Summary

Garou was not one for the sappy concept of a soul mate. The mark on his shoulder neither pleased nor annoyed him. But no matter how hard he convinced himself, how hard others would try, he still sat up on those rare nights doing nothing more but gazing at the tattoo on his shoulder. Wondering how they were like, who they were and if they were average or above normal. Fighting countless foes just to find them even if he would never admit to it. A warm reminder that he was and still is human.

After the chaos that was the Monster Association, Garou is but a fugitive. No one knows his whereabouts until unfortunate circumstances forces him to turn himself in. Now under a begrudging probation with Metal Bat as his "babysitter" Garou tries to find himself and integrate back into society with a criminal record upon his hands while the delinquent hero is forced to reform the ex-villian. But as time passes they both find themselves slowly coming to each other's defense and soon each other's hearts.
Garou made his way through the screaming crowd who was doing their best to flee from the present dragon level danger that enveloped all of S-City. Pure fright upon their faces as they rushed into one another, desperately seeking shelter. He grinned, feeling a sensation from his shoulder rile himself up. He pulled up the sleeve of his left arm up to his shoulder and gave a glance at the tattoo that decorated it. It was a large and intimidating picture of a six armed red oni whose face and body covered his arm in it's entirety. It had six arms and each carried a shiny, steel bat with eyes of a piercing dark brown.

It was the mark of his soulmate and one that had been the peak of his curiosity for years.

Soulmate tattoo's were unique to each and every individual. They appeared at puberty and stayed until the death of their mate only to be replaced by a new one. Each image was a representative symbol of the person whom they were destined to be with and came to life upon making first contact, be it eyes or touch, with their chosen partner.

Bang, the S-class hero and his former master, was quick to point out when he obtained his mark by the gracious age of twelve that such a marking did not belong to a mere weakling as the oni was the fiercest of all Japanese demons. Garou took that the only way he could, that whoever it was, was a fighter.

He wasn't one to dwell on such a sappy concept and rarely thought about it. Many had simply dismissed him as the type of guy who simply didn't care and Garou would agree with them. He wanted to get stronger and better at his skill and the idea of finding his mate, he mused, would just slow him down of reaching his goals: to become the monster that could never be defeated.

But no matter how hard he convinced himself, how hard others would try that he was a cold, emotionless alpha who was hell bent on nothing more than proving himself, he still sat up on those rare nights doing nothing more but gazing at the marking on his shoulder. Wondering how they were like, who they were and if they were truly above normal. He soon found himself participating in martial art tournaments and street fights, hiding his true intent of wanting to find out who this person was behind the simple goal of wanting to get stronger and if said 'mate' was as strong as an oni and a fighter...well, it was killing two monsters with one stone was it not?

That was nearly ten years ago and the twenty-one year old was now growing impatient.

He sucked at his teeth. If only they, someone, whoever they were, could just drop from the sky before him his job would be made much more easier.

The martial artist's eyes widened as suddenly before him was thrown a ball of black and red. Barely missing him, clothes grazed his cheek as it flew pass him from above, landing upon the ground with a solid thud, skid, and loud crack. The sounds caused the hero hunter to grimace while he tried to process just what in the hell had happened.

He looked to his side and took in the full view of a young man sprawled out against the very fence which had stopped him from rolling into a parking lot, it's wires bent from the brutal impact. He laid there unmoving with a bat in one hand and body slouched over with his head pointed to the ground.
It was none other than the S-Class hero Metal Bat, his next target.

Garou looked up to the sky with wide eyes and a face lined with confusion. “Metal Bat? How did he get here?” Garou turned his attention to the ginormous centipede monster whose appendages wrapped around the entire city. He clicked his teeth. “To think an S-Class hero got defeated by a monster that wasn't me.” He rolled his eyes. “Too bad, guess I'll go after Watchdog Man and-”

“Ah, that was rough. Better head back out again.”

Garou paused as he watched with shocked eyes the young man walk pass him nonchalantly. Confusion back upon his face as he tried to figure out how the hero could have possibly survived a fall like that and even more so, still find it within himself to get back up like nothing even happened.

He felt a sensation run through him like wildfire, burning at his skin from the inside out, wincing as the sudden pain caught him off guard. Curious he pulled up the long sleeve of his black shirt once again to reveal the tattoo that was now glowing and moving.

Garou swallowed and nervously looked back over to where Metal Bat stood in front of him with his back turned. Contemplating his next move as he tapped his bat against his shoulder, completely unaware of his presence. From his ripped shirt, he could catch but a slight glimpse of the tattoo on his back, noticing a glow emitting from it.

It couldn't be...could it? Garou felt beads of sweat drip down as he simply stared at the young man. Surely this was a mistake, there was no way his enemy could be his mate? It was one thing for him to be a mere opponent but another to be a true foe. But he couldn't deny it, the tattoo lit up only upon laying eye contact upon him. The bat held in the red oni's mouth being of the exact same design as the one Metal Bat held.

He cursed underneath his breath and gave a wolfish grin, unable to contain his twisted excitement. Damn the gods. “O-Oi!” Garou called out. A shiver running up his spine.

The young man turned, showing off his black ruffled pompadour and pale bloody face. Black shoes still intact as black hakama pants now had burn marks, scuffs and small tears in them. Half of his red, high neck shirt was torn off showing off part of his chest and his bulging arm muscle.

Garou took in the sight and sniffed the air.

An omega...? He pointed a finger at him, smiling as adrenaline kicked in. “Since your alive, you have to fight me!” Mate or not, he was not one for discrimination.

“Hah? Are you a moron?” The hero raised his iconic bat and pointed to the monster. “Can't you see that giant centipede up there? Go and hide somewhere and stop interrupt' me. I got shit to-”

A hand came soaring towards him and reflexively, the hero blocked it with his bat. His eyes narrowed and he deflected the attack with a quick swing causing his assailant to jump back.

“Don't tell me that your that hero hunter that everyone's been talkin' about.”

“Yes...” The alpha grinned. "I am Garou.”

Metal Bat sighed, tapping his trusty weapon against the palm of his right hand. Dark brown pupils dilating. “Well great, another pain in the ass. Guess I'm just gonna have to whoop your ass too huh?”

The hero hunter couldn't help but let loose a manic smile. He finally found his soul mate and he'll be damned if he'll just let him go.
Garou flew at him with blinding speed and landed the first hit. A quick punch to his cheek was all it took to knock the hero off balance. He sailed a few feet before regaining his posture, landing on his feet upright.

Garou frowns. “What the hell? Your worn out already. Surely there has to be a few broken bones in that body of yours. At this rate the fight will end before we could even start.” His face grows even colder and he's less than pleased with the condition of his supposed soul mate. It's not a fair fight. The man is already beaten and bruised with broken bones and enough blood streaming down his face and other parts of his body that he should be unconscious or end up as such at any minute.

It felt like the hero was going easy on him even if it was unintentional. He could return if fate would let him but with death constantly knocking on the door due to the path he has chosen, he refused to risk. Not wanting to let him out of his sight. A part of him still rejected the idea but if he was his soul mate, then he'll have to prove the image that he himself had held him too and unfortunately, what better time than now?

“Fuck off!”

Metal bat charges and swings his bat down at Garou who counters with a quick dodge and punch to the face causing the hero to spit out blood. He's knocked back but taking advantage of the versatile use of his bat, bounces back up with it and takes another swing at the painfully annoying hunter, coming down with greater force than the last. Upon contact, the ground cracks out from the impact center and Garou jumps away, landing upon a fence in a crouching position.

“Multiple fractured bones, blood pouring from wounds and yet still conscious and moving about.” Garou grins. “Is that this 'hero willpower' that I've heard so much about?”

Garou bends back at the knees, ducking a swing from Metal Bat who only wants him to shut up. He swings his bat more aggressively, aiming for Garou's legs which he jumps over. Garou grins and licks at his mouth. “Three strikes and your out.”

Metal Bat growls. “That's not how this works!”

Landing back down, the hunter spins around and kicks him with the heel of his foot. Directly landing it in the hero's face only to see him completely unphased as a kick like that should have sent him flying causing Garou to pause.

Metal Bat brushes it off and continues to swing at him as they get faster and stronger than before to the point that the skilled martial artist can barely keep up.

He's getting faster?!

Metal Bat smashes his bat into the ground causing it to split. The impact creates an intense shock wave that travels from the origin to a nearby fenced off parking lot. The fence breaks and bends in half and cars flip over. The sound of shattered glass fills Garou's ears as the nearby building's windows all blow apart up to the highest floor.

Even his attacks are getting stronger!

“Water Rock Smashing Fist!”

Metal Bat completely ignores his attack, taking in all the blunt and brutal force of the martial artist's signature move earning a shock expression.
Metal Bat comes roaring at him, eyes in a determined glare he's never seen before. He loads his bat into the pavement again, missing Garou once more. Cracks now wider, deeper, and more erratic in shape and size than ever before. The connection of the violent attack to the pavement causes all the cars in the nearby vicinity to jump up a whole foot into the air.

"Strike two...metal head."

"Fuck!"

Garou lands on a fence and takes in the clear reason as to just why this young man was represented by the most dangerous of demons. Taking in the deathly aura that surrounds his sparring partner who catches his breath. The oni's determination was something to be feared as they continued to fight without regards to injury. It summed up the hero very well. With a curious stare he opens his mouth.

"Oi, what's the reason behind your power?"

"Reasons? Man, fuck reasons! It's just fightin' spirit!"

Garou's face drops at the half ass excuse. "Fighting spirit? The fuck is that suppose to mean anyway?" He growls agitated. He calms himself down and breathes out a sigh. "Fine, I'll play your little games." Garou drops down from the fence and upon contact with the ground, utterly sinks his feet into it. The force makes a ground sewer cap rise up only to be smacked by him like it was nothing more than a plastic toy frisbee.

Metal Bat counters the attempted distraction with his bat. Silently praising the early skills he learned at baseball practice in school and causes the cap to go soaring back at the one who pitched it. He pauses when he loses sight of him. **Where did that bastard go!?**

"Over here dumbass!" Garou charges at him with a flurry of hand attacks. Jabbing and aiming at everyone of the delinquent's pressure points. Metal Bat pushes through them urging Garou to wonder just what it would take to completely wreck the guy.

"Hey, since ya wanna ta play, why not play a little air hockey?"

A vein pops from Garou's temple. "What?"

Metal Bat grabs him from around the waist as confusion covers Garou's visage. **Just what is this bastard planning?** Completely caught off guard by the sudden change of battle attitude. He hears something ding loudly and quickly turns his head to the left to see the very sewer top Metal Bat reflected to ricochet off of the pipes and signs of the neighborhood. It smashes into him with such force as to knock him out of the hero's grip and into a nearby wall. Nearly pushing his entire body through it.

Garou's arms shake as he barely manages to block the attack with his bare hands. Eyes narrow at the hero whom he underestimated to be nothing more than another brainless Tank Top Master.

Metal Bat grins as though proud of himself. **Strike three...your out.**

Venom laces Garou's voice. "Fuck you." He gets up and drops the cap. A cold shiver runs down him at the thought that he, the human monster, was almost done in by pure luck alone.

"Don't get so full of ya self. We wouldn't want ya to hurt yourself now ya know?"

"Hmph. Back at ya." Garou mocks, now charging at him with a newfound spirit seeming as though
lighting came out of his eyes as Metal Bat prepared for another onslaught.

Metal Bat braces himself and positions his bat in defense. “Do ya worse!”

Garou grins and with speed seemingly as fast as lighting, dodges a swing from the hero and swivels behind him, positioning his hands like grappling hooks and begins to claw at an inhuman pace at the back of Metal Bat's pants.

“I can see ya!” Metal Bat turns and hits the ground, Gaoru having dodged the blow and now appearing in front of the hero with the cockiest of grins while maintaining his battle pose.

"Wha-what…"

Everything fell quiet as a cool breeze came through. Metal Bat glances over his shoulder and looks down to see shredded flaps of his pants flowing gently in the wind, the cool air brushing up against now cool flesh.

His entire rear end exposed before the world.

The hero's face immediately becomes bright red whose cause could not be placed upon the dried up blood on his face.

“I figured you were ripped under those clothes but I didn't think that much so.” The wind blows again, pushing Metal Bat's pheromones pass the alpha's nose. It was...sweet and intoxicating. Ravishing his nose with the mixed salty aroma of his literal blood and sweat. Garou lickes his lips, remembering also the slick he had noticed escaping down Metal Bat's leg.

“Your about to come into heat aren't you?” Garou grins as he enjoys the sight before him. “Nice ass Metal head.”

“Fuck you! I ain't gonna let some punk makin' threats and beatin' up heroes simply walk free! I'll beat that shitty willpower out of ya along with ya skull!”

