I will not be broken

by RayneAuster

Summary

What lengths will you go to, to fight? To stay sane? To protect those you love? Tadashi finds himself in the future trying to accept a lifetime of changes that he's missed out on but before he can deal with the shock, he finds out Hiro has been kidnapped. Hiro is held captive, fighting for the lives of those he loves. How far will they go to hold onto what they believe in?

Notes

This is my first attempt at fan fiction. I'm terrified I will not be able to keep the characters in character which is one of the reasons I've never really written fan fiction before. I'm really obsessed with this movie though and this idea has been stewing in my head for several weeks now, dying to come out so I figured I'd give it a try. I'm posting the first five chapters in order to catch up to what I have posted on fanfiction.net
The Campus was unnaturally quiet, even for an early Saturday morning. Pale sunlight illuminated clean concrete, glass and steel softening the sharp precise lines of the high tech buildings. Nothing appeared to be amiss. Everything was clean, whole and precisely placed. A place for everything and everything in its place. Just the way he liked it. Except...

"Woah! Dude! Classic plot twist! We've traveled back in time!" A giant blue lizard leapt up into the air arm raised up above his head. "We're developing super powers. It was only a matter of time. It was bound to happen you know, what with us being super heroes and everything. I wonder whose power this is. Probably yours. You can use your laser sharp blades to slice through time. Hi-yah!" The lizard chopped his hands doing a bad job of emulating karate moves.

A green suited figure raised a hand to his forehead suffering through the others antics. "We have not traveled back in time, Fred." He said with a sigh. "We're investigating rumors of objects from the past appearing in the present, remember?"

"Yes but that's the old showcase building!" Fred exclaimed bouncing up and down in small movements. "How do you make an entire building appear out of nowhere without travelling through time!"

"Hiro and Baymax have gone to Krei Tech to investigate a rumor that his Micro-bots have returned and Honey and Gogo have gone to the bay to see if there really is a World War 2 submarine docked there. I think an entire building is not all that far fetched at this stage. I'm sure there is a scientific explanation for this" Wasabi said marching forward with a scowl.

"How is time travel not a scientific explanation?" Fred demanded following after.

"The plaque to Tadashi's memorial is still there" Wasabi said pointing to a silver plaque planted among the Sakura trees in front of the showcase building.

Fred glanced at the plaque, shoulders drooping just a touch. Wasabi lifted a small electronic device as they approached the building, turning it on. The little box was designed to measure fluctuations in electromagnetic pulses and was calibrated to seek out traces of inter-dimensional space. The readings showing up on the screen were erratically shifting up and down, only getting more erratic as Wasabi and Fred approached the building.

Wasabi frowned at the numbers heading towards the entrance to the building before stopping. Fred paused beside him. He pushed back the top of his suit to stare up at the building. "It's almost like it never burnt down." He commented.

"But it did." Wasabi said shortly lowering the recording device he held. "This doesn't make sense."

"I told you... Its, Tiiiiime... Traaaaavel." Fred insisted still staring at the building. A slight breeze filtered through the air drawing his attention to a dark blue banner shifting lightly to match the movement of the air. He was right! Fred began to bounce up and down on his feet once more physically unable to contain his building excitement. He turned to Wasabi insistently tapping him on the shoulder in an attempt to gain his attention. "Look! Look!" He was now actually jumping and flailing about as Wasabi turned to face him. "That banner! It's the one they used during the showcase! You know! The one where Tadashi... " Fred hesitated a moment as the touch subject of
Tadashi's death reared its ugly head but continued on anyway to excited to be down for long. "It traveled through time."

"Let's not jump to conclusions, Fred." Wasabi said ignoring the voice inside his head that was agreeing with Fred's hypothesis. Fred was a comic book nut not a scientist. "Its not scie..." Wasabi's response was cut off, his attention drawn once more to the device in his hands as it began to beep insistently. He lifted it staring at the numbers as they spiked off the chart, an ominous 999999999999 blinking up at him in time with the beeping.

Fred peered over his shoulder to also take a look when a flash of flickering orange drew their attention back to the building. The showcase building was burning. Pale ghostly flames danced along the buildings surface, seeming to leave the building untouched even as the ferocity of the fire grew. Leaping into action Fred pulled his mask back down, grabbed hold of Wasabi and ran.

The beeping of the device in Wasabi's hands grew ever more insistent, drowning out their loud pants as they fled eminent danger and that's when it happened. The building exploded. A sudden gust of explosive force lifted them high up into the air before dissipating completely leaving them to fall hard onto the ground.

"Oof!" Fred hit the ground, his head bouncing off the concrete. His suit absorbed most of the impact but did not prevent the pain that coursed through his skull as he saw stars. Wasabi landed on top of him with a dull thud, the device in his hands now eerily silent.

Wasabi lifted himself off of Fred and turned to face the building, expecting to see flames and debris. The showcase building was still standing, blue banner drifting innocuously in the early morning breeze. The fire; along with any traces of the ensuing explosion; was gone.

A lone figure was running across the immaculate lawn heading towards them.

Ignoring his bumps, bruises, aches and pains, Wasabi got up, gingerly placing himself between Fred and the potential threat heading towards them.

Broad shoulders.
A lean waist.
Neatly trimmed black hair.
Large warm brown eyes.

Wasabi's jaw dropped open in shock as the details began to filter into his mind. It couldn't be. It wasn't scientifically possible. Plausible. Maybe. Possible. Definitely not. He shut his eyes and shook his head trying to clear his vision. Concussion, his logical mind supplied. He'd been violently propelled through the air and now his mind was playing tricks on him. It was the only logical explanation. There wasn't anyone here when they arrived. There couldn't be anyone here now. He cautiously opened his eyes convinced things would once more be as they should but what he saw continued to defy all reason.

Wasabi passed out.
"….ed…. F….red…. Come on Fred, talk to me!" Fred groaned absently swatting away the cool lean hands running over his face. Bright light filtered through his eye lids, causing his headache to flare back up again. It had only just begun to settle too. He opened his eyes staring up at the sky and the slowly drifting Sakura blossoms.

"How many fingers am I holding up?" One of the lean hands was back, directly above his face, holding the first two fingers up.

Fred reached up to brush the hand away, simultaneously moving to sit up. "Hey, Tadashi, my man, I'm ok." He said ignoring the dull throbbing in the back of his skull. He reached up to run his fingers through his hair, wincing when his fingers encountered a solid bump. He gingerly traced the injury, absently cataloguing its location when it hit him. He froze, pale blue eyes wide before gingerly turning to face the person kneeling beside him, tentatively reaching out towards him, concern etched on all too familiar features.

"Yo! My MAN! TADASHI!" Fred exclaimed and threw himself into Tadashi's arms without hesitation. He pulled the confused man into an enthusiastic hug. "I was right! We traveled through time! It's a classic plot twist but does anyone every believe me? No. The little guy is going to be so happy to see you! We have so much catching up to do! How have you been? Oh wait, never mind, the fire…"

"Fred! Hold up would you?!" The rambling would have continued on if Tadashi had not interrupted. Fred fell silent. He withdrew from the rather awkward one sided embrace and looked at Tadashi, watching the play of emotion on the other man's face. Tadashi, understandably, looked lost and confused. Tadashi reached up and cupped the back of his own neck looking away from Fred for a moment before bringing his wide brown gaze back. "The fire… Callaghan… What's going on?"

There was a trace of fear in those large brown orbs.

Fred sighed. "Man, have we got a lot of explaining to do." He said sheepishly standing up. "I think we should call the others and go somewhere more comfortable, don't you agree?" He asked looking for Wasabi. Wasabi was lying a few feet away, propped up against a tree.

"He passed out." Tadashi explained, noticing the direction of Fred's gaze.

Fred nodded pulling out a cell phone. "I'll call Heathcliff to come get us." He dialed a number, exchanged a few soft phrases before hanging up and walking back towards Tadashi. He circled him, carefully peering at him from all directions, his Kaiju mask flopping about like a hood as he walked. "You look good."

Tadashi chuckled lightly, shaking his head. "I'd say the same for you but you're wearing a Kaiju costume…." Fred stumbled, panic flickering through him. The identity of Big Hero 6 was supposed to be a secret, "...and Wasabi looks like some kind of modern day ninja. Am I missing a comic convention or something?" Relief followed the panic as Tadashi handed him the perfect explanation.

"Yeah, dude. It was awesome! I was like GRR! And RAWR!" Fred struck random Godzilla poses to fit the sound effects, "and Wasabi was all Kyaa and Hi-Yah!" He repeated his bad impersonation of Karate moves.
Tadashi raised a silent eyebrow in disbelief. "How did you get Wasabi to agree to go with you?" He asked. Fred would need some powerful blackmail material to get the usually quiet withdrawn man to agree to go to a comic convention.

Fred grinned. "I hid some of his tools and threatened to throw them away if he didn't agree to go with me."

That would do it. Satisfied with the explanation Tadashi glanced at Wasabi, still passed out beneath the Sakura tree. "What are you guys doing here?"

"I had to make good on my promise to return his tools." The lie flowed easily, making Fred uncomfortable. Tadashi was one of his closest mates and he didn't like lying to his friends. "We just got back from California and I figured I should give them back to him before we went home. You know what he's like. He wouldn't have gotten any rest knowing his tools are not all 'perfectly lined' up on his table in the lab." Fred, drew air quotes as he spoke to emphasize his point.

Tadashi shook his head smiling as he looked at Wasabi. His friend was a little OCD to put it mildly but it was one of the things he liked about the rather large gentle African man. He turned back to Fred, his smile slipping a little. "What am I doing here?"

"Well… uh…" Fred suddenly looked very uncomfortable, unable to meet Tadashi's gaze.

"Have I been suffering from Amnesia? Perhaps, following an injury at the Showcase Fire?" Tadashi asked, his logical mind accessing all his medical knowledge in an attempt to explain the strange situation he found himself in.

"Not exactly." Fred replied looking awkwardly around.

Silence enveloped them for a moment as Tadashi waited for a further explanation. One moment turned into two and might have continued on into three if not for the smooth purr of an engine.

"Oh look! Heathcliff is here!" Fred exclaimed as a large limousine pulled onto the campus grounds. He bounced over to Wasabi and pulled the large man up by one arm. Draping the arm over his shoulder he began to march towards the limousine, unceremoniously dragging Wasabi along beside him.

Tadashi sighed softly, stood and followed after, hoping he'd be able to get a better explanation once they got somewhere more comfortable, as Fred had put it.

The limousine stopped and Heathcliff got out, bowing ever so slightly as he opened the door for his hyperactive, rather eccentric master. He appeared to be completely unfazed as Fred slipped into the back seat still wearing his ridiculous Fire Lizard Costume while dragging Wasabi's unconscious body in after him. Heathcliff had, after all, seen it all before. That is until…

Heathcliff's eyes went rather wide and his entire body stiffened the moment he spotted Tadashi. Tadashi frowned in confusion as he slipped into the car after Fred and Wasabi, all the while watching the manservant, silently cataloging Heathcliff's strange reaction.

The door to the limo was softly closed behind him and the car started a few moments later, smoothly pulling out of campus.
"Hey, Fred! What is this big surprise we're supposed to rush over here to s… ee." Dark brown eyes narrowed into slits as a tiny slim Asian woman stumbled to a sudden halt. A tall lean Hispanic woman followed suit nearly walking into her. A soft gasp escaped Honey Lemon's lips and she raised a hand to her mouth, green eyes wide in shock.

Silence.

The inflation of a bright pink bubble was the only sound to be heard, each second that ticked by agonisingly slow.

Pop.

The bubble popped and Gogo burst into motion marching straight up to Tadashi. Arms crossed she sauntered around him, black sneakers not making a sound. Head held high, she carefully ran her eyes over him, assessing, measuring, processing and then she punched him square in the jaw. "That one's for dying on us!" She exclaimed following the first punch with another, this one aimed at Tadashi's gut. "And that one's for coming back without so much as a warning.

"Gogo!" Honey Lemon exclaimed rushing forward to pull the flailing slim woman away from Tadashi.

Tadashi was leaning forward, one hand supporting himself on a knee and the other cradling his gut. He had not seen either blow coming. He'd reeled back in shock when Gogo's fist connected with his jaw and folded in on himself with a silent wince when she connected with his gut. The blows hurt but that was the least of his problems. Gogo's words hurt far more. "Dying on you?" Tadashi gasped out, his mind reeling.

"Yo, man, you ok?" Fred asked reaching out to support Tadashi. He directed a pointed look Gogo's way. "The idea was to break that news to him gently." He softly reprimanded her guiding Tadashi over to a sofa before making him sit down.

"Dying on you?" Tadashi repeated looking up at Fred in confusion. He understood the individual words but they didn't make sense. He wasn't dead. Or at least he didn't think so. "Fred, what's going on here?"

"What's going on? I'll tell you what's going on." Gogo managed to wiggle out of Honey Lemon's grasp and threw herself at Tadashi once more. She grabbed hold of his shirt and sweater pulling him in towards her. "You stupidly ran into an exploding building trying to save someone who neither needed nor deserved saving and then disappeared. We all thought you DIED! We BURIED you. Hiro was a WRECK and now you have the audacity to come back and pretend none of it happened?"

Tadashi raised his arms in surrender, eyes wide in disbelief and shock. "Gogo… I swear, the last thing I remember is running into the showcase building. I was going to save Callaghan but someone pushed me and the next thing I knew I was outside on the lawn, running towards Fred and Wasabi."

Gogo narrowed her eyes further and glanced towards Fred, seeking confirmation. Fred nodded. "Wasabi and I were investigating the appearance of the old showcase building. The weird box Hiro
gave Wasabi went crazy, so we ran. There was a big boom and a whoosh..." Fred waved his arms about in illustration, "...and the next thing I knew Tadashi was leaning over me asking me to count fingers. It was AWESOME!" Fred beamed, his earlier excitement returning as he relived the moment.

"Gogo." Honey Lemon gently reached out to place a hand on Gogo's shoulder. "It's not like Tadashi to worry us on purpose." She nervously glanced at Tadashi as she spoke, mixed emotions still swirling through her. She couldn't believe what she was seeing but they had seen some strange things since becoming Super Hero's. Besides miracles were not unheard of and if anyone deserved a miracle it was Tadashi and Hiro.

Gogo pushed Tadashi back into the sofa releasing his clothing. "Whatever." She turned and walked to the corner of the room proceeding to lean against the wall. She crossed her arms and continued to glare at Tadashi.

"Where's Wasabi?" Honey asked. Nervously adjusting her overly large glasses which had begun to slip.

"Over there." Fred pointed to another sofa. Wasabi was lying passed out on it, no longer in his Super Hero Costume. "Tadashi says he passed out when he saw him. Heathcliff took care of him."

Honey nodded before sitting down beside Tadashi. She gingerly placed a slim hand onto Tadashi's knee. "You ok?"

Tadashi shook his head, running a large hand over his face in stress. He hadn't even begun to imagine things could be so complicated and was struggling to take it all in. "So... I'm dead?"

Honey's hand fluttered nervously. "That's what we thought."

"In the showcase fire?"

Honey nodded.

"Oh man. What am I going to do now?" Shadows of panic flickered across Tadashi's face, his breath coming in short gasps as he fought to process all the potential implications of what he was being told. He'd died. He'd left his friends behind. Aunt Cass had lost, mourned and buried him. He'd lost his life, everything he knew and broken a promise he'd give everything to keep...

He'd left Hiro behind.

"Take each day as it comes?" Honey suggested, ignoring the soft ringing of a phone. "It's probably not going to be easy and we're all going to have to adjust but..."

"Yo, Heathcliff." Fred answered the phone in a hushed tone.

"It's good to have you back." Honey continued. "Hiro misses you so much." Tadashi glanced at her, desperately hoping there was some way he could fix this, some way to make things right again but most of all hoping there was some way he could make it up to Hiro.

Fred dropped the phone and snatched up a remote control off of the table. He urgently pushed a button triggering a sliding wall. "Come on, come on, come ooooooon." He bounced up and down on his feet in impatience as if the movement could urge the wall to open faster.

The wall continued to slide open in a steady pace revealing a large television screen as it did so. Fred frantically pushed a couple of more buttons turning the television on, flipping the channel and turning
the volume up. A newscaster was speaking on the screen, footage of the incident in question running in the background. "… ausing a major disruption at Krei Tech. The leader of Big Hero 6 and his sidekick intercepted the dark mass but were unfortunately overcome. This footage was taken by our team on scene."

Tadashi gasped.

A large mass of micro-bots made its way across the screen destroying everything it in its path. A flash of purple and orange crossed the screen heading towards the threat. The next few scenes were clearly cut, portraying snippets of a fight between the Micro-bots and the flying figures. The pair was putting up a good fight but it was clear they were grossly outnumbered. "The pair of Hero's bravely put up a fight, trying to stop the terror that had seemingly appeared out of nowhere…"

The purple figure leapt off of the orange one and ran across the top of Krei Tech pulling out and firing an electrical weapon of some sort. The orange figure flew in a weaving pattern, clearly trying to distract the black mass. "… but were unfortunately outnumbered and outclassed by the swarm. The swarm attacked the pair…" The swarm continued on, hitting the building. Krei Tech's west wing began to fold in on itself, glass, steel and cement tumbling down to bury the orange flying figure. The purple figure began to tumble down after but never hit the ground. Surging forward the micro-bots encased the figure before heading away from Krei Tech, leaving destruction and chaos behind. "…snatched the leader and fled the scene."

The scene switched back to the newscaster. "There were no signs of the rest of the team. Is this the end of Big Hero 6?"
Micro-bots

Earlier

Two figures flew through the air, heading towards Krei Tech. Hiro was investigating rumors that his Micro-bots were back. That didn't make sense. He hadn't made a new batch since their tragic encounter with Callaghan. Inventing them in the first place had been a mistake that he was not willing to repeat. The only person that could rebuild them as far as he knew was Callaghan and Callaghan was still in jail. He'd checked. "Any sign of activity, Baymax?"

"I detect a large number of electronic signals heading towards Krei Tech." Baymax reported.

Hiro frowned. It would appear the rumors had some truth to them, after all. "Full thrusters ahead." He ordered crouching further down on top of Baymax so as to streamline their flight path. Baymax obeyed gliding smoothly towards their destination.

Ground, sky, buildings and people whizzed by at an incredible speed, details blurring and fading from sight. Hiro loved flying. He loved the height, the speed and the sheer thrill of it. Although he'd never admit it out loud, he was every bit as much of an adrenaline junkie as Gogo was. It was one of the reason's he'd loved bot fighting so much. Tadashi had never really understood that about him and now… he never would.

Shrugging off the morbid track his thoughts had taken, Hiro focused once more upon the task at hand, eyes scanning the horizon for signs of trouble. It wasn't long before he spotted it. A dark wave of micro-bots was travelling across the landscape, surging, pulsing and destroying everything in its path. He frowned. Something was off. The bot's movement was erratic, disorganized and far from the smooth control he recalled his own batch to have. The individual bots did not appear to be in synch with one another.

He had a bad feeling about this…

Ignoring the premonition that niggled at his senses, he urged Baymax on heading straight towards the mass which grew ever larger in scale the closer he came. His eyes widened. He hadn't expected there to be so many. Perhaps he should call for backup. Reaching up towards his helmet he tapped a hidden switch that activated the broadband radio he and the team used for communication. "Hey Guys. I think you'd better get over here. Krei Tech is…" He paused, his mind finally processing the fact that all he could hear was static. "Hey guys? Honey? Gogo? Wasabi, Fred? Can you hear me?"

Static…

"Baymax, contact the rest of the team." Hiro ordered, anxiety flickering through him. Something was very, very wrong here.

"Contacting your friends." Baymax replied. The robot was silent for a moment before speaking once more, confirming Hiro's fears. "Disconnecting. I am unable to contact your friends due to wireless interference."

Wireless interference. In other words, their communications were being jammed. Something was **definitely** not right. This was probably some kind of trap. He needed to turn around to get the others before coming back. Rushing in without backup was never a good idea, after all. "Baymax,
That's when he heard the screaming. "Baymax, rocket thrusters at full power." He changed the order, ignoring what his mind was telling him was the wise course of action in favor of jumping out of the figurative pot straight into the fire. He knew this was likely to be some kind of trap. Why else would their communication signals be jammed? But people were in danger and someone had to help.

Perhaps he was a bit more like Tadashi than he realized…

He spotted a woman, in a lab coat, desperately trying to outrun the black swarm. Baymax swooped down, picked her up and carried her off in a single practiced elegant motion. He and Hiro had been working as a team for so long that he didn't even need Hiro to give him the order.

Dropping the woman off a safe distance away, the pair turned and headed back towards the swarm of micro-bots. The threat was moving straight towards the west wing of Krei Tech. There were people in there! "We need to try and distract them!" Hiro called out, guiding Baymax back towards the swarm.

The swarm surged more violently as he approached, bits breaking away from the collective to head straight towards the flying pair. Dodging the stray bot's, Hiro headed towards the core of the mass. "Baymax, rocket fist!" Baymax raised an arm before him, seconds before releasing the fist that formed part of his armored exterior. The fist headed straight towards; and burst right through; the core of the mass, scattering micro-bots into several directions. "Yes! Take that!" Hiro cried out in victory. "No one messes with the great Hiro Hamada, ex-bot fighter, genius extraordinaire and gets away with… it."

A feeling of dread choked down the fleeting surge of victory as a new mass of bots surged forward, replacing those that had been scattered by the attack. The swarm continued to surge forward, oblivious to Hiro and his attempt to stop it. "Baymax, we need to try get it to follow us." Hiro's voice began to pick up a traces of panic. They needed to get the swarm away from the building and needed to do it quickly.

The pair headed back towards the swarm weaving in and out, hoping to use the same tactic they had used on Callaghan to split the swarm and create weaknesses in its structure, but this swarm did not bite. Except for a few stray bots, the swarm remained together. "If that's the way you want to play it." Determination surged through the young man. "Time for plan B. Take me to the top of the building, buddy."

Baymax twisted smoothly in the air and headed up towards the top of the building. Hiro flicked a switch and deactivated the magnets keeping him attached to Baymax. He flipped in the air, wind rushing past him as he twisted, weightless for a few seconds before easily landing on top of the building. The manoeuvre was effortless and graceful, already ingrained and instinctual as a result of much practice.

Not even pausing to breathe, Hiro launched himself into a run. Reaching towards his hip he unclipped a slim weapon that resembled a gun and pointed it directly at the swarm. It was a pulse cannon, programmed to release an electrical pulse that could be used to deactivate electronic equipment. When he'd heard that his micro-bots might be active once more, Hiro had programmed it to match the wavelength the bots were programmed to respond to. Pulling the trigger he released an electro-magnetic pulse meant to immobilize the bots.

The swarm continued to advance.

Time slowed to a ridiculous crawl as horror coursed through him. The swarm surged forward on a
wave that would rival the force of any Tsunami and connected with the building. Metal screamed, glass shattered and cement crumbled beneath the force. A blur of orange caught his eye. Baymax… Baymax was tumbling to the ground, caught beneath the mass of debris that was tumbling down. "Baymax!" Twisting, he desperately reached out towards his companion, wanting to do something, anything to change what his mind now told him was inevitable.

The building crumbled, out from beneath his feet leaving him weightless for a mere moment and then he began to tumble, falling down to what would surely be his death. Only it wasn't. A black wall obstructed his view of the ground, cutting his fall short. Pain coursed through him as he connected with the black mass, fire coursing through his veins. He parted his lips, wanting nothing more than to scream at the top of his lungs but could not release a single sound, the sheer force of the pain silencing him even as it urged him to scream. Liquid fire, pain, flowing through him, leaving no nerve untouched, building ever higher just before being abruptly cut off as darkness rushed in to take its place.
Tadashi ran a hand over the counter as he walked around the kitchen, carefully taking stock of all the things that had changed since he had last been here. Nothing much had changed. The cabinets had been repainted, some of the crockery appeared to be have been replaced but overall the place was just as he remembered it.

Tadashi was back home, standing in Aunt Cass's kitchen, waiting for Wasabi to fetch his Aunt. Fred, Honey Lemon and Gogo had rushed out of Fred's home right after watching the news without so much as an explanation. The only response he'd received when he'd tried to inquire as to what was going on was a "Yo, dude, please take care of Wasabi while we're gone…" from Fred and then the trio was gone.

Wasabi had woken up half an hour later. After carefully explaining that, yes, Wasabi was seeing exactly what he thought he was seeing, Tadashi had managed to convince the man to bring him home which brought him to this moment. He ran a nervous hand through his hair, moving it down to cup his neck as he waited…

"What did you want to talk about?" The sound of footsteps accompanied by Aunt Cass's voice drifted towards the kitchen, spiking the levels of Tadashi's anxiety.

"There's something you need to see. Please try not to freak out. Although I'm not sure what it could be, I'm certain there is a perfectly good scientific explanation for this." Wasabi's deep rumble answered Cass's question.

Freak out? Oh wait, Tadashi was about to give Aunt Cass the shock of her life. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea, after all.

"Scientific explanation? What on earth are you going on… about?" The sound of ceramic shattering filled the tiny kitchen as Aunt Cass stepped inside before Tadashi could change his mind and flee. The coffee mug she'd been holding lay in pieces, dark liquid staining the previously clean floor.

"Hi, Aunt Cass." Tadashi greeted her nervously, giving her a small wave.

"Ta… Tadashi?" Cass cautiously stepped into the kitchen, deftly avoiding the spilled coffee and shattered cup. She was deathly pale, her green eyes were wide and she looked old, haunted and lost. She carefully walked up to Tadashi, reached up and cupped his face in her hands. She ran her fingers over the contours of his face, tracing his cheeks, his lips, his nose, his eyebrow, ending with his ears as she sought to confirm the familiarity of his features. "We thought… we thought you were dead. Where have you been all this time?" She inquired stepping back to give him space.

Tadashi shifted awkwardly on the spot. How was he supposed to explain this to Aunt Cass when he didn't really understand what was going on himself? "I don't really know, Aunt Cass." He admitted.

"You… don't know?"

Tadashi glanced at Wasabi silently searching for an explanation he could give. Wasabi was leaning against a wall beside the kitchen entrance. He shrugged in response. He didn't have an explanation to
"The last memory I have is of the showcase fire."

"Oh, my poor boy!" Aunt Cass rushed forward and pulled him down into a sudden embrace. "I'm so sorry. We'll figure it out. I'm sure." She withdrew and began to push him towards the living room. "Now go sit down while I make us some of my famous hot wings to celebrate. Hiro will be so happy to see you." Aunt Cass pushed him onto a couch before stepping back. She sniffed and wiped away some of the tears that were pouring down her face. "It's really good to see you." She said before rushing out of the living room and heading back into the kitchen.

Tadashi gave Wasabi an apologetic smile when the African man joined him, carefully sitting down beside him. The sounds of pots and pans being violently shoved around could be heard throughout the house. "I guess it could have been worse." Tadashi remarked.

"I feel she is taking it remarkably well, considering." Wasabi agreed watching Tadashi.

Tadashi ran a hand through his hair once more, sub-consciously cupping the nape of his own neck for a moment before dropping it onto his lap. He looked away from Wasabi turning his attention to the living room, placing it under the same scrutiny that he had the kitchen. It too seemed to have changed little. The TV was still across from the couch, the bookshelf was still by the wall and various pictures were still scattered around the room.

Tadashi began to look at the pictures, a fond smile settling on his lips as he recognized the moments immortalized in them. One of them pictured Hiro, five years old, running away from Tadashi while cramming large quantities of gummy bears into his mouth. In another Tadashi was getting onto the moped for his first driving lesson. Hiro, Aunt Cass and Tadashi were also pictured while on holiday posing for a family portrait. Hiro was sitting on Aunt Cass's shoulders and Aunt Cass was embracing Tadashi. In yet another family portrait Hiro, Tadashi and Aunt Cass were standing in front of the café. Tadashi using his fingers to give Hiro 'bunny' ears. All of them were really good memories but it was the fifth photograph hanging to the right of the last family portrait that really caught his attention.

Aunt Cass was standing in the Café embracing a scruffy haired boy from behind, beaming in happiness. The boy was a little bit taller than his aunt, dressed in an apron and had obviously been interrupted while waiting on tables. He was giving his Aunt a disgruntled look in what was clearly meant to be reprimand. Tadashi's smile faded away. The boy was eerily familiar.

Tadashi stood and walked over towards the photograph in order to view it more closely. He ran a finger over the scruffy mop of hair, over narrowed all too familiar dark brown eyes and down to a familiar sulk. He glanced at Wasabi in silent question.

"That's Hiro." Wasabi confirmed, watching Tadashi closely.

"He's..." Tadashi swallowed turning back towards the photograph. "He's grown." He ran his finger over the rest of the photograph silently cataloging the changes to the features he'd once known so well before turning back towards Wasabi once more. "Wasabi... How long have I been gone?"

Wasabi shifted awkwardly before silently getting up. He made his way towards Tadashi and paused a small distance away, wanting to give Tadashi a little space. "Three years."

Shock, sorrow and a deep sense of grief coursed through Tadashi at the words and all they implied. Three years. Life had gone on without him for three years and even though at first glance it seemed that nothing had changed, everything had and Tadashi was only just beginning to scratch the surface.
"I… uh…” Tadashi began to tremble, his body reacting to the shock his mind had been fighting hard to ignore. "I think I need to sit down." He stumbled back towards the couch, only vaguely aware of Wasabi's large hands gently guiding him back and down. He sank down onto the seat, placed his elbows onto his knees and buried his face into the palms of his hands. Deep breathes. He needed to take deep breathes. One, two, three… Three… it had been three years. How was he going to make up for three years?

Wasabi reached out, placing a large hand onto Tadashi's shoulder. "It will work out." He said gruffly, not really sure what he could possible say to make things better.

Tadashi forced himself to take a deep breath, releasing it slowly before looking up once more. "I guess I'll need to take this one step at a time." He said wryly, fighting to convince both himself and Wasabi that he believed things really could be worked out at this stage. "No use moping about it." He said, abruptly standing up. Wasabi's hand slid off of his shoulder. "I just need to find another angle." He turned, intending to head towards the kitchen when suddenly there was a loud commotion down in the café.

The bell to the Lucky Cat rang loudly as the café door was violently shoved open. A rush of loud footsteps soon followed. The newcomers ran up the stairs and entered the private residence situated directly above the café. "Tadashi! Wasabi! You guys had better be here!" Gogo's loud cry announced the arrival of the rest of the gang. "We need to talk!"

Tadashi’s jaw dropped when Gogo marched into the living room, white marshmallow in tow. Wait, was that Baymax?! Honey Lemon and Fred were hot on her heels.

"He's gone." Gogo announced to the room at large. "We let him go alone and now he's gone!" Gogo released Baymax's arm and marched right up to Wasabi, fear and panic all over her features.

Tadashi had never seen Gogo in such a state. Honey Lemon and Fred looked no better. "Who's gone?" Tadashi asked, dread coiling thick in his gut. Something told him he was not going to like the answer.

Gogo did not appear to hear him waving her arms about in agitation. "We've looked everywhere for him. We searched the debris, we tried to follow the last traces of the micro-bots. We even tried to run a scan but Baymax has sustained too much damage. We can't find any trace of him!"

"Who's gone." Tadashi repeated his question. He reached out and grabbed Gogo by the arms urgently turning her to face him. He suspected he already knew the answer but he desperately hoped he was wrong. "Gogo, what's going on?!"

"Hiro!" Gogo replied confirming Tadashi worst fears. "It looks like Hiro has been kidnapped!"

Shatter.

Aunt Cass lost more crockery as she too heard Gogo's outcry.
to donate please transfer funds into Tadashi’s non existent bank account. All proceeds will go to replacing the dishes Aunt Cass is dropping. :D
Captivity

A low hum filtered through the darkness, persistently tugging at his senses, demanding that he seek out its source. He slowly drifted back towards consciousness, shrugging off the deep exhaustion that sought to keep him captive. Pain, stark sterile scents and bright light rushed in, pulling a gasp from his lips as he opened his eyes. Memory followed soon after, providing clues as to what had happened. A black sea of micro-bots, a crumbling building, freefall followed by intense pain.

Hiro carefully moved his fingers and arms, taking stock. His body ached but everything appeared to be functional and there was nothing to indicate he might be bleeding. Ignoring the aches coursing through his muscles, he sat up. He was on a narrow hard bed in a cold bright room. A toilet was installed at the foot of the bed. The rest of the room was empty.

Biting his lip, Hiro slid off the bed, bare feet connecting with the cold ground. That's when he realized his armor had been removed. He was clothed in a simple pair of jeans and a bright red T-shirt. His feet were bare and his shoes were nowhere to be seen. He shivered, rubbing his hands over his bare arms. He was beginning to miss his hoodies.

Ignoring the cold he made his way over towards the door and began to inspect it, looking for any signs of weakness. There were none. The door was tightly sealed against the exit it protected. It fit so well that Hiro suspected he could potentially run out of oxygen if not for the air-conditioner that was clearly blowing cool air into the room.

Wait a minute…

Where there was an air conditioner there would be tech. He looked up searching for the source of the cool air only to lose hope when he finally spotted it. The air-conditioner was installed in the ceiling, far too high for him to even hope to reach it. Beside it was a camera. Who built ceilings two stories up anyway?

Out of options, he returned to the bed. He sunk down onto the hard surface, drew his legs up towards his chest and wrapped his arms around his knees, glaring at the offending door. He settled down to wait. Someone was bound to come for him sooner or later.

Tick…

Tick…

Tick…

He was just starting to drift off when he realized he had been absently fiddling with something attached to his ankle. Frowning, he pulled up the denim of left leg. It appeared to be an ankle monitor. Hiro immediately began to inspect it trying to figure out if there was some way he could remove and perhaps take advantage of it.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

Hiro glanced up, startled. He had been so preoccupied with the device attached to his ankle that he hadn't even heard the door to his prison slide open. A tall, slim man stood in the doorway, two bodyguards standing silently behind him, blocking access to the door. "It's programmed to electrocute you if it's tampered with in any way. The voltage it delivers is the same as that delivered
by the micro-bots that brought you here. Now, I'm sure that is not an experience you'd want to repeat now is it?"

A shiver coursed through Hiro. The man before him was ruthless. He was entirely too calm when delivering the threat, cool blue eyes cold as ice. Hiro moved his hands away from the device. "What do you want with me?" He demanded, hiding his fear and uncertainty behind false bravado.

"Tsk, tsk. You might want to be a little more polite seeing as I literally hold your life in my hands." The man reprimanded him. "Who would have thought that the leader of Big Hero 6 could be Hiro Hamada? Kid genius and inventor of the micro-bot. Useful little things, I must say. Such a pity that you never picked the project up again after they were destroyed but that is neither here nor there. We are working on a top secret, shall we say, project over here and have need of someone with your particular… skills."

"What makes you think I'd agree to help you?!!" Hiro snapped standing up. The body guards tensed in reaction, watching his every move.

The slim man was unfazed. "Oh but you will." He sounded bored. "We have many methods of, let's call it, persuasion at our disposal. We know everything about you. Who you are, where you were born, who your parents were, where you live – the Lucky Cat is such a quaint little place, don't you agree? It's run by a lovely woman. I wonder what would happen to her if something were to happen to that café? Or better yet, how you would feel if something were to happen to her."

The fear, he had been trying to hide rose up from deep within him, threatening to choke him but he refused to give in to it. It was what they wanted. They were manipulating him in an attempt to control him. "Aunt Cass can take care of herself." Hiro retorted cockily bluffing for all he was worth. Aunt Cass was strong. She'd proven that many times and she had the rest of his team at her side. She was as safe as she could possibly be. Hiro had to believe that.

The man laughed, the sound cold, harsh and cruel. "That, my boy, remains to be seen."

"She has the rest of my team!" Hiro retorted. "They will protect her. We've fought the micro-bots before and won. They can do it again. You only managed to capture me because the rest of the team was not there with me."

"Oh, but all of that went exactly according to plan. You were our goal all along. We've been playing this game longer than you've been alive and we know how to play our cards right. Far better than a bot fighting kid genius with a hero complex. You're so easy to manipulate. Just like your brother, so desperate to leave your mark by helping others."

Anger and deep seated grief, coursed through him, burning, drowning and consuming him. How dare they sully the memory of his brother by ridiculing the code that Tadashi had lived by, the core belief that he had given his life to protect. Tadashi's selflessness was the very definition of good and these men were belittling it. Snarling in rage, Hiro threw himself at the man, hands outstretched in a bid to grab his throat. He wanted to choke him, to hurt him, to force him to retract those words.

He only managed two steps before collapsing to the ground, lips once more parted around a silent scream. Fire coursed through his veins, burning, biting and engulfing him once more, conjuring nightmares of a burning building.

The showcase building was burning, engulfed by surging hot flames that seared his skin even as he stood a safe distance away. Helplessness and desolation coursing through him with the realization that he was alone, unable to save the one person that defined his very world. The building exploded throwing him up into the air and then he was engulfed by darkness once more.
The Story's All Off

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Story's All Off

Tadashi was going crazy. In a short span of time he found out he'd died, come back to life (apparently as a result of some kind of time travel) and lost his brother. To say that he was having a difficult time dealing with it all was an understatement. Aunt Cass didn't appear to be doing any better and to top it all off, his friends were behaving rather strangely.

Reporting the kidnapping had been an administrative nightmare. Phone calls to the police, filing an official report, providing descriptions, interviews with everyone in Hiro's life and lots of anxious waiting. All fairly standard until the police found out Tadashi was officially dead. The fact that he had returned on the day Hiro had disappeared made him prime suspect number one. Having no memories to fill the three year gap did not help his case.

Coming back from the dead, provided its own unique challenges. Tadashi had no identification which for all intents and purposes meant he did not exist. He didn't have access to a bank account or a driver's licence which effectively limited his independent mobility. The fact that he was being watched by police officers, aside of course. The process of reinstating him into the land of the living was a bureaucratic nightmare filled with DNA tests, psychological examinations, more paperwork, sworn statements, even more paperwork and a whole pile of red tape he didn't really have time to deal with. That time was better spent searching for Hiro.

"Grubs up." Fred marched into the garage carrying a plate of steaming hot food.

Tadashi was holed up in the garage, working on Baymax. Honey Lemon, Gogo and Fred and informed him that Baymax was with Hiro when he disappeared which meant he was their best lead in the search for the missing boy. Unfortunately, he'd been damaged. The damage to Baymax filled Tadashi with dread. If Baymax was damaged when Hiro was kidnapped, that led to the possibility that Hiro…

Tadashi refused to let that train of thought go any further. Such thoughts were not conducive to the goal at hand and would not help him find his brother. He needed to focus on fixing the Medical Bot and then he'd take it from there.

"Yo, Tadashi. You need to eat." Fred placed the plate down onto an empty space in Tadashi's workspace.

"I'm not hungry." Tadashi responded, tightening a screw to hold Baymax's hardrive in place.

"Starving yourself is not going to help you find Hiro." Fred's tone was gentle but his actions were not. He grabbed hold of the screw driver and placed it down behind him, just outside of Tadashi's reach.

"Fred, I don't have time for this right now." Tadashi snapped reaching for the screwdriver.

"Make time." Fred crossed his arms and glared at Tadashi. "You'll be no good to Hiro is you don't take care of yourself. I know it's a difficult concept for the Hamada brain to comprehend but punishing yourself for something you have no control over is not going to solve anything. You need to eat and you need to sleep."
"Hiro's been gone for nearly two weeks!" Tadashi raised his voice, the reaction completely out of character for him and highly indicative of the stress he was under. "How am I supposed to take time to eat and sleep when every minute he's gone raises the probability that he's dead?!"

"If his kidnappers were planning to kill him, chances are he'd be dead within the first twenty-four hours." Fred pointed out.

Tadashi paled.

Fred's eyes went wide as he registered what he'd just said. "Hey Tadashi. I'm not saying he's dead, man. Hiro is smart and he knows how to take care of himself. I'm sure he's doing everything he can to stay alive and come back to us." Fred's words came out in a rush as he tried to smooth over his mistake.

Tadashi looked away and ran a hand over his face in stress. "I don't know what to believe, Fred." He admitted, absently playing with a bracelet clipped around his left wrist. He didn't recognize the piece of jewelry. He'd never been one to wear any and had no idea where this particular piece had come from or why he was wearing it. He'd discovered it, clipped to his wrist, shortly after finding out Hiro had been kidnapped. It was a strange piece, made of five dark grey arches that clipped into one another to form a perfect circle around his wrist. Each piece was marked with a logo, a solid block with lines extending out from each edge. Two of the lines connected to another line forming a design he was unfamiliar with. He'd contemplated removing it but something in him was reluctant to do so. "Everything is just so… How am I supposed to deal with it all? Is this even really happening?" He glanced up to meet Fred's gaze.

Fred offered Tadashi a sad smile, placing a hand onto his shoulder in silent support and understanding.

"What was Hiro doing at Krei Tech?" Tadashi asked, suddenly breaking the moment of silence that had settled between them.

Fred jumped, startled by the question. "He… uh…" Fred looked away unable to look Tadashi in the eye as he desperately tried to find a believable lie. He didn't like lying to Tadashi but telling him the truth was not exactly an option. "He was going to speak to Alistair Krei about working for him after he graduated."

"Hiro was thinking of working for Alistair Krei? Even though Callaghan told us he's not to be trusted?" Tadashi exclaimed in disbelief. He suspected Fred wasn't being entirely honest with him but couldn't think of any reason for it.

"It's not that surprising considering Callaghan didn't exactly prove himself to be a reliable subjective judge of character when it comes to Alistair Krei." Fred pointed out.

Tadashi frowned, mind racing as he tried to put disparate pieces together. It felt like trying to make sense of a large jigsaw puzzle when most of the pieces were still missing. The last memory he had of Callaghan was that of rushing in to a burning building, to rescue him. "I've been meaning to ask. What happened to Callaghan?"


Tadashi watched him in silence, waiting.

"Ok, here's the thing." Fred crumbled beneath the pressure, shoulders slumping. "Callaghan didn't
die in the fire. He's actually the one that set it."

Shock coursed through Tadashi at the revelation. It wasn't possible. There was no way Callaghan; the world renowned scientist; the brilliant gentle man that Tadashi respected so much; could have done something like that. "Callaghan would never do something like that! Did they even investigate it properly?!" Tadashi demanded in anger, unwilling to believe it could be true.

"Don't shoot the messenger." Fred retorted raising his arms in submission. "Initially, everyone thought he'd died with you in the fire but that theory was blown out of the water when he came back and tried to use Hiro's micro-bots to get revenge on Alistair Krei for killing his daughter. You should have seen it. The fight scenes were Awesome! It was like they'd come straight out a comic book!" Fred couldn't help but bounce in excitement when he recollected their first adventure.


"Picture this." Fred posed waving an arm in the air as he prepared to launch into the tale, completely in his element. "It was a classic comic book plot. Alistair Krei and Callaghan were working on a top secret project called silent sparrow. They were trying to invent some kind of teleportation device and Callaghan's daughter was their first human test subject. Something went wrong after she entered the portal and she was lost in an alternate dimension. Callaghan thought she was dead. Hir… Big Hero 6," Fred hastily covered his slip, "pulled her out just as Callaghan was trying to exact is revenge upon Alistair Krei. Thus the villain was foiled and the damsel was rescued." He told the story with dramatic flair adding one last piece of information in afterthought. "Oh and Alistair Krei managed to survive too."

"Does Callaghan have anything to do with the swarm of micro-bots that attacked Krei Tech and took Hiro and the other guy?" Tadashi asked, pieces of the picture seeming to come together in his mind. Since Tadashi had seen the news report detailing the attack on Krei Tech and the subsequent kidnapping that followed, Fred and the gang had told Tadashi that Hiro had been kidnapped along with the leader of Big Hero implying that it had been a simple case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Seeing as micro-bots were involved, Tadashi wasn't so sure that was the case.

Fred shook his head, sadly. "We thought of that. Wasabi called correctional services and they say Callaghan's still in jail which brings us back to square one."

"Or does it?" Tadashi asked, tapping a finger against his bottom lip. Suddenly energized, he booted Hiro's PC, fingers flying across the keyboard. "Perhaps, we just need to look at this from a new angle. Who has Callaghan been in contact with?"

"Oh, I get it, man." Fred leaned in to watch, scanning through the results of Tadashi's searches. "This could all be a conspiracy!"

Unbelievable! Tadashi glanced at Fred before looking back at the screen, shaking his head. Some things never changed. Tadashi's repairs to Baymax were momentarily placed on hold…

Chapter End Notes

I don't usually do this but I've seriously found the theme song for this story. I know it's a little cliche as it's basically a rendition of immortals but seriously listen to the lyrics of this one... it our classic Big Hero 6 song with a twist. I think this version is even more powerful than the original and the original is freakin awesome! Google: Centuries /
Immortals MASHUP! (Sam Tsui & KHS)
Two Simple Problems

Chapter Notes

Here you go! A Bonus Midweek Update! Please send Hiro hugs. He really needs them. Better yet, send him escape plans XD.

Two Simple Problems

Hiro stumbled as he was pushed into a room, fighting the disorientation that threatened to overwhelm him. He was tired, dizzy and sick. They'd punished him for his act of rebellion. They'd deprived him of food, warmth and rest. Time had lost all meaning to him. He no longer knew whether it was night or day, never mind how long he'd been captive. Something had to give.

Hiro had given in.

Unable to resist any longer, Hiro agreed to help them. His captors hadn't provided any real opportunity to escape and Hiro needed a new angle. He also needed to regain his strength and figured the best way to do that was to give in to his captors demands and re-evaluate the situation at a later stage.

Hiro glanced around the room, carefully memorizing everything he saw. The new room was larger than his cell. Not surprising if he really thought about it but he'd gotten used to the cramped space and the larger room felt overwhelmingly spacious. It was clearly a high tech lab and contained a multitude of tools, most of which he recognized. A large PC console took up the space directly across from the door they had used to enter. A darkened glass panel was located directly behind it. The familiar layout reminded him of the control room used for project silent sparrow. That's where the similarity ended.

A large 3D printer took up the right hand side of the room. He'd never seen one that large and it took him a moment to recognize what it was. He was convinced it was probably the largest one in existence. The left hand side of the room contained another door but it was not the door that really captured Hiro's attention. Located beside it was a small pile of micro-bots.

"So..." Hiro licked dry lips. He hated how tired and dead his voice sounded but didn't have the energy to do anything about it. "What's this great project you need me to assist with?"

The tall skinny man; that Hiro had met when he first woke up in this hell hole; stepped into view. His captors weren't exactly forthcoming with names, so Hiro had mentally nick named him Inquisitor for obvious reasons. He wasn't exactly in any state to be creative.

Having noticed the direction of Hiro's gaze, Inquisitor picked up one of the micro-bots off of the pile, threw it up into the air and caught it a few times before tossing it towards Hiro. Hiro instinctively caught it. "Not quite as sophisticated as the batch you made but they get the job done."

Hiro opened his hand to inspect the bot. It was not nearly as small as the ones he'd made. In fact, he estimated it to be at least four times larger. Hiro flipped open one of the panels. The finishing touches on the bot were not nearly as smooth as his had been and the circuitry was not nearly as comprehensive.
"We never did figure out how you managed to synchronize them to a neurotransmitter so we had to resort to hard coding the behavior we wanted into them. Makes them less adaptable but the general concept remains sound. It's a lot harder to fight off hundreds to thousands of small devices than it is to fight off one large one." Inquisitor snatched the bot away from Hiro. Closing the panel Hiro had opened, he tossed it back into the pile. "This batch is programmed to electrocute you should you approach the door without me or one of your other bodyguards." Inquisitor informed him.

Hiro scowled at the micro-bots. "I can't help you recreate my micro-bots. I threw away all my research after my brother died and don't remember the design anymore." Hiro's words were hollow, the lie slipping easily past his lips. He'd never forget the micro-bots or what their creation had cost him and the thought of even attempting to create another batch made him sick to the stomach.

"Oh, no my boy. We're not trying to recreate your micro-bots. Our dreams are far larger than those of a mere teenage boy." The insult the Inquisitor threw at him missed its mark entirely. Hiro was just grateful that he would not have to relive that project and the memories it was bound to bring to the fore. "We're working on time travel, or more specifically a time portal."

"Time portal?" Hiro's breath caught in the back of his throat at the mention of time travel. He'd give anything to go back and change… wait, that wasn't right. There were certain things that were meant to be left alone as messing with them would disrupt the natural order of things which would result in chaos and with chaos came destruction. Time was one of those things.

"Technically we're not trying to travel back in time." Inquisitor explained. "We're trying to transport objects from the past into the present."

"You're the reason those things have been appearing in San Fansokyo!" Hiro exclaimed a few pieces of the puzzle clicking into place. "The showcase building and the world war submarine!"

Inquisitor gave him a mock bow. "Guilty as charged." He looked entirely too pleased with himself.

"If you've already managed to do that, what do you need me for?" Hiro demanded, mind reeling at the implications. The rumors had been true. Things really had appeared from the past. Someone was messing with time!

"The success we've had, though monumental is rather; how shall I put this; flawed." Inquisitor made his way over towards the PC console, flicking a few switches to turn the machine on. The glass panel was illuminated as the machine began to run through its boot sequence. "We don't actually have control over what comes through the portal which is rather problematic. It's no use being able to bring things back from the past when we cannot control what we want to bring through. We tried to address this issue by sending people into the portal so they could return with the objects we were targeting but have encountered yet another problem."

Hiro held his breath when Inquisitor paused for dramatic effect. "The portal doesn't allow living things through. Everyone that's tried to cross into it has died. That's where you come in. You successfully integrated the complex bio-mechanics of the brain with robotics. That neurotransmitter of yours was the real scientific breakthrough. Add to that the fact that you also entered another portal and managed to come back out alive… You're a smart kid, I'm sure you can see where I'm going with this."

