

I Knew

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I Knew

by [Tulippelt](#)

Summary

How did the Janus and Remus we know today end up cast aside as supervillains? Perhaps it is much different than we have been led to believe...

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A young meta set on helping his mother's financial issues is met with a journey of old friends, new foes, and so much more. Can he figure out what's been really going on behind the curtain while traversing love, fighting crime, and keeping a stable income?

You know the outcome, but the journey is a vastly different story.

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This is a prequel! Please go read the original first! Thank you.

Inhuman

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tears streamed down Janus' cheeks as his puffy eyes flickered around his surroundings.

Where was he? How did he get here?

He certainly wasn't home. Bleak, gray buildings loomed dangerously above him and smog blackened the air above in a curtain of darkness.

His legs were jelly as he stumbled to the nearest wall. His jaw was open in a cry for help, but no sound came out. The ground met him quickly as he clutched his knees to his chest. Passersby happily chatted, paying no mind to the curled-up form beside them. His entire body shook as sobs wracked his body and tears blurred his vision.

Janus shook his head, attempting to rid himself of the memory. He refocused his attention on the road in front of him.

That was fifteen years ago, hardly something to still be unsettled by.

His fingers drummed restlessly on the steering wheel, a pitiful attempt to ground himself. His mother had been suffering from financial issues for years now. He had offered to move out several times, but he could never hold a job for long enough; non-meta organizations always found him out in the end. So moving to a town where rent is cheap and jobs are supportive was the logical next step.

And thus, here he was, on the way to Florida, meta capitol of the world. The job interview in a couple days weighed heavily on his shoulders. If he didn't get the job, he didn't have a Plan B.

But that wouldn't happen, right? He could always come back up to Kentucky and beg his cousin for some money, but that was a low even he wasn't willing to stoop to.

Alas, he would have to play it by ear.

But it won't come to that. He will ace this interview, and he will get the job.

Or at least, that's what he had in mind.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, this is a PREQUEL. You might think it would make more sense to read the prequel first, but it is meant to be read like the Star Wars movies (although I hope you don't skip the sequel when it comes out). I want you to figure things out in a specific order, so please go read the original first. Bear with the writing in the original, I promise it gets better, and I will be rewriting it eventually. Thank you, and I hope you enjoy this fic.

~Tulip

Wind

Chapter Summary

Janus has a job interview

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Shut up!” Janus groaned, smacking his alarm clock to silence. He stumbled out of bed and toward the pile of clothes he called a closet.

He hadn’t really had time to move into his apartment yet, what with the road-equivalent-of-jetlag and all, so pile of clothes it is!

However, his professionalism will never be compromised. Wearing a purple button-up and a black blazer, Janus took in a deep breath and set out toward Peace Inc.

After about the third wrong turn, Janus was just about ready to chuck his phone’s GPS out the window. He eventually got there, albeit ten minutes later than he had hoped. The building was very... modern. Several floors with tinted glass walls on all four sides; yeah, Janus wasn’t intimidated at all. He adjusted his grip on his bag and slowly pushed open the glass door.

The inside was perfectly pristine. A handful of benches dotted the walls and two elevator entrances bordered what appeared to be the reception desk. The tired receptionist checked him in and directed him toward the elevator on the left.

As soon as the doors slid closed, Janus let out a breath and attempted to calm his nerves. The merry chime signaling his destination echoed through his brain as he stepped out onto the second floor. The floor itself was only a couple feet wide as it jutted out from the perimeter, the rest overlooking the floor below, with a guard rail, of course.

Logan’s office was the first one to Janus’ immediate right, luckily. He sucked in one final breath before knocking on the closed door.

A muffled “come in” was heard from inside, so Janus pushed open the door and braced himself for—

“Ah, Janus Atkins, I presume,” Logan Flores said from behind his very neat desk. “Feel free to take a seat if you so desire,” he continued, gesturing to indicate the two plush chairs opposite him. Logan himself was wearing a simple blue button-up along with his trademark slicked-back brown hair.

Janus chuckled as he obliged, calmly sitting down. “I’ll admit, I was quite surprised to hear you’d be the one interviewing me.”

“It is a job I don’t take lightly,” Logan remarked, retrieving a clipboard from his desk. “May I have your pronouns and powers?”

Janus fidgeted with his sleeves under the desk as he answered. “My pronouns are he/him. As for my powers, I don’t care to know a ton about them. I have invisibility and can teleport, if that’s substantial enough.”

Logan glanced up to meet Janus’ gaze before looking back down at his clipboard. “Do you fear your powers?”

Janus mentally chided himself for giving it away. “I didn’t find out about them in a controlled environment,” he quietly responded, “and I was raised having to fear them. But I’d like that to change now that I have the ability to.”

“That’s great to hear,” Logan said, tapping his pencil rhythmically against his clipboard. “How often would you be able to work?”

“I can work anytime you need me to,” Janus answered immediately.

Logan hummed, adjusting his glasses. “Does tomorrow sound good?”

Janus blinked. “You’re... you’re just giving me the job?”

“Are you giving me a reason not to?” Logan countered, folding his hands over the clipboard in his lap.

“Oh, of course not,” Janus hastily said. “I was just expecting more ‘what are your strengths and weaknesses, why should I hire you, why do you want this job’.”

Logan scoffed, waving away the thought. “I try not to waste my time with such frivolous questions. I hope to see you tomorrow if you’re serious about this job.”

Janus dipped his head before making his way out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate!

~Tulip

Illusions

Chapter Summary

As Janus is leaving, someone catches his eye.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus couldn't believe it. He had *actually* gotten the job. Not that he had any doubt to begin with. No, he knew the whole time that he'd be fine.

Totally

On his way back through the lobby, however, a certain person caught his eye.

"Re... Remus?" Janus mumbled, half to himself as a man in a green T-shirt and black cardigan walked by.

The man spun around, and was that a mustache? "Uh, yeah? Why, can I help you?"

Janus chuckled. "Remus. Remus, it's me."

Remus squinted his eyes before sighing. "Yeah, I got nothin'."

"It's Janus," he said, rolling his eyes.

Remus gasped. "Wait, oh my god, really? It's been, what, like, fifteen years? Well, what brings you to town, Janny?"

"My powers, I suppose," Janus sighed. "Kentucky stopped being safe."

Remus was practically bouncing. "You're a meta? I had no idea! I'm a meta too! What're your powers?" He leaned in close to Janus' face, causing him to blush profusely.

Janus cleared his throat. "Uh, teleportation and invisibility, you?"

Remus pouted, leaning back away. "Illusion powers. Don't get me wrong, I love them. I just wish..." he sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Stupid brother and his stupid genes."

"I get it," Janus said, nodding.

"Oh!" Remus suddenly smiled. "I completely forgot to ask. Can I get your number?" Heat rose to Janus' cheeks. Remus giggled. "Oh, chill out, I'm not flirting with you," he grinned. "Cause trust me, honey, you'll know when I'm flirting."

Janus blinked. “O-Oh. Um, I should... I should go,” he started shuffling toward the glass double-doors. “Bye, Remus! See you soon!”

He slid into his car and let out a puff of breath. God, why did he have to be so awkward? The entire drive back to his apartment was filled with the sounds of his favorite podcast drowning out his thoughts. The door to his apartment was thrown open the second it was in his sight, and he promptly flopped onto his bed.

With a groan, he began recounting everything he had done wrong that day. Logan was going to think he’s weird from now on. Who fears their own powers just because they overreacted fifteen years ago? And to top it all off, he’d ruined his chances with Remus all because he was too insecure to admit his feelings.

He’d screwed everything up, and it was only day one.

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and love yourself!

~Tulip

Sleep

Chapter Summary

Janus meets up with Remus and gets a tour of the building

TW:

Sexual innuendo, food/eating, reference to alcohol

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

First day of work. Janus was *ecstatic* and not at all overwhelmed by the prospect of working at one of the most famous establishments in the country.

Regardless, he arrived back again and still felt utterly dwarfed by the sheer height of the building. Today, he decided to dress more casual, donning a simple yellow T-shirt and black leather jacket.

“Oh, hey, I was hoping to get ahold of you!”

Janus spun around to see... Remus? Only, it wasn't Remus. He was missing the mustache and held himself completely differently.

“Sorry, I should probably introduce myself,” not-Remus said, extending a hand. “I’m Roman Caldwell, he/him pronouns. Lo assigned me to train you.”

Caldwell...

Oh. Duh.

“You’re Remus’ brother, aren’t you?” Janus asked, shaking his hand.

Roman lit up at that. “Oh, you’ve heard of me?”

Janus sighed. “Yeah, he’s mentioned you once or twice. So you’re my trainer then, huh?”

“Yep,” Roman smiled. “Although, we don’t technically start training until tomorrow.”

“Joy,” Janus remarked. “Do you happen to know what I’m doing in the meantime or should I go to Logan?”

Roman paused. “You’ll probably need to head up to Weapons. I’m not entirely sure what’s after that, but I think Lo’s got a tour planned.”

Janus blinked lazily. “Oh, and you’re just not gonna tell me where Weapons is, huh?”

“Right,” Roman chuckled. “If you take the elevator on the right, it should be the second room down.”

Janus hummed before heading straight for the reception desk and promptly to the indicated elevator. He reached what he assumed to be Weapons and peered through the window into the workshop-like room. He slowly pushed the door open to see Remus sitting upside down on one of the workbenches flipping through a clipboard.

Remus grinned when he noticed the presence in the doorway. “Janny!” he flipped himself over so he was right-side-up. “Welcome to Weapons. I am your *disgustingly handsome* host, Remus,” he pressed a hand to his chest as he bowed with a wink.

“Why am I not surprised that you build the weapons?” Janus asked, smiling.

Remus shrugged, twirling toward Janus with a pad of paper in his hand. “Did you expect less of me?” he gasped. “Oh, Janny, your words wound me!”

Janus smirked. “You know I would never. It takes much more to wound you than that.”

“Preachin’ to the choir, hun,” Remus said, heading away to pull up a chair and sit backwards on it. “I know when to safeword.”

Janus shook his head fondly to rid himself of the blush creeping onto his face. It didn’t work.

Remus uncapped a Sharpie. “Didja have something in mind for this weapon or whatever?” he asked around the Sharpie cap now sticking out one side of his mouth.

Janus leaned against the workbench Remus previously sat on. “Something dignified...? Dignified and painful?” he winced at his own words. “I apologize, I hadn’t given it much thought.”

“Jan, you want a cane,” Remus deadpanned, rolling his eyes as he recapped the Sharpie. “Yeah, you aren’t the first flustered idiot to walk through that door. Got something in mind or do you want me to take creative liberties?” At Janus’ hesitation, Remus stood up from his chair and reached out a hand. A simple wooden cane with a metal handle took form out of nothing in his outstretched palm. “Something like this?” Remus asked, holding it out for Janus to inspect.

Janus blinked. “This... it’s an illusion, correct?”

“Mhm!” Remus nodded, passing his other hand directly through it. The cane rippled as though it were made of water, “but it wouldn’t be hard to actually make it. Suggestions?”

Janus hummed. “I think fully metal. And black. With some flair, perhaps?”

Remus pursed his lips. Sure enough, the cane began to shift into exactly what Janus had described.

The one in question gazed at the cane like it was the most fascinating thing he'd ever seen. "Are there no limits to your illusion powers?"

"Only my imagination," Remus shrugged, "and, you know, concentration. If I make something super detailed, I can't hold it for very long because there's so much to keep track of, but yeah! Why do you ask?"

Janus shook his head. "I just... I *hate* my powers. They've never helped me with anything, and—" he sighed, "...yours come in handy often."

The cane suddenly became green and black smoke that fell through Remus' fingers before disappearing upon impact with the floor. Remus' gaze was deadly serious. "You... hate your powers?" before Janus could respond, Remus cut him off. "Janus, like your powers or don't, but they're still a part of you. No matter how difficult they may be to get a hold on, you shouldn't hate them. That's how you get hurt. If you don't work *with* your powers, they'll work *against* you."

Janus hesitated. His mind processed the words while his lips were struggling to voice his thoughts. "I, uh... you should get working on that cane."

Remus paused, checking Janus' expression for any signs of hatred before giving up and heading over to the nearest whiteboard to brainstorm.

"Hope I'm not interrupting anything depressingly touching," a new figure in the doorway remarked, sauntering in. They carried a Starbucks drink in hand, with a leather jacket on their shoulders and a sleek pair of sunglasses on their face.

"Nope, just missed it, Remy!" Remus called back, not taking his eyes off the whiteboard as he chewed on the Expo marker cap.

"Remy" slid their gaze to face Janus. "So you're the newbie," they said, tilting their chin up to properly judge him. "Name's Remy, they/them. You seem interesting," a smirk made its way onto their face.

"Janus, he/him," he introduced. "What's your deal supposed to be, caffeine addict who has a part-time job as a superhero?"

Remus snorted as Remy scoffed. "I read minds, dimwit."

"Oh, and the sunglasses indoors," Janus gestured to their face. "Are nursing a hangover or did you just have a good time last night?"

Remy's nose scrunched in disgust. "While I would've liked to experience either, I wear them for your protection, jerk."

Janus smirked, bowing. "Well, I'm flattered you think so highly of me. I'm very grateful to have been graced by your presence, however, I'm not quite sure why you needed to be here at all."