Metal Bat swings at him earning a punch to the face. “You can't hit me for shit moron! Your just gonna keep thrashing about until you die?!”

“Until I die”? Were you dropped on your head as a kid?"

Garou makes a snarky grin. "Bold of you to assume that I was held."

"Just know that I ain't that nice. It's until I win!"

Garou grins widens. It's been a long time since he's had such a riveting fight like this. The fight that caused him to never take his eyes off his opponent, to never underestimate their strength, to ensure that every sure fire blow to him was dodged. An opponent who matched his cocky mouth and speak equally with his.

Metal Bat knocks him off with his bat and begins to spin around quickly to the point that he becomes an uncertain blur of speed and power, creating gusts of wind that whirlpools together forming a miniature natural disaster.

“Savage Tornado!”

Metal Bat spins, flying debris and rubble into the tornado.

"Is that all you got! Are you doing is flailing around like an idiot!"
Garou backs up into a wall.

Shit. I'm cornered. He breathes a sigh. “To think I have to block an amateurs moves.” He effortlessly blocks the erratic and quick movements of the hero’s attacks with his bare hands, being sure to change the direction of the bat from hitting him to somewhere else entirely. Garou clasps his fingers against the palms of his hands and narrows his eyes. Concentrating all his strength into what he wants to be his final and last blow. He winds them around absorbing in air pressure and lets his hands meet again this time with their palms touching at the base with one hand pointing up and the other down. He took an immensely strong step forward, shattering the concrete and pushed forward into Metal Bat's chest. Releasing all the stored up wind power and energy he had into a single, brutal attack that knocks the hero back and reels him across the ground all the while he's spurting out gushes of blood. Leaving behind a violent trail.

Garou's eyes lays upon the hero who was now heaving through a mouth full of blood, lying splayed across his back and bat barely grasped in in his hand. “What a pain in the ass. Finally beat the guy.”

Garou stare's over to where the hero was silently. Watching as his chest heaved violently up and down coughing. His brows pushed together and furrowed at his hands which were shaking violently. Trembling enough to blur his vision of them. "For a ridiculous weapon, he sure enough packed a punch. Had he had all but hit me once it would have been over." He breathed a sigh of relief. “He didn't so that's all that matters.”

He looked back to the hero with a smile that quickly dropped into minor panic.

Metal Bat had stopped breathing.

Garou felt panic swell over him as he walked over and squatted down, wanting to get a good look at the man before him. He couldn't see his eyes as bloodied strands of black hair covered them. He grazed his fingers over his nose and mouth and could barely feel the faint brushes of air pooling out from his chest. He did not want to kill him and begun to question if the move he did was too much for the hero to handle. He quickly rolled up his left arm's sleeve and gazed at his tattoo. It was still moving, glowing and this time with much more vigor than before, gnawing aggressively at the steel bat in it's mouth.

Garou raised an eyebrow but breathed a sigh of relief. The fact that it was still there and moving was all the proof he needed that the delinquent bastard was very much still alive.

He got up and turned from the man's side and begun making his way to his next target.

“BIG BROTHER!”

Garou turned around only to see before him his life flash before his eyes as a steel bat hovered from above him. The mere force of the wind pressure of the swing alone completely obliterates the ground from beneath their feet, sinking Garou into it.

He blinks as he looks up at the hero now able to see a much clearer view of his face up close. Chocolate eyes piercing through his golden gaze. Eyes intent on murder.

He's beautiful.

Metal Bat groans. “Tsk.”

“Big bro who is that? Do you know that guy?”

Garou dares to take his eyes off of the bat to steal a glance from behind the hero. Seeing a young girl
with similar brown eyes and black hair. She was dressed in black shoes, white socks, a yellow cardigan and a laced pink dress. “Is that your sister?” He mumbles out.

“Zenko stand back he's-!” A punch to the face sends the hero back.

“Big brother!”

“I don’t know why you stopped midway but you've missed a perfect opportunity. Had it connected...who knows how it may have ended?” Garou cracks his knuckles, ready to aim at the hero one last time. “Now, let me send you on your way-!”

“Stop!”

Garou pauses and stares blankly at the young girl who dared to stands between him and his prey. How did she-?

“How did she-?”

“Big brother promised me that he'll never use violence in front of me so it's over! Hear me? Over!”

“Eh? Why should I care about your family rules?”

“Cause I said so! No fighting!”

Garou glares at her and his hand twitches. He eyes Metal Bat who looks at him attentively anticipating his next move with a face that screamed a sure death sentence shall he even so much as dare to touch her. He raises his hand which causes the older sibling to flinch.

He picks his ears. “Eh, whatever. No need to waste my time with a dumbass anyway. I need to find Watchdog man.” Garou walks away and waves a hand at the hero. “You got lucky this time Metal Bat. Don't worry though, I'll be sure to hunt you again.”

“Eh? What's the hell that's suppose ta mean huh? You started it first!”

“Big Bro stop it!....Why is your butt out?”

When Garou is finally out of sight, the hero looks down at his baby sibling. Eyes immediately softening as all traces of killing intent perishes. “Zenko, why are ya here?”

"You said you was at mouse sushi so I came to look but then monsters attacked-"

The memory hit him like a steel train. “Ah! The monsters! I forgot about that annoying kid and his dad!” Metal Bat moves towards the scene he was once flown from.

“But your hurt!” Zenko cries out only for her big brother to ignore her. "Big bro!" She runs over to him and grabs his pants leg as he drags her along. "Stop it! Let's go shopping!"

"No. I don't have time."

"But you'll-huh?" She looks up and from his exposed back and catches a glimpse of the tattoo on his back glowing.

"Y-your tattoo!"

She finally catches his attention. "Hm?"

Zenko points to his back. "Your tattoo! It's glowing!"
Metal Bat approaches one of the nearby cars and turns so his back was facing the window, seeing his tattoo through the reflection. His tattoo was of a pure white wolf with glowing golden eyes who had scraped flesh underneath it's claws. Teeth bared in offense.

Metal Bat's eyes widen and pupils sink as he clenches his bat. Veins threatening to explode from his grip. Who couldn't believe it. "This..."

"Could it be?" Zenko smiles. "You found your soulmate onii-chan!" She practically jumps up and down. Happy for her brother.

He stood unmoving. Face stale and blood running cold. The name repeating in his head only to shorten his fuse. Garou? Garou!

He dreaded the thought that the man whom was determined to kill him was his soul mate. The idea revolted him to no end. He had no qualms in killing him and even more so, no discrimination in front of his sister either who did not need the trauma of watching her brother perish in front of her. She had went through enough with their parents and he was all she had to rely on. But yet, here he was, plastered onto his back like some curse was his tattoo finally glowing after all these years. It had the same eyes as him and color of his hair. The more he stared at the marking, the more the thought about the reality of how that cocky bastard was his mate, the more agitated he became. Zenko was his number one priority and even if Cupid had struck the hero hunter to be his partner, his number one priority was his sister and he'll be damned if he'll put her safety and life in jeopardy. Garou was not an option.

The car window shatters causing Zenko to flinch at the sudden noise. The hero having broke it in a fit or blind agitation. "Big bro!" with worry eyes she looks up at him.

Metal Bat doesn't meet them. "Go home Zenko. I do not have time for this."

"But that man is your soulmate isn't he? We should-"

"Go home!"

She reached up and smacked the back of his head. "Geesh you bone head! You can't fight that thing anyway!"

Metal Bat fell to the ground face first. Zenko squats beside him and taps at him. Shaking and trying to jerk him awake but silence was all that was given. "Big bro? Big bro~!" No response. "Huh, guess I knocked him out."

Garou watched the spectacle from afar. Taking in the words that she was saying he sucked his teeth. That bastard.

He really is his soulmate...out of all people.

Two monsters stood from atop a nearby building staring down at the sight before them. Taking in the delicious scene of the fallen and helpless hero before them. One looked like a bird, brimming a shining gold in the midst of the bright sun. His partner, a slimy mass of icky goop, bubbled next to him.

"They didn't finish the fight."

"Unfortunately."

"Too think that a simple smack to the back of the head would knock him out."
“He was at his limit. All it would take is a single more hit to do him in. The fact that he is knocked out however is a perfect opportunity for us to do him in. Isn't that right Mud Jellyfish?” The monstrous bird turned it's head. “Hm? Where did he go?”

Mud Jellyfish squeezes his head and body through a sewer drain and squirms his way through the bars and out onto the sidewalk. He Hides behind the side of the building so he won't be seen. He peers from out of the corner of the wall. Gaze staring intently at the the little girl who had successfully incapacitated her own brother. Her cardigan flailed out over Metal Bat rear to cover it. “Metal Bat's little sister. Another hostage wouldn't hurt but most of all doing the hero one last final blow would surely be a win for us. I'll finish him off.”

“Oi.”

“Hm?”

Mud Jellyfish winced as he was smashed against the concrete. Bodily fluids flying about everywhere. Unaware that the hero hunter had listened to his whole plot.

“So your the ugly eyes I've been feeling on me this entire time.” Garou cracks his knuckles seeing how the disgusting monstrosity was still very much alive. “Sorry, but he's...” Garou railed him with another blow. This time to kill. “…off limits.”

Chapter End Notes

My omegaverse is a little different from the popular ones. Alpha/Omega/Beta dynamics don't really exist. Only the sexes do. Heats and ruts are a thing that happens but it doesn't overwhelm anyone who has it or causes them to act on impulse. It only truly effects a person when they've already bonded to a mate. Omegas aren't oppressed or viewed as lesser and alphas aren't held up on a high pedestal. Everyone has equal footing in society and can choose to climb the ranks or not. I give credit to artists when I can find their names and I do most certainly actively try to find them but on rare times, their site is either deleted or can't be found. Your free to leave in the comments if you know their identity however. I didn't know what to name this fanfic. If you have suggestions leave a comment. I have multiple rough chapters of this story already written. They just need polish and more detail. If you've enjoyed this chapter, leave a comment of your thoughts.

Man, I've been gone for so long. Two years since last post.

Garou is quite the flirt in his own vicious and insulting kind of way.

Update June 5, 2019:

- Past tenses fixed
- Sentence structure fixed
- Picture only removed temporary
Present Day Z-City

It rains lightly as the hot temperature of summer mixed in with the wetness and last remnants of fading spring causes the air to feel sticky. There is a thick musk in the air and the patter of raindrops seem to increase in the silence of the woods and the many obstacles it has to bounce off of.

54...66...79...

Garou counts as he pushes the three heavy rocks on his back—practically boulders—up and down with some struggle as he does push ups. Air steaming as heavy panted breaths meets it. His eyebrows furrow and his face stares at the ground, losing count for the third time today of how many pushups he did. It causes him to suck his teeth and and grit at them, unresolved irritation within him.

Now what? The words seamlessly haunts him ever since he first heard them, unable to shake the annoying voice that comes with them. After the fiasco with the Monster Association and that 'Caped Baldy', the hero hunter wasn't just utterly lost but defeated. As water and salt filled sweat mixed, Garou thought back to his final moments before his loss. He was the last one standing between fallen monsters and a horde of angry S-Class heroes who wanted him dead. He boasted and bragged about the uselessness of heroes. How they couldn't save anyone and how they were filled with empty meaning of what it meant to be one.

But all it took was one hero...one cursed self-proclaimed hero to unravel everything.

Garou hisses the name with distaste. Treating it as though it was salt on his tongue. "Caped Baldy..."

The "hero" who was but a B-Class, low in rank, and practically unmemorable and unknown in every way, was the only one who stood unphased by his self-proclaimed title and faux villainous attitude. He took head first all of his blows and hits. Beating the him to a pulp with his god-like speed and power but his final blow was no fist or great beat down but a simple question: What now?

120...200...227...

Garou moved up and down faster. Weight carefully balanced on two fingers only as his other arm wrapped around his back. That simple question unnerved him. He had gotten stronger, accomplished his goal, became the "monster" he wanted to be but as the "Caped Baldy" had pointed out, but failed at the very thing that overreached that, a villain. He killed no one, saved an ugly boy and went directly against the Monster Association for no particular reason other than the deep desire of despise against the very creatures he sworn he was apart of. He succeeded in being monster but only in name and appearance alone.

The hero had reached his own conclusion that he was a kid, acting out in a payback typical attitude. That he never wanted to be a villain but had no confidence in being a hero.

Having internalized the words of bullies and others since he was small, the hero hunter was completely taken aback. He expected a sure death sentence but the boy he saved who ran to his defense in front of those selfish heroes had reignited a spark in him. What exactly it was however,
Garou couldn't answer.

A vein pops Garou's head. It was guys like that that pissed him off.