"I'm not the only one that came out alive." Hiro pointed out.

"Abigail Callaghan doesn't recall anything about the encounter." Inquisitor responded to Hiro's unspoken train of thought. "She was unconscious the entire time and only made it out because of you."
"You want me to enter the time portal?" The possibility filled him with dread. If the time portal really was as unstable as Inquisitor implied, Hiro wasn't sure he'd survive the attempt.

"Of course not." Inquisitor scoffed in derision. "Maybe you're not so smart after all. We have far better use of your skills. If we wanted to kill you, we'd have done that at Krei Tech. We want you to solve the two simple problems holding us back. Firstly, we'd like you to figure out how we can control both the time and the location the portal links to. Then, we want you to figure out how to transport people through the portal… without killing them."

Two, simple, problems? Nothing about this equation was simple. They might as well be asking him to part all the oceans in the world using nothing more than a teaspoon. Hiro was doomed.
Don't Give Up on Me

Another dead end. Tadashi dropped the keyboard in despair. Why did all his attempts to track down information lead to dead ends? Robert Callaghan really was, as Fred had said, in prison. Tadashi was still struggling to believe Callaghan was a criminal but the supporting evidence was rather overwhelming and impossible to ignore.

Tadashi had researched the showcase fire when Fred left, reading all the articles and reports that he could find. The one detailing the dedication of an entire building to him had made him decidedly uncomfortable and he'd merely skimmed through it, quickly discarding it. His research, though informative, had been futile. The criminal was behind bars and the case was closed.

His idea to track down people Callaghan might have been in contact with had also led him nowhere. Callaghan had only had two visitors since his arrest. The first was his daughter, Abigail Callaghan. Tadashi doubted Abigail was behind the recent disappearance of his brother. She was, after all, the victim in the original series of events. She was also currently working on a project in Antarctica. The other was… Hiro. It didn't make sense. Why would his brother visit Callaghan in prison?

Quiet footsteps interrupted his racing thoughts as Aunt Cass entered Hiro's bedroom. It had once belonged to Hiro and Tadashi but no longer held Tadashi's belongings; seeing as Tadashi had been dead for three years. Tadashi had felt lost when he first entered the room. His room, a place of comfort and familiarity, no longer had any place for him. It felt like his existence had been erased but the feeling hadn't lasted long. Familiar items had caught his eye, his bookcase, the screen that has separated his portion of the room from Hiro's, the comforter that had always been on his bed, his cap, a couple of his books, baymax's case and over a dozen photographs all sporting Tadashi's face. His things may have been removed from the room but it was clear he was far from forgotten. "Hey…"

Aunt Cass greeted him softly. "Your friends are here to see you." She moved to open the window blinds in order to let natural light into the room.

"Tell them I'm not here." Tadashi replied, running a hand over his face in fatigue.

"You know they won't believe that." Aunt Cass sat down on Hiro's bed. "You should come down."

Tadashi turned Hiro's swivel chair around to face her. "I don't want to see them right now."

"I know it's hard but you can't close yourself off from everyone in your life. Hiro wouldn't want that." Worry was clearly written all over Aunt Cass's features.

"What am I supposed to do?" Tadashi demanded getting up to pace, covering the room in two long strides before turning and repeating the process. "Rebuild my life? Continue each day without him? When I know Hiro is out there somewhere, captive and alone?"

Aunt Cass flinched at his words. The reaction immediately made Tadashi want to take the words back but they were already out there and there was no turning back. "Yes." Aunt Cass raised her head to meet his gaze head on, determination erasing the pain on her features. "That's exactly what you should do."

Tadashi stared at Aunt Cass in disbelief, feeling utterly betrayed. "How could you say that?" His
question was soft. He wanted to scream, to rage against the very concept of what his Aunt was suggesting but the knowledge that she was suffering every bit as much, if not more than he was, held him back.

"We can't stop living, Tadashi. Things happen. Some people get sick, some get hurt, some die…" Aunt Cass paused to take a trembling breath, watching Tadashi carefully, "others go missing but life goes on. It doesn't pause in order to wait for us to catch up. It continues on and we have to continue on with it or risk losing ourselves and I don't want that. I want us to still be here, to still be whole when Hiro comes back because lord knows, he's probably going to need it when he does." Aunt Cass gave him a sad smile before wiping away several stray tears. She stood up and made her way over towards him in order to place a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Just… think about it, ok?" She said before departing.

Tadashi's mind reeled, his Aunt's words echoing through his mind. She was right, Hiro probably was going to need them when he came back… IF he came back and that was the ultimate catch, wasn't it? There was no guarantee that Hiro would ever come back.

Tadashi suddenly stood and marched out of the room, unable stay there any longer. It was Hiro's room, filled with Hiro's things and weight of that knowledge was suddenly too much to bear. He need to get away, to think, to sort himself out. So he did the only thing he could think of. He marched down the stairs, through the café, past his aunt and his worried friends and straight towards the door. "Don't follow me." He paused, sparing his worried Aunt and friends a glance. "I'll be back. I… I just… I need to think." The bell to the Lucky Cat café chimed softly as the door was opened and then Tadashi was gone leaving only the mournful echo of the bell to fill the awkward silence he'd left behind.

- BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Tadashi didn't know how long he walked, wandering aimlessly about as he fought to accept the things he really couldn't change. Fact – Hiro was gone. Fact – No one had any idea who had taken him or why. Fact – He'd tried everything he could think of to find him. Fact – Life, as Aunt Cass had pointed out, was going on whether he liked it or not. Fact – He was running out of options. Maybe it was time to throw in the towel and leave things to the professionals.

Hiro's kidnapping had been reported to the police and the police were professionals trained to deal with this kind of thing. Maybe he should just leave this to them? Then again… maybe not… Tadashi glanced at the Police vehicle that has been following him the entire time he wandered about. He was still a suspect which meant that the police were still barking up the wrong tree.

Tadashi sighed, running a hand through his hair as he took in the lights of San Fransokyo. The sun was still out when he left the Lucky Cat café and had since set. The night was deceptively peaceful. The sky was clear, a cool breeze caressed his skin and the lights appeared to sparkle merrily on the horizon. It wasn't right. Life shouldn't be continuing on like this. Not for him. Not without Hiro.

Turning, he headed back towards the café looking down at his shoes as he walked in a futile attempt to shut out the life around him. Just because he didn't see it though, didn't mean it wasn't there. He could still hear it, sense it and feel the energy it exuded all around him. Car engines purred, children laughed and people walked all around him. He could hear a stray dog barking in the distance, the sound of cutlery hitting crockery as diners enjoyed their meals, bicycle bells, car horns, the busy hum of many conversations, the sound of tires swishing by on asphalt and the clang of trams going by. The sounds of life were all around him, an unstoppable force moving ever forward and he hated it.

Arriving at the café, he slipped back inside, the doorbell announcing his return. Aunt Cass peered down the stairs. "Welcome home." She greeted him softly making no move to approach him.
"I'm home." Tadashi replied just as softly, as was the Japanese custom when returning home. He silently climbed the stairs, pausing on the landing. "I didn't mean to worry you." He said looking down at his Aunt. She looked so small and lost. Why hadn't he noticed it before?

Aunt Cass reached out to cup his cheek. "Don't worry about it. I'm just glad you're back."

Tadashi watched her in silence for a moment before pulling her into a hug. Aunt Cass squeaked in surprised and it was a moment before she recovered enough to return the embrace. "We'll make it through this." She whispered sniffing into his shirt.

"Yeah." Tadashi withdrew from the embrace, fighting back how own tears. "We'll make it through this." He agreed with her even though deep inside, he was already giving up hope. Dropping a kiss onto her forehead, he turned and headed up to Hiro's room.

Switching on the lights he ran his eyes over the room. What had started off as unfamiliar when he'd first walked into it had become far too familiar. The room was still Hiro's. Tadashi hadn't had the heart to leave his own mark upon it when his brother wasn't around to give him grief about it. He only used the bed and the PC. Walking into the room he ran his hand over the bookcase and the mess of miniature bots scattered about on it. Hiro really had no sense of order.

Dropping his hand, Tadashi headed over towards the bed, intending to change and go to sleep when a slip of white paper caught his eye. It was stuck onto Hiro's PC screen. That hadn't been there when he left. Hiro wouldn't like that. Even though the dork was not exactly the neatest person around, his PC was sacred.

Not really in the mood to read messages his friends may have left behind, Tadashi walked over to the PC. He intended to remove and throw the note away but hesitated half way to the bin when something strangely familiar caught his attention. Tadashi's breath caught in the back of his throat. The note was written in a large all too familiar scrawl, one that he'd recognize anywhere in a heartbeat.

> Hey Bonehead

> Don't give up on me.

> ~Hiro

There was no mistaking it. His brother had written the note but how had it gotten onto Hiro's PC screen?

Chapter End Notes

I LOVE that note XD XD XD
Project Silent Sparrow

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Project Silent Sparrow

Tadashi had slept fitfully, his mind racing as he fought to find yet another new angle to the problem at hand. He ran through what he knew trying to make sense of it all. Everything Fred had told him appeared to be true. Callaghan's daughter was lost in a mysterious experiment. He started the showcase fire so he could steal Hiro's micro-bots. He then used the micro-bots to try to hurt Alistair Krei. A mysterious group of Hero's; Big Hero 6; appeared out of nowhere, saved Abigail Callaghan and Alistair Krei. Hiro's micro-bots were destroyed in the process. The various articles he'd read had all substantiated Fred's statements but what they hadn't mentioned was Project Silent Sparrow.

Wait! Tadashi sat up in bed, eyes wide at the sudden realization. Tadashi slipped out of bed and made his way to Hiro's PC and booted it up. Opening up an internet search browser he quickly entered his search term: Project Silent Sparrow

Nothing.

The search did not return anything of value. The browser returned pages and pages of references to sparrows providing various information including what they ate, how they mated, their lifespans, their environments and photographic galleries. Although interesting, it was not relevant to what he was actually looking for so he tried to change the search term: Abigail Callaghan, Silent Sparrow

The results returned by the second search were even less relevant so he changed it yet again.

Two hours of searching later, Tadashi was ready to throw in the towel. As far as the internet was concerned there was no connection between Abigail Callaghan and sparrows in any shape or form. Nor was there any link between sparrows and scientific experiments of any kind. Tadashi couldn't, for the life of him figure out where Fred had gotten the term from. For all intents and purposes Project Silent Sparrow, didn't exist. Maybe it was just something Fred had read in a comic book but that didn't make sense. Everything else Fred had told him had been accurate.

Tadashi got up and began to pace glaring at the main source of his current frustration, Hiro's PC. He was convinced Fred had been telling him the truth. He'd found ample evidence thereof but the missing piece was driving him crazy. Why couldn't he find reference to Project Silent Sparrow? He'd searched everywhere, the internet, academic sites, SFIT's databases as well as scientific forums and communities only to come up blank. That wasn't possible. The information had to be somewhere! He had to be missing something obvious seeing as it was information Fred had access to. No insult to Fred but he wasn't exactly the most academic person around. His only real connection to the world of science was his passion and his friends. Wait a minute. Fred's friends! Hiro! Tadashi hadn't searched Hiro's machine yet.

Energized once more, Tadashi threw himself into Hiro's swivel chair, fingers flying across the keyboard. He launched Hiro's security application and typed in the pass codes he'd hacked in order to access the data Hiro used during his bot fighting career. The passwords Hiro was using three years ago still worked. Tadashi now had access to all of Hiro's hidden files. He shook his head, the knucklehead really should know better. Opening the search window, Tadashi once again entered his search term: Project Silent Sparrow
His eyebrows shot up in surprise when the PC began to return a multitude of files, filling the screen with the sheer volume of information that Hiro had gathered on the Top Secret Project.

- BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Pop.

A large pink bubble burst, breaking the awkward silence that hung heavy in Hiro's room. "So, what did you want to talk to us about?" Gogo demanded, crossing her arms and returning the glare Tadashi was aiming in their direction. Tadashi had called the entire gang over, informing them they really needed to talk but had yet to do more than glare in their direction since their arrival.

"What do you know about Project Silent Sparrow?"

Honey Lemon gasped, hand immediately moving to cover her mouth. "Fred!" She exclaimed catching the guilty expression on his face. "You told him?"

"Look, man," Fred raised his arms defensively, "He asked me about Callaghan and I told him what happened. He deserves to know."

"But that's top secret information! You could have told him what happened without mentioning Project Silent Sparrow!" Honey nervously adjusted her glasses. "We can't just leak that kind of information to anyone and everyone that asks about Callaghan!"

"Fred's right." Wasabi placed a hand on Honey's shoulder effectively cutting off her rant. "Tadashi deserves to know." Wasabi turned to face Tadashi before continuing. "Project Silent Sparrow was the code name for a teleportation experiment. Alistair Krei and Robert Callaghan were working together to create inter-dimensional doors that could be used to teleport quickly between different locations. The experiment went wrong and…"

Tadashi raised a hand, interrupting Wasabi's explanation. "I've already got the details. Why does Hiro have classified information regarding this project on his machine?" Tadashi's friends exchanged glances, shifting nervously but it was the guilt on their faces that really caught Tadashi's attention driving him to ask his next question. "What else are you guys hiding from me?"

"We're not deliberately hiding things from you, man." Fred launched into an explanation. "It's just things we're not really supposed to tell anyone. You gotta believe me. We'd tell you everything if we could but it's not really our place and…"

Honey Lemon shook her head, placing a hand on Fred's arm. "Hiro took your death pretty hard." She informed Tadashi. "It was almost as if he'd died right along with you except he didn't. When he found out that his micro-bots had been stolen he found something to live for. He became a little obsessive. He did everything he could to find out why you had died."

"He's the one that found out about Project Silent Sparrow." Tadashi stated, yet another piece of the puzzle falling into place. The information was, after all, on Hiro's machine and his friends would have received the information from his brother.

Honey Lemon nodded. "He tracked his micro-bots to a warehouse where he stumbled upon the project's logo. The rest is history. You know what your brother's like when he discovers something he needs to know about."

Tadashi nodded. "Stubborn, obsessive and determined. So Hiro researched Project Silent Sparrow. I'll assume he hacked a few government systems to gather the information I found on his machine?"
Honey Lemon shifted sending a guilty glance Gogo's way.

Pop.

Another pink bubble burst as Gogo finally joined the conversation. "Did you ever finish the repairs to Baymax?" She asked, quirking an eyebrow at him.

Tadashi blinked, the change in topic taking him by surprise. "No, I… uh… put them on hold when Fred told me about Callaghan."

"Will you be able to repair him?" Gogo fired the next question at him at a rapid pace.

"I've taken care of most of the damage. I just need to reconnect his hardrive to his sensors and he'll be good to go." Tadashi explained, wondering where Gogo was going with this. What did Baymax have to do with their current topic of conversation?

"Then I suggest you finish those repairs." Gogo said standing up. She blew another pink bubble and popped it, pointedly staring at him. It felt like she was silently trying to tell him something but for the life of him Tadashi couldn't figure out what it could be.

Chapter End Notes

I know this is not exactly one of my best chapters but I need it in order to move the story forward. I promise, the next one will be more exciting. Please accept my apologies for the late upload. This weekend started off as awesomely busy and has ended on a rather terrible far too dramatic note. I didn't really have time to write on the weekend and today I have been in a very bad head space.
Baymax

Baymax

It took Tadashi half a day to finish the repairs to Baymax. It was the longest half a day of Fred's life. Tadashi and the gang had moved to the garage after Gogo's rather blunt statement. Honey Lemon hadn't stayed very long. Unable to bear the suspense, she'd slipped into the café and was currently helping Aunt Cass. Wasabi was helping Tadashi, silently handing him tools at the precise moment that Tadashi needed them. Gogo was tinkering with something in a corner and Fred was lounging on the sofa reading comic books. Ok, more like pretending to read comic books. He hadn't flipped a page in hours. In fact, the comic book he was holding was upside down! How was a man supposed to relax when his moment of reckoning was drawing ever closer?

Fred was watching Tadashi, the feeling of dread weighing heavy in the air. Each repair brought Tadashi closer to activating Baymax and there was no telling what would happen once that was achieved. Fred had lied to Tadashi in order to keep their secrets. It was unlikely that Baymax would do the same. Baymax wasn't exactly very tactful and Tadashi was his creator. The chances of their secrets slipping out were rather high. It was after all what Gogo intended.

Wasabi, Fred, Honey Lemon and Gogo had all made a promise with Hiro. They would never reveal their identities to anyone, no matter what. It was one of the reason's they hadn't told Tadashi anything yet but the team was beginning to question the validity of the promise. Hiro would probably be very angry if he found out his teammates had given his secret away, even more so if it was given away to either Aunt Cass or Tadashi. He'd see it as a betrayal which would likely lead to other complications. Baymax was their loophole.

"Ok, I'm done." Fred dropped the comic book at Tadashi's soft words, no longer trying to hide the fact that he was watching his friend. Gogo stopped tinkering and turned the chair she was sitting on around to face Tadashi. A pink bubble popped in the silence that followed Tadashi's declaration. Wasabi, chose not to join the staring, instead pointedly busying himself with packing Hiro's tools. This wasn't going to end well.

Pop. Gogo's gum popped a second time as the silence continued to stretch out between the gathered friends.

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"Are you going to turn him on or not?" Gogo suddenly snapped, unable to take the suspense any longer. Getting up off the chair she marched over towards Tadashi, determination in every step. "Because I'm happy to do it for you if you're not going to woman up and do it yourself." She crossed her arms and glared at Tadashi, silent challenge in her gaze.

"No, that's alright." Tadashi responded, awkwardly running a hand through his hair before reaching for the switch that would activate Baymax. The charging station lit up, indicating that there was power. Tadashi parted his lips about to say 'ow' in order to activate Baymax but was interrupted when the room was suddenly filled with the sound of inflation. Baymax had activated himself.

"I am Baymax, your personal healthcare companion, Hello, Tadashi." Baymax greeted his maker
using his custom circular hand movement. Hand still up, he turned his head in order to scan the
room. A moment later he turned back to face Tadashi, scan complete. He tilted his head to the right.
"My primary patient appears to be missing. Where is Hiro?"

Tadashi stared at Baymax in surprise, a rush of mixed emotions coursing through him. That was not
the greeting he had programmed Baymax to give. He also hadn't programmed Baymax to inflate on
his own...

Suddenly, the impact of running headlong three years into the future really hit him and he hated the
fact that part of him was beginning to resent Hiro. Baymax was his project, the product of hours,
days, weeks and months of research and hard work. Baymax was supposed to be his legacy, his way
of leaving his mark on the world. Tadashi had created Baymax because he wanted to make a
difference and now… now Baymax belonged to Hiro. Tadashi hated it. He hated feeling like his life
had no meaning but what he hated more was the fact that Hiro wasn't there for him to reprimand.
"Baymax seems… different." The words were cautious, loaded with shock and disbelief and a bunch
of other complex emotions his friends were bound to pick up on despite his best efforts to stifle them.

"I have detected an increase in your respiratory rhythm and heart rate. These are possible symptoms
of emotional distress." Baymax's informative tone was exactly as Tadashi remembered it, providing
him with a sliver of familiarity to hold onto. The diagnosis, however, only served to highlight just
how much Baymax really had changed since he'd last worked on him. He had not gotten around to
programming the potential physical symptoms of emotional distress into Baymax. "Might I suggest
deep calming breaths and a hug?" Baymax opened his arms. Tadashi was stymied, too overwhelmed
to really think, let along react. The next thing he knew, he was enveloped by a large squishy vinyl
marshmallow.

"Hey! Baymax. Big Dude." Fred rushed forward, grabbed hold of one of Baymax's arms, perching
his right leg onto Baymax's waist to use as leverage. "You need to give Tadashi some space." Fred
tugged insistently on the arm. "He's kinda dealing with a lot right now."

Baymax released Tadashi and took a step back in order to; as instructed by Fred; give him more
space. Fred went flying, having been in the middle of a particularly aggressive tug when Baymax
complied with his request. Fred picked himself up off the ground, smiling sheepishly. "Yo,
Tadashi… you ok?" Fred asked dusting himself off as he made his way back towards Tadashi.

Tadashi glanced between Fred and Baymax, still fighting the mess of mixed emotions surging
through him. He couldn't afford to have a break down. Not now. He didn't have time for it. Hiro was
still missing and Tadashi still wanted nothing more than to find and bring his brother back home. He
would deal with his own emotions and sense of self-worth, only once that was accomplished. "I'll be
fine." Tadashi got up and began to pace, a bad habit he'd picked up early on in life as a result of
constantly worrying about his little brother. "Baymax, are you still programmed to record all of your
interactions?"

Baymax, tilted his head to the other side "All of my original functionality is still intact." He
confirmed.

"Playback the recording before this one." Tadashi instructed.

Baymax blinked straightening his head. "I am sorry, I cannot comply."

"Why not?" Tadashi demanded in frustration. "You're hardrive shouldn't be damaged. I checked."

"The data is encrypted." Baymax informed him.
"Then decrypt it." Tadashi snapped, uncharacteristically losing his temper. Why did everything have to be so damned difficult? Why did it feel like every step he managed to take forward he was pushed another two back? He didn't know how much more of this he could take!

"I require the passcode."

"Passcode?" Tadashi stared at his creation, struggling to comprehend how much it really had changed. He clenched and unclenched his fist, his earlier sea of resentment and loss surging to the fore once more.

"I've got this." Wasabi spoke up for the first time in a long time, his tone soft, calm and sure, a direct contrast to the turmoil in Tadashi's heart. He dropped a firm hand onto Tadashi's shoulder silently offering him support and understanding. He turned to face Baymax giving him the passcode he was looking for. "Someone has to help."

Four words. Four simple words expressing the very code he lived by. They echoed through Tadashi's mind, grounding him once more, reminding him once again that he was still very much a part of his brother's life.

"Passcode confirmed." Baymax replied, accessing his database.
I've finally managed to access a calendar (Default function available on every PC). Go me. Apparently I was kidnapped 18 days ago. Nice to know though to be honest I no longer know where one day ends and the next begins. The PC’s clock tells me it's 2 am in the morning. Doesn't feel like 2 am; though to be fair it's probably accurate. It's bound to be 2 am somewhere in the world and since I have no idea where I am…

Sadly this PC has no access to the Internet or any other source of outside communication.

I'm supposed to be working on the quantum mechanics programmed into the Time Portal my captors are trying to build. They want me to stabilize the time evolution of the quantum states in order to control the exact time and place that the portal links to. Not sure how they expect me achieve that. It would be simple enough if they only wanted to travel a few minutes into the past or the future but apparently a few minutes are not enough. Which brings me to my current problem: The wave packets spread out as time progresses making them exponentially more difficult to predict and pinpoint the further away the timeline gets.

I managed to get them to bring me some chemicals. I told them I wanted to treat the components used to build the portal and they agreed. They refuse to bring me anything that has the potential to be used as an explosive component. There goes that idea. On to plan B or more specifically C or D or whatever the letter is that I'm suppo…

Hiro dropped the customized pen he was using when the door to the lab slid open. Fighting against the panic coursing through him, he casually turned the page he was writing on, hiding the still drying pink ink along with the words it had brought into existence. Pretending to be deep in thought, he lifted another notebook, this one covered in calculations put to paper in black ink, and waited…

A bright blur of color fluttered into his view as a stack of photographs was dropped onto the table. "Consider this incentive." Inquisitor said stepping around the table and into Hiro's direct line of sight.

Hiro went ice cold. The top one was of Aunt Cass. She was serving coffee and donuts to a customer. She looked like she’d aged ten years. Probably because of him. There were several other photographs beneath it, each as brightly colored as the first but Hiro didn't really want to see them.

"Well, aren't you going to look at them?" Inquisitor demanded, when Hiro made no move to pick the stack up.
Hiro placed the notebook in his hands carefully down beside the stack of photographs fighting to appear calm and in control when he and Inquisitor both knew he was anything but. "You said you wouldn't hurt her if I helped you. Are you going back on your word?"

"The deal still stands." Inquisitor replied calmly leaning over the desk and into Hiro's personal space. "I just want to make sure you know exactly what's at stake." The grin on his face was filled with malice and spite. He reached over towards the photographs and spread the stack, revealing the photographs underneath.

'I have detected trembling as well as an increase in your heart rate. Diagnosis: Fear.' Hiro could hear the echo of Baymax in his mind. 'You will be alright, there, there.' Only he really wouldn't be. Lying on the table before him were pictures of all his friends going about their lives. Honey Lemon was carrying a bouquet of flowers in one. Fred and Gogo were pictured in another, leaning over and scowling a tablet. Wasabi was in yet another, pictured walking out of the SFIT labs and a fourth captured the entire gang walking into the Lucky Cat.

"Your friends won't be able to protect your Aunt if we get to them first." Inquisitor taunted, sliding the fourth photograph to the side in order to reveal a fifth.

Hiro had been convinced that there was nothing Inquisitor could show him that would hurt him more. After all, he'd already been captured, electrocuted, starved and beaten. They'd threatened his Aunt, the only family member Hiro still had left and now they were threatening the rest of Hiro's friends. Every aspect of his life had been invaded and he'd been convinced that nothing had been left untouched. He was wrong. Hiro lost all semblance of color and would have thrown up all over the table if not for the fact that they were still half starving him. The fifth photograph contained everyone he loved. The gang was seated in the café gathered around a table. Aunt Cass was standing off to the side, holding a tray but it was the figure they were looking at that really broke his heart.

Hiro reached out to trace a trembling hand over the photograph, unable to hide the hurt any longer. For standing there, like a ghost, in the shadows of the staircase that led up towards the apartment above the café, was Tadashi. This must be a really old photograph. Hiro stared up at Inquisitor in horror.

Inquisitor grinned, eyes gleaming in malice as he took Hiro's reaction in. "I see we've reached an understanding." Inquisitor moved out of Hiro's personal space and away from the table. "I trust you will apply yourself to the fullest in order to address the problem at hand." And with those words, he left, the sliding door echoing far too loudly in the shocked silence that followed his departure.

Hands still trembling, Hiro picked up the last photograph in order to inspect it more closely. Tadashi looked exactly as he remembered him, the same as he did on the day of the showcase fire which meant the photograph must have been taken around the time they were building his micro-bots. What really struck him as odd though, was the fact that he'd never seen this particular photograph before and he'd gone to a lot of effort to gather all the photographs of his brother that he could find. Which raised the following critical question: Where had Inquisitor gotten the photograph from?
"Baymax!" The purple-clad figure cried out, reaching desperately towards the camera. The scene seemed to slow for a moment, a breath in which the Hero appeared to hang in mid-air, weightless and then gravity caught up with him and he began to tumble down after Baymax. He never made it that far. A black swarm rushed forward enveloping the Hero and then the recording went black, cut off as the camera was buried beneath a pile of debris.

You could hear a penny drop in the silence that followed the video, breath, thought and life suspended in the aftermath of revelations and realizations. The group of gathered friends watched each other, afraid to move, waiting for someone to bring them crashing down back into reality. That someone was, unsurprisingly, Tadashi. "There never was another guy, was there?" He asked, far too softly. The others had to strain in order to hear him. "They didn't kidnap Hiro and the leader of Big Hero 6, did they? Because," Tadashi turned to pointedly stare at Wasabi, Fred and Gogo, "Hiro and the leader of the vigilante Group that's been running around saving lives are one and the same."

The words echoed in the room between them, the implications weighing heavy in the room. No one dared to respond to Tadashi's statements. What could they possibly say, after all? They had kept the truth hidden from Tadashi. Some of them had lied to keep the truth hidden and the rest had remained silent and allowed it to happen. They each had had their reasons but reasons meant nothing when faced with the sheer pain in their friend's eyes.

"What on earth was he thinking?!" Tadashi exclaimed suddenly leaping out of his seat to pace across the garage in wide aggressive steps. "The bonehead, the knucklehead, the IDIOT!" Tadashi growled tugging at his own hair at the sheer frustration of it all.

"You appear to be distressed." Baymax interjected. "Might I suggest deep breathing exercises and meditation?"

"Not now, Baymax." Tadashi growled before continuing his rant. "What part of being a vigilante hero sounded like a good idea?! It's reckless, dangerous and stupid! Oh wait, this is HIRO we are talking about. Of course, he'd think it was a good idea. I don't know why I didn't make the connection sooner! If there's one person in this world crazy enough to form a super hero team to fight crime, my bonehead brother would be it. Wait a minute…" Tadashi swivelled around to glare at his friends. "You weren't cosplaying as Big Hero 6 members." He growled at Fred and Wasabi. "You're all part of my knuckleheaded brother's boneheaded scheme! What were all of you thinking?!"

Fred stood and carefully approached Tadashi, arms raised in surrender. "Tadashi, my man, you really need to calm down."

"Don't tell me to calm down!" Tadashi snarled not giving Fred a chance to say anything more. "Not when you kept this from me! Not when you lied to me. I thought you guys were my friends. Why would you keep something so important from me?"

"Because it's not our place to tell you." Gogo snapped. She marched up to Tadashi and began to poke him in the chest in fury. "This is your brother's secret," poke, "He's the one that came up with the concept," poke, "and the suits," poke, "and everything else. He's the one that manages the team and he's the one that decides who has a right to know about it," poke, poke, poke, "We didn't tell you because we promised him we'd stay together, fight in order to keep your memory alive and remain in the shadows. Because keeping our identity a secret is part of what allows us to do what we need to
do and because he's not here to give us permission to tell you. So get off your high horse and look at this from our perspectives for a minute before condemning us for our actions."

Tadashi, stared at Gogo, jaw slack in shock. Her words echoed through his mind and he took a moment to analyse what she was telling him. He was hurting, bleeding on the inside and the feeling of betrayal remained, even though he was beginning to understand the reasons behind his friend's choices. They should have told him this sooner… It might have helped them find Hiro and that was the real reason he was struggling to simply accept it at face value. "Why did you suggest I fix Baymax?" Tadashi demanded. "Why now?"

"Because we're running out of leads to investigate and you deserve to know." Gogo replied, aggressively blowing and popping a pink bubble. "We've exhausted all of our resources in our search for him. We need a new angle. Hiro was always the driving force behind our fresh angles to existing problems." Gogo took a moment to pop yet another pink bubble before continuing. "He learnt that from you."

He learnt that from you.

That single statement was immensely profound and brought with it a new surge of pain, along with a deep sense of pride. Tadashi still was an integral part of who his brother had grown up to become and that realization meant more to him than words could ever express. Tadashi cleared his throat and turned away from Gogo. Wiping a stray tear off his face, he made his way back over towards Baymax and his seat. He sat down and turned to face his friends once more. "Ok. If we're going to do this, we're going to do this properly. No more secrets. I want you to fill in all the gaps. You need to clue me in on all the major events I've missed in the last three years. Tell me everything."

A sense of relief coursed through the gathered group. They knew they were by no means off the hook but Tadashi was willing to listen and that fact brought them one step closer to a new plan. "It all started when Baymax followed one of Hiro's micro-bots to a warehouse…" Fred, ever the story teller, launched into the tale.
My Shadow Over You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

My Shadow over You

Tadashi and Wasabi were on their way to Hiro's lab at SFIT. Tadashi wanted to collect all of Hiro's notes. Thus far they had all been focused on who had taken Hiro. What they had failed to consider was why? Hiro's micro-bots seemed like an obvious conclusion, especially seeing as it was a sea of micro-bots that had taken him but something in the back of Tadashi's mind told him that wasn't right. If Hiro's bot-fighting career had taught Tadashi anything, it was to trust his inner sense when it came to his brother.

Nostalgia hit him as they walked across a familiar lawn, up all too familiar steps and into a familiar building. Tadashi hadn't returned to campus since he'd been found by Fred and Wasabi. Part of him had been afraid to. SFIT had been a second home to him and he wasn't sure he was ready for what he would see when he finally entered the lab space that had been allocated to him and his group of friends three years ago.

"You sure you want to do this?" Wasabi paused at the entrance to the building. "You don't have to come with me, you know. I can collect all of Hiro's notes and bring them to the café for you to look over."

Tadashi shook his head, rejecting Wasabi's offer to do this alone. "I want to see what Hiro has been working on while I was gone." He stepped past Wasabi, pushed open the door and walked into the cool space, determined to go through with this. He'd been right. Walking into the labs was hard. The space was simultaneously familiar and not. The layout of the building was still, rather obviously, the same but the tools and projects occupying the space were not and it brought to the fore a great feeling of disconnect.

It was only natural that the space would change, as old students graduated and new students entered. It was not unexpected but Tadashi hadn't finished this chapter of his life. As far as his memory was concerned, he was still a student here, was still supposed to occupy this space along with his friends and the change to the space felt alien and wrong. He'd been dealing with a lot of that recently.

Ignoring the feeling, he headed towards what had been his own lab space. His friends had told him Hiro had taken it over. Part of him dreaded being faced with the fact that, like the bedroom and the garage at home, his presence would mostly be gone from this place too but another part of him was curious to see what Hiro was working on. Determined not to give himself time to hesitate, he marched straight into the lab.

The familiar sight of organised chaos greeted him. Notebooks, pens and tools were scattered about the work space, interspersed between neatly ordered and labelled boxes of components. A half-eaten packet of gummy bears lay on the desk, a few stray bears scattered beside it. Post-it notes covered the walls, covered in idea's hastily scrawled down in Hiro's messy script. The swivel chair was half pulled out and turned, no thought given to putting it neatly away. The entire picture was surreal, a strange heart-breaking moment captured in time. Pale sunlight illuminated the lab giving it a warm welcoming feeling, making it seem like like Hiro had just slipped out and would be back any moment.

"We should probably start with Hiro's notebooks." Wasabi shattered the illusion, bringing reality
crashing back down. He gently touched Tadashi's shoulder as he walked past heading to Hiro's desk. He began to gather the various notebooks scattered haphazardly about the surface.

Tadashi followed and reluctantly began to help, absently skimming through some of the notes as he gathered them together. "So does Hiro have any idea what his final year project is going to be yet?" He asked trying to add a sense of normalcy to the strange situation. He'd mentally done the math. It had been three years since Hiro got accepted to SFIT. Students were required to work on and submit a final year project in their fourth year but needed to submit their ideas at the end of the third in order to get approval.

"He's already working on it." Wasabi informed him, sliding a few notebooks neatly together and carefully placing them into a box he'd brought. "He finished the course work in two years and started on it at the beginning of this year."

Tadashi glanced up in surprise before shaking his head with a wry smile. He should have expected as much. Hiro never did anything half way. When he made up his mind to pursue something, he did it wholeheartedly, sometimes to the detriment of himself and the sanity of his family. Tadashi really shouldn't be surprised to hear that Hiro was already working on his final year project. "What's he working on?"

"SKIN." Wasabi turned and headed over towards a robotic arm stored on a table on the right hand side of the lab.

"SKIN?"

"Sensory Kinetic Integrated Neurotransmitters." Wasabi clarified, the response not really clarifying anything. He picked up the robotic arm and carried it over towards Tadashi. The Robotic arm was attached to a detailed structure of a human hand. The human hand was encased in a thin flesh colored glove. "It's meant to help burn victims that have lost feeling in their skin due to third or fourth degree burns." Wasabi explained pulling a small device out of a slot attached to the arm. It was shaped like a behind the ear hearing aid. "He modified the design of his neurotransmitter." Wasabi lifted the device and fitted it to Tadashi's right ear. "It receives input from the skin and translates it into a sensory signal." Wasabi reached out and pinched the glove attached to the robotic arm.

"OW!" Tadashi exclaimed at the sudden unexpected sliver of pain, his entire body twitched in response as it tried to localize and identify the source of the pain sending him feedback from all his nerves. It was the strangest sensation.

"This is a generic prototype." Wasabi, removed the neurotransmitter from Tadashi's ear, storing it once more. "It communicates sensations to the human mind but isn't really fully functional yet. Hiro's still working on allowing the system to identify and communicate where the signal is coming from. That way he'll be able to customize it to match the locations of individual burns and only provide feedback when necessary."

Tadashi stared at the project in sheer disbelief and awe. The complexity of it was mind boggling and he really expected no less from his kid genius of a brother but something wasn't quite right. Tadashi was torn. On the one had he was proud that his brother had dedicated his life to something useful for a change, instead of wasting his potential on bots and fighting. On the other hand it felt wrong. Helping people, working in the medical field, had been Tadashi's dream, not Hiro's. Had Tadashi's death driven his brother to live Tadashi's life in his stead?

Chapter End Notes
So what do you guys think of Hiro's final year project? I really thought long and hard about it. I wanted it to be something that properly combines who Hiro is and the trauma he went through.
I'm finally allowed 8 hours of sleep for each 16 I put into the project. My captors decided to be, oh so generous, right after I passed out on them from lack of it. I don't know how long I was out for but I don't think it helped all that much. Ironic, considering I liked pulling 'all nighters' when I was home. I miss home. I miss Aunt Cass and Mochi and the smell of fresh baked goods in the morning… I don't think I'll ever see it again…

My captor's unexpected generosity doesn't come without a price though. Sleep was supposed to be a reward for a job well done but since they've realized I can't exactly function without it they've decided to switch to a punishment system instead.

Hiro paused, reaching up to wipe blood off his aching face. His hand came away streaked in red and a fresh stream of blood quickly replaced the one he'd just wiped away. He tilted his head back and pinched the bridge of his nose with a resigned sigh thinking back on the encounter he'd just lived through.

"Good News." Inquisitor exclaimed marching into the lab his usual two goons in tow. Hiro tensed, dread lying heavy in the pit of his stomach. "I've spoken to the investors and informed them of the recent developments." He gave Hiro a pointed look.

"It's not my fault I passed out. It wouldn't have happened if you'd just let me sleep!" The words slipped past Hiro's lips before he could even think to stop them. Why did he have to be such a smart ass? Did his mouth not know the meaning of self-preservation?

Inquisitor narrowed his eyes, clicking the knuckles of his hands far too casually for Hiro's liking. "Oh course it's your fault. You would have been granted the sleep had you actually made any notable progress but that is neither here nor there. Seeing as you can't function without it the investors have agreed to let you get some regular sleep. The usual recommended daily allowance should suffice."

Hiro waited in silence, keeping his mouth shut before it got him into even more trouble. There had to be a catch. There was always a catch. "Which means that instead of being rewarded for performing, you will be punished for not performing." There it was, the catch. Inquisitor finished cracking his knuckles, dropped his hands and nodded at the goons that had followed him in. The goons stepped past Inquisitor, calmly heading towards Hiro.

Hiro was not stupid. He knew exactly where this was headed. He launched himself out of the chair and ran desperately towards the door. Logically he knew he couldn't escape but he'd be damned if he went down without a fight. If they were going to hurt him, he'd make damned sure they worked for it.
As expected, he didn't get very far. The dormant micro-bots surged forward to block the door and the guards grabbed hold of his arms three steps into the attempt. Ignoring the restraint, Hiro used his forward momentum to swing himself up, and kicked. His right foot connected solidly with a satisfying thud and Inquisitor went down momentarily stunned.

Hiro didn't even pause. He continued the motion and twisted to sink his teeth into the goon on his left's bicep, simultaneously swinging his right leg back to connect with the right one's stomach and then he was free once more, heading back towards the door. Sucking in a breath he prepared himself for the shock he would get and launched himself at the micro-bots.

Fire coursed through his veins, sharp clear and cold overwhelming him even as he fought to resist. Darkness rushed forward but he pushed it away. He refused to submit to it. Not this time. Not again, pain and torment be damned. He flailed about as he ran, swatting away individual bots but the attempt was futile. There were too many for him to beat. Unarmed, Unprotected and alone. And then it was over. His muscles gave in and he collapsed to the ground, his body physically unable to obey the commands his mind continued to send.

"Are you done now?" Inquisitor calmly walked up to where he lay, unable to fight any longer. He crouched down and Hiro got his first glimpse of Inquisitor's face. His captors jaw was starting to swell. A thread of satisfaction coursed through Hiro when Inquisitor was forced to spit a mouthful of blood onto the ground beside him. "You're only making it worse for yourself." Inquisitor whispered, spraying Hiro's face with stray drops of blood before standing to head towards the door. "Let's go play." He called back. The goons lifted Hiro off the ground and dragged him after.

He was brought back an hour later.

- BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Nosebleed once again under control, Hiro picked up his custom pen once more and continued the entry.

In hindsight, I really shouldn't have provoked him.

He lifted his hand and wiped it off on his clothing when he accidentally left a red smear on the page.

I'm probably not going to live much longer. My lack of performance, despite what anyone may think, hasn't been due to lack of trying. I know what's at stake here and contrary to my captors beliefs I am not unmotivated. I'll do anything to protect them… even throw the world and everything in it into chaos. Aunt Cass and my team are all I have left and the world will mean nothing to me without them. I'm running out of time. It's only a matter of time before they make good on their threats to start hurting them and I'll be damned if I let that happen. I need to keep their focus here, on me.

Now if I could only figure out how to limit the wave spread, contain it in order to more accurately predict...

Hiro dropped the pen as a sudden realization hit him. He'd been looking at the problem completely wrong. It wasn’t possible to predict or control exactly where the waves went to but it might be possible to somehow contain them. He pushed his still open journal aside in order to give the pink ink time to dry. Grabbing one of the other notepads he began to write frantically, covering the blank pages in new algorithms.

Chapter End Notes
I so did not expect Hiro to fight back when I started writing this. This chapter is both heartbreaking and uplifting. I don't like the fact that Hiro got hurt but I love the fact that he fought back. By the way, there is a reason I'm posting this a little early this time round ;). There might be a surprised around the corner XD.
Grimalkin (Haloween Bonus)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Grimalkin (Bonus Chapter written specially for Halloween)

Swish.

Tadashi pulled a box in towards himself. He was seated on the floor in Hiro's room, the boxes that contained Hiro's notes surrounding him. Lifting the lid to box Tadashi peered in to assess its contents. Stacked inside was a neat pile of Hiro's notes carefully stacked and packed by none other than Wasabi. How the African man always managed to keep things so neat, Tadashi would never know.

Reaching into the box Tadashi began to pull out some of the notes skimming their contents as he did so. They were, as expected, covered in a large variety of ideas including anti-gravity boots that combined electro-magnetic suspension with rocket thrusters, plasma cannons that could instantly cook pizza, initial design notes for Hiro's SKIN project and even a machine that could make gummy bears at home. The sheer creativity and genius of each idea was, as usual, mind boggling and Tadashi couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. Hiro really was destined to change the world…. Only… They had to find him first.

Ignoring the sadness and grief that coursed through him with the stray thought, Tadashi placed the initial stack of notes down beside him before reaching into the box again only to be completely surprised by what he pulled out. His jaw actually dropped open in astonishment. The page he pulled out was not covered in Hiro's notes. It was a photograph.

A very disgruntled Hiro stared up at him off the page. Hiro had been captured mid-motion, clearly about to step out of the café. Someone must have called out to him because his head was turned towards the camera as if he'd been just about to turn completely around. The photograph was innocent enough. It was what Hiro was wearing that really caught Tadashi's attention. The black slacks and long sleeve plain shirt were a far cry from Hiro's usual jeans, khaki's, bright coloured shirts and hoodies. The black cat tail and ears were an even further stretch.

"Baymax." Tadashi turned towards the healthcare companion that had taken to following him around whenever he was home, holding the photograph up. "When was this taken?"

Baymax tilted his head to the side, quickly scanning the photograph before responding. "The photograph was taken last year on October the 31st."

Tadashi flicked the photograph back around eyeing the outfit once more mind trying to comprehend it. His brother had never been big on dressing up for Halloween. He'd always opted to stay home to tinker with his bots instead of going out to collect candy. *It's always chocolate anyway. No one around here remembers to buy gummy bears.* The small child had stared up at Tadashi with a pout as he said those words immediately guilting Tadashi into going out to buy a large bag of gummy bears just for his little brother. "Do you have any videos of this?" Tadashi asked Baymax curiosity suddenly getting the better of him.

"Accessing historical records." Baymax turned to face Tadashi. A paused image appeared on Baymax's belly. Hiro was holding his hands up glaring up at Fred.
Tadashi tilted his head up, preparing to watch the video. "Playback the footage."

The image on Baymax's belly began to move.

"Are you happy now?" Hiro asked Fred, who, rather predictably, was wearing his SFIT mascot outfit. Hiro was sitting on the bed, a familiar hearing aid shaped device hooked onto his left ear. He was already wearing the black slacks, black shirt and tail. The tail swished from side to side indicating annoyance.

"Not yet, little dude." Fred declared reaching forward to place a headband onto Hiro's head. Attached to the headband were two fluffy black cat ears, emitting an orange glow that could be seen from the front. "Now I'm happy." Fred declared stepping back with an all knowing smirk on his face.

Hiro narrowed his eyes in an attempt to increase the intensity of the glare. Unbeknownst to him it only served to make him look more like an independent, disgruntled, hissy cat. The ears on his head moved twitching in agitation. "Just so you know, I'm not happy about this." Hiro grumbled.

"Dressing up for Halloween is a waste of time. Going out to collect candy is an even bigger waste of time. No one ever remembers to stock Gummy Bears." The glare turned into a disgruntled pout. The tail and cat ears drooped.

"If you don't like dressing up, why did you go to all effort of making robotic cat ears and tail and that respond to your mood?" Fred questioned crossing his arms.

"Because you threatened to shove me into a costume whether I liked it or not." Hiro growled the cat ears moving all the way down slipping out of sight between the messy strands of Hiro's fluffy hair. "I'd hate to see what ridiculous costume you'd pick." Hiro shuddered. "If I'm going to do something I'm going to do it properly and on my terms."

"Ok, I get it, little dude. Not need to throw a hissy fit." Fred grinned in mischief as he emphasized the cat term completely ignoring both the icy glare in Hiro's eyes and the now bristling tail. "I'm glad you decided to join us. Going out to Trick or Treat is not fun if we aren't all there."

"Aren't we too old to Trick or Treat?" Hiro enquired the ears flicking straight up.

"You're never too old to Trick or Treat! Besides, you're still technically a kid." Fred declared bouncing up and down in excitement. He leant forward and grabbed hold of Hiro's arm. Using it as leverage he pulled the disgruntled teenager up and began to drag him towards the door. "Now come see what you've been missing all these years."

Hiro followed after Fred, surprise and discomfort written all over his features. Half way across the room he tripped and would have fallen flat onto his face if Fred hadn't continued to tug him along forcing Hiro to recover from the stumble simply to keep up. Hiro glanced up, his eyes looking straight at the camera for the first time since the recording began. The dark clothing and hair brought out the yellow undertones in his eyes and they almost appeared to glow. "You'd better not be recording this, Baymax." Hiro called out just as Fred pulled him out of sight.

The image paused as the video ended, displaying an empty room. Hiro was gone…
Hi guys, in case the chapter title doesn't make sense I used it because Scottish legend makes reference to the Grimalkin as a faery cat that dwells in the highlands. As for this chapter… This is a Bonus Chapter that I wrote out of sequence in order to give you guys a Halloween surprise. I have tried to insert it into the story in a sequential manner and hope it still flows with the sequence of events that have already occurred and will occur after this. It and a hand injury have thrown off my writing schedule a little. Hopefully this won't impact future updates O.O. I originally wasn't planning on writing it as I couldn't come up with an idea that would slip seamlessly into the story. Hope you guys like it! PS: How awesome would a picture of Hiro in that outfit be? XD XD XD
Tadashi sighed, leaning back in the swivel chair. He ran a tired hand through his hair and down to cup the back of his neck. He was exhausted. Tadashi was in the garage, going through Hiro's machine. He’d been going through Hiro's notes for days now and was starting to feel completely overwhelmed. They were, in typical Hiro fashion, all over the place and he was struggling to figure out which ones belonged to the same train of thought. Add to that the fact that he was wading through three years of ideas and Tadashi really had his work cut out for him.

"You are exhibiting the signs of severe stress and exhaustion." Baymax informed him. "Might I suggest a good night's rest?" Baymax appeared to have gained a life if his own and Tadashi didn't really know what to make of it. He refused to deactivate, completely ignoring the commands Tadashi had programmed into him, was constantly interfering and handing out advice to Tadashi when he was only supposed to be concerned with his primary patient's care, would randomly stop and stare off into space as if he was lost and would intermittently run a scan in order to look for Hiro. Tadashi hated to admit it but Baymax appeared to be exhibiting the signs of loss.

"Not now, Baymax." Tadashi said softly getting up to stretch.

"It will improve both your physical and mental state." Baymax waddled after him.

Tadashi couldn't help but smile at that. He'd never imagined he'd one day find himself holding entire conversations with the bot. His project had really turned into something special. "I know, buddy, but I really want to make some headway first."

Baymax titled his head to the side. "I have several recordings detailing Hiro's research." He offered. "I could play them for you."

Tadashi stared at Baymax in surprise. Why hadn't he thought of that? Oh wait, Baymax had been programmed to record all of his interactions with his primary patient. He had not been recorded track and identify events that did not require some kind of medical intervention. "You can do that?"

"I was programmed to record all of my interactions." Baymax replied, blinking.

"Yes but I only programmed you to identify medical emergencies." Tadashi pointed out.

"I am Baymax. Hiro's personal healthcare companion. Hiro's health, emotional and mental well being are my primary concern. I am required to track everything in his life in order to ensure I can respond accordingly."

"You can't seriously expect me to believe Hiro willingly programmed you to interfere with everything in his life." Tadashi exclaimed. The Hiro he knew would never do such a thing. He valued his independence and freedom far too much.

"Hiro has made no modifications to my core code base." Baymax declared titling his head to the other side.

Tadashi stared at Baymax in disbelief. Baymax's personality was a direct result of the core code Tadashi had implanted into his chip. If Hiro hadn't made any changes to the core code that would mean the anomalies in Baymax's behavior were a result of his own code. He'd programmed he ability to learn into Baymax's core functions but had never imagined the real impact that code would have.
"Can you differentiate between the various projects Hiro was working on?"

