

THE LIONESS' SIN OF PRIDE IN BROCKTON BAY

Alternative power Taylor, in which she triggers with [SUNSHINE], power from beyond both Scion and Eden. Massive AU as the story goes forward

(First Arc Complete)

I have never played with a crossover, but I was curious about it.

I do one of two kinds of fics: the ones in which I focus entirely on the lore (The Bigger Picture), and ones where the story is collateral for me to explain the Lore (Revolution, Unbound).

Worm isn't that much interesting to play with in regards to the lore, since it's very well explained, and the story in itself it's kind of fixed, given the nature of Scion that imposes a hard, close end to the Worm book. AU or not, unless the author goes 'ok, in this fic won't happen because I say so', the end conflict must be against Scion.

I don't do that. The whole point of my fics is to explore the existing lore, not creating a new one.

So, these two characteristics simply stop me from starting an SI, or simply an AU with an OOC or new OC. Taylor wins in the end because somehow she manages to force a second trigger and 'trick' Scion.

Here the crossovers come to mind.

I have several plot bunnies for Worm in mind, all centered around a failed trigger of Taylor.

I don't know if it makes sense for anybody but me, but a trigger is a process through which the [ENTITY] plants a shard inside of a human. To do so it must create a connection, but a connection can't be established until the [human] is open to receive said connection. During the Trigger, [human] gets opened to form a connection with [ENTITY] which uploads the shard into the [human] before closing said [human] and thus severing the connection until the death of the now host of the shard.

Why do I think it works this way? Because the two space slugs are seen only during the trigger and forgotten immediately after.

Now, to put the MC in a condition of somehow fight back Scion (impossible unless with a cheated second trigger through Panacea), in my head at least, something must go [ABERRANT] during the trigger: either opening the MC to something different than a Shard, or ... stuff that you'll find out if you read the following fics.

I was curious about the Seven Deadly Sins series. The anime itself is horrible, as the manga is predictable and kind of... bleargh?

But the powers in there are super interesting, in particular the 'Sins'. Besides the coolness of their powers and that everything happens because of 'reasons' I have somewhat fantasized and hoped that there is a relationship between the Sin and the 'personality' of the respective character.

Even so, the characters aren't their sins.

Meliiodas is [Wrath] but only as an answer to his [Love] for Elizabeth.

Ban's [Greed] is countered through the [Selflessness] that makes him give up his immortal life for his loved one.

Escanor's [Pride] is built upon his [Admiration] for Merlin, thusly recognizing himself as somewhat less than her.

Merlin is put there without a reason whatsoever, but her [Gluttony] is somewhat balanced through self-discipline, so [Determination] perhaps?

I have no idea why [Sloth] is represented by the fairy king, but I guess that he somewhat also embodies [Sense of Duty] (because he's a king or whatever)

and the giantess [Envy] because she kind of likes Meliodas(?) and [Acceptance] because she stops pining after him at some point?

And the strange puppet guy who I really don't get, the author went out of fucks to give by then, so he tossed [Lust] and was done with it adding a sex-less body?

Anyway, Medliodas is OP and kind of boring to be used as power for anyone

the others are kind of meh, besides Ban, but his powerset would, very much like Meliodas, make him kind of OP as a power for the MC

the only one who saves himself is Escanor: helpless at night, but manages when he sees his own [hope-source of admiration] as some kind of inner Sun. Even so, I get that the Sun could be linked with Pride, and that stylistic choices have dictated that Escanor cannot echo the Stars' light with his own, I still like the whole kind-OP-uncaring set he has during the day, as well as his dutiful behavior during the night.

AND YEAH, I ONLY SOMEWHAT OWN THE IDEA OF THIS SPECIFIC CROSSOVER, EVEN IF IT WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD.

DAWN OF THE LIONESS' SIN OF PRIDE

It shouldn't have been possible.

It couldn't even have been allowed.

How could it?

Even for them, this was beyond horrifying.

She had known there was something wrong as soon as she had returned to school.

She knew something had been done to her locker, it wouldn't even be the first time. But this...

She even somewhat expected the disaster inside, but to be shoved in and locked inside said disaster...

From the moment she had been tossed inside, there hadn't been any room for 'I knew there was something wrong' or 'I should have expected it'.

There was no room for thought of any kind, everything was squashed under pain-panic-hate-despair.

Taylor Hebert screamed, only to immediately gag and fail to suppress the urge to vomit as the smells overwhelmed her, to trash wildly when she felt 'them' crawling on her legs, over the open cuts caused by her savage flailing, skittering over the metal doors of her coffin, buzzing too close.

It couldn't be real, but even that last hope found no way to survive inside of Taylor's mind.

The blood on used tampons gave a sharp tang to the air, while the rancid scent of her vomit meshed with a vengeance with the strangling flavor of stale shit and acidic piss. All that happened in the dar, the thin beam of light that managed to climb its way inside the locker from the edges of its door was just enough

to give her tearing eyes awareness that something was moving over her. No, not something, several somethings, skittering, climbing, biting, burrowing, tearing, stinging, hurting.

Disgust quickly left the way free for Panic to rise, Fear and Rage both surging forth, the second building after the first as the walls felt

In the smell of vomit and toxic waste, of despair and panic and not-enough-room-can't-breath-help-die-I-wanna-die that completely encompassed the girl, Taylor broke, and her being opened to something... beyond.

Vast, amidst the stars, moving impossibly in a fractal nightmare of twin raising spirals, there was something beyond the realm of human thought, beyond the scope of mortal understanding. But even in that moment of impossible and blessed detachment from reality, that impossibly brief sliver of time, the body of Taylor Hebert failed, her heart stilling over the overload from her panicked vegetative nervous system, her mind blanking out over the convulsions shaking her body, her muscles spasming out of any form of control and limit, she distractedly felt her teeth biting on empty air so strongly that her molars cracked, but by then, Taylor Hebert was dead.

As she died, [ENTITY] retrieved the [Queen Administrator] that it was about to load into the cracking being of the [Potential-Host], and if it could have, it would have felt dissatisfaction with the loss of [Potential-host]. As [ENTITY] abandoned any attempt to complete the releasing of [Queen Administrator] and the equivalent of its attention crumbled away from the [Potential Host - Deceased], something else walked into Taylor Hebert through the open connection left behind.

Everything that begins, one day ends.

It was a basic truth that every human grasped on some level or another.

Life existed because it was defined by an end.

Living beings are born, they grow, maybe struggling, maybe not, consuming something to sustain said growth. Air, food, other living beings, their own time. Maybe they spawn litters or spread pollen destined of giving life to something once more. Maybe they have children or cubs, or hatchlings, seeds, saplings, spores... from life another life until that one too completes its cycle.

On the vast and green hills of Britannia, Escanor found himself contemplating death.

The Lion's Sin of Pride wasn't one of the profound thoughts and deep philosophical self-exploration. He stood at the top, as it should be, and the rest of the world changed over time. Escanor never felt like changing. He was what he was meant to be, the peak of both possible and impossible, as he had always been. He had followed Merlin for decades, trusting her and carrying her as a star in his own heart of hearts, taming the shining beacon that his own self was. He had taken care to not simply unleash his unmerciful nature over the world, he had avoided challenging the sun and the stars, knowing that even if he were to die in the process, his Pride would never die, turning someone with no kindness into the Titan that Escanor himself was.

He had followed Meliodas when the Seven Deadly Sins were founded, he had regained the Self that he had burrowed for years when Ban stumbled upon him, wounded and hunted by the Commandment of Truth. Escanor was born kind. There was no path around it. And with kindness and self-control, he had helped again, just as a distraction from his own internal struggle.

That had been a good choice, his Grace, his Pride, had managed to unleash 'some' of its unending light upon someone somewhat strong enough to witness the Inner Him without crumbling to motes of dust at midday.

As the time dragged itself over the land he had so intimately known, as the stars completed yet another step in their endless dance, he had been dragged along with the last adventure of his life. Even then, the Lion's Sin of Pride held no fear, as it really had no place within him.

Yet, when the time came, he accepted the people that he realized were his equals as worthy companions to fight with, worthy people to offer his life for.

And as he died, blood pain and tears flowing freely, he held no fear. As his body crumbled as an afterthought for having used a power never meant to be tamed or regulated, he distractedly wondered what would happen if an unworthy fool were to inherit the Grace that he had made his, and truly understood only as he died.

Escanor never felt fear. Pity, even something akin to worry, but never fear. But as he died, his mind reached back to the times in which he roamed alone, his power too vast and wild to let Escanor be around people without accidentally burning them into motes of dust.

Meliodas could likely handle a fool with the might of Sunshine, but how many would burn in the meantime? How much at risk would Merlin be? His last conscious and aware thought went to all the people he could have met and learned to live with if he managed to tame Sunshine before his last moments, and considered how sad it was that amongst mankind, he learned to know and appreciate so few and that he learned the value of those few he had connected with somewhat only as he was dying.

His last act of will, powered with all the might of the immortal sun that he would always hold within his heart, was to cast Sunshine away, making sure that even in death, his power would not be a threat to the ones that had loved him just as he had learned to love in turn.

Taylor Hebert didn't realize that she was dying, how could she? And yet she was aware that something was about to end. The primordial state of [SURVIVE] her mind was into didn't realize anything beyond the metal coffin that was related to something which was about to end.

No living being truly understands the concept of death, of the end, of no-more. It can't because the very definition at the base of every living being is to be and to refuse the not-being. Oh, humans have come to realize it in their thoughts, some even think that they accept death once it comes, but it's only a lie built and perpetrated to reassure both themselves and the ones around them.

For the same reason people can't hold breath long enough to die, the [Primal Mind] at the core of the human being doesn't accept death. The human body will always choose life over death. Cells burning resources to live just a little longer, unconsciously gulping when water is poured in your mouth.

As she died, the last corner of conscious thought of Taylor Hebert realized that it was done for, and while it surely refused the idea of death, it focused on the loss that Danny Hebert would feel, it reached towards the man that had been crippled by the death of his wife, the one who had forged through the pain with bullheaded stubbornness to sustain his daughter. And that corner of coherent thought wasn't able to conceive the well-deserved rage and disappointment that the dying schoolgirl would have expressed, it was a miracle for itself, her last thought went along the lines of being sad because her only lukewarm human interaction in the whole world was with her father.

In the dark, alone, Taylor Hebert died.

And as life left her body, and her soul was left linked to her body only through a thin strand of awareness, her last thought resonated with another's.

An image, held as an anchor, managed to link itself with the wishes impressed over [Sunshine] from its previous user, and as the last electrical impulses fled Taylor's nervous system, said image burned just a little brighter, earning back the depth and meaning it was starting to lose once that its owner was no more.