He comes to an abrupt stop and simply pants for a moment, stomach growls causing him to stumble. Annoyed with his lack of focus, he tilts, just enough so that the rocks fall with a loud crack and thud that scares off a few crows hidden in the trees. He stands up and wipes the sweat and water from his face using his arm. Eyes grazing over the mess he made in front of his home.

Various parts of monsters are scattered about before him all ranging from threat levels of tigers to a single dragon. Their parts litter the place as eyes and entrails hang from trees and blood dry blood stains the ground. They were nuisances, pests to Garou who dealt them their final breath as they came to him in swarms, attempting to take him down. They were upset at the demise of the Monster Association and their future goals and viewed Garou as one of the major causes in it's downfall. Tracking down his location in teams. The alpha was tired of it as it seemed like every day he was met with some type of these unwanted mongrels. They ruined what little sleep he could get as he always had to stay up. Paranoid that a monster or even a hero was waiting for the perfect chance to attack him.

His stomach growls louder causing the alpha to feel a bit sick. He turns to his only home, a wooden shack stowed away in the woods that lies on the border of S and Z-Cities. It's old and falling apart with wood faded and cracking from years of neglect. Water seeps in through open holes, the door threatens to fall apart any moment at the hinges and his only source of light is through a tiny window that's cracked and is constantly inviting bugs and mosquitoes in.

It was once his hideout from the heroes that hunted him and served as a place to heal and plan his attacks but now it served only as a poorly built shelter for a prideful fugitive. His only source of security and shelter away from the warrants that bade for his arrest. Whereabouts still unknown to the general populace. Having no idea that the infamous hero hunter lived so close.

He walks over to the his sofa which served as his bed. It's colors faded and stuffing pooled out from it's open holes. It was infested with lice and bed bugs but Garou had gotten so use to their presence that he was barely phased by them anymore. He gives a sigh and grabs the grey hoodie he found in an abandoned park one day and puts it on, hunger now eating at him. He could eat the monsters, something he had been doing since he returned to this place but it dealt him no benefit. He needed nutrition, vitamins, something that would vastly speed up his healing and only the city could grant him that.

He headed out the door, not sparing a glance at the broken shelter.

The rain comes down harder as Garou makes his way through the streets of Z-City. He keeps his hands in his pockets and his head down trying to keep a low profile. He hated crowds and the loud bustling of city life but today seemed reserved due to the rain and it being so late into the night. His senses are heightened as he listens out for every word, scent, step and person. Watching out for any possible chance of an enemy. He continues like this until a sweet aroma hits his nose. Wafting pass it the scent of food that is unrecognizable to his knowledge. He closes his eyes for a moment and enjoys it, trying to make out the cuisine but nothing comes to mine except for the familiar smell of meat and fried grease. He follows the scent which leads him straight through a group of three young men who are gambling on the street. Blocking the sidewalk for incoming pedestrians and steps on their thrown down playing cards.

He pays no mind and continues walking, not even realizing what he had done.
"Hey! Hey you!" one of the young men grabs him and Garou stops, not bothering to turn around as a pale hand is placed on his shoulder. The man approaches him in the front, stretching his neck out at him with hands in back pockets as the white haired alpha says not a word. His breath reeks of alcohol causing Garou to frown in displeasure. "Ya not gonna say 'excuse me'?” He mean mugs. Garou doesn't respond and keeps his eyes to the pavement. Hoodie casting a very dark shadow over his face. The man, agitated, grabs the alpha by the hem of his jacket in a fist. "Hey! We're talking to ya!" The man states, growing even more frustrated when Garou's response is still a deafening silence.

"Looks like we got ourselves a mute eh?" One of the men comments. "Maybe he a foreigner." He grins. "Probably doesn't know any Japanese."

The man turns back to Garou. Eyebrow raised against a face of cocky attitude. "Oh yeah? Well..." he clenches his other hand into a tight fist. "Let's teach him some of our culture then!" He hurls his fist towards Garou who catches it in the palm of his hand causing the man to sweat and his two other allies to step back in shock. "W-what the-!?" He attempts to hit him again with his left hand gripping the hoodie but is stopped by a sudden immense pain in his right hand.

Garou tightens his grip around it to the point that his bones begin to crack and the muscles twist with pain.

"P-P-Please stop! I'm begging ya! Please-Ah!" The man bends at the knees falling onto the ground, having let loose of the hold on Garou's stained and dirtied hoodie. He looks up and from his position can see Garou's face. Eyes aglow with gold and narrowed at him in a death like glare. Mouth pinched in seriousness as a deathly aura escapes him causing the man to wet himself. Garou still keeps his grip on his hand. Squeezing even tighter, threatening to break the bones. The other men wobble in their knees, expressions filled with fear as they watch.

"Please, allow me..." He squeezes even tighter now, earning a yelp from the man. "To show you some of my own culture."

"Gaaah!" The man falls back as his fingers are bent forward in an inhuman way. He holds the wrist of his hand as he curls fetal position on the ground. Groaning and yelling in pain as his appendages flop up and down without support.

One of the man's allies come charging at him with his umbrella. Pointing the long tip at Garou like a sword. "Ya think you can just scare us just because your an alpha? You got another thing coming if you think that's gonna-!" Before he can finish he's grabbed by the hair and kicked in the stomach. Successfully knocking the wind out of his lungs. He curls over and drops the umbrella. Dropping to his knees and spitting up as he holds his abdomen.

Garou grows irritated as people glance and notice the scene playing before them. The last thing he needs, is to attract attention. Especially with a bunch of beta punks. Thankfully most write them off as a group of delinquents participating in a petty squabble.

"Y-you bastard!" the last of the group of thugs charges forth. Brandishing a long and sharp pocket knife that was hidden away in his pocket. But his attempt to do any damage is foiled before it could even begin as Garou grabs it in full momentum and breaks it in half. He points it at the eye of the young beta male who stops immediately in his tracks. Eye too close to the sharp tip for comfort.

"Piss off."

The men is too frightened to move and only does so once he is shoved out of the way by Garou. Leaving behind his fallen and groaning comrades. As he walks pass them, he stops and sniffs.
Catching the smell of delicious food. The smell of grease, vegetables and sweetness assault his nostrils. He follows the scent not far from the thugs and is taken to a gorgeous looking restaurant whose outside is covered in flowers. Roses, tulips and daffodils decorating the front and an American flag displayed out. Through the window is displayed an array of western styled desserts such as cakes and pies.

He looks up at the sign whose words are written in elegant cursive.

*Charlotte's Bakery.*

Garou frowns. He wasn't here for desserts but real food. He sniffs again, taking note of the aroma that was certainly coming from the cafe. He peaks inside and sees people with full plates of food. He shrugs his shoulders and walks in figuring he'll give it a try but upon doing so, immediately feels out of place at the small cafe whose warmth was almost melting to his cold body. Everyone inside looked so... *fancy.* There were men in suits and women in dresses with the average family and a few kids scattered about in the seats here and there. Compared to his faded out hooded he found lying abandoned at a park, he was misplaced.

The small restaurant gave off a homely type feel, like he was in a small Victorian like cottage. The walls were painted tan with white clean borders lining the doors and the corners of the walls and gold lamps hung from the ceiling giving off a warm, brownish gold hue. Wooden furniture sat by clear, glass tables that were lined with red and white plaid table cloths while some of them had ones with floral prints.

Paintings showing key events and people of American history such as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, all whom Garou didn't recognize, decorated the walls of the cafe. He sniffed the air and took note of the smell of gravy and meat.

He walked over to the farthest corner of the cafe and sat down alone at one of the booths. His eyes darted around the place searching for any sign of suspicion but calmed when he saw that people were too focused on themselves and their plates to notice him.

He rested an elbow on the table and sat his chin on the palm of his hand, gazing out the window. The vibrant, family setting of the small cafe stood as a dark contrast to the weather outside. Rain pouring down from darkened grey clouds.

He taps his finger against the table as flashes of his hero hunting days stirs up in him. *Metal Bat...* That hero still clogged his memory. It's been three weeks since their fight but no matter how hard he tried couldn't shake the cursed thoughts from his head. What did he think about him? What did *his* mark look like?

Garou sucked his teeth. The increasing noise of the people pulling him away from his thoughts. “Too noisy.” he mumbles.

“That's because you came at rush hour.”

Garou spun his head around and lays eyes upon a young alpha male smiling at him. He had a curly black updo and was dressed in butler like attire with a plaid apron wrapped around his torso and a menu tucked under his right arm. A beauty mark lies under his left eye and is accentuated with by a gorgeous smile and pretty face. He looked like a young bachelor, ready to set the model world on blaze.

Garou frowns. He wasn't knowledgeable in societal hours, but he knew rush hour stopped around this time.
When he realized the discontent on the alpha's face at the comment the man corrected himself. “By rush hour I meant our rush hour. We're near a train station and around this hour, a lot of business employees get off of work and come to our cafe to relax a bit before going home.” The man narrowed his eyes at Garou. “You don't look like a business employee...”

“And what if I'm not?”

The man pulls his hands out of his pockets and waves, giving a nervous laugh. “I'm just playing with ya. No need to be so defensive. Not every day we get young folks that come into our cafe. Little too expensive for their tastes.”

Garou raises an eyebrow. “Mhm...” He takes note of the presence he gives off. Sensing an aura off of the alpha that he can't tell is one of aggression or genuine welcome.

The young man takes the menu from under his arm and places it before him. “I saw you sitting in the corner and was told no one seated you. You didn't even have a menu unless you were simply seeking shelter from the rain that is.” He notices the wet hoodie and his eyebrows raise in concern. "Are you alright wearing that? It's soaked and if you want we can hang it up for you."

"No."

"A-are you sure?"

"Yes. Quite." Garou groans.

The man sighs. *He's gonna be a tough one ain't he?* "If you say so."

“I'm here to order.”

“Ah, good, that's good.” He pulls out a pen and notepad from his pockets. “What can I get you? My name is Reiji by the way.”

Garou glares at the menu options. Not bothering to read further into it. “All I see is desserts. You guys don't offer anything else?”

“Well of course we do!” The man smiles. “We offer an entire selection of not only home baked goods but also soul food.”

Garou picks at his ears. “Soul...food?”

“It's food popular in the American south. Chicken wings, mac and cheese, mashed potatoes, collard greens, biscuits-”

Garou cuts the man off, waving his hand. “Yeah, yeah, yeah, but do you have any meat?”

The man blinks. “Uh...yes.” He reaches over in front of Garou and flips his menu over to the back. Showing off an entire selection of meats and sides. “We have country fried steak, fried chicken, and tender steak. We also offer a variety of sides that I named along with soups and steamed vegetables.”

Garou simply stares unblinking causing an awkward silence to come over them both.

The man swallows, a bead of nervous sweat coming down his head. *What's with this guy?*

Garou takes a deep breath and closes the menu shut. “Very well then.” He hands over the laminated piece of tri-fold paper over to his waiter. "I'll take everything.”
The man blinks his eyes in disbelief. “E-Everything?”

“Yeah. Everything. And don't forget the salads too as well as a large jug of water. Not glass, jug. No desserts or soups either, just all the sides and meats and veggies. I'll take the platter fruit tray as well.”

“That's a party platter, it serves twelve people alone.”

“I know what I'm about.”

“A-Are you sure you want-”

Garou glares at him earning a yelp. “Did I stutter?”

The man bows. “I'm so sorry! Do forgive me! I'll have your order out at once!”

The man takes the menu from Garou watches as he teeters off into the back of the kitchen. Listening as he hears a collective scream come from the cooks. The clashing of pots and pans louder than before and the noise only serving to agitate him. He made eye contact with one of the two security guards who gives him a serious look. They seemed to be mumbling together about something, glancing his way every now and then. Garou turns his eyes away and resumes looking out the window like a lost puppy, not wishing to attract any attention. His stomach growls growing more and more with the knowledge of anticipated food and the sweet aroma of the cooking.

He waits to what felt like hours before his food finally comes out. Needing three whole waiters to carry everything to him, the entire cafe is now distracted by the sight before them as they turn their heads to face in his direction. “Probably should have ordered light...” he mumbles to himself, regretting the attention he's done attracted. The three waiters settle everything on the table before him. Barely having enough space for his pitcher of water.

They gave a collective bow. “Thank you for your service.”

Garou scratched at his ear with the fork. “Yeah, sure.”

The waiters gave each other a nervous look before turning around and leaving. Whispering among themselves on how absurd the scene was to them.

“Thanks for the poop!” Garou snicker to himself before diving in with a ferocity never before seen. Garou grabs hold of his food devouring it with such speed as to make the others in the cafe wonder.

_Not bad..._ He thinks to himself as he smashes an entire steak in his mouth enjoying the crunchy, salty batter that it was fried in. Upon finishing the meats and the sides, he moves on to the fruits and veggies. Snatching up each one at a single time, stuffing it into his mouth like some type of pelican monster. The cafe couldn't help but marvel at the spectacle.

