever it looked like, or whoever it was, severely unsettled him. He picked up the pace to the car and kept looking behind him.

Everyone noticed for once, One chased after Four and put a hand on his shoulder. Four jumped like literally jumped in the air. “Are you okay?” Four nodded glancing over at the spot again.

“Yeah I’m fine, why do you ask?” He said quickly, he was definitely not fine. The man he saw was someone he’d been forced to kill on one of the missions Dear old dad had sent him on. He has cornered away from the others, a man with a gun aimed right for his head. Four had freaked out and in a haze, he’d taken the man’s gun and shot him in the head. No one knew about this, not Six and definitely not his dad.

“You seem a bit jumpy that’s all…” One looked to the others for help but they were still heading to the car.

“Ha very funny, but no I’m fine I promise.” Four patted One’s back as he made his way to the car occasionally looking back to see if the man was still following him. Four didn’t calm down until Five suggested they get some food with the extra money they had. Seven’s stomach gave a grumble in response.

“Food it is, any ideas where to eat?” Five said getting onto the main road. McDonald’s, Subway, and Wendy’s all stood next to each other with a Taco Bell not too far down the street.

“Wendy’s!” Three called pointing at it Six Two and Four all nodded in agreement. Seven didn’t really care as long as they got food. So they walked into Wendy’s. They probably looked like a group of kids spending the last few days of summer break together. They got burgers and shakes along with some fries.

The siblings brought the food to a nearby hill where they sat and talked. Fast food was surprisingly good, Reginald would never let them get food like this. In fact, if he knew what his ‘children’ were doing right now, he’d probably flip out and die. Four laughed at the idea.

“Hey, I have a super fun idea.” One said getting everyone’s attention. Mainly because One’s ideas weren’t always that fun. “How about we come up with names for ourselves? We can’t keep going around with numbers for names, so why not come up with some new names?”

“Hey for once One has a good idea.” Two said getting a laugh from the others.

“Hey!”

“Relax I’m just joking, getting new names is a good idea.” Two said and One, though he tried to hide it, looked proud of himself.

“Well, I already know what I’m calling myself. Don’t call me Four anymore, from this moment on I am now Klaus!” He struck a pose and Seven giggled, leave it to Fou-no Klaus to already have it figured out.
The others couldn’t pick out a name as quickly as Klaus did. They kept throwing around names until finally, they settled for looking at a ripped up magazine with the top one hundred baby names. Seven soon became Vanya, One because Luther, Two became Diego, Three was now Allison, and Six was now Ben. Five was a bit stubborn, he didn’t want a name but reluctantly agree that to anyone outside their family he was Liam.

Vanya finished her ice cream first and looked up at the slowly setting sun, was this what normal kids felt like? Eating ice cream with her brothers and sister, unbothered by anything. It was peaceful up on the hill but soon it was broken.

“We should get back on the road.” Five said sitting up and brushing the dirt off his new pants. The others all reluctantly nodded, soon they were out on the road again as the moon rose higher and higher. Vanya fell asleep on Ben’s shoulder, who then fell asleep on her. This was the happiest any of them had ever been.

Bonus part WOAH!

The Handler cursed that little fucker, Five had interfered with the timeline once again. Instead of staying with Reginald he ran away with his siblings and now she was stuck with trying to find out how to correct the timeline. Killing them would stop everything from happening but she also couldn’t let them roam around.

“Miss if I may, we could try to force them back to Reginald.” Dot spoke, Dot was in charge of the apocalypse but now she’d been promoted to the Hargreeves because now they needed a whole person to watch them.

“That might work but if we put them back to soon we’ll fuck up the timeline even more.” The Handler threw her hands in the air and groaned in frustration. If she ever saw that little shit again she’d strangle him with her bare hands. “Dot, get to work on when the right time to send them back would be and inform out agents, make sure you send a lot. These guys won’t go down without a fight.”

“Yes ma’am,” Dot said and rushed out the room. The Handler popped a piece of candy in her mouth and collapsed in her chair, Five was a headache that never went away.

Chapter End Notes

If I wrote an Umbrella Academy/Harry Potter crossover would anyone read it? I have an idea but I don't wanna commit to it just yet. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed another Chapter will hopefully be out by the weekend because it's spring break and I actually have time to write.
Death and Denial

Chapter Summary

just a little thing I wrote at midnight about how Reginald and Pogo reacted to the children leaving. I wrote this well sleep deprived and surviving on coffee. I'm sorry if it's choppy or out of character I never really paid attention to Pogo and I wrote this on an impulse.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Reginald Hargreeves has woken up like normal the night after the children left, had gotten dressed and walked down to the kitchen just like normal. Things were normal, until Pogo came back and reported that the children were missing. Normally Reginald wouldn’t think much of it if Four or Five weren’t there, they always snuck out at night. But all of them, even his perfect little soldier Number One was gone.

“Pogo, what do you mean the children aren’t there?” He asked deathly calm as he set the paper down. Pogo winced, Reginald was only ever calm like this when he was furious but Master Hargreeves’ had a right to be angry. The ‘pride and joy’ of his life was now gone vanished in the night like a swift breeze.

“They are gone sir, I looked in the training room and sitting area. They are nowhere to be found.” Reginald stood up and Pogo could practically feel the rage coming of the man.

“Search the house, send Grace to search the city. They are dumb and broke, they couldn’t have gotten far.” Pogo nodded and hobbled out of the room and Reginald heard the front door open as close as Grace when to find his kids. Hargreeves pinches his nose and walked up the the surveillance footage.

“Unbelievable,” he whispered to himself. Not only did those idiots manage to form a plan without his knowing they executed it perfect. If they were here he might have even applauded them, before giving them extra special training of course. Reginald couldn’t tell where they went because apparently they knew the one spot where there was no security cameras.

“Sir, I checked the whole house. They are not here.” Pogo said standing in the doorway.

“OUT!” The man barked and the humanoid just nodded and left. If the kids ever came back Pogo feared that day because letting master Reginald’s anger fester was never a good thing.

Grace came back much later and much dirtier. “I’m sorry to report that none of the children were found.” Pogo sighed but nodded.

“Thank you Grace, why don’t you go clean up now.” The robot nodded and walked of to her space, if you could even call it that. Pogo felt bad for the women, sure she was a robot but even if he felt she deserved a place to stay, even if it was just to move her chair into a vancet room. They had plenty now.
If Pogo were to be completely honest he was glad the kids got out. He was still loyal to Mr. Hargreeves but he couldn’t stand by what he was doing to the children. He’d seen what he did to Seven after she messed up, how he used Three to make her believe she was ordinary and suppressed her powers with drugs.

Another was Number Four who had shown how much he disliked his powers a bit too much, and he had paid the price. Mr. Hargreeves saw fit to lock the young boy into a Mausoleums and keep him there to get him over his fear of ghosts, he’d always come back with a haunted look in his eyes. Pogo began to suspect that his master was using it as a form a punishment, the boy would get locked up more and and whenever he got on Hargreeves nerves. He feared that another day in that cursed place would break the boy.

Then there was sweet innocent Six, he was forced to use his powers to hurt people since the day they were discovered. Reginald never giving him a break, nor hearing his cries at night. Pogo had seen many times when Four would sneak out of his room into Six’s and comfort him.

And Five, he’d been worked past the limit every day believing his inability to jump further as a weakness he had to overcome. Mr. Hargreeves only enforce this idea and encourage the child to work past the healthy limits every day. Pogo would always wake Five up last, if he wasn’t up already, god knows the boy needs sleep.

Pogo retired to his room with a sigh. He hoped the children were okay. Knowing them Five and Six were keeping them safe, sometimes it feels like they were the only siblings with common sense. He chuckled a bit and listen to the empty house creak, it felt so lonely without Four’s constant chattering or Two’s footsteps as he ran through the halls.

As Pogo reminisced, Reginald locked himself up in his office, writing down everything he observed from their breakout. Once the children got back, and they would be back, he’d punish them with this new information. He’d also split them apart as a team it was Four’s weakness that made the others crumble, and Reginald won’t forget about that. Oh he had something up his sleeve to get rid of Four’s weakness for sure.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for it being so short I wasn't planning on going so in depth with this because it will come up again, ohh spoilers, not really though. Anyway, I hoped you enjoyed this I didn't proofread so if you notice mistakes please tell me so I can fix them thanks. Also that Harry Potter crossover fic is in the works but I'm going to post it after this story, hope that's okay, see y'all in the next one.
Klaus watched as Five taught Vanya how to drive. Recently he’d been bitching about being the only one who could drive and it got on everyone’s nerves. Until Diego exploded and basically said ‘if your so annoyed with it teach us how to drive’ in which Five was like ‘Fine if you're so eager then you go first.’ and Diego did. He was a surprising natural, learning how to drive in a week. Whenever Five got tired or needed a break he’d switch places with Diego.

“Vanya, it won’t hurt you. Just ease your foot on the peddle.” Five coached. It didn’t seem to be helping that much, poor Vanya was scared to death of driving. And Klaus could understand why the thought of driving always seemed to freak him out a bit.

“I’m trying but my legs won’t reach.” Klaus had to hold back a laugh, only Vanya could have this problem. Five grew even more impatient, he would not be a good teacher. He groaned and jumped a few feet away and started to mutter angrily to himself. Klaus took this as a good time to talk to Vanya.

“Hey Vanya, I’m guessing driving lessons aren’t going great.” Vanya shook her head and Klaus hummed. It was obvious that she would have to wait another year or two, her legs almost reached the peddle.

“Ya, I wish I wasn’t so short!” Vanya cried and slumped back into the chair. Some of the others looked over but ultimately ignored it. Klaus just had a great idea, which in reality meant it was a horrible idea. Vanya noticed the look that crept on his face. “No, no, no, nope. I will not take part in whatever you have planned.”

“That’s where you’re wrong dear sister of mine, we will be going out and having a nice day to get your mind off this.” Klaus gestured to the van and Five who was now taking his frustration out on a clump of grass.

“And how will we have a nice day out? We don’t have any money If you don’t remember.” Vanya sighed and rested her head on the steering wheel. Klaus smiled and shook his head.

“Vanya, my baby sister,” Vanya scoffed at being called a baby but Klaus continued. “Look at who you’re talking to! I’m the best ‘thief’ in this family.” Ben perked up from where he was reading his book in the shade of the tree. He walked over and gave Klaus a weary look.