"I have sorted and cataloged everything Hiro has worked on in the last three years. I've separated the projects linked to SFIT from those linked to Big Hero 6." Baymax informed him.

Tadashi paused, contemplating the information he'd been given before asking. "Which project do you think is most likely the reason he was kidnapped?"

Baymax tilted his head and blinked, scanning his database before displaying a picture of Hiro's neurotransmitter. "The neurotransmitter device appears to have the most destructive potential. Hiro used it to control the micro-bots he created and it was missing when we were attacked at Krei Tech."

Tadashi nodded. "Alright. I'll retrieve all the notes he made when he was creating the original neurotransmitter and you retrieve the ones he made to create the one linked to SKIN." Tadashi turned intending to head back to Hiro's PC but didn't make it that far.

"Hiro is here."

"What did you say?" Tadashi whirled around to face Baymax once more, his heart beating a rapid rhythm in his throat.

"Hiro is here." Baymax repeated before turning and heading into café.

"Baymax!" Tadashi sprinted after him, reaching out in an attempt to grab him but Baymax remained just out of reach. He sure was fast for something that was programmed to move at a waddle. Skidding around the corner Tadashi leapt to avoid Mochi before running up the stairs, still chasing a waddling marshmallow. Baymax headed all the way up the stairs and into Hiro's bedroom, turning his head to scan the room. "Hiro is gone." Baymax declared as Tadashi caught up sounding far too forlorn for a robot.

Tadashi leant forward, his hands pressed against his knees, supporting him as he tried to catch his breath. "I could have told you that, buddy." He gasped out straightening up to stand. "He's been kidnapped. There's no way he could be…" A stack of white pages caught his attention, "here?"

Tadashi rushed over towards Hiro's bed and scooped up the pages rapidly reading the familiar scrawl. The top page only had four words written on it:

A New Angle

~Hiro

The rest were covered in formulas and calculations.

"Baymax…" Tadashi took a shaky breath, before continuing, "Call the others."

Baymax complied. "Your friends have been contacted." Baymax turned on his display separating it into four in order to display the video conference. Fred was the first to answer his phone, Honey Lemon was the last.

"Hey man! What's up?" Fred asked.

"This." Tadashi lifted the top page of the stack of papers he'd just found, "Isn't. Funny. If you have something to tell me, I'd appreciate it if you told it to my face. I thought we agreed there would be no more secrets."
His four friend's leant forward to read the note. Gogo narrowed her eyes, Honey Lemon gasped and Wasabi paled. "Where did you find that?" Wasabi asked, eyes so wide they were in danger of popping out if his head.

"On Hiro's bed, attached to a bunch of sheets with calculations on them. This is the second note I've found since he's been kidnapped. While I appreciate the help, I don't appreciate the manner in which it is being given."

"Se…second note?" Wasabi's voice trembled. "What was on the first one?"

Tadashi frowned. This wasn't how he pictured this conversation going. His friends were the only people he knew that had access to Hiro's room. Other than Aunt Cass and himself that is and he highly doubted Aunt Cass would pull something like this. He walked over to Hiro's desk and pulled out the first note before marching back to Baymax and holding it up. "This one was stuck to his computer."

"It wasn't us." Wasabi looked like he was about to hyper-ventilate"

"What do you mean it wasn't you?" Tadashi demanded.

"He means we didn't leave the notes." Gogo snapped, glaring daggers at Tadashi.

"If you didn't leave them then who…"

"Woah!" Fred exclaimed, interrupting Tadashi's question. "The little dude's teleporting notes to us! I knew it! I knew it was only a matter of time before we all developed super-powers. It makes sense, what with all the strange stuff that's been going on recently and…"

"Wait! What strange stuff?" Tadashi snapped interrupting Fred in turn.

"There have been strange fluctuations of energy all over San Fransokyo." Gogo informed him. "Power has been going out, magnetic fields have appeared out of nowhere and things have been appearing from the past, kind of like you. We were investigating them the day Hiro got kidnapped but dropped the investigation to focus on getting Hiro back."

"And you didn't think to mention that to me?" Tadashi demanded.

"We didn't see the need to." Honey Lemon spoke up. "The phenomena started a few days before Hiro was kidnapped and we had just started the investigation. We didn't manage to find out anything that could have upset anyone. Hiro shouldn't have been a target yet."

"Well that's interesting, considering these calculations," Tadashi held up the rest of the sheets he'd found all clearly hand written by Hiro, "all have to do with the quantum mechanics of space and time."
If anyone is interested I have added a link to an image of Hiro as the Grimalkin:
http://rayneauster.deviantart.com/art/Grimalkin-570028933?
ga_submit_new=10%253A14465656264

Hiro's Journal

Hiro Hamada – Captivity: Day 32

I haven't managed to stabilize the inter-dimensional time portal yet. I don't know how to link it to a specific date and time and am rather baffled by the ones it does choose to link to. There doesn't appear to be a discernible pattern that I can trace. I have, however, made some progress. I've managed to build a device that should allow a person to survive entering the inter-dimensional time portal. It's designed to contain the particles it's in contact with thus limiting their dispersal when these particles come into contact with the erratic fluctuations of energy caused by the portal. Now all I have to do is actually test it. Something tells me I'm the one that's going to be wearing it.

I'm not sure what's going to happen. I've double and triple checked the math and in theory my calculations appear to be sound but we all know success often doesn't come without failure. The question is, will I survive long enough to try again? The better question is, do I even care? Surely they won't hurt Aunt Cass if I'm no longer around to be threatened?

Hiro put down the pen and stared at the page before him. He watched as the pink ink dried and faded away, the most recent diary entry gone, as if it had never been there in the first place. Picking up the black pen he sketched a small symbol onto the corner of the page before pulling the photograph of Aunt Cass, his friends and Tadashi out of his pocket. He'd kept it as a reminder of what his life used to be.

He ran his fingers over its surface, trying to straighten corners tattered from too much handing, before slipping it into the notebook he'd started his diary in. He then slipped the notebook into the stack containing all of his recent calculations. Satisfied he'd done everything he could, he swiveled the chair he was in around to face the sliding door and settled for the wait.

- BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Hiro was standing before an eerily familiar sight. Before him was a giant metal ring, suspended in mid-air. Leading up to it was a steel platform. The ring itself was made up of large segments designed to slot into one another in order to form a perfect circle. It was project silent sparrow all over again with just a few differences. Where project silent sparrow had made use of two rings this portal used only one and attached to the top part of the ring was a digital display on which there was a date, presumably the date to which the portal was connected.

As expected, Hiro had been chosen to test the device he'd made. Overriding the fear that he wouldn't be alive for very much longer had been a sense of hope that this might finally be the opening he
needed in order to escape. That hope had been crushed when Inquisitor had informed him that electrical signals could be sent into the portal without any problems and seeing as he was still strapped to the ankle monitor he might not want to stay in the portal for longer than five minutes lest he regret the outcome.

"Target stabilized. Initiate phase Epsilon." The emotionless voice echoed in the large laboratory.

"Okay, here's your chance to prove yourself." Inquisitor's voice could be heard over the intercom. "Remember, if you're not out in five minutes I'm activating the ankle monitor." The intercom was cut off.

Hiro turned to face the blue swirling light in the portal and took a deep breath in preparation to enter it. "Come on, knucklehead. You've been in one of these before. What are you afraid of?" He muttered to himself taking a few reluctant steps forward. "Oh, I don't know, maybe the fact that despite what it may look like, this isn't project silent sparrow and no one has survived the attempt to enter this portal yet." He answered his own question. Closing his eyes he bit his lip and took the first step that would take him beyond the blue swirling space.

The pain that coursed through him was excruciating far exceeding the pain of the electric shock. Every nerve came to life informing him that he was being torn apart. Every particle of his being vibrated out of control, the molecules that made up his body trying to synchronize to the rhythm of the portal itself but the device he'd created did its job and it was soon over. Hiro made it through and emerged on the other side taking in deep gasps of air as his brain fought to catch up to his body. The pain was, thankfully, gone.

Hiro opened his eyes.

To say that the sight that greeted him was unexpected was an understatement. He'd expected to find himself standing on solid ground, somewhere in either the past or the future. Instead he was in an empty space, much like the one he'd encountered when he entered the portal for project silent sparrow with swirling blues, and purples surrounding him. Looking down he realized he was standing on a glass-like walkway, the material cool beneath his still bare feet but that was not what really surprised him. What surprised him were the hundreds, if not thousands of colorful threads all attached to his pinkie. Behind him, there was only one, pure white and still. The rest were all before him shimmering in every color imaginable, thrumming with unexplained energy. He had to see what lay at the end of each one.

Launching himself into a run he picked a vibrant purple thread and followed it until he stumbled to a halt at a softly glowing tear in the colorful swirls around him. The thread entered the glowing rift and vanished. That's when he realized the entire space was comprised of glowing rifts, overlapping, merging and swirling together to form the kaleidoscope of color he saw before him. Taking another deep breath he gathered himself and stepped through the opening, this time already prepared for the tearing pain that he would encounter as he crossed the rift.

Ice cold ground connecting with his bare feet brought him back to his senses once more. Bright light filtered into sight, this time revealing the exactly what he'd originally expected to encounter. He was back in reality. He was standing on ice cold concrete, surrounded by all too familiar metal walls and sliding door. A camera was mounted in the ceiling and the air conditioner continued to blow cool air onto the scene but something wasn't right. The sliding door was wide open and the corridor beyond it was encased in darkness.

*Turn around…*

Hiro responded to the whisper and turned slowly round, running his eyes over each familiar wall. He
spotted the toilet mounted to the corner wall, exactly where he expected it to be. Connected to it was
the bed he'd begun to hate with a passion for it signified his captivity, his sheer helplessness. The bed
was occupied. Hiro saw himself, lying prone on the bed. He was covered in blood and his eyes were
staring up at the ceiling dark, still and lifeless.

Hiro screamed.
A loud, gut wrenching cry was torn from Hiro's lips. He threw himself back, away from the horrifying sight and back into the rift only he could see. It couldn't be. It wasn't possible. He couldn't be dead. He hadn't even managed to escape but that was only one possible future, right? There had to be others? The results of different choices?

Back in the inter-dimensional space, he picked another thread and ran after it towards another rift and another future. He couldn't die. Not like that. Not captive and alone. It wasn't right, wasn't how a Hero was supposed to die. Reaching the end of the thread he ran into yet another possible future.

Death. This time in the lab space his captors liked to keep him locked up in, surrounded by blood splattered notes and shattered micro-bots.

He stumbled back into the inter-dimensional space, not even pausing to fully take the scene in. He followed another thread, and then another, and another and yet another. They all ended at the same place, with Hiro dead, broken, captured and alone a victim of what appeared to be suicide.

Hiro couldn't believe it. Not only did he not manage to escape, he broke, shattered to the point of taking his own life. It was unthinkable, He'd never considered the possibility, not even in those dark days that followed his brother's death. Life was after all, precious. Tadashi had taught him that and yet he was going to be driven to the point of ending it. What darkness awaited him, to drive him to that point of despair?

Hiro ran, terror and blind panic driving him ever forward into even more rifts in a desperate bid to deny the future that awaited him. He needed to change it, to find a route to sanity and freedom. It couldn't end that way. He wouldn't let it. He would not be broken, not by torture, not by fear, not by circumstance, not by his captors and certainly not by himself.

His sense of desperation was building, his emotions were running high and time was running out. Where was it? Where was the future in which he escaped, in which he lived? Why couldn't he find it?? It had to be somewhere, hidden among the multitude of threads attached to his pinkie, it had to because if it wasn't… what was he still fighting for?

Each rift he entered increased his desperation, each dead end increasing his despair and with it the energy fluctuations flowing through the time portal. His body ached, burning in response to being pushed through so many rifts, breaking and reforming with each transition and it soon became too much for both his body and mind to bear. His vision blurred, his breath became ragged and echoes of pain flared through every nerve. His mind began to shut down and he began to drift heading back to where he began.

The kaleidoscope of colors swirled and shifted seeming to flow and move with each painful breath he took. A bright flare crossed his eyes as he slipped through the first rift once more, returning, settling, fading… His chest became heavy, a solid weight settling on it and then he began to shake, gasping desperately as he struggled to breathe.

"'aving a seizure…"

Bright lights, distorted sounds.
"...ove... out of the way"

Pain, panic and fear... so much fear.

"...ock him out."

Followed by a sea of darkness.

-AH6 -BH6 -BH6-

Awareness came as a surprise. One moment he was gone, encased in darkness and the next he was awake looking up at an all too familiar ceiling, the cold air from the air conditioner blowing across his skin. Cold as it was, it was the best feeling in the world because he could actually feel it.

He was still alive.

He sat up, shivering in response to the cold and wrapped his arms around his legs and curled into a foetal position.

His mind was blissfully blank.

...

...

...

The sliding door slid open some unknown time later, announcing the arrival of his captors but Hiro did not react focusing simply on the cool air and the act of breathing.

"I see you're finally awake." Inquisitor commented stepping up to the bed. "That's good. We were beginning to think you'd broken yourself."

"I'm not broken." Hiro snarled looking up as the meaning of the last statement slipping past his defenses.

"You wouldn't be so sure if you'd seen what we saw." Inquisitor informed him, still speaking calmly. The man was entirely too calm, always in control, a cold malice gleaming in his eyes.

Hiro stared. He wouldn't ask. He wanted no favors from the man and would not demean himself by stooping so low as to ask what had happened at the end.

Fortunately he didn't need to for Inquisitor had a fascination with the sound of his own voice. "You're probably wondering what's going on. It would appear your stabilizer was only partially effective. You stepped into the portal but you were only gone a few seconds before the portal threw you back out again." That was odd. Hiro was certain he'd been gone for considerably more than a few seconds. "You appeared to have gone into some kind of seizure. A marked improvement on death, I dare say but it's still not good enough. After all, we can't have people seizing all over the place. It's far too messy." Inquisitor paused waiting for Hiro react.

He didn't. Hiro refused to give him the satisfaction choosing instead to simply watch the man with a blank expression on his face. It was a match Hiro won hands down.

"You have been granted three days to recover. You have a day and a half left. Use it well." Inquisitor informed him turning to head back towards the door of Hiro's cell. "You have work to do." And then he gone leaving Hiro alone once more, encased in silence.
Hiro began to formulate a plan.
Haunted

Eerie green light filtered through the confines of the space, illuminating cold steel. The slosh of water hitting the submarines bough only served to add to the ghostly atmosphere. In the distance, a buoy bell rang leaving a death note to hang oppressively in the air. The scene had all the makings of a ghost story and Fred didn't like it, not one bit. He was, after all, a fan of comic book action and hero's, not spooksville, death, doom and gloom.

"Woman up." Gogo reached out to push the green Kaiju monster that was clinging to her off.

"But this place is creepier than the lab on Akuma Island!" Fred protested moving to grab hold of Gogo once more.

"I swear, if you grab onto me again I'm going to get Wasabi to laser you in the face." Gogo threatened.

Fred swallowed, looking around nervously as he considered his options. Gogo was the only person with him. Wasabi and Honey Lemon were out investigating another site. That meant Gogo couldn't actually ask Wasabi to laser him in the face. Then again, Gogo could be a lot scarier than Wasabi. He decided not to grab onto her again, opting instead to walk behind her.

Gogo and Fred were currently investigating the World War II submarine that had appeared on the day Hiro had disappeared. Gogo and Honey Lemon had already investigated it but there had been rumours of strange occurrences on the submarine since. People had reported seeing mystic lights and hearing ghostly voices. Tadashi had decided it warranted a second look and had dispatched Gogo and Fred to investigate.

"Two intrepid friends lead by Fred, the leader, Fred. Fred's Angels, m-m-m. Fred's Angels, m-m-m. Harnessing the power of the moon with the ancient amulet they found in the attic. M-m-m. The amulet is green. M-m-m. It's probably an emerald."

"Fred, seriously, you're still singing that?" Wasabi's voice came across the open communication channel, frustration clear in his tone.

"What, it calms me down!" Fred protested, eyes darting around the confines of the submarine.
"You'd be singing to distract yourself too if you were stuck in a haunted tin can, headed towards your doom!"

"Stop being such a baby!" Gogo snapped, turning to glare at Fred. "We're not headed towards our doom. We're exploring an abandoned submarine!"

"At midnight, floating in the middle of the bay where no one can see us." Fred pointed out.

"It's nine o'clock, Fred." Gogo pushed out her hip, resting her hand on it to give the frightened Kaiju a scathing look.

"Close enough. It's dark outside and we're alone in an abandoned area of the bay."

"Guys, focus!" Tadashi joined the conversation on the open communication channel, interrupting the brewing argument. "We're on a mission here, can we save the arguments for later? Gogo have you spotted anything out of the ordinary?"
"More out of the ordinary that a World War II submarine appearing out of nowhere?" Gogo shook her head, turned and resumed walking. "Not yet. It appears to be in the same state that Honey and I originally found it in but something's not right. I just can't put my finger on it."

"That's because it's haunted!" Fred insisted, practically walking directly in Gogo's shadow.

"Fred, if you go down that path one more time, just one more time, I swear I'll..."

"Still focusing here, Gogo." Tadashi spoke in an attempt to calm her down before the situation escalated out of hand. "Do you think someone's been there?" Tadashi was back at the café, monitoring the team's progress on Hiro's computer in the garage. He'd wanted to join one of the actual on-site investigations but the team had pointed out that he was still being watched by the police and joining them would likely blow their cover. He'd reluctantly agreed to be their home base backup.

"I can't really say." Gogo responded, reaching out to open the door to the submarine's weapon's compartment. Fred jumped when the door slid open with a loud metallic creak. "Then again maybe I can." Gogo stepped into the compartment, glaring at the sight that greeted her.

Fred followed, a little more reluctantly. He wasn't in a hurry to meet spirits that apparently haunted this abode. In fact, he'd rather not meet them at all but he was a hero and as a hero he was obligated to do his best to keep the citizens of San Fransokyo and his the leader of his own team, safe.

The weapons compartment was larger than he'd expected it to be. It was large enough to hold several people. A solid steel walkway occupied the centre. Surrounding it were large empty racks attached to the hull of the submarine. There were two empty pipes near the empty racks. All in all, the room wasn't all that intimidating. Nor did it really provide Fred with any clues as to why anyone might have been there. Fred looked at Gogo.

"What's up?" Tadashi asked, giving voice to the pertinent question running though Fred's mind.

"The torpedoes are gone."

Fred's jaw dropped. Torpedoes? He'd missed the chance the see actual torpedoes?!

"You left torpedoes on the sub?!" Tadashi exclaimed in disbelief.

"What were we supposed to do with them?" Gogo retorted in annoyance. "Store them in Hiro's garage? I'm sure the police would have loved that. What's that officer? Oh, no don't worry about those. They're just torpedoes that we decided to store here. Yes, officer, I know they are dangerous but would you have rather I left them on the submarine in the bay?"

"You could have reported them to the police." Tadashi pointed out.

"We intended to." Honey Lemon joined the heated debate occurring over the communication lines. "But we kind of got side-tracked."

Silence enveloped them all, no one daring to actually give voice to the unspoken implication of Honey Lemon's words. That was, after all, the day they lost Hiro.

Tadashi sighed, breaking the awkward moment. "I think you guys need to get back here so we can go over what we know."

"We'll see you in ten." Gogo confirmed turning around to head back the way they'd come.
Fred followed. He was about to open his mouth to tell Gogo that it wasn't humanly possible to get back to the Lucky Cat Café in ten minutes when something caught his eye. He bend down to investigate. Lying just in front of the door was a take-away pastry food wrapper. "Uh… guys…" Fred picked the wrapper up and held it in view of his suit's camera. "I think we're being watched."

Printed on the wrapper was the Lucky Cat's Logo.
I Was Only Born inside My Dreams

Hiro's Journal

Hiro Hamada – Captivity: Day 36

I saw my future. Or more specifically several possibilities of it. I'm still captive in all of them.

Hiro paused tapping the pen nervously on the page leaving several dots on the page. The next bit was incredibly hard to write.

And…

More nervous dots. Why was this so hard to write down? It's not like anyone was ever going to read this. He’d started the diary as a form of therapy, in an attempt to keep himself sane but it seemed there wasn't anything he could do to save himself.

I'm dead. Instead of escaping, I kill myself. I don't know what pushes me over the final edge but I can't do this anymore. Not if it's hopeless. Not if all my futures end in the same place…

Hiro paused once more tapping both the pen and his leg now, nervous energy coursing through him.

Everything seems hopeless now but I can't give up. Tadashi wouldn't want me to give up. He'd tell me to use this big brain of mine to find a way out of this but I can't change it. I can't change the fact that I've been captured, that I've been forced to work on a project I don't believe in, that they're hurting me, that I may be losing my mind…

I can't change the fact that all my future seems to lead to death by suicide. Why? Why can't I change my future? The past is gone and done. It makes perfect sense that I cannot change it but I should have the power to change my future, right? The choices I make in the present impact the possibilities my future holds. There must be a choice that leads to a different end?

On the bright side, my captors think my device is a failure. They saw me walk into the portal and then saw me fall out mere seconds later. I was in there a lot longer than that. I need to figure out why. There are two possibilities. Either time flows differently when I cross into the portal or my existence itself draws me back into the point I left, in order to ensure that the timeline remains intact. I hope it's the latter. I can work with the latter. The latter gives me a few additional options.

I need to go back. I need to see the threads again. There were many leading into the future. I didn't get to explore them all but the ones I did explore all ended in that dark place and I'm starting to think the rest will be the same. I can't change that, I can't find one that leads to freedom but they were not the only threads in that space…

Hiro took a shaky breath tapping the pen so hard it left an ink splotch on the page in retaliation. Was he really going to do it? It went against everything he’d been taught, everything he believed in. There were, after all, things that shouldn't be messed with. Things that would disrupt the natural order of life but did it matter at this stage? He was already messing with time.

He shouldn't be doing this. He shouldn't even be contemplating it but he wanted to… so very, very badly. He was damned anyway. Everything he could do from this point on would end the same way. He may as well get something out of it before the end. Decision made, he put pen to paper once
I'm going to see Tadashi.

Fire, bright orange flames flickered through the darkness, shifting, dancing and devouring the space. It covered everything, every wall, every pillar, the floor and even the ceiling, greedily consuming the fuel its path in bid to grow, expand and gain ever more power. It was a living beast, an unstoppable force with a life of its own and he was just a shadow in its presence.

It was strange, yet strangely familiar. He should know this place. He'd been here before. A glass bubble caught his eye. Located near it was a robotic arm, clapping raggedly before coming to a halt when smoke, heat and amber flames licked its surface. The showcase! That meant...

He burst into motion and ran, past flames, past crumbling posters, past crashing tables and burning experiments. He ran with only one destination in mind. He had to get to the door. He had to get to...

He stumbled to a halt when a tall dark figure ran through the confines of the doorway, straight into the blazing building. "Professor Callaghan?!!" The heat forced the figure to bend, the heavy smoke driving him to raise an arm to his mouth and nose. He coughed. "Professor Callaghan!" He called out once more stumbling further into the burning building.

No! Don't do that! Get out! Run away! You're going to die!

He needed to save him. He couldn't let him die like this. Not again. Hazel eyes desperately searched the room for a solution, for a way to get him out before it was too late but it was clear they wouldn't make it to the exit. It was too far away. They didn't have time. Just a little more time was all he needed. Wait a minute. Time. That's when it hit him.

Decision made, he launched himself into motion once more running straight towards the tall man that was still obliviously stumbling around the burning exhibition hall. Throwing himself forward. He reached out towards the figure. Click. Something clipped into place just as his momentum caught up to him. Unable to stop himself he bumped into the tall figure, the force of the blow causing the tall man to stumble and then he was alone in the inferno once more.

A flash of bright light, a delayed reverberation followed by agony, searing burning hot pain that was hot and cold, there and not there, all at once and then it was over. His life was done as he lay in the dark shadowy arms of death.

Hiro woke with a start, sweat pouring down his face, his heart beating rapidly in his chest. A familiar ceiling met his terrified gaze, air conditioner and camera still intact. He was still in his cell, where he'd fallen into exhausted slumber but a few hours earlier. He was still alone, still captive, still alive.

It was just a dream…

It was a bad idea.
Comparing your Past to My Future

"Your heart rate is elevated. I recommend you take deep calming breaths."

Tadashi ignored Baymax and continued to pace across the garage, absently playing with the bracelet around his wrist. What was taking his friends so long? He needed the magnetic readings he'd asked them to take in and around the locations of the strange phenomenon. He was hoping to uncover a pattern of some kind. A pattern that could perhaps reveal Hiro's possible location.

The squeak of vinyl filtered into his awareness and he was suddenly confronted with a large white marshmallow. Baymax stood before him arms stretched out to prevent him from pacing further. "Allowing yourself to get agitated it not good for your health." Baymax informed him.

"Baymax, I don't have time for this right n..." The sound of footsteps cut him off. Someone was here. Tadashi rushed over towards the stairs, body tensing in anticipation only to droop in disappointment. "Hey, Aunt Cass."

Aunt Cass stepped into the garage, a worried look on her face. "Can we talk?" She asked softly.

Tadashi sighed running a hand over his face. "Sure, Aunt Cass. What's up?"

Aunt Cass looked nervously around the garage. "Let's go upstairs. I'll make you a cup of hot chocolate and we can sit down and talk."

Tadashi nodded and headed towards the stairs, his Aunt in tow. "Baymax, please keep an eye on things down here." He called back, knowing his aunt likely wanted some privacy. They made it to the upstairs kitchen. Tadashi sat down at the kitchen table and settled to watch his Aunt as she proceeded to make the hot chocolate she'd promised him.

Aunt Cass moved efficiently around the kitchen, remaining silent until the hot chocolate was done. She sat down across from Tadashi sliding the gourmet hot chocolate complete with whipped cream, chocolate chip sprinkles and tiny marshmallows his way before speaking. "We need to talk about your future."

Tadashi blinked, holding the mug midway between the table and his lips. "My future?"

"You can't keep living like this. Locked away from the world. SFIT is going to be accepting applications soon. Maybe you can submit one and finish your robotics degree?"

A rush of mixed emotions coursed through Tadashi at the mention of his degree. He'd been so busy trying to find Hiro and trying to come to terms with everything that had changed in the three years that he'd missed that he'd never even thought about going back to school to finish his degree. For all intents and purposes his life had been placed on hold, indefinitely but he wasn't sure he was ready to press the play button again.

Aunt Cass continued to speak when Tadashi made no move to respond. "You were nearly done and even though it's already been three years I'm sure SFIT will let you back to complete your final year project and the courses you're still missing. Hiro still has Baymax."

And that was the crux of the problem. Hiro may have kept Baymax but Baymax no longer belonged to Tadashi. His project had grown and changed without him. Hiro had also clearly made some
modifications to Baymax. It wouldn't be right to present him now. Not with the possible issue of copyright infringement and certainly not when Baymax had so obviously become more than just a final year project. "Aunt Cass, I can't…"

"I know you're waiting for Hiro to come back but we've already gone through this. You can't stop living. I know it's hard. Besides Hiro wouldn't want you to waste your life just because he's missing."

Aunt Cass's words hurt. They hurt a lot but Tadashi knew she had a point. He shook his head. "It's not that. I just…" Tadashi floundered, trying to find a way to give voice to the conflict coursing through him. "I don't think I can go back to SFIT. I have no place there anymore. Honey Lemon, Gogo, Wasabi and Fred have all graduated. Hiro's using my lab and I don't know anyone else there. It's… It's just…"

Tadashi fell silent when Aunt Cass placed a hand on his shoulder in understanding. "It doesn't have to be SFIT. It doesn't even have to be right this minute but I want you to think about it, ok?" She dropped her hand once more moving to pick up her own cup of hot chocolate.

The two of them drank in companionable silence.

Tadashi only managed two sips when he was startled once more, this time by the sound of the café bell ringing. Standing he headed towards the staircase and peered down to see Fred shaking rain out of his hair. "Yo!" He greeted Tadashi bounding up the stairs using leaps that were far too energetic for that time of night. "The rest of the gang are on their way. They're just…" Fred glanced at Aunt Cass, "fetching a change of clothes."

Tadashi nodded. Turning he gave Aunt Cass a kiss on the cheek. "We'll wait for them in the garage." He informed both his Aunt and Fred before heading back towards the garage. He grabbed hold of Fred's wrist as he walked past.

"I'll bring you guys some sandwiches and pastries, later." Aunt Cass called after them.

"Yes! Free food! There's nothing better than free food!" Fred exclaimed stumbling after Tadashi. "I want an invisible bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich, please!"

"There's no such thing as an invisible sandwich." Tadashi dragged Fred into the garage. Fred's words brought to mind a similar moment that had occurred what to him was not all that long ago. "We keep telling you, it's not science."

"But it could be, you know." Fred insisted. "Turning me into a fire breathing lizard wasn't 'science' either but Hiro managed it. I'm telling you now, it's only a matter of time before invisible sandwiches become a thiiiiing." Fred bumped into Tadashi's back, not having expected Tadashi to come to sudden complete halt. "Hey! Tadashi! My man! Are you trying to get me to run over you? Don't just stop like that for no reason." Fred peered around Tadashi, looking into the garage. Nothing appeared to be amiss.

Tadashi suddenly burst into motion once more. He headed straight for Hiro's PC and the note that was pasted on the screen. "Yo, man? Everything alright?" Fred asked in uncertainty.

Tadashi ignored him. He pulled the note off the PC, turned and headed straight towards Baymax. "Who left this here?"

Baymax titled his head to the side, appearing to examine the note. "Unknown."

"What do you mean you don't know? You were here, weren't you?"
"There appears to be a glitch in my system." Baymax titled his head to the other side. "I am missing five minutes of data."

"How can you be missing five minutes of data?" Tadashi demanded, beginning to panic. "The tests I ran on your hardrive came back clean! Was your camera still functioning."

Baymax remained silent for a moment running the necessary diagnostic tools before responding. "No malfunction has been detected."

"Play back the video corresponding to the missing time in your memory banks!" Tadashi stepped back intending to watch the video that should be returned by the command.

"File is inaccessible."

"Then decrypt it." Tadashi growled.

"The File is not encrypted. The File is inaccessible." Baymax repeated, his response only serving to raise even more questions. What were the chances that Baymax would lose both his memory and access to the recording of what occurred in the exact same span of time? The only explanation that came to mind was deliberate interference but who could possibly interfere with Baymax?

Tadashi raised the note to read it. The note was, as usual, handwritten in Hiro's messy scrawl.

You need strong emotion

~Hiro
Chapter 23

Strong Emotion

"Okay, so let's review what we've managed to find out." Tadashi spun round to face the gathered group of friends. Honey Lemon, Gogo and Wasabi had finally arrived joining Fred and Tadashi in Hiro's garage. "There have been a number of strange appearances in San Fransokyo, recently. Buildings and other things appear to be showing up from the past. We don't know how or why but we do know Hiro is somehow involved." Tadashi pulled a notebook and pen out from Hiro's desk. "Let's compile a list of the locations currently affected."

"Hold on." Wasabi began to pat his own pockets, searching... "I've already compiled a list." He pulled a single page out of the back pocket of his pants and handed it to Tadashi. Tadashi unfolded it to reveal a list of items penned so neatly it could have probably been done by a computer.

East San Fansokyo Bay – World War II Submarine: SS-118

SFIT – Showcase Building & Tadashi

Krei Tech – Hiro's Micro-bots

Western Suburbs – Dojunkai Apartments

Northeast Rail Corridor – Locomotive 1102

South West San Fransokyo Bay – Sailing Ship: Mariposa

Tadashi glanced up, quirking an eyebrow in question. "I'm the only person that's appeared?"

Wasabi nodded. "As far as we can tell. We interviewed several people that were at the various locations in question but there have been no reports of people appearing out of nowhere. Other than the rumors of ghosts on the SS-118 that is, but we've already managed to determine that was most likely modern intervention."

Tadashi nodded glancing down at the list once more. "I'd remove Hiro's micro-bots off the list." He picked up a pen and crossed the item off making Wasabi wince as the line marred the neat order of his list. His fingers were immediately dying to redo the list.

Pop. "Why?" Gogo asked shifting to cross her arms.

Tadashi glanced up to meet her gaze. "Because those weren't Hiro's micro-bots." He swiveled the chair around to face Hiro's PC. Picking up the mouse he opened an explorer window and browsed to a video before double clicking in order to open it. "I downloaded the video Baymax took in order to analyse it." He skipped through it before pausing it on a close-up shot of the micro-bot swarm. "They're considerably bigger and from the looks of it not nearly as polished." Tadashi commented turning to face his friends once more.

"Makes sense." Honey Lemon agreed with a nod. "I thought there was something strange about them."

"So that leaves us with five." Tadashi glanced down at the page in question once more. "A submarine, a sailing ship, two buildings and a train. Any ideas as to what these locations might have in common?"
"The SFIT Showcase building exploded and the submarine we found was carrying weapons with explosive capabilities?" Honey Lemon suggested.

"Won't work." Gogo interjected. "The Dojunkai Apartments collapsed due to a structural flaw in the building's design. It's the reason everyone refuses to go in there. No explosion there."

Fred leaned forward, practically hanging over the couch he'd draped himself over when they'd finally settled down to talk. "I think you're all overthinking it." He declared, grinning in satisfaction when everyone turned to look at him. "The SFIT building exploded, the apartment complex collapsed and I happen to know for a fact that Locomotive 1102 derailed in the Northeast Corridor. What if the thing in common is the fact that something bad happened?" The look on his friend's faces was priceless.

Tadashi stared at Fred for a few moments, jaw slack and then burst into motion once more. Reaching back he snatched up the latest note he'd received and re-read it.

You need

strong emotion

~Hiro

The beginnings of an idea in mind, he turned to Hiro's PC once more, opened a browser and began to furiously type search terms into it, fingers flying across the keyboard. Half an hour later he turned back to the team. "Fred may be onto something here." He declared. "The SS-118 was attacked and sunk in the East San Fransokyo Bay. All on board died. One hundred and twenty seven people died when the Dojunkai apartments collapsed. Locomotive 1102 derailed in the Northeast Rail Corridor, hitting several homes along the way. Total death toll 56, 43 passengers and 13 people on the ground. The Mariposa was shipwrecked on the rock outcroppings located in the South West section of San Fransokyo Bay killing 18 and as we all know the SFIT showcase building exploded killing…"

"Tadashi paused before correcting himself. "Well, technically killing one. All of these places were involved in some kind of tragedy that elicited a strong emotional response." Tadashi finished sending Fred a knowing look.

Fred returned it, grinning like an idiot.

"Oh and one more thing." Tadashi broke the moment of silence that had settled on the group as everyone digested what he'd just discovered. "I think Hiro is still in San Fransokyo."

"What makes you say that?" Honey Lemon asked startled.

"Unless you guys have missed something," Tadashi waved Wasabi's piece of paper around in illustration. "The time rift phenomenon has only been occurring here which means the device causing it is either located in the city or somewhere within close proximity of it. If Hiro really was kidnapped to help work on it that means Hiro is still here."

"But Baymax's scanner can find no trace of him." Honey Lemon pointed out softly. She of all people wanted to believe it was that simple but she also knew false hope wouldn't get them anywhere. "If he was still in the city the scanner Hiro installed into Baymax would have detected his presence."

"You told me the scanner malfunctioned on Akuma Island." Tadashi leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees, hands folded casually in the gap between them.
"That's because we were underground."

"Which means?" Tadashi prompted, waiting for Honey Lemon to draw the same conclusion he'd drawn.

"Oh, I know." Fred slipped off the couch falling face first to the ground before picking himself up to jump up and down like some kind of energizer bunny. "Pick me! Pick me!"

Fred's antics; despite the gravity of their situation, managed to bring a smile to Tadashi's face. "Sure Fred. Catch everyone else up."

"Hiro is underground!" Fred announced arm still raised high up into the air, finger pointing to the ceiling.
Relocation

Hiro's Journal

Hiro Hamada – Captivity: Day 37

I had a nightmare. I was back at the showcase, only I was inside this time. Everything was burning. There was so much smoke and chaos. I was trapped inside and I didn't know which way to turn.

Tadashi was there too.

I saw him run into the building. He was looking for Callaghan… not for me. He was going to die in front of me. Again. I couldn't let that happen… It was just a dream but it felt so very real. Am I doing the right thing?

I've managed to figure out why the time portal links to erratic times and locations. It can only link to rifts, tears in the time space continuum that were created by…

A loud bang startled him, causing Hiro to drop the pen. It was soon followed by another. The noise was coming from the main lab space located just outside of the control room Hiro had been doing most of his work in.

Shoving a pile of notepads aside, Hiro leaned forward and flicked a switch causing the large window pane he'd been using as a PC screen to turn translucent, revealing the room that was hidden just beyond it, the room that actually contained the portal.

Hiro stared at the scene in sheer disbelief. A group of men were inside, taking the portal apart.

Jumping up, he headed towards the side door. He'd initially believed it led to a storeroom but had later discovered it led to the lab-space below. He threw the door open and ran through it, completely ignoring the micro-bots that still lay beside it; guarding the main exit he'd given up on long ago. He then ran down the stairway and straight into the large lab-space below. "Hey! What on earth are you doing?!" He yelled as he entered the lab.

The group of men were being supervised by none other than Inquisitor. No big surprise there. It had quickly become clear Inquisitor was in charge of everything. Inquisitor stepped away from the group of working men and headed over towards Hiro in a calm controlled pace. "You're supposed to be working." He spoke using his usual dispassionate tone.

"How am I supposed to stabilize the time portal when you're dismantling it?!" Hiro demanded waving a hand at the work in question.

"You're currently supposed to be working on the theoretical equations that run the portal." Inquisitor pointed out. "You don't need the actual portal for that."

"What good are the calculations where there is nothing to test them on?!" Hiro's breath came in heavy pants caused both by his physical exertion and a strange sense of distress that he didn't want to examine too closely.

"There will be something to test them on. We are merely changing location."
"Changing location?" Hiro repeated feeling stupid. Inquisitor was saying they were moving, that was simple enough to comprehend, what Hiro couldn't comprehend was why?

"As you already know, seeing as you're the one that has informed us of this fact, the time portal is influenced by location. It's only linking to events that occurred in San Fransokyo. This limitation means our current location no longer meets our criteria and we are, as a consequence going to be relocating. Now stop wasting my time and get back to work." Inquisitor turned away and headed back towards the workers.

Hiro stared after him, frozen in place, a chill coursing through him. He'd found and reported the common thread between all the items the portal had managed to pull through. All of them were located in and around San Fransokyo. There had been no reports of the strange phenomenon occurring anywhere else in the world. That meant there was a parameter limiting the time portals reach. That parameter had been location. The time portal was drawing buildings and other ancient architecture into San Fransokyo because the time portal itself was located there. That knowledge had revealed Hiro's location to him. It had given him hope that he may manage to escape. That he may be rescued. And now… Now they were moving…

"Do you require assistance in getting back to the control room?" Inquisitor's mild inquiry pulled Hiro out of his thoughts.

Shaking his head, Hiro turned and ran back the way he came. The last thing he wanted was Inquisitor's assistance with anything. It was neither helpful nor pleasant.

Relocating. They were leaving San Fransokyo. What little hope he'd still clung to was gone. The future he saw was unavoidable. He was going to die, captive and alone and no one would know what had become of him, wait…

Hiro barged back into the control room and ran straight towards what had become his work space. Throwing himself into a chair he snatched up the notepad he'd been using as a journal, along with the customized pen. The top page was blank. The pink ink, he'd penned earlier was gone. Turning the page he started a new entry.

Hiro Hamada – Captivity: Day 37 Part 2

We are relocating. The time portal links to major events that occurred in and around the area that the portal is located in. The things it brings through were involved in those events. It is an absolute that cannot be changed. This means that the only margin of control that can be applied to the portal is which event it links to.

Given enough time I'll probably be able to isolate the individual events. My captors also want me to create a device that will allow them to step through the portal in order to bring things back from the past. That will allow them to bring back items that were not linked to the events the portal is linking to.

They're after something. The key is to find out what. If you're reading this I'm already gone. I miss you guys. Please ask Baymax to look after Aunt Cass. Tell her that I love her and that I did this to protect her. Maybe one day she'll forgive me.

Hiro dropped the pen and blew on the page in an attempt to get the ink to dry faster. The words on the page mocked him even as they faded away from sight. He'd done everything he could do. The moment the last word was gone, Hiro closed the notebook and picked up a black marker. He then proceeded to draw a large distinct symbol on the cover page, a solid block with lines extending out from each edge.
When the symbol was complete, he slid the book under the work bench, taping it to the surface. He often left notes taped beneath his desk at home for his team to find. It was trick they'd picked up fairly quickly. If his team found this place, chances were they would find the notebook as well. The problem was, he'd already be gone when they got here.
Locating Hiro

Tadashi impatiently tapped a pen against the large map spread across the table in the kitchen. The first thing Tadashi and his friends had done was plot the locations of the timeslip phenomenon onto a map of the city. Tadashi had then printed out the affected area, spreading the resulting map onto the kitchen table in the hopes of narrowing down where the time device might be.

They suspected the time device was located within the boundaries created by the locations that has been exhibiting the strange phenomenon and even though that had narrowed down the possibilities considerably, it hadn't narrowed it down enough. Even knowing Hiro was probably underground had not helped. San Fransokyo was littered with underground tunnels, basements and bunkers. "Any ideas on how on we can narrow this search space?" Tadashi asked drawing a line between each of the five identified points."

"I'd suggest increasing the range of Baymax's scanner to include underground bunkers but Hiro has already tried that." Honey Lemon replied frowning down at the page. "San Fransokyo has a high concentration of minerals in the soil and it's difficult to neutralize all the interference that they cause."

"How about trying to find an underground space big enough to contain a lab?" Wasabi suggested.

Tadashi sighed pulling out the map of San Fransokyo's underground. "I already thought of that. This is the only copy of the underground map that I've been able to find online and unfortunately it's out of date. It hasn't been updated in nearly fifty years. Why city council still insists on using paper when digital technology has come so far, I'll never know."

"We could always break into city council and steal the updated map." Fred declared, taking another bite of one of the sandwiches Aunt Cass had made for them.

Gogo hit him over the head. "We're superhero's not thieves."

"We could just ask them for a copy of the updated maps." Wasabi suggested.

"I don't think that's information that's freely available to the general public." Tadashi commented tapping the pen nervously once more.

Tap, tap tap, tap, tap, tap.

Gogo reached over and snatched the pen away from Tadashi. Grabbing a piece of paper she jotted down the center point of the map as well as the scale Tadashi had used when printing it. "I have an idea." Standing she tossed the pen back towards Tadashi. "Stop tapping it. It's driving us crazy. Take a break, eat something. I'll be back soon." With that said, Gogo turned and headed back down the stairs towards Hiro's PC in the garage.

Tadashi blinked, holding the pen. "Am I really driving you crazy with the pen?" He asked, mind still processing the rest.

"We understand it's difficult to remain calm in these circumstances." Honey Lemon replied placing a hand on Tadashi's shoulder.
Tadashi sighed and dropped the pen before running his hands through his hair. "I'm tired of hitting dead ends." He admitted, swallowing around the dread thick in his throat. "I know you guys said they want Hiro alive but I can't shake the feeling that he's running out of time."

"We'll find him." Honey Lemon said standing and heading to the platter of sandwiches. She dished one up before bringing it back and placing it before Tadashi. "Gogo is right. We need a break and you need to eat."

"I'm not hungry." Tadashi muttered glaring at the food as if it had done him some kind of harm.

"I know." Honey pushed the plate closer. "Eat anyway."

Tadashi sighed and picked up the sandwich peering at the map once more not really willing to take a break. What were they missing?

Gogo returned twenty minutes later, carrying a rolled up piece of paper. She marched over to the table and unrolled it, covering the other two maps already lying there. It was a map containing all the Ley Lines that traveled across the area Tadashi had identified. Wasabi, Honey Lemon and Tadashi looked up to stare at Gogo in disbelief. "What? There are stranger things in San Fransokyo than Ley Lines." Gogo exclaimed. "Take Fred for instance."

"Hey! I'm not strange." Fred protested waving his third sandwich about. He'd been just about to bite into it when Gogo marched in.

"We just never pegged you as the supersti…" Tadashi started in response to Gogo before shaking his head. "You know what, never mind. Let's take a look." Picking up the pen once more, he marked the locations of the strange phenomenon onto the new map. Tadashi was a scientist at heart. He didn't believe in a hidden network of energy lines across the earth but they were out of ideas and this one was as good as any at this stage. Much to his surprise a pattern was emerging.

"Hey!" Fred exclaimed jumping up and down in sudden excitement. "All the weird stuff that's been happening is on one of those weird line thingies." Fred pointed his half eaten sandwich at the map and the ley lines on it.

"Get your food away from my map." Gogo snapped pushing Fred back before pouring over the map herself. Snatching the pen away from Tadashi she began to fill in the lines that the phenomenon had occurred on, marking the places where the Ley Lines crossed one another. "How about we start here." Gogo dropped the pen and pointed at the two marked spots on the map.

Tadashi nodded pulling out the map of the underground once more, corresponding the two locations Gogo had identified with points on the map. "This one is over an old sewer line." Tadashi picked up the pen in order to circle the first location. "And this one…" Tadashi circled the second, "is over an old world war II bunker."

"This one it is then." Gogo confirmed pointing at the World War II bunker.

"Yes!" Fred leapt up and started bouncing around the kitchen in excitement. "Let's get suited up guys! Big Hero 6 is on a mission! All we need now is a code name. How about Operation: Fredzilla to the Rescue!"

"We're not calling it Fredzilla to the Rescue." Gogo said standing up to head out. They finally had a lead and she was itching to be out there investigating it. Honey Lemon and Wasabi stood as well and began heading towards the door.

"I'm coming with." Tadashi declared stopping everyone in their tracks.
Pop. Gogo blew and popped a pink bubble turning to face Tadashi once more. "We've been over this. You're being watched by the cops."

"There is one major flaw with surveillance." Tadashi lifted a finger in illustration. "If it's maintained long enough, those doing it get bored and when they are bored they tend to miss things. I won't be exiting through any of the doors."

"How do you plan to get out then?" Wasabi asked, curious.

"I won't be going down. I'll be going up." Tadashi smiled. "Baymax doesn't have rocket thrusters for nothing."

Gogo chewed her gum for a few long moments contemplating Tadashi's answer before speaking once more. "And how do you plan to actually help us? We're on a mission here. We don't have time to babysit you."

"You won't have to." Tadashi grinned, looking far too smug. "I didn't major in robotics for nothing. Research is not the only thing I'm good at. I haven't exactly been idle while you guys were out investigating."

Chapter End Notes

Mwahahahaha…. Tadashi has a plan! I love devious Tadashi!
Operation: Sunfire

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Operation: Sunfire

A dark figure slipped through the shadows making its way across the roof's in the warehouse district. It was soon followed by a large waddling figure close on its heels. "This place is certainly abandoned enough to hide strange comings and goings." Tadashi whispered into the communicator attached to his mask.

"It's cliché." Gogo replied watching Tadashi’s progress from behind an empty shipping container. The irony of the situation was not lost on her. They were in the abandoned shipping yard they had first followed Hiro to, all those years back.

"Some things are cliché for a reason." Fred chirped in. "Ever heard the expression, if it works don't break it? Abandoned warehouses are perfect places to hide. Less people around to ask questions."

"The expression is if it works don't fix it, idiot." Gogo retorted.

"One would think that places like these would see more police patrols simply because they're such a perfect place for criminals to hide." Honey Lemon commented, leaning around Gogo to peer at the building they were targeting.

"I think it's a matter of man-power." Tadashi replied slipping out of sight. The large marshmallow that was following him came to a stop looking down the fire escape Tadashi was currently taking. Reaching the bottom he removed a small black device from the belt looped around his waist and attached it to the wall before heading back up.

"I have a question." Wasabi joined the conversation. "Why is Tadashi the one that’s out there planting the charges while we're here waiting for him?"

Tadashi chuckled. "That's because I'm wearing black. It's a lot more difficult to see than the crazy neon colors used on your costumes. Seriously, what was Hiro thinking?"

"Baymax is wearing bright red and he's up there with you." Wasabi pointed out, watching as Baymax followed Tadashi across the roof once more, stopping to watch over him again when he slipped down and over the side.

"He insisted on coming with me." Tadashi lowered himself using a rope he'd attached to the roof, pausing half way down to attach another black disk to the building before flicking a switch. The motor he's installed into the device kicked in and hoisted him back up. "He certainly doesn't do much obeying for a robot that was programmed to respond to my every command."

"The well being of my primary patient is my primary concern." Baymax informed him. "All other commands are secondary to that." Baymax reached down and pulled Tadashi the rest of the way up.

"I hear you, buddy," Tadashi agreed in a fond tone. Baymax's strange quirks were starting to grow on him. Tadashi could, after all, find no fault in the healthcare companion's desire to protect his brother. "Alright." Tadashi climbed up onto Baymax's back slotting his shoes and gloves into the slots Hiro had designed for them. "Let's get back to the team." He took a deep breath and released it as Baymax obeyed his command, launching himself into the air and heading towards the containers.
the rest of the team was hiding behind. "You ready guys?" Tadashi asked, landing behind the rest of
the team.

"Hell yeah!" Fred exclaimed bouncing up and down as he waited for the mission to start.

"Okay." Tadashi turned to face the warehouse he'd just left. "Commence Operation Sunfire."

- BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Hiro shuffled around a few pages, sorting them just before stacking them neatly into a box. Inquisitor
had informed him that the portal has been successfully moved and he had an hour to sort out what he
wanted to take before they moved him as well. Hiro had considered stubbornly refusing to sort
through the notes but Inquisitor had informed him they would burn anything he left behind and he
really couldn't afford to lose the progress he'd already made, not if he still hoped to find an
opportunity to escape. He reached over to pick up his customized pen and the bottle of ink that went
with it, intending to hide it under the pile of notes…

**BOOM!**

A loud noise shattered the deceptive peace Hiro had been left in. Red warning lights began to flash
and sirens began to wail. Something was very wrong. Hiro dropped the pen and ink into the box and
flipped the switch to reveal the empty lab that had once housed the portal scanning it for any sign of
damage or chaos. He found none. The source of the disturbance was not a malfunction in any of the
equipment that may have been left behind. Turning he began to scan the lab he was in trying to
identify what was going on. His gaze landed on the micro-bots and he began to wonder if it was
worth the effort to make a break for it when he decision was made for him.

Two of Inquisitors goons rushed in. "Move it. We're leaving." The larger of the two growled
grabbing hold of Hiro's arm and dragging him out. The second one grabbed the box Hiro had
managed to pack and followed.

**BOOM!**

Another bang reverberated through the air. The corridor was filled with chaos. There was more red
light, the noise of the sirens blaring was louder and the corridor was filled with people, yelling and
running as they all ran in what appeared to be random directions. The second goon was soon lost in
the chaos leaving Hiro alone with the one that still had hold of his arm. Hiro couldn't even begin to
follow the chaos of it all but maybe he didn't have to. Maybe he could use it to his advantage instead.
He glanced at the goon that had hold of his arm a plan formulating in his mind. Inquisitor's goons
each had a copy of the remote that activated the monitor around his ankle allowing either of them to
use their copy if Hiro ever got it into his head to make a grab for it.

Hiro stumbled, deliberately collapsing as if he's tripped pulling his captor off balance along with him.
Midway through the fall, he kicked a leg out connecting directly with the goon's ankle. A smirk
crossed his lips at the satisfying crack that followed. Bulls-eye. The goon grunted and his grip
slipped giving Hiro just enough wiggle room to twist freeing his arm. Run! His mind urged him to
flee and every nerve in his body longed to comply but he twisted round instead turning to face the
goon. Running forward he moved to punch the goon in the face.

"Not that easy." The goon snapped as he dodged the blow with ease reaching out to grab Hiro once
more trying not to be unsettled by the manic grin still spread on Hiro's face. Hiro's momentum carried
him straight into the goon and the force of the blow took them both down. The goon landed flat on
his back and Hiro landed on top of him. The split second it took the goon to recover was all Hiro
needed, taking full advantage of the inertia created by the fall, he rolled off the goon and took off at a
dead sprint waving the remote control he'd managed to pick pocket along the way. "Thanks for this!"

Grinning in victory he quickly pocketed his prize and focused on escape. Narrowing his eyes he focused on the other running figures, looking for a pattern. Someone had to be headed out in all the panic. Ha! There it was. Most of the people were headed right. Grinning he followed after and it wasn't long before he encountered a staircase headed up. Smoke was billowing down it in a rush, quickly filling the corridors it encountered.

Hiro stumbled to a halt suddenly gripped by agonizing fear. Was there a fire? Was that the reason all the emergency systems seemed to be blaring. Memories of flickering flames filtered through his mind. A showcase was burning, exploding, taking life. "Noooooo!" Hiro curled in on himself, closed his eyes and cupped his ears as he screamed. "I won't!" Fire, heat, pain. "I can't! Not here!" Dead glassy eyes staring up at him from his own face. "I will not be broken!" And with that he opened his eyes once more and launched himself into the billowing smoke. If he was going to die anyway it was going to be while trying to escape.

Hiro ran up the stairs, hand pulling his shirt up to his mouth in order to make it easier to breath before yet again stumbling to a halt, this time in horror. Emerging from the smoke was a dark masked shadow dressed all in black. Bright amber lines ran over his body emphasizing his muscles, this strength and flickering in the palm of his right hand was a bright amber flame. Hiro instinctively took a step back only to encounter nothing but air. Time stood still for but a moment leaving him weightless and then he began to tumble.

"Hiro!" The cry echoed through his ears giving him but a mere second to process it and then it was gone as his head connected with the ground. Loud ringing, sharp pain and intense nausea assailed his senses, darkness dancing at the edge of his vision. Smoke, noise, bright light swirled and pulsed, ebbing and flowing to the rhythm of the pain. The nightmare was back. Black and amber reaching out to cradle him in all too familiar arms. "Don't worry, Hiro. I've got you." And then everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Finally! I've been dying to write this chapter from the moment I started this story!
The Only Payoff for Having Any Faith

Tick…. Tick…. Tick…. Tick

The steady rhythmic ticking of the clock in the hospital waiting room was driving him crazy. If something didn't give soon, Tadashi was certain he'd personally take it off the dammed wall and dispose of it granting him and the others in the waiting room some blissful silence.

Tadashi had stumbled across Hiro right after breaking into the basement of the warehouse building they had targeted. Unfortunately he'd apparently startled his brother, causing him to fall back down the stairs he'd been using at the time. Tadashi had desperately reached out to catch him but had missed by mere centimetres leaving him to run down after Hiro. "Don't worry, Hiro. I've got you." He'd scooped his brother up into his arms and raced back up the stairs intending to put as much distance between Hiro and his captors as humanly possible.

Baymax had informed him Hiro had sustained a head injury. "Baymax, take us to the nearest hospital, now!" Baymax flew them to the nearest hospital, Tadashi mounted on his back and Hiro cradled in his arms. "Help! I need help! Somebody help me! Please." Tadashi had raced into the hospital Hiro back in his arms and had been reluctant to hand him over to the staff that had rushed forward. He'd been devastated. He'd just managed to find his brother and was forced to be parted from his side just mere moments later.

That's where the rest of the team found him. "You need to get changed." Gogo had steered Tadashi to a bathroom, away from peering eyes. "Wait here. I'll go get you a change of clothes." "Please take Baymax home…" With that she was gone. As per Tadashi's request, Gogo took Baymax back to the café, returning in record speed with some clothing for Tadashi to change into. Tadashi didn't know it was possible to change that quickly. One moment he was encased in armor and the next he was in his civilian clothes, rushing out the door and to the nurse's station in a desperate bid to get information about his brother's condition.

The nurses had informed him the doctors were still busy evaluating the patient and would give him a status update as soon as they were done which brought Tadashi to this moment and his desperate desire to vandalize a ticking clock.

"Tadashi!" His gaze shot up, searching for the source of the outcry. Aunt Cass was rushing forward, slipping past obstacles and other people with the practiced ease of someone who had done this many times in their lives. Clutched in her hands was a bright pink box filled with donuts which she was eating as she approached him. "What? I'm stress eating." Aunt Cass exclaimed, responding to the direction of Tadashi's gaze. "See what you made me do? Why didn't you tell me that Hiro's been found? Better yet, how did you get out the house without me knowing about it? I thought we were done with that kind of nonsense three years ago."

"Sorry, Aunt Cass." Tadashi's reply was automatic, a result of many years of practice.

"That's ok." Aunt Cass sat down beside him and gave him an awkward side-hug. "I understand. Any news yet?"

Tadashi shook his head, reaching for the strange bracelet around his wrist in order to absently play with it. "They're still examining him and will give us an update as soon as they're done."
Aunt Cass nodded in acceptance of the explanation reaching up to wipe the tears that were running down her face away. She sniffed bringing Tadashi's worried gaze to her. "Don't mind me." Aunt Cass spoke, wiping even more tears away. "I'm just glad they found him alive, even if he's here now…"

Tadashi reached over to return her earlier awkward embrace. "He'll be fine. If there's one thing we know it's that Hiro's a fighter. He wasn't king of the bot-fighters for nothing after all."

Aunt Cass chuckled wryly going along with Tadashi's poor attempt to lighten the mood. "He does like living on the dangerous side." She agreed.

'You don't know the half of it.' Tadashi remained silent, not giving voice to the stray thought that crossed his mind.

"Hamada? Hiro Hamada?" Tadashi shot out of the chair, heading straight for the doctor that had just stepped into the room carrying a clipboard.

"Here. I'm Tadashi Hamada. Hiro's brother." He introduced himself in a rush, desperate to get to the status update he'd been longing for. "How is he?"

The doctor paused for a moment, carefully taking in Tadashi's state before speaking. The silent appraisal gave Aunt Cass time to catch up as she too joined the group, standing just behind Tadashi. Flicking a page over, the doctor began to give his report. "Physically, he has a concussion, is covered in cuts and bruises exhibiting the classic signs of having been beaten and is malnourished. Mentally we cannot say yet. He appears to have gone through some rather traumatic events and only time will really tell how well he copes with them."

Concussion. Cuts and bruises from beatings. Malnourished. Hiro's captors had not only hurt him, they'd half-starved him. The information did not sit well with Tadashi but he didn't have time to dwell on it, more important things at the forefront of his mind. "Can we see him?"

The doctor closed the clipboard and nodded. "He's in room 204. I'd suggest you go in one at a time." That said, he turned and left to take care of his other patients.

Tadashi turned to face Aunt Cass. She was still crying. "You go first." She urged him. "He'll be excited to see you and I really don't want him to see me like this." She wiped an arm over her face trying to stop the tears pouring down her face to no avail. A new stream quickly replaced the one she'd wiped away.

Tadashi nodded leaning in to give his Aunt a proper hug. "Last Hug." He whispered before releasing her and all but running to room 204. The moment he arrived at the door he skidded to a halt strangely reluctant to rush into the room. He stared at the number and the hastily scrawled name listed beneath it.

Patient Name: Hiro Hamada

Hiro Hamada… His baby brother was just beyond the simple white door. He was bruised, hurt and traumatized but he was alive and was no longer missing. Taking a deep breath Tadashi prepared himself to face a version of Hiro he no longer knew, a Hiro that had grown for three years without him and then been changed by the recent events he had no control over. Pushing open the door, he stepped into the hospital room only to have his tentative faith that everything would somehow work out, shattered.

Hiro turned to face him. Light amber eyes met dark and then Hiro began to scream.
"Go away! You're not him! Tadashi is dead! Go away! I'm not going crazy! I won't! I won't let it end like this! He's dead. You're just a dream! A hallucination! I'm not stupid! I know he's dead! We buried him!" The words Hiro had thrown at him echoed through Tadashi's mind, spinning and spiraling on continual replay. The sheer panic and desperation on Hiro's face had broken Tadashi's heart and he'd stumbled to a halt unable to comprehend let alone react to the situation he found himself in.

Doctors and nurses had rushed into the room and pushed him out closing the door in his face. They then proceeded to sedate Hiro. A few moments later the screaming ceased and the doctors left the room sliding the door closed. Tadashi hated the pity he saw in their gazes as they walked past. It was all Tadashi's fault. Seeing him had thrown Hiro into severe emotional distress and he had to be sedated as a result. Tadashi should have realized Hiro was still under the impression he was dead and that revealing himself in such a manner would probably not be the best way to tell his brother he'd somehow managed to come back to life.

Tadashi reached up to bury his face in trembling hands, not sure how to even begin to deal with it all.

"My primary patient is here. It is my responsibility to be here in order to administer the required care." Baymax replied heading straight towards room 204.

"Baymax stop." Tadashi reached out in an attempt to catch hold of Baymax. "Hiro's not doing well. You can't just go in there." He missed, his fingers just barely brushing across Baymax's vinyl exterior as the healthcare companion waddled past.

Ignoring Tadashi completely, Baymax pushed open the door to room 204 and waddled in. One… two… three. Hearing no sounds of distress Tadashi crept up towards the door and peered into the room. Baymax was in the process of moving a chair out of the way so he could make his way to Hiro's side. Hiro was lying on the bed, sleepily watching him. Chair taken care of, Baymax took the last few steps towards Hiro, pausing at the side of his bed. "Hello Hiro." Baymax greeted him lifting an arm to give his customary wave. "I apologize for my late arrival. Traffic was slow and I do not have access to my rocket boosters."

One… two… Tadashi didn't manage to get to three. Two heartbeats was all it took for Hiro to react. His brother sat up and launched himself at Baymax catching the healthcare companion around the neck in an awkward embrace as he sobbed into the vinyl. "There, there, it will be alright." Baymax returned the embrace petting Hiro's head as he spoke. Baymax then fell silent, simply waiting for the intensity of the sobs to decrease.

"On a scale of 1-10 how would you rate your pain?" Baymax asked when Hiro appeared to calm.
"Physical or existential?" Hiro asked, muttering the question into the vinyl. His tone was wry and it was clear the response was a rather bad attempt at humor. Hiro had always been desperately independent. He didn't like showing weakness to anyone. The sniff he released at the end of the question ruined his attempt at bravado though.

"Tadashi is here." Baymax offered still running his hand through Hiro's hair.

Silence. Tadashi could practically sense the shock that coursed through his brother once more. Hiro inhaled sharply, the breath filled with pain and uncertainty before withdrawing to blink up at Baymax in confusion. "Baymax" He said, voice trembling. "Tadashi is dead. He died three years ago."

"Tadashi is here." Baymax repeated, turning to face the entrance to Hiro's hospital room. He raised an arm and pointed it straight towards where Tadashi was standing, still peering into the room.

Hiro glanced towards the direction Baymax was indicating and his gaze settled, once again, on an all too familiar silhouette. It couldn't be. It simply wasn't possible. He had to be hallucinating. Hiro licked suddenly dry lips. "B… Baymax, scan Tadashi."

Baymax obeyed Hiro's command. "Tadashi is here." He repeated for the third time. "He is in good health. With proper diet and exercise he should live a long life. His neurotransmitter levels are high indicating emotional distress. This distress is caused by concern for you." Baymax turned around to face Hiro once more, explanation complete.

Hiro continued to stare at his brother, unable to tear his gaze away. It couldn't be possible. It shouldn't be possible. It didn't make sense. Not yet anyway… but Baymax would never lie to him. "Ta… Tadashi?"

Tadashi reluctantly stepped into the room, fear of upsetting Hiro even further holding him back. He paused two steps in, a sheepish look on his face, and cupped his own neck nervously as he watched his brother waiting for him to start screaming again. "H…Hey, bonehead. Who gave you permission to get yourself kidnapped?" He asked softly in an attempt to lighten the heavy atmosphere that hung in the air.

"Who… What… How…" Hiro stammered unable to articulate the rush of confusion that coursed through him. His mind was telling him his brother was dead but his eyes were telling him he was here. The two pieces of information were contradictory and Hiro didn't know what to believe.

"I've been asking myself the same thing." Tadashi replied, taking a hesitant step forward.

Tadashi was here… Tadashi was alive. Hiro's mind kept insisting that what his eyes were telling him couldn't possibly be true but his heart… "Tadashi!" Hiro cried out, throwing the hospital bedding off. His heart was telling him the plan he'd begun to formulate while in captivity had somehow succeeded before he'd even begun to really implement it. He scrambled across the bed, trembling, crying and fighting injury, malnourishment and sedation in a sudden desperate bid to reach his brother.

Unable to hold back any longer, Tadashi rushed over towards Hiro's side and pulled him into his arms, enveloping and cradling the slim trembling figure that was far too bony and light for Tadashi's liking. "Don't worry, Hiro. I've got you. I've got you." Tadashi whispered rocking his brother back and forth as tears flowed down both their faces. "I'm here. I've got you and I'm never letting you go."

Chapter End Notes
I know Hiro asks - 'Physical or Emotional?' in the English version of Big Hero 6 but I prefer the Polish translation of that question - 'Physical or Existential?' Which is why I used it XD.
"How is he?" Honey Lemon asked softly seating herself beside Tadashi. Tadashi had remained with his brother, holding him until Hiro fell asleep. It hadn't taken too long, the combination of injury, emotional distress and sedatives effectively took him out. Tadashi wasn't sure if it was a good thing or bad thing. Hiro clearly needed the sleep but on the other hand it generally wasn't a good idea to leave a concussed patient to sleep.

He'd remained there even after Hiro had fallen asleep, reluctant to let the still slim figure go. Hiro had grown a bit taller since Tadashi had last seen him but he certainly hadn't bulked out. The growth spurt also didn't appear to be all that big. Hiro was only marginally taller than Aunt Cass. It was a fact Tadashi was certain Hiro wouldn't appreciate having pointed out which is why as a big brother it was only his duty to do exactly that the moment the first opportunity to do so presented itself. The thought had made him smile. It had also reminded him that Aunt Cass hadn't yet had an opportunity to see Hiro, so he'd reluctantly placed Hiro back onto the hospital bed and slipped out of the room swapping places with his Aunt. Baymax had remained with Hiro.

"He's fast asleep." Tadashi replied running a tired hand over his face. "It's probably for the best."

Honey Lemon placed a hand on Tadashi's shoulder in understanding. "Give him time. He probably has a lot to deal with right now. You know what it's like."

"Yeah." Tadashi sighed running a hand over his face once more before shaking himself out of the funk he could feel himself slipping into. "You guys went back to the warehouse, right? To see if Hiro's captors left any clues behind? Did you find anything?"

"Not exactly." Honey Lemon suddenly looked incredibly uncomfortable. "Gogo, Wasabi and Fred are still combing the scene to see if we missed anything in our initial sweep but it looks like they're gone. We found traces of a large experiment, similar to those we found on Akuma Island but the actual experiment has been removed. It looks like they dismantled it before we even got there."

Tadashi frowned in confusion. "Dismantled it? Why would they do that? We didn't really give them any time to realise we knew where they were hiding, did we?"

Honey Lemon shook her head. "I don't think we're the reason they left. We found a whole bunch of packing boxes. It looks like they were moving. Also there weren't that many people there when we raided the place. Not enough to fill the lab-space we found anyway. I think we caught them just before they left for good."

Tadashi paled at her words the implications of what that meant hitting him hard. If they had waited another day or even a few more hours before raiding a warehouse they'd only targeted on a hunch, they would have been too late. "Why do you think they moved then? They clearly invested a lot of money into the hideout. They wouldn't abandon it for no good reason."

"Maybe they realised the same thing we did." Honey Lemon said thoughtfully. "They probably figured out the time machine they are working on is tied to the location it is situated in. Maybe the thing they're actually looking for isn't located in San Fransokyo?"

Tadashi nodded. "Makes sense." He agreed with a sigh before turning to face Honey Lemon head on letting her see the anguish in his eyes. "If we'd waited… if we'd taken the time to first investigate
our suspicions, we would have missed him. Hiro would've been gone." Tadashi's voice was filled with torment and fear.

Honey Lemon reached out to touch his shoulder once more. "But we didn't." She said, unwavering in her faith. "We found him just in time. Hiro is here. He's back with us. He's safe and all of it is thanks to you." Honey Lemon fell silent for a moment, giving her words time to sink in before continuing. "We..." She nervously cleared her throat, reaching into her handbag. "We did find something in the control room attached to the main lab space." She pulled something out of the bag and held it out towards Tadashi.

Tadashi glanced down at it, his breath catching in the back of his throat. The notebook Honey Lemon held out towards him was innocent enough, the emblem on its cover was not. Hand drawn on the cover was an all too familiar logo. "Have you..." Tadashi licked suddenly dry lips. "Have you seen this symbol before?" Tadashi asked running the fingers of his right hand over the familiar black block with lines extending out of it.

Honey Lemon nodded handing the notebook to Tadashi. "It's Hiro's trademark. He puts it on everything to do with Big Hero 6. He created it a year ago. I think it's actually quite clever. It's made up of two H's stacked up on top of one another. He coloured the block where the two letters intersect to turn it into a logo. Those are probably his notes. We found it taped beneath a table in the main control room. I think he was trying to leave us a clue... In case we didn't get there in time..." Honey Lemon's words trailed off.

Hiro's trademark? The all too familiar logo was actually Hiro's trademark? Then that would mean... The strange bracelet he'd found attached to his wrist on the day he'd miraculously stumbled three years into the future suddenly weighed heavy, reminding Tadashi of it's presence. How had something Hiro had made years after Tadashi's death, found its way onto his body and better yet, did it have anything to do with his presence here?

Ignoring the Goosebumps covering his skin, Tadashi reached out and flicked the book open, both anticipating and dreading what its contents would reveal. It was blank. "What the?" Tadashi flicked through several more pages. With the exception of a tiny version of Hiro's logo inked onto the bottom right hand corner of the first half of the notebook, the pages were all completely blank. "There's nothing here." Tadashi looked up at Honey Lemon in confusion.

"Oh, one moment." Honey Lemon turned to rummage around in her handbag once more. "Here it is." She pulled out a small spray bottle and handed it over towards Tadashi. "It's probably written in invisible ink. It's a special chemical creation I created just for Big Hero 6. That way we could communicate without worrying about someone else getting hold of our messages. This mixture should make the ink visible once more."

Tadashi reached out and took hold of the bottle twirling it between his fingers before flicking the notebook back to the first page. He hesitated, staring at the blank page. What secrets would it reveal?

"I'll leave you to it, then." Tadashi felt the ghostly trace of Honey Lemons lips on his cheek as she kissed him in farewell and left, leaving him to face Hiro's words alone. Screwing up his courage, he took a deep breath and sprayed the first page. A fine mist escaped the nozzle of the bottle, drifting softly and settling onto the page before him. One... Two... the white page began to change, faint pink writing appearing out of nowhere growing ever brighter and clearer before slipping sharply into focus.

Tadashi's heart broke a little as he began to read:
Hiro Hamada – Captivity: Day 18 (Assuming the calendar is correctly synchronized)

I've finally managed to access a calendar (Default function available on every PC). Go me. Apparently I was kidnapped 18 days ago. Nice to know though to be honest I no longer know where one day ends and the next begins.
"Oh, come on. Think of it as your own personal chariot. We can even pretend it has rocket boosters on it." Tadashi said in his best coercive voice. Tadashi was currently in Hiro's hospital room, fetching his baby brother who was being discharged. If the look on Hiro's face was anything to go by, his not so baby brother didn't appreciate the effort.

"I'm not leaving here in a wheelchair." Hiro growled pulling on a dark green T-shirt that Aunt Cass had brought for him to wear. He'd asked her not to bring any red ones. The color reminded him too much of the ragged T-shirt he'd still been wearing during his escape. "I have two functioning legs and I intend to use them."

"But it's a rite of passage." Tadashi tried again twirling the wheelchair he'd been given, around. "You can't go to hospital and not leave in a wheelchair."

"Watch me." Hiro snatched a slim dark object off the side table and headed towards the door, pointedly marching past the wheelchair.

Tadashi rushed after him, still pushing the chair. "You're still supposed to be resting." He pointed out softly, easily keeping pace with his brother's lackluster stride. Hiro may not be willing to admit to it but his exhaustion was apparent in every step he took.

"I'll rest when we get home." Hiro replied, doing his best not to look at Tadashi, focusing only on putting one foot in front of the other. He stumbled, misjudging one of the steps.

Tadashi abandoned the wheelchair and rushed to his side, picking Hiro's arm up to drape it around his own shoulders so he could support him. Tadashi then launched into a reprimand just as Hiro opened his mouth to protest. "It's either this or the wheelchair. I'm perfectly capable of lifting you and dumping you into it you know. I wouldn't try my patience if I were you."

Hiro's lips remained parted for a moment longer and Tadashi could practically hear the gears in Hiro's mind turn as his brother considered his options before closing his mouth with a click. Satisfied with his small victory, Tadashi nodded and guided them towards the entrance of the hospital room where Aunt Cass and the gang were waiting.

"Yo! Little Man! You're alive!" Fred exclaimed moving to launch himself at Hiro in excitement. Wasabi grabbed hold of Fred's shirt collar, lifting the easily excitable man up, thus effectively halting his forward momentum before Fred could unintentionally cause any harm. "Whoa! Hold your horses, Fred. Give the little guy some space. He's only just been released and doesn't need your over enthusiastic greeting to throw him off balance just yet."

"Sorry." Fred gave Hiro a sheepish look as Wasabi lowered him back down. "I wasn't thinking straight. It's just really good to see you again. The teams been a complete mess without our great and venerable leader to lead us." Fred announced, still bouncing up and down in joy and excitement.

"I wouldn't exactly call it a mess." Gogo protested only to raise her hands in defeat when Fred sent a very pointed look her way. "Whatever. Call it whatever you like." Gogo backtracked before turning to face Hiro once more. The moment of silence that followed was broken by the popping of gum. "We missed you kiddo."

"Thanks guys," Hiro replied giving the group a wane tired smile pulling back to slip behind Tadashi, using his brother as a shield. Hiro appreciated the fact that his entire team had come to see him.
Really, he did but he wished they hadn't come. He didn't want them to see him like this, weak, tired and so very broken. All he wanted to do was go home, get into bed and hide from the rest of the world for the rest of his life. It was a sentiment he left unspoken.

"Must be good to finally be going home." Honey Lemon spoke up drawing Hiro's attention to her.

The surge of anger that coursed through him came in a sudden rush of heat and flames. He hated it. Hiro hated the look in her eyes. Honey Lemon was looking at him, unable to hide the pity in her gaze and it made him feel small, helpless and alone. He couldn't do it. He couldn't stay here while she and everyone else pitied him for what he'd been through. They didn't know the half of it! They didn't have the right to know any of it and he wasn't going to stay there and endure their looks when they couldn't even begin to understand any of it.

Snarling in anger, the sound far too feral and wild for anyone's comfort, Hiro twisted, tearing himself away from Tadashi and the support his brother had been offering. Free once more, he turned and ran, right past Tadashi, his Aunt and his shocked group of friends. Hiro fled, only one thought in mind. He had to get out of there, away from the hospital, away from the sickly antiseptic smell that reminded him too much of the lab he'd been held captive in and away from the reflections of his deepest failures in the eyes of those that claimed to love him.

He never made it to the door. One moment the path was clear, pale sunlight filtering in through the doors waiting to embrace him and the next it was gone, blocked by a large white fluffy marshmallow. Baymax stood in his way, arms spread wide to hinder his progress. Hiro immediately tried to twist, to turn and head around the obstruction but he had too much forward momentum and not enough room. He slipped and fell, headlong into Baymax's chest.

White arms closed upon his shoulders embracing him and holding him captive all and the familiarity of the offered comfort broke him once more. Hiro wrapped his arms around Baymax's neck and began to cry burying his face in the familiar vinyl.


A single pair of footsteps cautiously approached him slowing to a halt as their owner paused behind him. A large familiar comforting hand dropped onto his shoulder at their arrival. "Hiro?" Tadashi's tone was soft, questioning.

"I'm fine." Hiro replied still sniffing into Baymax's chest.

"Considering what you've just been through, it's ok not to be fine, you know." Tadashi continued to speak to him softly reaching up to run hand through Hiro's fluffy hair. The strands were longer and messier than usual, slipping easily between his fingers.

"I just want to go home."

"That's what we're all here for. To take you home."

"I just want to go home, alone." Hiro clarified still sniffing.

Tadashi's heart broke a little. He hated to see his little brother like this, shattered, broken and alone but it made sense. Hiro had just been through a traumatic event, the intensity of which they couldn't really begin to imagine. Wanting a little space to deal with the aftermath was not a surprising reaction. Tadashi dropped his hand onto the top of Hiro's head in order to ruffle his brother's hair again. "Okay. I'll tell the gang you need some time. We can meet up with them later. Ok?"

Hiro nodded still clinging to Baymax. He wanted to whimper when Tadashi withdrew his hand,
already missing the comfort and warmth it had provided but he silenced the sound before it had a chance to escape. Pride prevented him from calling out, from asking Tadashi to stay. Aunt Cass and Tadashi returned a few moments later. "Come on. Let's get you home." Tadashi gently pried Hiro away from Baymax before guiding him towards the hospital door.

Hiro glanced back.

The rest of the team were still standing beside the hospital administration desk looking after him with forlorn expressions on their faces.
Mummified, my Teenage Dreams

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mummified, my Teenage Dreams

Walking back into the Lucky Cat café after over a month and a half of captivity was a strange experience. Hiro didn't know what he expected but it certainly hadn't been to find that almost nothing changed. Half of him had expected his room to look like it had three years ago, when Tadashi was still alive which is why he stumbled to a halt when the sight that met his gaze was anything but.

Tadashi paused beside him with a smile. "Lie down and rest a little and I'll go rustle us up some lunch. We all know hospital fare is not the best thing around." Tadashi instructed before turning and leaving Hiro alone to face his room.

Hiro glanced around the room looking for signs of his brother's presence. One bed, one desk, one computer, one bookshelf covered in bots, half-finished projects and picture frames displaying frozen moments from the past, moments more than three years old captured before Tadashi ran into the fire and died. There had to be something, anything to prove that Tadashi was really here, that this wasn't all just a dream his mind had concocted in order to deal with the trauma of his captivity. Walking into the room he continued the search.

Nothing had changed. Everything was exactly as he'd left it, exactly as it had been when this room had become his instead of theirs.


His heartbeat rose, escalating rapidly in the tension that had snuck up on him. Fear and panic rose up like a beast, suffocating him, overwhelming him, threatening to overtake his senses. 'Tadashi's not here. Tadashi's just a figment of your imagination. Tadashi is dead. He died. You watched him die. You buried him. You're losing your mind. Tadashi is just a hallucination. You've been losing it for a while now. You're crazy, bonkers, off the deep end.' Rapid pants escaped his lips, short shallow gasps as he fought for breath, fought for control.

"… is elevated. Might I recommend you take deep calming breaths?" Hiro only caught the tail end of Baymax's speech mere seconds before launching himself into motion. Running away. He was once again running away, racing down the stairs in a desperate attempt to silence the dark whispers of his mind. He wasn't crazy. He wasn't imagining things. Tadashi was here! He'd seen him, touched him, smelt him and he was going to prove it. Turning the corner he ran straight into the kitchen, stumbling to a sudden halt just as he crossed the threshold of the room, eyes wide, breath still escaping him in wild panicked pants.

Tadashi is here…

Tadashi turned to face Hiro, skillet in hand. He was busy making their favorite dish, spicy chicken wings, in a bid to get Hiro to eat something. The doctors had informed him and Aunt Cass that they needed to watch what Hiro ate. They needed to make sure he took in enough protein and energy to replace what he'd clearly lost. The panic in Hiro's eyes, however, quickly changed Tadashi's priorities. He dropped the skillet onto the stove and rushed to his brother's side. "Hiro?" Tadashi reached out to cup his brother's face holding it still so he could look straight into the dilated pupils.
Tadashi is here… Hiro could smell him, see him and feel the touch of his brother's hands on his skin but it still wasn't enough to silence the doubt, the whispers that continued to tell him he was mad, living in an illusion, a dream of his own making but the whispers were mistaken. Hiro knew they were mistaken and was going to prove it. He reached up and pinched Tadashi's hands.

"Ow!" Tadashi exclaimed pulling his hands away flicking them in automatic reaction. "What was that for?"

_Squeak, Squeak, Squeak, Squeak._ Baymax waddled into the kitchen, performing a scan as he entered. "I was alerted to the need for medical attention when you said 'ow', what appears to be the problem?" The healthcare companion asked, detecting no real injury.

"We're ok, Baymax." Tadashi lifted a hand as he spoke. "Hiro decided it was a good idea to pinch me. I'm still trying to determine why." Even though the statement was directed towards Baymax, Tadashi kept his gaze on Hiro pointedly waiting for a response.

Hiro bit his lip, suddenly filled with uncertainty, tinged with a mild sense of guilt. He dropped his gaze, unable to hold Tadashi's stare any longer. "I…" Hiro paused, licking dry lips. "I just wanted to check that you were real… that this is really happening, that this isn't all just some kind of dream…"

The softly spoken words tugged at Tadashi's heart strings urging him to provide some kind of comfort. Reaching out, he pulled Hiro into a hug ruffling his hair in the process. "In order for that theory to work, you're supposed to pinch yourself, not me." Tadashi informed him, holding the slim figure close.

"Like I'd be dumb enough to inflict pain on myself." Hiro retorted before he could think better of it, unwittingly bringing images of blood, sightless eyes and death by suicide to the forefront of his mind. Maybe those words didn't hold as much truth as Hiro would like them to. Reaching up, he grabbed hold of Tadashi's shirt clenching his fists and clinging to it for dear life.

Tadashi sensed a change in Hiro's posture. Hiro had always carried a vibrant sense of energy with him. He was always moving, his body subconsciously expressing the rapid intelligence that coursed through Hiro’s sharp witted mind. It was as natural to Hiro as breathing. The stillness that now encompassed him was the complete opposite. It was unnatural, heart-breaking and very wrong and Tadashi didn't know what to do about it. "Want to talk about it?"

Hiro shook his head still clinging to Tadashi.

Tadashi reached up to ruffle his hair once more. "Ok, knucklehead. Let me know when you're ready."

They stayed like that for a long time, Hiro clinging to his brother simply taking in his scent and Tadashi running comforting fingers through the wild far too long strands of Hiro's hair.

Chapter End Notes

Hiro pinched Tadashi XD XD XD
Where do we begin?

Tadashi slid a plate in front of Hiro before sitting down across from him with his own plate of food. "Grubs up." He said cheerfully in an attempt to introduce normalcy to the awkward situation. Picking up a chicken wing, he bit into it watching Hiro as he did so.

Hiro reached onto his own plate and reluctantly picked up a piece of chicken before following suit. The motion was unenthusiastic and automatic almost as if Hiro were running on auto-pilot.

"I know it's not as good as the ones Aunt Cass makes but I didn't think it was that bad." Tadashi commented lowering his own chicken wing.

Hiro glanced up at him, a questioning look in his eyes.

Tadashi pointed at the plate. "You really need to eat, you know." He continued to speak. "If you don't pick up some weight soon the doctors will probably put you on a combinations of drips and supplements.

Hiro lowered the chicken he was holding a guilty look on his face. "I will eat it... I just... I just have a lot on my mind." He admitted picking at the food on his plate. The response was only a partial lie if one went with the theory that lying by omission was actually a thing. Hiro really was distracted, his mind trying to find a solution to the monitor still attached to his ankle but he was also not very hungry. He'd grown accustomed to the lack of sufficient food and really didn't think he'd be able to finish everything Tadashi had piled onto his plate without throwing up.

"Anything I can help with?" Tadashi offered resuming the act of eating in the hopes of encouraging his brother to do the same.

Hiro continued pick at the food, mind racing over all the events that had occurred since his rescue looking for a safe topic to bring up in a bid to avoid the actual cause of his distraction. He was reluctant to let Tadashi know the true extent of his failure. "The police came to see me at the hospital."

"I know." Tadashi placed the chicken wing; he had been trying to eat; down, momentarily giving up on the pretense of eating. "Your return is kind of big news. You've been gone a long time. I don't think they expected you to come back alive."

"I figured." Hiro said dropping his own wing and poking at another so hard it fell off his plate. "They wanted to know what happened to me."

"What did you tell them?" The question was soft, almost casual but the anticipation behind it was more than apparent.

"I told them I don't remember much between getting kidnapped and waking up in the hospital."

"So you lied." It was a statement, not a question and the moment of silence that followed Tadashi's statement was all the clarification he needed.
Hiro peeked up at Tadashi through his scruffy bangs, the expression in his eyes filled with both guilt and pain. "They wanted to know if you had anything to do with my disappearance. I told them you'd never hurt me. I said you'd be more likely to hurt my kidnappers than me. They seemed to believe me."

Tadashi tensed. Well at least there was *some* truth in the statement Hiro had given the police. After reading the diary Honey Lemon had given him, Tadashi wanted nothing more than to return the agony that Hiro's kidnappers had inflicted… with interest. He picked up a chicken wing once more. "Well. I guess that explains the lack of police presence in front of the café."

"He bit carefully into the meat, working really hard to appear casual even though he was practically seething inside. If he ever got his hands on those kidnappers…"

"The café was under police surveillance?" Hiro glanced up, a moment of surprise flickering over his features. "Isn't that a bit extreme?"

Tadashi nodded, sighing as he once again gave up the pretense of eating. "As you said, they thought I had something to do with your disappearance."

"I got that but why?"

"I appeared in this timeline on the same day that you were taken." Tadashi said softly.

"Oh."

The silence that followed Hiro's short response was heavy, filled with pain, unseen conflict, repressed emotions and unspoken truths. It was a fragile balance, filled with silent scrutiny, each waiting for the other to call their bluff. Tadashi was the first to give in. "That's not really what's on your mind, is it?" He asked bringing the conversation full circle.

Hiro frowned. He should have seen this coming. Tadashi's perception had always been his downfall. Since Tadashi's death, he'd grown so used to dealing with his problems on his own that he'd forgotten what it was like to lean on his brother for support. "Actually…" He reached into the back pocket of his jeans and pulled out the remote he'd stolen from one of Inquisitor's goons. "Can you give this to Wasabi and ask him to figure out what frequency it runs on?"

Tadashi reached out and took hold of the remote examining the device in his hands. It seemed innocent enough. It looked almost like a car remote. Suddenly curious, Tadashi moved to press the button it contained.

"Stop!" Hiro's sharp cry was followed by the sound of shattering dishes freezing Tadashi in place. A second later Hiro's hands were on his pulling Tadashi's fingers away from the button. Confused and uncertain, Tadashi looked up only to catch his breath at the sight the met his gaze. Hiro was sprawled across the table clearly having thrown himself across it. The plate that had contained his food was lying shattered on the floor, chicken wings scattered haphazardly beside it. The chaos was unexpected but the real issue was the terror in Hiro's wide brown eyes as he carefully pried the remote out of Tadashi's now slack grasp. "What is it?" Tadashi whispered, suddenly afraid of the answer."

Hiro slid back across the table regaining his feet before placing the remote down onto the now unoccupied space. He dropped his gaze and looked away from Tadashi in shame. How was he supposed to tell his brother that he'd effectively let someone cage him?

"Hiro?" Tadashi prompted softly when no reply was forthcoming.
Hiro glanced up again, meeting the mixture of concern and hurt in Tadashi's brown eyes. His brother was worried about him, had been worried about him for longer than Hiro knew and it wasn't fair that his own insecurity was adding to that emotion now. Ignoring the shame that continued to course through him, he stepped around the table pulling the left leg of his jeans up watching Tadashi carefully for a reaction.

Tadashi glanced down, trailing his eyes over Hiro's far too slim form. The jeans were hanging low, barely held up by Hiro's hipbones but that was clearly not what had his brother so worried. Following Hiro's reluctant motion, he ran his eyes down Hiro's left leg only to catch his breath once more when he spotted the deceptively innocuous black box attached to Hiro's ankle. "Is that…?"

"It's some kind of ankle monitor." Hiro completed Tadashi's train of thought for him, his tone dispassionate in an attempt to distance himself from the reality of the situation he found himself in. "The rigged it to electrocute me. They told me it will activate if I try to tamper with it. That remote triggers it. I need Wasabi to look at it so we can figure out what frequency it runs on. If we can block that we can probably figure out a way to take it off without…" Hiro hesitated licking his lips. "…without hurting me."

Disbelief. Tadashi stared at the ankle monitor in sheer disbelief before glancing up at the remote in sheer horror, the realization that he'd nearly electrocuted his brother coursing through him with the sharp pain of a lightning bolt. "Oh Hiro! I didn't mean to… I nearly… I'm so sorry… I…"

Hiro shook his head, a derisive smile on his face. "It's ok. You didn't know. I probably should have told you sooner but…" Hiro hung his head, looking away from his brother once more.

Tadashi didn't think it was possible but his heart broke a little more at the sight of it. His brother looked so small, so lost, so forlorn and so very alone. Reaching out, he ruffled Hiro's hair. "Don't worry about it, knucklehead. I understand. So, why do you want me to send it to Wasabi? I can take a look at it for you, you know?"

Hiro looked up once more, drawn back into the conversation by the casual manner in which Tadashi was approaching the topic. "Wasabi's specialty is lasers, lights and communication. He knows everything there is to know about frequencies and wavelengths." Hiro explained bending down to begin cleaning the mess he'd made on the floor. "He works for NASA now. He calibrates all the lasers they use in space and I figured he'd be the best person to ask seeing as a mistake could… um… you know." Hiro's hands paused awkwardly holding a few jagged pieces of porcelain.

Tadashi blinked at the random piece of information suddenly realizing he'd never asked the gang what it was they did after graduating college. Pushing back the guilt the realization brought to the fore, he knelt down beside Hiro in order to help clean the mess. "That makes sense. What do the rest of them do?"

Hiro glanced up in surprise. "They didn't tell you?"

Tadashi flushed in embarrassment. "What with your kidnapping and suddenly appearing three years into the future, I completely forgot to ask." He admitted.

Hiro blinked before grinning mischievously. It would appear his big brother was not all that perfect after all. "What's the information worth to you?"

Tadashi blinked, the sudden switch in mood momentarily taking him off guard but anything that made Hiro smile in these circumstances was worth going along with. "A bag of gummy bears?"

Hiro quirked an eyebrow. "You don't value your friendship much is that's the going price for inside
information." He retorted.

Tadashi stood, throwing the chicken and porcelain he'd picked up away. "You do have a point. Twelve bags of gummy bears? That way you'd be guaranteed at least one per month for an entire year."

"Twelve bags?" Hiro scoffed, joining Tadashi beside the bin as he too threw away pieces of the plate he'd broken. "I'm not some kid that can be bribed with a handful of gummy bears. I can afford to buy myself a packet of gummy bears every week for the entire year, you know. You need to be a lot more creative than that if you want me to dish out the information you were too preoccupied to gather for yourself."

"Then how about I make a promise not to call you pip squeak for a week." Tadashi offered leaning forward with a smirk, the motion calculated to emphasize the fact that Hiro was still shorter than Tadashi.

"Hey! That's a low blow." Hiro retorted. "I'm not short! I'll have you know I grew several centimeters while you were gone!"

"Oh really?" Tadashi swooped in and lifted Hiro up. Swinging him over his shoulders he caught hold of Hiro's ankles, easily slipping his baby brother into an all too familiar position. The moment Hiro was secure he began to spin and bounce around. "You're not too tall for this."

"Hey. What are you doing?" Hiro protested as Tadashi began to swing him around. An awkward laugh escaped Hiro's lips when Tadashi ignored the protest and continued with his antics, fond memories of the past momentarily distracting him from the complications of the present. "Ok, I give up! I give up! I'll tell you everything! Gogo works with Wasabi only she's in charge of all the magnetism. Honey Lemon is in pharmaceuticals and Fred, well Fred is learning to take over his family business. We don't know what he does exactly and it's better not to ask."

"See. Was that so hard?" Tadashi asked carefully sliding Hiro down so his hands could touch the ground.

The moment Hiro's hands connected with the floor he flipped himself over landing gracefully on his feet. He glared at Tadashi, dusting himself off. "I'm not short." He repeated crossing his arms across his chest in defiance. "I'm compact. I could still take you down if I wanted to!"

Tadashi smiled fondly at the picture Hiro presented before him. Short, wild and so very defiant. It was good to know that beneath all the hurt, fear and insecurity that now surrounded his little brother, was the little spitfire he knew and loved. "I know." Tadashi reached out to mess with Hiro's hair again. "Don't worry, little bro, I know."

Chapter End Notes

More broken dishes for poor Aunt Cass. I really like how this chapter somehow slipped into a lighter tone at the end there. Tadashi is trying really hard to cheer Hiro up. Posting this chapter today as a bonus because it's a public holiday here today. Enjoy!
Watcher of the Eternal Flame

Watcher of the Eternal Flame

The world was aglow, flickering amber light reflecting off of trees, buildings, pathways and faces performing a mesmerizing dance as old as time itself. Each movement, each flicker was accompanied by a crackling sound beating a rhythm, rejoicing existence itself. It was majestic, awe inspiring and would have been breathtakingly beautiful if not for the screams that shattered its solace causing the reality of what was really happening to come crashing down on him.

Hopelessness, terror and disarray. The world as he knew it, was engulfed in chaos shattering the deceptive beauty in the amber flames. The fire was a living beast hungrily consuming everything in its path, snatching away life itself in order to remain in existence and there was nothing he could do tame it. He knelt upon the ground in subconscious supplication, silently pleading that a single life may be spared.

He watched, helpless, as the silhouette before him grew smaller, a stray cap drifting onto the ground. He watched, helpless, he was left behind, the life of another holding more value than his own security and peace of mind. He watched, helpless, as he lost a part of himself, a part of his identify, his very heart in a single bright flash of pure white light and liquid heat.

A gasp escaped Hiro's lips as he suddenly awoke, clutching at his night shirt in pain. Emotional agony coursed through him, the remembered pain given physical life in his chest. He needed to move, he needed to breathe but his mind was still lost in the space between dream and reality and the few moments it took him to separate the two were filled with panic and fear. A dream. It was just a dream. Tadashi was here. Tadashi was alive once more.

One. Two. Three. Hiro took deep breaths to calm the rapid beating in his chest, the pain of it all dissipating along with the nightmare, leaving nothing but an empty ache in its place. Confident that he was in control of himself once more, Hiro sat up, flicking a nightlight on before slipping out of bed. Baymax was watching him. Surprisingly, the healthcare companion remained silent, simply blinking his eyes as he waited for Hiro to make the first move. Hiro gave Baymax a wan smile, shakily running a hand through the messy strands of his own hair. "I'm ok. I just had a bad dream." He explained looking down at his feet.

"Do you wish to talk about it?" Baymax asked tilting his head to the side. "Nightmares are known to be a result of unresolved conflict. Talking about them may aid in the conflict resolution."

Hiro sighed and dropped down into the swivel chair in front of his computer, the motion causing it to roll across the floor before slowing to a halt when it connected with the desk. "I keep reliving the day Tadashi died." Hiro explained running a tired hand over his face. "Sometimes I'm kneeling outside watching him run into the burning building which makes sense considering everything and other times I'm inside the building with him, fighting to save him. That one doesn't make sense. Tonight I had the former." Hiro shivered in remembrance lifting his bare feet onto the chair in order to wrap his arms around his bent knees.

Baymax titled his head to the other side. "Reliving the traumatic event of your brothers passing is perfectly normal under these circumstances. It is most likely your mind's way of trying to make sense of the events that have come to pass."

"I know." Hiro sighed burying his face in his knees. "It's just… I keep thinking… It keep expecting… what if I wake up and suddenly he's gone again?" Hiro whispered, the words torn and
"Tadashi is here." Baymax replied waddling over to stand in front of Hiro.

Hiro glanced up to look at the healthcare companion, the conflict within reflected in his eyes. "I know but he shouldn't be. It breaks the very laws of nature. He died. His presence here now doesn't make sense." Hiro released his knees to sweep his arm across the room. "I don't even have room for him here anymore. He's sleeping on the couch, for crying out loud! How does any of this even begin to make sense?"

Baymax blinked before speaking. "Tadashi appears to have traveled through time. His metabolism and physical state are identical to the records from three years ago. His physical presence however has been confirmed through sight, sound, touch as well as multiple scans. He has been aging normally since. My records indicate that he is in good health and should li…"

"I know all that." Hiro interrupted him. "I can see as much but logically it doesn't make sense. People don't just travel through time! People don't just come back from the dead!"

Baymax paused to tilt his head again before speaking. "You and I have traveled through inter-dimensional space." He pointed out, lifting a finger. "San Fransokyo has been experiencing time rift phenomena recently and you were working on a project that influences space and time. Perhaps, Tadashi's presence here can be explained by the experiment you were kidnapped to assist with?"

Hiro shivered. Something in Baymax's words seemed to ring true. His thoughts were pulled back to the time portal and the multitude of colored threads that he'd faced there, each and every one seeming to lead to the same grim fate. It wasn't fair. His life had no reason to end that way and he'd decided he wasn't going to simply sit back and let fate take its course, not without getting something out of it first that is. It had been that determination that had driven him to formulate that plan, the one where he slipped back into the past to see Tadashi in the hopes of getting a new angle, a new destiny. That plan might have explained Tadashi's presence in the now provided Hiro had had the opportunity to actually bring it into play to begin with. He'd been rescued before that opportunity could have presented itself.

"I never got the chance to go see Tadashi in the past." Hiro whispered, burying his face in his knees once more, the dull empty ache stronger than ever. Hiro had lost. All the work, planning and determination had been for nothing. In the end he'd been unable to follow through with his plan to save himself. Tadashi had saved him from captivity and someone else had saved Tadashi from the past. How could he call himself a genius when he needed others to do everything for him?

Plop. A white marshmallow hand dropped onto Hiro's head petting it in comfort. "Tadashi is here." Baymax repeated making an even bigger mess of Hiro's already messy strands.

"I know." Hiro insisted. "It's not his presence that I'm questioning, it's the how of it?" Hiro glanced up at Baymax once more. "People can't move through the time portal. Not without this." Hiro lifted his right arm to show Baymax the bracelet still clipped onto it. It was made of five dark grey rectangles, each one marked with Hiro's logo. "I never finished stabilizing the containment device and only got one chance to use the time portal. How could Tadashi possibly have stepped through it unless…" Hiro's eyes went wide at the sudden realization that coursed through him. It couldn't be… Leaping up he launched himself out of the chair and ran straight out of the room, down the stairs and into the living room, stopping only once he got to Tadashi's side. "Unless someone helped him." Hiro whispered staring wide eyed at the familiar bracelet clipped onto Tadashi's left wrist.
Close your Eyes

Pale sunlight filtered through the curtains, caressing tan skin and outlining a strong jaw. The peaceful warmth was accompanied by the early morning chitter of birds and the soft whoosh of the first few commuters driving along the roads. Wakefulness crept up on him gently bringing him back to the land of the living.

Tadashi yawned, stretching his arms up and above his head as he revelled in the moment taking time to enjoy the first real full night of sleep that he'd managed to get since first stumbling into this odd future timeline. Hiro was safe and sound, asleep in his bed and all was right with the world.

Thoughts of breakfast began to filter into his mind. Flapjacks with warm melted butter and golden syrup dribbling down their sides. Maybe he should get up and make some as an early morning surprise for both Hiro and Aunt Cass. Decision made Tadashi twisted in a bid to slip out of bed only to have his graceful movement ruined when his shirt caught on something causing him to half fall off the couch with a muffled yelp of surprise. His hands connected with the wooden floor holding him up off the ground as his feet remained on the couch, tangled with the blanket beneath which he'd been sleeping. Tadashi blinked in surprise.