“Is he...ok-ay?”

“That guy is ridiculous!”

“Is he even bothering to chew?”

“M-monster...”

“Where does he put it all?”

Garou was too focused on filling his stomach to notice the comments about him being made. Centering his attention on finishing what was in front of him.
Reiji stared at him with a stoic look as he leans up against the entrance wall to the kitchen. Arms crossed around his chest with a serious gleam in his eye as he watches the other alpha attentively. He sniffs taking note of how his pheromones had a weird scent to them and the stench of dried blood.

*He eats just like them...but that smell...*

Garou jugs down the entire pitcher of water and wipes his mouth of the escaped liquid. He slams the pitcher upon the table and breathes out a sigh of relief. “That felt good.”

Reiji walks into the kitchen and grabs a tray before approaching the table filled with empty dishes. Taking note of how not even a scrap of food was left. He gave him a bow. “Please, allow me to take your plates.” Garou flops back on his seat and looks out the window as the waiter takes up his plates and places them upon on the tray. His arms pulled up behind his head exposing the bandages that he has wrapped around his wrists that is stained with blood.

Reiji can't help but notice it and takes a mental note of what he just saw. “Now if you'll excuse me. I'll be back shortly with your bill.” He turns and makes his way back through the kitchen. Garou watching until he is out of sight before conjuring up a daring escape plan. He knows full well that it would take some time to immediately dispose of his plates, make sure the bill was correct and print it out. He looks over the cafe one last time seeing how Reiji who had returned was now unexpectedly busy with another table.

He looked to the security guards who was eyeballing him earlier and watched as one of them slipped into the bathroom. The other pulls out his phone, checking a quick text.

It was now or never.

He makes a beeline for the door and within the blink of the eye completely disappears from view. The cafe erupting into shouting. “A dine and dasher!”

“He slipped past our security!”

“Go after him!”

Reiji immediately looks up from the table he was serving and watches as the security guards scramble to get to him. Nearly knocking each other over running out the door in desperation. Garou was fast and much too quick for the security guards to catch up too him before he was lost from their sights.

He rubs the back of his head and breathes out a sigh. “I don't get paid enough for this.” Reiji could only simply watch knowing this was not going to go down well with the boss.

**Chapter End Notes**

Probably add more later. Wanted to get it out there. Chapter three is currently almost finished and then I'll possibly take a break from the binge writing. Don't expect too much from this fic. It's just a little bit of self indulgence as I didn't think I'll fall so hard for this couple. So please, do excuse if some chapters seem a bit out of...place. Reiji means 'gentlemen' according to the website baby names. Also, Z and S city sit next to each other while Garou's shack lie's directly on the border and Badd's home just a little further.
You stepped into the wrong cafe Garou.

Edit: "Thanks for the poop!" Garou is playing a pun game. A game that children apparently play in Japan where you would put a similar sounding word at the end of a phrase. For instance "Itadakimasu" a common phrase to say before enjoying a meal, would be "itadakimammoth". Saitama says this in the Manga and Garou plays this little game as well. Took me some time to actually get it until I saw a better translation of it retaining the original Japanese. I thought it was cute and put it here as well.

Update June 7, 2019:

- Fixed tenses, sentence structures and grammatical errors
- More content added
- More details added
“And on today's news we move on to Z-City which was the center of the Hero Association's fight with the Monster Association. While monster sightings and appearances has been down ever since the eradication and disbandment of the so called 'Monster Association', a new fear has risen among the people of Z-City due to a sudden outbreak of rats. People are worried that the sudden appearance of the rodents in such large numbers will cause an increase in the spread of disease....”

Metal Bat laid in his bed, flipping through channels with a bored expression. Zenko sat next to him, kicking her legs up and down on her chair with a neutral expression. It had been three weeks since the Monster Association was bought down and two weeks since he had been hospitalized for multiple bruises, internal injuries and multiple broken bones.

Even though he was capable of moving back and forth between the house, he was in no position to continue his hero work. His bones were not completely healed of themselves and his little sister insisted that he stayed in bed as much as possible, allowing her to do the chores that needed to get down with the help of the trusted neighbors who had long been friends of the small family.

“Ugh...” Badd shifted, the pain in his body aching from fighting a monster off he shouldn't have. The cursed thing had landed him a good hit and reignited it seemed, all the pain that he was just getting over with. Worse, it fractured his foot, leaving him even more confined to the bed than before.

“Is it hurting?”

“Y-yeah...”

She pinched his cheek earning a whine from the older male. “Z-Zenko-!”

“This wouldn't have happened if you had just listened to me! The doctor said no fighting until you got better! But you couldn't help yourself could you?”

“It was right outside the house and a minor tiger threat! I might as well have taken care of it-ow!”

Zenko pulls his cheek even harder. “You always was a metal head!” Zenko let's go of her brother's face and scurries down the hall to the bathroom. “I'll be right back!”

Badd rubs his cheek as he watches her make her way down the hall from his room. He hated being tied to the bed having little to nothing to do. He was a hero, fighting and beating up monsters was all he knew how to do and video games only entertained his boredom for so long. Going so far as to nearly beg the Hero Association to send him out against a threat only to be denied. They couldn't risk losing an S-Class hero and worse and the possibility of any push back that came with it. The young omega had no choice but to suck it up and be under his sister's commands.

He sighed and flopped his head back on the pillow.

"In other major news, the Hero Association has been reeling to find the self-proclaimed 'Hero Hunter' Garou as news surfaces that he was once a former disciple of S-Class hero Bang also known
as 'Silver Fang' who is a martial arts master. The Association has sent out multiple warrants for his arrest and even put a bounty upon his head. This comes after the young alpha male's so-called hero hunt where he sought to fight heroes from all rank classes but especially A and S-classes specifically. Over time, he took out a total of a hundred heroes, giving them all from broken noses to multiple fractured bones and severe blood loss. Despite this, all of his victims survived and it is because of this along with wanting to obtain more knowledge of the Monster Association, that he has been kept to wanted alive instead of dead also."

Badd clenched his fist. Metal head...The words echoed in his mind as he thought back to the fight he had with the hero hunter. His cocky attitude and equally profane mouth made the hero grit at his teeth. The thought of Garou being his soulmate railed on his mind. He was dangerous, indiscriminately attacking and injuring heroes and even cutting off half of A-Class hero Blue Fire's arm from what he had heard but out of all these things not a single one died. He was in a perfect position to kill so why didn't he? Was he even trying to be the monster he claimed so much to be? What was the point of being a hunter if nothing was hunted? The question was a riddle to him and only served to give him a migraine.

Zenko later returns with empty hands and a frown across her face. “There's no more pain killers or bandages for your foot...you used them all up!” She glares at her brother.

“S-sorry...?”

Zenko smiles. “I can go to the convenience store and get you some!”

Badd shakes his head. "Its dark and raining outside Zenko. It's too dangerous."

“But your hurting and in pain. The store is only down the street!”

“Anything can happen!” Badd raises his voice slightly. "I'll....come...with-ugh...” He attempt to sit up only for a pain to shoot through his leg.

Zenko pushes him back down causing him to grimace. "No! Your too weak to walk that distance!"

"I walk around the house all the time! Why can't I go fifteen minutes down the street?"

"Because walking outside is different! Its also raining and you can barely get to the bathroom or change your clothes without me helping you!"

Badd pokes out his lip and rubs the back of his neck. He hates being this weak, not being able to protect anything and he only wanders what should be of her if something does happen and he's too weak to defend her. He shakes the thought from his head. Fighting spirit never let him down before, he'll jump in and protect her like he wasn't hurt at all. “No. I'll call the neighbors. They won't have a problem-"

“Their on a business trip remember?” Zenko reminds him causing her older brother to palm at his face. “Right...”

“I promise I won't be long! I'll come right back!”

Zenko please...”

“I'll take my phone with me. That way if something happens, I'll just call you.”

“Weren't ya just complaining about me not being well enough to move?”
“Not well enough to fight but if you have too you can!” She smiles and boops his nose making the him scrunch up his face. "Fighting spirit remember?” Zenko sighs and looks at him. "You hardly let me go anywhere on my own, I can at least do this.”

Badd stared at her with unconvinced expression. It wasn't her she didn't trust, except for when it came to bringing strays home, it was others. "Can't you-ugh-wait til' the morning?"

His sister frowns. "We'll you be able to survive til' morning? The last time we were out, your last painkiller wore off and you woke up groaning and crying from the pain."

Badd gets defensive. "I wasn't cryin!'"

"Yes you were!" Zenko shoots back. Eyes narrowed at her brother.

He was on multiple painkillers. One prescription and over the counter. The prescription one worked strongly but not enough to dull the pain he had in his bones and whole body. He thought back to the incident and the pain that shot him awake. It felt like he was fighting Garou and Elder Centipede again but this time there was no adrenaline or fighting spirit to numb the sensations. He was forced to take all the pain and glory of having broken bones and torn muscles with him. He did not need a repeat of that incident or a panicked Zenko again.

He looks back to her and gives her a defeated sigh. “Fine. Go get my wallet out of my pants.”

Zenko lets out a hiss that seems all too recognizable as a ‘yes’ and darts to her ink rain coat and boots, putting them on. She snatches up her frog print umbrella and opens the front door.

"O-Oi! Aren't you forgetting something?"

"Oh yeah!" She closes the door and runs to Badd’s room and takes his wallet out of the pocket of his hakama pants. She climbs on the chair and reaches over. Giving him a smiling kiss on the cheek. Happy at the little independence she has before going back to the door. "I'll be right back big bro!"

"Hurry up back and no talking to strangers!"

“Alright! I promise! I'll be right back!”

“You have thirty minutes before I come after ya!”

“Okay, okay!”

He hears the door shut and breathes out a reluctant sigh. Slumping in his bed, he watches idly the television, picking up his phone to play some games. As the time goes pass, he finds himself dozing off, trying his best to fight it until she comes home. But the power of his prescription pain pill proves stronger than the hero as it takes him out. "Zenko..." he mumbles as heavy eyes take him, arm dropping to the side of the bed. His phone slips out of his hand, dropping to the floor before turning off due to low power. Having not been charged the entire day.

Chapter End Notes

The chapters are a little rushed so please excuse some of the mistakes and well, rushness. I will go back and edit them to ensure quality after the two to three other chapters are published. Again, just trying to get the work out there. So it's in a semi-
rough draft written state. I really liked the soulmate au oniismm made (its unfinished) and pretty much wanted to continue off of that while combining all my inspirations from the batarou side of the opm fandom into one fic. Hope you enjoyed it.

Sometimes the simplest mistake can cause the biggest disaster.

June 8, 2019 update:
- Additional dialogue added
- Minor grammatical errors fixed
- Past tenses fixed.
“Did you see that guy today? He completely devoured like, the entire menu!”

“Yeah! I'm glad I wasn't the only one who noticed.”

“The whole cafe saw him dude. I highly doubt you were the only one.”

Reiji listened half-heartily to the conversation playing out beside him as he washed up the last of the few dishes. He glanced over to them and smiled watching as the two men and woman conversed.

“I can't believe he managed to slip pass security.”

“Caught them off guard. One of them was in the bathroom anyway.”

“Still, the way they were talking about him made it seem as though he was gone as soon as they stepped outside.”

“Maybe he was a ninja!” one of the laughed.

“Oh please!”

One of the young men, sporting a pierced ear and yellowish gold hair and sitting in his chair backwards, turned his attention to Reiji. “Yo, Reiji! You've been awfully quiet over there! Care to tell us what's wrong?”

He was given no response. “Hello~? Reiji!”

He jumped up, startled by the sudden call of his name. “Hm? Uh, yeah? Whatchu' need?”

“You've been quiet. What's on your mind?”

“Nothing really, just trying to get out of here.”

“That's right. Your usually the last to leave.”

Reiji smiled. “When you live with the one who owns the store...” he sighed. “...it can't be helped.

The woman spoke up, eyes widening with remembrance. “Oh yeah! Haven't you heard? There's been a large outbreak of rats here in Z-City.”

The man with gold tinted hair smiled. “Oh yeah, I've heard about that. Been all over the news.”

One of the men leaned back in his chair, folding his hands behind his head and crossing his legs. He had a short brown haircut. Younger than the rest. “Z-city is a dump. We have the highest outbreak of monsters out of all the cities and their worried about some rats? Come on.”
“But it hasn't actually been all that bad. For two straight years, including this one, Z-City has seen a rapid decrease in the appearance of monsters. In fact, our monster appearance rate is so low to the point that we've been voted the safest city in the entire country!”

The statement caught the two men off guard and caught the attention of Reiji. “Are you kidding me?”