“Boss wanted to give you a tour,” Remy responded, swirling their drink for emphasis, “but he had to head out for an important meeting about an internship or whatever. Told me to take his place. So come on so I can get this over with already.”

Janus rolled his eyes as he bid farewell to Remus and followed Remy out the door. “Where does our tour start, oh fearless leader?” Janus couldn’t tell, but he was pretty sure Remy was glaring at him through their sunglasses.

“Well, as you know, we were just in Weapons,” they explained through gritted teeth. “There’s the lobby,” they gestured stiffly down to the floor below. “Most of the rooms on this floor are offices, so I’m not gonna take you all the way around, but Logan’s office is over there,” they raised their arm to point at the room parallel them on the other side of the lobby. As Remy began leading him back to the elevator, they indicated the door Janus had passed earlier. “And that’s the first aid room.”

Once the two were in the elevator, Janus narrowed his eyes. How many floors *were* there in this place? Before he could even glance over at the buttons indicating the levels, Remy spoke up. “There’s three more that you haven’t seen yet. Y’know, counting isn’t too hard these days,” a beat, then... “Ooh, that’s some strong language in that head of yours,” Remy remarked, chuckling. “You should wash your brain out with soap for thinking such naughty things.”

The elevator dinged, signaling to them it had reached its destination. Before the doors even slid open, Janus could hear several voices chatting excitedly within. Once the doors *did* eventually part, he realized the excited chatter was actually a rage-fueled argument.

“So this is the locker room where your suit and weapon will be stored for when you go on patrols. There are showers and changing rooms in the back in case you need them. Got it? Cool, let’s go,” Remy said in one breath before practically shoving Janus back in the elevator. They started rapidly pressing the “close doors” button until it finally complied.

Janus narrowed his eyes. “I know you’re in a hurry, but was that really necessary?”

“Arguments...” Remy grumbled, rubbing their temples. “They’re always loud and it’s a lot of people and it’s just—” they groaned, taking off their sunglasses to rub at the bridge of their nose.

Janus pursed his lips. If their sunglasses were so important for Janus’ protection, why were they just taking them off while in an enclosed space with him? He leaned forward to gauge Remy’s emotional state when they met his gaze.

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Make sure you hydrate and love yourself!

~Tulip

Pain

Chapter Summary

Janus wakes up somewhere new

TW:

Unconsciousness (sort of?), dissociation, cursing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Remy, you can’t go doing things like this all willy-nilly!”

“I know, Emi. I know. I’ve been beating myself up about it enough as is so let’s just... he’s gonna wake up, right?”

“Well, you *did* already lift the influence of your powers off him, but that can only do so much. He may continue sleeping for a while. I wouldn’t worry too much about it.”

“But I—“

Janus groaned as he rubbed his forehead and propped himself up on the wall behind him.

“What’re you arguin’ ‘bout?” Janus drowsily grumbled.

“Janus, right?” the one that wasn’t Remy spoke. “Janus, I’m Dr. Picani. You’re in the first aid room.”

Janus blinked his eyes open to see himself sitting on a medical bed. The owner of the voice, a man in a brown cardigan, was seated a couple feet away behind a desk. Janus turned to Remy. “What happened?”

They sighed, taking a seat at the foot of the bed. “I accidentally made you pass out with my powers. Sorry about that.”

“What part of mind reading comes with making people fall unconscious?” Janus asked.

Remy turned away, ashamed. “If you look into my eyes, it causes you to fall asleep until I wake you back up. I took my sunglasses off and *stupidly* looked at you earlier. Sorry again.”

“I suggest you stay here and rest,” Dr. Picani offered, “‘cause you have a headache, and we don’t want you to turn into a giant owl beast because of it, now do we?”

Janus shook his head, because he was not about to process that whole sentence. “I don’t have a headache. I’m fine.”

“Janus, my powers allow me to tell when someone’s in pain,” Dr. Picani frowned.

Janus shrugged. “So hit me up with some Ibuprofen, and I’ll get out of your hair.”

Dr. Picani waved Remy out of the room before returning to Janus. “Why are you in such a hurry to leave? I’m not the evil Dr. Doofenshmirtz here to trap you so you can’t thwart my evil plan, but you really shouldn’t just take off when you’re in pain.”

“It’s just a headache, Doctor,” Janus protested. “I’ll knock back some Ibuprofen and be fine and dandy in no time.”

Dr. Picani took a deep breath. “Pain medicine will help you about as much as season 8 of My Little Pony. This headache is a response to how Remy’s sleep-inducing powers affected you and therefore can only be solved by resting.”

“No!” Janus snapped, eyes wide at his own outburst. “No, I-I can’t *rest*. I’ve gotta—“

“Janus,” Dr. Picani’s eyes momentarily flashed pink as he stood up and slowly began advancing on Janus. “I’m approaching you now, okay? Try to take deep breaths, alright? In for four counts, hold fo—“

“Get away from me!” Janus screamed, suddenly on the other side of the room. God, he teleported, didn’t he? The ground met him quickly as he clutched his knees to his chest.

“Janus,” Dr. Picani’s calm voice floated through the air, though it was muffled. “May I touch you?”

It took Janus several moments to realize the question was directed at him. “I— I don’t...”

“Alright, that’s fine,” Dr. Picani reassured, keeping his distance. “Take however much time you need. If you can stand, I’d like to go on a walk with you if that’s alright.”

Janus lifted his head to look at Dr. Picani. “Yeah, we can... we can take a walk.”

Dr. Picani stood up from where he had been sitting beside Janus and held out a hand. Once the two were both upright, Dr. Picani began leading him out the door and down the hall, to the left.

“Do you know anybody here, Janus?” Dr. Picani asked suddenly.

Janus wrung his hands. “I know Remus. We were friends.”

“‘Were’?” Dr. Picani pressed. “Did something happen between you two?”

“He moved,” Janus answered. “No, that’s wrong. Sorry.”

Dr. Picani shook his head. “Don’t apologize.”

Janus continued after a pause. “My mom told me I couldn’t see him anymore. I think he moved after that.”

“Well, I think it’s great that you can meet up again here,” Dr. Picani said, smiling. “Did you have any other friends growing up?”

“Virgil,” Janus answered immediately. “But he moved too. They all moved away.” He took in a deep breath before letting it out slowly. He looked to his left to find they had made it all the way around the floor and were back in front of Dr. Picani’s office.

Dr. Picani turned sympathetically to Janus. “Can you drive yourself home or do you need someone to drive you?”

Janus sighed, shaking his head. “I don’t trust myself on the road just yet.”

Dr. Picani smirked as he sat back down at his desk. “Well, I’m sure a certain someone with a mustache would be more than happy to drive you home.”

Janus blushed before rushing out and to the room directly next door. He didn’t even knock before swinging the door open. Remus had his back to the door, hammering away at a piece of metal before he noticed the presence and turned around.

“Janny, you look like shit,” he commented, quickly turning off the forge. “What the hell happened?”

Janus practically launched himself at Remus. “I need you to drive me home,” Remus’ eyes went wide and Janus hastily added, “if it’s no trouble, that is.”

“No, of course it’s no trouble,” Remus shook his head like it was common knowledge. “Here, I’ll take your car. Just give me the address.”

Chapter End Notes

Totally didn’t just rewrite this entire chapter cause I suddenly didn’t like it. Nope.

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Powerless

Chapter Summary

Janus begins training

TW:
fighting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus didn't want to go to work. He was too tired and his head ached when he turned it.

Regardless, he drove himself back to work the next day now that he could. All Janus knew about today was that he was starting training and was supposedly about to start planning his suit. Remus had asked him yesterday to sketch up a design of his suit so that Roman had something to work with today, and he had done just that.

Janus headed for the front desk to check in like he had the previous morning when he noticed the receptionist was someone new, a woman with a white leather jacket. Her wavy brown hair tumbled over her shoulders, and her name tag read "Melinda she/her."

"Good morning," Janus politely greeted. "I don't believe we've met."

She smiled. "Well, it's my first day, so it'd be kinda hard to have met me before that."

"I'm Janus, he/him," he introduced. "Are you interning here or is this your full-time gig?"

"It's actually crazy," she said, typing something on her computer before turning back to face Janus. "My college has this wicked meta program that includes an internship at the biggest meta institution in the world."

"Huh, you're a meta?" Janus asked.

Melinda sighed. "Nope. I just study 'em. You, on the other hand, are a meta, and you've got a note that says for you to head to Roman's office," she said, pointing at her desktop screen like Janus could see it despite it being turned away from him.

Janus waved her goodbye. "Thanks, Melinda. I hope I'll see you again sometime!"

"You too!" Melinda called back before Janus receded into the elevator.

Only just now did Janus remember he had no clue where Roman's office was. He managed to find it after not too long, and he pushed open the door slowly.

Roman looked up from his work. “Hey. Do you have a sketch of your suit?”

“No, I completely forgot about it,” Janus responded, fishing around in his bag for the piece of paper that he then presented to Roman.

Roman lit up at the sight. “This is very thorough, Janus. What about the mask?”

Janus blushed, embarrassed. “A matching Phantom of the Opera mask?”

Roman gasped, smiling widely. “That’ll look really good! Okay, wait, hold on, let me write that down. Then, we’ll train.”

After having grabbed a sticky note and hastily scribbling on it, Roman was leading Janus into the elevator and to the fourth floor.

Once they arrived, Roman spun around in the open space. “Welcome to the training room. Oh, and don’t be afraid of the glass walls,” Roman paused, forming an icicle in one hand. With all the force in his body, Roman hurled the shard of ice toward the nearest window, but it disappeared on impact. “You can’t break anything in here,” Roman finished. Janus opened his mouth to respond when Roman cut him off. “And don’t tell me what your powers are. I try to challenge myself to think on the fly.”

Janus shut his mouth with a nod as he dropped into a fighting stance. Roman smirked as he swung at Janus who promptly ducked out of the way of him. Janus then attempted to go offensive, but immediately failed and receded to defending. He was managing to hold his own, but he certainly wasn’t winning the fight. The two were at an indefinite stalemate, so Roman eventually called for a break.

“You aren’t using your powers,” Roman commented from where he now sat on one of the benches.

Janus stiffened. “Neither are you.”

Roman glared at him. “I don’t know how well you can defend against my powers. I don’t wanna seriously hurt you. Is there a reason you aren’t using your powers?”

Janus rolled his eyes. “I don’t care much for them.”

“And you’ll never master them if you never use them,” Roman responded, standing up. “Come on, use your powers on me.”

Janus took a deep breath before teleporting behind him and punching him directly in between his shoulder blades .

Roman spun around with a smile. “Now, that’s more like it! Alright, let’s keep going then.”

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Temperature

Chapter Summary

Remus has finished making Janus' cane

TW:

Weapons, cursing, sexual innuendo

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

All in all, training had been a success. Janus hadn't really wanted to explore his powers, but alas, he had, and there was no going back from it now.

He was currently on his way to check in with Remus about his cane again. He desperately hoped it was done because there was no way in hell he was going to fight without a weapon ever again.

Janus swung the Weapons door open to see Remus twirling a cane identical to the illusion equivalent he'd seen mere days before.

Janus gasped, rushing forward to look at the cane closer. "Remus, this craftsmanship is phenomenal."

"Oh, it's nothin'," Remus said, handing the weapon off to him. "But there's one thing I haven't considered yet: you." Janus raised an eyebrow as he tested the cane's weight in his grasp. Remus giggled. "See, I'm not super sure how your powers work, so I don't really know if it'll travel or turn invisible with you yet."

Janus hummed before screwing his eyes shut and turning invisible. When Remus' gaze never left him, Janus narrowed his eyes. "You can still see me, can't you?"

"Mhmm..." Remus quietly affirmed, hastily scribbling something down. "Yeah, funny thing about illusion powers, I can also see through any illusion anyone else casts, including invisibility apparently. Real fuckin' stupid if you ask me but whatever."

Janus sighed. "That's annoying. Here, let me try this." Instead of invisibility, he tried teleportation. Now on the other side of the room, Janus glanced down at the cane still clutched in his hand.

"Looks like it works!" Remus exclaimed happily. "I'm real glad 'cause I had no idea what I was gonna do if it didn't."

Janus smiled, a light blush dusting his cheeks. “Thank you, Remus. I love it.”

“Damn,” Remus chuckled, leaning against the nearest wall with a smirk. “Didn’t think my stick could make a pretty boy blush.”

The redness on Janus’ face only intensified, but he managed to keep his composure. “Oh, you don’t know the half of it, darling,” Janus drawled, leaning on his cane. “But we aren’t quite there yet. How does dinner sound? Friday at 6. I’ll text you the details. Don’t keep me waiting.” And with that, Janus left the room, leaving Remus stunned.

Now that he was out, Janus had no idea where he was supposed to go. He guessed he should drop off his cane in the locker room, but he didn’t even have a suit yet, so he probably didn’t have a locker either.

In the meantime, he decided to schedule a patrol with Logan since he now had a weapon. Janus’ fist was poised to knock on Logan’s door when he heard his name being spoken from within.

“—Janus’ hesitance to use his powers.”

It was Roman’s voice, Janus realized. He pressed himself to the wall beside the door in order to continue listening without being detected.

“I’m glad you’re the one training him,” Logan sighed. “Metas like him... they’re difficult. I commend your determination.”

Roman chuckled. “Kinda my specialty, *mi amor*. Anyway, I should get working on his suit. I’ll see you later, love.”