“What does this idiot want now?” Ben said poking Klaus’s arm. He sounded annoyed but the little sparkle in his eyes said otherwise. Klaus swatted his hand away but was the action had no malice. Vanya wondered how often this happened.
“I was just suggesting we give Vanya here a nice night in the city. You know to take away the stress of driving.” Ben rolled his eyes but didn’t say no, which meant that Klaus took it as a yes. “Wonderful, will you be joining us, dear brother?”

“Well I have to now, no offense Vanya, but someone’s gotta keep you in line.” Klaus pumped his hand in the air, it looked so childish and yet so Klaus-like. After quickly stopping by a half-asleep Five to tell him where they were going the trio headed out to the city.

They bickered like siblings do and finally decided to sneak into the movie theater. It was laughably easy. Vanya wanted to see some rom-com, Klaus didn’t take her for the type and turns out she wasn’t but Klaus was. Ben and Vanya made snide comments to each other as the movie played and Klaus found himself invested in the movie. Afterward, the other two made fun of him but he took pride in it, he was a sap when it came to romance.

“So, sneaking into a movie, check.” Klaus made a little motion like he was checking off something from a notepad. “Wanna get some ice cream?” He asked they were walking down what must’ve been downtown for the small city. Stores and restaurants lined the street with second story apartments.

“How many times do we have to…” Vanya trailed off seeing the wad of cash in his hands. “How did you get that? I thought you didn’t have any money.”

“I didn’t but now I do! Some people really should be more careful with their wallets.”

“So you stole from them…” Vanya asked incredulously. She didn’t even notice.

“Dude, really?” Ben asked looking annoyed.

“Fine, I’ll stop. It’s just we need it more.” Vanya and Ben shared a look before sighing in sync.

“Well no point in wasting it, we’ll get ice cream, just don’t do it again,” Ben said like a tired parent. Klaus saluted and stuffed the money in his pockets. They walked along until the sunset finally they found an ice cream place called ‘Peterson’s Popcorn’. According to the newspapers on the wall, it was a family run establishment, and this was it’s the only shop like it. Klaus went for the superman ice cream well Ben got rocky road and Vanya got chocolate.

“Hey, uh Klaus does that look like the guy who attacked you last year?” Vanya asked pointing to a man leaving the pawn shop a few stores down. Klaus nodded and his hand absentmindedly went to the scar on his side. He looked just different enough where he could be mistaken for someone else, but Klaus could tell from the ghost following him that it was the same. They were as loud as ever as if reading his mind they turned to him and howled flying at him.

“Klaus! Come on we gotta go.” Vanya said snapping him out of his stupor. The ghosts screamed at him, shouting about how he’d killed them and their families. He felt someone grab his arm and drag him away, he looked past the screaming to see the man on a warpath towards them.

“Is this the guy that stabbed Klaus?” Ben asked as they turned a corner. Klaus nodded barely listening, the shouting was giving him a headache.

“Fuck off!” He shouted suddenly at the air. Ben and Vanya exchanged looks, not bad looks but worried looks.

“Are there ghosts here?” Ben asked, grabbing Klaus’s hand. He’d been getting better at tuning them out and sometimes even banishing them. But other times it would increase tenfold the shouting would get louder and louder until he couldn’t hear anyone. Luther thought he just didn’t
listen but in reality, he couldn’t. Ben snapped his fingers drawing Klaus out of his thoughts, he quickly nodded.

“How…” Whatever question he was gonna ask died in his throat. Klaus looked over his shoulder at, Knife man was here and he looked mad.

“Well well well, look what we have here, The Umbrella Academy kids,” Knifeman said with a hint of glee in his words. “Who would’ve thought the same kids who pissed me off last year were famous crime fighters.” Vanya grimace but planted herself in front of Klaus, since the last time they met Vanya had been getting better with her powers with Klaus Ben and Allison’s help obviously.

“Go away, you’re not wanted here.” She said definitely, Ben stood by her side.

“Brave words little girl. Your father's offering quite a bit for your return, and boy am I gonna be one rich man.” He clapped in glee before reaching into his back pocket. “He never said I couldn’t have some fun first.” He pulled out the knife and flicked the blade out, it was still slightly stained red, whether it was Klaus’s blood or another unfortunate soul is unknown.

“You won’t lay a hand on them.” Vanya put her arm out in front of Ben. He looked surprised but gave Vanya an encouraging smile.

“Brave words for the powerless one.” The man smiled and was about to attack when a shot rang out. The man collapsed, blood pouring out of a bullet hole in his head. Vanya Ben and Klaus took a few steps back to avoid getting blood on their shoes.

“Where did that come from?” Ben asked looking around for the person who could’ve done it. No one was here on the road, it was like a ghost. Ben turned to Klaus who shook his head.

“We should probably leave before the cops get here.” Vanya couldn’t take her eyes off the dead body on the street. Hopefully whatever security cameras they have here can’t identify them. The others nodded and they ran as police sirens grew closer.

“Where were you?” Luther asked when they got back, he tried to be intimidating but the three could care less.

“We’ll tell you later, but right now we really have to go,” Ben said jumping in the van and startling Allison.

“Why do we have to go?” Diego asked coming up beside Luther. He shot the slightly older boy a glare.

“What part of ‘we’ll explain later’ do you not get? We gotta go.” In the distance police sirens shrieked and it kicked the others into action. Five jumped to the driver’s seat from the bench he was sitting on, Diego jumping in on the passenger side next to him. Luther and Allison sat in the front row and Klaus Vanya and Ben all piled into the back row.

Five floored the car out from under the bridge and turned the local news station on. It was reporting about the body on the side of the road and how the police were going to question the nearby neighbors. The group sat in silence as they listened until finally they drove out of range and the station turned to static.

“Okay, explanation please,” Luther said turning back to the trio. Vanya had fallen asleep on Klaus’s shoulder and Klaus was blasting Led Zeppelin through the walkman he bought, to drown out the shrieks and screams from Knifeman. Ben sighed and rubbed his eyes, he’d almost been
asleep.

“We went out to see a movie and get some ice cream when it was over but the man that attacked Klaus and Vanya last year was there. He saw us and recognized us as the Umbrella Academy kids, said he was going to bring us back to Reginald.

“Vanya and I tried to stop him but he pulled out a knife and suddenly he was on the ground dead. We didn’t want the police to find us so we ran.” Ben said, leaving out the ghost part if Klaus wanted to tell the others he would.

A soft ‘oh’ from Luther was all he got as a response and nothing else. Ben tapped Klaus’s shoulder, their silent way of communicating. Klaus looked and him and handed the earbud over. Klaus laid his head on Ben’s shoulder and quickly fell asleep. Vanya’s head slipped into Klaus’s lap and Ben fell asleep on Klaus’s head.

“Man I wish we had a camera,” Allison said looking back. Luther Diego and Five all turned around to find the other siblings fast asleep on each other.

“This would be great blackmail.” Five said turning back to the road.

“Who would you use it against? Not us for sure.” Diego leaned back and closed his eyes.

“Well obviously I’d tell you to keep quiet, they wouldn’t they figure it out.” Five thought for a moment before adding, “well Ben might, and probably Vanya but Klaus would be to dumb.” The others nodded and laughed together. Before settling into the comforting quiet.

A couple days later

“Hey wait, turn the radio up,” Vanya said from the back seat, a news report was playing but the others were too wrapped up in their burgers to notice. Five nodded and turned the radio up.

“--The missing Hargreeve siblings by the name Klaus Ben and Vanya.” In the back they went rigid, how did the news reporter know. Certainly not Reginald, maybe a someone nearby heard them use those names. “Were being attacked by a man with a knife who appeared to have met them before, an eye witness says. The man went by the name Charlie Kelley had an extensive list of crimes ranging from arson to murder.

“The police are still investigating who would have shot the man, so far they’ve ruled out the Umbrella Academy and several of the nearby residents. If you have any information please call 202-555-0196.” The newscaster continued to talk about the missing Umbrella Academy kids, Klaus didn’t really listen until he heard the name of the bastard who abused them.

“We asked Mister Reginald Hargreeves about the incident here’s what he had to say. ‘I know for a fact my children would never hurt someone like that, I trained them to stop people from doing that to others. It would appear my training failed. I miss them dearly and wished they would come back, they must be so scared out there alone.’”

“That bastard never cared about us, who does he think he’s fooling?” Klaus fummed. Ben nodded beside him, Vanya finished her burger before speaking.

“The world thinks we were raised in the lap of luxury Klaus, to them this would be a worried father trying to get his children back.” She looked over at Five who nodded.

“The world will believe whatever Reginald tells them. Unless one of us stepped forward and said something else, but to do that we’d give away our position.” Klaus scoffed, he’d gladly go to the press and tell them everything but who would actually believe him.
“Well, obviously we're all a bit angry why don’t we pull over and spar like we used to. You know, release some anger.” Luther piped up from his spot. Which was met with varying degrees of excitement, Diego and Five were all for it. Allison Ben and Vanya share the look™ and Klaus he just flat out refuses. He’d always get thrown around during sparring, it was his second least favorite training.

“Come on Klaus, we’ll go easy on you,” Diego whined, he desperately wants an excuse to punch Luther. Five nodded beside him. Klaus shook his head. “Please???” Diego begged and Five fixed his puppy dog eyes on him. Klaus sighed and the three took it as a sign of defeat, goddamn those puppy eyes (He really should’ve been more careful with his wording, god thought riding around on her bike).

Five pulled them over at an empty field, and lead the siblings into the trees where they couldn’t be seen from the highway. Ben walked up to Klaus and grabbed his hand. Thankfully Ben was his partner not someone like Luther or Diego, on bad days they would always beat the shit out of him. They took turns sparring, Five and Luther went up against each other in the first one.

Even though Luther overpowered Five in strength, the smaller boy won easily by outsmarting him. He jumped around until Luther grew tired of punching air, then with a punch to the back he sent him out of bounds. Klaus cheered loudly. He’d shamelessly admit he like Five better than Luther.

Up next was Vanya and Allison, Klaus cheered both of them on as they fought viciously. Allison tried to rumor Vanya but she shielded herself from the sound. Eventually, when Allison realized rumoriting wouldn’t work she lunged forward and used the cheap trick Reginald had taught them, she grabbed Vanya’s hair. Vanya retaliated by using sound to push Allison away, but not far enough to knock her out of bounds.