“No not all.” Reiji stepped in. Drying his hands, he showed them his phone screen. Presenting before them the city safety poll. Sitting at the top was none other than Z-City itself.

“Maybe it's the monster of ghost town doing!” The brown haired teen announced proudly.

The other man turned to him. “You believe that urban legend?

“I mean, who else is just killing those monsters?”

“Yeah,...you got a point.”

Reiji laughed. “You get rid of one problem and another shows up. Now we gotta deal with monsters.”

“Monsters is the least of my worries! Now we've been voted the 'safest city' rent is going to skyrocket!” The yellow haired man punched the air as teeth gritted.

“Yeah, you got a point.” the woman sighed.

Reiji smiled. “You guys are ridiculous.”

“Considering the monsters, it is kinda strange that the boss would open up shop here off all places.” The young man stated.

“Yeah.” The man patted the young man's head. “Brown boy here got a point.”

“What you say punk!”

“Who you calling a punk?”

“Maybe it's cause the rent is cheap like you said.” Reiji answered. “Less of a bill you have to pay for running a restaurant.”

“Speaking of restaurant, when you gonna let us into that forbidden room?” The young man asked.

“The basement?”

“Yeah! The one with all the keep out signs and stuff!”

Reiji sighed. “You guys have already been down there. You saw it. It's nothing more than storage for dry food and supplies. Most don't even want to go down there due to the overwhelming smell of chemicals.”

“Then why all the keep out signs?” the woman asked.

“And heavy use of chains?” The young man finished.

“The boss puts that up when they don't want to be bothered. Of course it's extra but then again, I would be extra too if it meant getting away from you guys.”
“Aw, now that's just mean.”

“Maybe it's a secret lair for all of boss's secret experiments!” The woman snickered.

“Maybe they have a monster down there!” The young brown haired male wiggled his fingers. “Or a hostage! Like the freaky crime shows!”

The employees were always curious as to what could possibly lie behind the doors whenever the signs and chains were up and soon it became a favorite pass time for them to conjure up some of the most ridiculous stories during breaks and closed hours. Conjuring up anything from a possible monster to unknown creature to a pathway to the other side of the world or perhaps a room filled with treasure like little children being told an urban legend.

“You guys watch way too much TV…” Reiji mumbled. “Maybe it's because the chefs and you guys bother them over every little thing.”

“That's not true!” the man with the pierced ear raised his voice defensively. “Who else am I'm suppose to got to for advice on how to pick up the older ladies?” The man gave a prince like smile. A sparkle in his eyes as the younger man stuck his tongue out at him.

Reiji's eyebrows twitched. “Your suppose to be working, not flirting you girls!” He gave a sigh. “Well, take my advice and go pick up some 'older ladies' outside cassanova.”

“Aw, Kicking us out already?”

“Yes. Yes I am.

“Guess we'll get going then.”

“Can we stay a little longer? Please?” The younger man whined.

“No! Out! Now!”

They grabbed their bags and belongings and waved at Reiji. Offering him a goodbye before finally saying one to one another.

“Tell the boss thanks for raise!”

Reiji rolled his eyes and simply nodded back Watching until they were out of sight. He took out a ziploc bag he had kept in his pocket and frowned at it's contents before stuffing it back inside. He walked to the far corner of the restaurant and unlocked door that led to the basement and walked on through. The stairs creaking with every step. Rats ran about among the vicinity, allowing him through, watching closely as he came down the steps.

He encountered the fame doors and gazed at them. They were locked with chains held together by two padlocks and sported two red and white signs that said “keep out!” He tapped his pockets with his free hand and pulled out his keys. He unlocked the three locks, watching as the chains fell with ease. He pushed through the pair doors only to enter into a very large room that smelled of pure bleach and chemical products, not bothering to turn on the light knowing it wouldn't be welcomed.

Jeez…over did it with the cleaning huh?

He locked the door behind him and slowly walked into the room, silence breaking from the tapping of his shoes against the clean marble floors. The walls were lined with steel shelves containing restaurant supplies such as cutlery, table cloths and extra menus as well as pots and pans and dry
food goods that could be stored for years.

As he approached more to the center, he stepped into something mushy and stuck his tongue out. Looking down, he removed his foot off of a discarded organ. Flashlight grazing over the pools of blood, eyes and disembodied monster parts. Much of what was left, was nothing more than licked bone.

He kicked the organ to the side. “Can't you eat neater?”

He heard a hissed aimed at him and he rolled his eyes. “I know I know, you can't control it. No need to be upset.”

He grimaced at the combined sounds of crunching and squelching of blood. Hearing the ripping sounds of tendon and flesh as teeth clashed against them.

“Didn't I tell you not to bother me while I'm eating?” They snarled, licking their teeth clean with their tongue.

“Yeah, you did but you also told me to let you know whenever someone disturbs the peace.”

They sniffed the air. Recognizing the scent of food, cleaning supplies and a mixture of something foreign.

Reiji dug in his pocket and took out a Ziploc bag that carried a used napkin and took it out. Throwing it too them.

They immediately caught it and sniffed it but upon doing so, their lips curled back. Revealing huge sharp canning teeth hidden behind normal human ones. Their skin seemingly peeling apart from the creases of their mouth to their ears.

“Why was there a monster in my cafe?!?”

“A monster. He didn't look like one.”

They scrunched their face up at him. Most monsters looked like monsters and rarely, if ever did they have got one that didn't look like one. But the scent of the used napkin was unmistakable. It had the mix of a human as well.

“Came in wearing a grey hoodie. Being around you for so long, I knew the scent was off and so decided to steal a little evidence.” He smiled. “He ate like you too. He ordered pretty much everything on the menu except the desserts and soups but then when I went off to take the orders of another table and give him his bill he was poof! Up and gone out the door.”

“And what about security?” They growled.

“Couldn't do a thing. Guy was up and gone before we even had a chance. Got 'em while one of them was in the bathroom and the other checking their phone. They said their going to come in tomorrow and ask to look at the cameras to see try and fish out their identity. They looked a bit frightened. Probably scared that if he report them, they'll possibly be reprimanded for being on their phone at all and letting a guy escape so fast.”

Silence fell once again as the news only served to agitate them as their hands clenched around napkin. Crumpling the piece of tissue to the point of ripping as they growled and snarled through their teeth. Long tongue dripping of saliva.
“Must I do everything!!” They flung the napkin to the side of the room. “Tell them that they need not to worry about the cameras tomorrow. I won't be bothered with their 'investigation'.” They spat.

Reiji tilted his head. Tapping his foot against the floor. “Then what about the guy? You should be good now that you have his scent now right?”

They growled. Body trembling with impulse as they discarded a femur bone. Finishing the last part of their unsightly meal. “I still have room for one more...”
Zenko splashed through the light water puddles on the pavement as she dashed down the street. Dodging pedestrians as she went, she carried on her face a light smile Happy that she felt, finally, like a big girl. Badd followed her everywhere and wherever she needed to go he was never far behind. The two was inseparable and while she greatly enjoyed his company. Dragging him around most of the time by her own merit, there were times where she wanted to finally be free from his own shadow and do things on her own.

After all, he won't always be around and she can't always rely on her big brother to watch over her now could she? Still, the unease of being out alone, especially in the dark still weighed on her and cause her to quicken her pace. She was happy she was out alone for once but that didn't mean she didn't want to hurry back home. A worried Badd was the worse when it came to her.

Zenko approached the small grocery like convenience store and opened the door, folding in her umbrella. “Hello!” She gleefully shouted.

The young woman with a short brown bob cut looked up from organizing the register. “Ah Zenko. Back for your normal snacks?”

Zenko rushed over to the counter leaving small traces of water on the white tile floors. She looked up at the young woman. “Yep! And some things for my brother!”

“Oh your brother...where is your brother? You didn't come alone did you?”

“Big brother is sick so I'm here to get some things so he can feel better.”

“Ah, I see.”

“You have any pain killers and bandages?”

The clerk pointed to the far left of the building. “Their in the last aisle by hygiene and care.”

Zenko turned around and rushed to the back aisle. “Thanks!” She scanned over the shelves quickly and pursed her lips, frowning at the overwhelming amount of options. There was pain killers for arthritis, hip and joint pain, full body pain and migraines.

The clerk watched her and took notice of her confusion. Seeing her head tilt like a puppy. She smiled and made her way over too her. “Not sure what to get?”

“I didn't know there was so many...”

The clerark let out a chuckle. “What's hurting him?”

“His foot.”

“I see...” her fingers grazed over the labels before pulling out a small bottle of gel Aleve. “Try this. It should help with whatever he was feeling and it works quickly.”

The girl's eyes lit up. “Thank you!”
The woman smiled. “No problem.”

Zenko grabbed the last of the supplies she needed as well as a few western styled snacks before laying the goods on the counter. The clerk following not far behind.

“Speaking of your brother, how is he feeling? I heard that he had been recently injured.”

“Brother broke his foot recently fighting off a monster. He shouldn't be fighting big things like that anyway since he wasn't fully healed.”

The woman smiled continuing to ring up the last few items. “He's always been like that huh? Stubborn?”

Zenko nodded her head in reluctant agreement.

“Alright, that would be twenty seventy five.”

Zenko dug in her pocket and pulled out a brown wallet, handing over the silver debit card. The woman swiped it and waited for the receipt to print out before sticking it in one of the bags and handing them to her.

“Here you go princess.”

Zenko grabbed them and waved at the woman. “Thank you!”

“Make sure you get home safely! And tell Badd I said hi alright?”

“Okay! I will! See ya miss!”

The woman waved. Watching as she finally left the store. “See you too Zenko.”

Zenko looked at her phone and noticed that twenty five minutes had all but passed. She rushed towards the house, determined to not make her brother worried about her but skidded to a stop when she saw a dark alleyway. The alley was a shortcut she commonly took to get back home on the rare days Badd couldn't pick her up from school. Badd never warned her from taking it but then again, she never had too during late evening hours. The times she did take it during that time, Badd was always with her.

She stood and stare at it for a while, contemplating whether or not it would be a smart move to take the short route. If she went around the alley, it would take an extra ten minutes and Badd was never one to play with her safety. She took a deep breath and decided to brave it.

She darted forward through the alley whose walls were laced with trash and graffiti. A foul odor coming from the spilled trash and dumpsters that was littered over the ground.

She covered her nose. It stinks...

She let out a yelp and dropped her umbrella as she watched a group of rats scurry past her feet. Startled by the sudden intruder in their territory and sound of splashing. She turned and watched as they ran passed her, letting out loose squeaks and sending a shiver down her spine. When they were finally out of view, she breathed a sigh of relief and bent down to pick up her umbrella. She took a deep breath but just as she was about to turn, felt something thick and wet go down through her frog printed umbrella and burn her face causing a burning like sensation. She immediately dropped the item and wiped her face with the sleeves of her yellow cardigan having pulled back the vinyl sleeves of her pink rain coat. She felt another drip thick and heavy and looked down watching as steam rose
up from a yellowish goop of mucous like liquid.

Zenko covered her nose instinctively at the rancid smell and stepped back. Knowing with her knowledge that whatever that thing was, was far from rain. She picked up her umbrella and continued to walk back, pivoting on the ball of her heel only to bump into something fluffy but solid.

_I don't remember there being a wall here._ She thought to herself. Nervously reaching out with shaking hands to touch the strange blocking. The texture felt like fur and the color of it blended in with the surrounding darkness. Another drip of irritating mucus like fluid came down from above and barely missed her. Landing next to her feet, burning the concrete.

With wide eyes, she looked up only to see six crimson eyes glare at her through the darkness.

She stepped back slowly only for every step to be met with another by the strange and terrifyingly large creature. It had the appearance of a ginormous rat with a necklace of abnormal, monstrous like skulls surrounding it's neck held together by dark purple beads and large claws that gripped at the ground. Saliva mixed with stomach acid dripped from the creature's mouth causing the concrete to burn and simmer upon landing.

It was no wonder why Zenko's umbrella had holes in it. It sniffed the air, rancid and greenish breath escaping from it's mouth full of sharp teeth as it did so.

The young girl dropped her bags and stepped back quickly but slow enough as to not startle the beast. It let loose a foul breath that made Zenko grimace and cover her nose, face overshadowed by fear.

The creature bent down and sniffed at her fallen grocery bags, using it's snout to search it out. The creature dragged out the goldfish crackers she had bought and tore through it's bag with with its teeth. Picking up the fallen delicacies with its long and thick tongue.

Zenko slowly pulled out her phone and quickly tried to dial the number of her brother and listened as it tried to ring only for it to go straight to voice mail. She dialed again, more frantic than before only to receive no answer.

Tears begun to fill her eyes. “C'mon big bro! Answer!”