Janus tensed as the door beside him opened. His fight-or-flight kicked in, and he was infinitely thankful for his invisibility keeping him out of Roman’s sight. Turns out, his cane *does* go invisible when he does. He narrowed his eyes as Roman walked past him. He knew it was immature of him for being mad about being talked about behind his back but, hell, he was mad about being talked about behind his back.

Something felt off here. Though, Janus couldn’t put his finger on what just yet.

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Teleportation

Chapter Summary

Janus has his first patrol and his date with Remus

TW:
cursing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Today was a huge day for Janus. He had his first patrol *and* his date with Remus. He could hardly contain his excitement as he got ready and drove to work.

Currently gathered in the lobby was Logan, Roman, and someone Janus had never met before. They were wearing a plaid jacket over a red shirt and were regarding Janus with narrowed eyes.

“Ah, Janus, you’re here,” Logan said, adjusting his glasses. “Now that you’ve joined us, I can explain the task at hand. Today’s patrol is one of reconnaissance. Since our start, criminals have learned how to adapt to avoid being caught by patrols. We had a theory that if you two roam the streets as civilians, you could investigate how they are managing to do so. Roman and I will be on standby should you need our help at any point. Understood?”

The person beside Janus nodded with a sigh. “Loud and clear, boss.”

Logan dipped his head. “Great. You will start at once. I suggest heading away from this building.”

As they began their walk, Janus awkwardly started the conversation. “I don’t believe I introduced myself. I’m Janus, he/him.”

“Kai, he/him,” the other person responded after a moment’s hesitation. “I boost other people’s powers, since I know you’re gonna ask,” Janus opened his mouth, but Kai kept talking, “and you have invisibility and teleportation. Oh, and I remember anything I’m told, so ehbbb, be careful what you tell me ‘cause I won’t just forget it overnight.”

“...got it,” Janus responded slowly. “My, uh, mom has powers sort of like that. She can make you believe anything she tells you, which is not at all invasive, and I’m totally okay with it.”

Kai sighed. “Damn, that sucks, man. No one in my family’s a meta. My girlfriend Lauren’s not a meta either. Not that I’m mad or anything, just, y’know, a little disconnected.”

“I get that,” Janus nodded. “My family was never there for me growing up. I had to—“

“Why are you telling me this?” Kai asked. “I *just* told you about my powers, and you think ‘yeah, sure, I’ll tell this stranger I just met my whole life story and he’ll never forget it’.”

Janus rolled his eyes. “Forgive me for wanting to share my problems with someone in hopes that they’ll understand. I haven’t been able to do that my entire life, so I sincerely apologize for any discomfort I may have caused you.”

“You don’t need to get all sassy about it, jeez,” Kai groaned. “I just want you to think about what you’re doing for a second here.”

“Whatever,” Janus muttered.

Kai smiled sadly. “Hey, you should start seeing Dr. Picani for therapy. It sounds like you might need it.”

Janus glared at him. “I am self-managing just fine on my own, thank you very much.”

“If you say so,” Kai responded with a smirk.

--

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. *Fuck*,” Janus muttered, pacing back and forth in his apartment. The rest of the patrol had gone well, as had work, but before he knew it, it was nearing time for his date. He looked fine, but he couldn’t get his nerves under control. Janus actually lived fairly close to the restaurant, so he had intended to walk rather than waste gas, but that hadn’t taken the pressure off in the slightest.

He made it about half a block down the road before he was suddenly teleported back to his bedroom.

“Stupid teleportation powers,” Janus commented to himself as he rushed out the door a second time. “Good for nothing...”

He made it a bit farther this time, but eventually, his powers yanked him right back to his apartment.

Janus wanted to scream. This time, he had hardly made it out the door when the walls of his bedroom greeted him once more. It wouldn’t stop him though; he *would* make it to this date.

But after about the fifteenth attempt, fatigue began weighing his shoulders down. The next time his teleportation decided to pop him out in his apartment, he promptly passed out on his bed. He would deal with the consequences later.

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Lies

Chapter Summary

Janus tries on his new suit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus awoke with a groan, the memories of the previous night flooding back to him. He froze. Remus was gonna think he was a jerk for standing him up. And it was only their first date! He wanted to hide under the covers until the sun went away.

So obviously, he hopped in his car and drove to work. Hey, a steady income is a steady income. Pushing open the glass double doors, Janus winced at the green-and-black-clad figure rushing toward him.

“Hey, Ja—“

“I didn’t stand you up!” Janus blurted out, not meeting Remus’ gaze.

His expression softened. “I believe you, Janny.”

“I—“ Janus paused. “Wait, you do?”

Remus smiled. “Of course. I get it. And I won’t pry, but if you wanna tell me about it, I’ll always be here, ‘kay?”

Janus blinked as Remus patted his shoulder and walked past him. He could feel the blush creeping onto his face but made no move to fight it. He sighed fondly as he headed to Roman’s office. His suit was supposed to be done today and, if he was being honest, he really needed a dopamine boost.

Roman swung the door open with a grin on his face. “You’re here about your suit, right? Here, go try it on; I’m super excited about this one,” he said, handing him a pile of folded clothes. On top of the pile was a black lace Phantom of the Opera mask with gold embroidery. Janus practically sped to the changing rooms within the locker room to put the outfit on. Now that he could see it better, the suit looked almost exactly like his sketch.

Adjusting the black capelet on his shoulders, Janus turned to the mirror. He looked like a Disney villain.

Perfect.

Tears of joy sprung to his eyes as he stared at the outfit. A yellow gloved hand reached up to his mouth in awe. It was all he had wanted and more. He rushed back downstairs to show Roman who gasped and giggled.

“Oh, it turned out so good!” Roman said, smiling brightly. “How do you like it, Janus?”

Janus was at a loss for words. “I... it, um... v-very good.”

Roman sighed happily, still smiling. “I’m glad. Lo’s gonna explain to you how the lockers work, and then I think that’s about it for you today.”

So, after a brief explanation and maybe chatting with Remus a little more, Janus was heading back home for the day. He headed to the front desk to clock out when he noticed who was there, clad in a jean jacket and white sweater.

“Melinda,” Janus greeted. “I was hoping to see you again.”

She lit up at that. “Janus, hey. Whatya been up to?”

He shrugged. “Not much. Just got my suit. I had my first date last night.”

He stiffened. Please don’t ask how it went. Please don’t ask how it went. Please don’t ask—

“Oh, how’d it go?”

“Splendidly,” Janus remarked with a sigh, his head in his hands with his elbows propped on Melinda’s desk. “No, I definitely got my nerves to calm down and actually showed up to the date and totally didn’t chicken out or anything.”

Melinda smiled sadly as she patted Janus’ elbow reassuringly. “That’s a shame. I haven’t been in the dating scene in a while, so I’m glad you’re putting yourself out there,” she turned back to her computer. “You heading out for the day?”

“I’m afraid so,” Janus said, removing his head from his hands. “How have you been holding up, Melinda?”

She nodded, lips pressed together. “Been doing well. And you can call me Mel, by the way since we’re, like, practically friends at this point.”

“...sure,” Janus agreed slowly. “After our two interactions, we’re friends.”

“Of course!” she smiled. “I’ll be glad to see you in a couple days.”

Janus dipped his head as he made his way to the door. “You as well.”

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Trust

Chapter Summary

Janus starts going to therapy

TW:

brief talk of past trauma

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus' failed date with Remus kept replaying in his head. He was a failure, not being able to make it to one date. But then, he remembered Kai recommending he start seeing Dr. Picani for therapy.

So here he was.

Dr. Picani's office.

The pressure of the situation was getting to him, and he stood frozen at the closed door for a full minute before he finally got up the courage to knock.

A beat, then the door opened, revealing Dr. Picani standing in the doorway, donning his signature brown cardigan. "Oh, Janus. Come on in!" Dr. Picani said, reclaiming his seat behind his desk. He gestured to the chairs opposite him, an invitation for Janus to take a seat. He obliged.

"So, uh," Janus started, legs crossed nonchalantly in front of him, "Kai suggested I start seeing you. And I thought it was for the best as well, so here we are."

Dr. Picani smiled. "Well, new patient! Do you how do?"

Janus slowly tipped his head to the side, confused. "Well, I'm fine, Doctor."

"Alrighty," Dr. Picani said, grabbing a clipboard from off his desk. "Tell me about the past couple days then. Anything exciting?"

Janus rolled his eyes. This again. "I had a date with Remus."

Dr. Picani sighed happily. "Oh, a match made in Etheria! Did it go well?"

"Sure," Janus snarked, "if 'well' means I couldn't make it because of my stupid powers," he looked down to his hands as if they had the answers, rubbing circles into his palm.

Dr. Picani set the clipboard down with a terse smile on his face. “Janus, no one’s powers are stupid—“

“I know!” Janus exclaimed, gripping the armrests of the chair tightly. He let out a breath. “I know. People keep telling me that but... I-I just don’t believe it.”

“Believe it!” Dr. Picani chuckled. “No, but seriously, what about your powers makes you think they’re stupid?”

Janus sucked in a breath. “I couldn’t even make it to the restaurant. My powers kept whisking me back to square one.”

Dr. Picani hummed. “Do you know how you found out about your powers? And it’s okay to say no or to not feel comfortable telling me.”

“No, it’s fine,” Janus sighed, steeling himself for the explanation. “When I lived with my mother in Kentucky, she worked almost the whole day. And one time when I was home alone, the landlord came by to collect rent, but I was already on edge, and I felt threatened by him. My fight-or-flight response kicked in, and I’ve never been one to fight, so... I flew. I was teleported several miles away, invisibly, mind you.”

Dr. Picani tapped his pencil against his clipboard as he thought. “It sounds to me like your powers only act up when you’re scared, which isn’t a bad thing. It just means you’re cautious.”

“But I wasn’t scared of the date,” Janus said, leaning forward. “I was the one who proposed it in the first place,” he scoffed. “I bet you think I’m crazy.”

“No matter how looney you think your tunes are, they sound perfectly normal to me,” Dr. Picani said.

Janus rolled his eyes. “Really?”

“Well, sure!” Dr. Picani responded with a chuckle. “Your powers are tied to your emotions, and those are hard to Bill de-Cipher most of the time. Have you dated before?”

“Of course,” Janus answered, eyes narrowed. “I totally dated back when I was taking care of everything around the house, and I definitely had time for that.”

“Is that the reason?” Dr. Picani asked. “Or is it because you’re afraid of love?” At Janus’ hesitance, Dr. Picani continued. “It’s okay to be scared of the unknown. Love is uncertain, and you don’t like being caught off guard. Are you going to reschedule your date with Remus?”

Janus sighed. “I suppose.”

Dr. Picani hummed. “What can you do this time to make yourself feel more secure?”

“We could, uh,” Janus paused, thinking. “I don’t know, maybe he could pick me up rather than us meeting there. Or we could just have a quiet night in instead of going anywhere.”

Dr. Picani smiled. “I think that sounds perfect for you, Janus. I wish you the best of luck on your date.”

Janus nodded, leaving the room. He turned to Weapons to speak to Remus, but the lights were off. He was probably out on a patrol then. Shame. In the meantime, Janus decided to chat with Melinda since he could see her at the front desk from where he stood, wearing a brown leather jacket halfway zipped over a black shirt.

As soon as he stepped out of the elevator on the first floor, Melinda lit up. “Hey, Janus!”

“Good afternoon, Mel,” Janus greeted, leaning on her desk. “What have you been up to?”

She immediately deflated. “My college, it’s, uh,” she groaned, running a hand through her hair. “They’re getting rid of the meta studies division, which, y’know, includes this internship and— ugh! It’s just so stupid. I-I mean, I can probably convince them to keep it if I had Logan Flores to back me, but he’s not helping,” her gaze shot up to meet Janus’. “*You* could help me. Yeah, yeah, you could totally—“

The glass double doors swung open, Remus and his patrol entering. Janus smiled at the sight of him. He spun back around to face Melinda. “Listen, Mel, I’m sure Logan will help you if you tell him the situation. Just— I really need to go.”

“O-Oh, yeah,” she cleared her throat. “Sure, okay, that’s fine.”

Janus hesitated before nodding quickly and rushing off to meet Remus.

“Janny!” Remus giggled upon seeing him. “What’re you doing down here?”

Janus sighed. “I actually wanted to talk to you. About our date—“

“Jan, you don’t need to apologize for anything,” Remus said, putting a hand on Janus’ shoulder.

Janus rolled his eyes. “I know that, you idiot. I wanted to reschedule it. Tomorrow night, my place?”

Remus smirked. “Skipping ahead a bit, are we?”

“Not like that and you know it,” Janus defended, failing to fight the blush creeping up his cheeks. “Just something nice and calm. We could watch a movie and order pizza if you want?”

Remus grinned. “Sounds great, Janny. I’ll see you then.”

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Love

Chapter Summary

Janus and Remus have a date

TW:

food, cursing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus paced his room, mulling over the worst possible scenarios. What if he said the wrong thing? *Did* the wrong thing? What if Remus didn't respect his boundaries and went too far?

The knocking on his apartment door broke him out of his psychological tumble.

No, Remus was kind and, yes, a little overbearing, but if he overstepped anything, he would immediately apologize and make sure to do better in the future.

Janus rushed to the door to let him in. "I do hope you forgive the state of the apartment, I haven't had time to properly clean it."

