

It was a dark night in a somewhat wealthy neighborhood... it was likely that the majority of people were asleep by this hour already... all the homes have their lights off... minus one. The living room lights were on.

In said living room was a girl wearing cheap cargo pants, a noticeably worn pair of sneakers, a bass pro shop hat, a cheap white shirt, and a bright multicolored jacket which costs more than the rest of her outfit combined.

Apart from her, there were about 5 people knocked out on the floor, they don't need any description. The living room looked to be completely trashed, an expensive looking tv had bullet holes in it, the couch was misplaced and scratched, the glass table was fully smashed into pieces, it was truly a mess.

The girl was walking back and forth talking outloud to herself, as if rehearsing.

"Hi, hello, heya, welcome, good day, salutations, greetings?... ok I'm out of ways to say hi. I'm Radia A. Mortis... oh wait no, that introduction sucks ass..."

"Heya fucks, Radia A. Mortis here... no that's bad too."

"Good day I'm Radia A... wait hold on, the "A" fucking sucks,, I never use the "A" normally so why now? Okay starting again"

"My name is Radia Mortis, and welcome to the best reading experience of your life... no, don't overhype it, the rest of my life could be pretty boring."

"Well hello there, they call me Radia Mortis, and I am-"

"I'm sorry but what the hell are you doing?" Says a noticeably large man, wearing jeans and a standard black shirt who had entered the room just a moment ago

"Trying to think of how to start up my book, think you can help me here?" Says Radia, in a casual tone.

"No, no, NO, we are NOT doing this right now." *He says, noticeably angry.*

"Oh come on buddy, why not?" *There's an underlying sarcasm to her voice.*

"I. Am. Here. To. Kill. You." *He says, expressively motioning with his hands at every word like a tourist talking to locals who think speaking slowly will make them understood.*

"Oh that, yeah, feel free to join the club." *says Radia, referring to the 5 people strewn about on the floor.*

“Do you think I’d be that easy to take down? Come on, don’t you know who I am?”

“ ... ”

“I’m Ta-”

“Oh, Tarian! Old buddy, haven’t seen you in years! How’s the spouse?”

“My name is Taron. T-A-R-O-N. ”

“Yeah yeah I know... Taro- oh wait, you’re that guy me and Zeb beat up when we were 7”

“You... you were 7? I thought you were like... 10.” The disbelief in his voice is apparent.

“Is it really that much better for your ego that you got beat by a 10 year old over a 7 year old?”

“Yeah.”

“...really?”

“Also there were 2 of you.”

“Well I beat 5 of your guys here so I don’t see your excuse.”

“I... I was sick that day okay?”

“If you’re sick don’t go to work dude, even if your work is crime.”

“You know what kid, that’s a fair point. Now on to business”

“By business you mean-” *Taron rushes at her.* “Yep, okay here we go”

Taron’s left hand and arm gets covered in red stone as he goes to punch Radia directly on the head. Radia still has a smile on her face as she calmly dodges, her hands sparkling an orange electricity as she throws a punch at his chest. Unfortunately for Radia, Taron’s front gets fully covered in red stone. Her punch cracks the stone but Taron is left unflinching.

“Huh, should have put more magic into it I- ”

Radia gets interrupted by an attempted kick from Taron, it doesn’t connect but it does force Radia to quickly jump back, she lands quietly.

“Can’t you wait for me to finish speaking before throwing an attack? Have some courtesy.”

“So you’re just completely incapable of taking this seriously?” he says, placing himself in a boxing stance.

“Hey, I take things very seriously... when I need to! Why are *you* so wrapped up in this?” says Radia, walking right back to Taron.

“I have been looking forward to this fight for a very long time. Sorry if I’m a bit ticked off when you clearly don’t give a shit.” Taron is surprisingly agile for his size, he throws quick and safe punches toward Radia, not really giving her a chance to get in as she’s dodging. Whichever limb he chooses to attack becomes covered in red stone before he throws an attack, which does give Radia some prior warning.

*Radia quickly rummages through her left pocket mid fighting, picking up loose change “Here, I can make it up to you, how do 26 cents sound to you?” Her hands sparkle up in electricity as she chucks a penny, a nickel, and two dimes directly at his face, they’re met with stone, cracking it, this staggers Taron enough that Radia gets to do a roundhouse kick straight to his face, breaking through the stone, the moment the hit connects all the stone surrounding him completely shatters. There’s electricity sparkling through the air as Taron gets knocked back onto the wall, leaving a noticeable dent.*

*Radia takes a breather for a moment before it’s clear Taron isn’t out of it yet as he chuckles to himself. “Well, aren’t you strong?”*

“Huh... thought that would have knocked you out... usually people’s magic shattering means that, you know?”