[Sunshine] held no consciousness of its own, it was a Magic, not a living being, and yet, in the nooks and crannies of the departing soul of a schoolgirl dying of fear and despair inside a locker, it found many shapes that fit with its previous owner.

Refusal to just lay down and die.

Endurance to unjust adversity.

Instinctively refusing the very idea of lording your power over others.

A will to become something, buried and almost completely hidden beneath self-doubt and endless fear.

And, at the end of the line, almost as an afterthought, Hope.

So, brightly, suddenly, and with the strength of the Lion's Sin of Pride, [Sunshine] rose over the startled and fleeting remains of Taylor Hebert's soul, coaxing it back with the impossible warmth Escanor dedicated once to Merlin, burning away the wounds and the pain, vaporizing the harmful surroundings of the locker, which suddenly found itself gone from reality, melted and turned into motes of dust.

With [Sunshine], Escanor had once found, been gifted, or forged, the Divine Axe Rittha, named after a young maiden loved by the Sun.

Hadn't [Sunshine] just chosen yet another maiden? How could the golden and impossibly heavy weapon be left behind?

Live once more, Taylor wondered briefly why all the pain she had been feeling had disappeared, distractedly wondering why she felt like her back was on fire.

For a brief instant, she opened her eyes, closing them immediately once she only saw fire. White fire, with its warmth encompassing her, feeling like the water of the shower set on its maximum hot, exactly at the instant in which you are confused if the water is charbroiling your skin or its cola as ice.

White Fire, burning away everything bad that existed to hurt her.

White fire, holding the promise she already made in her heart of hearts, signing it with her soul.

Everything that begins, one day ends.

It was a basic truth that every human grasped on some level or another.

Life existed because it was defined by an end.

Taylor Hebert's life had begun fifteen years before and ended that day in the locker.

Escanor's life had begun 40 years before his last battle against the Demon King and ended as he gifted himself to the void to save others from that fate.

Taylor, Lioness' Sin of Pride begun her life on Monday the 10th of January, 2011, at 12:14.

And reality burned.

AN

So, regarding the date and the hour of her trigger.

In the books, it's stated that the trigger happened when she returned to school in January. The first day of school in January 2011 was Monday 10th, as for the hour, well, on that day the sun rose at 7:37 am and set at 4:58 pm, making it a day 9:21 hours long. The middle of that interval of time is roughly 12:14- meaning when the sun it's at its peak.

I found it fitting.

THE BURNING DAWN

The thundering banging at the door brought Danny Hebert awake with a snort and a confused, "Taylor? Is that you?" With a confused expression and bleary eyes, the man looked around the cluttered, filthy living room for any sign of his daughter. Nothing. "What would Annette say if she saw me like this?" he muttered as he slowly started to relax. His heavy, gummy eyelids had just closed again when the banging returned, accompanied by a bass voice yelling through his door.

"PRT! We have the warrant to search this house, Daniel Hebert, if you don't open the door, we're authorized to enter by force!" Danny surged to his feet, only to trip over an empty whiskey bottle that went rolling loudly across the old wood slats of the floor. He stumbled through the living room with half-hearted curses as his only companions, a single bare bulb hanging in the stairs to light his way, until he reached the door. He opened it only to stumble back when a bundle of papers was shown onto his face and the PRT operative in a dark armor-vest barged in: "This is the warrant for us to search the house, your cooperation is appreciated although not needed, please step aside."

The curt tone and the mean-looking group of military men standing just behind him somewhat stole his choice from him. Even as he freed the entryway for these people and started reading through the thick bundle of paper, cursing in his head because of his almost gummy eyelids that refused to stay open properly. He tried to look everywhere at once as the soldiers of the government agency dedicated to controlling parahumans began to methodically tear his home apart.

As everything in his house was torn apart under the unmerciful attentions of the PRT men, several flashes signaled the growing existence of a detailed photo-book. Empty bottles, dirty plates, and half-eaten take-outs. Everything got scanned under the serious scrutiny of people that meant business.

After maybe twenty seconds of him staring somewhat dumbfounded at the happenings around him, he managed to ask: "What's going on here?" The men busy with 'searching' didn't utter a single word, instead, one took a step forward, almost in a threatening way, as to say that it would be better for Danny to sit tight and stay quiet. Then a clear voice cut through the haze and growing concern that was rising in Danny's mind: Mr. Hebert? I'm Miss Militia and I need to talk with you. Can we move to the kitchen? I see that it has been searched already." The woman was dressed like an anachronistic extra in a low-budget western. She wore a bandana tied around her face to hide her nose and mouth, but the bandana bore the colors of the American flag. She had a holster hanging low on her right hip, but instead of leather or denim-like an actor in a western, she wore mottled grey and green fatigue T-shirt with a black tactical vest and similar tactical pants lined with pockets. Another American flag sash completed the costume around her waist.

The eyes of Danny Hebert however quickly abandoned any pretense of studying the newcomer to focus entirely on the green mist-like shadow clinging around the woman's left hand, and as his eyes landed on the area, he could barely follow through the quickly shifting shapes that the mist was assuming: a revolver, a butcher's knife, a whip, a sai, and a small knife.

Even if he didn't recognize her from the news, or the fact she wore a mask like someone out of the comics he used to read, he would know the woman as a parahuman just from the sheer impossibility of the power she displayed. She was a living, breathing superhero, part of the national organization of superheroes sponsored by the federal government, the Protectorate. "What is this about?" he asked.

"Where is my daughter? Is she well?" His mind, even in its slightly altered state was reasonably quick in collecting the dots regarding the presence of PRT in his house: "What happened at school? I haven't seen my daughter since Monday!" his voice had begun confused and concerned, but as he started to see the people around him as somehow responsible for the continued absence of his daughter, he had started thundering.

"Mr. Hebert, sit down." Miss Militia cut his rant. "Please," she added as she took a chair and saw that Danny wasn't looking like he was about to respect her request. "There are some things we need to talk about."

The woman tried to somehow reassure him with placating gestures, but she clearly had no children of her own, or she would have known how much her attempt was to be considered a cross between insulting and futile. "Your daughter Taylor is a student at Winslow High School, correct?" the parahuman sighed when it appeared clear that nothing good was coming out of delaying the conversation.

"Yes." the man gritted out.

"She's fifteen. Born June 12, 1995?"

Danny's eyes glared hatefully towards the men trashing his home before returning toward the parahuman seated in front of him: "Where is my daughter?"

"A sophomore yes?" she asked, ignoring his question.

That wasn't a particularly wise move, and Danny felt his temper rise as if it belonged to a different person: "Where. Is. My. Daughter." he gritted out one last time.

Miss. Militia smiled under her bandana almost sympathetically, but she tried to go forward with her interrogation nevertheless: "I haven't seen my only living family in two days. My little girl. And now you're standing in my kitchen while your people tear everything apart? WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER!?" His voice rose with each word until by the end of it he was screaming, slamming his hands on the table as he rose from his seat so fast that his chair rocketed back before falling to the ground. The green mist by her hand suddenly shifted into a very large automatic pistol. She met his gaze without flinching as she holstered the weapon.

The parahuman stared down his outburst without even flinching, even if her green mist shifted into a shotgun for a brief instant: "Mr. Hebert, I'll ask only once: sit down." Where before she sounded at least reasonably polite, now she was professional and uncaring. She sounded like someone who knew how to fight and kill.

The tired father felt his fight leave him, he felt almost like his wife had died again, only that there wasn't Taylor to remain strong for. Danny sank back into his table and only then realized that he had a PRT agent with a weapon trained on him.

When she started talking again, she did so with a voice that could have been mistaken for soft: "As you know, there was an incident at Winslow High School." She began in that infuriatingly calm tone. "The public story is that an unidentified tinker used an unknown chemical to start a fire. This was the excuse for the quarantine. It was a lie. In fact, there was an explosion. Forty-two dead, twenty-four severely wounded and everyone else wounded on different levels. Our readings match the power of a certain cape known as Sundancer, however, we know that it can't be your daughter." Danny stared, trying to understand what she was saying. Sundancer? He had never heard of said cape before, but he didn't really care about it.

"The epicenter of the event was your daughter's locker. Investigators at the scene believe she might have been inside it for some reason. Were you aware of any bullying Taylor may have been subjected to?" her voice continued its speech without any inflection.

"What? No! I..." Before Danny could properly process what was being said, a PRT agent came thumping down their stairs. He carried a leather-bound book in his hands. "Ma'am." He interrupted Danny. "You'll want to see this."

Danny's eyes shot upwards and locked on the said object with the focus of a drowning man looking for something to save him: "What is that?" he demanded. Miss Militia ignored him and opened it up at a random page. Her eyes scanned the pages as she quickly flipped through the pages. After a few more long, heavy seconds of reading, she sighed and slid the book toward Taylor's father. Danny stared for a few moments at his daughter's familiar, cramped handwriting before pulling it the rest of the way.

...fucking hate them. I hate them. Gladly just stands there and lets them get away with it. Blackwell demands proof, and when I bring it to her she covers it up or throws it away. Sofia elbowed the back of my head into my locker, and Emma just laughed about how clumsy I was. Gladly was right there and saw my bloody nose, and the son of a bitch didn't do a damned thing! I hate them. God, I wish mom were here. I can't tell dad because he'd just shut down again.... Danny clenched his hands on the side of the table, staring at the offending object as if it was responsible for everything wrong in the world. "What does this mean?"

"At just before lunch two days ago, your daughter experienced a Trigger Event: a traumatic experience which activated her potential to become a parahuman. In the course of that trigger, she created something akin to a small sun with herself as epicenter: among those closest to her, and who thusly died first, there was a certain Emma Barnes."

Danny remained perfectly still for several seconds, trying to come to terms with what he had just been told: "Does...does Emma's dad know?" he didn't care, while they had come closer to talking about what happened to his daughter, they were far from uncovering what the worried father was desperately after.

"He does, yes." Danny's mind tried to process what he was hearing, but it was hard. Taylor was alive, and it felt like the weight of the world had been lifted from his shoulders, but at the same time, she apparently had caused the death of many others... no. "Why my daughter was in her locker?" his mind focused on the beginning of this tragedy: Why did my daughter undergo a trigger in a school?" he was collecting together what he had been told, looking for the one responsible for the absence of Taylor from her home.

"The investigation is still ongoing, however, given the circumstances, other things have been given the precedence, understandably." Miss Militia answered cautiously, clearly shutting down that line of questioning.