Lying beneath the arch he now unconsciously had formed with his body was Hiro. He was fast asleep and his fist was clinging to the hem of Tadashi's white night shirt. When had that happened? Better question yet, why was Hiro sleeping on the floor with no blankets or pillows to even make the spot more comfortable? Hiro was probably the best person to ask but he was clearly dead to the world and if there was one thing his baby brother needed at that moment it was sleep which brought Tadashi to an entirely new predicament… How was he going to get up without waking Hiro?

"Tadashi have you seen Hiro...ro?" Aunt Cass stumbled to a halt at the sight that met her gaze as she walked into the living room.

"Hey, Aunt Cass." Tadashi replied keeping his voice down. "Mind giving me a hand here?"

Aunt Cass rushed to his side, carefully stepping over Hiro to help lift Tadashi up into a seated position on the couch without waking Hiro. Hiro shifted, mumbling something indistinct when his arm moved up along with Tadashi, fist still clinging to the white fabric. "Why is Hiro sleeping on the floor?" Aunt Cass asked on a whisper adjusting Tadashi's pillow to make him more comfortable in the awkward position he was now sitting in.

"I don't know." Tadashi cupped the back of his own neck. "I woke up and found him there when I tried to get up. He must have snuck in some time during the night."

Aunt Cass nodded glancing down at Hiro once more. "He looks so uncomfortable." She commented. "I'll go fetch his bedding."

Tadashi reached out and grabbed her hand before she could turn and leave the room. "You don't need to do that. Let's just give him mine. I'm already awake and I don't need it anymore." He offered looking down to get a better look at what his brother was doing. Hiro was lying parallel to the couch, curled in on himself. His knees were leaning against the couch and his head was pillowed on his
right arm. His left arm was reaching up still clinging to the hem of Tadashi's shirt.

Aunt Cass nodded before reaching over to lift the bedding off of Tadashi. Leaning forward, she carefully draped it over Hiro. The soft blanket drifted down, gingerly settling onto the slim form curled up on the floor. Hiro sighed and shifted into the blanket reacting to the residual heat and familiar scent that encased him. The subconscious stress lines around his eyes faded away as he drifted deeper into restful sleep.

Satisfied, Aunt Cass stepped back sharing a wry smile with Tadashi. "Looks like you're stuck." She commented on a whisper just as Mochi made his way into the room. He took one look at the setup before sauntering right over to the makeshift bed on the floor. Climbing onto the duvet he walked a few circles before settling down to sleep on top of Hiro's hip.

"It would appear so." Tadashi whispered back once Mochi was done, a soft smile on his lips as he took in the scene. Glancing back up, he looking around the living room. "Mind passing me a book while I wait for sleeping beauty to return to the land of the living?"

"Sure thing, honey." Aunt Cass walked over to the bookshelf, absently reading the titles before pulling one out and handing it to Tadashi.

Tadashi's eyebrows quirked up at the title: *How to Talk So Kids Will Listen & Listen So Kids Will Talk.* "You picked up a book on parenting?"

Aunt Cass gave him a sheepish smile. "I figured it was about time. Hiro went through a lot when you died and I didn't know how to help him. I thought it might help. I also bought this." She pulled out another book holding it out so Tadashi could see the title: *I Wasn't Ready to Say Goodbye: Surviving, Coping & Healing After the Sudden Death of a Loved One.*

Tadashi's chest ached as he read it, the sudden reminder of what his family had gone through while he was gone hitting him hard. "Did it help?" He asked softly.

Aunt Cass shook her head shelving the book once more. "I never got round to reading it. What with everything that was going on at the time. Fortunately I didn't need to." Aunt Cass stood and ruffled Tadashi's hair playfully. "I've been blessed with two young men who are strong enough to face and overcome anything life throws at them. What more could I ask for? Now read your parenting book so I can get breakfast started." She winked at him before heading to the kitchen to do exactly that.

Tadashi watched her go before cracking open the book and beginning to read, savoring the warm sunlight, the rhythmic sound of his brother's breathing, the deep rumble of Mochi's purr, the peaceful morning and the sheer joy of being alive.

Chapter End Notes

There, some Hiro, Tadashi fluff for everyone! This chapter seriously did NOT play out the way I expected it to. I didn't expect Tadashi to stay on the couch or Aunt Cass to walk in. Also Aunt Cass bought a book on PARENTING! O.O
"Turn Around." Hiro obeyed turning to allow the green laser to scan the other side of the monitor attached to his ankle. The scanner was creating a 3D image of the ankle monitor on Hiro's PC, scanning through the outer casing in order to map the circuitry inside.

"Okay, we're done." Wasabi switched the scanner off before carefully storing it back in its casing. Wasabi, Tadashi and Hiro were currently occupying the garage. As promised, Tadashi had contacted Wasabi and asked him to take a look at the remote Hiro had handed to him. Wasabi has said he would need a scan of the ankle monitor itself as well in order to make an accurate assessment of what could be done to block and remove the device.

Tadashi brought the complete image of the device up onto the screen, swiping his fingers across it in order to turn it, carefully investigating the scanned properties. Wasabi joined him the moment he finished packing the scanner. Reaching over he zoomed in. "Looks like they weren't lying to Hiro when they told him this thing is rigged to go off if he tries to tamper with it. They've installed a total of five receivers rigged to trigger the shock if they slip out of place." Wasabi winced glancing at Hiro.

Hiro glared back daring him to even try to pity him.

Wasabi looked away unable to hold Hiro's stare. He swiped his hand across the screen once more, turning the image. "There is some seriously twisted circuitry here." He commented before falling silent, losing himself in the over complicated design.

Ten minutes of silence later, Hiro sighed and flopped down into the chair Fred had 'donated' to the garage. It looked like this wasn't going to be as simple as he hoped it would be and he would have to just hurry up and wait if he wanted Tadashi and Wasabi to get anything done. The sound of crumpling caught his attention causing him to lift himself up to see what he'd managed to sit on. Oh man… Fred was going to kill him. Lying on the chair was a now crumpled Godzilla comic book.

Sighing in defeat, Hiro picked the comic book up before flopping back into the chair absently opening the comic book. He might as well read it while he waited. Several page turns later a white piece of paper fell out sliding off of the pages it had been tucked between to land on Hiro's lap. Suddenly Curious, Hiro picked it up, putting the comic book down to read what was written on the page. The page was covered in Fred's messy writing.

Why was Hiro kidnapped? – Theories by the Mighty Fredzilla

1) Time Travel! This entire mess started with Tadashi travelling through time to end up here. Hiro disappeared while we were investigating the strange things that did the same. Coincidence? Fredzilla thinks not!

2) Hitler! If someone is building a time machine surely they want to build it to bring something really bad back from the past.. If they wanted to bring back something good they wouldn't need to kidnap people. Maybe they want to bring back World War II. That Hitler guy was one bad dude!

3) Micro-bots! Let me just say now I'm only writing this down because everyone else things the bad
guys want Hiro to rebuild his micro-bots. Maybe they want them to shoot lasers out of their eyes or something, if they had eyes that is. Oooooh oh, we're on the subject of weapons

4) Godzilla! They want to bring back Godzilla so he can use his atomic breath to blow this joint to smithereens! Does that mean they've invented a space ship to take them to another planet so they don't die with us?

5) Space ship! If anyone can build a space ship capable of flying off into space while the entire planet blows up the little dude can. Or maybe...

6) Aliens! It's all a master plan to get their monuments back. I mean, Stonehenge, the Pyramids and the Nazca lines have all been damaged. Maybe the aliens want the time machine to bring back the monuments and their magic?

That's it for ideas for now. Frezdilla over and out!

The bottom of the page was signed with a flourish, the remnants remnants of pizza staining the bottom right hand corner yellow and red.

Hiro shook his head, picked up the comic book and slid the white page back into it. Only Fred would come up with idea's so ridiculous they could only be used as plot devices in comic books. Turning the page, Hiro resumed his reading but something on Fred's note continued to nag him at the back of his mind: Why did Inquisitor and the men he worked for want to build a time portal?

-BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Shaking. Someone was shaking him, wait a minute! Hiro woke with a start blinking up at Wasabi in confusion. When had he fallen asleep? One minute he'd been reading Godzilla and the next he was staring up at Wasabi, comic book sprawled upon his chest. "We have everything we need to get the monitor off." Wasabi informed him holding up a strip of rubber, a few metal plates and a laser cutter.

Hiro sat up, licking suddenly dry lips as a sliver of fear coursed through him. "Have you figured out what frequency it runs on?" He asked sliding his feet back onto the ground in order to stand up.

Wasabi nodded guiding Hiro towards a well-lit corner of the garage. "We modified the remote to block it instead of trigger it." Wasabi explained. "It should prevent the wireless triggers from triggering the device but we found two mechanical pins that were built in as a backup so we still need to be very careful."

Hiro nodded, eyes wide, the fear in his eyes locking with the trepidation in Tadashi's. Tadashi was sitting on the ground, right in the center of the well-lit spot. "I'll be right here with you." He reassured Hiro softly as Hiro sank down beside him. Hiro's ass barely managed to connect with the ground before it was lifted up into the air once more. Tadashi scooped him up and tugged him into his lap settling Hiro against him. "You ready, knucklehead?"

Hiro glanced at Tadashi, took a deep breath and nodded. "I was born ready." He growled in an attempt to hide the terror sweeping through him. He might have succeeded if not for his pale skin and the subconscious sinking of his fingers into Tadashi's thighs.

Wasabi knelt in front of Hiro and began to insert the thin rubber strip between Hiro's skin and the device. "I know it's not very thick and probably won't help much if the device does trigger but it will off at least some protection. We can't use anything thicker because the device is reading your body temperature." Tadashi began to speak, explaining everything to Hiro in an attempt to distract him. And so began Operation Shawshank Redemption.
Forty minutes later Wasabi dropped the last mechanical pin to the ground before him. He'd painstakingly removed the covering, cut out the five receivers he'd initially identified and disconnected the two mechanical pins he'd later found. He'd also sliced through several wires and removed several components that had been blocking his access to the various triggers. "We're nearly there." He announced breaking the silence that had settled over the group. Hiro had relaxed a long time ago and Tadashi had ceased narrating their actions. Wasabi picked up the laser cutter, activating it.

Tadashi and Hiro watched him silently the anxiety level in the room rising once again. The cutter was a deadly tool. Just one slip of the hand could cause serious bodily harm. It was probably a good thing that Wasabi was the one handling the tool then. Hiro swallowed, his throat dry as the cutter crept ever closer to his flesh. Five centimeters, three centimeters, one… the cutter connected with the metal ring around his ankle slicing through the metal as easily as a knife through butter.

Wasabi held the cutter steady, slowly slicing through the metal, careful to keep a safe distance away from Hiro's flesh as he worked. Quarter of the Way… Half of the Way, Three Quarters… click… Something clicked into place, the ensuing pain pulling a gasp from Hiro's lips. His eyes went wide, his jaw dropped open and his back arched, fingers digging painfully into Tadashi's thighs as a silent cry escaped Hiro's parted lips. Sharp pain coursed through him, biting sharply as it travelled through his nerves both familiar and strange and very wrong. Why! Why was this happening?! They'd been so careful!

Strong arms suddenly embraced him holding him firmly in place, a hiss escaping a second pair of lips as the electricity found a new path, entered a new body, dispersing it's intensity as it spread. "Cut it! Finish cutting it!" Tadashi yelled, a mixture of pain and determination in his voice.

"But I might cut Hiro!" Wasabi yelled back in panic.

"JUST CUT IT!" Tadashi boomed.

Wasabi stopped thinking and reacted to the sheer command in Tadashi's voice instead. He swiped the blade of the laser cutter across the ankle monitor slicing clean through the remaining metal, severing the last connections between the wires.

A flash of burning pain flared up at Hiro's ankle, throbbing and stinging as the flow of electricity was suddenly cut off. He collapsed, the tension in his muscles suddenly released and then it was over, darkness rushing in to take charge of his mind once more.

Chapter End Notes

Seriously guys, weird stuff happens when I don't know how to write a chapter. The previous chapter was supposed to be much shorter and was supposed to form part of this chapter and this chapter was supposed to be far less dramatic! I never planned to trigger the device O.O which means the next chapter was never supposed to exist in the first place. Just, wow! I can't insert a Christmas special into this story at this stage as there is no clean way to slip it in so I'm posting a bit early to release extra chapters instead (time allowing of course ;)). There is a Christmas themed cameo coming much, much later :P. Keep your eyes peeled for it.
This wasn't happening. It couldn't be happening. It wasn't supposed to play out like this. They had done everything they could, taken every precaution yet here they were in a situation that wasn't supposed to be playing out.

"I cut him! I cut him!" Wasabi exclaimed turning the cutter off before throwing it across the room. "Oh… Oh no, he's bleeding!" He began to shake, on the verge of passing out. "I need to call 911. I have to stem the flow. Have to…"

"Wasabi!" Tadashi yelled in an attempt to cut the African man off. He needed to think and Wasabi's rant was making it difficult to concentrate. They'd somehow accidentally managed to set the device off sending an electrical current through Hiro and Tadashi who had been in contact with Hiro at the time. It had hurt. It had hurt a lot but now was not the time to be thinking about that. What was that Wasabi had said? Hiro was bleeding?

Tadashi looked down in sudden panic, his breath catching in his throat at the sheer amount of blood that covered Hiro's left lower leg. "Baymax!" Tadashi attempted to push himself up, Hiro still firmly in his grasp only to fall back down when his muscles refused to obey. It hurt. Every muscle in his body ached and burned.

Ignoring the weakness and pain, he tried again, this time actually managing to stand. He swayed, awkwardly adjusting Hiro's weight in his arms as he contemplated the stairs he would need to climb to get to Baymax and help.

"Here let me help." Wasabi offered reaching out to take Hiro from Tadashi.

"I've got him." Tadashi said taking a shaky step towards the stairway.

"You look like you're about to pass out." Wasabi reasoned trying to lift Hiro out of Tadashi's arms.

Tadashi tightened his grip, refusing to let go. "I said, I've got him!" He snapped, glaring daggers at Wasabi, silently daring him to continue.

"Ok, I get the message." Wasabi lifted his arms and backed away from Tadashi, staring at him out of wide, disbelieving eyes.

Tadashi ignored him and resumed his stumbling pace, shoulder hitting the wall just as he attempted to take the first step. "Baymax!" He tried again forcing his body up one step at a time. He'd get Hiro upstairs and to help even if it killed him. Thankfully the likelihood of death was low. Unless he fell down the stairs that it. Maybe he should have accepted Wasabi's offer to help after all.

Relief coursed through him at the all too familiar sound. Baymax appeared at the top of the stairs seconds later. "I was alerted to a sound of distress. I will scan you now." Baymax informed him the moment he had Tadashi in sight. Baymax was heading down the stairs mere moments later. Reaching out he scooped Tadashi's up along with Hiro before turning to make his way back up the stairs.

"No! Buddy! You're only supposed to take Hiro." Tadashi exclaimed in surprise his face now
squished against Hiro's hair.

"Both you and Hiro require medical attention." Baymax responded, not even pausing on his way up the stairs. "I will ensure that both of you receive the required care." Baymax fell silent, waddling the rest of the way up the stairs before placing Tadashi and Hiro onto Hiro's bed. How he managed to get past Aunt Cass without being spotted, Tadashi would never know.

"Please remain still while I go fetch the required equipment to take care of Hiro's injury." Baymax turned and left the room.

Tadashi immediately sat up and pulled Hiro back into his lap trying to look past all the blood in order to inspect the injury. He didn't get very far before Baymax returned a bucket with cool water and a cloth in hand. Tadashi watched as Baymax washed the blood away. "What is the extent of the injury?" Tadashi asked.

"Hiro has only suffered a minor cut accompanied by a minor burn."

Relief coursed through Tadashi with the information. No serious harm had been done. He fell silent and continued to watch as Baymax applied three stitches and some burn cream to the wound before carefully wrapping it, securing the bandage neatly as soon as he was done. "Patient care has been administered." Baymax informed him stepping back. "It is recommended that you both get some rest in order to recover from the unexpected shock." That said, the healthcare companion picked up the bucket and cloth and left the room.

Tadashi ran a finger over the bandage, watching Hiro as he slept. He was so lost in thought he didn't even hear the timid steps that approached, or the soft knock that followed. "I'm sorry." Wasabi's voice startled Tadashi. "I didn't mean to injure him. I wasn't prepared for the device to activate. I was under the impression we'd found and taken care of all the triggers. Appears we missed one."

Tadashi glanced up to meet the guilty expression on Wasabi's face. He shook his head. "It's not your fault. We took every precaution before attempting to remove the device. You did a good job. Hiro is going to be fine. It's only a shallow cut and the blasted monitor is now disposed of. I don't think I would have managed such a clean cut considering the circumstances." He admitted.

Wasabi gave him an awkward smile. "I'm glad the little guy's going to be okay." He turned intending to leave now that his purpose had been accomplished.

"Hey! Wasabi!" Tadashi called out stopping him.

Wasabi turned to face him a questioning expression on his face.

"Thanks." Tadashi nodded towards Hiro. "For everything."

"Any time." Wasabi replied, and then he was gone.

Tadashi sighed, the stress and exhaustion of the day finally catching up to him. Lying down he dropped an arm over Hiro's waist. He'd just lie here for a few minutes watching his brother sleep and then he'd go take a nap on the couch. Just a few minutes to confirm they were both OK. That's all he needed.

Tadashi fell asleep.
Remember Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Remember Me

Tadashi yawned, his bare feet barely making a sound as he padded downstairs towards the kitchen. Following the incident where he'd found Hiro sleeping on the floor, Tadashi had allowed both Hiro and Aunt Cass to convince him to share Hiro's bed. It was just like when they had just moved in with Aunt Cass after the death of their parents only they were no longer children. Some things, however, never changed. The mere act of being in each other's company seemed to have greatly stabilized both Hiro's and Tadashi's sleep patterns and it was a relief to finally have several full consecutive nights of sleep.

Yawning again, Tadashi stretched his arms up above his head, slipping silently into the kitchen only to stumble to a halt in confusion. The kitchen table was covered in various papers. Frowning, he approached the table and began to scan the papers before shaking his head, a fond smile crossing his lips. The kitchen table was covered in college application forms, obviously meant for him if the neat name entered onto all the papers was anything to go by. Aunt Cass had neatly filled his name into the applicants name section of every single form. His Aunt certainly knew how to leave a hint. It was not very subtle but was certainly effective.

Grabbing a stray piece of toast his Aunt had left on the counter, Tadashi slipped into one of the chairs and began to skim through the various forms, actually taking the suggestion seriously for once. He bit into the toast, a soft smile on his lips as he read. Aunt Cass was right. He couldn't procrastinate forever. Now that Hiro was back, he could think about picking up the scattered pieces of his own life. Picking up a pamphlet for one of SFIT's rivals Tadashi opened it and was just about to read it when a familiar notebook caught his eye. What was Hiro's journal doing here? He was sure he'd hidden it away in the lounge so Hiro wouldn't know they had found it.

Tadashi reached over towards the counter and dropped his half eaten toast back onto the plate before dropping the pamphlet he was holding back down into the kitchen table. Tadashi picked up the journal and opened it blinking when a single piece of paper slipped out. On it were two words: Remember Me.

Well, that certainly hadn't been there the last time Tadashi had read the journal. Turning his attention back to the journal Tadashi was once again taken aback. His gaze fell upon a blank page instead of the familiar script he was expecting to see. Again... odd and so very, very suspicious. A chill coursed through him and he glanced around the room, almost as if expecting to see a ghost. This count be what he thought it was, could it? They had already rescued Hiro. Why was their mysterious benefactor still leaving them clues? Only one way to find out.

Tadashi got up and slipped out of the kitchen, notebook still in hand. He made his way into the living room and the drawer in which he'd stored the small spray bottle Honey Lemon had given to him. Retrieving the bottle, he sprayed the page and waited. As expected, familiar hand writing began to appear on the page before him and it would have been a relief if not for the fact that this was definitely not the notebook Honey Lemon had given him.

Hiro's Journal
I finally did it. I finally figured out how to equalize the feedback coming from the stabilizer. I modified it to respond to the frequencies it comes into contact with. It analyses the frequency and sends out a signal to counterbalance it thus preventing the feedback from crossing over to my body.

I informed Inquisitor that I had made some progress and needed to test the device and he granted me access to the time portal. After extracting payment from me first, that is. The asshole broke my nose. Payback for the time I knocked out some of his teeth, I guess. So worth it! The gold caps make him look like a common thug which isn't exactly the image he's going for. He likes to think he's more sophisticated than that. He obviously never passed English as he doesn't know the meaning of the word but I digress...

I got to test the stabilizer today and it actually worked! My entry into the inter-dimensional space was painless and that's not all that's changed. I found a bunch of new threads. I call them ghost lines because they are more like shadows than actual threads. They are translucent. They are also not attached to me. Not directly anyway. They are interlinked with the thread that leads to my past... I followed that thread. I know I shouldn't have but I went to see Tadashi. He looked so happy. I wish I had had the guts to actually talk to him but I'm sure he would have had a thing or two to say about the fact that I'm messing with the time space continuum. Provided he believed me to begin with, that is.

He was in the lab working on Baymax. He was in the process of turning Baymax on in order to test him when I arrived. The moment I crossed the rift something strange happened. I felt a disturbance in the electromagnetic fields surrounding me. The next thing I knew all the electricity in the area, blew out. The stabilizer is probably still a little unstable. Note to self: Take a look at that.

Tadashi, unsurprisingly, was prepared even for that eventuality. I don't know how he does it. He pulled a flash light out of nowhere and shone it on Baymax. I watched from the shadows as he told Baymax he's not giving up on him. I'm glad Tadashi never gave up on Baymax.

I'm even more glad Tadashi never gave up on me.

The last line appeared to have been added as an afterthought, ending the journal entry.

Tadashi remembered that day. It was his 33rd test of his Robotics Project. All the power in SFIT had gone out shortly after he'd activated Baymax. He'd always been under the impression a short circuit in Baymax's circuitry had been the cause. It would appear that he had in actual fact, been mistaken.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.
Nothing's Changed at All

Business was booming. The café was bustling, full of chatter, laughter and energy. Patrons filled the tables, others stood in queues at the counter and others still lounged outside waiting for a chance to come in. Aunt Cass couldn't keep up with the demand which is why she'd dragged Tadashi and Hiro down to help. Tadashi was manning the counter and Hiro the tables both casually dressed in dark blue jeans and white T-shirts. Tadashi even wore his SFIT cap, the brim just low enough to add an air of mystery and charm to his face.

"Hey, knucklehead, table three is done." Tadashi called out, while packaging pastries into one of the Lucky Cat's custom pink boxes.

"I'm going. I'm going. Hold your horses!" Hiro called back easily navigating the crowd. "I'm not a kid anymore. You don't need to keep telling me what to do!"

"Oh really?" Tadashi handed over the box of pastries and finished ringing the purchase up before turning to face Hiro with a quirked brow. "Then you already know that table 6 has been waiting twenty minutes for their order, table 12 has new patrons that have been sitting for about 6 minutes waiting for you to take their order and tables 15, 7 and 3 have just been vacated?"

Hiro's eyes went wide. "Oh no!" He called out face palming himself before rushing into the kitchen to grab the sandwiches table 6 were waiting for. "I have no idea how you manage to keep track of all this stuff." Hiro complained a few minutes later balancing three plates as he once again navigated the chaos that had the Lucky Cat Café in its grips.

"I have no idea how you don't." Tadashi called back sliding drink orders along the counter. "You're the officially diagnosed genius here."

"You say that like it's a disease!" Hiro called back carefully placing the food orders down before three disgruntled customers before racing over to table 12 to take their order.

"I'm not so sure it isn't one." Tadashi teased ringing up a new pastry purchase. "Social anxiety, lack of sunlight and vitamin D, a smart-ass mouth." He playfully listed symptoms.

"Ha-ha, very funny." Hiro retorted, rushing over to drop the newly written down order onto the counter in front of Tadashi before continuing on towards tables 15, 7 and 3 in order to collect the payments so new patrons could be seated. "Takes one to know one."

"I'll have you know my social skills are more than adequate." Tadashi retorted picking the paper up and sliding it into the kitchen queue. "After all I'm the one that dragged you to my lab to meet the gang."

"I hate to break it to you but our friends aren't exactly the most social bunch on this planet." Hiro picked up the first bill, pocketing the tip before moving rapidly onto the next table. He stumbled to standstill, breath catching in the back of his throat. The world slammed to a halt with him, his mind losing connection to the energy and activity in the café as well as to his banter with his brother as he tried to process what he was seeing. Lying on the table was a photograph of Tadashi helping Hiro into the café. It had clearly been taken the day he'd returned from hospital after being rescued from his kidnappers. A target had been drawn on Tadashi's head.
Lying beneath it was a piece of paper, shining every bit as pale and white as the color of Hiro's skin.

Filled with dread, Hiro reached out, sliding the photograph out of the way before picking the paper up in trembling hands. The paper shook as he unfolded it, revealing the text inside:

*Just a friendly little reminder of what's at stake here.*

*Consider your escape a minor reprieve. We're not done with you yet.*

*Be Prepared.*

*We're coming for you.*

"…ro. Hey Hiro!" Tadashi's sudden shout broke Hiro out of his self-imposed trance startling him. He turned to face Tadashi only to scramble into motion the moment he realized Tadashi was crossing the café, heading straight towards him and the incriminating note and photograph. Hiro snatched the photograph up off the table and shoved it and the note, into the pocket sewn onto the black half-apron tied around his waist. "You ok there bud?" Tadashi asked as he approached, concern written all over his features.

Hiro frantically nodded, words failing him as his mind continued to grapple with the implications of the note.

"You look rattled." Tadashi scowled, his gaze carefully taking in the pallor of Hiro's skin and the nervous manner in which he moved.

Oh no. Tadashi was onto him. Hiro couldn't afford to have Tadashi call his bluff, not if he wanted to protect him which is why his mind scrambled for and caught hold of the first life that came to mind. Spotting the bill still lying on the table, Hiro snatched it up with a scowl before waving it in Tadashi's face. "They left without paying their bill."

Tadashi frowned, taking the receipt from Hiro in order to check the amount on it. He sighed. The slip was for one sandwich and one coffee. It could have been worse. "Don't worry about it." Tadashi folded the slip before pocketing it. "I'll take care of it."

"No." Hiro shook his head pulling cash out of his apron. "I'll cover it. It's my fault they managed to slip out without paying. I should have been paying more attention."

"Keep it." Tadashi pushed the cash back into Hiro's apron pocket momentarily causing Hiro to freeze in fear as thoughts of Tadashi discovering the incriminating evidence crossed his mind. Fortunately his worst fears never materialized. "You worked hard for that. This place is a madhouse today. There is no way we can expect you to keep track of everything that's going on right now, not without any help. Let me help. It's big brother prerogative." Tadashi announced with a playful wink before turning to make his way back to the counter.

Let me help… It's big brother prerogative. Tadashi's words echoed through his mind, almost mocking him with how out of reach that very concept was to him at this stage. "I'm sorry, Tadashi." Hiro whispered under his breath, heading over to pick up the bill left on table 3. "I can't let you help me with this. I'm not willing to lose you. Not this time. Not again…"
Lost in All of Our Vices

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lost in All of Our Vices

Ding-dong.

"Yo, Heathcliff I've got this." Fred called out pulling open the door to grin at Hiro. "Hey, little man, what's up?"

Hiro nervously glanced around the neighborhood trying to see if he could spot any prying eyes. Ever since receiving that note at the Lucky Cat Café, he'd been spooked. He'd done his best to hide it from his family and even though he'd had a lot of success with keeping Aunt Cass in the dark, Tadashi was another story altogether. Hiro had never been able to keep this sort of thing from Tadashi, not for long anyway. Tadashi was already beginning to notice something was up which meant Hiro had been on the receiving end of questioning gazes and concerned queries. If he wanted to protect Tadashi and keep him in the dark, he had to do something and he had to do it fast which is why he were here, visiting the one person he knew would fill him in on what he'd missed without asking too many questions. "Um, hi Fred." Hiro gave Fred a nervous wave. "Can we talk?"

"Sure." Fred pulled the door open wider in order to give Hiro space to enter. "Mi casa es su casa. That's French for please come in." Fred declared with an exaggerated bow. Heathcliff was standing beside him, pointedly ignoring Fred's antics.

"It really isn't." Hiro said walking into the mansion. Even though he'd been there many times since that first night, Fred's home never failed to amaze him. He wasn't sure if it was the expensive stuff or the crazy portraits and paraphernalia that astonished him more. Most likely it was the strange mix of the two but he didn't really have time to ponder the problem. He was here for an entirely different reason. "So… Hiro glanced at Fred who was easily keeping pace with him as the two headed towards Fred's bedroom. "How did you guys find me?"

As expected, Fred's eyes lit up with the question. "It was EPIC, dude. You should have been there. Tadashi appeared out of nowhere the day you disappeared. When he found out you'd been kidnapped he was like a man with a mission! He went through your room, your notes and your PC looking for clues." Hiro nodded, remaining silent despite the sense of betrayal he felt at having his space invaded like that by his brother. Logically he knew why Tadashi did it but emotionally he was finding the revelation difficult to digest. "At first we were all, like, on the wrong track. We looked up all the old villains that we put away because you know it's always the ex-villain that kidnaps the hero only this time it wasn't. We tried to hide the fact that we were Big Hero 6 from Tadashi but then Tadashi asked Baymax to playback the video from the day you were kidnapped and…"

"Wait… wait, wait. Just hold on a minute." Hiro raised an arm in a bid to stop Fred's story telling tired. "Tadashi knows we're Big Hero 6?"

Fred nodded. "That's what I just said. Baymax played back the video of the day you were kidnapped and Tadashi kind of figured it out. Not that it was all that hard. That video is pretty incriminating you know."

"But it's supposed to automatically be encrypted. How did Tadashi figure out the passcode?" Hiro demanded, a mixture of fear and confusion coursing through him. Why had Tadashi not said
anything about Big Hero 6?

"He didn't. Wasabi accessed the file."

"What? How could he?" Hiro demanded fighting with a renewed sense of betrayal, this time directed at Wasabi. "That's top secret information. Tadashi isn't supposed to know!"

"Look man." Fred raised both his arms defensively moving them up and down in an attempt to calm Hiro down. "We were desperate. We had no idea how to find you and figured Tadashi might be able to approach the problem differently. We tried to find you without his help, we really did but we didn't make any progress so we decided to look for a new angle. You're the one that taught us that."

Look for a new angle. Tadashi's words echoed through the air between them and the irony of the situation was not lost on Hiro. The very words that Tadashi has spoken to him in order to help him get into SFIT, the words Hiro had adopted as a way of life and passed onto his team mates, had come a full circle and led those same team mates to seek out Tadashi's help. Hiro sighed, running a hand over his face, closing his eyes to silently count to ten before speaking once more. "Ok, so Tadashi is the one that figured out who had taken me?"

Fred nodded opening the large doors and stepping into his room before resuming the tale. "He figured that his appearance, your disappearance and the appearance of the various monuments from the past had to be linked. The weird notes you were sending him, really helped. This notes were EPIC! Which reminds me, how did you send them?"

Hiro flopped down onto Fred's couch absently watching the TV screen while speaking to Fred. The TV was on mute, airing the news. "Notes? What notes? I didn't send any notes."

"Really?" Fred paused, looking thoughtful. "They were all written in your handwriting. You even signed them."

"Someone sent you notes written in my handwriting?" Hiro asked in disbelief. The news momentarily forgotten. That simply didn't make sense but then again nothing made sense when Fred was involved.

"Yeah." Fred nodded so hard the tip of his beanie flopped with the motion. "I don't recall the details but they are the reason we made the connection between the time portal and your kidnapping. Once we figured that out the rest was easy. Tadashi, Gogo and Wasabi created a map of all the time phenomena and used their locations to predict where the portal had to be. We then planted smoke bombs, crackers and flares in the building to scare everyone. We sneaked in during the chaos and rescued you." Fred finished with a grin.

Hiro nodded, processing the new information. The fire he thought he was running from must have been an illusion caused by the smoke bombs and flares. "Any idea what they're after?" Hiro asked glancing up to meet Fred's gaze once more.

Fred shook his head. "We weren't really focusing on what they were up to. We were more interested in trying to figure out where you were." Disappointment coursed through Hiro. He'd come here hoping to gather clues that would help him identify his kidnappers and even though Fred had told him a lot he hadn't known, none of it was very helpful. "Come to think of it..." Fred continued, raising Hiro's hopes once more... "We did find out something. According to Gogo, they stole the torpedoes from the World War II submarine that Gogo and Honey went to investigate the day you were kidnapped." Fred announced, proud at himself for remembering that tidbit of information.

Hiro shook his head, frowning as he processed the stray bits of information he had managed to
obtain. "That can't be right." He mused. "They're not able to fully control the machine yet. The submarine was brought through the rift by accident. It would be too much of a coincidence if the object they were trying to retrieve just slipped through the time… rift…" Hiro completely lost his train of thought along with all color to his skin. A flickering image caught his attention drawing Hiro's focus to the newscast that was still airing on Fred television. The news report was covering some kind of Charity Gala, showing snippets of various celebrities arriving at the event. The celebrity that had caught Hiro's gaze was none other than Alistair Krei. The wealthy entrepreneur stepped out of limousine and thanked his driver before entering the crowd of photographers waiting at the door. The driver of said limousine was...

Inquisitor.

Chapter End Notes

Mwahaha and so the plot thickens.
"Hiro?" He called out in surprise, momentarily attracting Hiro's attention along with the dark glare that accompanied it. Immediately concerned Tadashi headed towards his brother. "Hey Derek, can you take over for me for a few minutes." He called out to one of the other waiters before rushing towards Hiro's side, not even waiting for Derek to acknowledge his request.

Hiro had turned away from Tadashi and was doing his best to ignore his brother's concerned gaze. Determined to avoid Tadashi, he headed directly towards the stairs intending to avoid the counter and the confrontation that probably awaited him there. He hadn't counted on Tadashi leaving his post. "Hey, Hiro!" Tadashi called out, grabbing hold of his arm and twirling him around mere seconds later. "You ok?" Warm, dark brown eyes ran over him in concern, silently searching him for signs of distress and injury. Tadashi had always been able to see past Hiro's façade and this time was no different.

"I'm fine." Hiro growled, aggressively pulling his arm away in a bid to escape the scrutiny he knew he could not fool.

"You don't look fine." Tadashi reached out to grab hold of him once more, this time grabbing hold of his other arm as well turning Hiro to face him. "Talk to me. I can't help you if you don't tell me what's going on."

"I don't need your help." Hiro snapped, glaring heatedly up at Tadashi.

Tadashi narrowed his eyes, staring at Hiro as he evaluated his options. Something was wrong. He knew something was wrong. Hiro had been acting strange ever since the previous day when they had both been waiting tables in the café. Something must have happened but Hiro was not sharing and Tadashi count for the life of him imagine what it could be. "Where did you go?" He asked, suddenly wondering how he'd missed the fact that his brother had gone out.

"What? Are you keeping tabs on me again?" Hiro challenged, heated anger coursing through his eyes. "I thought we were past that sort of suspicion when I stopped bot fighting three years ago but if you must know, I went to visit Fred. Satisfied? Or am I also forbidden to go out to see my friends too?"
"Of course you're not forbidden to visit your friends. I'm just asking because I didn't even know you'd gone out and now you've returned looking upset."

"I'm not upset." Hiro replied, his glare almost daring Tadashi to contradict him.

The glare did not phase Tadashi. He returned it with a determined calm look of his own, quirking a single eyebrow in silent challenge. The words coming out of Hiro's mouth didn't match what his brother's body language was telling him and Tadashi knew Hiro was every bit as aware of that fact as he was.

"I don't want to talk about it." Hiro relented, knowing he'd lost a major part of the battle. There was no way he was going to convince Tadashi he wasn't upset.

"Hiro, you can't keep shutting yourself away like this." Tadashi frowned in concern. "We're your family and we're worried about you. If there's something bothering you, you should feel free to talk to us about it. Whatever it is, we'll figure it out together."

"I said... I don't want to talk about it!" Hiro growled back angrily, resisting the urge to give in and just tell his brother everything. He couldn't do it. If he did, Tadashi would get hurt and Hiro would be damned before he let someone take his brother away from him again.

"Hiro. Stop with the attitude." Tadashi snapped in return, his near endless well of patience beginning to reach its limit. "I know you've been through a lot recently and I know dealing with everything is hard but you can't just go around shutting everyone that gives a damn, out of your life. We can't help you if you're not willing to help yourself."

"I keep telling you I don't need your help!" Hiro yelled, violently shoving Tadashi away. "There's nothing wrong with me! Stop turning me into a bigger freak than I already am!" He turned and ran up the stairs slamming the door to his bedroom shut with a loud bang. Tadashi didn't follow. Ignoring the heavy silence that embraced him, Hiro headed towards his workstation. Throwing himself into his PC desk chair, he booted his machine, opened a browser and threw himself into digging up everything he could possibly find on Alistair Krei and Krei Tech.

Squeak, Squeak, Squeak, Squeak, Squeak.

"You're pupils are contracted and your heart rate is elevated. This is indicative of anger. Talking about it could alleviate your distress. What appears to be the problem?" Baymax stopped a few steps away from Hiro's chair, head titled questioningly to the side.

Hiro's typing grew even more furious, his fingers punishing the keys in response to the anger and fear fighting for domination within. "Tadashi thought it would be a good idea to give me the third degree." Hiro snapped, hitting a few of the keyboard keys particularly hard.

"Regarding?"

"He wanted to know where I had gone." Bang. "I wasn't aware I needed to report my every action to him." Bang. Bang. "Who does he think he is, invading my life like this? He has no right to reprimand me like that." Bang, bang, bang. "He left me." BANG. "He wasn't around for three years and now he thinks he can march into my life and pick up where he left off? Well he can't! I never asked him to bloody damned well give a damn and certainly never asked him to come back after he chose Callaghan over me." The banging on the keyboard ceased. Hiro immediately regretted the words that had slipped past his lips. He didn't regret Tadashi's return. He could never regret getting his brother back. Tadashi meant the world to him which was exactly why he'd do anything to protect him. Even alienate himself from him.
"Tadashi is only concerned for your health and well-being." Baymax informed him softly. "As am I. You were missing for a long time. It is only natural for those around you to be concerned when you appear to go missing again. This concern can sometimes be expressed in an over protective manner. No harm is meant by it."

Hiro sighed, turning to face Baymax. "I know, Baymax." He admitted softly, running a wary hand through the messy strands of his own hair. "I know he only wants to help but I can't let him get involved. I can't protect him if he gets involved. I've only just got him back and I refuse to let him get hurt just because I'm scared."

"Fear is a natural reaction to the circumstances in which you find yourself. It is not advisable to fight that fear alone. I recommend contact with friends and loved ones. Sharing ones fears often assists greatly in the facing of those fears. I could contact them if you wish?" Baymax offered, displaying pictures of the gang, Aunt Cass and Tadashi on his chest.

"No, no, no, don't do that." Hiro reached out and swiped across Baymax's belly, cancelling any calls Baymax may have initiated. "I'm not ready to speak to them. Not yet. I need to figure a few things out first. This conversation will be a lot easier if I have all the facts first."

"You wish to have a bit of time to perform research first?" Baymax inquired.

"Yes. That's exactly it." Hiro hurriedly agreed.

"Very well. I shall contact them as soon as you have concluded your research." Baymax turned and headed back towards his charging station.

"That's great, buddy. I'll let you know as soon as I'm done." Hiro lied, crossing his fingers behind his back as he did so.
It seems like every time I think I've made sense of the portal, the variables change on me. I managed to go into the portal again. Last time I came out I pretended to have a seizure to make Inquisitor and his goons think that my containment device is still faulty. As expected I slipped back into this timeline mere seconds after I left it even though I spent considerably more time in the portal. Inquisitor doesn't suspect a thing. I wonder how long I'll be able to keep this from him. I'm still getting 'punished' for lack of performance and if I have to be brutally honest with myself, I'm not sure how much more of it I can take. They broke a couple of my fingers this time. Apparently I don't 'need' my pinkies but that is neither here nor there at his stage.

Tadashi clenched his fists and resisted the urge to run upstairs to check Hiro's hands. Hiro was closed up in his room working on something and Tadashi was in the kitchen reading the second journal he'd found. Reading the words written on those pages was the hardest thing he'd ever done in his life. Every entry, every piece of information that was revealed made him want to hunt Hiro's captors down and hurt them. He wanted to return every bit of pain they'd inflicted onto his baby brother with interest but something about the second journal wasn't quite right.

As I already mentioned before I got side tracked, I managed to go back into the portal. The ghost lines were still there. I was beginning to think I may have imagined them. I'm not always sure what's real anymore. Between the lab, the portal and the dreams, I'm losing track of my mind. Everything feels real. The heat, the cold, the pain, the loss, the loneliness... death... I'm just so tired of it all but I digress...

I've let my mind wander, yet again. I slipped back into the space between timelines and saw the ghost lines only this time they were more solid. The threads connected to my pinkie have also changed. I think they may be fading. Something, or more specifically 'someone' – namely me (if my theories are correct), appears to be shifting the very definition of reality. If this continues my very existence may be in jeopardy.

Those words shifted something in Tadashi’s mind and flicked back to the beginning of the second journal staring at the words that had first raised his suspicions that something about this book wasn't quite right.

Hiro had only been missing forty-four days when Tadashi and the gang had rescued him. The entry in the second journal was dated nine days thereafter. How was that even possible? Tadashi could only think of two possibilities and neither seemed all that plausible given the facts he currently held. One - Hiro had somehow gotten the dates wrong when he started the journals. Not very likely considering the fact Hiro had read the date off of a PC and the PC had no real reason to be setup with the wrong date. Two - The book he was holding had come from the future. Even though there was a time portal in play, all evidence indicated that it was being used to connect to the past, not to the future. Based on Hiro's calculations, the past was far simpler to link to than the future simply
because it was already set whereas the future was as yet unwritten. The first possibility implied Hiro 
was not as smart as everyone thought he was and the second implied that the time-portal was being 
used for more than initially suspected. Neither possibility was very appealing but it was the second 
possibility that really chilled Tadashi to the bone. Hiro had been home for eight days…

Pushing the thought to the back of his mind once more, Tadashi turned the pages back to the entry 
he'd been reading.

I followed more of the ghost lines to see if my theory is correct. I saw Tadashi. He was hanging 
around the Lucky Cat café with the rest of the gang. I really miss them. It's been so long since I last 
spoke to them. I wish I could see them just one more time to tell them how much they all mean to me. 
If not for them I would have lost my mind a long time ago. Probably right after Tadashi's death. The 
last couple of years have been amazing. I'm glad I had the opportunity to experience friendship 
before… well, before all of this but I'm off topic again.

I saw Tadashi hanging out with the rest of the gang. I saw Aunt Cass serving donuts to customers. I 
saw Mochi curled up on my bed. I saw Baymax following Tadashi around. What I didn't see was…
me.

Crash.

The chair Tadashi had been sitting on crashed to the ground as he launched into a dead sprint, 
heading straight upstairs towards Hiro's room. The diary entry's last words echoed through his mind 
taunting him, mocking him, driving him forward to prove them wrong. What I didn't see was… me. 
Those words couldn't be true. They had rescued Hiro. Hiro was here. He was safe and very much 
alive. The words in the diary were simply the musings of someone one the verge of giving up hope 
and not an actual indication of what the future held. It was a delusion. Not reality and Tadashi was 
going to prove it the only way he knew how. He was going to pinch Hiro.

Reaching the top of the stairs he rushed into the room and stumbled to a halt two steps in, taking in 
the room's contents. The room was exactly as he remembered it. The shutters were wide open, 
sunlight streaming across the room. The bed was, in typical Hiro fashion, only half made. A bunch 
of robot pieces were lying scattered about on the floor, Baymax was deactivated and stored in his 
charging station and Hiro's PC was turned off. Wait a minute… Baymax was DEACTIVATED and 
Hiro's PC was OFF and Hiro… Hiro was nowhere to be seen.

Hating the sense of dread that cours ed through him Tadashi launched himself back into a dead run 
heading straight towards their shared bathroom. It couldn't be true. There was no way this could be 
happening. Not again. It simply wasn't possible. Panic driving him hard he yanked on the handle, 
pulling the door aggressively open only to stare in disbelief as the empty space within taunted him 
with a reality he did not wish to acknowledge.

Hiro was gone.
"How can I help you, Mr Hamada?" Alistair Krei adjusted the cuffs of his suit before sinking down into the plush chair located behind his sleek desk. Interlacing his fingers, he settled his elbows onto the chair's armrests, watching Hiro carefully. As expected, Alistair Krei's office was located on the highest floor of the building complete with an iconic view of San Fransokyo's skyline through a giant window made of tempered glass. The bay and iconic San Fransokyo bridge were visible on the left while the rest of the city was sprawled out across the horizon on the right.

The office itself was minimalistic and held a large glass desk, complete with black wood panels which were inset into the glass, a black executive chair, two pot plants growing in triangular dark grey vases and another glass table with black panels inset into it along the wall on the far right on which lay an assortments of snacks and drinks. "My secretary tells me you have reconsidered our offer and are accepting an internship here once you graduate but something tells me that's not really why you're here."

Hiro sauntered across the room walking in an exaggerated relaxed pace before collapsing into the chair on the opposite side of Alistair Krei's desk. In a move calculated to irritate the man, he then proceeded to kick his legs up, settling his yellow trainers onto the glass table all while slouching back in the chair. "You would be correct." Hiro tapped a foot, rocking the chair he was now sprawled in. "I'm not here about the internship."

Alistair Krei raised an eyebrow at Hiro's antics but made no move to reprimand him for his behavior. "What then, pray tell, is the real reason you've requested to see me, Mr Hamada?"

"I know why you're really building a new facility in Los Anjo-shi and I want in on it. In return I'll willingly offer you my services on your secret project." Hiro steepled his fingers, resting his elbows on his armrests in a mocking mimicry of the position Alistair Krei was holding. "A willing researcher is a lot more efficient than one that's being tortured into submitting, don't you agree?"

"I have absolutely no idea what it is you're referring to. The facility in Los Anjo-shi is exactly what I've told everyone it is. We're building a manufacturing plant in order to massproduce the rocket boots I procured from Andres Diaz three years ago. We are hoping to market them as extreme sports equipment."

"And I suppose the secret complex you designed to go beneath the building is in actual fact intended to store the stock overflow," Hiro dropped his feet to the ground pulling a two printouts out of his back pocket, "and not really meant to hide a secret lab used to build a time device capable of bringing weapons from the past into the present?" Leaning forward he slid them towards Alistair Krei. The first contained the official plans Alistair had submitted to the city council regarding the intended design of the facility. The second was a more intricate design for an underground lab, linked to key points of the first building.

"If you think you're going to blackmail me with some photo-shopped designs, you're sorely mistaken. I have never seen those designs in my life." Alistair responded, refusing to be shaken so easily.
"Oh really?" Hiro pulled the paper back in towards himself. "I suppose you won't mind too much then if a city inspector visits your new facility and checks these entry points." Hiro tapped the marked entry points on the design.

"What if, theoretically speaking of course, there really was a lab located beneath my facility in Los Anjo-shi. Why on earth would I be using it to bring weapons from the past into the present. Surely it's cheaper to manufacture said weapons myself?"

"It would be, if you were interested in the weaponry currently available but that's not what you're after, now is it?" Hiro folded the printouts, pocketing them once more.

"What, according to your wild rather fanciful theories, is it I'm after exactly?"

"Now that's a really good question and it really had me stumped for a while there. To be honest I probably wouldn't have stumbled upon it at all if I hadn't found out that someone had stolen all the torpedoes off of the old World War II submarine that appeared in the bay." Hiro leant forward in his chair, watching Krei carefully for a reaction which is why he didn't miss the slight twitch in the right corner of Krei's lips. Bingo. "Now I know the submarine was brought through the rift entirely by accident seeing as you hadn't yet figured out how the time portal works but it brought with it an opportunity you and your men couldn't miss."

"This conversation is over." Alistair stood, turned his back on Hiro and walked over to the large glass window, effectively shutting Hiro out. "I have no use for something as archaic as torpedoes."

"Maybe not but I'm sure you could find a lot of use for nuclear weapons." Hiro threw the comment out there watching as Alistair turned back to face him, the afternoon sun creating a halo around the man's silhouette before him. "All the world's nuclear weapons were dismantled when the United Nations issued an edict banning their existence roughly three hundred years ago. The dismantled components were destroyed along with all records detailing how they were made and pieced together. We have yet to recreate anything nearly as destructive as the atom bomb."

"Procuring and recreating such weaponry is illegal." Alistair Krei stated making his way back to the desk.

"But so very lucrative." Hiro pointed out. "I'm sure there is more than one government willing to procure such weaponry in the black market. It would be such a useful boost to their political agendas. Surely a business man such as yourself is aware of the potential profits to be made?"

"Surely a hero, such as yourself, would be reluctant to involve himself in such dealings? It would be a little hypocritical to apprehend crime in the city when you're adding to the statistics. A good boy such as yourself wouldn't dream of sullying his hands in such a manner, I'm sure."

"You forget, I was hustling people in bot fights before I jointed SFIT and created Big Hero 6. I am no stranger to adding to the criminal statistics number. I'm not looking for a big cut. Say, round about 5 percent of the profits to do with as I wish?"

"You turned over a new leaf and left that life behind when you created your Super Hero Team." Alistair Krei sank back down into his seat, resuming his earlier position.