“Got to keep full focus for the stone armor to keep it stable, and let me tell you, being kicked in the face does that.” Done collecting himself, he starts to get up.

“Well, fair enough, on to Round 2, though do get up first, I’m not gonna attack you while you’re down, I ain’t cheap.”

“Not cheap!? You threw coins at me!” he says, fully standing up.

“Hey! That’s a valid strategy.” says Radia, sounding genuinely defensive for some reason.

“Who cares! Back to killing each other.” Before Taron even finishes his sentence, Radia already started rushing at him. He tries another punch, but Radia ducks under before punching his gut, cracking the stone, although it nearly immediately fixes itself.

*Taron seemingly abandons the cleaner style of fighting he was using, attacking far more wildly, this does leave him more vulnerable to counter hits but Radia can’t break through. She throws a hit, she cracks the red stone, and then it starts healing before she can strike again. “Oh you’re taking this stuff seriously now.”*

*"Not getting a repeat of your little coin trick."* He sounds confident and despite his attacks being somewhat telegraphed, Radia is still struggling to dodge them... not that she'd admit it.

*"Hey, are you a boxer or something? Most random goons kinda suck at fighting."* Radia's counterhits seem to get weaker. Not that she seems any more tired.

*"Do NOT call me a "random" whatever, I'm a professional. And yes, I took up boxing as a hobby."* His attacks seem to slow down at the mention of boxing, giving Radia some breathing room.

*"Just a hobby? Man you're like... really good, you should consider going pro."* Radia doesn't seem to throw another punch, instead just keeping her distance and dodging when necessary, keeping up the conversation.

*"Oh? And why'd ya think that?"* He sounds genuinely interested in her answer, not that he's stopping his attack on her.

*"Come on trust me, I've seen my fair share of fights, you're already better than the guys around here at least. Come on, just imagine you up there in the ring, try visualizing it."* Her voice is weirdly reassuring.

For a moment, Taron's stone armor seems to slightly crumble. Now that he's unfocused, Radia wastes absolutely no time, getting in close, her whole arm sparkling with electricity as she punches Taron straight on his chest. Sadly for her, she blew all of her punch's power penetrating through his armor, so the actual hit lands as well as how you'd fair punching Mike Tyson.

Radia tries backing away, but her arm (specifically her jacket) gets stuck as Taron's armor regrows. *"You almost got me again kid, almost."* Taron winds up a punch while Radia tries breaking away. An orange aura surrounds her as she breaks the stone trapping her, this was far too late however. *"Fuck"* Radia mumbles as Taron punches her straight in the stomach.

The force of the hit is such that she's sent flying backwards, her hat falling off too as she breaks through a wall, into the bathroom, crashes into a glass shower, before breaking through yet another wall, and finally ending up at a hallway.

She's slumped against the wall like a corpse, by any fair metric she should be one right now. Wall debris and glass cuts on her body. At least you can see her hair now, though it's a bit of a mess.

Taron is walking through the broken walls, as Radia takes a breath, electricity surging through her body as she stands up, taking off her jacket. (which now looks torn, with glass bits stuck in it) She stares at all the fresh cuts on her hand, seeming pissed off.

"And here I thought that would kill you, how are you even standing?" Taron says, arriving at the hallway, looking down at Radia.

"I'm not exactly one to die, or to lose either. My jacket wasn't so lucky though" her voice sounded pained but whether that was because of the jacket or due to being hit with the force of 2 trucks is unclear.

"You're about to die, so you don't have to worry over some jacket... I'd say though, you're not bad Radia Mortis. I expected you to go down far easier" Radia seems to be looking around while listening, her eyes landing on a nearby entrance to the home's basement.

"Hey... you haven't won yet... I'm still here." She sounds far less energetic than she did before. The electricity around Radia stutters out as she takes a breath.

"True, I was getting ahead of myself." Taron aggressively punches at Radia, his fist landing through the wall as Radia dodges, she takes this chance to head towards the basement, it takes a moment but Taron follows her down, flipping the lights up as he does so.