Danny was having none of it: "So it's important to barge in my home and tear through Taylor's things, but it's irrelevant to find out why the traumatic experience that sits at the origin of this mess happened at all." his rage had gone from volcanic to glacial in a few minutes. When it was clear that he wasn't going to receive any satisfactory answer, he returned to his main problem: "Where's Taylor?"

Finally, the parahuman answered: "She's a PRT headquarters. During her arrest, she displayed significant telekinetic abilities. More than a dozen agents and two members of the Protectorate were..."

"I really don't care what happened to anyone but my daughter. I'm sure they were wonderful people, but since you have clearly stated that you arrested Taylor for having suffered a traumatic experience, you'll forgive if I can only think that maybe someone should have realized that calling me and letting me see my daughter was the best course of action." the man crossed his arms with a heavy frown marring his usually pacific face: "Now, I want an address, where. is. my. daughter."

"The first step is for you to come to PRT Headquarters. The local Youth Guard office will provide you and Taylor an attorney at no cost so that we can discuss the legal ramifications of what happened."

"Will you take her away from me?" Danny wasn't someone to go against the law, he prided himself of being a law-abiding citizen, who managed to keep himself and the people he worked with clean while the rest of the city slowly rotted. The green mist of the parahuman swirled into a knife within its holster before returning into the shape of a revolver.

"Mr. Hebert, the day a parahuman Triggers is, without a doubt, the worst day of our lives. We won't know what happened and thusly the extent of any wrongdoing on her part until the investigation is complete, but the law does take into account bad trigger events, however, we have to accept that there are forty-two dead, twenty-four severely wounded. More importantly, there is a quite real possibility we may be looking at a broken trigger." the voice of the parahuman was steady and detached as if she feared that trying to be kind would be perceived as an insult.

To be fair, she wasn't wrong. Danny turned slowly, conscious that if he wanted to stay with Taylor, he was the last to have any say in the matter: "What is that?"

"Some Triggers are so traumatic that sometimes the cape never recovers. Given how violently she reacted when she woke the first time, we have to face the possibility that Taylor's experiences have caused long-term psychological harm. But it's important for you to understand, Mr. Hebert, and for Taylor as well, that we aren't some kind of evil cabala that enjoys tearing families apart: the PRT simply tries to regulate parahumans and to be sure that they aren't a threat to civilians, sometimes we need to act with more force than we would like."

"You're saying she might end up in an insane asylum for life?" Danny completely ignored the platitudes that tried to distract him from the core of her message.

"Unfortunately, it does happen, more than the public knows." she stated as she turned to leave the house: "I'll set an appointment with the Youth Guard appointed attorney tomorrow at nine at the PRT headquarters. She'll be allowed to awake by then."

"Allowed to wake?" Danny repeated: "YOU'RE KEEPING MY DAUGHTER UNDER DRUGS?"

Miss Militia turned and left the house after the PRT men held the furious father still long enough for him to calm down.

Hannah Washington did not sleep. Not that she couldn't, or that she had difficulties in surrendering herself to the arms of Morpheus, it was just that since her trigger, her biology was, as many would say when talking about powers, complete bullshit. However, her perfect memory caused her to live again her trigger, and that stole sleep from all of its attractiveness. A loud buzz broke her out of her memories. Frowning, Hannah Washington, known to the world as the parahuman hero Miss Militia, accepted the call on her phone. "Militia."

"Miss Militia, this is Terry Brockweiler. You scheduled an appointment with me this morning at nine with Mr. Daniel Hebert?" She frowned. "He's a no show?"

"No, Miss Militia, he's dead. Mr. Hebert was involved in a fatal car crash last night just before midnight. Drunken accident while driving." Hanna closed her eyes, recalling just how broken the man had been when she left his house. He wasn't a bad man, and he didn't deserve what happened to him any more than Taylor did. "Thank you for telling me." The line disconnected.

Hannah stood from her desk and looked around the small room that served as her home. Unlike most of the other Protectorate members, Hannah didn't maintain a home off base. Almost her entire life in America was spent among Capes, and she wouldn't have it in any other way. She really wasn't good at going civilian. Oh sure, if as a Miss Militia she needed to talk to a non-cape, she could do so just fine, but as a common human being... she was just as bad as Armsmaster, she was ready to recognize it.

She left her small, single-room apartment and crossed the PRT building towards the holding facilities, in particular, she walked down several staircases, before letting herself through a series of elevators built more with the intention of making any attempt to escape fail. The hall beyond the security checkpoint was guarded by every Tinker-tech device Armsmaster and the other Protectorate Tinkers could think of. Force fields, containment form, and even lasers were just some of the countermeasures in place to prevent anyone from escaping.

Within the long hall, off-set to prevent prisoners from seeing each other were the cells themselves. Most were empty—the capes who needed cells like these rarely stayed long. At the end of the hall were their three special containment units. She turned to her left and was not surprised to see Armsmaster there. In his civilian identity, Colin Wallis stood an even six feet with a build made fit by constant exercise. Unlike many parahumans, Colin didn't possess enhanced strength or durability. As a Tinker, all his power came in the amazing, impossible technology he could build. The perfect example was the power-armor he wore when she spotted him, which brought his height much closer to seven feet. Director Emily Piggot barely came up to his elbow while he was in his armor. The obese director of the Brockton Bay PRT ENE stood with her hands behind her back, as if at military ease. Hannah joined them and looked in through the heavily reinforced Tinker-made carbon sheathed glass at the figure within.

Taylor Hebert appeared to be a tall, thin girl of fifteen years. She had fair skin and dark, curly hair that the medical techs had gathered in a skull cap. She wore a simple gown that just barely served for modesty. She was strapped down to her gurney at three points along each arm and leg, her waist and her chest, but it was the two automated injectors prepared to plunge powerful sedatives into her neck that served as their primary means of securing the prisoner. Hannah couldn't help but look at the crack in the lower right corner of the left carbon sheath. The material was rated to handle a ballistic missile, but the girl had cracked it with her telekinesis in the brief moments she'd last been awake. "How are Dauntless and Battery?" she asked when she arrived. "Recovering," Armsmaster said. "Panacea responded quickly and was able to heal them last night." "And your arm?" she asked. He didn't even shrug. "It's fine. How'd your meeting with the father go?" The thought of the man she saw last night made her sigh.

"The father was killed in a car wreck last night," Militia said.

"Shit," Piggot cursed.

Armsmaster merely clucked his tongue. "Cape?"

"Drunk, and emotionally unstable. I shouldn't have left him alone... I should have brought him in myself and let him sleep it off. He was a wreck." she reprimanded herself.

"And he's left us in a pickle," Piggot said, having already dismissed the man's death. "If word gets out that Sophia Hess is one of our Wards... a teenaged cape we were sworn to train and protect, there could be serious repercussions. If the public finds out she was implicated in causing a bad trigger, it could be worse for all of us. Forty-two dead, twenty-four severely wounded, we have a destroyed high school and a city mayor screaming to hold somebody accountable."

"She had sustained life-threatening injuries, if not for Panacea and her slightly empowered metabolism, Shadow Stalker would be ashes, that she was wounded even in her Breaker state..." Armsmaster cut in, trying to find the positive in the situation in his stark and callous manner.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the subject is starting to come out of it." The med-tech spoke to them through the overhead speakers. The doctor was not in the same room as Hebert. If nothing else, the PRT tried to learn from their mistakes, and thirty-two PRT agents with third-degree burns on 50% of their bodies, along with the almost crippled capes that had participated at the arrest had been a mistake. Instead, the tech was monitoring the patient remotely. The girl slowly turned her head toward them, blinking her eyes tiredly, as if unable to focus. Hannah felt a moment's concern when the color of the girl's irises seemed to shift from green to emerald, to a brighter green with sparkles of gold, until her irises looked aflame.

Hebert tried to move her arms. her hands clawed up and she shook her head as much as the cradle allowed. Abruptly her whole body tensed as if she were being shocked. She screamed, and with the growing volume of her voice, the thermostat registered a peak in the temperature. From the comfortable 22 Celsius degrees that were the standard, it jumped quickly to 32 C, before stabilizing at 35 C. Her pained scream seemed to grow just a tidbit deeper, as her body started to grow out of her binds, the flame retardant material that composed the entirety of her room started to melt as the temperature took another jump up the scale.

Abruptly the carbon sheathed glass through which she had been observing the girl along with the Director and Armsmaster started to slide down, while its surface caught fire at several points. Less than a second later a couple of needles into her long, exposed neck. Her scream turned into a pained cry. Hannah could see vapor made of sizzling tears over the girl's cheeks as the sedatives quickly pulled her under.

"She metabolized the sedative much faster this time," Armsmaster noted. "At this rate, they will cease to be effective within the day. We have until then to decide what to do with her."

"We found a journal," Militia began.

"Yes, I read it this morning," Piggot said. "The angry ramblings of a confused pubescent child. Though, knowing what we do about Hess, it wouldn't shock me if some bullying did occur. That doesn't change anything. If we can't establish some control... it's either the Asylum or the Birdcage." Hanna nodded, forcing her expression blank. "I understand, Director." Piggot nodded, glared one more time at the girl, and then turned to walk away.

Taylor Herbert tried to cover her ears. The rush through her senses burned. She felt her eyes bulge and her skin prickle and her very bones vibrate with the sudden, impossible rush of power, wild all-encompassing, unmerciful, bright and uncaring, and, above all... vast.

She felt it clearly in her chest, over her back, in her brain, and along with her bones, it was something beyond her ability to properly understand, she felt far away from her body and yet aware that she was growing, her bones strengthening as they elongated, synthesizing mass through heat that she somehow

always had access to. It was the roar of a football stadium during a game, only a stadium the size of the planet with everyone in it screaming their loudest. Her whole body and soul being burned by the sheer enormity of it, it felt as if her very soul were being flayed apart.

She knew instinctively, as clearly as she knew that her power came from some form of sun beyond her reach, that with the same ease her flames burned those who armed her, they would eat through her being, and it would feel more glorious the more of her life she fed to the fire. Something in her mind cracked, and for a second, she witnessed a King of the Sun blessing her with a heavy gaze, even so, while she couldn't either recognize him or name his features, she knew that a part of the man was saddened by the loss of the power he was freely giving her, and worried because he wasn't sure that she wouldn't burn away with the first dawn.

And yet the power crashed through her being, a jarring and crackling sensation of heat and energy and power beyond everything this universe had to offer. She almost saw a shape in the flames around her, but by then something pierced her neck, and she quickly found herself falling asleep.

In her mind, the image of a glorious one-handed axe seemed to call her.

AN

Yeah, the credit for this chapter largely goes to Quintessence, which is just the best Star Wars-Worm crossover ever written. I just didn't have the time to write out this series of interactions completely from scratch, since I wanted to churn out some other shit before returning to the real life.