Vanya elbowed Allison when she got to close and backed up trying to stay away from Allison’s range. They circled each other, eyes full of steel, then Vanya attacked. She landed on top of her and tried to get Allison’s head to touch out of bounds, then Allison managed to get on top of Vanya. She was so surprised she didn’t react when Allison shoved her head in the dirt.

“Sorry, sorry.” Allison rolled off her and quickly checked if the smaller girl was okay. Vanya pushed herself out of the dirt and gave the other girl a smile. She took Allison's outstretched hand.

“It’s okay, you did great.” Vanya smiled. Klaus clapped and cheered which scored him two bruises on the arm.

“Oh fuck no,” Klaus said before being pushed into the ring by Vanya. Ben and Diego were also pushed into the ring, starting the fight. Ben Klaus and Diego all eyed each other up. All trust was lost in the ring and soon Ben and Diego teamed up against Klaus, expecting an easy fight. But as you know with Klaus, expect the unexpected. Ben lunged for his legs, trying to knock him down.

Klaus jumped, higher then he had before, and... longer than before. When he looked down he was a good foot off the floor and Ben was staring at him in amazement, or bewilderment Klaus couldn’t tell. Diego didn’t waste any time he quickly pulled one of his knives, blunt obviously, and threw it at Klaus. As a reflex, he went to grab it but instead of it hitting his hand it stopped mid-air.

‘What the fuck’ he mouthed before launching it back at Diego with enough force to knock the poor boy unconscious. Five quickly jumped to action and dragged Diego out and checked him over.
before giving a thumbs up. Klaus sighed in relief and landed on the ground to face Ben.

They circled each other waiting for the other to make a move, Klaus thought for a second that he was going to until Ben ran at him full force. Klaus dodged out of the way and grabbed Ben’s arm, he may not have much strength but he was the master of cheap tricks. He twisted it around not far enough to break but definitely enough to hurt like hell. Ben screamed and Klaus pushed him out of bounds when he let his guard down.

“How the fuck…” Allison said in shock from her spot by Vanya. Klaus gave her a thumbs up before passing out. Hey using a new power is exhausting. Allison rushed over and made sure he was okay as Ben pushed himself off the ground.

“I wasn’t going crazy when I…” Luther started. Ben shook his head, everyone traded looks. What were they supposed to do now? Luther grunted and picked Diego up. “Let’s talk about this when we get back on the road.” He said and the others nodded. Ben went and picked Klaus up. Holy shit his brother was light, it’s like he doesn’t even eat.

They made it back to the car fine and placed Klaus and Diego in the back seat as Five started the car and Vanya sat up front. “So ummm, what just happened?”

Chapter End Notes

well, I hoped you enjoyed this one, I had a lot of fun especially writing the sparring scenes. speaking of I hope you liked that I added in Klaus's Levitation and telekinesis powers. I've never read the comics (But I will soon woohoo) so I don't know how Klaus's powers work so I included my own interpretation. Anyway, the story will start to pick up soon most of it takes place when their sixteen so just gotta fill in a few gaps before then. But I hope you liked this one and I'll see you in the next one bye
Little monsters and little talks

Chapter Summary

Okay here's some much need sibling bonding, Because soon they are gonna enter hell and I want them to have a few good times before that lol

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

So far things have been pretty uneventful, well that's technically bound to happen when you're stuck in a snowstorm in Duluth Minnesota. Going up north for the winter was a terrible idea and they should kick whoever thought of it off the team… Oh wait, Klaus thought of it. He gave a small giggle at his own thoughts. They’d chosen to hole up in an abandoned shipyard which was very warm despite being right next to lake superior, but god was it boring. Lake Superior was pretty cool Klaus decided after he had thrown rocks into it and it actually skipped, he wasn’t the best at skipping rocks.

Klaus sighed and flipped over in the air, technically they weren’t supposed to practice their powers alone after the ‘incident’ with Vanya but who was gonna stop him? Certainly not his siblings. No one was around and he was in charge of watching the van as the others tried to earn some money for dinner.

Another downside of the shipyard was the fact that so many ghost lived here and wouldn’t stop talking, mix that with Luther's increasingly short temper and well Klaus had more than a few bruises. The big man really though that Klaus didn’t care, but dealing with the dead is stressful and loud. The worst part yet was that Knifeman or ‘Charlie’ refused to go to the afterlife and instead stayed to annoy the shit out of Klaus.

“I swear to god I’ll kill all of you, I don’t care if your father pays good money I’ll rip you to shreds!” Charlie screeched, hovering next to Klaus and trying to strangle him. Klaus sighed and lit a cigarette before looking at the man.

“You have some weird kinks man, but then again who am I to judge.” Charlie started shrieking again, something about being disrespected, and kept jumping at Klaus. “You know that won’t work right? You’re dead idiot, just pass onto the afterlife like a normal person.”

“No, not till your blood stains the floor.” Charlie snarled and reached for his knife, “Wait where’s my knife? What did you do with my precious knife!?” Klaus just sighed again and didn’t answer, which just made the ghost more angry. God really didn’t have mercy.

“God damn it, Ben why did you take my walkman? Led Zeppelin would be great right now, or Queen, hell even Poison would work.” So with nothing else to do in the dark room and screaming ghosts Klaus floated to the ground and walked into the van, flipped on the fairy lights and turned the radio up. His only lifeline in this hell hole was that surprisingly ghost don’t like modern music and honestly Klaus couldn’t blame them Beyoncé blared through the speakers, and the shrieking died down.

“Take that you fucking ghosts!” He shouted with glee, even Knifeman left him alone. The rest of
the day went on without a hitch Klaus took a nap started a puzzle and had a conversation with a nice younger ghost. She was a teen who apparently died after falling into freezing cold water, one of her friends dared her to and obviously you can’t stand down from a dare.

“Dude why is Kelly Clarkson played this loud? It should be a crime.” Ben asked turning down the radio.

“Benny! Thank god your back, I think I was starting to go insane.” Klaus drifted down and hugged his brother.

“Well I would to. Wanna go for a walk? The snow’s lightened up and the temperature is above freezing.”

“Hell yeah bro.” Klaus grabbed the jacket he ‘borrowed’ from a department store back in St. Paul and hopped after his brother. Ben was the only one of the siblings who refused to use his powers under any circumstance which meant he could kick your ass in twelve different ways before you could even blink.

“Well, I guess Minnesota Nice isn’t wrong, I got a job at a fish place. They were short handed for the winter so they offered the job.” Ben said trying to hide his joy but Klaus could see right through his nonchalant facade.

“This is wonderful benny! Now we’ll actually be able to eat more than once a week.” Klaus clapped and gave Ben a smile. “One day I bet you’ll be the best off out of all of us.” He put his arm around Ben.

“Well, obviously. I’m the only one who reads, maybe I’ll be a librarian!” Ben said half joking. Klaus nodded solemnly, and placed a hand over his heart.

“You’ll be the world’s best librarian as you dear brother wonders the streets.” Klaus said dramatically, blinking at Ben with puppy eyes. He didn’t know what he wanted to achieve just that he want to be dramatic and put on a good show.

“God, you’d make on hell of an actor.” Ben pushed his brother off him a bit to harshly and Klaus ended up in a snowbank. “Fuck, I’m sorry!” Ben offered his hand and Klaus literally dying from laughter, took it.

“Don’t worry mein Freund, just a little cold is all.” Klaus said brushing the snow off his jacket and new pants, he wanted the black leather ones but nooo, he had to get the bland jeans.

“Your crazy,” Ben shook his head and hid his smile from the other by pointing to a store next to the water. “That’s where I’ll work for a few weeks until the other guy gets back.”

“Wow, they must’ve been desperate if they hired a fourteen year old on the spot. How did you’d get away with that?” Klaus pulled out another cigarette and lit it offering one to Ben who refused. So far him and Allison were the only ones who’d taken to smoking. Allison only did it to complete her aesthetic, Klaus didn’t know why he smoked, he just did.

“Well, I might have lied and said I was sixteen…” Ben rubbed the back of his head embarrassed but unlike any of his other siblings instead of being disappointed Klaus looked proud.

“My little Ben really is growing!” He clapped his hands again and did a little jump. Ben watched Klaus dance around until a small lady snapped at him. Klaus scoffed and flipped her off when she wasn’t looking.
“Do you ever wonder what would have happened if we stayed? At Reginald’s I mean.” They had made it to an overlook area, you could see where the ice turned to water and a few boats out on the massive lakes.

“I don’t know, but we definitely would’ve been worse off. Hell Reginald might’ve still been throwing you in the Mausoleums, or making Five push himself just a little too far to recover. We’d wouldn’t have names or social skills, nor would we be close to each other like we are now.”

“Reggie certainly was a bastard, wasn’t he?” Klaus was sprawled out out a rock wall that was free of snow, he was making snowballs and throwing them over the edge. “Wonder if anyone’s called his bluff yet… you think the reward for bringing us back went up?” Ben shrugged and watched as the sun set over the lake. It had stopped snowing completely and the clouds parted as if so the world could watch.

“I doubt it, the man seems to have a way to manipulate people. I mean just look at us, for twelve years we blindly followed his orders and never questioned it. Maybe it’s because we were just kids but still one day he’s gonna get what he deserves.” Klaus nodded and watched people head back home from work.

“We’ll get him one day Ben, and I’ll make sure of it. He’ll pay for what he did.” The sky turned dark and the temperature dropped but Ben didn’t feel the cold, and if Klaus did he didn’t say anything.

“You ever realize how different the world is from an outsiders view?” Ben suddenly spoke up “Like to us the world is completely different to someone raised in a loving household with people that actually cared.”

Klaus turned to look at him confusion written on his face. “I don’t think, the world is the world. Cruel and unforgiving, even if you were raised by a shithead father or a loving family.” Klaus looked back at the sky, “We live, we love, we die. Sounds cheesy but that’s life.”

Ben nodded, sometimes his brother could be extremely smart, other times he could be a dumbass. No inbetween. “You think we’ll always be on the road? Will that old car and underside of bridges be our only hope?”