She dialed again and again and again only for it to go straight back to a generic, automated voice message. She begun to ball. “Pick up the phone!”

The sudden loud interruption of sound made the creature jerk up and come pouncing at her. Zenko screamed and crossed her arms in a weak defense. The creature too fast for the young child to react appropriate.

It jumped back and howled, scratching at its nuzzle frantically. It shook its head and turned to face Zenko only to see another figure standing firm in front of her. Her eyes grew wide as she recognized the familiar gold eyes and white hair.

“Y-your-!”

“Tsk, I didn't think you'll be here brat.”

The creature sniffed the air, trying to make out the scents around it and find it's prey. The rain weakening its ability to do so. It hissed and turned about, using it's tail like a whip, it swung at Garou only to miss. Hitting the pavement and reducing it to rubble. He grabbed Zenko by the hem of her dress and rain coat and back flipped out of the way, holding her close to ensure that she wouldn't fall.
“Where's that shitty brother of your's?”

Zenko looked down. Tears in her eyes as a feeling of betrayal overcame her. “He's...at home...”

Garou raised an eyebrow. “And he just let's you walk about at night alone?”

Zenko shook her head. “No! I came out here to get some-”

Another smash of the tail came for them. Garou's quickly reflexes allowed him to dodge it as he had scooped up Zenko into his arms saving both of them from another devastating attack.

He put her down and turned his back to her. “No time for questions it seems. Go. I'll handle this myself.”

“But your hu-”

“Go!” He yelled.

Zenko nodded her head and ran off in the opposite direction, grabbing what she could of the fallen groceries.

Garou listened closely to Zenko's footsteps until he couldn't hear the pitter patter of small feet anymore. Using it as a clue that she was no longer in harm's way. He turned to face the abomination before him. Cracking his knuckles and huffing. “Good, now I can go all out.”

The creature hissed and swung it's tail at him for the third time. This time hitting the alley wall and breaking the bricks. Hard enough to leave even a hole in it.

The hero hunter back flipped back to dodge it and like a cat, landed upon his feet crouching.

The large creature hissed again through it's teeth. “Cursed mutt.” It once again positioned itself and swung it's tail quickly down, shattering the gravel upon impact. Garou had braced himself and dodged the attack. Jumping up, he stared the oversize rat dead in it's eyes

“How long are you going to use the same move!?” He said in annoyance. “**Water Stream Rock Smashing Fist!**” He jabbed at the monster repeatedly, aiming straight for the abdomen. The creature took the full force of impact of his punches and fell apart into a multitude of individual, small, black rats that scurried towards him rapidly. Swarming around his hand and arm.

The hunter was completely caught off guard. “W-what the-!” Garou felt something bite him causing him to quickly recoil and bounce back. Shaking the dreaded leeches off of his arm as they scurried back from him. Bite marks and chunks of flesh having been bitten off of his arm. He looked down at his hand and counted his fingers.

One...two...three...four...four...

One of the them was missing.

Garou watched as the rats scurried back together like an eldritch swarm of locusts. They chirped and squeaked as they scrambled atop of themselves. The sounds of all their squeals and squeaks were deafening to his ears as pools and pools of the filthy rodents ran amongst one another violently, jumping up and down on top of each other as they merged back into one giant organism.

*What the hell is with this damn thing?!*
The beast turned its newly formed head to the hero hunter and tilted it to the side. “Human...no monster...flesh?”

“What type of gross shit...”

The rat charged at Garou with its claws and took swipes at him which he blocked with his hands.

I-It's fast!

He crossed his arms in defense and took the blows. Teeth gritting as it pushed him back with each hit reminding him of his fight with Watchdog Man whose speed coupled with power made him worthy of S-Class but the memory only served to agitate him. Reminding him that he was still weak against those who were not human in any way.

I can't hold this up forever...I have to counter!

Garou jumped back to give him some room between him and his opponent whose body begun to disperse into another swarm of rats charging after him.

Fine! I'll just chop every single one of them!

“Whirlwind Iron Cutting Fist!” He rotated his hands and thrust them forward, creating a razor sharp torrent of air. The mice were instantly repelled back and dispersed. Dead rats falling every which way only to hit the ground and splatter.

The rats came back together and charged after him like a hive, having forwent their original shape. They climbed the walls and ran in a circular motion at a high speed, surrounding Garou and encasing him in a living, black, miniature tornado as rat after rat hit him like a streaming bullet.

“Ugh!”

Blood dripped from his new scars as the rats continued their assault. A vein popped out of Garou's head. Agitated at his lack of knowledge on how to fight with animals. Especially a severely frustrating rodent. He won't allow himself to lose to such a wretched thing. “Whirlwind Iron Cutting Fist!”

Again the rats dispersed but no matter what he tried, they seemed to only respawn. At least he was out of that tornado of rats. The little animals rebuilt themselves and piled on top of each other once again only to go back to attacking Garou in the tornado but this time his trained eyes caught a key component.

As the rats charged at him he couldn't help but notice they flowed in the shape of a triangle as though something led them at the tip. He used his previous attack one more time and watched closely. As though time slowed down, one of the rats, bigger than the others, darker, and with red eyes jumped over his shoulder.

Garou grinned. “Bulls eye.”

Garou snatched the rodent and heard it let out a loud squeak as the tornado of rodents fell into absolute disarray. The rats scurrying about in all directions as the small creature squirmed violently in his hand. Garou gave a craze grin as blood trickled down his face and all over his body. Old wounds having been reopened from the attacks of the rats to join his newly begot ones.

“I see, so your the core of this horde huh?”
He squeezed tighter and threw the rat down and kicked it into the alley wall. Causing the thing to let out a pained squeak.

“I'll...” he huffed. “...will finish you off right here!”

He charged forward, ready to use his hands and martial art skills to slice the monster in half but before he could, it speedily summoned back it's swarm and dodged his attack by having Garou simply slice the rats surrounding it like a cocoon.

“Damn it!”

The rats swarmed up his leg and his torso biting viciously at his wounds causing Garou to bite his tongue and grimace at the pain. He tried to swipe them off but the more he did, the more they just kept coming back. He shouldn't have jumped into this fight. He should have let the damn brat alone so her brother can come and save her instead. She wasn't his damned responsibility anyway but he wasn't going to live with the blame of a young child being killed before him.

“Get off of me!”

Garou flipped back and dead a head spin, flinging the cursed rodents off of him. He stood up and postured himself, fists balled up and arms angled as he huffed. He was truly too weak to continue on. He watched as the plaque of rats swarmed together once again and morphed back into one giant abomination with eyes shining more crimson in the dark than ever before. Watching it's prey as Garou heaved, snarling at his sent and curling back it's lips.

It was pissed.

It charged at him and swung it's tail, knocking a tired Garou into a wall breaking the concrete. Garou clutched his chest and dodged the second swing. Jumping up and bouncing from wall to wall to confuse it's prey on all fours. A skill he had learned in his failing battle with Watchdog. The rat was disoriented and hissed violently and loud enough that it echoed through the entire alley way.

Zenko peeked from her hiding spot on the corner of the alley way behind a dumpster that sat far away from the fight and behind the rat. She refused to go straight home wanting to see the outcome of the battle and specifically, if Garou would make it out alive. She curled her two fingers and prayed that he bested the beast.

His weakened and injured state however gave her little to hope for.

Garou jumped off the wall and aimed straight for the head, mimicking the bullet like attack that the rats had used on him earlier. Elbowing it hard, its face slammed into the wall breaking it. It struggled to free it's head but managed. Stunned from the attack, it shook its head and scratched at it's face. Garou jumped off the wall again unto another higher end and jumped off to hover above the creature. Coming down with such speed and force as to slam its face into the concrete above it's head.

He jumped back and watched as the rat growled viciously at him. Angered, agitated and pained. Hissing and bearing it's yellow stained teeth at him. It sneered. “You'll pay for that!”

“Make me!”

Garou braced himself up for another attack as the thing charged him only to suddenly stop midway and sniff the air. The wind blew from behind it, changing the direction of Garou's scent.

“Hm?”
The beast made a u-turn and charged mouth opened to whatever was behind it. Garou watched as he saw the thing go straight after a small silhouette in the corner. Garou's eyes widened when he saw just what it was charging at.

“No!” Garou ran swiftly after it. “Your fight is with me!”

Zenko screams and on instinct, throws the bottle of sriracha she had carried with her from her groceries at the monster, eyes looking away as it lands right in it's mouth.

A sudden pause of silence catches Garou and the little girl off guard.

Zenko slowly opens her eyes and looks at the the creature who stumbles back and hangs it's tongue out of it's mouth. Saliva and stomach acid pouring out of it's mouth uncontrollably.

Garou runs past the distracted and disoriented beast and steps in front of Zenko. Bloodied and covered in large gashes to his arm. One particularly on his side catches her gaze.

“I told you to get out of here!”

They both watch as the creature bobs it's head up and down and lets out a discomorting growl. It dispersed itself into a multitude of rats and ran in the opposite direction of the duo. Exiting into an opened sewer. The same one it came out of. The last rat, the one that led the swarm, came back up and scooted the sewer cap close with a squeak leaving not a single trace of them behind.

Garou stood confused at the sudden change of action. Simply blinking with pursed lips at what type of cruel joke let him off the hook.

As an uncomfortable silence crossed over them both, Zenko's face relaxed as she looked up at the young man. She stepped closer to him.

“Mister I'm sor-”

Before she could finish, Garou fell over on his side.

“Mister!” Zenko rushed over only to see him shivering violently. Blood pouring out of him in pools. “We need to get you help!”

Garou pushed himself up on his right arm and heaved. “No...I-I'll be...fine...”

“Your as stubborn as my brother! Your far from fine! You'll die!”

“Listen kid...I don't need your damn-”

“No!” Zenko chopped him with her hand on the back of his neck causing Garou to wince and fall to his knees. He swore upon everything high and below the Earth that she was as strong as her brother.

“If you don't want to go to a hospital then at least let me treat your wounds!”

“I doubt you know anything about how to treat-”

“For your information, I treat my brother's wounds all the time!” She grabbed hold of his arm, yanking it. “Come on! I know a shortcut through this alley that leads to my house! You won't have to worry about being seen!”

“Why would you help someone who beat the sh-...I mean crap out of your brother?”
“Brother told me to help people no matter who they are!”

“I don't think your brother would be happy to see me.”

“Don't worry, I'll protect you. You can stay in my room.”

Garou frowned at the thought. He was too weak to make it back to the shack and wandering the streets bloodied and alone to find a hospital will ensure he was to be spotted and found out. Turned in to the authorities without a second thought. But to follow Zenko home would mean an encounter with none other than the S-Class hero Metal Bat himself and whatever stored up fury he had left. He clenched his fist, teeth grinding at the painful gamble. He didn't have a choice.

“Tsk.” He allowed Zenko to pull him up limping. She collected up the spilled alcohol and ointment and wet plastic bag. She picked up her umbrella, unfurled it and stretched her little arm over Garou who silently pushed it away so she won't get more wet than what she is now. Silently, he followed her to her home with the little strength he had left.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter then break. Let me know your thoughts in the comments.

Somebody is not going to be happy about this stray you bought home Zenko.
Garou follows Zenko into the house as the young girl closes the door behind him. She hangs her
raincoat on the coat rack and drops her umbrella in the bin beneath it.

“Stay here.” she whispers before setting off to down the hall towards her brother's bedroom.

Garou does as he's told and stands in the spot he stepped in unmoving. Eyes darting around the
house as he suspects his surroundings. The small home was nice and kept clean with an order that
can be seen at every inch of the house. The hardwood floor was spotless and devoid of stains and
from the kitchen can smell the faintest whiff of bleach. It was simplistic, minimalist at best as the
living room alone had barely anything. Just a two tables for eating and relaxing, a couch and a
television that was turned off.

He could hear the television from Badd's room and light snoring. He turned his attention to the walls
which were lined with pictures depicting Badd and Zenko at parks and Sweet Mask events. One in
particular stood out with Badd holding back wholesome tears as he sat behind his sister brandishing a
winning plaque as Zenko holds a bouquet of roses. Proud that she had one first place at her piano
competition.

Garou almost grinned.

Zenko comes back with a first aid kit in her hands. “Big bro phone died. He forgot to put it on the
charger...” she says, a hint of anger clouding her words. “You can sit down on the couch you
know.”

“I'll stain it, won't I?”

“Hm, you have a point...” Zenko puffs her cheeks. “Oh! You should take a shower first!” She turns
behind Garou and pushes him towards the bathroom. “O-Oi!”

“Your wet and dirty and you stink too!”

Garou groans as he steps into the clean bathroom and narrows his eyes. Smelling lemon scented
cleaning products. The cursed room is so white and bright as too blind him.

Zenko moves pass him and starts the shower.