"If you say so," Remus shrugged his green flannel-clad shoulders. "Looks better than my apartment. It's not my fault Roman doesn't know how to clean up. Oh, I brought takeout, by the way," Remus continued, holding up the brown paper bag he had been holding. "Italian. There was this new place and—" he stopped, seeing the red on Janus' cheeks. "Sorry, was this too much?"

Janus stepped aside so Remus could get by. "Yes, I'll have to kick you out now. No, of course not. Why would I turn away perfectly good food?"

Remus set the bag down on the nearest table and began taking the contents out. "So what movie are we watching?"

Janus hummed. "I hadn't thought about it. Anything really is fine by me if you have any preference."

"Eh, I don't really care," Remus replied. "Just nothing with superheroes. Inaccurate shit."

Janus shrugged. "Fair enough. How does Wall-E sound? No superheroes, fuck capitalism, save the planet; hey, I'm all for it."

Remus giggled, flopping onto Janus' couch with two plastic trays of food. "And we get to watch two robots fall in love. Hell yeah, put it on."

The night was spent over pasta and tears, both of joy and of sadness. The TV screen faded to black and Remus sighed contentedly.

"Well, I've got work tomorrow, so I should probably head home. Unless, of course," he looked up to meet Janus' gaze, "you want me to stay?"

"Oh," was Janus' response before he cleared his throat and shook his head. "No, you probably shouldn't. I only have the one bedroom, and I'm not willing to share a bed with you just yet."

"Cool," Remus said, producing his keys from his pocket. "I'll see you at work then. Bye, Janny!"

Janus couldn't manage to exchange the farewell, though he held up his hand in an almost-wave as Remus closed the door behind him. As soon as he was gone, Janus let out a puff of breath. It had gone smoothly! Better than smoothly, even. Perfectly. The date was perfect. *Remus* was perfect.

Janus fell onto his bed happily. He was fully content to sit with his euphoria, however his phone had other plans. He groaned, glancing at the caller ID. Melinda Bradbury. Odd, he hadn't remembered giving her his number.

Regardless, he answered the phone.

"Hey, Janus!"

"Mel, what a *pleasant* surprise."

Melinda gasped. "Oh, I'm sorry, I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

"No, of course not," Janus said, running a hand through his hair.

She sighed in relief. "Thank god. Logan said you might be busy, so I was kinda worried."

Janus began rubbing his temple. Now he was just socially drained. "Was there something you needed, Mel?"

"Right," she paused as a shuffling noise sounded through the phone speaker. "I know you told me Logan could help, but he said he doesn't have the budget to fund anything like that right now."

Janus blinked, brow furrowed. "Fund what?"

"My college's meta studies program?" she said slowly, as if it were obvious. "They're cutting it unless they get a viable reason not to. Logan might've been able to pay them off to keep it, but apparently, he can't. So we're just gonna have to convince them the old fashioned way."

“And you want my help to do so?” Janus asked.

“Yes,” she stated, like it wasn’t up for debate. “They need to hear from an actual meta with experience trying to get into colleges.”

Janus sighed. “Mel, I didn’t *attend* college. I couldn’t. I never even applied to any. I hardly graduated high school.”

“Right!” she said. “That’s the point I’m trying to make. If we keep meta studies, metas can feel safer going to college and getting a proper education.”

“But you’re—“ he sighed once more. “If I agree to help you, will you leave me alone for the night?”

“Sure.”

“Great,” he hung up.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for not posting last week. I was on vacation and didn’t have access to Wi-Fi most of the time. However, I am double posting this week so chapter 12 will be out very shortly!

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Values

Chapter Summary

Janus has his first real patrol

TW:

cursing, weapons, guns

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus was still giddy the next morning. He went on a date! With *Remus* ! It made him sigh happily just thinking of it. He could hardly get ready for work in a timely manner. He eventually left his apartment wearing a black button-up with yellow suspenders. “Professionalism and all that,” he would continue to tell himself.

On his way to work, he recalled his patrol later that day. This one would be real and not just an undercover walk with Kai for an hour. And Remus would be there!

But in the meantime, he still had to help Melinda with her college problem.

She was currently seated at the front desk wearing a white jean jacket over a black shirt.

“Good morning, Mel,” Janus greeted. “How may I assist you in persuading your college?”

She sighed. “I don’t know anymore. Logan was really my last ditch effort. I only called you last night on a whim. You don’t need to help me if you don’t want to.”

“Well, what *can* I do?” Janus asked. “Do you want me to terrify the higher ups into submission?”

She glared at him. “That better be a joke.”

He hesitated. “...sure. Regardless, there isn’t much I can do to help you aside from scaring the living shit out of them. I have no qualifications, I don’t attend your college, and really there isn’t much dirt we can kick up on them.”

“I know,” she groaned.

“Listen, Mel,” he said slowly. “I have a patrol in half an hour, so I should get ready for that. If you need help, just text me. I’ll see you later.”

Janus headed to the elevator then to the third floor. He hadn’t used his locker until today but managed to figure it out after a little bit. Once he was suited up, he sat on one of the benches

in the locker room to wait for the rest of his patrol. Valerie was the first to show up, followed by Remy, and then finally Remus.

Janus would never fail to be impressed by Roman's costuming ability. Valerie was wearing a red knee-length dress with black stockings and boots underneath as well as a short black leather jacket. Remy's was a bit simpler, their leather jacket over deep purple spandex suit. And Remus' outfit consisted of black regal attire with an acid green sash. Janus *did* pause to marvel.

"Hey, Janny," Remus said, approaching him. "Your suit looks great! Roman kept telling me that he was glad it came out looking good, but I didn't get to see it until just now."

Janus smirked. "Well, I'm happy to provide that experience for you," he turned to Remy. "How long until we leave, oh fearless leader?"

Remy scowled at him. "Well, I'm fully willing to leave you here." Valerie elbowed them lightly. They glared at her. "We leave in ten," they cleared their throat, getting fully into professional mode. "Since there's four of us, we'll try to split up as much as possible. I want Valerie and me on ground level since we're more experienced. Remus, Janus, I want you both on separate stakeouts on opposite ends of our section. Valerie and I will be patrolling everything in between you two. If anybody encounters trouble, don't hesitate to call for backup. Got it?"

"Loud and clear, boss," Remus affirmed as he moved to grab his morning star. "Let's get ready to kick some ass."

Valerie sighed. "Ideally, there won't *be* any ass-kicking."

Remus pouted. "You're no fun."

Remy paid no mind to Remus' antics. "Alright, I've sent a map of the section we're patrolling to all of you. Remus, you'll be on the West end, Janus on the East. Let's go, bitches."

--

Janus had grown tired of the patrol after the first ten minutes. He had teleported to the top of a building to gain a higher vantage point and was currently leaning forward, arms rested against the fence outlining the roof. His gaze was scanning over what he could see, but it was so dreadfully boring.

He checked his watch. They were about twenty minutes into the patrol. Could it even be called a patrol if he wasn't moving? He shrugged. He didn't wanna question it.

What was currently keeping him entertained, however, was choosing one person to fixate on as they entered one of the buildings across the street. He couldn't see into the building from his position, but something felt off about this situation. The person had been walking oddly: fast, but taking quick, deliberate steps. Their chest had been moving fairly quickly, as though they were anxious and attempting to calm their nerves—

Oh shit.

Janus stood up, eyes wide. He had to deescalate a robbery. After quickly notifying the rest of the patrol of the situation, he attempted to calm his own nerves, taking in a deep breath before focusing his gaze on the building and teleporting.

He appeared behind the robber, who currently had their gun aimed at the poor receptionist. Janus slammed his cane into the tiled floor firmly to grab the robber's attention. It worked, and they whirled on him, shakily pointing the gun in Janus' direction.

Janus held both hands up, one of which was still holding his cane. "Relax, I'm not here to fight, and I know you aren't either."

The robber swallowed, adjusting their grip on the weapon. "T-That's what you think. You metas aren't t-too different; bullets'll still kill you."

"Fair enough," Janus said. "But you know what I can do? This." Janus went invisible and teleported behind them, whispering in their ear. "That different enough for you?"

They spun to face Janus, finding no one. They panted. "Show yourself, freak!" They began turning in a circle, not knowing where Janus was. He chuckled, teleporting around them so that it sounded like it was echoing from everywhere.

The robber glanced around rapidly, terrified. "F-Fuckin' weirdo—"

The door swung open, Remus parading right on in. He spotted Janus immediately, not at all affected by his invisibility. He was currently right behind and to the left of the robber.

Remus smiled, resting his morning star on his shoulder. "Hey, babe. Heard you needed help."

The word sent shivers down Janus' spine, but he forced himself to remain nonchalant, becoming visible to everyone else. "I appreciate it, dear, but it appears I have the situation handled." The sound of his voice effectively startled the robber who jumped and finally lowered the gun. Janus smirked, sauntering up to Remus and pecking him on the cheek.

The robber, who had dropped the gun and was currently cowering on the ground, stiffened at the sound of the door opening once more.

Remy smirked as they approached the robber and fastened a pair of handcuffs on their wrists. "Cops have been called, so I'd quit while you're behind," they turned to Janus. "Alright, newbie, maybe you aren't terrible after all."

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Information

Chapter Summary

Janus has a talk with Logan.

TW:
cursing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus was still floating. He did that. He *actually* did that! Maybe these powers weren't useless.

He had already changed back into his normal attire and was headed to Logan's office. He knew his boss was going to ask for a report, so he thought he might as well take initiative. He had hardly knocked on the door when it swung wide open.

As Janus entered the room, Logan glanced up from his computer screen. "Ah, Janus, I was hoping you'd come," he said, gesturing absentmindedly to the seats opposite him. He was wearing a black blazer over a blue button-up. "Remy has already informed me about the patrol earlier, but there are still some details they couldn't fill in. I expect a report before you leave."

Janus raised an eyebrow as he lowered himself into one of the chairs. "I don't think I quite understand what you're asking of me."

Logan turned his attention fully to Janus. "Your patrol leader was not present when you confronted the criminal."

"No, no, I get what you want me to do," Janus clarified, brows furrowed. "I just don't understand why I have to write up a full report." At Logan's glare, Janus continued, gaining a momentary confidence boost. "Why can't I just paraphrase what happened to you and you file my first real patrol under things Janus did right in his first two weeks working here?"

"Can I file this conversation under things Janus did wrong?" Logan remarked, gaze still penetrating Janus' soul. "I require you to do this because it allows for your trainer and boss to track your emotional and physical progression as well as taking the guesswork out of remembering events. Now, will you write this report or do we have a problem?"

Janus narrowed his eyes, a tense smile tugging at his lips. "Well, I *certainly* wouldn't want us to have a problem."

Logan hummed, turning back to his computer. “Now, that’s what I like to hear.” He waved his hand, indicating for Janus to leave. Janus obliged, ripping the door open and speedwalking away.

He was on his way to the lobby to type up his report in silence when he passed Melinda, and she hastily waved him over. “Janus, hey, I know you said you couldn’t earlier but—“

“Now’s not really a great time either, Mel,” Janus admitted.

She sighed. “I was hoping you wouldn’t say that. Okay, um, it could happen any day now, so I could really, really use your help.”

Janus shook his head. “Mel, I don’t know what to tell you. We’ve been over this; there is no way for me to help you, and I don’t have time right now to ponder solutions. I apologize, but sometimes, there isn’t an answer.”

“Bullshit,” she muttered, half to herself.

“I’ll see you later, Mel,” Janus quietly said as he left her.

Chapter End Notes

I know it’s short, but we’re about to get to the best chapters, so hang in there!

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Discovery

Chapter Summary

Janus finishes his patrol report.

TW:

cursing, mention of arson

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus sighed as he finally typed the last word on his patrol report. He was still mad he had to write the stupid thing. Regardless, he had, and now... what? Logan hadn't really explained how he wanted the report turned in and Janus wasn't exactly feeling up to facing him just yet.

No, he'd figure this out on his own. He eventually settled on printing it out and turning it in in-person as Janus was aware of Logan's non-digital filing system.

Step one, acquire a printer.

He hadn't yet been to the top floor of the building, but he had heard that it was a storage-type room. And obviously, storage rooms have printers. Look, it had been a long day and he was tired.

He rode the elevator with his closed laptop clutched under his arm. He heard a chime shortly before the doors slid open, revealing not a single printer; just a shit ton of filing cabinets.

"Fuck this," Janus muttered, moving his hand to the elevator panel to take him back downstairs. His hand tensed. This was most likely where the report was going to be stored, so what else was already up here? Curiosity killed the cat, but it never killed the snake. Besides, Logan would never notice anything had happened. After a moment's hesitation, Janus continued into the storage room.

For a while, he stood just beyond the elevator, marveling at the sheer amount of information contained in this one room. As he made his way down the row nearest him, which appeared to be personnel files, his gaze slid over the neatly printed labels. He paused at the sight of one name, "Janus Atkins."

He set his laptop down on top of the filing cabinet before glancing around nervously, despite knowing nobody was in the room. He slowly slid the drawer open. The creaking noise echoed loudly in the still silence of the air. The cabinet was mostly empty, but that was to be expected as he just started working there. He reached for the first file, labeled "before employment."

He flipped it open to reveal school photos from elementary school, vague newspaper clippings referencing his powers, social media posts from people he knew in high school with him in the background of pictures.