Anyhow, the first half of the first chapter of all of my Worm-crossovers will likely be the same, save some cosmetic modification here and there, I just don't see the point of writing anew something that happens in the same way.

(And I tend to get annoyed every time I have to write about a fifteen years old girl chunked inside a coffin with toxic waste, so... I don't feel the least bit guilty.)

DAWNBREAKER

11 January 2011 11:34 a.m. PRT Area of Containment LVL 8

As she came to, Taylor Hebert felt different.

The difference wasn't in the strength of her muscles or in her bigger frame, it wasn't in her usually undeveloped chest now sporting a C cup that bordered into a D, nor in her wider hips and thick thighs, even if all of those elements somewhat gave a frame of reference for what she was perceiving.

Her ears picked up her own breathing and her slow beating heart, which nonetheless echoed like thunder in her chest. There was a constant beeping sound that likely existed to monitor her vitals, but as it was annoying, she simply discarded it.

She looked around distractedly, feeling the solid grip of bonds that stilled her head, wrists, ankles knees, elbows and hips. She was in a room with a white ceiling, white panels covering the floor, white lights, white everything. She stared unblinkingly in the stripes of led that ran over her head, bathing the white room into an uncaring and cold light. She blinked slowly, realizing that even as she stared in the centre of each led, her eyes could tear through its light to see its body without issues.

It was confusing, but not exactly unexpected, why should have it been? It was only right that she was unbothered by the light, it was only a small part of her domain after all. Taylor blinked again, perplexed at the intuitive knowledge that she had of herself. She briefly clinched her fists, realizing that she withheld a power that should by all rights have been beyond her.

More than her dismissive reaction to her unknown circumstances, she was focused on the blaze that she could feel quietly searing through her veins, along her nerves, inside her muscles, and just behind her each conscious thought.

Without moving from her position, her green eyes turned towards her left, pointing at an apparently random point on the ceiling. She knew that the Sun was in that direction. She knew it with the same certainty she could attribute to knowing the position of her own nose. As she stared unblinkingly in that direction, she felt her body, her new, changed, powerful body, frowning at the intrusions in her neck.

These have to go. Her thought was decisive, and more than that, absolute.

The quiet blaze that had been roaming almost quiescently around her body became much more present. But even those weren't accurate words to describe it. How do you describe to a blind man the difference between a painting and seeing the most heartbreaking and breathtaking vision of your life? Heavenly light shone through Taylor Hebert's body, and after a second, she shrugged off her bounds.

Distractedly, she discarded the alarms going off around her, even if they brought a twinge of annoyance to the forefront of her mind, a voice blared through speakers hidden in the room, but she ignored it without a care. If someone wanted to talk with her, they could do so in person, and thusly bear the consequences of their words on their own skin.

As she stood, she found that the floor stood more or less six feet under her eyes, but that information was processed and archived without giving her any pause. Like almost everything around her, she found that information to be... pointless. It was what it was. Her eyes fell over the mirror that covered a whole wall and studied herself: she had retained her green eyes and dark hair, that somehow had grown to match her increased stature. As far as she could see, she had a very proportionate build, albeit a voluptuous one, with hips and chest balanced in an hourglass-like shape that somewhat managed to make her round shoulders and toned legs look less imposing than what she knew they should have been considering her abilities.

She had been a tall and willowy girl, now she was a statuesque woman, and her skin held a healthy colour very different from her usually pale features. Her face had remained widely unchanged, if not to grow with the rest of her body, she found her wide lips to be just a bit fuller, and as expressive as they were meant to be. Her nose was straight as an arrow and of an adequate length.

As she torqued lightly her torso, she recognized the deceptively delicate-looking six-pack over her belly, and she felt powerful pectorals clench and unclench at her command under the admittedly abundant chest she had awoken to. She raised her arms and looked them over, seeing muscles twitch under the skin, that occasionally gave off a faint glow which immediately made the air waver and overeager to combust, while her slender fingers traced her well-defined biceps with idle curiosity, she spotted a blemish on her skin.

No, not a blemish, and not a tattoo either, since no ordinary mark could marry her skin. Between her shoulder blades, a lion glared imposingly, almost guarding her back against all threats. It was drawn using the contrast with her skin, the eyes of the animal slits in the black of the not-ink that made it, while its mane flowed wildly but with an undeniable grace around it.

After a brief reprieve, Taylor decided that she didn't dislike it, and that since she clearly had become a parahuman, she could just as well have a symbol of her own. At the end of the day, she could even be proud of having something unique to distinguish her from the rabble that habitually used powers. As she accepted her changes, she found that her detached feeling was going to grow old very fast.

She blinked again, this time in irritation, she realized that a part of her should have been freaking out, not calmly accept what was happening and carrying on like it was nothing, but again, Taylor couldn't seem to find in herself to care. Her green eyes sparkled gold for an instant as she spotted the door on one side of the room: she would need to duck to pass under it, but there was nothing to do about it.

With an annoyed sigh, she burned through the containment foam that several half-hidden muzzles tried to entrap her within, and made her way out.

As Taylor Hebert came to her senses and her heart rate declared loudly for anyone with a modicum of knowledge on the matter that she was awake, a warning went off over Emily Piggot's desktop, causing her to frown and quickly press a button that made her in contact with Armsmaster and Miss. Militia, both of which had been ordered to not leave the building and remain ready in case of emergencies.

Given that the worst estimation put the Hebert girl's awakening in the late afternoon at the earliest, giving her several hours to find a way out of the mess that said girl dropped on her lap, willingly or not, she quickly decided that it was, in fact, an emergency.

A click of her mouse brought on her screen the live feed of the cameras in her room: "Why is she naked?" she blurted out, momentarily confused from by the uncaring attitude of the girl.

"Apparently her hospital gown burned away in the moment her mind returned to consciousness." Armsmaster stated clearly through his communication device.

"The fire-resistant one?" Miss. Militia asked, already knowing the answer to her question.

"It appears to be some kind of field near her skin, it makes her clearly untouchable by... well, apparently anything." Armsmaster replied with a dissatisfied grunt easily hear in his tone: "The temperature doesn't justify her clothes catching on fire."

"Neither her bonds, if that's what concerning you." Emily Piggot barked back as she observed the girl rise from the reinforced steel table she had been bound to not a second before, her fingers quickly typing the passwords necessary for placing the PRT building in lockdown.

"She has clearly gone insane." Armsmaster noted, causing Miss. Militia to answer scathingly and demand an explanation.

"No fifteen years old girl keeps a straight face after triggering and finding out that her body changed that much during the night, and from what I know, a girl in her position wouldn't act so uncaringly in regards to be naked in a room she has never seen before." he rattled off, causing Miss. Militia to frown, especially since the girl appeared to be belatedly ignoring the orders being transmitted through the speakers in her room.

"What do we know about her tattoo?" Piggot asked, looking for an angle from which talking the girl down, since she clearly was unimpressed by her situation.

"It wasn't mentioned anywhere in her belongings." Armsmaster stated: "Dragon?"

"It's the "King of Beasts" and bears a long history of being in the heralds of nobility. Lions are not exclusive to noble heraldry however and were often used as symbols of chivalry just as much as they were of royalty. However, Taylor's tattoo is not positioned profile but rather a passant guardant, meaning that his head faces out directly. This is then not a lion in heraldry terms, but a leopard, symbolizing someone disgraced. Lions connote strength, courage, benevolence, and pride. Leopards symbolize uniqueness, and prowess." the dispassionate voice of Dragon echoed from the monitor.

"I strongly doubt that a fifteen years old girl had all of that in mind when she got it on her skin." Piggot snarked: "Miss. Militia, Armsmaster, detain her, if you can, talk her down."

"How are we to do that since she can burn through the containment foam and we captured her the first time only because she went unconscious when the sun went down?" Miss. Militia asked, without really expecting an answer.

The order was given quickly and without remorse: "If she makes it out of the Containment area, I authorize lethal force, I'm calling the others."

The door to her room buckled and shot away from its reinforced hinges after a titanic kick from the newly triggered cape, who ducked under the threshold and stepped out, her bare feet scorching the floor with each step she took. Muzzles reacted as if there was a fire in the area, unleashing water and fire retardant powder in large quantities.

Taylor Hebert kept walking, slightly annoyed by the powder that clung to her skin for a brief instant before dissolving because of the heat that her body was emitting. The water was vaporized as soon as it reached less than fifty centimetres from her, quickly turning the corridor into a misty sauna.

The two PRT capes left the lift before sealing it off and walked towards the incoming threat: While the corridor was wide enough to grant them to walk side by side, Miss. Militia walked half a step behind the more bulky parahumans since his armour could withstand the first blow if it came down to it.

"We need to sit down and talk, Taylor." Miss. Militia spoke, making the girl raise a single eyebrow in what had to be the most dismissive gesture a human face was capable of.

"I don't recall ever allowing you to refer to me so casually." she calmly replied as she kept walking in their direction, blatantly ignored the three posed by her weapon and the veritable waterfall of tinker tech that was trying to subdue her with every step she took.

"We have orders to restrain you. You cannot leave." Armsmaster stated curtly.

The Lioness' Sin of Pride returned her attention to the man, genuinely curious about how they were going to accomplish their orders, it wasn't like the difference between them wasn't obvious. "Miss. Hebert please, you need to stand down." Miss. Militia tried again.

"And will you be the ones to force me?" she asked almost hauntingly, raising her chin just a tiny bit. It wasn't a challenge, not exactly, more like a vastly superior opponent offering them the chance to strike at her neck and end the fight immediately.

"Immediately after your trigger you caused the death of more than forty people, Taylor, please, this is the only way in which you walk out of here without a kill order on your head." Miss. Militia gave her the less heavy of the news the girl had yet to hear, hoping to give her pause.

But to her great dismay, the only expression on the seven feet tall parahuman was a detached curiosity, as if she couldn't quite link how the death of so many of her schoolmates was in any way tied to her. The

Lioness' Sin of Pride wasn't an entity separated from the fifteen years old who triggered in the locker, she was Taylor Hebert, truly, she wanted to be a Hero, she loved her father, she had once despised/hated/feared her bullies. But as she walked, she came to the realization that she didn't care any longer for her tormentors. They were dead? It was ok, since they had clearly gone too far with their last act as her bullies and would have needed to be cleansed by her sun in any case. Many others in the school died? It was a pity, but not something she could do anything about.

"I understand that you hate them, but you still need to atone for the deaths of the innocents." Miss Militia spoke quickly, hoping to break through the girl before they were forced to take her down.