"I created the Super Hero Team to get revenge on Callaghan for killing my brother. I continued to run it as there were no better offers on the table. I have found a better offer and I want in on it. Which is where you come in."

"What about your friends?" Alistair inquired.
"They're not my friends. They're Tadashi's friends. I was just his substitute," Hiro said bitterly, leaning back in his chair, "and I'm tired of pretending to be someone I'm not. My brother was always the goody two-shoes in the family. Personally I prefer living on the dangerous side. So, do we have a deal or not?" Hiro quirked an eyebrow, waiting.

Silence.

The seconds ticked slowly by, each one more agonizing than the last. No one moved, a silent battle of wills playing out in the heavy atmosphere. One man weighed the pros and cons of the offer while the other waited in anticipation, awaiting the verdict, awaiting his judgement.

"We have a deal." Alistair stood and held out his hand. Hiro shook on it.

Their verbal deal was sealed.

Chapter End Notes

Los Alamos: The birthplace of the U.S. nuclear weapons program.

Anjō (Anjō-shi): a city in Aichi Prefecture, Japan.

Los Anjo-shi: my made up city name that sounds a bit like Los Angeles (my attempt to preserve the naming convention that was used to name San Fransokyo in the movie XD).

PS: I LOVE this chapter. Hiro is positively devious, don't you guys agree?
You've Been Here Before

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You've Been Here Before

"What on earth was he thinking?! The bonehead, the knucklehead, the IDIOT! How can just up and leave like this? After all the effort we went to in order to rescue him in the first place! Why did he not come to me for help? He can tell me anything! I thought he knew that." Tadashi ranted sounding both hurt and confused as he paced across Hiro's bedroom in a scene that was becoming entirely too familiar.

"Are you sure he's gone? Maybe he just went out to run an errand." Honey Lemon suggested, nervously playing with the hem of her dress. The moment he'd realized Hiro was gone, Tadashi had called and gathered the entire gang. Part of him had been hoping to find out Hiro had gone to visit one of them, to no avail which brought them to this moment. Honey Lemon was perched on the edge of Hiro's bed. Wasabi was sitting on Hiro's PC desk chair, Gogo was leaning against the wall directly beside the staircase and Fred… well Fred was being Fred.

"He isn't anywhere in the café. Aunt Cass doesn't have any errands that need to be run and I didn't see him leave. I was in the kitchen and would have seen him if he'd come down the stairs which means he must have snuck out the window. He wouldn't have done that if he was simply running an errand." Tadashi explained turning to pace the other way.

Pop. "Did you ask Baymax to run a scan on the city?" Gogo asked glancing at the subject in question.

Baymax was standing in his charging station silently watching the proceedings. "My enhanced scanner has been tampered with." He reported back before Tadashi even had a chance to respond to Gogo's question. "Important components have been removed thus rendering it useless."

"See." Tadashi raised an arm, using it to point at Baymax. "See what I'm dealing with? The idiotic, knuckleheaded brother of mine was smart enough to disable the one thing we could have used to locate him but wasn't smart enough to come to his family and friends for help. Why can't he use that big brain of his for something useful for a change? For someone who apparently has the IQ of a genius, Hiro certainly isn't very sm…"

"Uh… guys… I think you need to see this." Fred interjected, interrupting Tadashi's rant. Fred had draped himself across Hiro's bed upon arrival, half hanging off it as he listened to Tadashi's rant. Paying only partial attention to Tadashi's words, he'd been running his eyes across the room looking for anything that might be out of place. The corner of something interesting had caught his eye from beneath Hiro's bed. Reaching under the bed he pulled the object of interest out.

Gogo raised an eyebrow the moment the object came into view. "Your Godzilla comic. Seriously Fred, we don't have time for this right now. Hiro has snuck off to do who knows what and you want us to pay attention to one of your stupid comic books?"

"Not just any stupid comic book." Fred, retorted raising a finger in illustration as he sat up. "My Godzilla comic book. I happen to know that I left this comic book in the garage." Fred flicked the comic book open, rapidly paging through it. "While we were still searching for Hiro, I wrote down some theories regarding who might have taken Hiro and why. Hiro probably found it and brought it
up here. Which means… Aa ha!” He stopped flicking through the comic book when a familiar ketchup stained white page came into view. Picking it up he held it out for the gang to see. "Hiro highlighted one of my theories!” Fred declared, victorious. He'd been right all along.

Tadashi frowned and reached for the page, rapidly skimming the content, his eyes drawn to the lines that were highlighted in yellow marker.

_Oooooh oh, we're on the subject of weapons_

4) _Godzilla! They want to bring back Godzilla so he can use his atomic breath to blow this joint to smithereens!

Tadashi blinked looking up at Fred once more. "You mean to tell me that weapons have been their target all along? Why would they go to all the trouble of building a time machine just to obtain a couple of old World War II torpedoes? We have more effective weapons available today."

Fred shook his head, got up and began to pace, still clinging to the comic book. "No man. You've got this all wrong. I don't think this is about torpedoes though I'm sure they were stolen by the same guys that took Hiro." He marched up to Tadashi and poked a finger at the highlighted point on the page. "It's about Godzilla?"

"Godzilla?" Tadashi echoed, completely lost.

"Listen here, you idiotic, impulsive lizard." Gogo marched towards Fred. "Godzilla, just like shrink rays and invisible sandwiches doesn't exist. He's a comic book character, a figment of someone's imagination and a plot device used to tell a story. He never existed nor will he ever exist. Building a time machine won't help anyone bring him into existence."

"Oh but that's where you're wrong." Fred leaned in with a smile, waving the comic book under Gogo's nose, another white page slipped out of the comic book, falling unnoticed to the ground. "Godzilla did exist. Godzilla was created to represent the atom bomb that was dropped on Japan during the war."

Atom bomb.

Tadashi's skin went ice cold, the chaos in his mind stilling to focus on those two simple words and the sheer implications of what they represented. "Oh no," Tadashi whispered rushing to Hiro's PC. "This is far bigger than we ever imagined. This is about bringing nuclear warfare back into play."

Tadashi pressed the button to boot Hiro's machine up only to stare in disbelief at the message that was displayed on the screen.

*Operating System Not Found!*

_Bang._

Tadashi's fist connected with the wall beside the PC.

"Aaa." Wasabi jumped in surprise, reflexively rolling the PC desk chair away from Tadashi.

"Tadashi?" Honey Lemon inquired softly getting up to join Tadashi beside Hiro's PC.

"The knucklehead formatted the hard drive." Tadashi growled glaring at the PC for a moment longer before marching across the room to grab hold of Hiro's tools. Marching back to the PC, he dropped
the tools down, pulled out a screw driver and began to dismantle the machine. "Smart, little brother, really smart but when it comes to this I'm smarter." Tadashi pulled the cover of the machine off reaching in to disconnect the drive in question.

"What are you planning to do?" Wasabi cautiously rolled the chair back in, having already recovered from his initial fright.

"I'm going to retrieve the information Hiro thinks he's wiped off this hard drive and you're going to help me." Tadashi informed him disconnecting wires.

"I am?" Wasabi peered into the PC casing.

"I need your laptop and access to the internet."

"I'm on it." Wasabi confirmed getting up off the chair. He turned and moved towards the staircase only to stumble to a halt when an innocuous piece of paper caught his attention. "Seriously guys." He muttered, bending down to pick it up. "Is it really too difficult to throw rubbish where it belongs?" He moved towards the trash bin in the corner of the room and was just about to drop the piece of paper into it when a spot of color on the other side caught his eye. He flipped it, eyes going wide in shock. "Uh… guys…" He echoed Fred's earlier words. "I think I know why Hiro left without speaking to us."

Tadashi glanced up from the now dismantled PC, question in his eyes.

Wasabi turned the page around so the gang could see what was on it. It was the photograph Hiro had found in the café. It had been taken the day Hiro returned home from hospital after being rescued. Tadashi was helping Hiro into the café. A target had been drawn on Tadashi's head.

"Awe man." Fred breathed, turning a shocked gaze towards Tadashi. "The little dude's trying to protect you." Heavy silence followed his declaration, the realization that this was still far from over hanging thick in the air.

Chapter End Notes

My favorite quote from this chapter: "Smart, little brother, really smart but when it comes to this I'm smarter."
Nothing to Show

The new lab space was larger than the previous space Hiro was kept in. It was also a lot busier. Hiro guessed it made sense seeing as he was now considered to be part of the team and was allowed to interact with the rest of the researchers on the project instead of being locked away and kept aside like the captive he was. In some ways it was better. It made him feel less isolated, less crazy but in other ways it was more difficult. Hiro didn't have the privacy he'd previously enjoyed. He was constantly being interrupted by researchers asking him to explain the previous calculations he'd done leaving him with less time than anticipated to work on the current project at hand.

Hiro's confrontation with Alistair Krei had gone exactly according to plan and he'd managed to return to the time portal project on his own terms. Coming back willingly was certainly a lot better than being taken by force and tortured into doing what they wanted him to do. He'd been flown to the new lab in a private jet and had been allocated his own workstation right near the front. The lab was similar to the one he'd previously occupied and contained enough space for the twelve researchers that were currently working on the project. The tinted window was also larger, providing a clearer view of the portal itself when in use. It was his second day in the lab and Hiro was still on edge. He'd managed to settle in fairly easily with the other researches but hadn't yet encountered the one person he'd expected to see.

Swish.

The lab door slid smoothly open immediately killing the chatter that had filled the space mere moments before. Someone important had clearly just entered. The hairs on the back of Hiro's neck rose, fear gripping his stomach as a dark voice whispered in his mind, informing him it was finally time. Swallowing past the dread in his throat, Hiro, oh so casually, swiveled his chair around running his eyes across the lab all while striking a cocky relaxed pose. Outwardly he was over confidence and control personified. "Well, well, fancy meeting you here." Hiro commented, breaking the silence when his gaze fell upon the one person he'd been waiting to stumble into.

Inquisitor stood in the doorway, two goons at his side. Hiro had never met either of them briefly making him wonder what had happened to the previous two that he'd managed to escape from. He quickly pushed the thought away, not really wanting to know the answer. "I see that you have returned to us, Mr Hamada." Inquisitor commented, running icy cold eyes over Hiro. He calmly made his way towards Hiro's desk stopping two steps away from him. He reached up and cracked his knuckles threateningly, watching Hiro carefully for a reaction.

Hiro quirked an eyebrow at the action, using the outward calm to hide the sheer terror beating a rapid rhythm within. "You can't beat me anymore. I'm not longer your captive. I'm your work colleague. Signed, sealed and delivered." Hiro declared, lifting his right foot to rest it on his left knee, using the leverage he gained to push the swivel chair he was seated in backward.

"That's what you think." Inquisitor replied, cracking his knuckles one more time before adjusting his suit and dropping his hands. "You may have Alistair Krei fooled but I don't believe your act for a minute." Inquisitor leant into Hiro's space, grinning manically at him, revealing the gold teeth that had been implanted to replace the ones Hiro had managed to knock out. "You're up to something and I'm going to find out what it is. You're bound to slip up sooner or later and I'll be waiting for you when you do."

"Thud. Thud thud. Thud thud thud."
Keep calm. He's just trying to scare you. He likes to be in power, enjoys inflicting pain, likes thinking he has the upper hand, Hiro. Don't let him see he's affecting you. The words ran round and round in Hiro's mind, repeated over and over again in a bid to hide the real fear behind false bravado that Hiro couldn't afford to let slip. Not now, not before... Hiro returned the grin, eyes hard as they returned Inquisitor's hard stare. "I look forward to the challenge." He responded portraying a calm façade he was far from feeling.

Inquisitor's grin fell away, his eyes narrowing in response to the implied threat behind Hiro's words. Score: Five points – Hiro. Not about to leave it there, Inquisitor ran cold eyes down Hiro's body stopping at his ankle. "I see you managed to get the monitor off." He said smoothly, standing back up. "I'm sure it wasn't at all a painful experience." Those cold eyes shot back up boring into dim hazel eyes throwing a silent threat right back. Score: Ten points – Inquisitor.

Hiro bit his tongue, fighting his body's involuntary reaction to the memory of the pain that had coursed through him with the removal of the monitor. "Not at all." Hiro gave Inquisitor another grin, not about to let the man know that he'd managed to inflict pain onto Hiro even after Hiro's rescue. "All we needed was a scanner, some rubber, the right tools and two brilliant minds. Those traps you installed were child's play."

Inquisitor quirked a disbelieving eyebrow silently assessing Hiro. Hiro didn't even flinch. This was a battle of wills he was not about to lose. He couldn't afford to give himself away. There was too much riding on this for him to fail. "I see." Score: Seven points – Hiro. "I shall have to do something about that." With those words, Inquisitor turned and left leaving an awkward atmosphere behind.

Ignoring all the eyes staring at him, Hiro turned, swiveling his chair back around. Picking up a soldering iron he threw himself back into the project he'd been working on when he'd so rudely been interrupted. Lying on the table before him were several silver spheres, with chips and wires pouring out of them. The makings of an 'equalizer' for the time portal. Double entendre fully intended.
The Rubble or our Sins?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Rubble or our Sins?

*Click, click, tappity, tappity, tap, tap, tappity, click, tappity, tap, tap, tappity, click, click, tap.*

Tadashi's fingers flew across the keyboard and mouse rapidly retrieving, search results, saved files and print records. It had taken him three days to retrieve the data Hiro thought he had deleted when he'd formatted the drive. Three days of wasted time, three days of worry, anxiety and no small amount of anger. What on earth did Hiro think he was doing, running off like that?

Not wanting to worry Aunt Cass all over again, Tadashi and the gang had told her they were planning to visit Fred's family island to 'frolick'. They'd told her they had sent Hiro on ahead to give him time to relax a little while the rest of the gang took care of all the nitty gritty details before catching up to him. Tadashi had then packed some clothes and moved in with Wasabi so as to avoid further suspicion. He'd then thrown himself into retrieving the data Hiro so obviously didn't want them to see. All those hours of hard work were finally going to pay off.

Tadashi double clicked on a link, opening one of the articles Hiro had been reading just before he'd disappeared. He frowned. He double clicked on another link opening another page and then another and yet another. It just didn't make any sense. "Why is Hiro researching Alistair Krei and Krei Tech?" He finally asked, turning to face Wasabi.

Wasabi was silently peering over Tadashi's shoulder, taking in the data Tadashi had managed to retrieve. The rest of the gang were not far behind them, having rushed right over the moment Tadashi had informed them the data retrieval was almost complete. "I'm not really sure." Wasabi replied taking over from Tadashi.

*Click.*

Wasabi opened a video, viewing the news coverage of a charity Gala event held not so long ago. He paused the image when Alistair Krei was displayed on the screen. "Why is Hiro interested in a Gala event?"

"Hey!" Fred exclaimed bouncing up and down, pointing at the screen. "That news clip was playing on my TV the day Hiro came to ask me about his kidnapping. His face went all…" Fred dropped his jaw, staring blankly at the screen for a few moments in demonstration before continuing, "…and then he turned white as a ghost. I thought the little guy was going to pass out on me so I went to get him something to drink. He was gone by the time I got back!" Fred blinked suddenly realising everyone was staring at him. "What?"

"And you're only telling us this now because…?" Gogo prompted tapping her foot in impatience.

"I didn't realize that…" Fred indicated the PC screen, "… was the reason he looked so sick. I thought he was still recovering from his kidnapping." Fred declared defensively.

"That's the problem." Gogo snapped. "You don't really think. You rush to ridiculous conclusions and…"

"That's enough!" Tadashi interjected, forestalling further argument. "We can play the blame game
later. Right now we need to figure out where Hiro has gone so we can drag his sorry ass right back here and ground it for a month. I'm going to assume Hiro recognized someone in this clip and since it triggered a search on Alistair Krei I'm going to assume it's this guy." Tadashi pointed at Alistair Krei's driver. "He's the only one in the frame we can safely assume is directly linked to Alistair Krei."

Gogo sent Fred one last glare before looking at the screen, taking in the driver's features. "I can't believe Callaghan was right all along." She grumbled, vehemently glaring at the PC screen before her. "Alistair Krei is not be trusted."

"We don't know for certain Alistair Krei was involved." Wasabi stated meekly.

"Why would Hiro be researching the man so avidly if he wasn't involved?" Gogo demanded, this time glaring daggers at Wasabi.

Wasabi cringed but responded anyway. "Just because Hiro thinks the man's involved doesn't mean he is involved." He pointed out.

Pop. The daggers accompanying the sound were positively lethal, repressed aggression hanging thick in the air. One… two… three… "I never liked the man." Gogo spoke breaking the silence a long moment later. "He may not have been the one behind the showcase fire but it was his negligence and narrow mindedness that led to Abigail's disappearance. If he wasn't so focused on financial gain he wouldn't have rushed the project and Abigail wouldn't have been lost in the portal. If Abigail hadn't been lost in the portal Callaghan wouldn't have wanted revenge. It all boils down to greed and Alistair Krei has it in spades."

The silence that followed Gogo's outburst was heavy, filled with conflict, regret and pain broken only by a few soft clicks as Tadashi silently resumed the task of wading through all the data Hiro had retrieved before disappearing. Half an hour later, the puzzle pieces were starting to click into place. "Alistair Krei is in a lot of debt." Tadashi announced turning to face the gang once more. "On the surface he appears to be running a highly successful business but Hiro managed to find reference to several failed projects and connected lawsuits linked to Alistair Krei. He owes a lot of people compensation money."

"Then we made a mistake protecting Alistair Krei all those years ago." Honey Lemon said softly, sighing. "If we had let Callaghan take him down none of this would be happened."

"No." Tadashi shook his head. "At the time, saving Alistair Krei was the right thing to do. Two wrongs don't make a right. It is not our place to punish those we feel have wronged us. That is for the law to decide. Without it we would live in complete anarchy."

"But they hurt your little brother." Honey Lemon pointed out.

Tadashi flinched and turned back to the PC. "I know." He said softly. "And I'm going to make sure we apprehend them for that. Right after we retrieve that which is mine." He looked back up, sheer determination in his eyes.

"Don't we have to find him first?" Gogo asked, quirking an eyebrow up in question.

Tadashi double clicked on the last job listed in the printer queue, turning the screen so everyone could see what was displayed on it. "Hiro printed the architecture plans for Krei Tech's new laboratory in Los Anjo-shi. It looks like there is an unofficial underground level built beneath it, big enough to house a lab and maybe even a portal."
Gogo grinned at the news cracking her knuckles. "Pack your bags, guys." She said turning to head towards the doorway. "Looks like we're going to Los Anjo-shi."

"Fred?" Tadashi swiveled his chair.

"I'm on it." Fred interrupted before Tadashi could get any further, already bouncing up and down in sheer excitement, looking forward to the adventure that lay ahead. "I'll get Heathcliff to warm up the family jet." That said, he launched himself into a run, leaping up into the air as he exited the room. "Woo, hoo. We're off to take down a corporate power! How awesome is that? Scary! But awesome!"

The game was on.

Chapter End Notes

Tadashi: 'retrieve that which is mine'. O.O Possessive much?
I finally found it! A future in which I do not die. That future exists in the ghost lines. It's just a shadow, a faded reality of what could have been had Tadashi not died or perhaps it's something more… I followed many of the possibilities and all of them are fairly bleak. My chances of survival are slim no matter how I look at it but a slim chance is better than no chance. A slim chance is worth fighting for so that's what I'm going to do. It's not going to be easy and from the looks of things I'm not going to come out of this unscathed but I refuse to let them win.

They think they have me cornered, broken and trapped. They think they've already won but they don't know me. I'm a Hamada and a Hamada fights to the very bitter end, come hell or high water. We fight for what is right and I will be damned before I let them take that from me. He taught me that...

Tadashi is the one that taught me that and that is why I need him. I need him to keep me on the straight and narrow. I need him in my mind. I need him in my heart. I need him in my life. Failing the latter, I'll settle for the first two.

"We're here!" Gogo announced making her way towards the airplane door.

Tadashi closed the journal he'd been reading, slipping it back into the pouch connected to his suit. The pouch began at his right hip, curving around it to end just past the small of his back. He'd fitted it to his suit in order to carry the charges and smoke bombs they'd used when they'd initially rescued Hiro. Zipping it closed he stood and made his way over towards Gogo's side, joining her at the airplane door just as she threw it open.

Air rushed through the plane with a loud whoosh, immediately equalizing the pressure between the cabin and the air outside, bringing a surge of mist and clouds with it. Tadashi blinked, waiting a few moments before peering out, taking in the landscape before them. They were flying over a gorge, located not too far north of the city of Los Anjo-shi. The landscape was vast, wild and more than a little dangerous, covered in sand, rocks and shrubbery barely visible in the already fading light. The bedrock below was dry, the river that had once run through it but a memory on the vast scroll of history.

Lights twinkled in the distance, becoming brighter with each passing moment, coming to life beneath the darkening sky. They marked a beginning to the night life that would soon have the city of Los Anjo-shi in its grasp and an end to the hub-bub of the busy day that had just passed. A fitting time to start a mission that would change the very course the future was set to take.

Swiveling gracefully on one foot, Tadashi turned and made his way over to Baymax, fully armored and prepared for the mission ahead. Springing up, he grabbed hold of the hand holds Hiro had installed into Baymax's armour, securing his hands before sliding his feet into the accompanying foot holds, engaging the magnets to keep him in place. "Alright guys. Let's go get my boneheaded brother back." Tadashi declared, sheer determination in his eyes.

Honey Lemon and Gogo climbed up beside him and Fred grabbed hold of Baymax's left arm.
Wasabi did not move. Tadashi turned to face him in question. "Still terrified of heights so I don't love this." Wasabi grumbled hesitating a moment longer before reluctantly grabbing onto the other arm, clenching his eyes tightly closed as he did so. "Okay, I'm ready."

"Let's go, Baymax." Tadashi gave the command the moment he was certain Wasabi was secure, not giving his friend time to back out. Leaning in closer, he hugged Baymax's body in order to streamline their flight path, heart beating a rapid rhythm in his throat as Baymax obeyed his order. There was no turning back now. Not for Wasabi, not for him, not for anyone.

Baymax made his way to the door and threw himself out of the airplane, leaning into the free fall. A moment of weightlessness embraced the group, the sounds of the aircraft fading away as they tumbled down, surrounded by wind, clouds and rushing air. One one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand, four one thousand… "Baymax! Any time now!" Wasabi called out, clinging to Baymax in sheer terror.

"Engaging thrusters." Baymax announced a split later, launching them forward. Free of the aircraft, Baymax began to weave through the sky, flying dangerously close to but easily avoiding, cliff faces, rocky outcrops and stone pillars. Easily orientating himself he headed straight towards the newly installed glass complex built within the heart of the largest gap in the canyon.

"Wooo-hooo!" Fred fisted the air, the ensuing rush of adrenaline making him giddy with excitement. Rushing air, high speed and Baymax's graceful flow filled him with a surge of joy and freedom second to nothing else he'd ever experienced. "We're off! Commence, Operation, Fredzilla to the Rescue!"

"How many times do I have to tell you we're not calling this, or any other mission - Fredzilla to the Rescue?" Gogo called down to him, scowling behind her mask. "Not now. Not Ever." Fred's naming conventions were both ridiculous and unimaginative and she really wished he'd take a break from them.

"You have a better idea?" Fred asked, almost daring her to change the name. Gogo was usually the last person to volunteer names for their missions. She was often of the opinion than naming the missions was a complete waste of time. Honey Lemon was indifferent. Wasabi took too long to settle one he liked and Fred, well Fred was Fred. So it was that most of their previous mission names had come from Hiro.

Fred's dare was, however, a dare Gogo was not afraid to take on for a change. She glanced at Tadashi, silently noting his focus on the task at hand. That single minded focus was a trait she'd always admired even if it was more often set on getting Hiro out of trouble than anything else. Tadashi was once again wearing his black suit, amber lines emphasizing the toning his martial arts training had given him. A suit he'd built specifically to save Hiro. He was strong, resolved and fiercely determined to get back at those that had hurt his baby brother. Which is why this operation, like the one that came before, belonged solely to him.

"Operation Sunfire Strikes Back."
Background noise came and went, barely registering in Hiro's mind as he made final adjustments to the spheres scattered on his table. Once his confrontation with Inquisitor was over, he'd easily slipped into a routine, comfortably shutting out the other researches as he buried himself into the project at hand. He didn't ask for help, didn't offer help and went out of his way to avoid engaging anyone else. It was easier that way. Easier to hide, easier to keep his secrets.

Inquisitor checked on him every two hours, turning up to silently threaten him with his presence. The man hoped to catch Hiro out but Hiro was on to him and wasn't about to fail. Not after all the time and effort he'd already invested into the risky plan he'd hastily formulated upon realizing Alistair Krei was behind everything. Hiro ignored Inquisitor, fighting to maintain his casual façade. He pretended to be deep in formulas and calculations every time Inquisitor made an appearance. Inquisitor didn't like it but Hiro's shift in status, from captive to valued employee, meant he was powerless to do anything about it. It was a fragile balance that likely wouldn't last much longer.

Flicker.

A flicker of movement caught Hiro's attention, drawing his gaze to the security monitors that occupied the left wall. Was it his imagination or was the shadow on one of the monitors moving? Hiro glanced around the lab noting that no one else was paying the monitors any mind. Not all that surprising seeing as they were a new addition to the lab and were not fully functional yet. Alistair Krei wasn't expecting trouble to find his new facility so quickly.

Dropping the screwdriver he'd been using, Hiro stood and casually walked over towards the wall silently willing the other researchers to pay no attention to him. Reaching his destination, he pulled open one of the cabinet drawers, pretending to look for some part he needed while surreptitiously peering at the screen that had initially caught his attention. The shadow was moving.

Hiro frowned, staring at the screen as the shadow crept closer towards the camera staying well in the shadows, indistinct and hidden from view to anyone not particularly looking for it. Finally reaching the camera, the shadow reached up, momentarily coming into clear view before vanishing out of sight. The monitor flickered, replacing the actual image that was being displayed with what could only be a pre-recorded loop. That split second was all Hiro needed to identify it. He'd registered a dark figure wearing a black suit that could only contain amber finishing and two steps behind it, slipping out of the shadows was Baymax.

"Damn it, Tadashi." Hiro cussed on a breath rushing to his desk and the silver spheres he'd abandoned there. If Baymax was here that meant the rest of the team was here. If the rest of the team was here that meant Tadashi had managed to retrieve the data Hiro had wiped faster than Hiro had anticipated which in turn meant Hiro had run out of time. "Couldn't you give me two more days?" Snatching up the spheres he turned and ran towards the console that controlled the time portal.

Flicking a few switches he activated the portal before lifting a pipe and smashing the console locking the switches into place. "Hey! What do you think you're doing?" One of the other researchers called out, rushing towards the console. Ignoring the outcry, Hiro turned and ran towards the doorway linking their lab-space with the area that housed the now active portal, running through it before
anyone could even think about stopping him.

That is when he encountered something he had not expected to see. Standing near the platform that led up to the portal were Inquisitor and Alistair Krei. Not about to be deterred Hiro put on an extra burst of speed heading straight towards the platform before they could intercept and cut him off.

Riiiiiiing, Beep, Riing Ring, Beep.

A series of alarms and bells went off alerting everyone in the facility to a breech in security. People rushed towards camera's looking for the cause of the alarm but the camera's remained blank, the looping video hiding the actual chaos from those not involved.

Clap, slap, clang.

Hiro's feet finally connected with the metal of the platform. He'd made it. He'd beaten Inquisitor and Alistair Krei to it and now nothing stood between him and the open portal. He was home free, just a few steps away from making it across the threshold only he never made it. Half way across the platform he tripped and fell carried forward by the weight of the person that had thrown themselves and grabbed him from behind. "I told you I'd be waiting for you to screw up." Inquisitor whispered into his ear just as his body connected with the cold metal about two meters short of the portal.

Riiiiiiing, Beep, Riing Ring, Beep.

The alarms continued to blare.

Clang, Clang, Clang.

Steady footsteps approached.

Clap, Clap, Clap.

Someone clapped.

"Nice try," Alistair Krei commented calmly, completely unaffected by the chaos that had surrounded him mere moments before. "Though I'm not really sure what it is you hoped to achieve. The portal is connected to the Ice Age. I'm not sure you can do anything to stop us from there." Alistair Krei crouched down to peer at Hiro. "Or are you simply trying to escape?"

"Just trying to keep you on your toes." Hiro retorted panting and fighting against the panic that coursed through his blood.

Alistair quirked an eyebrow before standing and straightening his suit. "I figured you weren't really behind our cause which is why I asked Gerald here," He nodded towards Inquisitor, "to keep an eye on you. In case you should do something unexpected. Though I honestly thought you were smarter than this." Alistair frowned up at the date displayed on the portal. "No matter. Gerald, you know what to do," Alistair turned and began to head away from Hiro, Gerald?! and the portal. He only made it half way across the platform when a new voice joined in the fray.

"Let go of my brother!"

Standing in the doorway to the portal room was a figure clothed in black, amber lines glowing bright as they defined his every muscle. In his hand was a flickering amber flame.
Chapter Notes

I rewrote a large portion of this chapter in an attempt to make the action scenes better. As a result it is also almost twice as long as it originally was. Here is hoping I succeeded in writing a semi-decent action scene.

Let Me In

Swish.

The soft sound of the cable activating was swallowed by the wind, it's presence but a whisper enveloped by the elements in which it existed. A dark figure clung to the end of the grappling hook, hiding in the shadows created by the mountains and the setting sun as he climbed down the building.

Click.

Arriving at his destination he activated the breaks, feet connecting softly with the glass pane beneath them. Removing a pin, line and glass cutter from the pouch resting against the small of his back, he carefully set to work. Sliding the tool smoothly across the glass he cut a large hole into the window he'd selected before carefully swinging through the opening. Releasing the grappling hook, he landed softly on his feet, silent as a cat. All those years of martial arts training were finally paying off.
"Ok. I'm in." Tadashi whispered into the communicator before carefully creeping towards the shadows cast by the sun. "Approaching the target."

"Be careful, man." Fred whispered back. "This is our only chance. This camera is the only one with a blind spot and you don't have much time before the night vision kicks in."

"I know." Tadashi whispered back, slipping into the shadows and pressing himself against the wall. "I'm the one that identified it, remember?"

"Stop distracting him, Fred." Gogo interjected, joining the conversation. "He has enough to concentrate on without adding a conversation with you to the list."

"I was only telling him to be careful." Fred pointed out.

"And distracting him from the task at hand." Gogo said.

"Guys… guys." Tadashi cut in on a loud whisper. "I'm trying to concentrate here."

"Sorry." Gogo and Fred chorused together, ending their impromptu argument.

Tadashi continued to creep towards the camera, encased in silence once more. Three meters… Two meters… One meter… There, he was in range. Now for the hard part, clipping on the interference device Wasabi had designed without being spotted. Tadashi paused and closed his eyes silently counting to ten before carefully reaching up to clip a small black device onto the camera, moving as quickly as he could. The device was programmed to access the entire security camera network the moment it came into contact with any of the cameras located in it. "Got it." He announced, slipping back into the shadows.
His declaration was followed by a few seconds of silence before Wasabi's voice came across the intercom. "I'm in. I'm looping last night's data." He confirmed just as Tadashi spotted a familiar figure in the shadows behind him. "Baymax? I thought I told you to wait outside?" Tadashi exclaimed in distress rushing over towards the healthcare companion.

"I have detected the presence of my primary patient." Baymax declared tilting his head. "My principle code dictates that I find him in order to ensure his continued well-being."

"Yes but you've just run the risk of our presence being dis…covered." Tadashi groaned in defeat when a series of alarms began to blare throughout the complex. "Oh no!" He face-palmed. There went their idea of slipping in unnoticed. All that work for nothing. Glaring up at the device on the camera and all their wasted efforts, he turned and headed straight into the complex no longer trying to get by unseen. "Let's go guys!"

"We'll be right there." Gogo grabbed hold of the rope attached to the grappling hook Tadashi has used to enter the facility and began her decent, Honey Lemon and Fred, hot on her heels. Wasabi remained on the rooftop, monitoring the team from his laptop. "Uh… guys… I don't know what triggered the alarms but I don't think it was us."

"What do you mean it wasn't us?" Tadashi demanded not waiting for the rest of the team as he exited the room the camera was in. He was not surprised to see a guard patrolling the hallway. The guard was, however, surprised to see him and that moment of surprise was all that Tadashi needed. Ducking down he twisted his body and propelled himself forward, punching the guard directly beneath his chin. The guard's head snapped back and he fell to the ground, unconscious.

"I mean exactly that. There is a camera in the main security room and the guys in there look very confused. They are staring at all their monitors trying to figure out where the warnings are coming from. They didn't trigger the alarms." Wasabi explained, rapidly browsing through the data flowing into his laptop from the network their device now had access to. "It looks like the alarms were triggered from one of the underground labs."

"Dammit Hiro!" Tadashi cussed softly beneath his breath putting on an extra burst of speed. "What have you gotten yourself into this time?" Tadashi sprinted around a corner and all but threw himself down the stairs before rushing through a door on the bottom level. He was heading directly towards the red dot that was flashing on his visor. Tadashi had programmed the map of the facility along with the secret entrances to the underground labs into their gear.

"There are three guards coming at you from the right." Wasabi announced, the soft tap of keys accompanying his voice as his fingers continued to fly across the keyboard.

"Copied." Tadashi replied, turning to face the oncoming guards that were rushing towards him from a passage that branched off to the right.

"Halt or we'll shoot." One of the guards called out. All three shifted into defensive stances and pointed small caliber guns directly at Tadashi's chest.

Tadashi didn't even hesitate. He continued to run directly towards them, trusting his armor to hold up against the assault. Bullets ricocheted off of his armored plating, embedding themselves into the walls. Fresh plaster, crumbled to the ground, filling the air with dust. Lights shattered and went out, glass flying through the air and still he continued his approach. The moment Tadashi reached the guards, punches began to fly. Tadashi kicked one of the guards in the gut before whirling to punch another across the cheek. The butt of a gun glanced off his shoulder, the weapon tumbling to the ground with a loud clatter and then all hell broke loose. All three guards
threw themselves at Tadashi with a vengeance, returning his trained blows with trained ones of their own; the fight dirty and angry in the close quarters of the small corridor the altercation was taking place in. One of the guards managed to land a hard kick to the back of Tadashi's knees propelling him forward face first towards the ground only he never managed land. The kick was followed by a particularly rough punch that connected with head with a satisfying crack. Tadashi's head snapped back into a wall and darkness flashed before his eyes.

At that moment, a stray thought flickered through his mind. Perhaps he was outnumbered and outclassed? Perhaps he was going to fail here… No! Failure was not an option. He was here to save his brother, and there was no way he was going to let a few stray guards stand in his way. Shaking off the dizziness that had accompanied the wave of darkness that had flickered before his eyes, Tadashi reached down to the ground with his hands to steady himself and flicked his lower body up into the air. The heel of his right leg connected with one of the guard's chest and sent him flying into the air, his momentum halted by the wall on the other side of the corridor. Taking advantage of the opening he'd managed to create, Tadashi flipped and landed back on his feet twisting round in search of his next opponent only to be disappointed. A bright yellow flash of movement had joined the fray and was effectively keeping the other two guards away from Tadashi. "Go." Gogo ordered, throwing a bright yellow disc into the air. "I've got this."

Nodding in gratitude, Tadashi turned and continued down the passageway, tearing open the third door on the left. Stumbling into what appeared to be a janitor's closet, he headed straight for the wall that had been marked on the plans Hiro had retrieved and began to run his fingers over it, desperately searching for some kind of opening. "Come on, come on, where is it, where is it?" Tadashi muttered in frustration, prodding random corners on the wall.

"You are exhibiting the signs of severe panic and distress." Baymax announced, waddling into the room mere moments after Tadashi. "You have also sustained a minor injury to your head. Recommended treatment…"

"Not now, Baymax." Tadashi snapped, still desperately tracing the contours of the wall before him. "We need to find the opening to the underground lab. Hiro's in there and I'm not leaving without him. Where is it, where is the release switch? Where the hell is it!?" Tadashi punched the wall in sheer frustration, all the desperation he felt adding enough force to the blow to leave a mark on the wall. Tadashi was on the verge of giving up.

Baymax watched Tadashi for a moment, processing the various parameters of the current situation they were in. Tadashi was exhibiting severe signs of distress. He was showing the signs of a mild concussion and was not receptive to Baymax's attempts to administer the required care. They were in a dangerous situation. Guards were approaching them from the outside and his primary patient was located on the other side of the wall Tadashi was desperately trying to get past. All factors taken into consideration Baymax made his decision. He waddled back a few steps before raising an arm and directing it at the wall.

"Initiating Rocket Fist"

"It is highly recommended that you move away from that wall." Baymax continued, compartments opening around the fist of his armor.

Tadashi scrambled out of the way, rushing to Baymax's side just as the healthcare companion launched the rocket fist at the wall, opening up a large hole in it, to reveal a staircase leading further down.

Tadashi waited just long enough for the majority of the rubble to finish tumbling down before gracefully running through the newly created gap, heading straight down the stairs. The rhythmic
clang behind him informed him that Baymax was close behind. "Baymax! Where is Hiro?" Tadashi asked as his feet connected with the concrete at the base of the stairs.

"Second door to your right and then the first to your left." Baymax answered, projecting a green dot onto the map still displayed on Tadashi's visor.

"Got it, buddy. Thanks." Tadashi raced down the corridor, tracking his progress on the interactive map before him. They were nearly there. Hiro was nearly in his grasp. Nothing and no one would stand in his way. The second door on his right parted smoothly to grant him entry, and he ran straight through it, not even pausing to look, let alone think. Two steps in, he realized he was surrounded by men and women in lab coats, all gaping at him in shock and surprise.

Silently reprimanding himself for running in without first assessing the situation he might be entering Tadashi quickly rectified the situation. Still running, he ran his eyes across the lab, taking in all the necessary details at a glance, his mind mapping the easiest route to his destination. Not through but over. Ignoring the walkways between the various desks and equipment in the room, Tadashi threw himself up and over a table, in order to avoid crossing paths with the majority of the people in the lab. "Baymax, keep them busy. I'm going after Hiro."

Baymax obeyed, turning to engage the researchers in the lab. Drawing on the information in the fighting database Hiro has installed, Baymax proceeded to knock people out in order to grant Tadashi free access to the second doorway.

Tadashi flew over the table, balancing his weight on his right arm as he easily kicked his legs over. He landed gracefully on the other side. Continuing his forward momentum he headed towards the room Hiro was in only to have his access blocked by a tall blond man in a lab coat.

"Oh no, you don't." Tadashi growled. He dropped down onto his haunches before launching himself into a diagonal leap, using the momentum of his jump to increase the force of his kick, his left leg connecting with the man's knees. The man crashed to the ground. Ignoring the man's pained breath, Tadashi leapt over him and ran towards the second doorway once again not even bothering to assess the situation he was throwing himself into. That decision did not seem to matter.

Shock.

Time slowed.

Terror.

Tadashi stumbled to a halt.

Disbelief.

He'd entered a large lab space, mostly empty with the exception of a large ring hanging over a large circular pit that was at least two stories deep. A thin metal walkway connected the metal ring to the main floor space of the lab. The rest of the space was empty. It was a strange layout for a lab but none of that really mattered because it was the scene playing out on the steel walkway that truly captured Tadashi's attention.

Hiro was pinned to the ground by the man in the video Tadashi had found on Hiro's machine and walking away from the scene as if nothing were amiss was Alistair Krei. The nonchalance exhibited by those abusing his brother set Tadashi's blood boiling, fire and anger twisting in his gut. How dare they? How dare they treat his brother this way? Suddenly consumed by heat and flickering anger, Tadashi raised an arm, triggering a switch. An amber flame burst into life, dancing, twisting heat,
echoing the flame within as he prepared himself for the confrontation ahead.

"Let go of my brother!"
"What is this?" Alistair Krei paused, calmly turning to face the new threat that had appeared before him. "Some kind of family business?" He ran his eyes over Tadashi, completely unfazed as he turned to direct his next statement at Hiro. "I thought your brother was dead."

"Thud. Thud thud. Thud."

Hiro's heart beat a rapid rhythm in his chest, his suspicions confirmed by the words the dark figure had directed at them. The new Hero that had joined his team, the one that had rescued him from the previous lab, really was Tadashi as he'd suspected. Hiro wasn't really sure how he felt about the fact and the implications that came with it. Tadashi was never supposed to find out about Big Hero 6, never mind join the group but that was neither here nor there. They had more urgent matters to deal with. "You really should have taken a look at those photographs you used to threaten me." Hiro retorted.

Alistair Krei narrowed his eyes, not liking Hiro's cocky tone. "It would do you well to remember you place. You aren't exactly in a position to be showing me defiance." He said, taking a step back towards Gerald. "Just one word from me and Gerald can easily dispose of you before your brother..." The word was filled with contempt, "can even take two steps to save you."

Gerald got up off of Hiro, pulled him up and shoved him towards the slim barrier that was built into the suspended walkway. The silent threat in the gesture was crystal clear to everyone in the room.

"I'll kill you if you hurt my brother!" Tadashi yelled taking a few steps forward only to stumble to a halt when Krei turned back to face him, lifting a single finger as he spoke. "I wouldn't come any closer if I were you." Alistair's tone was icy cold. "You won't make it here before your brother falls to his death. Besides, I have this." Alistair Krei lifted his other hand revealing the remote he'd pulled from his pocket. Quirking a single brow, he flicked the switch on it awakening the black mass that lay beside the entrance to the lab.

"Tadashi!" Hiro yelled, struggling to escape Gerald's grasp, fear and anxiety coursing through him at the danger Tadashi now faced. "Get away from the door! They're programmed to protect the door!" The warning came too late. The micro-bot swarm shot forward, the mass pulsing, swirling and twisting before tumbling down to engulf the lone figure that had come to rescue him. The pale amber flame flickering in the palm of Tadashi's hand died out a split second before his figure was buried beneath the swarm. "Tadashi!" The cry was pained, ragged and torn, filled with renewed grief and terror as Hiro relived his worst nightmare, this time in the form of a dark pulsing mass instead of bright amber flames. He should never have invented them. His micro-bots were yet again tearing Tadashi away from him and causing the loss of that which he held most dear...

Only... this time... would be different...

This time, he refused to simply standby and let it happen. This time, he would save Tadashi or die trying. Twisting in Gerald's arms, Hiro swung one of his legs back, connecting with Gerald's shins just as Honey Lemon, Gogo, Baymax and Fred entered the lab, their late arrival a result of engaging the security guards that would have prevented Tadashi from heading straight towards Hiro. That's
when all hell broke loose.

"Super jump!" A green Kaiju monster leaped high into the air. "Flaming breath of fury!" Bright amber flames escaped his mouth and engulfed the black swarm. "Boo-ya!" The flames flickered over their skin and died out, not even leaving as much as a trace of damage. The Kaiju monster didn't even hesitate, immediately changing tactics, when his first attack failed to produce the desired result. "Gravity fist" He tumbled down reaching out with a clawed hand to crush any micro-bots in his way.

Baymax, Gogo and Honey Lemon joined the fray. A bright red shape danced gracefully in the air, blocking punching, twisting and turning. A yellow blur streaked across the floor, disks flying and bouncing off of walls, slicing paths through the micro-bot swarm. Each throw was carefully calculated to ricochet off of the walls at exactly the right angle, allowing the yellow blur to coordinate her movements with their projected path, gracefully catching them only to launch them into the air once more. Purple goo sprung up from the ground, encased stray bots and halted their progress. The trapped bots were then covered by a light spray that instantly turned them pink before vanishing in a puff of pink dust. Everyone was fighting, giving their all for what they believed in, giving their all to protect one another and Hiro was not about to be left behind.

Hiro tucked his head into his chest, curled in on himself and kicked the ground beneath him, using the momentum he'd gained from lashing out at Gerald's shins to throw them off balance. The unexpected motion forced Gerald to stumble forward in a bid to keep his balance but the effort was in vein. Hiro's sudden movement had caught Gerald completely off guard and he was quickly trapped in the momentum it had gained. Gerald flew over Hiro's head, losing his grip on Hiro's arms a mere moment before falling head first onto the steel platform. The blow knocked him clean out.

Free once more, Hiro leaped up glancing back at the battle that continued to rage in the doorway to the lab. A flicker of admiration coursed through him at the scene that was playing out before him. The micro-bot swarm was in chaos. Some of the pieces were trapped in goo, some were nothing more than pink dust, others were lying shattered upon the ground and others still smoldered beside their crushed companions. It was a scene of utter devastation and standing in the center of the remaining chaos; no longer buried by the darkness from above; was Tadashi, alive and well.


*Tadashi was ok!*

Suddenly giddy with glee, Hiro turned and started to run once more, easily leaping over Gerald's prone from. He was heading back towards the portal, his original mission once again in the forefront of his mind. The battle was not over yet. Hiro still had one last thing to take care of.

"Get back here!" Alistair Krei cried out in desperation. Realizing he no longer held the upper hand, he turned to run after Hiro, hoping to catch him but it was too late. Gerald was down for the count and Alistair was too far away catch up.

Hiro was home free.

Two meters…

One point five…

Jackpot!

The moment Hiro was half a meter away, he twisted his body and swung his right arm back. Drawing on all the knowledge he'd gained watching baseball on television, Hiro then flung it
forward, releasing the handful of silver spheres he'd somehow managed not to lose during his altercation. The silver spheres flew through the air, shining and shimmering in the artificial light that illuminated the lab, gleaming silver, white and finally… blue. They reflected the pale blue light emitted by the portal for but a moment before slipping through it, vanishing out of sight.

Alistair Krei stumbled to a halt the moment the spheres were out of sight, staring after them in sheer disbelief. His mind fought to make sense of what had just occurred, posing the obvious question when it came up blank. "What did you just do?" Alistair Krei whispered, the chaos that had filled the lab mere moments before pausing as everyone turned to look at the scene playing in front of the portal gate.

Hiro pulled an object out of his pocket holding it up for all to see. It was a remote control, much like the one Alistair had used to activate the micro-bots that had attacked Tadashi and the team. It was a seemingly innocuous object and a silent threat, its purpose as yet unknown. "You know, someone told me something really interesting." Hiro said nonchalantly, momentarily glancing back at Gerald before returning his gaze to Alistair Krei. "Even though people can't reliably be sent into the portal without incurring some kind of harm, radio waves can." Hiro grinned and flicked the switch, watching the dawning horror in Alistair Krei's eyes.

"Click."

The portal shut down.

"What did you just do?!!" Alistair repeated, the question filled with dread. His mind was still trying to deny the facts that lay before him. The portal couldn't be closed. His experiment couldn't be over. There was no way he'd been outsmarted by an arrogant, snarky mouthed teenager that couldn't even tame his own hair, let alone survive the shark pool that was the world of business Alistair Krei had ruled over his entire career…

"I made sure you will never be able to open the time portal again." Hiro said, his tone icy cold. "Those spheres are designed to pick up and nullify wireless signals. They will detect any attempt to open the portal and nullify the incoming signal before the time space continuum can register it. Oh and in case you're hoping their battery power runs out, I designed them to be self-sustaining. I built in an electro-magnetic core that will keep them in motion in relation to one another. Their batteries are designed to use the kinetic energy generated in order to recharge. It's over."

It's over.

The arrogant child before him was telling Alistair it was over. The cocky little snit before him had actually managed to ruin Alistair's experiment and with it his life but he'd be damned if he was going down alone. "It's not over!" Alistair Krei yelled, launching himself at Hiro in rage.

"Honey Lemon, now!" Tadashi called out.

Honey Lemon dropped a violet orb releasing rush of violet powder into the air upon impact. Fred, Gogo, Honey Lemon and Tadashi leapt out of the way, avoiding the dust that was quickly encasing the micro-bots that were still active. An amber flame flickered back to life on the palm of Tadashi's hand dancing in his palm for a mere moment before shooting forward into the air, painting a bright amber line as it moved forward. The amber turning bright white before filling the lab with a whooshing sound. The unique chemical compounds of Tadashi's flame reacted with the violet powder, triggering a series of contained miniature explosions that obliterated the remaining micro-bots clearing the path to the scuffle taking place on the narrow steel platform before them.

Alistair Krei had Hiro in his grasp and was wrestling with him in a bid to gain control of the remote
Hiro still held. Hiro was fighting back with everything he had, twisting, kicking and biting in an attempt to pull free but the strain of everything that had occurred finally caught up to him. Hiro's foot slipped when he stepped around Alistair Krei's legs in order to throw the man to the ground. He lost his balance and slipped over the thin railing that stood between safety and the large pit below. Momentum, gravity and weight worked against him, tearing Hiro from Alistair's precarious grasp and he tumbled to the ground, weightlessness an enemy once more.

"Hiro!" Tadashi cried out, throwing himself forward, desperate to prevent the tragedy that was unfolding. He had to do something, anything to help his little brother but there was nothing he could do. Baymax caught Tadashi just as he threw himself over the edge of the pit in a bid to join his brother and Tadashi was forced to watch in horror as Hiro's slim body connected with the ground, the sound of the impact reverberating through the room.

Crack.

Chapter End Notes

Please don't hate me. This is the price Hiro has to pay to preserve the changed timeline.
I Could Scream Forever

Chapter Notes

This chapter didn't exist in the original draft but after reading one of my reader's reviews several chapters ago, I realized this wasn't actually a moment I could skip so I went back and wrote it to fill in the gap. It turned out to be a lot more heart wrenching than I imaged T_T

I Could Scream Forever

Crack.

Ice coursed through his veins, disbelief freezing him in place as his mind fought to come to terms with the facts before it. This couldn't be happening. This was a dream, a nightmare from which he would wake to find himself back in the past, back to the day of the showcase, back to when his life still made sense. He would be alive again and his brother would be whole, safe and sound, planning escape routes to nightly bot fights. His reality would be warm, familiar and normal instead of this heated hell where his brother lay bleeding and broken upon the ground...