“Why...” he muttered to himself as he brushed a hand over the paper. The soft whirring of the elevator suddenly disrupted the quiet of the room.

And it was getting louder.

Janus hurriedly shut the file and shoved it haphazardly back in the drawer. The elevator dinged, and Janus hardly had enough time to bump the drawer back into place and teleport out in time to not be seen.

His eyes were screwed shut. He hadn't been meaning to teleport anywhere in specific, so he could be virtually anywhere right now.

He slowly opened his eyes. Remus stood before him, wearing a black leather jacket over a green T-shirt. They were in Weapons.

“Hey, Janny, you okay?” Remus asked.

Janus furrowed his brow in thought. “I’m... fine. Something’s wrong here, Remus.”

Remus sighed dramatically. “Well, duh. You’re being all secretive with me, that’s what’s wrong. You only do that when you’re scared. So spill, what’s up?”

“Logan’s hiding something from us,” Janus said, pacing. He stopped abruptly. “Shit...”

Remus had now grabbed a chair. “Hey, Jan, you wanna maybe sit down?” Janus hesitated but eventually caved. Remus pulled up another chair opposite Janus. After sitting down, he grasped Janus’ hand in his own. “Start from the beginning, hun. What did Logan do?”

Janus shook his head in disbelief. “He’s been tracking us — or, at least me — since childhood. There were all these photos a-and—“

“Well, that’s definitely not good,” Remus said. “I suggest arson.”

Janus rolled his eyes. “We’re not burning a concrete and glass building to the ground. Besides, it’s bad for the environment.”

Remus groaned. “Well, we need to do *something*.”

“I don’t work tomorrow,” Janus said, “so we could figure something out then. I believe our main priority should be to destroy the files.”

Remus nodded. “Right, yeah. I can *probably* clear a time for you to get in and out, but I can’t guarantee anything.”

“That should be fine,” Janus steepled his hands, thinking. “Where’s my laptop? Shit, I must’ve left it in the storage room.”

“Well, that can just be your excuse tomorrow,” Remus smiled. “That’s why you need to go upstairs, you left your laptop. It’s almost the end of the day, so nobody’s gonna be going in there.”

“Great, yeah, okay,” Janus said, running a hand through his hair. “God, when I moved all the way down here, this is most certainly what I had in mind.”

Remus patted Janus’ knee. “Yeah, well, outsiders like us, we just gotta deal. I’ll text you tomorrow.”

Janus put his hand on top of Remus’. “Thanks, Re. I hate having to get you mixed up in all of this.”

Remus chuckled. “Are you kidding? This is, like, the best shit that’s ever happened to me.”

“Of course you’d think that,” Janus rolled his eyes. “I should get going. Goodnight, Remus.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Decisions

Chapter Summary

Janus and Remus have to form a new plan.

TW:
cursing, crying

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus' heart was pounding. He could do this. He'd be fine. So why was he terrified?

Remus had texted him the exact moment he could get in and out of the storage room undetected. Janus hadn't wanted to ask what means Remus had acquired it by.

He slipped a jean jacket on over his black T-shirt and hopped in his car. He took a deep breath as he paused in the apartment's parking lot. Slowly, he slid the key into the ignition and took off. He was hyper-aware of every turn he took, never letting his attention waver for even a second.

Once he arrived at the destination, he didn't leave his car for at least five minutes, attempting to steel his nerves.

As soon as he finally opened the car door, someone else exited through the door to the building, and the two met gazes.

It was Melinda.

She was wearing overalls over a white sweater, but the thing Janus noticed first were the tears streaming out of her eyes as she clutched her laptop to her chest. Her eyes narrowed as soon as she recognized him.

"You," she said, storming toward him. "You— you motherfucker!"

He blinked. "Okay, what the hell did I do?"

She shook her head, like he wasn't getting it. "And you don't even work today. What, come here to gloat?"

"How do you know my schedule?"

"I guess I'll have to," she sniffled, "become a lawyer now, or something. Go fulfill Mom's dream of getting the front page of the news. Be an outlaw, fuck it, I don't know."

“What are you—“

“Shut up!” she screamed, weakly slapping him with her free hand. “You don’t get it. You *got* the dream job. You’ll still *have* the dream job tomorrow,” she scoffed as she walked off, sloppily wiping her tears. “Whatever. I’ll see you in whatever hell you believe in, jerk.”

Janus stood frozen in place as Melinda left him more alone than before he had even met her. He glanced down at his watch. He could save his tears for later; the window Remus had procured was going to open in a couple seconds, and he couldn’t miss it.

He sucked in one final breath before pressing a hand to the glass door and pushing it open. He deliberately forced himself to not look at the reception desk oh god don’t look at the reception desk you have a job to do Janus just do it.

Before he could make it to the elevator, a voice stopped him from behind. “Ah, Janus, I was hoping you’d be here,” Logan said. “You had left your laptop in storage yesterday, and I was keeping it in my office until you returned to retrieve it.” Janus spun around to face him. He was wearing a black blazer over a blue button-up, the paragon of professionalism.

Logan gestured for him to follow as he led him to his office. Janus narrowed his eyes. There was something about the way Logan said it that Janus knew meant Logan knew.

Janus glanced around the confines of the elevator they were now in. If he attacked Logan here, he wouldn’t stand a chance against his boss. Power surged through his veins as he fought not to teleport away. He could face his problems head-on. No teleporting away. No hiding in a shroud of invisibility.

As soon as his laptop was in sight, he snatched it and left with barely an acknowledgment. He hardly waited to leave the room before he teleported to Weapons where Remus was waiting for him.

He was pacing with a clipboard in hand. His other hand was holding a pencil to his mouth, which he was currently chewing on as he thought.

“Hey, Janny, you’re back—“ he paused, checking his watch. He narrowed his eyes, “...much too early. What the hell happened?”

“Logan’s onto us,” Janus explained as he set his laptop down on the nearest table. “He found my laptop last night, and I’m fairly sure I left it on top of the filing cabinet that had *my* information in it.”

Remus’ eyes were wide. “Oh, shit. Yeah, that’s definitely a problem. Well, what are we gonna do?”

“I’ll have to teleport in when no one’s here,” Janus said, him now pacing instead of Remus.

Remus glanced back down at his clipboard, resuming his pencil chewing. “Janny, this is getting real dangerous. You sure you’ll be alright? If you make a single mistake, it’s lights out.”

Janus rolled his eyes. “I highly doubt Logan will kill us, Remus, but you’re mostly right. I’ll need to plan this out carefully.”

“I can go with you!” Remus offered, taking a step toward him. At Janus’ glare, he faltered. “Sorry, hun, you’re my weakness.”

Janus sighed, placing a hand on Remus’ shoulder. “I know, dear. That’s why you can’t go. If we’re both there and one of us is compromised, we’re both as good as useless. If I’m the only one getting hurt, you can keep going.”

Remus pressed his lips together. “I don’t like you using those words. You’re not dying on me. Who would I give my unending love and adoration to if not you, my adorable little ball of sass?” he booped Janus on the nose.

Janus hesitated before pushing away from Remus and continuing to pace. He began muttering to himself as he planned the break-in.

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Janus continued pacing all the way up until moments before the event was to take place. Remus had joined him at his apartment and was currently sitting on Janus’ couch, running through the plan.

“The only problem I can see,” Remus said, “is that you’ll be teleporting in invisibly. I know that’s hard for you, hun, but if you think you can do it, I won’t try to stop you.”

Janus took in a deep breath. “Thank you, Remus. I’m not confident, but it’s the best chance we have.”

Remus bit his bottom lip. “I could go instead of you.”

“You can’t teleport,” Janus pointed out. “You’d need to break a window and that would most certainly set off the alarms.”

“Dammit,” Remus muttered.

“Hey, Remus, look at me,” Janus crouched down so he was level with Remus’ gaze. “I need you to have full faith in me or else I probably will fail.”

“But how do we know Logan won’t catch you while you’re there?” Remus asked, leaning forward. “He may have a stick up his ass, but if he thinks you might be suspicious of him, he won’t let his guard down easy.”

Janus stood back up and continued pacing. “What are Logan’s weaknesses?”

“Well,” Remus answered, “he doesn’t have many. For one, I know my idiot brother makes him weak in the knees, in more ways than one,” he winked.

“But how does that help us?” Janus asked. “I mean, I’m sure with enough time, we could—“

“Well, I could always hack his phone,” Remus bluntly stated, like it was an afterthought.

Janus turned to him and blinked. “And you didn’t care to mention this sooner?”

Remus shrugged. “I’m not great at hacking, but I got mixed up with some questionable people after me and Pops moved away from you and Virgie. I couldn’t tell them about the whole being a meta thing, so I covered it up by saying I could hack. Then, when they actually needed me to hack, I learned it overnight and did a bang-up job so…”

“Remus, holy shit, this is incredible,” Janus chuckled. “You could hack into Logan’s phone and make it look like Roman texted him and—“

“Janny, calm the fuck down,” Remus said, smiling. “I’ll take care of my shit if you go and break in, alright? Just give me half an hour, and then you can head out.”

--

As soon as Remus gave him the go ahead, Janus was gone. He appeared in the storage room right in front of the elevator, exactly where he had been just a couple days prior.

Remus had said he could probably keep Logan away for ten minutes if he needed to, but the minimum was ten *seconds*, and Janus wasn’t into taking chances. Faster than he thought physically possible, Janus located the filing cabinet, grabbed his files, grabbed *Remus’* files from a separate cabinet, closed both, and was gone.

Once he was safely back in his apartment, he glanced down at his watch. Fifteen seconds.

“How long were you able to keep him at bay?” Janus asked, sitting down on the couch beside Remus, who had his laptop on his lap.

Remus shrugged. “Can’t tell. I’m only so good, Janny. He’s probably still distracted, but I really have no way of knowing.”

Janus sighed, placing the files down on the coffee table. “I will pray to whatever deity will take pity on my soul that that just worked.”

--

Logan fell for the distraction, though he would never admit it. And despite the fact that he found out it was a distraction in a short amount of time, he wasn’t worried in the slightest.

Logan knew Janus wasn’t a coward. Day one, sure, he was an anxious mess who was attempting to work with the very thing he feared most. But since that patrol, Janus’ true power became apparent.

Then, he got messy. Logan found his laptop in the storage room, and made copies of his files and, just for the heck of it, Remus’ too.

This was beginning to get far too out of hand.

## Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip



# Change

## Chapter Summary

The fallout of the previous days' events comes back to bite everyone

TW:

cursing, sexual innuendo, fire, crying

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus wasn't really sure why he decided to go to work today. He had literally just found out his boss had been essentially tracking him and had stolen the files, and he was still willing to just go to work the next day like nothing ever happened.

Janus had called Remus that morning while he slipped a yellow jean jacket over his black T-shirt. Remus said there was a good chance that Logan was still oblivious to the whole situation, but that did very little to calm Janus' nerves.

He pushed open the giant glass doors at the front of his workplace and met Remus in the lobby.

"The new receptionist said Logan wants to see you in his office," Remus relayed, gesturing at the person behind the front desk. Seeing someone different there sent shivers up Janus' spine. He missed Melinda. The new person had shorter hair with a name tag that read "Thomas he/him."

Janus slowly turned his attention back to Remus. "Do you know what it's about?"

Remus shook his head. "Not a clue, but I'm coming with you regardless."

Janus rolled his eyes but didn't argue as Remus followed him into the elevator and then to Logan's office.

Logan himself sat behind his desk wearing a simple black button-up, hands steepled. It was different than the other times people entered his office, him being busy and appearing to fit them into his schedule. No, he was 100% prepared for Janus to enter the room and fixed him with a piercing gaze that wasn't the cool glare he always sent. This glare meant "get the fuck out of my sight, I never want to see you again."

"Janus," Logan simply said, gaze never leaving Janus'. "I *assume*, Janus, that I need not bring up the reason I've asked to speak with you." He never regarded Remus standing in the

doorway aside from shutting the door behind him with a gust of wind once he was beyond the threshold.

Janus sighed. "I could sue you."

"If you could afford it," Logan corrected, "your case would be flimsy at best. However, lawsuits aside, your recent actions have caused me to lose my faith in you as an employee. Janus Atkins, you are hereby fired. If you have any personal belongings, you have until the end of the day to gather them and leave the premises."

Remus took a step forward. "That's bullshi—" Logan gestured sharply, and Remus suddenly gasped for air, reaching up to paw at his throat.

Logan narrowed his eyes. "My decision is not up for debate. Is that understood?"

"You're killing him, you monster!" Janus screamed, slamming his hands down on Logan's desk. "Let him go already!"

Logan reversed the motion, and Remus sucked in a gulp of air as soon as he was able, clutching onto the back of the chair in front of him. "Kinky," Remus said weakly with a wink.

"I feel the need to say," Logan continued, ignoring Remus, "that Remus, though you deeply, deeply annoy me, you are not fired. You are still a valuable asset to our—"

"I don't give a shit about being your fucking asset!" Remus chuckled. "You literally just fired my boyfriend right in front of me. I'm not gonna bend to your stupid will. Go find another loyal flunky somewhere else. I quit," he flipped Logan off as he and Janus left with a shared sigh of exasperation.

--

Janus paced in his apartment as he packed a box while Remus leaned on the wall next to him. "Remind me again, Janny, why you're packing."