The basement is fairly large, many tools and related items were strewn about everywhere, an old hammer, screwdrivers, screws, wrenches, planks of wood, iron rods, bags of cement, etc. Radia was standing near a generator. "Hello Taron, pretty spacious place to wrap things up right?"

"I knew you wouldn't be the type to run away... but what are you even planning here?" Radia seems to glance around the whole room for a moment before responding.

"Oh don't worry Taron, It's pretty simple actually" Her right hand sparkles with electricity as she calmly places it on the generator, smoke starting to come out of it for a moment, the lights start flickering. "I'm gonna win."

Taron rushes to strike Radia as the lights turn completely off, leaving the room in darkness, the sounds of Radia stepping away can be heard but at a certain point the steps just stop. Leaving everything completely silent, at least for Taron. Unable to hear Radia, he fully covers himself in his armor for safety.

The sound of something metal being dragged up from the floor can be heard from one of the basement corners, Taron tries to walk towards the sound. Due to his armor, every step of his is loud enough to be heard across the basement. "You're still going to try to win this?" No response from Radia.

Taron can see nothing and hear nothing, a sort of aimless walk while Radia silently maneuvers around him. He's getting frustrated with this. "I'm still going to kill you when I get my ha-" He gets struck on his side by a metal rod glowing with electricity, sparks flying off from the hit, lighting up a little of the room in a flash. Taron tries turning around, punching as he does so only to get

easily dodged and hit by a second metal rod aimed right at his jaw, glowing just as bright as the last.

This hit staggers him back, his armor crumbles, but it regrows just as always, Radia speaks up, finally responding. “You need to understand something Taron” Her voice seems strained, as if every word hurts to say. “I’ll never lose, and I’ll never die, you’re just another in the long, long, line of people in my way.” Taron tries kicking her but she jumps back into the darkness.

Taron can hear her talk, her voice circling around him. “You’ve seen me before, and from that prison tv of yours you’ll see me again.” Radia generates enough electricity on her hand to make the light of a weak white light bulb just to accentuate her point for a second. “But... I don’t think I’ll see you ever again after this.” Radia’s light flickers off.

Radia goes quiet, and just a moment later Taron gets hit on both sides of his face, almost fully shattering all the armor on his head, sweat trickling down his face. It quickly covers itself up while Radia disappears again.

“Tell me Taron, what’s gonna happen first, are you going to exhaust yourself using magic to fix up your armor or am I going to get tired out from my injuries, any guesses? Come on, there are no wrong answers here.” Her voice is taunting.

Taron doesn’t know how to reply, and not too long after, he’s hit on the back of the neck. This would repeat, Radia would strike, move off, and then repeat again just a little later. Sparks flying off at every hit, over and over again. The cycle stops for a moment as Radia whispers from behind him. “If only you could see me here, or even hear me honestly.” Taron tries punching back, but hits nothing but the air.

Taron resorts to punching at the air for the chance of getting a hit at Radia, to no success. Realizing he looks stupid, he instead tries to think of a way out of this. “You... How in the world are you so quiet!?”

“Oh come on dude... you’re an enhancer too. You’re not very smart now are ya? It’s useful for a little more than just making yourself faster or stronger. Being quiet is an “enhancement” you should know this.”

Taron doesn’t respond, instead taking a deep breath, putting his hands close to his eyes (as close as you can get with stone covering yourself) Radia doesn’t seem to go for an attack at all, as if just waiting for him to get it over with. “Thanks for telling me that, I’m sure that’ll come in useful.”

Hearing him talk, Radia rushes in once more from his right, but the moment she’s really up close Taron suddenly goes for a turning kick, which Radia in her more damaged state doesn’t have the speed to dodge, instead having to block it, which sends her sliding off, nowhere near as hard a hit as the first however. “Night vision huh? I’m sure you must have the cockiest grin on

your face right now”

“You’re one to talk, now that I can see you again, you’re looking like you just won the lottery. Don’t you realize you lost every advantage you had?” Radia, though bloody and bruised, did look to have a smile on her face.

“Can I be genuine for a moment? When I asked you which of us would give out first, you want to know the answer? If we kept fighting like that, you’d have like... 5-7 more minutes in you? Something like that, you’re tired right now but adrenaline would have kicked in. Personally, I could only really keep that up for like ... 3 or so.”

“And here I thought I was in danger... so what? Are you admitting you lost or something, I don’t get you.” Radia casually drops one of her iron rods, leaving her right hand free.