But life didn't work that way. All the wishes and dreams in the world couldn't change the harsh face of reality. The nightmare before him was all too real and there was only one person to blame.

Tadashi glanced up, angry dark amber eyes clashing with ice cold blue as he faced the root cause of the situation he now found himself in. His fault! Everything that had come to pass since the showcase fire could be traced right back to him yet he continued to remain unharmed while innocents paid the price for his arrogance in his stead. Flames came to life all over his body, flickering over the surface of his suit, appearing to encase him in flames that danced, twisted and sang in response to his sudden thirst for revenge. Heat rushed through the air, outwardly echoing the raging intensity within. Chemicals glowed, a moment passed and then all hell broke loose. Tadashi twisted out of Baymax's grasp and threw himself into a sprint, his feet barely making a sound on the concrete floor. He dodged the remnants of flickering flames and leaped over scattered debris with only a single goal in mind. Get to Alistair Krei. He had, after all, a promise to keep. Tadashi was nothing if not a man of his word.

I'll kill you if you hurt my brother.

Alistair Krei was to blame. For all of it. He was responsible for the loss of Callaghan's daughter which had led to the good natured Professors downward spiral into madness and ultimately Tadashi's death in a showcase fire. He was responsible for Hiro's kidnapping and the suffering his brother had to endure while in captivity and now he was responsible for Hiro's broken body, lying still and lifeless at the bottom of a dark pit. Alistair Krei was the root cause of all of it and the time had come... The time had come for someone to ensure that he suffered the consequences of his own actions for a change.

Something in Tadashi's eyes, or perhaps in his body language gave him away and revealed his intent to his prey. One moment Alistair Krei was calmly returning the intensity of Tadashi's gaze and the next he was off, a loud clang echoing through the open space with each step that connected with the metal walkway.
Alistair was running, desperately fleeing for his life in a bid to escape the flaming fury of the dark angel of vengeance that was now seeking his blood. Unfortunately for him, he couldn't even begin to hope to be fast enough. Tadashi was on him before he even managed to step off the suspended steel platform.

Clap.

Searing pain coursed through him the moment Tadashi's fist connected with his cheek, causing the screaming panic in his mind to rise to new heights. The flickering flames that continued to dance on the outer layer of Tadashi's suit, seared his skin filling the air with he acrid scent of burning hair and skin. Instinctively reacting to the pain, Alistair raised his arms to cover his face only to open himself up even even more pain, fresh blows landing on his chest, right shoulder and abdomen adding the scent of charred fabric to the acrid scent already permeating his presence. A blow to the back of his knees threw him off balance and all too soon Alistair found himself on the ground, staring up and the burning demon that had come to take his life. "I told you. I'd kill you if you hurt him." Tadashi said, the intensity of the flames in his hands rising ever higher with each word, a stark contrast to the icy calm that Tadashi used to deliver his threat.

"No, no, you can't!" Alistair protested, quivering in fear, the realization that he was completely powerless lending credence to the true terror that had him in its grasp. The dark hatred he could see in Tadashi's eyes reminded him of a similar confrontation he'd endured just over three years ago. Ignoring the foreboding sense of déjà vu that washed over him, he continued, "Please... let me go. I'll give you anything you want." And with those words his fate was sealed.

"I want my brother back." Tadashi snarled, moving to shove the raging inferno, that now flickered in the palms of his hands, directly into Alistair Krei's chest.

"Tadashi! No!" The outcry was lost in the heat of the moment, completely irrelevant in the face of a decision Tadashi had already made. Alistair Krei was going to pay for what he'd done to Hiro and no one was going to stop him.

Clang.

Instead of connecting with soft flesh as expected, Tadashi's palm connected with something hard, cold and metallic. Caught off guard, Tadashi lost control of the chemicals he was controlling in order to encase himself in flames. Stray flames, twisted, flickered and danced and flared white for a moment before completely dying out. A bright red armored hand was blocking him from connecting with Alistair Krei's chest. "This course of action is detrimental to your mental health." Baymax informed him closing his hand around Tadashi's effectively preventing him from reigniting the flames that had covered his suit mere moments before. "Revenge will do you more harm than good. Recommended course of action: Take him into custody and allow the authorities to decide his fate."

"Let go of me." Tadashi ordered not even registering the new set of footsteps that had joined them on the walkway.

"I cannot comply."

"Cannot comply or won't comply?" Tadashi demanded, the embers of rage not yet extinguished from his heart. "I'm your creator and I command you to let go of me so I can make good on the promise I made before he decided to hurt what is mine!"

"I will not comply." Baymax replied, correcting himself. "This is not what Hiro would want."

"It doesn't matter what Hiro wants!" Tadashi yelled, his surge of anger finally finding a verbal outlet.
"Hiro is gone and this man is the one that took him from me!"

"Hiro is here." Baymax said, turning to face the lifeless figure on the floor before turning back to blink at Tadashi. "And he needs you."

Hiro is here.

Baymax's words echoed through Tadashi's mind, stirring the deep seated pain and grief that he'd been ignoring in favor of the rage that had gotten him this far. Hiro was still there, lying on the ground, broken and alone and Tadashi hadn't even bothered to see if there was anything he could still perhaps do to save him. "Hiro isn't dead?" Tadashi asked, voicing his worst fear for the first time since this entire confrontation had begun. Somewhere in the back of his mind he'd convinced himself Hiro had died in the fall and he had nothing left to lose but if Hiro was still alive then that would mean there was still hope and where there was still hope…

"Hiro has sustained severe injuries." Baymax informed him, unable to lie. "But his pulse is still strong, even though it's a little erratic."

His pulse is still strong. Hiro still had a heartbeat. He was still clinging to life and Tadashi was wasting what little time he had trying to hurt Krei instead of trying to help his brother. "Yo, man, I've got him." Fred's voice broke into Tadashi's chaotic thoughts grounding him once more. Fred was kneeling over Krei holding him face down with his arms behind his back. "Go check on Hiro."

Tadashi would never know how Fred had managed to slip past both him and Baymax and incapacitate Krei in the time Tadashi was dealing with his moral dilemma but it didn't matter. Tadashi had more important things to take care of.

*I've got him. Go check on Hiro.*

Those seven words were all it took to drain all the heated anger out of him. Fred had control of the situation with Krei. He would make sure the man got what he deserved and Tadashi was now free to focus on the thing he should have been focusing on in the first place. "Baymax, please…" Tadashi licked suddenly dry lips, fighting the tears that threatened to escape now that he no longer had anger to stem their flow, "P… please… t.. take me to him."

"As you wish." Baymax replied, gently lifting Tadashi into his arms before flying over towards Hiro's prone form.
Until You Die for Me

He'd been here before. Surrounded by white walls, soft whispers and antiseptic scents. The same. All of it was the same. The grief, the sorrow, death waiting in the wings, right down to the ticking of the clock in the waiting room only this time he didn't care. The clock, the waiting room and the people in it were but a figment of reality with no meaning to him. Tadashi was devastated.

He was lost. Lost within memories of helplessness, disbelief and failure. He'd lost touch with reality the moment Hiro connected with the ground, only vaguely aware of the chaos that had continued on around him. The fight had continued, flashes of light and color in the background, warped sound and acrid scents but it hadn't mattered. The earth could have ended and Tadashi wouldn't have noticed.

His confrontation with Alistair Krei was not something he was proud of. He'd been so filled with anger and despair that he'd been willing to kill the man and the shame that moment of weakness had brought would stay with him for the rest of his life. It had brought home just how easy it was to lose sight of ones morals and just how human he really was.

Baymax had carried him over towards Hiro's prone form, gently placing him beside his brother before gently warning him not to move him. Hiro's injuries were severe and it was 'inadvisable' to move him without professional assistance. The professional assistance had arrived thirty seven minutes later. The paramedics carefully loaded Hiro onto a stretcher before rushing him upstairs onto the roof, placing him into the emergency helicopter that had landed there. The helicopter had left, leaving Tadashi and the team behind. Staying behind had been the hardest thing Tadashi had ever had to do but he had a secret to protect and a promise to honor. He would protect the team his brother had fought so hard to create.

Cold. It was so very cold, dark metal slipping between his fingers, moving across his flesh, chaffing, agitating and cutting his skin as he absently played with the bracelet on his wrist. Hiro had created it, somehow placing it on his wrist without Tadashi's knowledge; where it had remained; an enigma to be solved. Part of the mystery had been solved when he'd received Hiro's journal, the emblem on the cover page matching the one etched onto the cold segments forming the circle that had remained with him throughout his ordeal but the bigger question still remained. How had he gotten it? Tadashi ran his fingers over the metal, suddenly desperate to see if there were other secrets hidden within the ring, seeking a clasp with which to remove it only to freeze when a slim tan hand settled onto his own.

"You can't do that." An all too familiar whisper trickled into his mind drawing Tadashi's attention up, the sight before him impossible to comprehend. Standing in front of him was Hiro, alive and well. "You can't do that" Hiro repeated, light amber gaze keeping hold of dark brown eyes locked in a moment that could only be a figment of Tadashi's imagination. "You'll disappear and then where will I be?"

Tadashi stared in silence, unable to believe what his eyes were telling him. This had to be a dream, a hallucination created by his desperate mind in order to reject the reality before him. There was no way this could be real. Science and logic told him as much only his understanding of science and logic was no longer as sound as it had been before his leap three years into the future.
"You exist in a place outside of time and this..." Hiro ran his fingers over the bracelet on Tadashi's arm, tracing the engraving etched into its surface, "...is the only thing keeping you here. I died giving it to you. Strange isn't it? How I'm here, in the operating room and dead all at the same time?" Hiro glanced up once more, meeting Tadashi's gaze once again. "Don't leave me. I'm lost without you..."

"Who...? How...? What...?" Tadashi stammered unable to articulate any of the questions overwhelming him, still struggling to accept what his eyes skin and ears were telling him was true.

"I am the shadow of what might have been. I belong to a different thread of possibilities and am not part of this timeline." Hiro waved his hand at the room in general. "I'm part of the loop that will fade when this timeline catches up to mine."

Two Hiro's. All of a sudden a lot of things began to make sense, the various disparate pieces of the puzzle all falling into place. Tadashi had been dealing with two versions of Hiro all along. One in his present timeline and the other from a completely different one. Logically they shouldn't be able to co-exist in the same time but he couldn't deny the evidence before him. "The second diary... It's yours isn't it?" Tadashi whispered, one of the last pieces falling into place. "The entries don't really make sense in the context of this timeline. Why did you give it to me when it had no bearing on rescuing..." Tadashi stumbled to a halt the paradox of the situation he found himself in leaving him at a loss when it came to phrasing the rest of the question.

"I wanted someone to remember me. Who better than someone who shouldn't exist?"

Someone that shouldn't exist. Those words hurt but something in them rang fundamentally true. Tadashi shouldn't exist. Not in this timeline with his Hiro and not in the other one with the Hiro that now stood before him, his presence as much an anomaly as Tadashi's own existence. Tadashi had died. He'd killed himself stupidly running into a fire to save someone that didn't need saving and the only reason he was here to begin with was because someone had pushed him through some kind of rift in the space time continuum bringing him three years into the future.

Click. Another puzzle piece fell into place.

"It was you." Tadashi continued on a whisper. "You're the one that pushed me at the showcase fire. You're the reason I travelled three years into the future."

Hiro flicked Tadashi's forehead, his wry smile still in place. "Way to go, bonehead. I thought I already implied that when I told you I'm the one that gave you that." Hiro pointed at the bracelet. "But... I... How is that even possible?" Tadashi asked, still struggling to make sense of it all.

"I gave you the math." Hiro retorted with a smirk, the all-knowing slant to his lips an all too familiar reminder of everything Tadashi now stood to lose.

"I understand the theory but how on earth did you manage it in reality?" Tadashi insisted. He'd gone through the math. With a fine tooth comb and even though he could see how it might work, there were still variables that didn't make sense. "It shouldn't have worked. The math isn't enough."

"I know. I also needed a strong emotional connection and a traumatic event." Hiro said, deep sorrow in his eyes. A strong emotional connection and a traumatic event. If Aunt Cass and his friends were to be believed, Hiro had been devastated by Tadashi's death, the trauma of the event causing him to withdraw from everyone until Baymax had inadvertently pulled him out of his slump. Tadashi's stupidity had been the cause of that trauma and he didn't know if he could ever really forgive himself.
for it.

"I'm sorry." Tadashi whispered.

"Whatever for?" Hiro asked, surprise flickering through his eyes.

"For leaving you."

Hiro's lips quirked into a melancholy smile, affection and grief both present within it. "You have nothing to be sorry for. You were right. Someone had to help. You had no way of knowing Callaghan had set that fire. You wouldn't be you if you hadn't selflessly risked your life to save another and I wouldn't be me without you to teach me right from wrong."

The last sentence hung in the air between them, the impact of it lingering between them and that was the moment Tadashi forgave himself. Hiro was right. The desire to help others was coded deep into him and it filled Tadashi with pride to know he'd passed some of that desire onto his little brother.

Hiro leant down, enveloping Tadashi in an awkward embrace. "Last Hug." He whispered before pulling back. Tadashi caught a glimpse of tears as Hiro turned away and began to head towards the exit.

"Wait! Where are you going?" Tadashi stood to rush after him a deep sense of foreboding driving him forward. Something about this wasn't right. Tadashi could feel it, death drawing closer, slipping out of the wings to stand between them. He only managed two steps.

Hiro turned to face him and the haunted look on his face stopped Tadashi dead in his tracks. "To finish what I started, of course." Hiro whispered and the last pieces of the puzzle came tumbling down revealing a truth Tadashi wished he could unlearn.

"You're going to the showcase fire, aren't you? To push me through the rift in time?" Tadashi whispered, grief and pain coursing through him at the realization. Hiro was headed towards his own death about to sacrifice himself in order to save Tadashi.

"Someone has to keep this timeline intact." Hiro said softly, grief in his eyes.

"Can I ask you one more question before you go?" Tadashi whispered, wanting to prolong the meeting just a moment longer.

Hiro quirked an eyebrow, his lip quirking in playful mischief. "If I were to be picky I'd point out that you just did." The attempt at levity fell flat. The smile slipped from Hiro's lips beneath the intensity of Tadashi's stare.

"Will you…" Tadashi paused, licking suddenly dry lips before correcting himself. "Will my Hiro," Tadashi inclined his head towards the emergency room in indication, "be ok?" The desperate need to know, lingered in the air between them, life, death and strong emotion fighting for dominance and recognition. He shouldn't be asking this. He had no right to ask it but grief and concern had driven the words past Tadashi's lips and it was too late to take them back.

"That depends on you." Hiro replied and with that he was gone, fading from sight as if he'd never been there in the first place.
Okay, I'm going to try and simplify the logic I have based this story on for those of you that are still confused:

Current Hiro is not the one that saves Tadashi from the fire, future Hiro is. Basically there were two timelines running alongside one another in this story. One for current Hiro and another for future Hiro. To simplify, Hiro created a time loop the moment he decided to contact Tadashi in the past. This in turn created the additional possibilities that Hiro encountered in the portal (as represented by the transparent threads that appear in the portal after the dream that implies he pushes Tadashi through the portal). This alternate timeline starts off as just a possibility but becomes more real in reaction to future Hiro interfering with it.

You as a reader are actually following the alternate timeline and not the original one that actually triggered its creation though there is a lot of overlap between the two. The stuff that happens to current Hiro in the lab up to the point where he first gets rescued is exactly the same as the stuff that happens to future Hiro in the lab. The moment Tadashi actually succeeds in rescuing current Hiro is where Hiro's experiences in the two timelines diverge. That is where the second journal comes in. That journal exists to give the user a glimpse into what is happening to Future Hiro in the timeline that he does not get rescued.

Future Hiro realized, the dream where he pushes Tadashi into the time rift, is actually a vision telling him how to create the alternate timeline. Realizing this he sets out to create and preserve this alternate timeline. As a result, his own timeline starts to become less real which is why the initial threads he encountered in the portal begin to fade. Since he knows he is going to die the moment he pushes Tadashi through the portal, he first leaves Tadashi clues in order to help Tadashi rescue the version of himself in the alternate timeline and then goes back to perform the action that creates the time loop to begin with.

Future Hiro's death is the trigger that closes the time loop. The time loop will close properly when the alternate timeline catches up to the moment future Hiro vanishes from his own timeline. The portal in the timeline you have been following remains closed and the one in the timeline that future Hiro existed in disappears the moment the loop closes.
How am I Going to be an Optimist about this?

_Hiro's Journal_

_Hiro Hamada – Captivity: Day 65_

I made a gross miscalculation. All the evidence was before me and I still missed it. I guess I was so busy trying to figure out what the space within the portal is that I missed the obvious facts before me. The stabilizer I designed doesn't really work as expected. It does allow me to enter the portal without being torn apart but it doesn't actually allow me to step through it. The actual timeline the portal links to is completely irrelevant at this stage. The stabilizer doesn't allow me to enter into it. The moment I step into the portal, its behaviour changes and I think I've figured out why. I left out a vital parameter. That parameter is... Me.

My calculations did not take my presence, and the potential impact of my own lifespan, into account. The stabilizer prevented the portal from tearing me apart when I entered it but in doing so added the complexity of my existence into the formulas that run the portal. The portal reacted and sent me into the space between allowing me to travel only within the bounds of my own lifetime.

The answer was there, staring me in the face all along and I didn't see it but it doesn't matter. I'm not going to modify my stabilizer to counter the complexity of the human lifespan. I'm not going to hand over the power time and I'm not going to tell Inquisitor I made a mistake. I'm going to take advantage of it. I'm going to continue to help Tadashi find me in the other timeline and once I've accomplished that I'm going to turn the dream I had the day I decided to go back in time to see Tadashi, into reality. I'm going to bring Tadashi back.

Tadashi closed the journal in his lap, the last words in the entry still echoing through his mind, a tragic reminder of the sacrifice Hiro had made in order to save both Tadashi and himself. The complexity of the events that had come to pass was proof of how small humanities true grasp of the intricacies of the universe really was and an echo of the true power of faith.

Hiro had done it. He'd managed to defy the limits of space and time in order to create a new reality that hadn't existed before, in order to escape the reality in which he took his own life. He'd fought hard for it, bled for it and sacrificed for it only to end up in hospital, hovering on the brink of death. It wasn't right but it wasn't over either.

_That depends on you._

Those four words, uttered by a version of his brother that technically shouldn't exist, were the reality Tadashi chose to cling to. Four words filled with promise, filled with choices, filled with hope because they meant there was something Tadashi could do to fix this.

"Hiro Hamada?" Tadashi's leapt out of the chair he was seated in and rushed towards the doctor's side, desperate to hear that Hiro would be alright but something within him already knew this time was a lot worse than the time that had become before. Slowing his forward rush, Tadashi took a deep breath in order to compose himself before crossing the rest of the distance at a more sedate pace. "I'm Tadashi Hamada." He introduced himself upon arriving at the doctor's side. "Hiro's brother."

The look in the doctor's eyes confirmed Tadashi's worst fears. "Are you his legal guardian?" Hiro was not ok. The doctor wouldn't be asking that question if he was.
"In the absence of my Aunt, yes." Tadashi replied, trying to prepare himself for the worst.

"We need to talk. In private." The doctor said, turning to head out of the waiting room. "Come with me."

Tadashi followed, each step heavier than the one that came before. He knew his own life was not in danger but he felt like he walking towards his own execution and the final steps into the doctor's office were the worst. The doctor closed the door behind him before indicating that he should sit, stepping around Tadashi to take the chair on the other side of the desk. "How much do you know about Hiro's injuries?" The doctor asked, placing Hiro's file down onto the table in front of him.

Tadashi licked dry lips, taking a moment to gather his erratic thoughts before responding hoarsely. "The prognosis doesn't look good. Baymax… my healthcare robot… informed me that Hiro had sustained injury to his…" Tadashi paused taking a deep shaky breath before continuing. "… his back." And there it was, the truth he'd been trying to ignore from the moment he'd first heard Baymax say it. There was a reason Hiro had been transported to this particular hospital to be seen by this particular doctor.

"Baymax?" The doctor glanced down at his file with a frown, flicking through a few pages before glancing up again. "Is that the medical robot that refuses to leave Hiro's side? I've never encountered technology quite that… persistent though I have to admit, his medical database is very impressive. We wouldn't be having this conversation right now if not for him."

Tadashi's heartbeat skipped a beat, his breath catching in his throat at the doctor's words for they could only mean one thing: Something had gone wrong during Hiro's treatment and Baymax had caught the error before it could cost Hiro his life. "Hiro… is he…" Tadashi's words died on the tip of his tongue, the dreaded question refusing to slip past his lips.

"He's alive." The doctor confirmed, closing Hiro's file once more. "Thanks to your healthcare companion." The expression on the doctor's face showed that the admission had not come easily. "He should regain consciousness soon and is expected to obtain functional recovery."

Functional recovery. The doctor had used the term functional recovery instead of full recovery. There was a distinct difference between the two. A difference Tadashi was intimately acquainted with. Hiro was not alright and he probably wasn't going to be alright for a long time.

'That depends on you.'

Suddenly those four words took on an entirely new meaning. "What is…" Tadashi licked his lips again closing his eyes against the truth he already knew. "What is the main injury Hiro needs to make a functional recovery from?"

A moment of silence followed his question. Silence in which Tadashi could feel the doctor's scrutiny before he confirmed the truth Tadashi's mind had been trying to dodge all night. "Hiro has suffered a Flexion Lumber Spine break. His spinal cord suffered some damage. This could result in complete or incomplete paraplegia. We'll be able to make a more accurate assessment when the swelling goes down and he wakes up. Either way, he's going to have a difficult road ahead of him. Irrespective of what the final prognosis is, he is going to need a lot of understanding and support if he is going to get through this."

There is was. The truth Tadashi had refused to face was staring him in the face, confirmed, undeniable and real. Hiro had broken his back. His hyperactive, energetic little brother was going to wake up and find out he could probably no longer walk. His little brother was going to come out of this alive but shattered and it was going to be up to Tadashi to pick up the pieces.
"I understand." Tadashi said softly, meeting the doctor's gaze with determination in his own. "I promise... I will do everything I possibly can to make sure he overcomes this as well as anything else life chooses to throw at him."
We've Been Here Forever

Beep… Beep… Beep… Beep

The rhythmic sound was both comforting and heart-breaking. Each note was filled with hope, the steady beat over time representing a strong heartbeat that in turn signaled his continued existence. It was an announcement that Hiro was still alive. The flip side of the coin, however, was a lot darker, for the very need for the sound was in itself a sign of weakness, a sign of injury, a symbol of just how fragile the life it was heralding truly was.

Tadashi hated it and everything it represented. He hated the beeping, hated the soft whoosh that accompanied it, hated the hospital bed, the sterile covers, the white walls and the antiseptic scent but most of all he hated the sight of the still figure lying before him, pale, lifeless and alone. The only thing he didn't hate were the two black eyes silently watching over them. Baymax's comforting presence was the only thing that kept Tadashi from completely losing it.


Soft footsteps approached him from behind falling silent at his side. The presence beside him was familiar. The warm scent of baked goods and a soft hand on his shoulder confirmed his suspicion. Tadashi turned towards it and buried his face in Aunt Cass's chest. "I'm so sorry." He whispered, clinging desperately to her, hiding his tears in the fabric of her clothing. "I'm so, so sorry. I should have seen it coming, should have protected him, should have…"

"Hush now." Gentle hands settled softly onto Tadashi's shoulders, drifting lower to embrace him. "It was an accident. I hate to break it to you but you're only human. Like the rest of us. I can't expect you to predict things like this. All we can do is pick up the pieces." Aunt Cass's voice was filled with deep seated pain and sorrow but her inner strength shone through, despite it all. Come hell or high water, she would be the pillar her nephews could lean on as they navigated the rather turbulent seas of their lives.

"I should have stopped him from going in the first place."

"Hiro has always had a mind of his own." Aunt Cass reached up to gently run her fingers through Tadashi's hair. "Brilliant and fiercely independent. A lot like his mother. You and I both know that. He's always been a trouble magnet. It's one of the reasons we love him so much. If he decides he wants to go sky diving, then he damned well is going to go sky diving and no one will be able to talk him out of it. These kinds of accidents are rare but they do happen. It's just unfortunate that it happened to Hiro. Though with the way our lives have been going…"

"Sky diving?" Tadashi glanced up confusion in his eyes.

Aunt Cass hesitated, the hand she'd been using to play with Tadashi's hair, hovering, caught in mid-motion. "Fred told me Hiro had a sky diving accident. Apparently his parachute didn't deploy in time. Though why they let a seventeen year old go sky diving without parental consent, I'll never know."

"Eighteen." The word slipped past Tadashi's lips before he could even think to stop it, his mind racing as it tried to process what his Aunt had said. Sky diving? Really? Tadashi knew Hiro and the team were hiding their super hero activities from Aunt Cass but wasn't sky diving a rather extreme
explanation? What had Fred been thinking? Oh, wait a minute; that was the problem. The explanation had come from Fred. Then again; Tadashi glanced back at Hiro's prone form, pale and unmoving on the bed; the explanation did explain the extent of Hiro's injuries…

"What?" Aunt Cass moved her hand to her chest in surprise, staring at Tadashi out of wide shocked eyes. His statement served to distract her from Tadashi's earlier slip.

Tadashi turned his gaze back towards her, sorrow filled dark brown eyes meeting swirling confusion in green. "Hiro turned eighteen a month ago, while still in captivity."

"We missed his birthday?" Aunt Cass asked, the realization that Hiro's birthday had somehow slipped her mind making her sound small, lost and forlorn. With everything that had been going on, she'd completely lost track of time and even though she knew there wasn't really anything she could have done differently, she felt guilty for not even noticing that Hiro was now eighteen.

"Yes." Tadashi confirmed, turning back towards his brother, reaching out to take hold of Hiro's slack hand. "We missed Hiro's birthday but we're going to make it up to him the first chance we get. We're going to throw him the biggest birthday party he ever saw. We'll invite Wasabi, Gogo, Fred and Honey Lemon. You'll make a ton of donuts, chicken wings and a giant gummy bear cake. I will decorate the café. We will fill it with red, purple and black balloons. I'll even make rocket boots for Mochi so he can hover over everyone. Hiro always wanted rocket boots. Maybe I'll make a pair for him as well. We'll get him a stack of gifts. Robotics parts, tools and probably a few more bags of gummy bears. It's going to be awesome. Just you wait and see." Tadashi squeezed Hiro's hand tightly, willing the words to be true, willing his baby brother to get better and willing life in general to give them a break.

"Sound like a plan." Aunt Cass agreed, moving to stand behind him, resting her hands on Tadashi's shoulders. "We'll throw it as soon as he's feeling better. I'll close the café for the day and we can make a whole big thing of it."

"Thanks, Aunt Cass." Tadashi said easing his grip on Hiro's hand to run a finger over his knuckles instead. He fell silent for a moment before adding. "It may be a some time before he's feeling better."

"I know." Aunt Cass sighed, resting her cheek on the top of Tadashi's head. "I spoke to Dr Khan. He told me about Hiro's injuries. We'll figure this out. Just like we always do. One day at a time." She squeezed Tadashi's shoulders offering silent support and comfort. Although they were mismatched and broken, they were a family and as a family they'd overcome anything life threw at them. Including this.

And so began the vigil. Tadashi and Aunt Cass took turns staying by Hiro's bedside, waiting for the youngest Hamada to re-join the land of the living. Hiro regained consciousness three days later.
Never Meant for You to Fix Yourself

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Never Meant for You to Fix Yourself

"Hiro?"

Tadashi cautiously stepped into the room nervously anticipating an explosion. He was greeted by dead silence. Hiro's hospital bed was adjusted, propping him up into a semi-reclined seated position and he was staring blankly out the window to his hospital room. "Hiro?" Tadashi tried again, slowly approaching Hiro's hospital bed not really sure how to deal with the confrontation that was brewing in the air.

Hiro had regained consciousness not too long ago. What followed had been a flurry of activity. Tadashi had grabbed the button beside Hiro's bed to summon a nurse. A nurse had rushed into the room only to disappear the moment she realized Hiro was awake. Tadashi and Aunt Cass had been ushered out of the room only a few minutes later, doctors rushing in to reassess their patient. The time Tadashi spent waiting outside had been more agonizing than the time spent waiting for Hiro to wake up in the first place, his mind racing in an attempt to predict what was occurring behind the closed door to Hiro's hospital room. He couldn't come up with a scenario that ended well. Tadashi stepped back into the room the moment the last doctor left.

"Hey, knucklehead." Arriving at Hiro's side, Tadashi lightly flicked Hiro's forehead in a bid to get his attention. "I'm talking to you here."

"Go away." Hiro's said, the words monotone, devoid of life.

Hiro didn't even bother to move, fixated on the scene just outside his window. The reaction set Tadashi's heart aflutter with anxiety. Hiro's response could only mean one thing: *He knew.* "We'll figure this out." Tadashi said, watching Hiro carefully as he cautiously slipped into a chair. "These things aren't an exact science. I asked Baymax to do some research and there are cases where people regained full use of their…"

"I said, go away!" Hiro yelled, momentarily silencing the rest of Tadashi's words. Hiro had turned to face him, light amber eyes overflowing with the flames of heated anger. It would have been a terrifying sight to behold if not for the shadows of grief and despair that accompanied the rage. Hiro's reaction was completely normal.

*That depends on you.*

Not about to be scared off, Tadashi took a deep breath and tried again. "This isn't the end, Hiro. It's only the beginning. With the correct care and physiotherapy, there is no reason you shouldn't be able to live your life to the fullest. You can't give up before you even try. The medical field is continually advancing and it may only be a matter of time before they find a way to help your body repair the damage that's been done. Who knows, you may even be one of those that…"

"Stop it!" Hiro yelled, the bedding on his bed held firmly in clenched fists. "Stop trying to fix this! There is nothing you can do or say to make this better! What gives you the right to try, anyway?! You died! You ran into a burning building without so much as a second thought, without even considering where that left me! You left me broken and alone and I had to pick up the pieces without
you! But I did it! I fixed it, taped the broken pieces of my heart together and continued on with my
life and now you want to waltz into my life and resume the role of my caretaker? I'm sorry, bro…”
the word was filled with anger and contempt carrying the weight of all of Hiro's pain and grief
behind it, "but it's a little too late for that. I'm broken all over again and this time… this time there is
nothing you, or I, or even Baymax…” Hiro glanced at the Healthcare companion that stood in the
corner silently watching the altercation between the two brothers, processing it and filing it away for
future use, "can do about it."

Hiro's words hurt, cutting deep into a wound that had only just begun to heal the moment Tadashi
decided to forgive himself. There was a lot of truth in Hiro's words, a lot of hurt caused by one
foolish mistake but as with any story, there was more to it than that.

'You wouldn't be you if you hadn't selflessly risked your life to save another and I wouldn't be me
without you to teach me right from wrong.'

Tadashi may have foolishly run headlong into a burning building, to rescue someone that didn't need
to be rescued but he'd done it with the best intentions and hadn't given up on life until the very last
moment. He'd died fighting for what he believed in and he wasn't about to let brother do anything
less. "I may have made a mistake but I died fighting, Hiro. Fighting for Callaghan's life, for my own
and for what I believed in. I refused to be bound by circumstances beyond my control. I'm a Hamada
and Hamada's fight to the very bitter end, no matter what life throws at them. I thought I taught you
that."

'I'm a Hamada and a Hamada fights to the very bitter end, come hell or high water. We fight for
what is right and I will be damned before I let them take that from me. He taught me that…'

"We can't all be you." Hiro's words were bitter. "Perfect, unobtainable and flawless. Some of us are
merely human bound to existentialistic ideas your very existence defies. Yours are standards I cannot
hope to live up to, even should I live a thousand years."

"You sell yourself short." Tadashi snapped, traces of anger and hurt creeping in despite his best
efforts to keep them at bay. "You're so busy drowning in hurt and self-pity that you're blind to the
sheer enormity of your own existence. Being your brother wasn't exactly easy for me either. Even
though I'm considered to be intelligent, I'm nothing compared to you. I spend months working on a
project and you pick it apart in mere minutes. I study for hours and you disprove the core theories my
studies are based on shortly after reading my textbook. It all comes so easy to you, like breathing but
instead of appreciating your gift, you squander it focusing on the things you don't have instead of the
things you do."

Tadashi wanted to take back the words the moment they were out but it was too late. The bitter truth
of his rant met the bitter truth in Hiro's, filling the air with residual emotional pain and despair. Two
sides of a coin, a shared pain filled existence and a bag full of emotional issues they hadn't even
begun to scratch the surface of. All laid bare in the heat of the moment, the way forward hanging by
a delicate thread that could swing them either way based simply on what happened next.

Hiro turned away to focus once more on the scene outside the window. The silence with which he
chose to respond effectively cut Tadashi out.

Stalemate.
In case you guys weren't following the pieces in italics: 1) Future Hiro’s final words to Tadashi. 2) Future Hiro’s response to Tadashi when they were discussing the reason Tadashi ran into the fire. 3) A piece take from Future Hiro's diary (From Chapter 46)
White walls, white sheets, white curtains and harsh white light. Everything was just so overwhelmingly white. The color was liberally spread across everything to the exclusion of any other color. It was almost as if someone was trying to chase away the inherent darkness that lingered in the air. It was a wasted effort.

"Hiro?"

Hiro ignored the soft voice that drifted in his direction, completely disinterested. It didn't matter who it was or what they wanted. They couldn't help him. No one could help him.

"Hiro?" The voice drifted closer. The owner thereof was now standing beside his bed. He could sense her physical presence, lingering at the edge of his spatial perception. "I am Dr. Amelia Gerson." Hiro's unwelcome visitor introduced herself, sitting down in the seat that usually held Tadashi. "I'm a psychologist. I have been asked to assess your mental state in order to determine how your recovery process will be handled from here on out."

A flash of anger coursed through him, the embers of the flames that had been directed at Tadashi not all that long ago leaping once more to life. What right did they have to treat him like this? Her approach was so... so... so clinical, so distant from the tragedy at hand and he suddenly hated her for it. "I'm fine." Hiro snarled, his anger slipping out despite his efforts to contain it.

"That's good to know." Dr. Gerson's reply was calm and non-committal. "Your doctors have informed me that your body is recovering well, considering the impact it sustained so I guess that is technically true. You won't even require further surgery."

You won't even require further surgery. Those six words echoed through his mind pulling him ever deeper into the pit of despair. Hiro knew the words were meant to be an encouragement informing him that he was no longer in immediate danger of losing his life but that was not what he heard...

*Give up hope. Accept your fate. You're broken and there is nothing anyone can do to help you now.*

"Great." Hiro's reply was sarcastic, caustic and filled with bitter derision. "So, I'm broken beyond repair. Good to know."

Dr. Amelia Gerson started in surprise. Her body physically expressed the emotion in a manner that was difficult to miss even though he was still working very hard to ignore her. "That's not true. Whoever told you that?"

"I'm not stupid." Hiro snapped, finally losing the battle to shut her out. He turned heated amber eyes round to face her, taking in her petite face, bright red hair and emerald green eyes. He'd never admit it but it was a welcome splash of color in an otherwise dull and dreary room. "No one needs to tell me that. Given the empirical evidence..." Hirogestured at himself, "I am perfectly capable of making the required deductions myself."

Dr. Amelia Gerson quirked a single eyebrow in response to Hiro's outburst and watched him for a moment before leaning over to pinch his thigh.

"Hey!" Hiro cried out, another flash of anger coursing through him along with the faint remembered sensation of pain, triggered by the doctors actions. "What the hell was that for?"
"I am merely illustrating my point." She calmly crossed her legs, adjusting the notepad in her lap.

"What point?"

"You are an incomplete paraplegic. You still have sensation below the point of your injury." She lightly tapped the pen she held against her thigh.

"Your point being?" Hiro challenged turmoil coiling in his gut.

"You have the potential to recover from this injury. Incomplete paraplegics have been known to show some signs of recovery within the first six months after the injury with potential recovery gains reported up to three years later. The potential for recovery varies from patient to patient but is usually facilitated by good physio and occupational therapy. Your refusal to participate in any of the above programs is limiting your options."

Hiro narrowed his eyes, a sense of bitter disillusionment joining the anger and despair still simmering within. Figures she'd be one of those. The eternal optimist, intent on clinging to the slim chance of hope despite all the empirical evidence to the contrary. "Incomplete paraplegia does not guarantee any degree of recovery let alone a full one. The statistical probability of attaining a complete recovery is rather low. Expending energy towards such an improbability is futile."

Dr. Gerson quirked her eyebrow once more. "The statistics are not as low as you might think"

"They are low enough to confirm that this is something I will be struggling with for the rest of my life." Hiro pointed out.

"So your answer to the problem at hand, is to give up instead?" Dr. Gerson questioned. "Seems a bit out of character to me. I was told you are a fighter. Apparently bot fights even managed to get you into trouble with the law. Why would you give that determination up when you need it most?"

"That was a long time ago." Hiro responded bitterly, clenching his hands in his lap. Where had she gotten her information? She had no right to know that about him and it left him feeling violated, bare and exposed. "I gave that up when my brother died."

When my brother died…

Those four words echoed through his mind further stirring the raging emotions within. Hiro was drowning, losing himself in grief, anger, confusion, sorrow, bitterness, loss and strangely enough threads of hope, relief and love. It was a mess, a cacophony of inner noise that he didn't even know how to begin to deal with and there was nothing he or anyone else could do about it…

"What will it take to get you to at least try the program?" Dr. Gerson asked after a long moment of silence, choosing to leave the topic of Tadashi's death well enough alone. Considering recent events and strange paradoxes, it was, after all, a wise decision.

Hiro considered the question. He actually registered the words, processed their meaning and considered his response before turning to face this unwelcome visitor once more. He looked at her, actually taking in the minor details this time round. She looked tired. Her green eyes held traces of amber and her skin was covered in light freckles, deceptively hidden by the fluorescent light. Her suit was bright pink, a welcome change to all the white. It was creased and showed signs of wear indicating that she had already spent some time in it. It was clear that he was not her first patient of the day yet she have no indication that she didn't want to be there.

Gauging her to be entirely sincere, Hiro gave her a brutally honest reply. "I'm sick of this place. I'm sick of the white light, the white sheets and the white walls. They're entirely too sterile, too clean and
remind me of…” Hiro paused, his mind momentarily taken back to his capture, to the lab space and the harsh sterile room he’d been held initially held in. It had all been so clean, so sterile, so white and so very, very cold.

His body shivered in remembrance and he had to shake his head to pull himself back into the present. Despite all the similarities of the situation, he was no longer there and he would do well to remember that. "They remind me of some rather unpleasant things." He picked up where he'd left off. "I'm tired of the awkward silences, the whispered words and the careful speech. I'm not stupid. I'm perfectly capable of making deductions even when people try to hide things from me. I'm also not a child anymore. I know more about the real world that most people can even begin to imagine."

Hiro swallowed and paused for a moment, taking a deep shaky breath in an attempt to control the rush of emotions that threatened to slip past his tenuous control once more. "I'm not stupid." He repeated on a whisper, a stray tear falling down into his lap. "I know I'm broken and I know it's all my fault. I only have my own stupidity to blame. You know, cause and consequence but I did what I thought was right. I did my best and I just… I just want…” He sniffed and wiped his face, trying to hide the evidence of his distress.

"You just want?" Dr. Gerson prompted when Hiro made no move to finish the sentence.

"I just want to go home." Hiro whispered.

Dr. Amelia Gerson returned Hiro's earlier scrutiny in kind before standing with a nod. "I'll see what I can do." She promised, before slipping back out of the room, leaving Hiro alone with his tumultuous thoughts once more.
Guard Dog of all your Fever Dreams

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Guard Dog of all your Fever Dreams

Fire.

He was surrounded, encased in bright colour, heat and pain with no way out. Flickering amber flames lapped at his skin, tainted, orange, yellow and red with blood, his blood, devouring the very essence of his life. Each flicker was a dance, a symphony, moving to a beat he couldn't hear above the rapid rhythm of his heart, beating in tempo with his panicked breaths. He was dying, the flame eagerly devouring him like a beast consuming its prey and the agony of it was excruciating.

Deliverance.

He wanted it to end, the pain to go away and leave him in peace and he was more than willing to die in order to obtain it, his life a small price to pay for deliverance from his affliction.

Death.

The irony of the situation he now found himself in did not escape him. Once, a long time ago, he'd been afraid of the concept, afraid of what lay beyond the dark veil but now he no longer cared, tired, broken and alone. He wanted it done, longed for the darkness, silence and peace that lay just on the other side and wondered why he'd ever been afraid of it to begin with.

Falling.

The ground beneath his feet crumbled. What was once solid rock turned to fine powder, embers glowing brilliant red in the flickering flames and then he was falling… tumbling, blood and adrenaline rushing to his brain. He was weightless, drifting in space, surrounded by darkness, its icy fingers clawing at his skin. Sucking in one last breath, he braced himself for the shattering pain that awaited him at the bottom of the abyss.

Crack.

It was over. His life was ended and it would have been a relief if not for the fact that the cycle began to repeat itself once more.

Fire...

- BH6 - BH6 - BH6 –

Squeak, Squeak, Squeak, Squeak, Squeak.

The far too familiar sound of vinyl rubbing against vinyl pulled Tadashi from his fitful slumber, knowing exactly what he'd see when he opened his eyes. Baymax was standing at his side, leaning over him. "I am concerned." Baymax said, blinking intermittently.

"What's up, buddy?" Tadashi inquired, sitting up with a yawn, fighting hard to ignore the panic that was coursing through him. The healthcare companion hadn't left Hiro's side ever since the accident. Not even on their rather awkward flight home on Fred's family jet which Fred had suggested they
use in order to avoid the logistics of getting Hiro onto a normal commercial flight.

"Hiro is not doing well. He is not recovering at the rate he should be."

Tadashi sighed, slipping his feet into slippers before heading towards the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea. "I know, buddy." Tadashi said, sorrow in his tone. "He's struggling to reconcile himself with the extent of his injuries. I can't say that I blame him." He turned the kettle on. "Something like this isn't easy to accept."

Baymax followed Tadashi into the kitchen. "He is also exhibiting the symptoms of night terrors."

"Night terrors?" Tadashi stopped, mid-motion, the cup he'd been about to pull out of the cupboard completely forgotten.

"A sleep disorder, causing feelings of terror or dread, typically occurring during the first hours of stage 3-4 non-rapid eye movement sleep. Symptoms include: screaming or as in Hiro's case, whimpering, bolting upright, rapid breathing, rapid heart rate and thrashing of limbs."

"I know what night terrors are, Baymax." Tadashi said with a frown. "How long has this been going on?"

"Ever since he was taken off of the sedatives." Baymax informed him.

"Why are you only informing me now?"

"Hiro has displayed an aversion to your company." Baymax's statement hurt but Tadashi could not fault Baymax for stating it. It was true. Hiro had completely withdrawn. He had barely exchanged two words with anyone ever since the argument he had had with Tadashi and Tadashi was at a complete loss at what to do about it. "Giving patients time and space to deal with the trauma they have endured is often beneficial to the patients recovery. Hiro was exhibiting the classical desire for this space and I concluded giving it to him was the best course of action at the time. Further observation leads me to believe that the intended treatment is not working. Time does not appear to be assisting the healing process. I fear he is making himself ill instead."

I fear he is making himself ill instead…

Those words only served to confirm Tadashi's worst fears catapulting him into motion. Not even bothering to grace Baymax with a response, Tadashi rushed out of the kitchen. Heading straight towards Hiro's room he rushed in to confirm Baymax's suspicions for himself.

The sight that greeted him was worse than he feared. Hiro was thrashing in his bed, tangled in his own sheets as he desperately fought to escape an unseen enemy. His brow was furrowed, a pained expression etched on his features and blood was slipping out the corner of his lips where he was biting himself in a bid to silence his own cries. He was covered in sweat, muscles taunt in terror, skin pale and rapid breaths were escaping him despite his clenched lips. It was a sight Tadashi couldn't bear to see. He barely paused to take in the details before rushing to Hiro's side, cautiously reaching out to run a comforting through Hiro's hair. "Hey, knucklehead…" Tadashi whispered, silky strands slipping through his fingers. "It's ok. It's over. I've got you." Tadashi untangled Hiro's sheets and slipped into bed with Hiro, ignoring the stray blows Hiro landed while still thrashing in his sleep.

_Burning,_

_He was burning, fever coursing through his veins, setting every nerve alight. The flames were never ending, taunting him as they flickered in glee, dancing upon his agony, a siren's call to madness and death, luring him ever deeper into hell._
Timing his movements carefully to coincide with Hiro's flailing, Tadashi slipped an arm around Hiro's waist and pulled his brother into an embrace taking care to not to restrict Hiro's arms and legs so as not to increase any feelings of entrapment his brother may be experiencing. "I believe I promised to never let you go." Tadashi continued on a whisper, gently resting his arm on Hiro's hip, letting the natural weight of it do his work for him.

*Dead weight.*

*His body began to fail, his muscles losing the will to fight, adrenaline finally failing him in the face of despair. It was over. He had nothing more to give, nothing more to fight for and he resigned himself to the inevitability before him. The realization lay heavy upon him, the weight of it pinning him to the ground that would soon crumble beneath him once more only… something about it was oddly familiar.*

Hiro began to calm, his body curling easily into Tadashi's chest as it had all those times before. The familiarity of the position settled over him, offering both comfort and relief.

*Falling.*

*Once again he was falling, suspended in space, heading straight towards impact only this time… this time was different. Instead of darkness, he encountered and warm amber glow, the color soft instead of burning bright. Even though it reminded him of the hot amber flames that had tortured him mere minutes before, it was an entirely different thing altogether offering him peace, comfort and love. He never hit the bottom of the abyss, drifting instead into restful blissful sleep.*

Pale sunlight flickered through the blinds, softly illuminating a pile of messy hair sticking haphazardly out from beneath the bright blue duvet. Soft footsteps padded across the floor, barely audible, but a whisper in the early morning light. Tadashi paused in the doorway, turning back to check on Hiro one more time. "Pleasant dreams, little bro." He whispered, smiling at the sight of Hiro still fast asleep beneath his sheets. "I'll be back tonight." That said, he turned and slipped out of the room. Hiro continued to sleep, oblivious to the night he'd spent curled up in his brother's arms.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know why but I seriously love this chapter. There's just something about Tadashi playing the part of Hiro's guardian angel.
"Hey, so how is he?" Honey Lemon asked stirring some sugar into her herbal cup of tea. Honey Lemon, Gogo, Wasabi and Fred were gathered at the Lucky Cat Café, speaking to Tadashi in the hopes of getting an update. They had intended to give Tadashi and Hiro time to work things out but the prolonged silence following Hiro’s injury had started to get to them, driving the entire gang to visit.

Tadashi ran a tired hand over his face, seating himself across from Gogo with a deep sigh. "Not good. Not good at all. He barely eats, refuses to leave his room, refuses to speak to any of us and has nightmares every night. His injuries aside, Baymax fears Hiro is making himself ill and I have to agree with the assessment. He's completely shut himself off. He can't keep living like this and I don't know what to do about it. I'm at my wits end."

Honey Lemon, Wasabi and Fred frowned at Tadashi's words, their expressions mirroring the conflicted concern in Tadashi's tone. Gogo scowled, nervously tapping the table with her hand. "Well, we can't just leave him." Gogo declared. "We already tried that and look where it's gotten us. We need to come up with a plan of action. I hate to say it but we need to cheer the kid up."

Fred's face lit up and he raised an arm into the air. "Oh, oh, I know what we can do! Pick me! Pick me!" He bounced up and down in his seat in the throes of his usual bout of hyperactive energy.

"This isn't a class." Wasabi said, quirking an eyebrow at Fred. "You're free to voice your opinion without being explicitly asked for it."

"I think we should take Hiro to an amusement park!" Fred leapt to his feet. "Amusement parks are AWESOME! There are Roller Coasters, Ferris Wheels, Spinning Tea Cups, Cosplayers, Faire games. Fantastic Prizes to be won and tons of awesome food! I'm sure it will do the little guy a world of good to actually get out for a change. There is no better therapy than fresh air and a change of scenery!"

"Fred." Gogo growled, tugging the hyperactive man back down into his seat. "Pause for a moment and actually think about what you've just said."

Fred blinked at her, confusion on his face. "You don't think it's a good idea?" He asked, not sure where Gogo was going with this.

"Hiro is in a wheelchair!" Gogo pointed out. "How do you expect him to navigate a crowded amusement park, let alone get on any of the rides?" Gogo poked Fred in the side to emphasize her point. "Think a little before opening your mouth."

"I did think about it." Fred protested. "I don't see a problem. He has us and Baymax. Just because he's in a wheelchair doesn't mean he can't do anything. We simply need to be a little creative about it. Professor Charles Xavier is stuck in a wheelchair but that never stopped him! He's a scientific genius, just like Hiro, leads a super hero team, just like Hiro and fights to protect people just like Hiro. Tell me you don't see the similarities here?"

"Professor X is a fictional comic book character…"

"Aha!" Fred exclaimed interrupting Gogo. "So you do know who Charles Xavier is!"
"Of course I know who Charles Xavier is." Gogo scoffed. "I hang around you, remember? Anyway, as I was saying, you can't base Hiro's recovery on a comic book character. It's unrealistic. It's not like Hiro has psychic abilities to compensate for the loss of his ability to walk."

"It hasn't stopped him before." Fred argued. "Unlike the rest of you guys who keep telling me everything is 'not science'," Fred threw a couple of air quotes into the air, "Hiro has always been willing to look at things differently. He turned me into a fire breathing lizard even though everyone said it can't be done! He turned the rest of you into superheroes and even managed to create micro-bots that he could control with his mind. That's close enough to psychic abilities in my books! I can't help it if you're all too blind to his potential to actually believe he can overcome this just like he's overcome everything else life threw at him." Fred finished with a huff, slumping down in his seat, arms crossed. He glared at everyone, silently daring them to contradict him.