"Hate them?" the seven feet tall girl repeated, almost wondering about it herself: "No, I no longer hate, nor fear. Why would the sun fear cockroaches? I only pity them. And nobody seemed to care when I was the innocent, they all carried on with their lives, they'll keep doing do." in her detached state, she could clearly see that the PRT had no problem whatsoever with the status quo, after all, hadn't Lung arrived and cut out for himself a slice of the city? How hard could it be for the Triumvirate to track down a giant dragon and chunk him away? No, the heroes of the PRT had their time to do something for Brockton Bay, it was her time now.

"There are things you need to be told before you try to escape." Miss. Militia tried to deescalate, causing the girl to scoff: "I'm returning home, not escaping, my father will likely be worried."

She took another step forward, a serene expression on her face: "Danny Hebert died last night in a car accident." Armsmaster cut in, hoping that the sudden revelation would give him an opening to take down the exceedingly dangerous cape.

Taylor's eyes turned towards the one that had uttered the dreaded news without betraying any of her inner turmoil. And again, she logically recognized that a part of her should have been curling up and wishing to die, crying out her pain and grief, but... she couldn't. Her hand reached over her head, brushing against the ceiling of the corridor as she walked through the barrage of tinker tech designated to restrain her, the stun bullets fired by Miss. Militia like they weren't even there. *I'll go home and loom for Dad, they're likely hiding behind lies and tricks, since they can't hope to fight me straightforwardly.* She decided.

As her fist closed around a cylindrical shape nobody could see, the temperature skyrocketed once more, turning the corridor into a veritable oven, and making Armsmaster grateful for the adjustments applied to his power armour that allowed him to withstand the 80° C of the environment. He sighed as he witnessed Miss. Militia being forced to retire from the enclosed space.

"Divine Axe: Rittha." the newly triggered parahuman stated clearly as a one-handed, golden axe suddenly appeared in her hand. As Armsmaster charged with his halberd pointed at the clearly hostile parahuman, the Lioness' Sin of Pride swung her weapon, a burning, gold flash of light tearing in the wake of the edge of the blade.

With his experience, and the readings from his armour' sensors, he took a split-second decision and shot himself off course, avoiding the point of the attack. However, the girl had never before shown either her shaker ability to summon that weapon, nor the frankly absurd blaster power she was capable of. And as the heatwave surged forward, Colin was unexpectedly reminded of Scion himself, before losing consciousness as his armour' systems started to do everything in their power to keep him alive.

A few minutes later, Taylor Hebert walked outside of the PRT building clad in a shroud of sunlight and flames, the air blowing towards her as her mere presence swallowed the oxygen around her, combusting it with the sheer heat she was radiating.

"Ok girl, I dunno what kind of exhibitionist your power made you, but you're going to snuff out your scary-looking flames and drop to the ground tiso that I can freeze you." Clockblocker stood several meters forward, his hands raising threateningly in her direction, as Vista watched from one of the sides.

Taylor felt a twinge on the surface of her thoughts, no, deeper, a silver of... what was it? She dismissed it as she did many other things.

"No good, she is isolated from my power." Gallant spoke with a grimace.

"Have no fear, for the cooler heroes are here!" Glory Girl appeared as a streak of white through the air, pointing at the villain in the middle of the street.

Taylor was... confused by their behaviour. Surely, there were villains more deserving than her of the attention of the whole force of both the PRT and New Wave?

In the end, it mattered little. She would try to not kill them, but the Sun wasn't made to be contained, and they were on the way.

AN

So, Taylor is OP... usually, books, mangas and whatnot present slow growth of the powers: this is clearly not the case here, in the manga, at least from what I remember, Escanor kept escalating up until his death, matching the opponent he was facing in order to have some sort of barely decent fight. I'm guessing that Alexandria was fucking terrifying from the get-go once she triggered, only becoming more cunning and fucking scary with each day of super-work.

That's the thing in the Worm-verse, some powers are bullshit from the very beginning, Manton's projection is invincible since the very beginning, [PATH TO VICTORY] didn't require any training.

The character development will clearly not be on her parahuman side of her life, but on her nocturnal one, the scared, paranoid, wounded, alone Taylor Hebert.

The challenge for me will be keeping an interesting story working around the OP-ness of [SUNSHINE], but I'm willing to try it.

I'm keeping the Dawn theme for the first Arc of this ff, it will follow with Morning, Noon, Afternoon, Dusk. It's just a stylistic choice, but something I'll try to keep to nevertheless, I find it a good exercise that will keep me from straying too much.

CRUEL DAWN

As Vista bent space in front of Glory Girl, following the orders she had just received through her helmet, everyone had a common line of thought that crept up in their subconscious. It wasn't something they truly acknowledged, they weren't really aware of it, and not everybody was ready to accept the simple implication of the freshly triggered parahuman being able to escape from the containment area of the PRT building.

As Taylor walked along the road, ignoring whatever order was shouted at her form, she thought. She had always been a smart girl, if only because her mother had guided her with a steady presence in her first years of learning, if only because she had found some small form of refuge in the worlds built from words only by the greatest writers of all time, who managed to encase in ink and paper the true soul of mankind, of hopes and dreams and expectations and savage, wistful dreaming.

Since what she accepted had been her trigger, and more noticeably once she had woken up and been able to actually think about what was happening, she had felt somewhat detached. Her wishes had become simpler, her mind more easily focusing on the next aim, shutting down doubts and fears before she could truly realize they were there, while her power answered to the barest direction of her thought, she was being attacked, so she would be punting the attackers down. It was simple, linear, obvious, inevitable. And the kind of blaze she felt ready to jump forth from under her skin had simply been the first resource she applied to keep others from standing between her and her aim.

As she walked through the sizzling and evaporating encasement foam, as the bullets melted and capes tried to clash against her, she thought. She thought briefly about her own life, about the few people in it, and about her place in the world. If no immediately after her triggering, when could she figure it out?

The parahumans thrived in conflict, it had been proved and powers couldn't be ignored. There had been studies about it, enough to build a vast database of statistics, about how long could a parahuman go without touching any aspect of his, or her, power, to the relationship between the sanity of freshly triggered capes and the strength of their powers, to the link between the age in which said powers were received and the long term effects on a very young psyche.

Said studies had been sponsored throughout the years, many had been shut down, some openly and some from the shadows, there had been manifestations, and throughout the years, veritable riots that cleaned the cleansing of the human race from those monsters that occasionally popped up among them.

While bureaucracies, governments and populations tended towards stupidity the wider they were, the single human maintained, from time to time, a spark of sanity and rational forethought. The common idea that many single individuals of respectable intelligence in random positions of governments had developed went along those lines: the parahumans cannot be removed by mankind, the status quo, as it is now, can't be maintained forever, and all open war would very likely end up with ending every form of life on the planet.

And that had been even before the Endbringers started up their game of mass annihilation.

With her detachment from the situation, the history lessons she had spent hours studying became bare from the inherent propaganda permeating the pages, and she stripped the reasons and whys expunged in those pages from her mind. She kept the facts, and built around them several scenarios that could explain them based on their common denominator: the human being. Thanks to Emma, she knew how humans could be, and she couldn't forget the lowest she had seen. The news had spent years filling her with the most heroic acts ever performed, and so she felt that she could somewhat grasp how people thought and reacted.

So, favours had been called in, strings pulled, bribes spread, underhanded tactics implemented, murderers and localized terrorism employed in what would likely be written up as the greatest global scale effort of mankind towards a common aim different from mutual annihilation. Said movement, if made known, would have been described with a catchy title in the Annals of History, something like: The New New Deal, The Great Lie, New Illuminati, and worse still.

Said movement, having developed independently all around the world and spread with every single cell trying to do whatever was possible in order to keep widespread panic and mistrust from plaguing the

world, would never be recognized, and even if maybe there had been someone manipulating a single event here and there, it went unnoticed.

Public Relations had quickly been acknowledged as the only shield capable of holding back humanity from going on a suicide witch hunt that would have seen the bombing of every area in which a parahuman popped out, causing more triggers and building up an insurmountable gulf between humans and what were, under every point of view, not-humans. Heroes had quickly become a necessity in order to oppose Villains, and all offices of PR relationship worldwide had received, under this or that guise, orders to play up the necessity of heroes, and playing down the danger to the common human caused by the existence of the not-humans running around.

They had been called parahumans. Not superhumans, not metahumans, not demigods, not mutants, not supers: parahumans. As in partially human. It placed capes on the same level of normal humans, avoiding the building up of unavoidably inflated egos that randomly traumatized people would end up with after getting powers.

That had been the intention behind the choice of the name. Parahuman had been classified as a 'punctual mutation' in the human genome, but as soon as the second generation capes had started popping out like mushrooms after rain, it had been clear that parahumans were there to stay. And given the nature of Trigger Events meant that forcing widespread destruction in order to target a few would only end up creating more capes, thusly creating a destructive cycle from which there would be no escape from.

Obviously, the cultural bias was there, for better or worse, and such capes that did good immediately had been rebranded by the public as superheroes, while the ones that went selfishly about their everyday life became villains. Not supervillains at first, most of the world-wide PR went only for villains, joining about how cliched would it be to call a criminal cape 'supervillain'. The PR effort, in that case, failed. In every case, with the cultural bias remained the naive expectations that heroes would end up winning, at the end of the day, how could selflessness fail when compared to cowardice? The appearance of parahumans represented the hope of a new beginning, and those expectations had lasted less than a week.

A blur moved around her, but it was of no consequence, she could tell that even as... *Velocity*, she named the blur after a few seconds during which she could be bothered to identify the buzzing presence, skittered with a respectable speed around her, the hero truly could do nothing to bring her harm, and thusly would be better served in learning her place by being ignored.

Still, the PRT had been founded, and the greatest parahumans to ever exist led it. Hero, Eidolon, Alexandria, and then Legend. Still, those veritable nuclear deterrents in human forms were subject to the government, and laws were put in place in order to keep the gulf of fear and mistrust between mankind and parahumans from becoming wider. No Parahuman could occupy a position of command inside the PRT, while the Protectorate existed as a military force to oppose what couldn't be opposed by normal humans. Endbringers and other parahumans. But then, how could heroes on help with more trivial matters? And so, to appease the large section of the world's population that remained and would always remain without powers, Capes in the service of the Common Good, the Greater Good, and the Right Thing, were employed through the random patrols, that would bust whatever crime they found going on. Mostly because with Capes roaming the world, the pecking order of the Criminal Side of every city had quickly developed around gangs built on the base of a number of parahumans.