“No, I’m just saying that you had a chance” Radia gets surrounded by an orange aura, mixed in with a little electricity. The aura is more intense than ever before, she slowly walks towards Taron, her eyes intensely staring at him. Taron doesn’t get intimidated by this and goes for a punch on Radia, who moves at a speed unlike what she’s shown so far, her fist almost immediately landing on Taron’s stone face, which just cracks it.

Taron is in disbelief at the speed but the hit was weaker than her average by far, but that wasn’t the point. From her shoulder to her hand a lightning like orange electricity slowly gets turned white as it reaches the end, ending up right on her fists as Radia hits with pure white light.

Through the small cracks near Taron’s face enters the light, and nearly immediately the whole room gets brightly lit up.

Taron recoils heavily, screaming and trying to cover his eyes. His armor falls apart nearly immediately as Radia casually hits him with the remaining rod straight on the face, knocking him on the ground. “Fuck, what did you just do to me!?” Radia gets on one knee, looking down on him.

“Some blindness, probably nothing permanent, though who knows what a couple thousand lumens to some night vision’d eyes might do long term? Taron’s armor starts to grow again but Radia just punches him in the head, making him spit out blood. “Don’t bother, just give up already.”

He tries to punch her, aiming for her voice, only to end up getting his arm grabbed, electricity surging through her hand. “Say, isn’t this wonderful? I beat you when I was starting out and now that I’m almost leaving I get to beat you again, funny how life works.”

Taron tries putting in more force on his arm, Radia responds by strengthening her grip on it, orange aura and electricity surround her arm as she definitely breaks something in his arm, he

screams out in pain as Radia finally lets go of it. Taron gives in and stops trying anything, panting.

“I hate you so much right now”

“I hate you too. Haven’t been this beat in a while...” Radia says, her hand blistered, punching through stone repeatedly will do that.

The two of them stay in silence for a moment. “Got my ass kicked by you a second time, at least this time I wasn’t sick...”

“And here I always thought you were some pushover. ”

“Come on, I’m the strongest guy around for miles.”

“That’d be me now wouldn’t it? Though since I’m leaving feel free to reclaim the title”

Another moment of silence. “Leaving, oh come on you don’t mean-”

“Yep, going up to the big apple, starting again.”

Taron lets out a weak chuckle. “Really? Well I’m sure it’s a wonderful place to live but... you aren’t planning to keep on fighting like this over there are you?”

“You already know the answer, come on.”

“You’re going to get yourself killed Mortis, I lived there once, trust me, I know.”

“Oh, really? I’d have to figure that out myself.”

“You barely even beat me Radia, come on. You try to fight with any large group of people over there? You’re gonna find six people just as strong as me, if not stronger.”

“Then, I’ll beat six of you. Simple. As. That.” Radia’s fist flares up in electricity as she punches him straight in the head, knocking him out immediately as the basement floor cracks beneath him.

Radia stares at him in silence for a short period before getting up. She slowly walks up the basement stairs and into the now dark home, silently walking through the walls she crashed through, she picks up her ruined jacket and puts it on, passing the living room and into the house door. Laying on the wall is an orange phone which she picks up, clearly being hers, she texts and calls a number, opens the door, and leaves.



Author's notes:

Before I get to talking about Radia. Taron Time. Originally he was going to be some boring fuck but I ended up liking him more and more as I wrote this, like the opposite of Abbida. His Red Stone is also pretty unique, it's his family's trademark actually, his sister should be lying around the city somewhere. A little about him, while he does want to kill Radia he generally doesn't kill, he just really hated everything about how he was originally beaten, he holds no ill will toward Zeb though. Before you ask, no, his blindness is not permanent, you can't go permanently blind from a flash no matter how intense, I had to google this to make sure.

Radia was originally created to be a minor antagonist for another thing of mine, she was partnered up with this earth magic guy who went unnamed, so consider this fight a finalization of that. I liked Radia too much though so I kept bringing her back in my head. Many different versions of her with various degrees of morality. I like to imagine that the current Radia still could have been a villain were her life different, she's not upstanding.

I think I conveyed Radia pretty well here, her positives and her negatives. She starts off like a cocky hero type but the moment she gets seriously injured she switches her tone to acting more like a cocky villain than anything (not the best descriptor but you get it). She was originally designed as a villain so this works well, and despite her carefree usual self she is not meant to be a particularly good person anyways. She's more on the good guy scale of things but not really... if only there was a neutral world between hero and villain. (Vigilante??) Guess "anti-hero" will have to do for now.