“I’m sure one day we’ll find something, maybe one day one of us will get into collage. Or become a movie star, or a librarian. I can’t tell the future but one day things really will work out for us.” Ben nodded and sat by Klaus’s feet. The sounds of the city faint and the glow of lights soft. “Dude look.” Klaus said pointing at the sky.

“Oh my god…” Ben beathed, above them green blue and purple danced above their heads. It flowed like a river and mesmerized Ben, “Klaus. One day, we’ll see these again. Together.”

“No way I would ever think to go without you.” Klaus laughed and watched the Aurora Borealis snake it’s way across the sky. They sat for an hour before realizing that the others didn’t know where they were and probably are freaking out.

“We should probably get back. Want a ride?” Klaus asked and Ben nodded. Klaus scooped him up and floated down the incredibly steep and tall hill. Ben always found levitation weird but Klaus had gotten really good at it, to the point where Ben would trust him to carry him down the hillside. Honestly he was really proud of Klaus even if he wouldn’t mention it out loud.

“Wanna race?” He looked over at Klaus who got a mischievous glint in his eye, the other boy grinned and Ben smiled. Klaus though he had him beat from the start no way would he ever let that
happen. “Three… Two… ONE!” Ben shouted sprinting through the streets and past people. Above
and ahead of him Klaus was speeding through the air as fast as he could. He recently found out that
he could reverse the effects of telekinesis and move himself by grabbing onto objects with it and
pulling with weird invisible hands.

Ben ran as fast as he could jumping over ice patches and darting around people, he really was
keeping up with Klaus. “Don’t get to cocky up there,” Ben called, smiling.

“I’m not, but I know I’m going to win.” He glanced down and gave Ben a smile before pulling
ahead. Ben pushed himself even faster, he didn’t even realize he was back at the shipyard until
Klaus dropped down in front of him with a triumphant grin.

“I win.” He crowed, jumping around. Ben panted trying to regain his breath.

“No… It was a tie!” He said, god it’s been forever since he’d pushed himself that hard, or felt that
free. “I call a rematch.”

“Aww little Benny’s a sore loser!” Klaus cackle and jumped out of the way of Ben’s punch. “I win,
I win, I win!” He cried out accidently drawing the attention of Luther.

“Where the fuck have you two been?” Luther yelled dragging the two inside. “I bet it was Klaus’s
idea. Right?” Luther asked looking at Ben for confirmation.

“No it was my fault, I suggested we go for a walk and well we lost track of time.” Ben said
shaking his head, of course Luther would think Klaus was the instigator. It was always guilty till
proven innocent with Luther to Klaus because he was the ‘problematic’ one.

“Uh huh sure, how do you even lose time on a walk?” He stopped in the entrance where the car
was, “found them! The idiots lost track of time apparently.” Luther scoffed and Klaus shrugged.

“Well can you really blame us? We saw the Northern Lights, they were amazing.” Allison perked
up from her spot on a folding chair they ‘borrowed’ from someone’s backyard. I mean it’s not like
they were using it… at the moment.

“You saw the northern lights? I’m so jealous! Look I even painted my nails like them!” Allison
showed her nails which instantly got the attention of Klaus. He ran forward and examined them in
the dim light.

“There so pretty! Could… could you do mine like that?” He blushed but didn’t stand down from
the request. Allison’s smiled widened and nodded taking Klaus’s hand and pulling him into the
van.

“Why is our brother so weird?” Luther asked, earning him a hit on the head from Diego. “What
I’m genuinely curious?” Luther asked defending his question

“Because he’s Klaus and we love him.” Diego spoke up, when they were still at Reginald’s house
Diego Kaus and Ben had been really close… until there ‘father’ drove a stake through that. He
used Diego’s competitive nature againsts Klaus and Ben, the bastard even tried to get Klaus and
Ben to turn on one another.

“Exactly, also because he knows if the old man were here it’d seriously piss him off. He hated
Klaus simply because he wore a skirt once, called him a fag so in Klaus fashion he retaliated by
wearing more skirts. Till the Reginald had enough, if he ever caught Klaus in a skirt he’d disappear
for a couple hours.” Ben didn’t know why he disclosed this information but no one told him to shut
up and he did have a reputation of rambling whenever he got started.
“Wait so, dad would lock Klaus up because he wore a skirt a few times?” Luther asked by the fire (that I totally didn’t forget to mention because not I’m dumb), he tossed a log in and watched it burn.

“He’s not our father Luther, just call him Reginald like the rest of us… or bastard. Either works.”

“Well would you really put it past the old bastard? Dude’s homophobic as shit. Could burn in hell for all I cared, fuck I’d go and beat the shit out of him if I could.” Ben said taking Allison’s chair. He didn’t realize how cold he was until he got to the warmth of the fire.

“I’d gladly join you, maybe one day we’ll both kick his ass.” Diego started to sharpen his favorite knife, he named it Clarissa which sure was a little strange but it’s not the weirdest thing Ben has seen.

“Ah, I see your talking about dear old Reggie… what he do now?” Klaus said jumping out of the van, making sure to not ruin the perfect nail polish well also not falling on the ground like the lanky mess he was.

“Uhh, just you know his shit treatment of us.” Vanya, who had been minding her own business and doodling in a sketchbook, spoke up. “He really did like dark small spaces, didn’t he?” She looked up at Klaus and they shared an understanding but amused look.

“He sure does, meine liebe Schwester.” Klaus blowed lightly on his nails and sat next Vanya. She was drawing of the most beautiful rendition of a man he’d never seen… maybe in another lifetime he did. “Who’s that, it looks really good?”

“I don’t know, just drawing whatever came to mind.” She colored in the small little stubble on his chin and honestly if this was a real person Klaus would be in love. “He’s pretty right? I thought of the most beautiful man I could and this was the end result.”

“Well it’s lovely.” Klaus watched in silence, the cracking fire and the scratching of pencil on paper. It lulled him to sleep, he curled up and fell asleep at his sisters side.

“He’s like a puppy, I swear to god.” Allison said in disbelief. Vanya hummed in agreement before turning the page to another sheet. She sketched out Klaus Ben and her all sitting by the fire. Klaus still curled up next to her, Ben reading a book, and her drawing like she was now.

‘Artseption’ she later dubbed it with the help of Allison, she was driving as the others were either fast asleep or blasting music so loud it could be heard up front.

“Wow, it really is like artseption, if I hadn’t know you drew it I’d almost think it was a picture.” Vanya practically glowed with pride at the complement. They were dysfunctional as hell but still a family at heart. And Vanya would do anything for them, even if she had to jump a mountain.

Another bonus part, are y’all exited?

“Sir, the children have been spotted again.” Pogo said in the doorway to Mr. Hargreeves study. He’d been locking himself up in here more and more often, sometimes not coming out for days on end. “They were seen in Duluth Minnesota, a local reported Number Four was flying through the air as Number Six followed from the ground.”

“Number Four did what?” Reginald asked looking up from his paper. Pogo wished he could call them by their real names, not just numbers but Master Reginald had forbid it.
“He was flying of some sort, a few feet above the ground.” The humanoid clarified. Grace walked in gracefully and left some sandwiches on Master Reginald’s desk. She gave a quick bow before leaving to clean the already spotless house.

“Astounding! I knew he had more potential than just uselessly seeing the dead! Once they get back I’ll have to improve Four’s training.” Reginald pulled the red notebook out from under a pile of papers and started writing down ideas and theories. “Pogo, get me the footage of this. I need to study it.”

“As you wish master.” Pogo bowed and turned to leave, “anything else Master Reginald?”

“Get a bounty hunter on their trail, I want these nuisances back.” Pogo cringed but nodded and left. He made many phone calls that night, requesting an illegal guild of bounty hunters to track down the kids, and many to finally get the police to relinquish the footage to him.

“Please be careful children, I don’t want you to ever come back to this place.”

Chapter End Notes

So first things first if you see any problems please point them out so I can fix them, second thing I really hope you like this one I rewrote it like three times because I couldn't figure out how to transition from scene to scene (Also first two attempts words just left me and it sounded like a two-year-old was writing it) anyway I really hope you liked this chapter because now that spring breaks over and I have to go to school again updates might slow drastically because I also have tech and swimming after school, anyway see y'all in the next one, bye.
Love Blossoms Red

Chapter Summary

Klaus needs a hug and his (not yet) boyfriend after this

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry y'all I didn't proofread it because I knew I needed to get it out to you but don't worry I will tomorrow.
Disclaimer: I do not know anything about Motorcycles, guns, hospitals, or police interrogations. so please don't yell at me if these are wrong anyway please enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Klaus couldn’t tell which was worse, turning fifteen on literally the worst day of his life of the fact that he was stuck finding cheap gas. Recently Diego had the great idea to become crime-fighting vigilantes, and of course his idiotic brothers Five and Luther decided to go along with the idiotic idea. And apparently Allison thought it would be a good idea to join in after Luther had a talk with her. Klaus swears to god, his siblings were all absolute idiots.

Well actually some had brain cells left, Ben and Vanya opposed the idea of even doing stuff like that again Klaus was dare he say it proud. But all good things have downsides, Newton’s third law and all that (don’t ask how he knew, sometimes when Ben isn’t looking he likes to read okay). Anyway Luther decided that what he said was law because he was Number One, big strong and imposing. Well I guess no matter how far you run, ‘dad’ will always find you.

Ben and Vanya protested alongside Klaus until they all passed out, sometimes it really sucked being the only one who doesn’t sleep much. Well now they just went on the first mission (minus him Ben and Vanya obviously) and things went less than… optimal. They didn’t stop the bad guy and only announced their position to dear old Reggie and the growing amount of bounty hunters he was hiring.

In typical sibling fashion they left everything to the only sensible ones but Ben had been clocked out from doing the night driving and sweet little Vanya avoided it by putting HIS earbuds in and started playing HIS music on HIS walkman. He didn’t blame her though he honestly would do the same. So now he was stuck with five passed out siblings and one completely oblivious to the world.

Sighing, he pulled into the ONLY GAS STATION IN THE WHOLE FUCKING TOWN and jumped out of the car making sure he didn’t disturb his siblings. Vanya glanced at him from her spot in the passenger seat to which he replied with a thumbs up. She nodded and closed her eyes again. Shutting the door quietly he scampered over to the pump and watched the price rise. This was too much stress for a fifteen year old.