Basically, wherever civility had been preserved, the residing Capes settled for some form or another of cold war. A lawful organization on one side, a conglomeration of more or less warring gang on the other. Where civility had failed... Slum Cities, Warlord's territories... they came to follow a very precise form of thought, at least at their core, where capes found some form of stable companionship amongst other of their kin: *The clan-form is strong. It shapes body and thought. In the clan-form is strength and purpose.*

The Lioness Sin of Pride flicked her wrist, slamming the flat of Rittha on the shoulder of an incoming cape, before simply backslapping another that tried to kick her left knee. Light flashes and hard light constructs kept being tossed at her in one form or another: she didn't even recognize them. Why would she? She held all the light of the worlds within her.

Still, with the PRT and Protectorate on one side, and all that was named 'wrong' on the other, the PR department of both PRT and Protectorate developed the tools necessary to curry the favour of the vast majority of the people, who in that way could still feel in control of the world, like in those times when the human race stood at the top, and every human had to fear only its fellow men. Advertising, puppets

with the most popular heroes, videogames, from PG 1 to rated M, the shaping of the mass culture had been applied, year after year, and ascribing all the wrong and ugly in the world to the villains, PRT and Protectorate became by definition everything their declared opposites were not: rightful, generous, truthful, honest, pure, selfless, strong, brave, kind.

"How dare you!" another of the pesky people who called themselves heroes jumped in the fray: "You killed so many and you don't even care!" Battery surged forward the now eight feet tall parahuman, clashing against her with more strength than the one a minute body like hers should have been able to contain.

Her fist buried itself in Taylor Hebert's gut, forcing her to bend forward. But there was no lack of breath in her answer when it came, nor she had stopped because of pain caused by a previous wound: "Calmness is the hallmark of those who are mighty." her voice sounded from above Battery's head, forcing her to look up to the fifteen years old girl, who was watching her with a detached pity reserved to ants drowning in the rain.

Without giving her any time to react, a large, golden-sunlight clad hand closed on Battery wrist and lifted the woman from the ground, and as the Lioness' Sin of Pride ignored the powered kicks and punches she was receiving, she shook her head and flung away the PRT sanctioned hero, who went skipping over the molten tar almost like a flat stone over the water.

More often than not, the PRT and Protectorate were seen as the unwinnable bastion that held back the dark tide of murder and blood and fear represented by the villains. And in many cases, hers included, people believed that description. It wasn't because they were stupid and didn't realize that Endbringers won every time they fought, or because they didn't remember about the Fallen, the Slaughterhouse Nine, the Teeth, the Elite. No, humanity at large believed that a handful of powerful heroes like Alexandria, Eidolon, and Legend could keep the innocent safe, because they wanted to. Because the alternative was hopelessness, was the acceptance of the fact that without a truly 'bullshit' power, they couldn't even begin to change the world (and that was without considering the Simurgh's targeting of the best hope mankind had towards salvation).

The Lioness' Sin of Pride frowned as a bullet the size of her middle finger melted when it touched the skin in the middle of her breasts. With an annoyed sigh, she pulled a silver more on her magic, rising the temperature around her like a mantle worth of the queen she was. "You should understand when retreating is more graceful than keeping up a hollow fight." with a twist of her wrist, the west wing of the PRT spent all of the power coursing through its machines in order to keep up the tinkertech shield that failed miserably to keep up with the might of the freshly triggered parahuman.

As Taylor walked along the road, ignoring whatever order was shouted at her form, she thought. She considered, in particular basing her reasoning upon her most recent train of introspective thoughts upon human nature, why, for all that was holy the PRT and Protectorate were so hell-bent into attacking her as she walked peacefully along her way.

There were many reasons why nobody truly realized the dramatic reality of their circumstances, the heroes too bought hook, line, and sinker that old refrain about the 'rightful' winning against the evil. Which was ridiculous, Taylor had been more than righteous and asked help to the authorities multiple times at Winslow, but she really didn't receive it. And why would these heroes believe themselves on the rightful side when they were clearly ordered to fight her? Oh, she could imagine why, even in her detached state she could somewhat put themselves in their shoes, but she didn't grasp why the order had been allowed to be given. They clearly didn't hold a candle to her, and how could her? She instinctively knew that [SUNSHINE] could not be denied.

Yet, going over the most recent History of Brockton Bay, she could see how some of the capes were slowly coming to realize what was truly going on. It was like Lung all over again. He had already been a cape of some renown when he landed in her city and cut out his territory embarrassing the local PRT and Protectorate, he was a murderer and everybody knew about the flesh market the ABB got running.

Disgusting. The thought was clearly defined in her mind. It targeted both the local heroes for allowing it to go on, the Triumvirate itself for not acting, and obviously the practices of the local gangs at the same time. *They are not letting me alone...* a remote part of her could even recognize their determination as something worth... not praise, but acknowledgement?

She kept her walk from the PRT building, pointing at the sea, towards the Docks. *Perhaps I need to teach them their place? Lung did set some precedent after all.* When the golden axe held in the statuesque woman's hand slashed with a pretentious attitude through the air, a wave erupted from it, melting the road and setting on fire everything else that could burn, while the fuel in the cars exploded with thunderous crashes, and the sirens started to loudly blare the urgency of evacuating the area.

I could kill two birds with one stone and get the PRT and Protectorate to stop embarrassing themselves by trouncing Lung. Perhaps the Dragon of Kyushu could prove himself entertaining... But then there was the problem of finding said cape, and while the Lioness Sin of Pride couldn't care less about collateral damage, a silver of Taylor had loved Brockton Bay, and she didn't want to annihilate the city where her home was.

After a while the heroes had decided to change tactics, implementing tinker tech weaponry that they had kept aside for the time being, trying coordinated efforts, someone tossing even grenades at me while one of the capes gifted with invulnerability tried to exploit a distraction that never came. There were gas and even an electric lance, but nothing could deter her. And soon enough she reached the Boat Graveyard, from there she could first check at work for Danny, and keep walking home if he wasn't there.

Rory Christner had always had a strong sense of right and wrong, and so even as the orders wanted the Wards in a support role, he ignored the orders, knowing that if there was someone capable of withstanding the physical might of the recently triggered parahuman, that was him, and thusly it was his responsibility to try his damn best to stop her. Still, he was glad that the sunlight shroud that the new cape had going on covered at least partially her modesty. *Maybe she's related to Purity?* He thought briefly, remembering that the Nazi Cape had a similar trick going on.

After another cape slammed into her, trying to somehow *shout* her into submission, Taylor's eyes left the ocean in order to look over the most recent distraction in her path. Negligently, with the same lack of effort she had displayed throughout the whole fight, she punched him into the ground. The Ward collapsed inside a crater that he created dispersing the kinetic energy she had transmitted with her punch.

"There can be only one Lion." the freshly triggered parahuman stated as she watched Triumph slowly trying to get back to his feet: "You should apologize to me that you were born into my world." her voice was as dismissive as her expression conveyed: uncaring, a bit irked, but more like someone could be from having to take out the garbage than something born from any kind of wariness for her own safety. She rose her arm towards the sky, her eyes meeting his as the crescent on of Rittha's blade matched the curve of the sun, shining terribly over the soon to be dead hero.

A second passed, and with the corner of their eyes, all those around the Lioness Sin of Pride witnessed a titanic form overwhelm the height of the buildings and of the clouds themselves, for a fraction of an instant, too brief to be truly recognized and witnessed by their conscious minds, everyone saw the Titan on the street hunching forward, her weapon rising into the sky and touching the sky, with the well-proportioned features of its wielder rippling of barely contained power.

As her eyes looked him, she found herself lowering her arm, walking past his terrified form as he trembled in place. He had been frozen in place when he witnessed the true distance between them.

Once she was less than ten meters from the sea, she let Rittha embed itself in the ground, distractedly hearing the triumphing shouts of people relieved that she dropped the weapon: "Rittha was a fair maiden Loved by the Sun." she stated, her voice demanding to be heard despite the chaos around her. Taylor felt somewhat happy, since she had finally found a way to introduce them to the kind of lesson they had been unable to understand, perhaps, targeting the Graveyard she could make them see.

"She dislikes violence, and thusly doesn't exist for my safety, but for yours." a single arm rose to the sky, her index finger mockingly pointing at the cloudless expanse over their heads: "I am far less restrained."

At first, it was a spark, or even less. People who later reviewed the tape of the moment would say that they still thought it was an illusion. It was perfectly spherical, burning of burnt red and blazing gold, and more colours that any eye could directly look at without getting blinded. In two seconds, it went from nothing to the size of a tennis ball, in another second, it reached the size of a basketball.

Slowly revolving a few centimetres from the top of her finger, a miniature sun blazed fiercely, promising to be as destructive as one could imagine.

Slowly, almost taunting the people present with the inevitability of her action, she brought her arm down until it described a 90 degrees angle with her newly voluptuous chest: "Cruel Sun." the name for that shaping of the power she felt within came to her lips with a faint smile, almost as she was reconnecting with an old friend.

Deceptively fast for a so slow movement of her arm, the miniature sun shot forward into the boat graveyard.

Then, everything went white as a veritable star was left to explode a few hundred of meters from them. Those who could fly grabbed those who couldn't and flew away, those with superstrength and lacking a lift rammed their own limbs into the half molten ground, anchoring themselves in place, those that could run did so, but everyone had only a thought in mind: to get away.

AN

Ok, I knew it before writing it, I did it anyway: this chapter has been a nightmare. There are a shitload of characters of which I honestly never remember either the costumes or the powerset, save for a select few, and making it all work somehow without resulting repetitive has been a true challenge, which I faced by assuming a third person POV with a shift on Taylor's perspective.

Detachment and boredom lead to deeply questioning one's place in the world, and so as she strolled, she bitchslapped people while thinking through shit with the cool of someone not truly belonging to the masses of either humans or capes.

Comparatively, the end of the day had been an easy part to write, even if more draining from an emotional standpoint.

And if everyone is wondering why she isn't being attacked by the triumvirate: given her public identity and obviously changed state with the gaining of her powers, it's already renown that she is a fresh trigger and a scarily powerful one.

If Lung had been left alone after bitchslapping around the local PRT, I don't see why they wouldn't do the same with Taylor, and regarding Cauldron... how does a precog react to something not of this world and not of [ENTITY]? you'll see...

Death of the Dawn

11 January 2011

Taylor walked away from the Boat Graveyard after taking Rittha back in her left hand, it wouldn't do to let the beauty alone after all.

An hour later, she left behind even the Dockworkers' building and made her way towards her home, a light frown marring the otherwise perfectly placid expression on her face. They had told her her father was dead. She hadn't truly believed them, why would she? They tried to sedate her, to talk to her through machines, avoiding to come close enough to prove themselves ready to pay with their blood the price of their convictions.