“Won't your brother hear me?”

She gives him a smile. “No. Once big bro is out cold he's not waking up unless a monster brings the
house down or I scream.” She touches the water to make sure it's hot. “The water is warm so I'll
leave you alone. I'll give you one of brother's pants you can put on.”

Garou pierces his lips. “No.” Not interested in wearing anything that belonged to the hero.

“But you don't have any other clothes do you?”

“I don't.” He confesses.

“Well you can't put those pants back on. Their torn and stained!”
Garou shakes his head. “I don't care. I'm not wearing anything that belongs to that bastard.”

Zenko points a finger. Eyebrows furrowing. “Language! If so, what are you gonna wear after you come out of the shower? You don't plan to walk around naked do you?”

Garou doesn't respond. Not willing to confess that for a quick moment he was contemplating it. He rubs his face with his hand groaning. “Ugh...”

“If you don't wanna wear big bro's clothes then I can take your boxers!”

What she said catches the alpha off guard. “H-Huh?”

“I can wash and dry them while your in the shower. Since their boxers, it shouldn't take that long to do!”

Garou scratches the back of his neck. Uncomfortable at the idea of a ten year old girl handling his underwear. Was she so use to this? He sighs. They are certainly siblings, just as stubborn as each other. He gives in. “Fine.”

Zenko grins. “Okay. Just leave your boxers outside the door and I'll come get ’em. I'm gonna go change.”

Garou watches as she scurries pass him to her room not to far from Badd's and closes the door. He turns to Badd room whose door is closed enough that he is able to see a faint glimmer of the omega through a slit. He closes the door to the bathroom door and grabs the sponge and bath wash that she had left for him on top of the towel. He looked at the bottle and read it. It was strawberry scented.

Garou can't help but let out more groans. Just great. He was a monster dammit! Something to be feared! He clenches around the bottle glaring at it. How could he possibly be intimidating smelling like ripe fruit?

He strips down from what little he has and takes off his bandages which are rags at this point. They stick to him through the dry blood and wounds causing him to wince at the pain. They drop to the floor as he does and grabs them, placing them in the trash. He stares at himself in the mirror. His wounds are beginning to scab over slightly and has long stopped bleeding but the huge gash on his side where the monster had took more than a munch out of him is still painful as he hovers a hand over it.

He sits on one of the stools washing himself of the dirt and grime that has collected over the weeks. He usually would bathe in the stream by his home using the cheap single bar of soap that he stole from a convenience store. It wasn't much but at least it was something.

He inspects himself, taking note of the multiple red marks and bruises that littered is arms and abdomen. Sleeping on a lice and bed bug infested couch had done him in. The damned bugs snacking on the always tired fugitive.

He washes his hair, taking the matching strawberry scented shampoo and conditioner and scrubs his hair. Watching as all species of grime, sweat, dirt and even bugs come out. He scrubs it viciously that any harder he'll rip his own scalp out. He gives out a deep sigh of relief, enjoying the way the hot water runs down his back and burns slightly against his flesh. It's soothing, finally being able to have a proper bath. He felt...like a human again.

He turns off the water and grabs the towel. Sweating from the steam, he dries himself off and peeks out of the bathroom to jump back. Not realizing that Zenko was there in front of him smiling with his underwear folded in her hands. He swears up and down that she has a fifth sense. She's wearing a
long sleeve pink frilly night gown.

“I bought back your clothes. Your pants has stains and actually got more torn in the wash machine so I went ahead and got my brother's instead. He doesn't like them too much so I don't think he’ll notice.”

In the end he still ended up having to wear the damn thing. “Dammit...” he grumbles under his breath. He takes the clothes from Zenko who notices his wounds in full but says nothing. “Come to the living room once your done.” She leaves back to her room and Garou goes back into the bathroom to put on his clothes. He exits, taking a last peek at the crack in Badd's door, and goes into the living room to see Zenko with the widest smile. Looking at him with eyes closed.

What was she so happy about? Garou walks over to her and sits on the floor. Allowing Zenko to take the first aid kit off of the table and to patch him up. She wipes alcohol on the minor and larger wounds and watches Garou for signs of discomfort only to see him staring into the distance with an wavered look. Eyebrows furrowed as though he was mean mugging the wall.

As she finishes wrapping his arms she notices his left hand and pauses. “Y-your hand...” Her eyes are wide as she stares down at it. Garou's trance is broken at her voice and he turns his head. Watching and letting her take up his hand.

Oh yeah, his finger.

All that's left in it's place is a crusty yellow scab. “Did the monster-?”

“No worry about it.” Garou turns his head back away from him.

“O-oh...okay.” She wraps his hand, a decision she makes on the spot. “No using this hand okay?”

Garou just shrugs.

She stands up and begins to wrap the bandages over the wounds she wiped with alcohol and antibiotic ointment. Garou is large, big and holds much more apparent muscle than her brother. She's only as tall as him when he's sitting down and touching him, she only feels rock solid tension. He's not relaxed at all and the lack of fat accentuates this. As though a mere mishap will push him over the edge.

She stops again this time hands shaking.

Garou turns his head again but eyes widen a bit when he sees Zenko's discomfort.

“....Oi...hey...”

Zenko stumbles a bit back. Shook at the sight of the wound on Garou's side. His organs can clearly be seen through the large gash on his side. Held in place solely by muscle tissue alone. Blood doesn't leak from it surprisingly which only makes the little girl shudder more at the abnormality. Garou didn't seem to be a normal strong guy.

“Here.”

Zenko looks at him seeing Garou's hand reached out towards her. He bends his fingers at her and she places the bandages in the palm of his hand. Perhaps she was use to the bandaging wounds but nothing so severe that required surgical intervention. She's confused as to why Garou would reject medical attention but not more so by his nonchalant attitude. A thousand thoughts go through her mind as what he exactly was and capable of. Did he know something she didn't?
In the world they lived in, there was nothing short of strange monsters and people.

Garou finishes wrapping himself and gives Zenko back the now empty cardboard roll.

“Thank you.” She says. Earning an eyebrow raise from Garou. “Thank you...for saving me.” she keeps her head down and Garou stares for a moment.

“Tsk.” He places a hand on her head and ruffles her hair. “Whatever.”

She balls her hands and shakes her fist. “I know the police want's you. Brother says you've done a lot of horrible things but I don't believe your a bad guy!” She looks at him with a determined look. Reminding him of Metal Bat. He's taken aback a little from the sudden response.

“Then what am I?”

“Your...your...” Zenko bites her lip. Unable to give a good response. Can she call him a hero? But he's hurt heroes.

Garou gives her a small smile. Something so rare on his face that she misses it. He ruffles her hair again. Kids, he couldn't get enough of them.

“I know your big bro's mate.”

Garou stops what's he's doing and open's his mouth to say something but is cut off.

“So...you two should get along!”

Garou sighs. It's much too late to get into details why that won't work. “Listen kid, thanks for your service but your brother isn't exactly on boards with that idea.”

“But he'll warm up to you! I know he will! He's just being stubborn.”

Yeah...I bet he is...

Garou gets up and stretches, careful not too move too strongly or quickly. He dips his hands into the grey pockets of the sweatpants. Their comfortable. He looks to the microwave in the kitchen and notices the time. It's eleven o'clock.

“It's late. I think you should go to bed.”

“Oh...oh yeah.” She begins to walk to her room but turns around. “Aren't you coming?”

Garou shakes his head. “No. I'll...sleep out on the couch.”

“But you can't! What if he gets up and see's you?”

“I'll punch him.”

“No!”

“I was only joking...” Garou whines, partially lying.

“If you sleep in my room you don't have to worry about him finding you out! You just have to leave before he wakes up!”

“Won't he check up on you?”
“I’ll lock the door.”

This kid has a whole plan huh? Garou sighs. Forced to give in. “Sure.” He had peeked in her room walking pass it to the living room. Only to cringe at the amount of pink and fluffy plushies that littered the place. He already felt some of his masculinity leave him smelling like strawberries, he didn’t need any more torture.

Zenko grabs him by the hand and drags him to her room. Garou winces at the brightness of it all. Pink walls, pink bed and stuff animals everywhere. On the floor, on the bed, on the ceiling it seems. “We can share the bed!” she says, patting the bed.

Garou shakes his head. “I can sleep on the floor.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Don’t wanna intrude on your sleep.” In truth, the bed was the size he was and he didn't want to be attacked by a plethora of Rilakkuma and Sanrio abominations. He'll be remissed if he said the things didn't creep him out. "Don't you have school tomorrow?"

Zenko nods. "Yeah." She turns on her heel. "I'll go get you a blanket.” She goes to her closet and Garou takes a pillow from her bed and flops down on the floor. He's a stark contrast to the wonderland that is her room. A towering, alpha, muscular male who can easily kill someone with a finger surrounded by cute demons with big eyes.

The off white carpet is surprisingly comfortable against his skin. It's warm and nice and for once he's shielded from the rain. He's not use to it for upon hearing it clash against the roof, he thinks he should be wet but realizing he's dry calms back down. His wounds are nothing to him. He's recovered from poisonous arrows and a shattered rib cage. A missing finger and an organ exposing gash was certainly new, his monster biology was a blessing. Helped by the food, he'll be fine by the late morning. His finger will return in it's full.

He's about to fall asleep when he feels something soft envelope him, flying down from above. When he hears the spring of the bed and Zenko flopping down before it's silently still. Only then does he lifts his head up to see what it is.

A hello kitty blanket.

Garou can only groan before falling asleep. Lamenting how far he has fallen.

Chapter End Notes

I'm very happy that not only am I'm receiving comments, but I have people who seem to genuine enjoy the story. Pretty much everybody on the batarou tag over on Tumblr has given me so much inspiration that I could not write this fanfic.

Poor Garou, you'll always be the handsome back fetish monster to us. While smelling like strawberries.
Intruder Alert

Chapter Summary

What you've all been waiting for.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Badd blinks as light pours in from the window next to his bed. It's blinding as he tries to open his eyes, putting up a hand in defense. He turns his face from the intruding brightness and scans his bedroom. The television is still on as normal and his room a mess of clothes and various medicine bottles and light trash. Zenko would normally take care of his mess since he's sick but she wasn't too worried about it this time. Caught up in school and piano lessons.

He's still wearing his clothes from before the night before, a black shirt and sweatpants. He touches his pompadour, or at least what it use to be, and groans. Not in the mood to deal with the mess that's now his head. He looks over to his nigh stand and notices his phone is missing. He pats the bed and touches something hard. He drags from underneath the covers a remote and frowns. He continues to pat his bed until it dawns on him to look on the floor and sees it.

He reaches down for it and tries to turn it on, only to find out it's dead. Great. He grabs the charger and plugs it in before getting out of bed. Tossing the black comforter to the side. He can't shake the thought that he should be doing something. He heads into the bathroom to take a leak before brushing his teeth and then his hair.

I feel like I'm forgetting something...he sits the brush down on the edge of the sink and walks out. Heading into the kitchen and grabs a bottle of juice. He turns on the living room television and it immediately tunes in on the news.

“Good morning S-City, welcome back to another exciting day as we start the week off. There has been little sightings of monsters in the recent pass days with many being nothing more than low ranking wold and tiger threats. A perfect way to start this week this Monday as we hope to continue down this path...”

Badd crushes the can. “Dammit! I forgot about Zenko!”

He looks in the refrigerator only to see her lunch bag gone.

She must have went to school already.

He rubs the back of his neck and remembers the night before. Telling her to come straight home and to call him in case something happened. Having let her go out to get more medical supplies. He prays above that nothing happened but is at ease knowing her lunch bag is gone. Meaning that she must have went to school but it's not enough evidence to set his mind at ease.

He can't call the school to make sure she's truly okay since his phone is dead and it would be some time before its charged enough to let him. He sighs and walks back down the hall towards his room only to abruptly stop in front of his sister's.
That's right, her backpack...

It was an item that was normally kept in her room as it was too large to hang from coat rack. He turns the knob gently only to click his teeth.

That girl, she locked herself out again?

He groans and heads to his room to take get his keys to the house. Taking them from out of his nightstand. He goes back to Zenko's room and opens the door. Silent as it rubs against the carpet. He peaks inside, scanning the room and sees that her backpack is indeed gone. He breathes out a sigh of relief and gives a gentle smile.

Atleast she's okay.

He closes the door only to hear a sudden cough.

He looks back in the room and into the hallway with confusion. He breathes again. Blaming himself for hearing things.

He tries to walk away again only for the scent of an alpha to roll pass his nose. He steps into the room and notices a hello kitty blanket on the floor. Something rare as he knows his sister is particular about it getting dirty. He walks over towards the other side of her bed silently, quiet enough that he can hear his own heartbeat.

Badd freezes.