“Hey,” Someone tapped Klaus on the shoulder, he spun around ready to punch them in the gut only to find the most breathtaking man he’s ever seen. He looked young, not much older than Klaus
himself. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you, but someone’s following you.” He discreetly pointed at a man on the roof with a pair of binoculars and multiple different weapons. Reggie’s bounty hunters caught up again.

“How about we go inside, let me grab my siblings first.” He banged on the door nonchalantly but urgent enough to wake the others. They all filed out of the car, it was like watching clowns come out of those tiny cars. “Go inside the gas station, I think Reggie’s on our tail again.” He hissed before grabbing the other man’s hand and pulling him with.

“Your the Umbrella Academy kids!” The man whispered as they huddled together. “I don’t believe it.”

“Well start believing it… wait who are you?” Diego looked over at Klaus who shrugged at looked at the man expectantly. If he knew who they were they should know who he was.

“Oh right, I’m Dave. Sorry for forcing myself in on this.” He blushed and rubbed the back of his head. Wow, was it just Klaus or was Dave really fucking hot? “I just noticed that dude on the roof watching you and I wanted to make sure everything was okay.”

“Yes, everything is just fine!” Luther said too loudly and quickly, earning him a smack on the head form Five. “Ow, what the hell Five?” He hissed glaring at the slightly smaller boy.

“Dude, we’re supposed to keep a low cover.” He hissed back in return. They continued to argue, their egos know no fucking bounds, until Dave cleared his throat. The others had the decency to looked embarrassed but Klaus was too distracted by a ghost gibbering nonsense in the corner and Dave.

“Again I’m sorry but I heard about you guys on the news and I figured that if you ran away for this long there had to be a reason so I started digging and found out some…. Disturbing stuff.” He looked down and shook his head before looking back up. “Anyway what that asshat did wasn’t okay and I wanna help you. If you’d let me?” He offered tense, as if expecting rejection.

“How much did you find?” Allison asked sizing the other man up, trying to determine his threat level. If Dave noticed he didn’t mention anything, like he was expecting it.

“I managed to tap into some security footage outside of your house that Mr. Hargreeves must’ve paid the authorities to stay quiet about. Him pushing you guys past limits and literally beating you when you failed. I watched when he took Klaus away almost every night before you guys ran away.” Klaus looked at this wonderful mystery man with new awe. To be able to hack the security cameras from literally hundreds of miles away would’ve taken massive skill Klaus assumed.

“And… I guess I’m here to offer my assistance.” Dave studied the faces of the other siblings. Five, and Diego looked skeptical if you want to put it nicely, Allison Ben and Vanya looked hopeful and Luther just looked dumb with his face scrunched up like that like a thought was trying to work it’s way into Luther’s brain and actually do something once.

“What kind assistance would you be able to offer?” Five asked stealing one of Diego’s blades and menacingly twirling it in his fingers.

“Well I have a large plethora of skills that could be useful. I can hunt, fish, and prepare them for consumption. I am quite good with guns if I do say so myself.” Dave chuckled a little bit and got back on track, “I can hotwire cars and bikes, as well as ride bikes expertly. What else… Oh yeah! I am also valedictorian of my high school.” Gotta admit that’s quite a list. Five looked almost impressed, which was big for him.
Diego pulled the others away from Dave, out of his earshot. “What should we do? Those skills seem pretty great.”

“And useful!” Klaus chirped, glancing over at Dave who gave a smile that literally melted Klaus’s heart. God damn, he was falling for this man fast.

“But can we trust him?” Allison asked, most of his family, including him, were not quick to trust. Not when Bounty Hunters were after them, not when one slip up would end them back into the abusive grip that bastard they dared to call a father had on them.

“We could try, keep our distance, don’t give away to many clues. If he shows any hints of betraying up we hightail it out of there and never come back.” Ben added, the others nodded thoughtfully. But of course Vanya had to bring up one important point.

“What if he uses on of us for leverage? Takes one of us and gives them back to Reginald? What do we do then?” She gave Klaus a knowing glance, so maybe he wasn’t hiding his emotions well. Or maybe it was the gay connection linking the two siblings together. One could never tell, or Klaus couldn’t.

“Allison!” Klaus said suddenly after a long silence, “Allison can rummer him into letting them go. We can stay in groups of two or three. Never let someone be alone too long.” The others looked at stunned like he’d just spouted Shakespeare’s greatest sonnets. Hmmm, he should do that one day, summon old Willy Shakes himself. “What?”

“That was actually genius and my brain refuses to believe you were the one that came up with it.” Five shook his head, but a small smile played on his lips. “For once none of my siblings are absolute idiots.” That statement earned him a bunch of ‘heys’ and a bruised rib from Diego.

“So… we’ll ask him to help?” Luther, who had been uncharitably quiet the whole conversation, asked looking to Five for confirmation. A nod was his answer. Klaus celebrated quietly before running back over to Dave.

“So, it’s been decided that, drum roll please, you’ll be allowed to help us!” Klaus said spreading his arms and knocking a stand of cans over. He winced as they fell to the floor and he scrambled to pick them up. His siblings watched and Dave helps him. Does the guy really want Klaus to combust right here and now?

~●●~

Dave was honestly taken aback by how quickly they believed him and accepted him. Diego would often refer to him as the ‘lost Number Eight’ from time to time and Dave loved it. Allison Vanya Klaus and Ben all tried to include him as much as possible. Luther and Five just met him with cold distrust and kept it purely professional.

“So Dave, how’d you even learn to shoot a gun?” Klaus asked checking the gun out. Klaus was a fucking natural when it came to shooting. Dave didn’t even have to tell him where to put his fingers and how to hold the gun without breaking a couple of fingers, he was impressed, to say the least.

“My dad was real into hunting, and just guns in general. He’d take me to the range every day since I was allowed in.” Dave lied, he was an expert at lying. His dad was dead, died in a car accident while driving home drunk as hell. He wasn’t the best father but definitely not even close to the worse, the Hargreeves hold that title. When he died Dave felt a part of himself die, so he did what any sensible teen would do and ran.

He ran, and ran, and ran until he’d lost his way and crumbled into the woods. He was there for god
knows how long, waiting for hunger to take him. First his mother to cancer, then his sister to a pool, finally his father to a drunken accident. He’d been content to die until a woman dressed in 50s clothes approached him, a strange briefcase in her hand.

“Dave Kats?” She asked extending her hand to the boy, “I’m the handler, and I might have a way to make things better.” She talked about time travel and how, in exchange for years of his work as a hitman for them, she would send him to whatever time he wanted to live it out with whoever he wanted. It sounded too be true, the Handler fed him all the lies he needed, he shook her hand. That was the biggest mistake of his life.

“Hey Dave?” Klaus waved his hand in front of his face, “Earth to Dave. You still there?” Dave snapped out of the memory and looked at Klaus. Something about the wild way the wind blew his hair and the hoodie that engulfed his whole frame, the slight eyeliner around his eye, the chipped and cracked nail polish on his fingers. The tall lanky mess that look at him was beautiful.

“Ya sorry, got lost in thought.” He waved his hand in the brisk autumn breeze. Blew through the deserted shooting range and the two just stared. Until Dave felt someone’s eyes on him, glancing backwards he found Vanya and Ben playing cards on the grass not even sparing him a glance. Up above though on the roof of the nearest building was his partner, well not really. He was just watching him to make sure Dave didn’t do something stupid.

“My stance is shit,” He moved Klaus’s arms and legs until he was in the correct position. Honestly, highlight of his night, Klaus was so perfect and imperfect that Dave couldn’t actually believe he was here on this Earth. Klaus flashed him a smile before shooting at the target, and for a beginner, Klaus was really good.

“Not bad for a beginner, don’t tell the others I said this but you definitely beat all of them.” He winked at Klaus before returning to the lesson at hand. The pride was evident on his face well after the day was over.

“So, what do you guys do? Like when your not driving?” Dave asked eating the burger he’d bought with his own money. He need to stay focused on the mission at hand, once he completed this one he was home free. Five years of service to the commission almost over. Then Dave could go back and save his family and live with them, get the childhood he lost back.

“Go insane.” Klaus replied, no one trusted him enough to let him make money so he was always stuck as lookout. Which meant he had a lot of time alone with only shrieking ghosts as company. Granted that gave him a lot of time to perfect his power. Klaus could now banish the dead, levitate a good seven feet off the ground, grab whatever he needed with a flick of his hand, and even better he could possess animals. Not humans thought, they were too stubborn.

“Stop being over dramatic.” Vanya said hitting him on the arm. He hissed at her and she just gave a smug smile. “We go out and try to get whatever money we can, I play the violin, Ben and Klaus sometimes play the drums, Luther and Diego do circus acts, and Allison puts on a oracle act, its really funny.” Vanya smiles at Allison’s protests.

“What’s more is that if the little act doesn’t work She rumors them to give us some money. Not an unreasonable amount just enough to get by. I’m so fucking glad she’s on our side.” Vanya said quietly so only Dave and Klaus could hear her. Klaus snickered and Dave smiled at Allison. He
could respect that, family is important.

“What?” She asked looking between the three.

Klaus flashed her a smile, “nothing dear sister of mine.” He had the opposite effect and they all got motherlike distrustful glares as she jabbed her fork into her Panda Express takeout dish.

“Wow, is this what your dinners are always like? These are so much nicer than mine.” Dave spoke, almost to himself. “Most of the time it’s awkward silence, this is much better.”

“You said it was just you and your dad right?” Klaus asked shoving an unholy amount of fries in his mouth. “Then that’s just bound to be awkward before we ran away dear old would make us eat in silence well we had to listen to weird tracks on the stereo about mountain climbing.” Dave looked at the others who nodded.

“One time I got sent to do ‘extra training’ for asking for the salt.” Five said, Klaus could very clearly remember that day, he’d thanked Five over and over because one fucking ghost wouldn’t shut up so naturally, Klaus told it to shut up. Five saw what was going to happen and had spoken up to cover Klaus.

“Extra training?” Dave inquired leaning back against his motorcycle wheel. Ben groaned at the name of it, looking slightly mad. Hopefully it wasn’t at Dave.

“Reginald didn’t seem to grasp the idea that our powers grew with us and instead saw our lack of control and strength as a personal flaw that horrific training could fix,” Ben said, the anger coming off him palpable. He felt Klaus shutter next to him.