*Tick... tick... tick*

The silence that followed Fred's outburst was filled with guilt. Fred's words really hit home. Everyone had been so consumed by the extent of the tragedy that had befallen Hiro that they'd let themselves fall into the same mind-set that had Hiro currently trapped in his room.

Tadashi cleared his throat before speaking. "Fred has a point. We can't expect Hiro to think of himself as capable if we're all allowing ourselves to see him as handicapped. He may have lost the use of his legs but he certainly hasn't lost the use of that big brain of his and it's about time we showed him that."

Wasabi and Honey Lemon nodded in agreement. Gogo continued to look at Tadashi with skepticism in her eyes. She was the pessimist of the group. "No matter how you look at it, Hiro's life is never going to be the same again." She pointed out, ignoring the glare Fred was now directing solely at her. "I'm not saying he's incapable but there will be things he may never be able to do again, important things that define who he is, like being a superhero for instance. Things that were once easy for him are going to be a lot harder and people going to judge him for it. They will take one look at his wheelchair and treat him like a freak because of it. Hiro's life is never going to be easy again."

"Hiro's life was never easy to begin with." Tadashi pointed out softly. "Hiro is no stranger to being judged. His intelligence made him a complete outcast at school. He was targeted by bullies and would often come home bruised and bleeding. He had no friends either. His cognitive abilities put him way above anyone his own age and most people older than him were not willing to befriend someone so young. It didn't help that they resented his intelligence either. You guys are the first group of friends he ever had and something tells me he hasn't become a social butterfly in the three years I have been gone. I refused to let him quit way back then and I'm not about to start now."

Gogo held Tadashi's gaze, silently assessing his determination. Tadashi did not waver beneath her scrutiny. Satisfied with what she saw, she nodded. "Okay, so what's the game plan?"

"Well..." Tadashi leant in, resting his arms on the table and started a group huddle. "Grand gestures and amusement park aside, I think Fred has the right idea..."
Left to My Own Devices

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Left to My Own Devices

Hope is a strange emotion. It exists despite all efforts to quell it. It has a way of sneaking up on people and a tendency to defy the very laws of logic and reason. No matter how many times Tadashi told himself nothing had changed, despite all the times he was disappointed, each time he peered into Hiro's room he couldn't help but hope that this time would be different, that Hiro would once again turn to him for support, that Hiro would begin to heal. Unfortunately, like the times that came before, this time was sadly no different. Not on Hiro's part that is. Tadashi on the other hand… Tadashi had, had enough and after his meeting with the gang he now had a plan.

"Come on, Hiro. Up and at 'em." Tadashi declared marching right into the dark room despite the fact that Hiro clearly didn't want him there. Ignoring the lump on Hiro's bed, Tadashi headed straight for the window and pulled up the blinds, letting in a bright stream of sunlight. "We're going out."

And that was all it took to get a reaction out of Hiro. The blanket covering the prone lump slipped down to reveal two anger filled bright amber eyes. "Go away, Tadashi. I'm not going anywhere."

"You…” Tadashi declared, leaning in over Hiro, his nose all but touching the bedding that still covered the lower half of Hiro's face, "don't exactly have a choice in the matter." Tadashi reached down and pulled the bedding off of Hiro tossing it aside before reaching back to sling Hiro into his arms.

"Hey!" Hiro protested, pummeling Tadashi with his arms. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I already told you, we're going out." Tadashi headed down the stairs, completely ignoring Hiro's attempts to get away. Once he reached the bottom he promptly dropped Hiro into the wheelchair Aunt Cass had prepared for him. Grabbing the handles, he twirled it around once before pushing it towards the café door, sending a silent nod of thanks Aunt Cass' way.

"I don't want to go out!" Hiro yelled trying to grab hold of the wheels of the wheelchair in a bid to stop its forward momentum. He promptly received a mild friction burn when his hands connected with the spinning wheels. "Ow! Baymax! Help!"

Baymax was holding open the door to the café. He tilted his head to the side at Hiro's outcry but made no move to assist him. "I trust that you shall enjoy your day out." Baymax said as Tadashi wheeled Hiro right past him, forcing his brother out into the real world for the first time since his injury.

"Baymax!" Hiro cried out one last time before giving up with a whimper. "Please…” The words escaped his lips on a whisper. "Tadashi… please don't do this. I… I can't…"

Tadashi glanced down at Hiro ignoring the flicker of pain his brother's words awoke in his heart. This was the right thing to do. Even if… even if Tadashi's chosen course of action was causing his brother emotional distress. "You can do this." Tadashi said softly, rolling the wheelchair onto the tram with a glare that dared anyone to comment. The other passengers turned quickly away, not willing to mess with Tadashi. "You can do this and more. You just need to open yourself up to the possibilities."
Hiro did not reply his mind full of conflicted emotions. He was angry, angry that Tadashi was doing this to him. He was ashamed to be out in public like this, broken and in a wheelchair, bound to be the center of negative attention for the rest of his life but most of all he was terrified, terrified of things he couldn’t even begin to imagine or explain.

Ring.

The bell on the tram rang, signalling their next stop and the next thing Hiro knew, he was moving once more. Tadashi rolled the wheelchair off of the tram and onto the pavement, heading straight towards the park they had arrived at. "Why are you doing this to me?" Hiro asked, slouching in the chair in a futile bid to make himself invisible. Even though the park was far from busy, there were enough people there to consider the situation they found themselves in public.

"You've been holed up in your room for far too long." Tadashi said, tolling the wheelchair down a path lined with cherry blossom trees. Spring had come and the trees were in full bloom painting the sky a bright shade of pink.

"I like my room." Hiro said, sulking.

"So do I." Tadashi agreed. "But you've spent enough time in it."

"Who are you to tell me anything?" Hiro snapped, still bitterly angry.

"Your older brother and someone that cares deeply about you."

"If you cared about me, you'd have left me in my room!"

"And let you hide for the rest of your life? I'm sorry Hiro, but I can't do that." Tadashi stopped beneath a particularly large cherry blossom tree. He watched as a few stray flowers drifted through the air, a few blossoms landing in Hiro's messy hair.

"What I decide to do with my life is my choice!"

"Not when you're being an idiot about it." Tadashi retorted, picking up one of the cherry blossoms to twirl in between his fingers.

"I'm not an idiot! Staying in my room is the smart thing to do! In case you haven't noticed, I'm in a wheelchair!" Hiro waved his arms in frustration.

"So what?" Tadashi asked, releasing the flower. It drifted unnoticed to the ground.

"I'm a cripple. That's what!" Hiro yelled, suddenly desperate for a fight. What right did Tadashi have to take over his life like this? What right did Tadashi have to preach when he couldn't even begin to understand what Hiro was going through? None. That's what and Hiro was going to make sure Tadashi knew it too.

"You're right." Tadashi agreed. "You're a cripple."

"You can't just waltz into my life and take over like you know what's best for me just because you..." Hiro continued to rant only to stumble to a halt when Tadashi's response finally registered. "I'm sorry, what?"

"You're right. You're a cripple." Tadashi repeated.

"How can you say that?" Hiro demanded, suddenly filled with pain. Tadashi had completely
shocked him with his easy acquiescence. Tadashi wasn't supposed to agree. He was the one person Hiro always looked to for help and strength. Tadashi wasn't supposed to see Hiro as weak and broken even though that was exactly what Hiro himself believed. "You're not supposed to agree."

"But that's what you are, isn't it? You said it yourself." Tadashi twirled Hiro's chair around forcing the younger Hamada to face him. "You're a cripple but it's not because of your legs." Tadashi pointed at Hiro's legs in illustration. "It's because of this." Tadashi tapped Hiro on the forehead. "You're only a cripple because you decided you are one. This…" Tadashi pointed at Hiro's legs again, "shouldn't even be in the equation when you define yourself. It's nothing more than your outer shell, a challenge you can easily overcome should you set your mind to it. What truly defines you is what lies in here." Another tap on the forehead, "and here" followed by a tap to Hiro's chest. "You still have your mind, your life, Aunt Cass, your friends and me. If that's not enough we have bigger problems that your broken back. It's about time you stop drowning yourself in self-pity, catch a wake-up call and count your blessings." Tadashi stepped back, turned and started to walk away.

"Hey!" Hiro called after him, dread and fear rearing their ugly heads once more.

Tadashi continued to walk.

"Hey! Where are you're going?" Hiro tried again, desperation slipping into his tone. Tadashi was leaving. His brother, the one person in his life that he could always count on was walking away and leaving him behind, alone and in a wheelchair. "Aren't you forgetting something? I don't know, like, maybe me!"

The desperate cry echoed through the park, breaking the sense of peace that had gone unnoticed by the two brothers. "I'll see you at home." Tadashi called back, not even turning around to face his brother. Ignoring the desperation in Hiro's voice was the hardest thing Tadashi had ever done. With a half wave, he stepped around a corner and disappeared out of Hiro's sight effectively abandoning Hiro in the park.

"You can't just leave me here!"

Silence.

"Tadashi!"

More silence.

Hiro was alone in the park, stuck in a wheelchair he hadn't bothered to learn to use.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you all think of Tadashi's approach? Desperate times... Desperate measures...
Holding On

Chapter Notes

This chapter wasn't originally supposed to exist. I was going to skip straight to the next one but this idea popped into my head and wouldn't leave me alone, so there you have it. I wrote it for fun and it deviates a bit from the scientific theme of this fandom and story. Feel free to skip it if you don't want to read something I inserted on a whim. The next chapter can be read without it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Holding on

*Skritch, skritch, whoosh, skritch, plonk*

Hiro was actually trying to get somewhere in the wheelchair and had been so focused on moving the chair forward that he completely missed the stray stone that caught one of the wheels and promptly tipped him over. Not expecting to be unbalanced he didn't manage to recover in time and landed on the ground with a dull thud. The wheelchair landed on its side, just behind him.

Unbelievable. Just bloody damned well unbelievable. First his brother drags him out of bed against his will, then he dumps him in the wheelchair Hiro had no intention of using… ever, after which he abandons him in the park and now the dreaded wheelchair throws him to the ground with no real way of getting back into it without help. If this was Tadashi's way of trying to be helpful, he'd gotten it all completely wrong and Hiro was going to tell him exactly what he thought of this oh so ingenious idea! As soon as he managed to get home that is.

Deciding that lying around was not going to get him any closer to that goal, Hiro used his hands to push himself into a seated position and turned to glare at the object of his current dilemma.

"Hey. Need a hand?" A face peered around the wheelchair pale white hair drifting in the chilly breeze that suddenly swept through the park.

"I'm fine." Hiro snapped, reaching for the chair. He didn't like feeling weak and helpless. It's one of the reasons he was avoiding the wheelchair to begin with. He was supposed to be the one offering help, not the one accepting it. "I've got it." He yanked on one of the bars in a bid to flip the chair up. The attempt was an abysmal failure. The chair barely budged off the ground before falling right back down with a clatter. Pale white hands closed on the handles of the chair and flipped it up with ease.

The young man that had appeared from seemingly nowhere, stabilized the chair before walking around it to stand in front of Hiro. He held a hand out to him, crystal blue eyes sparkling in mischief.

"My name is Jack."

Hiro glared at the outstretched hand, a mess of conflicted emotions coursing through him. He was still angry and humiliated. He didn't want help. He wanted his old life back but that was an impossible dream that had shattered the moment he'd fallen from the steel walkway. The stranger before him, was silently offering help and the fact that he needed it was a bitter pill to swallow. Hiro was tempted to brush the hand away, to tell the stranger to mind his own business but something in him wouldn't let him act on that impulse. There was something strange about Jack and Hiro's ever present curiosity was dying to know what it was. "Hiro." He reluctantly introduced himself, taking
the hand to give it an awkward shake.

Jack grinned. He used the handhold as leverage to pull Hiro up, settling him back into the wheelchair before Hiro's mind could even begin to register what had happened. "There now, was that so hard?" He asked, quirking a dark eyebrow up.

Hiro blinked up at Jack and pouted. "I never asked for help. I would have gotten myself back into it eventually."

"Eventually being the key operative term." Jack pointed out, crossing his arms. "You may not have asked for help but you clearly needed it."

"I don't need help." Hiro growled, another flash of anger coursing through him at the perceived implication of weakness.

"No need to get defensive." Jack leant in to grab the armrests of the chair, his grin still firmly in place, eyes still sparkling in the pale sunlight that filtered in through the trees. "Everyone needs a helping hand at one time or another. Today it was your turn. Besides, you clearly haven't been doing this very long."

Hiro flinched, looking away from Jack's crystal clear scrutiny. "What gave that away? My rather pathetic attempt at getting back into the chair?" He asked bitterly.

"No." Jack reached forward to take hold of Hiro's hands, turning them palm up to reveal newly formed blisters and torn skin. "Your hands. You haven't developed calluses yet. Nor are you wearing any gloves to protect them from friction burns. This indicates you haven't been using the wheelchair very long." Jack gently ran his fingers over Hiro's hands. His fingers were ice cold, their gentle touch softly soothing the torn skin before breaking the moment by firmly grabbing hold of Hiro's hand. "Come on, we're wasting time." Tugging, Jack pulled Hiro in towards him before gracefully dancing around to the back of the chair and pushing it forward with a cry of joy. The cry soared up, carried away by a new gust of wind and the imaginary sound of winter bells.

"Whoa! What? Hey!" Hiro cried out, reaching down to grab the wheels.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." Jack cautioned, running heading down the path Hiro had been trying to wheel himself along earlier. "Your hands are sore enough as it is. No need to add to it."

"What do you think you're doing?!" Hiro demanded, grabbing the arm rests instead, his heart beating rapidly in his chest in fear.

"Showing you, you can still have fun!" Jack replied, turning right with another mysterious laugh. The next thing Hiro knew, he was weightless, hanging suspended in the air for a long moment before falling down, the cool breeze ruffling his messy strands of hair. The moment of weightlessness brought with it mixed emotions, brought forth by memories of flight and falling, both good and bad and then the moment was done. The wheelchair connected with the cement and Hiro suddenly found himself with his lap full as Jack settled there, grabbing hold of the wheels to speed up their descent into the skating park he had brought them to.

Speed, weightlessness and cool air filled Hiro's next few moments drawing him further and further into the joy of the moment. He added a deeper timber to the lighter ring of laughter that already danced upon the wind and for the first time in forever actually allowed himself to let go of all his problems to simply enjoy the moment, much as he had the first day Baymax had taken him flying. He lost himself in the joy of movement, the thrill of the speed and the sheer recklessness of it all. It was a true moment of freedom and an eye opening experience to all the possibilities that still lay open
"And that is how you take advantage of what life throws at you." Jack declared, taking them up the ramp one last time before climbing off of Hiro's lap.

"That was both reckless and dangerous!" Hiro exclaimed, still catching his breath, glaring heatedly at Jack. It really had been both reckless and dangerous and he'd loved every minute of it but he wasn't about to let Jack know that. Being accosted by strangers, fun though it had turned out to be, wasn't exactly how Hiro planned to live to life.

"When did you become the responsible, cautious one?" Jack retorted, amusement still sparkling in his eyes. "You loved it and I'll wager you'll be doing it again. Life's full of surprises. Don't give up on them before you've really had the opportunity to explore them, hero." Jack deliberately mispronounced Hiro's name, flicking his ear lightly before running off down the path with a wave. "See you around, Hiro." He called out, disappearing around the corner, taking the cool breeze with him.

Hiro was once more alone, still stranded in the park only this time he was determined to get home. Tadashi owed him a major apology and had a lot sucking up to do if he wanted to get back into Hiro's good books. He could start by buying Hiro a pair of finger-less gloves and maybe a helmet. Hiro grabbed hold of the wheels of the wheelchair and began to roll it forward once more, a mischievous smile dancing on his lips as he began to plot revenge on the brother that had abandoned him in a park in a wheelchair he was now learning how to use.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the late update. A friend of mine was in a car accident on Saturday evening and was airlifted to hospital because they feared she had sustained a spine injury. Ironic that that is what I am currently writing about. Fortunately the injury is a result of contusions along her spine and not something more serious.

You can blame this cameo appearance on the fact that this chapter was written around Christmas while I was still under the influence of magic and good cheer. I'm sure you all know who Jack is, right? For anyone that's wondering... if I ever write a pairing for Hiro in my universe, this would probably be it (P) and yes, this story will continue to have no pairings. It is, after all, almost finished XD


Tick…. Tick…. Tick…. Tick

The steady rhythmic ticking of the clock in the café was driving Tadashi crazy, tempting him, once again, to take it off the damned wall and dispose of it granting him some blissful silence. It had been two hours, thirty six minutes and thirteen seconds since he'd arrived home after abandoning Hiro in the park.

Tick…. Tick…. Tick…. Tick… Ring.

Tadashi leapt to his feet and rushed to the door when the café doorbell rang two hours, thirty six minutes and forty five seconds after the incident in the park, relief coursing through him at the awkward sight of Hiro attempting to manoeuvre his wheelchair into the café. The glare that Hiro directed at him the moment he spotted him was Deadly. "How could you just leave me there?!" Hiro demanded, shoving the door open. "I can't exactly just get up and walk home!"

Tadashi walked over towards the doorway and grabbed hold of the door, holding it open for Hiro. "You're here, aren't you?" Tadashi pointed out, oh so casually. It was a façade but one he knew how to hold. He was not about to admit that he'd been questioning his own decision the entire time he'd counted the seconds, waiting for Hiro to get home. That would defeat the point of the entire exercise.

"No thanks to you." Hiro wheeled his way into the café.

"Hmm." Tadashi agreed absently. Releasing the door, he grabbed hold of the handlebars and wheeled Hiro over to a table in the back corner of the café. Lying on its surface was a wrapped sandwich. Tadashi pushed the food in front of Hiro. "Eat." He ordered crossing his arms.

"Im not hun…"

"If you say you're not hungry I'll take you back to the park and leave you there again. The extra exercise should whet your appetite."

Hiro shut his mouth and glared at Tadashi as he unwrapped the sandwich his brother had placed in front of him. Not breaking the stare, he lifted the bread and pointedly took a bite.

Tadashi nodded in satisfaction before walking away, heading towards the café's counter. "I'll get you a glass of orange juice."

Tadashi returned few minutes later, by which time Hiro had given up on his pretense of anger. He'd had a lot of time to consider the reason for his brother's actions on the way home. He was tired, his hands were blistered and bleeding and all his muscles were sore. As a result he was cranky but he wasn't really angry at Tadashi. Tadashi had done what he'd done because he'd been worried about Hiro and the extremity of the action he'd eventually resorted to only showed just how deep that worry had run.

Tadashi slipped into the seat directly across from Hiro and silently slid one of the glasses of orange juice over towards him. Hiro placed the remaining half of his sandwich down onto the table and stared at it intensely, carefully avoiding his brother's gaze. "I'm sorry."

"Excuse me?" Tadashi's tone was filled with surprise.
"I'm sorry, ok?" Hiro repeated, peering up at Tadashi through his bangs. Tadashi was staring at him in confusion, orange juice suspended halfway between the table and his lips. "I didn't mean to make you worry." Hiro clarified, looking away once more to pick at his food.

Tadashi sighed and placed the glass back down onto the table before reaching over to brush Hiro's bangs out of his face. The act was futile as they slipped right back into place. "We're family. Worrying about each other is part of that."

Hiro blinked, fighting back stray tears at Tadashi's words. Reaching up he grabbed hold of one of Tadashi's hands, his breath hitching when his fingers encountered familiar cool metal. Tugging Tadashi's hand down, he placed it on the table before carefully tracing the all too familiar logo engraved into the dark grey metal. "I've been thinking."

"Hmm?" Tadashi hummed in response hoping to prompt Hiro to continue. He watched as Hiro played with the strange bracelet that had become his link to both Hiro and life itself.

Hiro stopped playing with Tadashi's bracelet and pulled up the sleeve of the dark blue, long sleeve top he was wearing, revealing the identical bracelet that was still attached to his own wrist. Tadashi glanced at it, not surprised to see it there. "Am I the one that pushed you through the time rift?" Hiro asked, glancing up at Tadashi once again.

Tadashi's answer was both simple and succinct. "Yes."

"I see." Hiro processed the confirmation for a moment before asking yet another question. "Did you see the space between?" Hiro was curious to know what Tadashi had encountered in that space. Tadashi had made his last choice on the day he had died in the showcase fire which meant there could be no threads for him to follow as he no longer had a life to live.

"No."

Hiro blinked in surprise. He hadn't expected Tadashi to know what he was referring to. "You know about the space between?"

Tadashi flushed, a flicker of guilt crossing his features before vanishing from sight. "We were researching time portals and I stumbled upon some theoretical notes that described it while I was trying to find you." Tadashi hedged, not about to admit that the notes in question had been written by Hiro himself.

Hiro nodded, accepting the explanation before asking the key question. "Why not?"

"You tell me." Tadashi reached out to trace the bracelet on Hiro's wrist. "You're the one that invented this."

"I may have a theory..." Hiro volunteered hesitantly, not sure if he really wanted to share it. It was only the beginning of an idea and he hadn't really had enough time to think it through but Tadashi had always been a good person to bounce ideas off of. "But I'm not sure how accurate it is."

"Theorize away." Tadashi leaned back and prepared to listen.

"The portal would always link to a specific time in the timeline but I never managed to step into the time that the portal would link to. I'd end up in the space between. I've been trying to figure out why I always ended up in the space between instead of the actual time the portal was linking to. I think that I added an additional variable to the equations that were running the portal simply by stepping into it in the first place. Technically I shouldn't have survived the transition. The portal reacted by sending me into a space that only allowed me to travel within the limits of my own lifetime."
Tadashi smiled, the action tinged with melancholy. He remembered the diary entry written by the future Hiro that recorded a theory along similar lines. "Makes sense."

"I didn't really realize it until recently." Hiro admitted, looking away from Tadashi in shame. He couldn't believe it had taken him so long to stumble upon something that had been right in front of him all along. "I can't believe I missed something so obvious!"

"It's not that obvious if you take into consideration the circumstances of your capture and the complexity of the project you were pulled into." Tadashi said softly leaning in once more to rest a hand on one of Hiro's in support. "You may be a genius but even genius comes with its imperfections. You're just as human as the rest of us you know."

Hiro chewed his lip, remaining silent. Tadashi's words made sense but it was still a weakness Hiro wasn't comfortable with facing.

"So… what's your theory?" Tadashi prompted, when Hiro made no move to continue speaking.

"I think the bracelet synchronized to my lifespan the moment I stepped into the portal." Hiro explained reaching out to tug on his own copy of the object in question. "It was already linked to my lifespan when I put it onto you at the showcase fire," Hiro continued, remembering the nightmare that had plagued him from the moment that he'd made the decision to use the time portal to track down and speak to Tadashi. Not one to believe in coincidences, he'd realized the dream had been more of a premonition than a nightmare, "and pushed you through the rift."

"If your theory is correct wouldn't that have thrown me into the space between that was linked to your lifespan instead of my own?" Tadashi asked.

"Theoretically, yes, but you're not me." Hiro pointed out. "You're my brother and even though your DNA is very similar to mine it's not exactly the same. The rift accepted you because you share a lot of my DNA but it couldn't really process you correctly because technically you…" Hiro hesitated, taking a deep pained breath before continuing. "Technically you were not supposed to exist." He finished on a whisper.

Ignoring the whisper of pain that Hiro's words managed to awake in him, Tadashi seriously considered the idea before speaking. "I still existed in the moment that I stepped into the rift."

"But the portal didn't exist then." Hiro pointed out hitting the crux of the issue right on the head.

"So you're saying the portal let me enter because my DNA matched yours but threw me out because it didn't know what to do with me?"

"In layman's terms, yes." Hiro agreed. "But I don't understand why it let you enter in the first place. Even though your DNA is a close match to mine, it's not an exact one and the portal should have been able to detect that before allowing you to enter the rift."

Tadashi frowned, absently filtering through the information he'd received since expectantly stumbling three years into the future before realizing Hiro was missing something important: the very thing that had been instrumental to helping Tadashi and the gang find him in the first place. "Strong emotion."

"What?" Hiro glanced up at Tadashi once more, confused.

"The portal reacts to strong emotion. I think the portal let me enter the rift because you desperately wanted it to." Tadashi said.
Hiro blinked, Tadashi's words swirling around in his mind as the final pieces of the puzzle clicked into place. "Strong emotion." He whispered, reaching out to grab hold of Tadashi's hand once more, squeezing it as hard as he could. Giving up his fight against his emotions, he released the silent tears that he'd been holding back and lost himself in the joy of having his brother at his side.
"And in other news, the buildings that appeared to have come from the past replacing current architecture all across town have vanished, bringing back the buildings that were originally there. No one really knows why they appeared in the first place but rumor has it that their appearance is linked to the illegal experiments that were being run by Krei Tech. Alistair Krei is suspected to have played a major part in these experiments and is still being detained by the police. He is due to appear in court on..."

Tadashi tapped the mouse attached to Hiro's PC, effectively pausing the newscast he was re-watching. Even though it was already old news, he was still struggling to come to grips with everything that had occurred. Alistair Krei's had been arrested along with a man named Gerald Martin and several other researchers. His arrest and the subsequent revelations of the experimentation he had been involved in had caused waves among the citizens of San Fransokyo as well as the broader scientific community at large. Tadashi had missed most of the drama, his focus understandably elsewhere at the time. The news report he was currently re-watching had aired 9 weeks later. Even though he had been forewarned and had been expecting the objects pulled through by the time anomalies caused by Krei's experiment, to vanish, the newscast had still managed to surprise him. The moment it had aired he'd rushed to the living room and pulled open the drawer that contained all clues future Hiro had left him, along with the two journal's he'd received. Just like the buildings, the notes were all gone. All that remained was Hiro's first journal as it belonged to his Hiro and not future Hiro.

His Hiro... Tadashi still couldn't really get his mind around the fact that he'd been dealing with two versions of his brother. One from the present and one from the future. It was a paradox that shouldn't be possible but not one he was willing to consider too deeply seeing as his own continued existence was closely linked to it. Losing the journal and notes that had belonged to future Hiro had hurt. It had felt like he'd lost a connection to something very important.

Remember Me.

The future version of his brother had sacrificed a lot to make the present in which Tadashi found himself possible. He'd endured nightmares, torture, despair and pain and in the end had made the ultimate sacrifice to create the future Tadashi found himself living in. It wasn't right all traces of his existence had been so easily wiped away.

Remember Me.

All Hiro had wanted was for someone to remember him, for someone to acknowledge the fact that he'd existed, to acknowledge the fact that he'd made a difference. It was the reason future Hiro had given him the second journal. Tadashi planned to honor that simple request.

"Data Retrieval complete." Baymax announced informing Tadashi that data retrieval code he'd written had finally finished executing. Tadashi was attempting to retrieve the deleted video footage off of Baymax in the hopes of retrieving something that would prove future Hiro had existed. He theorized that the video footage had not disappeared because it had been recorded by Baymax and Baymax had a right to continue to exist in the current timeline.
"Ok, buddy." Tadashi said leaning forward to tap Baymax's chest. The access port opened sliding out three chips. Tadashi grabbed the purple one that he'd inserted into the third port and pulled it out before closing the access port once more, leaving the original two chips in. "Let's see if it worked. Please playback the video."

"Accessing data." Baymax informed him, displaying a video player on his chest. The video started to play.

*Static lines and colored blocks distorted the image that was displayed.*

The data was corrupt. Tadashi was just about to tell Baymax to abort the playback when the image cleared up to reveal the garage. The garage was a mess. Hiro's PC was on, still displaying the information Tadashi had been researching when Aunt Cass had come to fetch him. The desk was a mess of notes, all scrawled in Tadashi's neat script and Fred's Godzilla comic book was lying on the couch. All in all, it was exactly what Tadashi had expected to see. What he hadn't expected though was...

*Bright light flashed across the scene, momentarily blinding the camera before fading to shimmer. A tear had appeared in the space beside Hiro's PC, glimmering and pulsing with life. Flashes of different colors shimmered from it, flashing by too quickly to register their sequence or their hue and stepping through it was a figure.*

*He started off as a silhouette, an outline of a slim young man with a messy mop of hair and he grew clearer with each step that he took closer. The shimmering light faded, giving way to more natural light that revealed details the bright shimmering light had obscured. The figure standing in the garage was Hiro.*

*Hiro approached the PC his bare feet not making a sound as he approached his destination. Shoving a hand into the jeans he was wearing he pulled out a note before leaning forward to paste it to the screen. Turning around he began to make his way back towards the rift. That's when he spotted Baymax. Amber eyes went wide in shock. "Baymax! You better not be recording this!" Hiro exclaimed rushing straight towards the camera.*

"Hello, Hiro." Baymax greeted him, tilting his head down to bring Hiro's face into view.

*Hiro looked exhausted. His hair was messier than usual, he had dark circles under his eyes and his features were gaunt but his eyes were filled with fire and determination. He may be a bit roughed up but he was far from beaten. "Baymax, open your access port."*

Baymax ignored Hiro's request. "I detect that you, like Tadashi, have traveled through time. You are older than you are supposed to be."

"Come on, Baymax. Open your access port." Hiro repeated his request, poking at the port of Baymax's chest.

"What do you intend to do?" Baymax asked him, tilting his head to the side.

"Isn't it obvious? I need to erase this video." Hiro glanced up, a closeup of his amber eyes filling the screen.

"Why?"

"Because it's not yet time for Tadashi to know about my existence." Hiro replied, deep sorrow in his tone. "I have to do this. If I interfere too overtly everything may fall apart. Please, Buddy. Open your access port."
Baymax complied and opened his port, tilting his head to watch as Hiro reached for his memory chip.

"Thanks Baymax." Hiro, reached for the chip, closing his fingers around it and was about to pull it out when he hesitated. Hiro glanced up into the camera, his eyes appearing to look through it. "Hey, Tadashi. If you find this it means I didn't do as good a job as I intend to do so I'll take this moment to leave you a message. You know, just in case. No matter what the future may hold, don't ever change who you are. You're going to help many people. Oh, and since this isn't actually happening...' Hiro paused to direct a pointed look at the camera. "I love you, knucklehead. That's all for now. I'm satisfied with my care."

Click

The video went blank.

Chapter End Notes

I feel this was an important chapter to close off what happened with future Hiro and everything else...
Two months later

"I don't know, Hiro. It's a lot of needles." Tadashi held a slim piece of flexible material in his hands. It was about 10cm long and 3cm wide. Its entire surface was covered in thin needles of varying lengths, each individual one about as thick as those used for acupuncture.

"It's either you or me, bro. If you don't do it, I'll do it myself." Hiro retorted, twisting round to face Tadashi. Hiro had been lying face down on his bed and had lifted himself onto his arms in order to facilitate the movement required to face Tadashi. "And since I can't exactly see anything I'm bound to make a mess of it. You're the medical student. You wouldn't want that, now would you?"

"I've only just started medical school." Tadashi said. "It's only been a month."

"Plus all the time you spent working on Baymax." Hiro quirked an eyebrow. "Come on. You know more than all those first year medical students combined. Probably more than most of most of the second year students as well as some of the third years. I know it and you know it too. Now stop stalling and shove it in already."

"I'm not so sure this is a good idea." Tadashi poked one of the needles, still eyeing the device in his hands skeptically.

"Don't you trust me?"

"It's not you I don't trust, it's this." Tadashi poked the device once more. "You haven't even really tested it yet"

"I can't exactly test it properly without a human subject." Hiro pointed out.

"Does that human subject have to be you?" Tadashi asked.

"How am I supposed to ask someone else to do it if I'm not willing to do it myself?" Hiro demanded. "It's my work and I need to have faith in it. Besides you're the one that told me to finish my final year project."

"Yes, finish it, not rework it entirely." Tadashi waved his hands in exasperation. "Even though the core theory may be the same, this isn't even close to what you were originally trying to do."

"It's not as far off as you might think." Hiro said softly. "Please Tadashi… I haven't shown any signs of additional recovery. You know this is my only chance."

Please Tadashi… You know this is my only chance.

That last statement was all it took for Tadashi to give in. The world of implication behind those words was too heart breaking to ignore. Hiro had been hurt, emotionally, mentally and physically. Tadashi couldn't even begin to understand the sheer enormity of the ordeal Hiro had survived. Even with the diary entries that he was not supposed to be privy too. Hiro had gambled his own life, his
own existence but most of all his own sanity to make things right and had ended up paying a heavy price for it and it was far from over. He was still paralyzed from the lower back down, still suffered from night terrors, still had bouts of depression and days where he simply withdrew from everything and everyone but he was trying. Hiro was still fighting and Tadashi wasn't about to discourage it any further.

"Alright." Tadashi reached out to push Hiro back down onto the bed, resting his hand on the bare skin between Hiro's shoulder blades. "Lie back down and no staring. I won't be able to work properly if you start to cry on me."

"I'm not a little kid anymore." Hiro grumbled even as he complied with Tadashi's request. He lay back down on the bed, resting his head on the pillow. "You may have missed it but I'm already eighteen. I also managed to catch up three years to you. How many siblings can say that?"

"Not many." Tadashi ran his hand down Hiro's spine, stopping at the small of his back – the location of his injury. "But that's probably a good thing. We don't need too many anomalies in the time space continuum."

Hiro did not reply, memories resurfacing with the statement. Tadashi fell silent along with him, watching Hiro carefully as he looked for traces of an episode. Hiro was prone to extreme mood swings and was capable of being fine one moment and a complete wreck the next. Tadashi couldn't reliably figure out what Hiro's triggers but they were all linked to his trauma and his recovery was going to take some time. Tadashi had been taking things one day at a time and was always grateful for the good days. It would appear he had reason to be grateful. Seeing no signs of an episode, he carefully placed the device against Hiro's back and began to slide the needles into Hiro's spine starting just above the injury. Hiro hissed, tensing when the first needle pierced his skin.

"You know, I can't do this if you tense up." Tadashi said softly, hesitating.

"I know." Hiro closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "It's just sensitive. Maybe you can distract me?"

Tadashi quirked an eyebrow. "How do you propose I do that?"

"We could… um… talk?" Hiro suggested hesitantly.

Tadashi frowned. He didn't understand why Hiro would be hesitating. "Isn't that what we're already doing?"

"Yeah but… I've been meaning to ask you something." Hiro said, muffling the last bit by burying his face in the pillow.

Tadashi reached up and tugged Hiro's hair.

"Ow! What was that for?" Hiro demanded raising his head. He completely ignored the sound of inflation that filled the room with his exclamation.

"To prevent you from suffocating yourself." Tadashi resumed inserting the device glancing at Baymax when the Healthcare companion joined them. "Surely, it can't be that embarrassing. You know you can talk to me about anything."

Baymax arrived at the bedside blinking down at the scene before him as he performed a scan. He tilted his head, measuring the neurotransmitter levels of both brothers. There appeared to be no immediate danger so he chose to remain silent as he observed the operation before him.
"It's not exactly embarrassing." Hiro said resting his head on the pillow once more. "It's just… Why?"

"Why what?" Tadashi prompted when Hiro fell silent once more, making no move to clarify.

"Why would you choose to fight with fire when you…" Hiro fell silent once more, clenching his eyes closed as visions of smoke, fire and death filled his mind both from nightmare and reality. He took deep calming breaths in a bid to push away the panic he could feel creeping in.

Tadashi watched him but chose not to comment on Hiro's reaction. He could see the panic attack building as well as Hiro's attempt to keep it at bay. Drawing attention to it would simply make it worse so he chose to give the question some real thought before responding. "Because we were raised to face our demons. Not run from them." His said softly, sliding another needle into Hiro's back.

Hiro hissed, the sharp pain of the needle piercing his skin a welcome relief. It pulled his mind away from fire, death and nightmares and drew him back into the present. Tadashi's response confirmed what he'd suspected all along. Choosing to fight with fire had been a very deliberate choice on Tadashi's part. Tadashi had chosen it because it had been the source of his death and he wasn't about to let it have power over him. Hiro envied the strength it took to make that choice. He didn't think he'd ever be able to use fire as a weapon. Or electricity for that matter. There were too many bad memories associated to both. "Some demons are too powerful to face." Hiro whispered, a hint of sorrow in his tone.

Tadashi paused for a moment, Hiro's words echoing through his mind, before resuming the task at hand once more. "You don't have to face them alone." Tadashi said softly, sliding the last few needles into place. He ran a hand over the slim flexible material making sure it was flush with Hiro's skin before drawing away. "There, I'm done."

Hiro raised his head and blinked at Tadashi before rolling over and sitting up. He reached for the earpiece resting on the table beside his bed and clipped it into place behind his left ear. He reached up to flick the switch, hesitating at the last moment. He glanced at Tadashi, the look in his amber eyes intense despite the messy strands of hair that fell in his face. He quirked his lip before speaking. "Here goes nothing."

The words barely had time to register in Tadashi's mind when they were washed away by the hiss of pain that escaped Hiro's lips the moment he turned the neurotransmitter on. Tadashi leaped forward, reaching for Hiro's ear in order to turn the transmitter off.

"Don't." Hiro's pain filled command stopped him mid motion. "It's just one hell of a case of pins and needles." Hiro said through gritted teeth. He shifted on the bed. "We just need to give it a few minutes to pass."

"You mean, it worked?" Tadashi asked, an incredulous expression on his face.

Hiro grinned through the pain. His eyes sparked and the energy that had always surrounded him returned with a vengeance. "Was there ever any doubt?" He asked cheekily. "It's me we're talking about. Genius extraordinaire. You're the one that keeps telling me I can do anything I put my mind to." He wiggled his toes, grin broadening as the signs of pain began to ease from his face.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, knucklehead." Tadashi retorted, flicking Hiro's ear in relief. It was a success! Hiro was moving his toes, the pain was fading from his face and things were finally starting to look up. He grinned in return, exhibiting every bit as much joy as Hiro himself was. "This test run isn't over just yet."
"Yeah but it's progress." Hiro pushed himself up off the bed into a standing position. He wobbled for a few moments before settling. Once stable he attempted to take a step forward.

"Woah, there!" Tadashi leaped forward to catch him. "Take it easy."

Hiro glanced up at him, a sheepish expression on his face. "This will take some getting used to." He admitted, wrapping his arms around his brother's neck in order to stabilize himself.

"What did you expect? To just get up and walk out of here? Of course it's going to take some getting used to. You'll probably need to continue your physiotherapy sessions for a while to help you get the hang of this." Tadashi lifted Hiro and carried him down stairs.

"Yeah, yeah." Hiro grumbled. "I'll give it to you. Just this once. Logically I knew it wasn't going to be as simple as plugging it in and walking but one can always hope."

"There's nothing wrong with hope." Tadashi agreed, a fond smile on his face. "It got you this far."

"Yes it did." Hiro glanced up at Tadashi, his eyes lighting up in sudden mischief. "But on a lighter note, did Aunt Cass make her special gummy bear cake for the belated birthday party you're carrying me off to?"

Tadashi stumbled to a halt half way down the stairs and Hiro burst out laughing at the shocked expression on his face. "Hey!" Tadashi exclaimed, affronted. "That was supposed to be a surprise!"

"If it's supposed to be a surprise, you really shouldn't tell Fred." Hiro retorted, still laughing. "He hasn't been able to sit still for the last three weeks trying to hide the fact that you guys were planning something behind my back. The rest was simply deductive reasoning."

"I'll bear that in mind." Tadashi responded wryly walking down the last few stairs into the café.

"SURPRISE!" A chorus of voices greeted them as they entered. The café was closed and decorated just for Hiro. It was filled with red, purple and black balloons. A large gummy bear cake was placed on the counter. Mochi was floating in the air in rocket boots, looking more than a little disgruntled and all his friends were there. Honey Lemon, Wasabi, Gogo and Fred crowded forward, all bearing piles of gifts and well wishes for his eighteenth birthday. Even Baymax joined the fray, having followed Tadashi down.

"Happy birthday, Hiro."

"We love you, man."

"Sorry it's so late."

"Hey! Don't touch the balloons. I spent all day lining them up!"

"This cake is freakin' AWESOME!"

"Leave some for the rest of us!"

"I'm satisfied with my care."

Chapter End Notes
And we are done! I think we’ve done very well for a story that was only supposed to be between 20,000 and 30,000 words long XD. I’d like to thank all my reviewers for dropping notes along the way. You guys really managed to make me smile and I’m seriously going to miss you all. This may not be the most popular big hero 6 story around but I like to think it’s a beautiful little gem with a lot of heart. I am marking this piece as complete as the story itself is done but I may add a bonus chapter or two with fluffy scenes that occur after the events in this chapter.
BONUS 1: Sunrise

Chapter Notes

As promised, here is the first of the bonus chapters for this story… It's another Jack Frost chapter. Skip it if it's not your thing.

BONUS 1: Sunrise

Whir… Whir… Whir…

A playful breeze danced along silver blades, twisting turning and slipping through the spaces in between bringing the wind turbine softly to life. Changing course it drifted up the smooth curves of the fish shaped turbine swirling up to mischievously tug on wispy strands of black hair.

The sun peeked over the horizon, illuminating the sky. Bright pinks duelled with dark violets clashing with bright reads and oranges all while pale yellows drifted in between them all softly illuminating two silhouettes sitting high above the world, resting oh so casually atop one of the wind turbines peppered across the sky.

Hiro closed his eyes and took a deep breath, savouring the sweet crisp scent of fresh morning dew, the gentle warmth of the rising sun and the relaxing rhythm of the cool breeze. The day was beginning, bringing with it new life, hope and second chances.

Suddenly the temperature dipped, the now icy cold breeze snatching away the fleeting warmth of the sun. "Looks like you figured something out."

Hiro's eyes flew open, his heart rate increasing in instinctive reaction to the voice that had no reason to be beside him. He and Baymax had flown up to the wind turbines just before the sun rose in order to enjoy a moment of solitude and peace, high above the world, away from civilisation and all that it entailed.

They were alone, isolated from anything and anyone yet… the voice that had intruded upon his thoughts did not belong to Baymax.

Dread thick in his throat, Hiro turned to face the origin of the voice surprised to see a familiar figure beside him: pale white hair, clear blue eyes and the most mischievous smile on the planet. Standing before him, as if it were the most casual thing in the world, was Jack and Hiro, for the life of him couldn't even begin to comprehend how it could be possible. "How… What… I…” The genius was at a complete loss for words.

Jack used the staff he was holding to point at Hiro's feet before repeating his statement, mischief still gleaming in his eyes. "Looks like you figured something out." Jack dropped down to sit on Hiro's right hand side seeing as Baymax was already on his life.

Hiro glanced at his own feet, his mind still desperately trying to play catch up and absently noticed that he'd been swinging his feet back and forth while seated on the wind turbine. The motion was now completely automatic. Still trying to comprehend Jack's presence beside him, Hiro decided to address the easier statement first. "I build a bridge between my upper back and my lower back." He
explained proudly, running a hand through his hair to reveal the hearing aid shaped neurotransmitter. "This neurotransmitter translates the signals from my brain and sends them to the plate in my back which then relays them onto my feet. It's not a perfect solution and only works as long as I remember to charge the transmitter but it works."

Jack grinned at Hiro. "I knew you'd figure something out if given the right motivation." He ruffled Hiro's hair playfully.

"Hey!" Hiro protested shielding the wild mop of hair on his head. "Leave it alone. It's messy enough as it is. I don't need you making it worse!" He ran his fingers through his hair in a rather futile attempt to tame it.

"I hate to be the bearer of bad news but that mess," Jack pointed at Hiro's hair. "...has already reached its critical mass. There is nothing I nor anyone else can do to make it any worse."

Hiro glared at Jack as he continued his attempt to neaten his hair.

"Leave it alone." Jack reached out and caught hold of Hiro's hands, pulling them away from his hair. "There is absolutely nothing wrong with it. It's as much a part of you as the genius brain of yours." Jack released Hiro's hands and flicked Hiro's forehead.

Hiro's scowl deepened and he continued to glare at his unwelcome guest rubbing the spot Jack and flicked on his forehead. "You certainly take a lot of liberties with people you don't know." He said.

"But of course." Jack grinned, eyes sparkling in glee. "I find it keeps people on their toes. Besides you can hardly claim we don't know each other. Not after the intimacy of our last encounter." He teased, glancing at Hiro's lap pointedly.

Hiro blushed and quickly looked away, suddenly besieged by a flood of embarrassment even though logically he knew there was no reason to react that way. They had... after all... done nothing wrong. His memory of that day was still fresh in his mind. His encounter with Jack had been a bright spot among of sea of darkness and had shown him that the only limitations he had to live by were the ones he set for himself. It had been an eye opening experience that has a profound experience on his life. Following that encounter he'd started to learn various wheelchair stunts and still continued to participate in the sport on days where his mind was too strained to handle his neurotransmitter.

"Um..." Hiro cleared his throat trying to find a way to voice his gratitude to someone who, despite their previous encounter, was still in essence a virtual stranger. "Thank you for showing me that I can do more than I imagined, even in a wheel chair."

"I only emphasize what your brother was already telling you." Jack pointed out softly.

The intimate certainty and knowledge behind that simple statement immediately caught Hiro's attention and brought him back to the question he had been avoiding for fear of not understanding the answer... Just who exactly was Jack? "What my brother was already telling me? How do you know what my brother was telling me?" Hiro asked turning back to face the stranger that logically couldn't be there beside him. Not when he was so far up in the sky. "Did Tadashi send you to speak to me?" Hiro stood and turned around looking for Tadashi, another team member, a rocket pack or some other logical explanation for Jack's presence beside him.

Jack stood with him and leant casually on his staff, watching Hiro silently for a moment before speaking. "The current scientific understanding of the world you live in is but in its infancy. There is more in this world than you or science can even begin to comprehend. We cannot really begin to
imagine the connections that bind us or how they may in the long run influence the very fabric of our lives. Just something to think about.” With that said, Jack winked at him, took a step back and jumped off of the wind turbine.

"Baymax!" Hiro called out, horror and fear coursing through him along with visions of Jack's broken body drifting in the water below them. He leaped onto Baymax's back, engaging the installed electro-magnetics without thought. "Full thrusters ahead!"

Baymax lifted off without pause, silently obeying Hiro's commands, both spoken and tactile. Once in the air, he headed straight towards the falling figure below them already knowing what Hiro wanted him to do. They had done this so many times before that words were no longer a necessary form of communication.

Jack laughed and waved up at Hiro, his eyes still filled with happiness and mischief, his trademark smile spread across his face. His casual demeanour confused Hiro to no end. Did Jack not realise he was in trouble? "Hey wind!" Jack called up. The light early morning breeze changed into a strong gust, blowing Hiro's messy strands of hair all the way back and off his face. "Take me home!" A flurry of white joined the icy wind, snowflakes momentarily blinding Hiro before disappearing as if they’d never existed.

The unexplained snow was not the only thing that vanished…

Hiro desperately scanned the sky, the horizon and the water below, searching, desperately seeking, but there was nothing there… Jack… was gone…

Baymax landed on top of the San Fransokyo Bridge and Hiro climbed off to stand beside him still scanning the water for sights of a broken body, a staff, snow white hair or dark brown pants. "Baymax…” Hiro whispered, disbelief and shock audible in his tone. "P…please scan me."

A soft whir followed his request. "Scan complete."

"What…” Hiro licked his lips, fear almost holding his question back. "What is your diagnosis?"

"You are exhibiting signs of fear, stress and confusion. Your lower back is exhibiting a few signs of strain and is likely going to cause you some mild discomfort. Recommended treatment: Deep calming breaths and a Panado."

"Is that it?"

Baymax tilted his head to the side giving Hiro a questioning look.

"What about my mind?” Hiro pointed at his own head.

Another soft whir followed Hiro's question. "There appear to be no disruptions of your cognitive processes."

"What about hallucinations, delusions or schizophrenia?" Hiro demanded, the question tinged with mild panic.

Baymax blinked…

"Baymax!" Hiro stomped a foot in impatience.

"You are not suffering from any mental disorders, including hallucinations, delusions and schizophrenia. You do still occasionally exhibit signs of depression but are not exhibiting any of
those signs at this stage." Baymax informed him.

Hiro was both relieved and confused, still trying to make sense of everything that had just occurred. "Did I fall asleep?" He asked, reaching for the next logical explanation.

*There is more in this world than you or science can even begin to comprehend.*

"You have been awake since four thirty this morning and are not exhibiting the signs of narcolepsy." Baymax informed him removing the last of the logical explanations that Hiro could reach for.

That left him with only one, completely illogical, explanation. "Baymax… did you also see Jack?"

Baymax tilted his head to the other side. "Are you referring to the young man that joined us on the wind turbine this morning before jumping off towards the river?" Baymax asked.

"Yes!" Hiro exclaimed, overwhelming relief coursing through him. Baymax had also seen Jack. He wasn't suffering from some kind of mental disease Baymax couldn't detect. He wasn't crazy! "Yes I am. So you saw him as well. Do you know how he got up there?"

"According to my analysis, he flew." Baymax replied, blinking.

"He what?" Hiro asked, understanding the words but not really comprehending how that could be remotely possible.

"He flew." Baymax repeated.

Hiro stared at Baymax in disbelief before staring back at the water. "Did he…" Hiro licked his lips. "Did he hit the water."

"No," Baymax pointed towards the distant mountains. "The wind carried him off in that direction when we encountered the unexplained swirl of snow."

Unexplained swirl of snow. It was the middle of summer and there was not a cloud in the sky. How could they have possibly encountered snow? Better question yet… how could the wind carry anyone? The wind was not dense or controlled enough to safely carry people safely anywhere. It went against all the laws of physics!

*There is more in this world than you or science can even begin to comprehend.*

"Uh…" For the first time in his life, Hiro's genius brain completely failed him.

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