Something about Radia, while she doesn't care about dying, she does get really set off by being notably injured, which is why she was so overly violent towards the already defeated Taron at the end (I was going to make her hit him more but I felt bad). She could have just made him unconscious semi-peacefully with some electricity to his brain (irl this would probably kill you like an electric chair but magic is intention based here so go with it.)

Radia could have technically insta won if she went all out at the start, but by the time she was punched hard through several walls she lost the chance to do so, on the basis of being barely able to stand. Outside of that, Radia had two obvious chances to end the fight, both of which being at the start of the fight. The penny trick to kick combo could have been enough if she put more in. And so would the punch that ended up getting her stuck and promptly hit through several walls.

Radia is a particularly quick thinker, both metaphorically and literally, she is smarter than she seems to most people, which is why she thought up the whole basement thing. If you're wondering what would have happened if the generator wasn't in the basement, Radia would have just had to shatter the lights herself, not too different altogether. About the literal thing, she does quite literally think faster than the average person, her perception of time is slowed and she's got faster reflexes. Messing with enough bioelectricity on her head she did make it go faster once (it was not meant to be permanent), which is good for battle but does suck for

waiting around and stuff. This is a big reason she doesn't like reaction heavy games very much. Though she could just mod the game to play faster but she doesn't feel like it, she's more used to other stuff nowadays. When listening to music on her own she tends to speed it up to match, actually having an app to convert a whole playlist to her preferred speed.

Radia tends to underestimate opponents a lot, though she particularly fucked it here. More specifically she underestimates her opponent's durability, as she tries not to blow through people's heads most of the time. She is self-aware of her capability of getting overly violent, she's known about it for a while actually, after Zeb asked her to tone it down, she's had her violent moments before.

She did in general have a pretty bad matchup here, Radia is a fast brawler type, she gets in quick, dodges things, and hits you when necessary, typically only doing one or rarely two hits to beat someone. That's technically still true here btw, like actual serious hits she did towards Taron were the 26 cent special and the final hit with the iron rod, so it only took two. Anyhow, Radia struggles against more defensive types, mostly the ones that can hit as hard as her, also, stone kinda counters electricity you know.

Radia considers the most important aspect of a fight to be how much control you have over it. Control both over yourself and the enemy. This is how Radia slowly leads Taron into activating night vision. This is also how Radia tried to break his focus by talking about boxing early on... though she did fumble it there. She is surprisingly manipulative when it comes to fighting others.

If you're wondering just how fast Radia can go... if she were to put her absolute all into it, she can move at around mach 5... for like one step before she gives herself a heart attack and dies.

I took too much inspiration from the song "I'm gonna win" by Rob Cantor. "I'm gonna win" is the song that I feel fits Radia the most as a character, generally.

I wonder if you can see every time I referenced it... I was pretty blatant with it actually, so most of them are obvious I feel.

Here is the song and the lyrics if you want it.

🔴 I'M GONNA WIN - Rob Cantor (AUDIO ONLY)

My life is a constant entrapment of tunnels  
Which tangle and wind and beguile  
And regardless of where I may tumble or funnel  
I wonder what's really worthwhile

Sometimes it can seem like a merciless dream  
And I'm falling with nothing to hold  
Sometimes I get flustered and beaten and blistered  
Abandoned outside in the cold

But I'm gonna win, I'm gonna try  
I'll never lose, I'll never die  
You've seen me before, you'll see me again  
I'll never give up, I'll never give in  
'Til I'm bloody and bruised  
'Til I've broken my bones  
'Til I won't be abused  
'Til I'm laughing alone

It's hard to be charming and smart and disarming  
It's hard to pretend you're the best  
It's hard to fulfill everyone's expectations  
It's hard to keep up with the rest

But I'm gonna win, I'm gonna try  
I'll never lose, I'll never die  
You've seen me before, you'll see me again  
I'll never give up, I'll never give in  
'Til I'm bloody and bruised  
'Til I've broken my bones  
'Til I won't be abused  
'Til I'm laughing alone

How do you feel?  
You've been concealing your worries from the world  
But you can reveal them to me  
I wouldn't know  
I go on even though

I'll be bloody and bruised  
I'll be breaking my bones  
I'll be paying my dues  
I'll be laughing alone