“What kind of monster does that to kids?” Dave said, almost a whisper.

“A monster by the name of Sir Reginald Hargreeves.” Diego chimed in, he and Luther had been quiet the whole conversation. It was happening more and more often and Klaus didn’t know how to feel about it. On the one hand, it was nice to not be constantly interrupted by ‘im number one’ but on the other it was weird.

“God, and people actually believe that you lived in luxury?” This must’ve been why the commission refused to tell him anything about their past or what would happen. Dave had pretty good morals for a time-traveling assassin, which was why he was sent on more light tap on the shoulder missions then cold-blooded murder. Could he really bring them back to their ‘father’ after this?

“Well you’re living proof people do,” Five gestured at him well taking a sip from his juice box. “You said it yourself you saw how he was treating us and this still surprises you.”

“I honestly think I’d die if I went back there.” Klaus said, he’d managed to move himself so his arm was wrapped around a shaking Vanya, obviously having unsavory memories. Ben was also wrapped around Vanya and Klaus, despite being all the same age it was obvious who took the roll of older brother.

“Well, I’ll make sure you guys never go back.” Dave had a new determination, maybe he could find a loophole where he brought them back to the same city but not to Reginald. He’d done some pretty questionable things for the commission but it was time he drew a line in the sand.

“Such a saint.” Klaus said, it was clearly sarcasm but Dave was gonna take it as a complement.

“Yep, that’s me, Saint David.”
“My hero.” Klaus fawned, waving his face over exaggeratedly. Dave winked in his direction barely containing his giggles.

“Alright you two stop flirting before I literally die.” Five said earning him a special finger from Klaus. So naturally Five responded by teleporting over to Klaus and stealing his food. Klaus let out a pathetic whimper before trying to steal it back.

“No!” Five kept teleporting out of Klaus reach. Eventually, it turned into a race, the food completely discarded as the brothers used their powers to chase each other around the forest.

While they were preoccupied with that Dave started a fire and Allison pulled out lawn chairs they has somehow managed to fit into the car with themselves. “Hey I was wondering if you guys would like to learn how to ride the motorcycle.” He looked over at his pride and joy. Sometimes being a stubborn person with great skill is an advantage.

Dave had refused to use a time-traveling suitcase so with a lot of pestering and whining he got himself a time-traveling motorcycle. It was black and white color pattern and a comfortable leather seat and it was Dave’s baby.

“You’d trust us with that?” Vanya asked as the shrieks of Klaus and Five grew quieter.

“Well, obviously I’d supervise and teach you before letting you out on the streets. It’s like riding a bike without the pedals or workout part.”

“Hell yeah I want you to teach me!” Diego said jumping around. Since he saw the hundreds of motorcycles he’d seen during that years, Sturgis.

“Well, then I’ll teach you.” He looked at the others who politely shook their heads. Figures, some people were terrified of motorcycles. Dave could understand where they came from but the pure exhilaration that came from riding one canceled out his fear.

“Ahhhh!” Five shouted teleporting back into the camp, Klaus was over him a hand quickly placed over the others mouth. He made a shh motion and pointed into the dark woods. Gunshots could be heard as Klaus mouthed the bounty hunters.

“Shit,” Dave whispered under his breath, He could just barely make out the shadow of a man slowly closing in. When there was one more were bound to be around, they must’ve surrounded them when they were eating.

“Everyone, get into the car on my count. Dave get out of here as quickly as possible. Meet us at Fika Cafe in Lutsen. Make sure they don’t follow you.” Luther hissed putting himself in front of his siblings. Dave nodded. “Three… Two… One.” Everyone sprung for the van except for Klaus who knocked Dave out of the, the bullet hitting him in the leg instead of the abdomen.

Dave let out a shout of pain and crumpled, he’d been shot many times but this was different. It’s like someone dipped the bullet in poison. Klaus picked him up and set him on the motorcycle before hopping on himself. Ben gave him a nod before slamming the van door shut. Gun fire just missed the bike as Klaus started it and drove away, making sure Dave was holding on as he tore through the woods and back onto the street.

Klaus swerved around cars and gunfire rung out, so the bastards were gonna give chase. Thankfully Fraser had taught him how to ride motorcycles back in the city so he was a bit rusty but could still swerve around the occasional car when needed. “Dave!” He shouted, hoping the man heard him over the roar of the wind. “I need you to tell me if they get too close, I don’t want anyone dying!”
The man nodded, focusing his slightly dazed over gaze.

Hopefully, the others didn’t have anyone tailing them, it was a lot harder to get away in a old van. Klaus learned that one after another bounty hunter had spotted them. It was like every goddamn illegal guild was after them. Knowing Reginald, it was.

Klaus drove through the night, not stopping until the sun came up. They had made it to Superior WI, Klaus had slowed down his pace for Dave so he didn’t fall off. He pulled into a hospital parking lot and practically jumped off the bike with Dave in his arms. The gunshot wound had stopped bleeding but the other man had been unresponsive, Klaus normally wouldn’t take this risk but he was scared and didn’t want him to die.

“Help… my friend. He was shot.” Klaus said a tad bit frantically but collected enough that he looked calm, an art he’d perfected over the years. The nurse did a double take, no doubt his face was plastered all over the news, not only for being in a high-speed car chase but because he was also a lucky member of the Umbrella Academy, oh joy.

The lady nodded before fumbling for a phone. She spoke into it, to quiet for Klaus to hear but not too much later doctors rushed into the lobby and took Dave from Klaus. Klaus didn’t want to leave him but the doctors wouldn’t let him pass. So instead he slumped down in one of the many empty seats and closed his eyes, exhaustion seeping in.

Sadly his peace was disturbed by a group of people walking in through the door. Police officers. The main reason the siblings never did anything to public. Klaus sighed and sat up straighter as the woman at the front desk pointed to him. Wonderful.

“Hello, officers, nice day today.” Klaus looked up at them tiredly. Two officers blocked his vision. One flashed out a badge trying to be all professional. It was gonna take a lot more than that to impress him.

“We’re gonna need you to come with us son,” Badge man said in a rough voice. Klaus just sighed and pushed himself out of the chair. The two looked at each other like they had been expecting more resistance, and honestly, if Klaus had any energy left he would’ve made it hell.

“Well lead the way.” He motioned for the police officer so to go. And thankfully they did, leading him to an interrogation room of some sort.

“Oh, we’re gonna need you to tell the truth. No lies or funny business.” The second one said waiting for Klaus to nod before beginning. “Are you Klaus Hargreeves, aka Number Four, of the umbrella academy?” Klaus gave a tired nod, admitting that wasn’t a smart move but let’s be honest, he didn’t care.

“Is this you?” The officer showed him a grainy picture from last night of him and Dave weaving through cars. Klaus nodded again.

“Your father has been looking for you everywhere, do you know where your other siblings are?” This time he lied and shook his head, he wasn’t gonna let them fall back into that bastards grip.

“Do you realize we’ll have to take you back to your father?” The officer asked. Klaus nodded again, maybe Reginald would stop going after the others if he had Klaus.

“The person with me, Dave, he’s completely innocent. Don't charge him please…” Klaus spoke for the first time startling the officers. It was so against protocol but looking at Klaus puppy dog eyes made them break. Dave was safe.
“Fine, we’ll stick around until he wakes up and you can say goodbye. Then we’re going straight to your fathers.” They acted like Klaus was a five year old not a actual teenager that could take them down in fifty different ways without moving.

“Thank you.” He sighed, the officers made him stay in the room so Klaus fell asleep laying on the table. Klaus could sleep almost anywhere, in contrast to Allison who demanded the bed every time they rounded up enough money to stay at shitty motels. He slept all through the day until a nurse came and woke him up, Dave was up.

He groggily thanked the nurse after she led him to where Dave was. He ran over to the man whispering rushed apologies.

Dave grabbed his face making Klaus look him in the eyes. “Woah slow down, what are you sorry about?”

Klaus quickly explained what happened quickly gathering himself. “Dave, once they let you out of here find my siblings. Tell them not to get me, please. I can’t let them be taken again.” Klaus had tears in his eyes and so did Dave.

“I can’t let you do that.” He remembered all the stuff Klaus had told him during the few months Dave had been traveling with them.

“I’m serious, you can’t let them go back there. Please.” He pleaded, Klaus cared for his siblings way to much to let them even go near that place. “Lie if you have to, tell them I got arrested or something.” Dave slowly nodded, he was throwing Klaus to the wolves at his own wish.

“Thank you.” Klaus smiled at Dave for what might have been the last time and kissed his forehead. The two police officers were standing in the doorway waiting for Klaus to say goodbye. Klaus couldn’t, he brightened his smile and gave Dave a thumbs up as a way to say everything would be okay.

One of the officers held onto Klaus’ arm as if to make sure he wouldn’t run, but Klaus had no intention of running. He’d accepted defeat the moment he stepped into the hospital. He got into the car and they dropped him off at the station briefly told someone else what was happening and drove off again.

Before Klaus knew what was happening he was a police helicopter being transported to upstate New York. Then into a police car being driven back to the mansion before being dumped at the gates. The car stayed there until he was in the house.

He shook away his fear, he wouldn’t let that bastard scare him, and walked up the steps. Klaus knocked on the door twice before Pogo was there, looking grim and disheartened. “Master Klaus, welcome home.” He stepped aside to let the boy in. Reginald walked down the stairs having a look of pride and disappointment written on his face.

“Number Four.” Reginald greeted coldly, not looking away from the child’s eyes.

“Father.” Klaus said with a sneer, not backing down from the challenge.

“I hope you are ready to begin training again and help me locate your brothers and sisters.” Reginald turned and headed back to the study. Pogo gave him a sad look before hobbling away to get Grace. Klaus sighed ‘home sweet home’ he thought to himself.
well you know the drill if you saw anything wrong please tell me in the comments, I wrote this all in like one night so towards the end I started losing inspiration but I needed to get this out because I've been so inactive. I know I've been saying this for a while but we really are getting close to the conclusion so buckle up and get ready for the ride yeehaw
Blue bonds

Chapter Summary

Klaus is in the clutches of our favorite father Reggie and apparently, he has a few aces up his sleeve. please pray for our favorite ghosty boy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Klaus couldn’t believe he was back, back in the hell hole that so much trauma had come from. Back in the place, he promised to never go back to. Pogo pulled him into a hug when they had gotten to Klaus’s room. It had been untouched since he left, dust everywhere.

