Corin Deeth III once said that he was not a small man. That was, as anyone who has ever seen him knows, a complete lie.

Notes

I wasn't planning to write a Kakos Industries fic at all, but then I tried searching for them here on Ao3 and found... none. So here, I hope you enjoy this idea that had been bouncing inside of my head for a while!

See the end of the work for more notes

Corin Deeth III once said that he was not a small man. That was, as anyone who has ever seen him knows, a complete lie. He’s not exactly tiny, no, but he is certainly small. Kakos Industries’ new CEO is made of exactly five feet and seven inches of evil. There are also about two inches of plastic insoles designed specifically to make him look taller.

Despite what he thinks, not a single person in the entirety of Kakos Industries cares that he is short. Everyone knows that he is powerful and armed, no matter how tall he happens to be. While Corin has spent years wondering if he should just ask for a growth formula to be made, everyone else has spent years simply ignoring the young man’s height.

This is not helped by the appearance of Melantha. For all of her modifications and upgrades, her height is the one completely natural thing about her. She is six feet of evil with two inches of something much less identifiable to top it off. With long, iridescent hair pulled into a ponytail and cheekbones to sharp they could - and have - cut someone open, she is a fearful sight.

Corin can’t stand it.
They rarely meet, so this particular problem doesn’t rear its ugly head often. Those who watch them in meetings will see a subtle battle - well. More like a subtle massacre. Melantha sits with her shoulders back and her head held high, a smirk settled on her flawless face. Corin strains to reach her shoulder.

One of the personal assistants keeps a running tally of ways that Corin has tried to even things out with Melantha. At first it was simpler things, such as stilts or leg extensions. He considered surgery briefly and growth cream less briefly. Stretching, hanging by his ankles, reverse shrink rays... all did nothing for him.

When all of his attempts to change his own height failed, he began to target his rival. The first attack was almost kind. A shrink ray, one that was in the prototype stage of development, backfired and shrunk the lab assistant so small that he could not find them again. Then came the more desperate attempts. It will suffice to say that there were saws, pianos, pills containing highly concentrated radiations, and other such items involved.

This, however, has to be his best idea yet. He laughs as heartily as his rival so famously does as the ground shakes. Someone below him shrieks. The sound is cut off by another footfall. Inside the mecha, Corin reaches out to swat the army bomber from the sky. It crashes into the mecha’s hand and spirals toward the ground, landing with the sound of grating metal and more screams.

“I’m never getting out of this thing!” he crows, grinning as he stomps the city below to pieces.

The creators of the simulator stand behind him and share a tired glance, deciding that now is a perfect time for an extensive coffee break.

End Notes

You can visit me at kittleimp.tumblr.com to chat about the use of mechas to solve the problem of falling asleep in class and other important topics.

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