Janus shook his head. "With the power Logan has, if we don't do something, we could get killed."

"So why are you packing?" Remus indicated the half-packed box Janus was currently stuffing various items into.

"Because," he paused, pushing the contents of the box down to make room for more, "we need to move out of town before he does it for us."

Remus shrugged. "Cool. I have a place."

Janus glared at him. "How many secrets do you have?"

"Well, I dunno," Remus said. "I don't call them secrets; more like spicy character qualities. Anyway, there's a cabin on the edge of town that Logan bought for Roman before I moved

here. Once I did, my lovely brother who I love oh so much decided to help me pay for rent by sharing an apartment with me, but he also gave me ownership over the cabin in case I ever wanted to move out. I go there from time to time when I wanna just chill, so it's not, like, run-down or anything."

~~~

"So this is it, then?" Janus asked, slamming his car door shut as Remus also stepped out of the passenger's side. Janus had also just now learned that Remus and Roman shared a car, and that's why Remus had ridden with Janus. They were currently parked in a small field beside the cabin. It was two stories, and Remus had assured him that there were two bedrooms, so Janus didn't need to feel pressured to take that step in their relationship just yet.

With a small box tucked under his shoulder, Janus stepped onto the front porch of the house and breathed in the woodsy scent around him. "It feels like home. Hurry up and bring these boxes in so I can finally pass out."

And sure enough, they brought the boxes in and had unpacked the essentials. They were now sitting on the couch together in silence when Janus suddenly sighed.

"We need to do something about those files," he quietly said.

Remus chuckled lightly. "Arson?"

Janus chuckled back, a mischievous glint in his eyes as he met Remus' gaze. "Why not?"

"Then, I'll get a campfire going, hun," Remus stood up and kissed Janus on the cheek. Janus closed his eyes. The sun was beginning to set outside, and the sight was to die for. The orange and pinks peeking between the pine trees looked straight out of a movie. After a couple minutes of Janus simply reveling in the perfection of this scene, he eventually got up and gathered the files before joining Remus in the backyard.

"Alright, I think I've just about got it going," Remus said, standing over the campfire. He turned to Janus. "Hey, you alright?"

Janus blinked, snapping back to reality. "Sorry, I dissociated there for a bit. I'm fine."

Remus frowned. "Don't apologize, hun. Pass me a log," he gestured with a stick to the pile of chopped logs behind Janus.

"Where did you get all this wood?" Janus asked, stooping down to pick up the log closest to him before extending it to Remus.

He accepted it and began feeding it to the fire. "Roman sometimes 'secretly' orders them in bulk for me, but most of the time, I cut down a couple trees." Once the log was fully in the fire, Remus dusted his hands off before motioning Janus closer to him. "Toss 'em in, Janny."

Janus obliged, deliberately only doing one or two pieces of paper at a time to make the moment last. After they had all gone up in flames, Janus let out a satisfied sigh and rested his head on Remus' shoulder.

“Hey, Remus?” Janus whispered, barely loud enough over the fire crackling before them. Remus hummed in affirmation. Janus shut his eyes. “I love you.”

He felt Remus kiss the top of his head. “I love you, too.”

--

Melinda had locked herself in her dorm room. Her roommates had never been particularly supportive, so it was no surprise to her that they had silently agreed to leave her alone for the next week.

Even she was startled by the tears still streaming out of her own eyes. She sat there, wallowing in her own self-pity for what felt like hours before one of her roommates timidly knocked on her door. “Um, Melinda? I went to go check the mail, and something arrived for you. Uh, I’ll just...” they trailed off as a slip of paper was slid under the crack of the door.

Melinda immediately rushed to pick it up. It was a letter, which she tore into instantly.

“Ms. Bradbury,

I have some matters I wish to discuss with you tomorrow. Feel free to decline if you are not interested.

-Logan Flores”

Attached was an address and a time. She typed the location into her phone, and it came up as a part of town she’d never been to before.

She made the foolish decision of deciding to take him up on the offer.

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Trickery

Chapter Summary

Melinda attends her meeting with Logan

TW:
cursing, fighting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Melinda had taken the bus and was now walking the rest of the way to her destination, her meeting with Logan. She had no idea what it could possibly be about, but regardless, she had her hopes up, and somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew she would be let down.

The building came into sight, and Melinda was just a block away. As she was passing by an empty building for sale, she heard her name being whispered on the wind.

“Melinda...”

She shook her head. She was just hearing things. Her jean jacket and black T-shirt did little to protect her from the chill that washed over her. She clutched her purse to her side.

“Melinda...”

She flipped off the building as she kept walking.

“Melinda...”

She groaned and retrieved her phone from her pocket. “Fuck it, if a ghost wants to talk to me, I’ll make it a good encounter.” She started an audio recording on her phone and held it firmly in her hand at her side as she entered the building. She only casually believed in ghosts, but if that’s what was happening here, she was fully willing to go all-in.

She stopped in the center of the room and spun in a circle. The whispering wind and cool breeze had completely stopped, leaving just a confused college student in the middle of a vacant building.

“Fuckin’ malevolent spirits,” Melinda scoffed, turning to leave. She was only a couple steps from the door when the brutal wind picked up again. It roughly blew her hair in every direction, causing the sunglasses she had propped on top of her head to clatter to the ground and skid away. She slowly made her way back to the center.

“So someone *does* want to talk to me,” Melinda said to herself, smirking. “Hey there, demons. It’s me, ya boi.”

The wind nearly doubled in intensity, and Melinda collapsed to the ground at the sheer force.

She attempted to brush as much hair out of her face as possible, but the wind kept blowing it back. “Holy fuck. I’m peaceful! ...just in case this is some poltergeist shit!” As she was anxiously looking from side to side for any indication as to a way out, she caught sight of something. She squinted. “Mist?”

All wind ceased.

The hero Mist stood in the corner of the room, in a doorway that lead deeper into the building. He was dressed in his full hero attire, eyes narrowed.

“Mist, what the hell are you doing?” Melinda asked, struggling to get to her feet. Mist hit her with a gust of wind, and Melinda fell back to the ground once more.

“Get lost,” Mist said, approaching her. “I mean it.”

Before Mist was properly close enough, Melinda reached into her purse and pulled out her pepper spray. She sprayed him right in the eyes before he even knew what hit him. And then she punched him for good measure.

“Melinda,” Mist groaned out, collapsed to the floor right where she had previously been.

Melinda shook her head, one hand already on the door out of the building. “No. No, this wasn’t Melinda. This was the... Dragon... Witch? Sure, yeah, we’ll go with that.”

She slammed the door open and took off running down the street.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapter! The next one’s much longer.

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome. Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Escape

Chapter Summary

Remy leads a mission

TW:

food/eating, cursing, blood/injury, weapons, unconsciousness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Remy was relaxing in the lobby with a Starbucks cup in hand. They currently were lounging in one of the benches, feet propped up on the armrest opposite the one they were leaning on. Logan had texted them about half an hour ago saying they needed to talk in-person about something important.

So here Remy was, distinctly not striking up conversation with the receptionist. Ever since the old one ran out crying, they were kinda terrified of accidentally crossing the new one.

Sure enough, Remy didn't have to sit in silence for much longer because Logan burst through the door, full Mist suit on. Except, he had traded the white contacts out for his normal pair of glasses, and Remy was fairly sure he had a bloody nose and a bruise on his cheek.

"Holy hell, Logan," Remy said, smirking. "What happened?"

Logan glared at them. "There's a new menace out there calling herself the Dragon Witch. She took Janus and Remus. You'll be leading a mission."

Remy lit up. "I will? I mean, yeah, sure, whatever. You got, like, a list of agents you want me to take?"

Logan sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "I don't know. Other than you, I don't want to risk any field agents. Take Emile and Thomas and anyone else you need. Don't start anything you aren't prepared to solve. No casualties. Now, I'm gonna go ask Roman to drive me home because I'm barely holding onto consciousness." Logan waved vaguely in Remy's direction before heading directly to Roman's office.

"Wait, who's Thomas?" Remy shook their head at the lack of response from Logan who was already gone. They made their way past the front desk to the elevator when they snuck a glance at the receptionist's name tag. "You've gotta be shitting me," Remy deadpanned.

The receptionist, who Remy now knew as Thomas, blinked. "I'm sorry, are you talking to me?"

Remy rolled their eyes. “Yeah, dumbass. Boss wants me to take you on a mission. Now, I don’t normally like taking civilians but—“

“Does that mean I get to learn your secret identity?” Thomas asked, eyes sparkling with interest. “Sorry, is that rude? I just, you know, get curious who the people protecting our city are. And that’s not at all why I signed up for this job! No, I genuinely—“

“Thomas?” Remy said, smiling tensely. “Chill, okay? Secrets don’t exist when you got all our identities on that pretty little computer of yours,” they gestured with their cup to the screen in front of Thomas.

Thomas hesitated before checking his computer. His eyes went wide. “You’re—“

“Nightmare, they/them,” Remy smirked, extending a hand. “But since you’re an insider, you can call me Remy.”

--

“Oh, I don’t have a secret identity,” Emile said, smiling at Thomas across his desk. They had reconvened in the first aid room an hour later. Remy had explained to Emile that they’d be taking him on a mission. Thomas had joined them.

“Well, that’s boring,” Thomas said, deflated.

Emile shook his head. “I hardly think so. Someone’s gotta stay behind and patch people up when they get hurt. While you’re saving the world, who do you think’ll be saving you?”

“Anyway,” Remy started, holding a rolled-up map a couple inches above Emile’s desk. “May I?”

He nodded. “Go right ahead.”

Thomas raised his hand like he was in school. Emile gestured for him to speak. He cleared his throat. “Nightma— *Remy*, why are you fully suited already?”

Remy glanced down at their outfit as if they’d forgotten they were wearing it. They spread the map out on the desk, revealing the blueprints of a multi-story building. “All part of the plan, kid.”

“We’re the same age.”

“...whatever. I’ve done some research, and this organization,” they pointed at the name of the building on the blueprints, “Merlot & Orchid LLP, is distinctly anti-meta and works specifically to suppress our fight for equal rights. Now, we have reason to believe Janus and Remus were spying for them against their will. Logan has reported some files going missing. I think that’s ‘cause Janus and Remus have taken them back to M&O. Our mission is to break in and steal the files back.”

“Isn’t that illegal?” Thomas asked anxiously.

Remy shrugged. “Yep. Very illegal. That’s why, legally, neither of you were involved in any of this. And I, Remy Sleep, was not involved either; only Nightmare, who could be anyone, had any say in a break-in.”

Emile nodded while Thomas just furrowed his brow. “Wait, your last name’s Sleep? That’s a little ironic don’t you—“ Remy glared at him. Thomas gulped. “...think?”

“It isn’t a coincidence, dimwit,” Remy said, like they’d given this speech a million times before. “Most metas’ powers have nothing to do with the rest of their family’s, but in some rare cases, like mine, ours all revolve around sleep. I think there’s a reason for it, but I really couldn’t care less. All I know is one of our old family members had sleep-related powers and got nicknamed with the last name Sleep. I guess it stuck. But whatever, that doesn’t matter right now.”

“Here’s the plan. There’s, like, a ton of floors, but we’re only concerned about these four,” they pointed at the four closest to ground level, two of which were underground. “The main level is where you two will be throughout, hopefully, the entire mission. You’re the distraction. While you’re taking care of that, I’ll be one floor below you. This is their only vulnerable level because it has basically no technology allowed. Unfortunately, that means they don’t store anything there. Now, the files could be on the lowest floor or on the second floor, both of which are used for storage. I’ll need to investigate both in our half-hour opening. Any longer and they’ll find you out.”

Emile narrowed his eyes. “So they’re anti-meta, right? They’re bound to have sensors everywhere. You’ll be found immediately.”

Remy shook their head. “Only at the entrances. Once I’m in, I’m safe.”

“But if you and Dr. Picani are both going in at the same time, won’t you both set off the sensors, and they’ll see there are two metas?” Thomas asked, having lowered himself in the chair opposite Emile.

“Oh, I don’t tip off sensors,” Emile dismissed with a wave of his hand.

Remy stared at him blankly. “How did I not know that, Emi?”

Emile shrugged. “There’s a one in a million chance of having the gene, and it’s only when two people with the gene have a baby who is also a meta is there even a chance of it happening. And that’s not to mention that their powers can’t be visual or, like mine, are easy to cover up.”

“Holy shit,” Remy said. “Well, that takes care of that problem. Thanks, babe.”

“Okay, wait,” Thomas started, leaning on the desk, “what’s our story? Like, what do we want them to think is the reason for Dr. Picani and me being there? And if we’re supposed to be non-metas, then how will we explain the sensors going off?”

Remy sighed. “Alright, so the dumbasses known as bigots don’t actually know shit about us. My plan was to make Emi fall asleep, and, you know what? You’re a smart kid.”

“We’re still the same age.”

“...whatever. You can make something up on the spot. I have faith in you,” Remy said.

Emile hummed, leaning back in his chair. “My only problem is, won’t they be able to tell which sensor’s going off? If we walk in through the front door, but you’re setting off the sensor somewhere else, they’ll be suspicious, won’t they?”

“Normally, yeah,” Remy explained. “But if you give them an explanation that sounds believable enough before they have time to check, they’ll take your word for it. Alright, we good? No more questions?” a resounding silence met their words. “Great, Emi’s driving.” Thomas opened his mouth to argue, and Remy quickly shushed him. “No protesting. I trust my boyfriend’s driving.”

--

And so Emile drove. He took Remy’s car, however, because Remy kept insisting that if something should come up, they’d take the fall for it.

They were currently parked across the street and down a block from the building.

“Alright, kid,” Remy said, leaning to the back of the car from the passenger seat. “You go out and make sure no one’s watching us. We’ll be out in a bit.”

Thomas had stopped arguing about the stupid name and just got out of the car without another word.

Remy sighed, retrieving a handheld mirror from their pocket as they took their sunglasses off. They stared at their own reflection as if it would make the monster glaring back go away. Their eyes were bright gold and lacked pupils. They looked downright inhuman.

“I hate them,” Remy muttered to themselves, yet not taking their gaze off of the sight.

“What, your eyes?” Emile asked, leaning in close. Remy screwed their eyes shut and pushed Emile away lightly. He chuckled softly. “Rem, you know I can look at them just fine if it’s through a mirror.” Remy finally caved, peeling their eyes open to meet Emile’s reflected gaze. He smiled. “I don’t understand what you could hate about them.”

Remy rolled their eyes. “They—“

“Are just another thing that makes my partner special,” Emile finished, “and they’re just another thing that I love about you, my daydream.”

Remy smiled as well, shutting the mirror with a soft click. They replaced their sunglasses on their face as they stuck their pocket knife in a concealed compartment on their sleeve for easy access. The car door slammed shut behind them, and they leaned on the side of it.

“Law firm of Merlot & Orchid,” Remy sneered, “here we come.”

“Wait, they’re a law firm?” Emile asked, joining Remy beside the car.

Thomas stood off to the side, shielding his eyes against the sun. “Sure looks like it.”

Emile chuckled. “Talk about Wolfram & Hart.” Remy gave him a blank look. Emile gaped. “Are you serious?”

Remy rolled their eyes. “God, Em, not here.”

“Yes, here. Remy, I need to introduce you to good entertainment,” Emile continued. “No more bad reality TV for you.”

“Whatever, I like Real Housewives,” Remy grumbled, pushing off from the car. “Hey, kid, you ready?”

Thomas shook his head. “For what, exactly?”

Remy shrugged, crossing their arms. “I don’t know. Figure it out. I’m gonna put my boyfriend to sleep, and you’re gonna improvise.”

“Great,” Thomas grumbled.

“Alright, Parker,” Emile said, smirking. “I’m gonna go be Sophie.”

Thomas scoffed. “No, *I’m* Sophie, the brilliant actor. You’re Hardison, the lovable nerd with a heart of gold. Plus, then your relationship matches up.”

“What are you even saying?” Remy uncrossed their arms angrily.

Emile chuckled. “Leverage?”

Remy blinked. “Emi, you know I don’t know what that means. Just come here,” Remy waved him forward, holding him close and continuing quietly. “Do I have your full consent to use my powers on you?”

Emile softened, smiling lightly as he reached up to peck Remy on the lips. “You have my full consent, Rem. I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Remy responded before tilting their sunglasses down slowly. Emile’s eyes flashed gold before they fluttered close with a sigh. Remy caught him swiftly, cradling him for a moment against themselves. After a couple seconds, they kissed his forehead and passed him off to Thomas. “Think you can take it from here?”

‘Not even a little bit. Holy crap. I have to improvise?! Oh god, I’m basically dead, huh? What if I get sent to jail?! Oh god, oh god, oh god.’

Thomas’ thoughts were unbelievably loud to Remy, and they had to force themselves to not stumble backward. However, Thomas instead said “Probably. I can handle it. No problem.”

Remy nodded. “Great, kid. We’ll need to enter the building at the exact same time, so the second it turns to...” they paused, checking their watch, “10:42, we’ll both cross the threshold. Can you handle that?”

“Sure.”

--

Remy sat poised right at the propped-open window. It led to a storage room one floor below ground that looked to be currently vacant. They had managed to pry the window open after some time, though it hadn't been easy to do without tripping the alarm situated right below the windowsill. These were the cheap sensors, meaning if you were talented enough, you could get by just fine without tripping them; they only went off if you were actively using your powers. However, in Remy's case, their powers didn't simply turn off.

They were currently squatting outside the window at the back of the building staring at their watch, counting the seconds.

57

58

59

They kicked the window open the rest of the way and dropped down. After quickly closing the window behind them and ignoring the quiet beeping of the alarm next to them — it would stop before it became a problem, they knew — they paused at the door leading to the rest of the building and listened.

They heard the garbled thoughts of several people, but it was distant, and they knew they could make it down the hall to the stairwell without being seen.

As they were passing by one closed door, they heard a set of thoughts get louder and therefore closer.

Remy quickly checked the room next to it for thoughts and, finding none, ducked in right as the other door creaked open. They panted as they held their back to the closed door behind them.

“Holy shit,” they mouthed to themselves as they pressed their head to the door as well. The person in the hall had apparently run into someone else, and they were now talking up a storm out there, thus preventing Remy from leaving.

They turned their wrist, pointing their watch/armband as a sort-of flashlight into the room. It was empty, storing only a handful of boxes, despite the fact that it was roughly the size of a bedroom.

Something was... off.

Remy glanced to the door. The voices outside were muffled, but they were just that: voices, with no thoughts attached. They narrowed their eyes. The room had suppressors, meant to stop metas from exercising their powers. Now that they weren't panicking, they instantly recognized the strange emptiness that came with the lack of abilities.

“I know you’re there,” Remy whispered, panning their makeshift flashlight across the room. “If you’re here to fight me, stop acting like a coward and do it.”

They were promptly knocked unconscious with a whisper of “a taste of your own medicine, freak.”

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Thomas dragged Emile into the front door right at the strike of 10:42. He was met with everyone in the immediate vicinity pointing guns at him accompanied by the sound of the sensors going off.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, don’t shoot!” Thomas put his hands up. “My friend and I here, we were attacked by that monster Nightmare. They put him to sleep, and I haven’t been able to wake him up. I-I knew you guys were against those mutant freaks, so I thought you might know what I could do to help him.”

Someone came out from behind the front desk and waved everyone to put their weapons away.

“What’s your name?” she asked, taking Emile from him.

Thomas swallowed. “Um, Thomas.”

She hummed in acknowledgment before carefully opening one of Emile’s eyes, still bright gold. She sighed as she shut it. “Yep, definitely Nightmare. We’ll put the building on lockdown, how about that?”

“Uh, I don’t know if that’s really necessary,” Thomas said. “It was about a block down, and Nightmare continued right on past us so—“

“Nonsense!” she waved the thought away. “If that fiend decided to stop at all, then there’s a good reason for it. They may be following you. It will be best for us to keep you in the building while on lockdown.”

Thomas sighed. “Well, if you think that’s the best course of action.”