“Be careful Master Klaus,” Pogo said using his real name not a number, he felt a small sense of happiness spring into his chest. “Master Hargreeves is on a warpath to get your siblings.” Pogo pulled himself away before briskly walking away. Klaus threw his bag on the bad and sighed.

Soon after Pogo left Grace waltzed into the room, “Welcome back Number Four. It appears your old clothes won’t fit you, we’ll have to fix that.” Grace smiled and looked Klaus up and down, no doubt taking measurements. She gave a quick hum once she was done and walked out going to make the new clothes he needed.

Klaus opened his window, noticing the 3-inch steel bars covering the window, he rolled his eyes as if he could break out of that. He floated onto his bed and turned the radio on. A female newscaster was retelling the events of the week, and honestly, Klaus couldn’t care less. Well until he heard his name mentioned. He turned the radio up louder and listened intently.

“And to cap off the week, one of the elusive Umbrella Academy kids, Klaus Hargreeves, is now back in his father's custody. He was found after bursting into a hospital in Superior, Wisconsin after getting into a high-speed car chase. His siblings are still out there so if you have any information please call 651-798-1036.” Klaus zoned her out after that was all she had to say.

“Fuck,” he sighed and looked at the ceiling, it looked so familiar yet alien at the same time. He remembered times when he and Ben would sneak out to see Frazer and watch movies on the stolen portable DVD player, best invention in the world. When Diego would break into his room and comfort him when he had nightmares, or when he and Allison would meet up at midnight, try on clothes and nail polish. When he’d run to Vanya room and listen to her practice through the door when the ghost got especially bad. Something warm ran down his cheek, tears, he was crying and he didn’t know why.
Klaus, sadly, woke up to a loud banging on his door. It took him a few seconds to remember where he was, the hell house. Sighing he stood and stuffed his hands in his pockets, something cold and metal greeted his hand. He pulled it out and found a necklace, a silver chain, and flat metal. Dog tags, specifically Dave’s dog tags.

He’d seen him wearing them from time to time from what he could tell he never took them off. Klaus never thought anything of it, emotional attachment and all that. He turned the tag around to reveal a name ‘Jordan Katz’ Klaus faintly remembered Dave mentioning a brother in the army at one point, and based off this he assumed that Jordan was dead.

The loud banging pierced the silence and Reginald’s cold voice came through, “Number four, you have three minutes to get ready before we begin your assessment. Grace has finished your new clothes so get rid of that trash you were wearing before.” After Klaus was sure Reginald was gone he flipped the old man off through the door before grabbing his clothes.

“Just as ugly as always.” He whispered, originally Klaus had planned to follow his dear old dad's orders but this hoodie was one of the only things connecting him and his siblings together. After debating for a second he slipped the metal chain over his head and made his way to the training room.

“Number Four,” Reginald growled upon seeing him. “What is the meaning of this?” He pointed to Klaus’s hoodie, Ben has gotten them matching black ones with a cool album cover printed on the top.

“Well, this is nice and comfortable and those,” he gestured to where his room was, “are ugly and uncomfortable,” Reginald nose flared before snapping his fingers. Pogo came up beside him and gave a pathetic smile at Klaus.

“If it will make you compliant then so be it. Today I will be testing your powers after you were gone. If I feel they are lacking I will have special training arranged.” Klaus clenched his fist before nodding, not meeting the elder Hargreeves in the eye. Special training be damned

“Now,” Reginald pressed a button on his stopwatch and about seven men with muscles bigger then Klaus’s head walked in. “You fight these men, without powers. I want to see if your hand to hand combat is still unsatisfactory. You will fight until all are knocked out or you have been knocked out of bounds.” Klaus barely had time to nod before Pogo blew on a whistle and the men attacked.
‘Fuck’ was all he had time to think before the men were on top of him. Thankfully Diego taught him a few things. He sprung out of the way as big man 1 tried to punch him out of bounds. Big man 2 and 3 took this as a chance to attack trying to hit him with lethal force. Klaus went on defense, rolling and ducking under fists only making fake jabs to get them to back off.

Soon the muscle men got smart and cornered Klaus, blocking every escape route. Klaus saw the murderous glint in the leader's eyes before being punched back with Luther level strength. His head collided with the wall and everything went black.

“Ugh… where am I?” He asked pushing himself out of wood chips, everything around him was black and white. Well, almost everything his hoodie album cover and dog tags still retained color. “What the fuck…” he whispered before hearing the ringing of a bike bell. He turned quickly to find a small girl, preteen by the looks, glaring at him.

“What are you doing here?” She asked after coming to a stop.

“Well, I’d be helpful to know where here is.” He glanced around wind ruffled the grey trees and birds chirped somewhere in the distance.

“Take a guess,” She almost looked intimidating but the big sun hat and flowers really didn’t help. Klaus shrugged and she sighed, “fine if you're that dumb, you died and I’m not ready to be stuck with you for all of eternity, so leave, please.

“Stuck with me for all of eternity? Who wouldn’t want that?” Klaus asked sarcastically definitely not helping his case.

“Me,” Klaus picked a flower from the girl's bike basket. He looked it over before sticking it behind his ear. “I don’t have the patience to deal with this.” She muttered under her breath.

“Deal with what?”

“You, now please leave. You can’t die yet anyways the timeline forbids it.” Klaus didn’t get a chance to question that before the world started to tilt and he was back at the gym with Reginald staring at him disapprovingly.

“Well, we have some things we need to improve Number Four.” He walked over to the men and
shooed them away, but not before handing a wad of cash to the leader. Grace walked over to him and checked him over, before nodding to Reginald a slight frown on her perfect face. “Get up and get over here.”

Klaus stood on shaky legs daring on look at the wall to see blood, no doubt his. He gently felt the back of his head, nothing broken or hurting, save for his chest, thankfully nothing was broken. He walked over to Reginald who had somehow produced a clipboard out of nowhere. He finished writing before even sparing Klaus a look.

“Now we will test you telekinesis. Stand here,” Reginald pointed to a spot on the mat, “You will alternate between defense and offense, every five minutes you will change between stopping rocks and destroying these targets.” Reginald pointed to a wall were wooden targets were rotating around. Klaus shot Reginald a questioning look but the man didn’t catch it.

“Doesn’t that seem-”

“Quite Number Four, I will not tolerate your fear of your powers,” Reginald said cutting him off. Klaus growled and flipped his ‘father’ off when the elder Hargreeves wasn’t looking. Pogo sent him a warning glare. Klaus stuck his tongue out at the human-like monkey.

“Fine, when do I start?” Klaus asked kinda annoyed at how familiar this felt. Hargreeves pushed a button on his stopwatch and rocks flew at Klaus.

“Now.”

If he had the extra energy to respond he would but right now all his concentration as I’m not being killed again. He put up a protective shield that glowed blue stopping most of the rocks, but some incredibly fast ones managed to break through so most of his power went to stopping those. He’d catch them in invisible gloves before dropping them to the floor.

Five minutes couldn’t go by fast enough, after what felt like an eternity the rocks stopped coming and instead of wooden targets shaped as humans sprung up. Some were moving around going back and forth or in circles around him, well others were stationary with shields in front of them.

Klaus cursed under his breath and wiped his brow making a glowing blue ball of power. Throwing it like a baseball at one of the stationary targets, it blew through the shield and obliterated the target. Reginald’s face was a mix of pride and indifference that somehow was possible.
Klaus shook his head and made two more throwing them at different targets each time destroying each one with a satisfying explosion. This was much easier than not being pelted with rocks. Much quicker than the other one five minutes passed and back to the rocks they went faster and bigger.

Klaus continued to push his limit switching between each one for close to an hour before Reginald wanted to spice it up. The two different ones merged into destroying targets and stopping literal boulders from crushing him. At this point, he was barely keeping his eyes open, much less stopping boulders. Eventually, Reginald called for a break and Klaus didn’t even hear the full sentence before crashing down onto the mats.

Klaus woke with glaring lights and sterile walls, the fucking infirmary. He’d spent way too many days in here after Luther had punched him too hard or when one of Diego’s knife went haywire and sliced his arm. Good times, Klaus grunted and sat up wincing at the pain in his abdomen. Slowly he pulled the shirt up and saw an ugly black and blue bruise, that was not good.

He slid off the bed and looked in the mirror his eyes were small and sunken, massive bags under them. His hair was messed up and wild some parts sticking up and others stuck to his head. ‘Wonderful’ he thought bitterly, trying desperately to fix his hair, no matter what the curls could not be restrained and kept bouncing up. Klaus gave a sigh of defeat and headed down to the kitchen hopefully mom could fill in the gaps.

Sadly he didn’t make it five steps before Reginald blocked his path. The elder hargreeves stared at the teen with if being generous, contempt. He motioned for Klaus to follow him into his study.

Sheets littered the floor, x-rays of himself and charts of the human body on the walls and the goddamn red book he was always writing in, open with fresh drying ink. “Number Four, tell me what happened when the brute punched you.” Good ol’ Reggie asked taking a seat at his table facing Klaus. Fuck.

“I’m confused as to what you mean?” Klaus responded tilting his head, panic racing through him.

“Don’t play dumb Number Four,” Reginald scolded giving the teen a cold glare. “The impact with the wall should’ve killed you. I did in fact. Grace checked and double-checked, your skull collapse inward and damaged your brain. But less than five minutes later you're up again, so how are you alive?” He leveled Klaus with a don’t make me ask again look.
Silence followed.

“‘I don’t know…’ Klaus finally admitted breaking the growing silence. Hargreaves looked at him pointedly before sighing.

“Very well, further study will be needed.” Fear seized Klaus, he wouldn’t. Not even Reginald could be as heartless as that… Right? “In one week we’ll begin testing of this new ability.” Klaus felt his soul literally leave his body.

He walked out of the study numbly, his fucking father was going to kill him without any proof. Klaus started crying, he blindly made his way into a room. Before slumping against the door. Through his tears, he could make out that this was Vanya’s room. An ugly sob escaped his lips and he buried his head into his knees.