When she reached her home she didn't truly know what to expect, but the yellow tape with PRT stamped on it forbidding her from passing was an unwelcome surprise. She avoided the groaning step out of routine and ducked under the threshold since her new height wouldn't have allowed for her to stand.

The light frown on her face deepened a bit: she disliked what she saw. It was beneath her, she knew that much, and yet, it negged at her, unsettling something deep inside of her that she couldn't quite name.

Taylor walked inside her home and closed the door behind her, for the first time in her life foregoing locking it. Who would dare enter the lion's den after all?

Once she was alone in her home, and the nagging sensation at the back of her mind had receded into nothingness, she walked up on the couch near which she delicately laid down Rittha, before walking over the house phone and looking for any message that she had to take for her father. Routine was important after all.

There were several.

The first voice was scruffy and ragged, but it was clear that it tried to convey calm through the speaker: *Taylor this is Lenny, I am an old friend of your old man, listen I've tried to look for your number but I'm told you don't have a cellphone, I've asked in the City Hall but I haven't been told anything about who is going to take care of you... so, I just wanted you to know that if you need help, your father kept the Dockworkers from going jobless and being swallowed by the gangs, so if there is anything I can do... just let me know alright? Condolences about Danny, he was a good man.*

The second voice belonged to a drunk, who nonetheless sounded honestly wounded by... it didn't matter right now. *Hey, I'm guessing that Taylor is the only Hebert left, now uh? I'm sorry kid, I really am, first your mother and now... a damn shame. I'm Jonathan, Jonathan Weath, if you need anything, just let me know ok? your dad did me a solid a few months back, so I owed him, and I know he would want to know that there is at least an adult in your corner now.*

There were 34 other messages. She listened to each one of them, refusing to cancel the message one it got replayed. She listened, and although the calmness that marked the truly great refused to leave her, something that she couldn't recognize inside of herself stirred.

Dad is dead.

The thought was simple, three words, subject, verb, adjective. 9 letters. A single meaning, and there was no escape.

Dad is dead.

She hadn't been lied to, and in hindsight, she knew that it had been wishful thinking.

Dad is dead.

The impassible face of the Lioness Sin of Pride didn't twitch while her soul stirred.

Dad is dead.

Her mind, detached from the rest of the world just like the sun was detached from the land upon which it shone, searched for *something*.

Dad is dead.

A meaning, a cause, something that justified her being, for the first time, truly and utterly *alone*. And her mind, detached from her fear apathy, the mind that had shredded the covers of indifference that she had been forced to build around herself in order to just keep going, went over the only connection she still had with someone that had cared about her: memories.

Memories of going having a quick breakfast and leaving quietly in the cold mornings, of meeting again at dinnertime and exchanging the bare minimum of words that she could suffer.

"How did it go today?" he asked while setting down the plates.

"It was okay."

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"Everything's alright?" dad asked while setting down the glasses.

"Yep."

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"How did school go?" he asked while trying to not burn their dinner.

"The usual."

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"How are your friends, it's been a while since we've had Emma here." he sighed while he dropped a pile of papers from work on the side of the table.

"Everything's fine."

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"I love you Taylor, you know that, right?" he told her as she retreated towards her room.

"Love you too" she tossed back.

.
. .
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"Have a nice day, Tay." he fought through the painful drowsiness of the early morning.

She waved above her shoulder as she kept walking out of her home, withhold a snort at the horrible rhyme that he had surely spent hours looking for.

Gone. Her dad was gone.

She didn't even know what was the last thing they said to each other.

The Lioness Sin of Pride remained still as Taylor tried to look for a human reaction within herself but was forced to run circles around memories of empty hellos and distracted waving.

Hours later, when the sun set, she knelt in front of the house's phone, and she broke a little bit more, fat tears coming up her shivering form. She hugged herself, feeling like if she didn't she would fall apart.

Who would care if she was gone? Maybe it was a selfish question, and yet it felt important. She was alone, now. From what she had understood from the snippets taken from the messages left on the phone, she had also destroyed a good chunk of Winslow, and since she didn't remember calling Rittha until that morning, she imagined that her more staunch bullies were likely burned into motes of dust.

She shook, and with a startle, she realized that she was crying. She sobbed, her lungs incapable of taking in enough breath. Was it okay for her to cry? It wasn't like she had a strong relationship with her dad, the memories since the death of her mother felt in shades of grey. Yet, if there had been something that had pushed her towards not-falling apart, it had been her father, for his sake she couldn't give up. And like hell she was going to trouble him, to weight him down only because of what those bitches kept doing to her.

She cried, and at some point, she lost consciousness, still shivering from a mixture of coldness and despair, hugging her knees to her torso so strong that she didn't want to breath.

She didn't know how long it had passed, if minutes or hours, but then she heard the first step of the porch creak, and impossibly, for a single moment, her mind, confused from the mixture of emotional and physical exhaustion, thought that Dad was returning from work.

It wasn't him.

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Topic: Suddenly Naked Parahuman

In: Boards ► News ► Capes ► America

Bagrat (Original Poster) (The Guy In The Know) (Veteran Member)

Posted on January 12, 2011:

So we've got another new cape in Brockton Bay. I don't know what they put in the water over there but they seem to crawl out of the woodwork. At least it appears that this one does not belong to a gang (yet). They have way too many capes as it is, on the bad side, apparently this chick pulled another Lung, and the Docks have been evacuated.

Officially, going after the secret identity of Capes is a big No-No, here's the why: Link to [Fleur's of New Wave Case](#). But given that her debut had been extremely public (Link to [Disaster at Winslow](#)), and that she had chosen to go for a walk with her birthday suit, the news have already confirmed that Taylor Hebert, age 15, is the last new parahuman in town.

Here's what we know so far:

-She wears a shroud of sunlight and fire (Link to [Picture 01](#))

-She bullshitted her way through Protectorate, Wards and New Wave without blinking (Link to [Video 01](#))

-Straight up she is an upper-tier brute

-She grows randomly between seven and twelve feet of height

-She already has a one-handed Axe that she calls 'Ritta' (Link to [Picture 02](#)), which looks made of either gold with a very strange disposition of weight, or some tinkertech

-She is a Blaster, a scary powerful one, which goes mainly with heatwaves of some kind, channelled through the weapon she wields like it weights nothing, or, apparently, creating miniature suns (Link to [Video 08](#))

-The axe actually tones down her powers, since without it she emptied the Boat Graveyard (Link to [Video 02](#))

-Easily identifiable by the tattoo on her back (when she is not a demi-giant dressed in sunlight)

-She doesn't give a s+it if all the Heroes of BB attack her at the same time, but apparently she has a thing for lions, at least given her reaction to Triumph (Link to [Video 11](#))

I think that about covers it. Lots of footage of this one, so I'll try to provide links to videos and pictures [here](#) , [here](#) , [here](#) , and [here](#). And yes, that last one is Triumph being stared down.

► **Lolitup**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I saw that news broadcast live, it was a cross between terrifying and hilarious (I don't live in Brockton Bay, so...).

► **Insect Inspector**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I still say there is something fishy going around, I mean, she just walked in a specific direction, she didn't stop to fight the other capes, you know? They just tried to slam against her, and the damage done to the city is mainly caused by her retaliation.

► **Antigone**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Insect Inspector

Dude, give it a rest already with the paranoia, who are you, XxVoid_CowboyX? (Btw I kind of expected to find out one of his dumb theories by now, where is he?)

I know it looks like she was only going for her business, but why would have she walked away in her birth suit from the PRT building if she wasn't trying to run away? Besides, her counters really didn't care about keeping the city whole, she is not some kind of misplaced hero, why would she go against *all* of the heroes otherwise?

► **HOTH3AD (Temp-banned)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!
G!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!
UNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!
!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!

This user has been banned for this post.

-Not only is this fearmongering, but it's also SPAM fearmongering -

Tin_Mother

► **Camera Shy (Film Fanatic)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Is she some kind of Bullshit Case 53? Because dat ass is no human!

This user has been banned for this post.

-The parahuman named Dawnbreak is still a minor, enjoy your week-long ban -

Tin_Mother

► **Out of Nothing (procrastinator)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I, for one, welcome our new overlady, PRAISE THE SUN!

► **Specific Protagonist (Cape Groupie)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

The numbers aren't working, if she is the one responsible for Link to [Disaster at Winslow](#), she could have done a lot worse to the heroes and the rest of the city, have you seen how the miniature sun she created erased the Boat Graveyard? I mean, that's some serious firepower there, and she didn't exactly look winded, what is she again? Blaster 9?

► **GreatMan**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Clearly, it has been a ruse organized by the protectorate to seem on the ball and direct the new threat to clean up the Boat Graveyard, bypassing all those whiny politicians that kept the ferry from resurrecting in all of this years.

► **Not Banned Yet**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

GreatMan

Dude, that was crazy even for you. In which part of this madness does it look like the heroes are in control of the situation? They didn't herd her at all, she simply walked there and cowered them by blowing everything up: the 'stop messing with me or I'll burn you too' was implied.

► **spekulator (Power Guru)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

So what do we think?

Changer 2 (she grows),

Blaster 9 (big boom in the Boat Graveyard),

Brute 8 (She never flinched, at all),

and Tinker or Master 1 (she had time to create an axe but not enough to dress herself? I say the weapon is a projection)

End of Page. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7

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Topic: Something's Fishy

In: Boards ► News ► Capes ► America

DockBorn (Original Poster) (Veteran Member)

Posted on January 12, 2011:

So we already knew that Taylor literally exploded at Winslow (Forty-two dead, twenty-four severely wounded), I knew the girl, and I knew her father, good people who had it rough, like everyone that tried to live honestly in Brockton. I've done some reading, since everyone is saying that the fifteen years girl to shy to ever raise her voice is this new Lung.

Apparently, a people get powers when they Trigger (Link to [Origin of Powers](#)), and while the hows and whys are not clear, everyone seems to agree (even based on the declaration of several capes) that a Trigger is the worst moment in the life of that person, and that immediately after nobody knows what's going on.

So what I know is that Danny (Taylor's father) was an honest and straightforward man, that his wife was a sweet and intelligent woman, and that their daughter is a chatterbox once she gets to know you.

What I've been told is that a small quarantine has been set up in Winslow because of a tinker that played with bombs lost control, and that Dawnbreak (note how the name the PRT chose for her is similar to Heartbreaker?) has been outed as Taylor less than six hours after the explosion.