~~~

Remy stumbled to consciousness, immediately finding themselves seated in a chair with their hands tied behind the back as well as a thick, black cloth covering their eyes, and they were missing their armband. This room, strangely, didn’t have suppressors, and Remy counted two sets of thoughts, one hurried and panicky and the other pure curiosity.

“...I think they’re awake,” the timid one commented.

“Already?” the curious one responded.

“Well, I mean, they’re moving so—“

Remy rolled their eyes, despite the fact that neither could see it. “Boys, would you quit your arguing? I’m awake, alright?”

“Hey,” a hand was slammed onto the table in front of them. “We’re the ones making the snarky comments here, not you.”

Remy shrugged. “Well, if you insist. You know what I’d love though? What if this conversation was face-to-face? Y’know, I think it’d help me get to know you a little better.”

A quiet scoff came from the anxious voice. “We already know your powers, Nightmare.”

“Oh no, you know my secret alias. Whatever will I do now?” Remy deadpanned. “Do I get your long, drawn-out villain monologue now, or do I just have to listen carefully to your thoughts and put it together?”

“You’ll answer our questions,” the curious one said, and Remy could hear their giddy smile, “and you’ll be calm and complacent. Number one, what is your real name?”

Remy smirked. “Nightmare. Come on, you knew that one already.” They adjusted their wrists. The rope binding them together was fairly thick, but it could be frayed easily given a sharp enough blade.

“Don’t play dumb, freak,” Curious sighed as Remy heard them start to pace. “What’s the name on your birth certificate?”

Remy scrunched their nose as they slowly retrieved their knife from up their sleeve. “I doubt that’d get you very far. I haven’t gotten to changing that one yet, and, y’know, I wouldn’t want you to deadname me.”

Curious groaned. “Just answer the damn question! What does your family call you?”

Remy shrugged. “Well, my brother calls me a bitch.”

“Your significant other?”

“He calls me his daydream, ain’t that sweet?” Remy smiled as they began carefully cutting at the rope with their knife.

Curious cried out in exasperation. “Ugh, fine! Next question, why did you break in here?”

“Wanted to see if I could do it,” Remy remarked.

Timid chuckled. “Looks like you failed.”

Remy felt their knife break through the end of the rope and they smirked. “Certainly looks like it, doesn’t it?” They closed the weapon and returned it to its compartment before yanking the cloth off their face. “Sweet dreams, asshole.” They winked as Curious fell unconscious onto the floor before them. They shrugged. “Shouldn’t have tied me up. Common mistake.” They then turned to Timid. “Hey, you won’t tell anyone, right? This can just be our secret?”

They collapsed next to Curious.

“Bit of an overreaction if you ask me,” Remy joked to themselves before their face grew serious. “Now, where are those glasses?” They retrieved their stolen armband from the table. It wasn’t connecting to Wi-Fi, meaning they were on the floor with no tech, one level below surface.

After making sure no one was in the hall, they ducked out and found themselves closer to the stairwell than they had been before. They rushed down the steps as quietly as they could to one of the storage levels.

They entered each room devoid of people and carefully checked it thoroughly for their sunglasses. The glasses themselves weren’t anything special, but leaving them behind would make it easier for people to track them. Plus, they’d have to keep themselves from looking at their boyfriend until they got back to HQ, and that simply wasn’t going to happen.

After looking through a fairly large room, Remy sighed and turned around, finding the sunglasses sitting haphazardly on a shelf.

They replaced them on their face with a roll of their eyes. “Dumbasses,” they muttered to themselves.

They softly shut the door behind them when they heard someone’s thoughts in the hallway with them. They spun to face the source, sunglasses tipped down in order to incapacitate them, only to find someone holding a mirror in front of their face.

Remy raised an eyebrow as they tilted their sunglasses back on. “You really thought you were doing something, huh?”

The person faltered. “...what?”

“Good effort, though,” Remy continued before chuckling. “Oh, who am I kidding? That was fuckin’ stupid, man.” They kicked their leg up, shattering the mirror in a spiderweb of cracks where the heel of their boot met the glass.

The person dropped the mirror like it had burned them before looking back up at Remy, scared. “Shit...”

Remy smirked. “Oops. Bad luck. Seven years. Let me— hold on, do you have any wood on you? I need to knock on something.”

“Are you gonna hurt me?” the person asked, hands up in surrender.

Remy shrugged. “Probably not. That’s a liability and you’re a law firm, so y’all know what to do about all that. Boss probably wouldn’t appreciate a lawsuit.”

The person narrowed their eyes slowly. “Are all you metas this—“

“Hot?” Remy finished. “Nah, I just got good genes. You know what is cool though? I can do this crazy thing where—“ they cut themselves off by pushing down their sunglasses. They

rolled their eyes as the person fell to the ground and they pushed their sunglasses back into place. “Is nobody here intelligent?” they mused to themselves as they continued to their destination.

They paused in the elevator to call Thomas through their armband.

“Hey, kid?”

“Nope, it’s me.”

“Emi?”

“Yeah. They put the building on lockdown. Did they knock you out?”

“Unfortunately.”

“See, yeah, once I woke up, they kicked us out. ‘Cause your powers don’t work when you’re unconscious, so I figured they didn’t care about us now that they had you. Where are you now?”

“The elevator in the North wing. I’m on my way up. I’ll be out to the car in five.”

“You’re in the elevator? They aren’t on lockdown?”

“I think they think I’m still catching Z’s, Emi.”

“...be safe, Nightmare.”

“I will.”

Remy closed their eyes and cracked their neck as the call ended and the elevator sounded that they were at ground floor. The doors slid open as Remy’s eyes did the same. The entire lobby was empty.

“Oh, *come* on,” Remy teased, entering the room. “Hide and seek with a mind reader? Really? Alright, fine, I’ll play along,” they said, despite knowing nobody was in the room. “I’m closing my eyes under the sunglasses, you just gotta trust me! One, two, three...” they counted in time with their steps as they made their way to the security camera feed. Everyone was making their way to the room Remy had previously been confined in.

“I guess there really is no one intelligent here,” they muttered to themselves before moving to the center of the room and looking into the security camera in the corner. “I think this means I won! You guys are really bad at hide and seek. Later, bitches!” They gave a two-fingered salute before heading out the door and hopping in the passenger seat of the car directly outside.

In the driver’s seat once more, Emile looked concerned over at them before his eyes flashed pink, and he sighed in relief. “You’re not hurt.”

“Hey, of course I’m not hurt,” Remy remarked, pulling him in and kissing him on the top of his head. “You got nothin’ to worry about, sweet pea.”

Thomas cleared his throat from the backseat. “Great, cute romantic moment. They could be back any second so we should *go*.”