Klaus had run out of tears to cry and laid on the floor watching the light from the moon illuminate the small space that was her room. A bare bed collecting dust and a small dresser full of old uniforms, in the very corner a music stand made of cheap metal all bent out of shape and a note sheet torn in half out of frustration. He smiled faintly, remembering some of the happier times with his youngest sister. One time they’d snuck out and went to the park admiring the stars.

Klaus shot up from the ground, almost hitting his head on the bed. The stars! He may not physically be with his siblings but he could be under the same sky. He quickly and quietly raided Ben’s room for the astrology book he would always read. Once he got that he ran into Diego’s room and grabbed a blanket and pillow. He expertly avoided Mom and Pogo and made it to the roof.

You couldn’t see nearly as many stars as you could on back roads but that didn’t matter. Klaus settled down with the blankets and pillows identifying the stars and recalling the stupid facts Ben told him. Actually, they weren’t stupid because Ben wasn’t stupid and neither was space. Klaus found it almost comforting to know on a cosmic scale he didn’t matter, the universe doesn’t care that he exists and won’t care when he dies. He rubbed the dog tags on his neck thinking of Dave and the others. God, they better be okay or Klaus was gonna slap them.

He fell asleep like that, a small smile on his face with the dog tags clutchéd in his hands. Grace found him in the morning soaked from the morning dew. She cleaned him up and sent him to breakfast with his father. Pogo gave him a small smile of encouragement that left a sinking feeling in his chest. What did Reginald have in store now?

“Number Four, today you will have one on one combat training with me. Afterward, Grace will
take you shopping to get you out of those daft clothes.” He spoke without looking up from his newspaper. Well, he could either piss his father off more or go for the same look he’s been wearing since he left.

After what might be classified as the awkwardness breakfast ever before changing into his now dry (Thank you mom) hoodie and a pair of sweatpants. Fashion was important but not when you could potentially get your ass beat by your dad.

“Master Klaus,” Pogo stopped him before he made it into the training room. The monkey man was holding two ribbon-like bracelets that glowed blue. “Please hold out your hands.” the look of regret on the face of the humanoid was tangible. Reginald was up to something.

Klaus twisted his face in confusion, “What are those?” He asked pointing to a bracelet keeping his hand out of Pogo’s reach.

“Please Master Klaus, I wouldn’t do this but Sir Reginald ordered me.” Klaus really did believe it. Pogo disagreed with a lot of Reginald did but still followed throughout of some twisted sense of loyalty. Reluctantly he held out his wrist, the blue band sunk into the skin after it was connected. Klaus let out a cry of agony as Pogo quickly clamped the other one together.

It felt like fire was racing through his body. He collapsed to his knees tears running down his face and one by one the reassuring blue glow of ghosts died away until Klaus couldn’t hear them anymore. Slowly the pain lessened and dissipated. All the power in his body left him, the lights had blown out and the only light was the blue glowing bracelets now under the first layer of skin. A small weird symbol was drawn underneath where they were clasped together, probably some way for that bastard to take them off during experiments.

“Pogo! Why?!” He screamed looking at the humanoid. At least he had the decency to looked ashamed. In the faint glow of the bands, Klaus could see small tears welling in his eyes.

“I’m sorry, Reginald ordered that you only use your powers when he allows it.” Pogo looked away, waiting for the boy to lash out at him. Waiting for him to scream insults and honestly, Pogo knew he deserved it. Instead, he was met with a whisper, barely audible.

“You’re a monster,” Klaus looked up at Pogo. “A monster just like Reginald.” Pogo felt a stab at his heart when Klaus let the words hang but just opened the door to the training room and left. Klaus wanted anything but to go in that room but now that his powers were gone he couldn’t do anything against Reginald. Well, he could but Reginald had the public so far up his ass it would look like cold-blooded murder.
When he entered the room a woman with short black hair and a tracksuit stood opposite of him, she didn’t look that imposing but Klaus knew better than to judge a book by its cover. She wore a blue tank top, sweatpants and black fingerless gloves, and honestly, blue on blue is not the best clothing option if you ask him.

“Number Four,” Reginald said from the corner with a stopwatch, “I assume Pogo has given you the power nullifiers?” Klaus nodded numbly, the world was too quiet without the mumbling of ghost or the demands for help. “Good, today you will fight her until you win three times in a row. First one out of bounds loses.”

Klaus walked into the taped circle watching the other woman crack her knuckles and walk into it as well. The look she gave him could only be described as wild, anger and hate burning like fire.

Grace gave a reassuring smile before blowing a whistle. The woman lunged with barely controlled fury. She must’ve been one of the bounty hunters they’d stopped over the years, her attacks were too coordinated for her to be a normal civilian. And apparently she came armed, deadly steel claws slid down from her gloves. She took a swipe at his stomach that Klaus managed to jump away from.

She jumped at him again and again, getting closer and closer each time. Until Klaus ducked from a blow aimed at his throat and punched her in the stomach. She coughed as the wind was knocked out of her lungs. He took the moment of surprise to push the woman out of bounds. Grace blew the whistle for the match to end and Klaus felt a fleeting moment of joy before a flash of pain went through his arms.

The blue bands pulsed each time sending a burst of pain up his arms, he bit down on his scream. Out of instinct, he had wanted to use his power to celebrate. Reginald leveled him with a glare.

“Number Four, I would suggest to not use your powers with those on or serious repercussions may occur.” The lady in blue shot Reginald a questioning looked before shrugging and taking a sip of water. Klaus was really regretting not leaving well he could, no doubt Reginald put trackers in these godforsaken things. He gritted his teeth and glared at his ‘father’.

Before the next round started he took the hoodie off to make sure that it didn’t get ruined. He and Ben saved up forever to get those matching hoodies. Sadly his comfy shirt was gonna get ripped to shreds. Sighing he climbed back onto the mat, the lady’s claws slid out again but they seemed smaller and not as sharp. Apparently, Reginald had taken the liberty to keep Klaus’ internal organs internal.
Grace blew the whistle again but the blue lady didn’t charge in wildly, probably learned her lesson from the last fight. (Yes Klaus was feeling kinda cocky) They circled each other waiting for the other to make the first move, and after a shout of ‘encouragement’ from Reginald, Klaus attacked. He ran in and made a swift kick to try and knock her over and win quickly.

But things never go as planned. She jumped over his legs and slashed at his face, leaving four identical scratched. He reeled away touching his face to feel the blood dripping down his cheek. The bastard cut him. She gave a triumphant grin and roundhouse kicked him in the gut throwing him out of bounds.

He landed on the ground dazed, blood dripping off his ear. Slowly Klaus sat up getting out of his dazed state. Grace had come over with a paper towel and wiped the blood off his face and putting a rather large band-aid over it. As she finished patching him up the blue lady walked up behind her

“Hey kid, sorry for doing that. Name’s Kelsey” The blue lady said watching Grace leave with a wary look. Klaus gave her a quizzical look, just a few minutes ago she was trying to murder him.

“What game are you playing?”

“I’m sorry for trying to rip you apart earlier that was kinda rude of me. But I have an offer for you” Kelsey smiled at him, probably trying to be nice and welcoming but it had more of a hunter stalking prey kind of look. “My boss called and told me to recruit you.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me right?” Klaus asked, probably a bit too loudly.

“Hey, that’s not fair… okay maybe it is but look, we could bust you out. You’d be safe from that old prick. Hell, we could even hunt down your siblings!” Klaus shook his head. What was this lady’s deal? She must’ve been insane.

“Ummm help? I don’t need help, I’m perfectly fine.” He said waving her off, things weren’t adding up and he didn’t trust her as far as he could throw her.

“I saw what those bands did to you, I’ve seen footage of your training, let me get you out of here. You’ll be safe with us.” She held her hand out, waiting for his. He shook his head in disbelief, he wasn’t about to give up one prison for another.
“Sorry miss, but you’re crazy if you think I’ll accept that ‘deal’.” He pulled himself off the ground without her help. Kelsey scoffed and walked away, muttering about ungrateful kids.

“NUMBER FOUR!” Reginald’s voice rang out through the training room. “No talking to the opponent, you insolent brat.” Klaus hates that he flinched at the insult, hates the shitty offer he was given, and hates this goddamn training room.

He glared at her as he approached the mat this time he grabbed a metal sparring staff, Reginald never said he couldn’t use weapons so… He dropped into a defensive position pointing the staff at her. Once again she slid her claws out. Grace blew the whistle and, again, they circled each other.

“You should’ve taken my offer,” She let the light glint off her claws menacingly. “I could’ve saved you and taken the old man out.” Kelsey took a fake swipe and grinned like a madman. “Now me and my clan can destroy you without mercy, and I can watch the light fade from your eyes as I rip you to bloody shreds.”

“You can try.” He lunged forward and aimed for the chest. He just barely managed to hit her, sending the woman tumbling back. Kelsey stayed in bounds by a hair and quickly picked herself up.

“You little brat!” She jumped at him and got a shallow cut in on his forehead before Klaus struck her with his staff.

She fell to the group panting, blood dripped out the side of her mouth. Klaus warily watched as she pushed herself to her feet swaying. Kelsey blinked a few times before her dazed look disappeared and her killer instincts came back.

Without a sound she charged again, Klaus thought he was prepared for her next attack but was completely blindsided by the side sweep knocking him to the floor. She held her claws against his neck. A venomous look glinted in her eyes, hint that if Ol Reggie wasn’t her Klaus would be sown one windpipe.

“I’m going to make your life a living hell.” She hissed before getting off him. He shaky stood and tried to clear his mind before the whistle blew again.

Hours dragged on as the two continued their deadly dance until finally, Klaus got her out of bounds
five times. He nearly sagged to the floor in relief when Reginald dismissed him and Kelsey. He flipped the women the bird when he was certain the old bastard wasn’t looking.

He made it to his room and closed the door before dropping to the floor. Somehow this was easier with five other people who could relate, but now… he closed his eyes and fished out Dave’s dog tags and throwing a silent prayer to the person who damned him to make sure his siblings were okay.

Chapter End Notes

Jesus, I’m such a horrible writer. I didn't mean to leave y'all hanging like that but I got one of the worst cases of writer's block ever. whenever I tried to sit down a write the best I could do was edit the pre-existing parts but now I've been writing again so hopefully it's over and I can finally finish this story. Anyways though please do tell me if I missed anything or inaccuracy I wrote a lot of this at two in the morning and I'm literally a zombie rn. Anyways see y'all lovelies in the next one :)

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