What I've seen from videos and pictures (I've been forced to leave my home by PRT agents, so I couldn't see her up close) is a girl that left the PRT building, without attacking anyone unless attacked first, whose first real attack cleared up the Boat Graveyard, and that walked first where her father used to work, and than back at her own home, where she disappeared.

What I've been told is that I can't return to my home because it would be too dangerous to live so close to the 'unstable parahuman' that up until now has done nothing but defend herself.

What I've seen on the TV is the Major already pushing for the Birdcage, showing to the world how much good he is doing to Brockton Bay. What has he been doing for the ABB, E88 and Merchants? Sure, hammer down on the scared girl that lost everything she had left in a single day, well done.

What I recognize, is some higher up trying to build up a scapegoat: her name is Taylor, and she is a fifteen years old kid that just lost her father in the wake of her Trigger, not some kind of supervillain.

► **LolituP**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Dude, first you confirm that she killed 42 children, now you defend her? What's wrong with you?!

► **DaBomb**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Lolilup

Which part of Trigger=Worst event of your life+Confusional stated didn't you get?

It's a disgrace that so many people died, but you'll notice that the girl didn't go out of her way to fight anyone ([Link to Video 01](#) [Link to Video 06](#) [Link to Video 09](#)), and if she actually wanted to do harm, she could have tossed that ball of fire in the city, it's not like the PRT or the PRotectorate was managing anything to contain her.

► **Insight**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

There is some truth regarding the Trigger the DockBorn talked about ([Link 01](#) [Link 02](#) [Link 03](#)), and people in the known have confirmed a long ongoing bullism campaign against Taylor, link to [Unofficial Report 01](#)

► **Antig3n3**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

So what, she's been bullied and is not responsible for the 42 deaths and the devastation she tossed around like confetti during her escape?

► **GreenWoman**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

She's a teenager with a nuke on her fingertips, kill order is on the way, trust me

► **Seer (Not a Cape, just a pair of Binoculars)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I had a binocular pointed on the quarantine zone just as the Bomb went off, apparently after the found her they fought for a while, she didn't have her Golden Axe then. How is it called again? Ritta, Rittha?

► **Out of Nothing (procrastinator)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Dude, why did you have binoculars pointed on Winslow? Tin_Mother, do something!

► **Specific Protagonist (Cape Groupie)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I've been sayin' it all day long, there is something fishy going around.

► **Insight**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Apparently one of the greatest bullies of Taylor was Shadow Stalker in civilian identity [Unofficial Report 02](#)

This user has been banned for this post.

-Speculation on secret identities will not be allowed -

Tin_Mother

► **HoodMan**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Bullshit, Shadow Stalker was the only one to take care of the Hood, the only one to crack down on Merchant, E88 and whatever shit went down around here, she is a true hero, even if now that she joined the wards-000000000000000000000000000000000000-

This user has been banned for this post.

-Which part of 'speculation on secret identities isn't allowed' did you miss? -

Tin_Mother

► **spekulator (Power Guru)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Holy shit she actually -000000000000000000000000000000000000-

This user has been banned for this post.

-Speculation on secret identities will not be allowed -

Tin_Mother

► **DockBorn**

-000000000000000000000000000000000000-

Replied on January 12, 2011:

This user has been banned for this post.

-Speculation on secret identities will not be allowed -

Tin_Mother

► **Out of Nothing (procrastinator)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Tin_Mother, why is speculation when it about SS, but you didn't hammer down when everybody is talking about Taylor?

-That's it, I'm locking this Thread -

Tin_Mother

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Topic: Not Again

In: Boards ► News ► Capes ► America

ListenWell (Original Poster) (Veteran Member)

Posted on January 12, 2011:

Without talking about who is to blame (if the teen out of control with more power than self-restraint, or the school that allowed the campaign of bullism that generated the Trigger) for the recent events, can we talk about why *IN THE NINE HELLS WOULD THE PROTECTORATE ATTACK AGAIN THE NEW CAPE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?*

I live close enough to the evacuated area that I've heard the explosions from here, given the ease through which the new parahuman dismissed every hero in the city, casually vaporizing the Boat Graveyard while she strolled around, why would they attack?

YouKnowIt

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Apparently they went in for a sneaky attack after they had their asses handed to them.

► **G3ni0u5**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

It didn't work.

► **YouKnowIt**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

ListenWell

They probably had their reasons, you know? Only because the Official statements don't tell you everything there is no reason to suspect that they are actually trying to frame her for something.

► **HOTH3AD-2 (Temp-banned)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!
G!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!
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!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!LUNG!

This user has been banned for this post.

-I should have banned you along with HOTH3AD -

Tin_Mother

► **TalkDirty**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

No seriously, what's wrong with Brockton Bay? Besides the fact that a 15 years old girl that has never seen her powers before bitchslapped the whole Hero faction in BB, why would they try again?

► **Out of Nothing (procrastinator)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I still say we should simply welcome our last overLady

► **ListenWell**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

Link to [Disaster at Winslow](#) Clearly, her power isn't something she could have kept hidden (Link to [Picture 08](#)) so she she was (maybe understandably) out of control when the disaster happened.

During her stroll, she didn't outright explode everyone, merely reacting, once left alone, she simply walked back in her home and nobody heard of her since then.

► **GreatMan**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

I'm out of ideas

► **Not Banned Yet**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

YouKnowIt

Reasons or not I don't really see why the Protectorate left Lung alone until now, he humiliated the heroes too, but you don't see them trying to attack him at night.

► **SuperDude (not a Cape)**

Replied on January 12, 2011:

You want to talk about Lung? Go to the appropriate Thread.

End of Page. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7

With a satisfied grin and a tired sigh, a blonde girl relaxed back in her chair shutting down the three Personal Computers she had been working with on PHO. The heavier part of her job was done.

GALLANT

It was a rather bleak morning as the helicopter buzzed over Brockton Bay, towards the PRT building. If a normal person looked out the window, they would see the trench blurred over the ground, the conspicuous absence of buildings in a straight line towards the Boat Graveyard, and the black, scorched marks remembered to everyone the kind of firepower available to the new parahuman.

Still, as Dean stared through the fog that during winter tended to hug the city, he could see another line, almost perpendicular to the one that led to the PRT building to the boat graveyard. *I guess we should stop calling it a graveyard.* Gallant thought distractedly.

People were scared, Dean thought slowly. *Scared, angry and panicked.* He thought back to the fight where his contribution had been completely null, at the greatest fight in Brockton Bay since Lung had decided to make a side of the city his own lair.

Dean groaned as he lay back in his seat, rubbing his throbbing head as the memories of the fight clung to him like lead, trying to make him crumble to the ground. *Being an empath is shit.* He thought bitterly: there had been exactly nothing that he could do, the new parahuman... Dawnbreak, as the forums had started to call her even before the PRT could release an official statement, were indifferent.

All of their pain, panic, fear, wrath, it all had been for nothing, they didn't truly register to the Hebert girl. He knew intimately that no matter what a relationship between strangers was, a flicker of something permeated everybody. Be it curiosity or fear, interest or disdain. From Dawnbreak... nothing. There had been exactly nothing for him to read on her besides a vast apathy towards everyone but herself. There had been flickers, from time to time, crosses between curiosity and a light fear, especially when she had reached the Dockworkers building.

After her display at the ex-Boat Graveyard, the PRT had followed at a distance, ready to try everything in order to herd the parahuman away from civilians that still had to evacuate. By then, somebody from the think tank had passed on that maybe she ramped up a *là* Lung with every confrontation, and so everybody stopped attacking. While she did stop damaging the city in her retaliation, her power didn't look like something that would dropdown.

They had followed her at a distance, from the Dockworkers' Building she walked to her home, where she found whatever the PRT had left after perquisition of her house. Only then Gallant had felt a twinge of sadness.

The bloodcurdling aspect, was that when she actually realized that her father was dead, as Gallant had been recently informed, her reaction lasted less than a second.

There were times when being an empath was bloody hard. When talking about his powers, he often compared emotions to the standard colours. Fear was a kind of yellow tinge, anger was red, hope was a light blue and so on, but the truth was completely different. It was fairer to say that all of the emotions were their own light and it was impossible to describe in the same way you couldn't describe colour to the blind.

And during the fight, he could see everyone, every PRT agent, every Hero, every Civilian. It had been a cacophony worthy of an Endbringer attack, from Victoria's fluctuating emotions, to Battery's determination. Even the usually easy going Clockblocker had been terrified, and his relief when he had been told that getting close would have burned him, his relief was of a blinding deep green.

Now that he crossed the PRT building, at least the part that had survived without issues that escape of Dawnbreak, he could pick up and realize how everybody felt roughly the same after the events of the previous day. Usually debriefs were held as an exercise by the wards after every patrol, but, as he felt and catalogued every feeling in the conference room 3-B, he already knew that this would be a joint debrief with all of the heroes and officials from the PRT.

And he already knew what was going on, no matter how Tin_Mother had tried to do it on PHO, there were dozens of sites where reports (that he could bet his ass were secret) were being published again and again. PHO had gone all out in a campaign to call out not the responsible parahuman, that detached monstrosity that was Dawnbreak, but the ones that had enabled the bullism that had caused the death of 42 schoolchildren, and how fucked up was that?

Sophia Hess, aka Shadow Stalker, got outed by a combination of insightful anonym people on PHO, of survivors from the Winslow Disaster, and the avalanche of evidence that the PRT had taken from the Hebert house, apparently losing it while the freshly triggered parahuman strolled through the city and the local heroes.

Gallant recognized the pit of abyssal fury that was the director Emily Piggot, and, as he entered the room where PRT officials and Heros alike were brainstorming about how to counter the last threat to Brockton Bay, for an instant, he could have sworn that one of the PRT officials had felt elation. Because of what, he couldn't tell.

He frowned as his eyes scanned the full room, trying to identify who was insane enough to feel joy about anything given the situation. Sadly, the room was too crowded for him to distinguish a person only from his feeling, not when said person had already returned to what Gallant supposed was his standard state of determination.

AN

Gallant's powers and characterization had been heavily inspired by an interlude of Crime and Commitment, written by serpentguy.

To explain the rough timeline that I'm thinking about:

Dawn Arc: well, it's the beginning, duh

Morning Arc: Tattletale and Accord will appear, and stuff that I don't want to divulge yet

Noon Arc: the battle against Leviathan in BB which is a good turning point

Afternoon Arc: Dealing with a lot of stuff, ehehehe no spoilers here...

Dusk Arc: Cauldron and Golden morning

Supersecret chapter that I've written a week ago: Midnight Sun

I'm writing this here so that I'll force myself to follow that schedule, otherwise in the Wormverse I could go for a tangent and end up in Merlin-verse