Emile chuckled as he pulled the car away from the building.

Chapter End Notes

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don’t forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Deceit

Chapter Summary

Janus has one more thing to do before he can rest

TW:

weapons, fighting, mentioned mind control

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Janus stood in his room staring at the information laid out on the wall in front of him. He'd put it all up just in case there was anything him and Remus had forgotten. As it turned out, there was one loose end Janus would've really appreciated tying up. He just couldn't figure out how to do so.

"Hey, hun?" Remus said from behind him. "You've been staring at that for, like, an hour now. You should take a break."

Janus conceded, sighing as he joined Remus sitting on his bed. "I would just like to take care of this as soon as possible before it grows into something much worse. How is your mind controlling?"

"It's not mind control, Janny," Remus clarified, putting his hand on one of Janus'. "It's more like your mom's powers... sort of?"

"Her powers sure felt like mind control," Janus shook his head as though her influence was on him right now. "But continue."

"Well, see, unlike your mom's powers where you know she's telling you what to do but you can't stop it," Remus explained, "my powers seem like *your* thoughts are telling you what to do, so it'll only work if you would actually believe the thoughts you're hearing."

Janus smirked. "Wonderful. I have a plan for us to evade Logan as best we can. Then, we can work on exposing his lies to the world."

--

"You're worried," Emile said. Logan was pacing in the first aid room. He had been there for a couple minutes now, and Emile was no closer to figuring out why.

"Astute," Logan simply replied. "And you said Remy found nothing at Merlot & Orchid?"

Emile shook his head. “We had to abort prematurely.”

Logan hesitated before sighing. “I know Janus is—“

“You know I’m what?” Janus drawled from where he had teleported, sprawled lazily across one of the hospital beds. He was in his full hero attire, complete with cane. “Oh, I’m sorry, did I catch you off-guard?” he asked innocently before appearing directly in front of Logan. “Why, that’s the point, darling,” he finished the sentence by lightly hitting Logan on the head with his cane.

Logan narrowed his eyes as he held up a hand, causing the wind to swirl in the room. “Janus...”

Janus teleported behind him and gently closed his fist, making the wind cease. “Now, none of that just yet. I’ll simply pop out!” he went invisible to prove his point momentarily before reappearing in front of him. “And I know just how much you would so love to have me right in your grasp, so perhaps we won’t do that, hmm?”

“Yes, this is Dr. Picani in the first aid room,” Emile said into a telephone attached to his desk. “I am requesting ba—“

Janus teleported behind him and plucked the phone out of his fingers before leaning on the desk beside him with a wave. “Yeah, hi, Deceit speaking. I think we’ll be fine here, thanks.” He placed the phone back on its stand.

“Deceit?” Logan asked, raising an eyebrow.

Janus shrugged. “Needed a name, didn’t I? I felt that it suited the situation, what with all the lies you tell those around you.”

Logan narrowed his eyes. “What are you playing at?”

“Good question,” Janus responded. “However, the answer is... *classified*. You know quite a bit about that sort of thing, yes?”

The door slammed open as two distinct forms entered.

Janus broke into a smirk as he bowed. “Ah, The Prince and Nightmare. So glad you could join us. See, Mist and I were just having a civil discussion as friends.”

“What’s with the pretenses?” Roman asked. “We all know who you are, Janus.”

“Who’s Janus?” he innocently said, tipping his head to the side. “I don’t believe you have any *records* of a Janus at this establishment.”

“Are you here to fight?” Remy asked slowly.

“That depends,” Janus answered, equally as deliberately. “Are you going to put up a fight?”

Logan stepped in, confused. “*That* depends. Why would we put up a fight?”

Janus smirked. “Oh, darling. You’re going to put up a fight because I’m going to do this.” He went invisible for several moments, and Logan was beginning to think he had actually left, when he reappeared behind Roman with the hero’s own sword pressed to his throat. His cane was now strapped to his back. “Check, Flores. I have your mate.”

“Hilarious,” Logan rolled his eyes.

“I know, I’m the pinnacle of comedy,” Janus said before snapping to face Remy to his left who was advancing on him. “Oh, don’t think I’ve forgotten about you. I could just as easily take your boyfriend faster than you could say ‘wait, no, Deceit, he’s the love of my life, don’t hurt him, ahhhhhh’.”

Remy scrunched their nose, but stopped moving. “You disgust me.”

Janus lit up. “Oh, thank you.”

“Janus…” Logan said with a sigh.

Janus whirled to face him. “Deceit.”

“I’m not going to call you that,” Logan continued. “We both know you won’t kill anyone here.”

“Debatable,” Janus said, tipping his head back and forth as if weighing the options.

Logan adjusted his glasses. “You are in no position to be making threats, Janus.”

Janus sharpened his gaze. “Deceit.”

Logan rolled his eyes. “You are clearly incapable of having a mature discussion as you are behaving like a child. Roman, go ahead.”

Janus would’ve responded if Roman hadn’t grasped the hilt of the sword, which promptly grew scalding hot, causing him to release it swiftly. Roman whirled it skillfully out of Janus’ reach as he turned to face him.

Janus nodded to himself. “Quite the awe-inspiring demonstration you’ve put on here. I’m impressed, really,” he retrieved his cane from its place on his back. “You’ve won the battle. But I assure you, the war has only just begun.”

Logan gestured sharply, and Janus was thrown onto one of the medical beds behind him, pinned down by the air. “Why are you here, Janus?”

Janus panted, eyes narrowed. “You don’t deserve the luxury to use that name. ‘Janus’ died with your documentation of him. As far as anyone needs to be concerned, I have no correlation with your former underling.”

Logan extended his palm, and Janus felt the breath knocked out of him before Logan slowly let up. “Why. Are. You. Here.” It was phrased less as a question and more as a demand.

“Logan Flores,” Janus smirked. “For someone who claims to be intelligent, it’s rather pathetic how you managed to miss something so blatantly obvious.”

Roman furrowed his brow. “What are you talking about? What are we missing?”

Janus cackled. “Oh, Roman, how you haven’t noticed either utterly eludes me. Logan, answer me one simple question.” At Logan’s curt nod, Janus continued, satisfied. “Where, pray tell, is my better half?” Logan froze, eyes wide as he realized the situation. Janus kept talking, seemingly oblivious. “Why, he could be anywhere, couldn’t he? Oh, he could be tearing through your home or maybe defacing you on every public news station,” he gasped. “I suppose he could even be in this building right now,” he shrugged. “But I don’t believe you have the capacity to figure it out before it’s too late. Ta-ta for now!” He winked before teleporting away.

A moment of silence fell over the room before Roman let out a quick, sharp, “Shit!”

--

Janus arrived back home before Remus did and was pacing the length of the living room. Him and Remus had no communication during the altercation in case Logan put the pieces together too soon, so Janus really had no idea if it had even worked.

Had he left too soon?

Would they catch Remus?

Would Logan actually win the war before the battle was even over?

His thoughts were swiftly silenced by the door slamming open, revealing an exasperated Remus in the threshold.

Janus rushed to his side. “Are you alright?”

Remus smiled feebly up at him. “I’m doing great, Janny.” Guessing Janus’ next question, he continued. “It worked. Kai is set to move in with Lauren in three months.”

“Remus, we did it,” Janus laughed incredulously. “Kai will most likely be too caught up in the move and will be unable to join Logan on a long-term investigation.”

Remus sighed tiredly. “We’re safe now, Janny. We’re safe.”

“We sure are,” Janus led him to his bed before laying him down on the mattress. “Get some rest; I’m fairly sure you’ll need it after that.”

Remus shook his head. “I just don’t get it, babe. How are you so sure that Lo would use Kai against us?”

Janus carded his fingers through Remus’ hair. “Well, Kai is one of the few people I have shown trust toward. Not to mention, his powers to remember anything and amplify others are very advantageous in a case like this.”

But Remus was already fast asleep. Janus couldn't blame him. Mind control — or whatever Remus would call it — wasn't something he did often, and would probably sap all his energy until he got it down fully.

Janus stooped down to kiss his forehead before closing the curtains and grabbing a book with only the bedside lamp for illumination while he sat and waited for his boyfriend to mentally recover.

Chapter End Notes

Just the epilogue left! Then I'll start the sequel and get it out as soon as it's done!

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

~Tulip

Human

Chapter Summary

Just an epilogue. Nothing angsty could possibly happen.

TW:
mind control, crying

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It had been about a week since the “incident,” as Logan had dubbed it all over social media, detailing how there were two new villains in town. Obviously, he had the decency to not give out their civilian names, however “Deceit” and “The Duke” got thrown around a lot.

The Wi-Fi was... mediocre in the woods, so him and Remus got most of their updates through news channels on their TV. Just when they thought all the press about them had finally died down, it got much worse for Janus.

He was out for a stroll one day, taking in the lush Spring scenery around him. It was nice. Though, as he wandered, the Wi-Fi eventually got strong enough for...

His phone sounded in his back pocket. Someone was calling him. The number of people who had his number was very low, and yet he answered, not looking at the caller ID.

“Hello?”

“Janus?”

Janus stiffened. “Yes, Mom. It’s me.”

“Oh, thank goodness! I thought something happened to you, baby. You weren’t answering my calls and—”

“I don’t have the best reception at my house,” Janus quickly answered, hoping to stave off the eventual question he knew was coming. “I was going to call once I moved in, but work got hectic and—”

“Janus...” now it was her turn to cut him off. *“Baby, I checked the news in your area. The say there’s this,”* she sniffled, clearly holding back tears, *“there’s this villain that has invisibility and teleportation.”*

Janus swallowed. “Good for them.”

“Jan, I’m worried about you. I don’t want you to treat this like it’s nothing.”

“I don’t see why it needs to be something,” Janus countered, pacing. “I’m a hero; it is literally my job to fight the villain,” lying felt foreign on his tongue all of a sudden, like he had lost the ability to ride a bike.

“Baby... you know I don’t want to do this.”

Janus tilted his head back in anticipation for what he knew was coming next. “Mom, there’s no reason for you to—“

“Janus.” His mouth immediately snapped shut as his mother continued using her power. ***“I want you to answer me honestly, okay? Are you,”*** she sniffled, ***“are you the villain going by the name ‘Deceit?’ ”***

Janus felt a tear trail down his cheek. “Yes, Mom. I suppose I am,” he choked out.

His mother full-on wailed through the phone. *“Jan, you know I’m okay with you fudging the lines every once in a while, but this is something completely different.”* She sighed. *“I’ll keep your secret, and I’ll help you if you need it, but please be safe, baby. I love you.”*

“Love you, too.”

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“So this is our life now, huh?” Remus commented. Him and Janus were curled up on their couch together. Remus had an arm around Janus who was fully content to become as small as possible in Remus’ hold.

“I imagine it is,” Janus answered, closing his eyes. “On the run from the law for the foreseeable future. What is it all the news channels are saying about us?”

Remus chuckled lightly. “What, you mean ‘two misguided heroes led to villainy through their baseless accusations’? That’s what Logan said on Twitter a couple days ago.”

“Flattering,” Janus remarked softly.

Remus squeezed him gently. “It’s never enough to be right nowadays. Gotta be rich and powerful too.”

Janus scoffed. “Like that’s ever gonna change.”

“It will one day, hun,” Remus kissed Janus on the top of the head. “I know it will.”

Janus smiled. “So be it.”

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Logan felt numb. His body ached, and he desperately needed a nap.

The events that had transpired — and the consequential fallout of them — had not been fun to deal with. His legal team would probably kill him if something like that happened again.

He was mostly on autopilot as he entered his passcode and scanned his fingerprint to open his front door. As soon as the door shut behind him, he was heading straight for his bedroom.

He paused at his bathroom counter, glaring down at the sink. “I swear to god, I’m never doing that again.” He sighed as he took off his glasses and splashed his face with water. Once he’d dried the liquid and replaced his glasses, he turned his attention to his reflection.

It wasn’t his own body that stared back, but it was one that he knew well.

“That was quite the risk you took, Logan.”

He sighed. “Which one? Which mistake do you wish to berate me on this time?”

“That’s not what I meant and you know it.”

“Everything I did was necessary,” Logan defended. “You would’ve done the same had you been in my position.”

“No, L, I wouldn’t. I thought I taught you better than that. You made a reckless misstep.”

“Which one?” Logan demanded, voice raising as he gripped the edge of the counter. “I’m afraid you’ll have to be more specific; everything I do is a ‘reckless misstep’ in your eyes.”

The figure sighed. *“Calm down, L. I’m sure you’ve had a long day. How about you sleep on it, and we’ll regroup in the morning, okay?”*

Logan clenched his teeth but kept his composure. “Fine.”

His eyes flashed orange as the figure in the mirror dissipated, leaving only himself staring back. He blinked, taking in his surroundings.

Logan felt numb. His body ached, and he desperately needed a nap.

Chapter End Notes



Me? Evil? I could never.

But seriously y’all thank you so much. 2/3 of the way through this journey and there’s still so much left to uncover. I have aphantasia (which just means I don’t have a “mind’s eye”) so I tend to draw certain characters if I can’t figure out their design and I’ve decided to post some of them on Instagram for all of you to see!

<https://www.instagram.com/p/CiF0kvTumrp/?igshid=YmMyMTA2M2Y=>

^ if you wanna check it out

As always, comments, questions, and theories are very much welcome! Don't forget to hydrate and make sure to love yourself!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!