Eyes wide to the point of engulfing his face. His heartbeat quickens as he lays eyes upon a person he hasn't seen in a long time.

Garou!

He doesn't know what to do. How to react. Only a million questions run through his mind. Why is he here? Why is he in Zenko's room? Why is he wearing his clothes?

He doesn't even bother to entertain the idea that perhaps, just perhaps, his own sister had led him here. But why? The bastard was trying to kill him in front of her! Instead, it's replaced by the worse thoughts. That he had done something to her.

He steps out of the room and quietly closes the door.

But when he reappears again, his bat is in his hand.

“WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU HERE?”

Garou's eyes shoot awake.

Shit!

Badd's bat comes crashing down on the floor, causing the entire room to shake. Putting just enough power behind his blow to leave the floor unscathed. Ever cautious about his sister and her property.

Garou springs to his feet, dodging the blow.

He's sweating upwards.

I overslept!
He would have kept his promise, if not for the fact that the damn carpeted floor felt so nice beneath him. It was clean, lice and bed bug free. He was warm, had nice clothes and the cursed shower. Nothing made a person sleep better than a damn shower.

He made himself too comfortable.

“What did you do to Zenko!?!”

Badd comes at him and swings. Hitting the plushies that were stacked in the corner as a pyramid. Sending them flying towards the other side of the room. Thank goodness they were made out of plush. But any harder material and they would have went through the wall. Garou knew Metal Bat was not a mere low class fighter. He learned from their previous fight. Never underestimate.

Garou ducks underneath the blow and runs out into the living room, sprinting towards the window in an attempt to make a fast exit. He gets close before Badd, like the speed of lighting, is suddenly behind him., a deathly aura threatening to do him in. Forcing him to dodge the swing from the bat that lands straight into a wall.

Garou flips out of the way and into the living room where Badd takes swing after swing after him. Presenting him with no chance to get out of the tight space he was in. The small room gave him no opening to merely dodge and run. He sucked his teeth as he was stuck between a metal head and a hard place. Badd swings again, completely shattering a lamp that sat on one of the tables. Glass pieces flying about everywhere. Garou jumps over it and lands on his feet, staring the hero straight the eye.

Badd is panting, sweat coming down from his forehead and body moving slightly back and forth. Just coming down from the drugs and having woken up not too long ago. The hero's legs is trembling as he stands upon a broken foot decorated in a cast. He has to be in a pain but Garou knows all too well from his first encounter with the hero that pain means nothing when it comes to this stubborn omega. He'll fight through a punctured lung if he has too, if he wants too.

Badd continues to swing at him, forcing the hero hunter to jump all over the room like a master gymnast. Badd is ripe with fury as he tries desperately to aim for the his opponent. At this rate, Garou eyes the window and plots his escape. He'll have no choice but to jump out of it glass and all. In the blink of an eye, the hero comes down upon the former hero hunter with a blow that utterly breaks apart the small table he had sitting in the living room.

“You'll just end up destroying your own home at this rate. Is that really something you want to do?”

Badd ignores him, lifting his bat up for another swing. Veins popping out of his neck and forehead.

“I see...” Garou rubbed the corner of his mouth. Smearing blood from where some of the sharp glass pieces from the lamp had grazed him. “So that's how it is. Fine. I'll entertain you.” Garou pushed back his foot and crossed his arms. Hands open as though he was ready to grasp air.

Badd came down upon the ground with a swing so furious as to shake the entire foundation of the house. The people outside passing the house was startled as the force had generated the equivalent of a tiny earthquake causing them to pause. Wondering what had happened to suddenly to shake the Earth.

It had managed to graze the alpha on the side of his largest wound but that small lucky hit was enough to knock the wind out of him. It wasn't fully healed, at least not yet and until it was, it laid his most vulnerable spot.
Garou ignored his body's pleas to fall back from the shock and rotated his hands. Creating a whirlpool effect that sucked in a part of the atmosphere. He stepped forward, just hard enough to shake the floor, and shoved his hands into the hero's chest.

He wanted to end this quickly.

"Ugh!" Badd slammed against the counter of the kitchen. He heaved as he laid splayed against the floor with thick blood spilled from his mouth. Garou spat some blood himself. Looking to his side he noticed blood staining his bandages. Badd had managed to kneel him. He clutched his side and fell to one of his knees. Trained eyes refusing to turn from the enemy. The last time he took his eyes away, it nearly cost him a bashed in skull.

He thought he learned his lesson.

His head turns quickly when he hears a high pitch shout.

"Stop!"

His head snaps to turn around only to see the front door wide opened. A dropped backpack and lunch bag by the door frame. He turns his head again with wide eyes only to see a young girl shield him like she did for her brother. Fast reflexes having pushed herself between them at such a speed that it seemed more than what Garou himself was capable of reacting too.

When he turns again, his eyes catch Badd's bat swinging down upon them both.

"Move Zenko!"

He calls out her name as Badd's bat comes down full swing. Not realizing in his blinded fury that his own sister had jumped in between them sparring. Garou's instincts kick in and he snatches Zenko from the event of sure death. Jumping to the front door and accidentally slamming it shut with his body.

A vein now popped out of his own head as his eyes narrowed in on the delinquent hero. "What the fuck!? You nearly hit your own sister!"

Badd blinks. Eyes growing wide. Not realizing his sister had jumped in. Minor panic at the thought that he nearly hit her. "Z-Zenko!?"

"Stop! It's enough!"

Badd watches heaving. Breaths coming out with gasping sounds as adrenaline and fighting spirit ignores the intense pain in his foot. He clenches his bat as a vein grows out from the side of his neck to the brim of his jaw. Thinking back to when Zenko had boldly put herself in between the hero hunter and himself. Risking possible injury or death to protect him.

But this time, the roles were switched.

With venom in his voice he speaks lowly. "Move...Zenko." It's spoken in a voice she's not use to. A voice never aimed at her.

"No! You promised you'll never use violence in front of me!"

Badd's eyes furrow and his hands grip his bat even tighter. Garou watches him intently, catching every flinch, vein pop and jerk of tension. "He's an enemy Zenko. He tried to *kill me.*"
Garou grows stiff at Badd's remark and his face forms a frown as though he was offended. Why did it bother him?

Zenko bites her lip and swallows. The thought of having possibly lost a brother waved on her mind. He was right, Garou had every intention of killing him and had she not have jumped in he would have perished, they both would have perished but she reaches the conclusion that it couldn't be true. If it was alpha would have simply pushed her to the side and continued his assault but he didn't. One fact overwhelmed it all, his concern and the fact that he saved her.

It was all the proof she needed to stand by her belief.

She shakes her head undaunted by her brother's statement. Standing firm against him. "No."

Badd clutched his bat even tighter to the point that every vein in his hands begun to show. An artery protruded from his temple and his eyes became wide and blood shot, pupils dilated to a pinprick. The temperature in the room felt like it got hotter.

Garou's eyes left Badd and he gazed down at Zenko who was trembling against his arms and body. Her face laced with false bravery as she stood before a sight that she never had encountered before. She wasn't even sure if it was her brother she was looking at.

"Move Zenko."

Her voice cracks. "No!"

Badd positions his bat so it's directly behind her and jabs Garou on his side but not before his long legs are able to step on his foot. Earning a painful groan from the hero. Garou grits his teeth and collapses on the floor while Badd falls upon a knee. One hand grasping his bat and the other holding his broken foot.

Garou's strength is formidable there was no doubt about it as he rubbed it. Pain shooting up in all areas. He had stepped on it with nearly the same amount force as when he kicked him.

“You could have hit your own sister.” Garou growls at him. Bitter disgust evident in his tone.

Badd glares at him. Eyes filled with nothing but hatred for the intruder in his home as he spoke in a low voice. “You have no right to lecture me on morale.” The words, laced with bitter rage, pierces through the home.

Badd stays silent and attempts to get up. Ready to take another swing.

Garou prepares, taking his typical battle stance. Ready to propel back any blows.

Badd charges force.

“Stop! I said stop it!” She runs in between them again and back in front of Garou.

This time, her brother notices and just when the bat is about to land he freezes. Seeing as his baby sisters eyes is closed with tears in her eyes. Biting her lip as though she was waiting for the worse. The scene causes him to shake, scared that another movement would all but hurt her. Why was she defending him of all people? Why wasn't she defending him? He took care of her, raised her so why, for out of all people are the roles reversed? Why was he the monster?

“Zen...ko...” His voice cracks.
“That's enough! You've proved your point! You hate him!”

“He's an enemy Zenko...” He reinforces. His voice softer than before.

“You told me to help people who are in trouble no matter what!”

“He tried to kill me!”

“He helped me!”

“Even still!”

“So where were you?”

Badd grows silent.

The temperature of the room suddenly fell to cold.

“When I went to get stuff for you last night and was coming back, a big scary monster tried to attack me! It ate my goldfish and tried to hurt me but Garou stepped in and fought it before it could! He lost a finger defending me! He even has a huge hole in him now because he was protecting me! When I tried to call you, you didn't answer! When I needed you, you didn't come! You have no right to hurt him when he came to my rescue and not you! And your, your suppose to be a hero!”

The words pierces through Badd's chest like a double edge sword. He had made a promise. A promise he felt like he didn't keep. A promise to always keep her safe. Away from the brutal violence of his job and away from danger.

This..this is why I didn't want her going by herself! He yells to himself. But isn't doesn't deflect the blame. The words echo in his mind from the night before. He didn't keep his end.

*Call me if anything happens!*

But Zenko did.

He stood up, using his bat like crutch to balance himself he points a finger at Garou who watches every little part of him. Zenko still in front of the beaten alpha defensively. The sight revolted him but he could blame no one but himself.

“He can stay but I don't want to see his face. And most importantly, if you cause *any* trouble while you’re here, I will kill you.”

Garou doesn't respond and only watches as Badd limps down the hall to his bedroom. Using his bat like a cane. Grimacing with each step from the pain in his foot. Zenko and Garou doesn't budge until they hear the door slam shut. Hard enough to break it off of it's hinges.

Zenko moves from Garou with tears in her eyes but partial relief at the fact that her brother gave in. She wasn't use to that side of Badd. The one who was intent on killing, who ignored her words and continued to do what he wanted. This was different. Even then he stopped when he heard Zenko’s voice. Refusing to deliver the killing blow.

“Big bro...says that you...can stay.” She sniffs, voice bleeding from inbetween her words.

Garou tilts his head at her and ruffles her head before standing. Not sure how to respond. He walks towards the window.
“M-mister?”

He stops. The name and tone of her voice makes him remember back to the ugly child he had once saved.

“Your not staying?”

Garou looks at her from over his shoulder before looking away. Giving out a deep sigh. His face is hardened and lacking in emotion. “No. Its best that I don't.” he nearly spits out the words.

“But brother said you could! Aren't you bleeding again? You should-!”

"Listen kid, sometimes things aren't meant to be. Once you accept that you'll find life alot easier."

Zenko cries a bit harder. Squeezing tears out of her eyes.

They were soulmates, destined to be with one another. Were the tattoos wrong? Since when had they ever been wrong? She's heard of some people getting along and ending up together with those who weren't soulmates but big bro was stubborn. He would die before he ended up with someone who wasn't. But if that was so....then what was Sweet Mask to him?

He watches as she wipes the tears from her eyes. He's at a loss for words on what to do or how to respond. He simply takes a deep breath and turns his back to her. Not wanting to look at the sight.

"I'm a monster. My wounds will heal. In fact these bandages are ready to come off now...." He thinks back to the wound on his side and his finger. "...most of them." Such wounds took longer to fully recover but he knows it will be as it was before later on in the day.

Zenko wipes the last of her tears dry, not saying a word but nodding. Understanding but not. Monster? Wasn't he only that in name? She balls her fist up and bites her lip. Anger and sadness mixing as she glares down at the floor. Perhaps...it wasn't meant to be. Badd was a hero and Garou was a monster.

He walks over to the living room window and opens it. Sitting on the sail before giving her one last look. Whispering something that barely misses her ears.

Thanks.

Before Zenko can respond he's off. Leaving her alone as a quiet breeze brushes pass the curtains.

Chapter End Notes

You guys comments and appreciation for my hard work despite my mistakes keep this fic going. It lets authors know that yes, their story is being read! I hope I didn't make Garou out of character. I think I did pretty well towards the end. In the manga and anime he seems really soft towards them and more open to affection it seems. He was towards Tareo when he wasn't trying to defend him.

Edit: changed a bit of Garou's interaction towards the end since he seemed out of character. Did I mention this has angst? Forgot to add the tag. LoL.

Garou won't admit that the rejection hurt a little. He does want his soulmate and Badd is
conflicted between protecting his sister and having his enemy as a soulmate. In other words, their both idiots that should just kiss already.

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