

Overhaul You
By Holo

Overhaul was seated on the couch, leaning forward intently as his bloodshot eyes watched the door directly across from him. His hands were joined together under his chin, and he remained nearly motionless apart from the rise of his shoulders with every breath through his beaked plague mask. There was a series of precise knocks on the metal door, and one of his subordinates nodded to him and opened the bolted door.

"Brought this one in for you boss." A cloaked figure was shoved through the door which was quickly slammed shut, locking the stranger in the sterile reception room with Overhaul and his men.

Overhaul's expression was hard to discern behind the mask that covered most of his face, but his voice at least had a detached professionalism to it. "Sorry about that, my men can be a bit rough. Can you stand?"

"Yeah..." The figured groaned and got to their knees, and the cloak fell from their body. Overhaul's eyes widened for a moment. The stranger stood on two legs, but was covered in earthy-brown fur. They had a tail a few feet in length with a tuft of deep red fur on the end that matched the fluffy mane around their neck. Their face was stretched into a broad muzzle, and their head was adorned with sky-blue horns and large ears that flicked around to listen to the room. They looked with at Overhaul with eyes that were completely black, save for two narrow green pupils. "Now that's a quirk if I've ever seen one," Overhaul said as he got to his feet, looking over his captive. They weren't clothed; they had been searched and stripped before being brought to the hideout to reduce the risk of hidden weapons or concealed trackers. "What's your name?" he asked.

The furred stranger hesitated for a moment and looked around the room with those sharp eyes before answering. "Zanna."

"Zanna. That's a bit strange, rather unique. Is that your legal name, or your hero name?" Overhaul asked as he stepped close and looked into Zanna's eyes. The two locked gaze. Overhaul felt like those bright green pupils were trying to burn a hole in his own eyes from how bright and sharp they were.

"It's the only name I've got," they replied, tone flat. "Who are you?"

Overhaul's brow raised. "Good answer. I can't stand people who try to play hero. I'm Overhaul, head of the Shie Hassaikai, and I'm very glad to see you."

Zanna straightened their posture, their body easily a foot taller than Overhaul. "That's a hell of a way to put it. You had me kidnapped off the street, so sorry if I can't say I'm all that glad to meet you." Their tone was harsh and defensive, but their eyes were worriedly darting around the room now. "What do you want?"

Overhaul let out a loud sigh. "You know, I don't appreciate rudeness, but I'll let it go this time. See, my subordinates and I have run across some trouble lately, and we're looking to replenish our numbers. I sent some scouts out to search for fresh muscle, and I have to say, I'm not disappointed. Are you as strong as you look?"

Zanna snorted, nostrils steaming, and they raised an arm. All of Overhaul's subordinates took a step closer, and Overhaul himself shifted his arms from a relaxed to a ready position.

Zanna rolled their eyes. "Relax, if I was going to do anything impressive do I think I'd have been captured? I'm just giving a demonstration." They reached toward the couch that Overhaul had been sat on and flicked it with a finger. It was sent sailing into the concrete wall where it impacted with enough force to crack the wall and crumple the frame of the couch. Zanna never took their eyes off Overhaul.

He didn't take his eyes off of them either, though he winced as the wooden frame of the couch shattered into mere splinters. "Alright, that's impressive I admit." He knew he was understating that strength. "You've got what it takes. You're hired."

Zanna frowned. "Hired? For what, villain work? Leave me out of whatever the hell you've gotten into trouble with. I might be strong, but I'm not cut out for doing anything nefarious, okay?" They turned toward the door.

"That can always be fixed," Overhaul told the big dragon.

"Not interested." Zanna grabbed the door, and the steel bolt crumpled in their grip. The door ripped off its hinges. The concrete frame partially collapsed, filling the entry with rubble and the room with dirt and dust.

Overhaul's eye twitched, and he began to remove the surgical gloves that covered his hands. "You're dirtying my hideout, and if you think you really have a choice then I have news for you-"

"Shut up." Zanna flung the crumpled door at Overhaul, and his subordinates rushed into action.

In an instant, Overhaul reached out as if to catch the door with his bare hands, but the instant it made contact with his fingers, the door exploded into nothing, though Overhaul staggered backwards. Zanna went wide-eyed and stepped away from the doorway, backing away from Overhaul who had regained his balance and was now marching closer. "You are *mine* now, do you understand? I can do to you exactly what I did to that door. Do you get it?" He raised his hands towards Zanna, backing them against a wall. "It doesn't matter how strong you are, if I so much as graze you with a finger, I can turn you into a bloody mist."

"Then I just have to make sure you don't touch me!" Zanna whipped their tail at the rubble that had fallen from the door frame, launching several chunks of concrete at Overhaul. His hands moved fast, protecting his face by turning the rocks to dust, but a chunk slipped through and caught his legs, knocking him on his back.

"Chronostasis!" he roared as he fell.

Zanna turned to look at one of the subordinates, and was caught across the face with something like an arrow. They grunted from the cut, but planted their foot and rushed toward the attacker. He easily sidestepped Zanna's charge, and by the time the dragon had turned around, Overhaul and his men had suddenly grouped on the other side of the room. Overhaul walked over, but Zanna felt like he was moving at a sprint.

"Thanks for slowing this one down Chronostasis, now I can teach them who their new boss is." Overhaul raised his exposed hands.

Zanna realized too late what was happening, but it wouldn't have done any good. The time-slowed dragon could do nothing as Overhaul placed his hands on their chest. Zanna's face twisted into agony, they could feel their entire body stretch, bend, break, and then nothing.

Until they drew their next breath, the light of the room now suddenly blinding. Overhaul was standing over them, as they had collapsed on the floor.

"You made me make an even bigger mess. The door I could fix, but your blood splatter, well, I'll have to make you wash the walls yourself later." He shoved his hands into his pockets and glared down at the dragon laying in a heap on the floor.

Zanna rolled away from Overhaul and ended up facing the wall. To their horror, the once pristine white wall was now stained pink with what they could only assume was their own blood. Their stomach turned as they vividly recalled the sensation of being deconstructed, of every cell in their body being separated from the ones around it with explosive force. They rolled onto their hands and knees and dry heaved, which earned a glare from Overhaul.

"If you mess up my floors, I swear I will do it again. Do you understand me?"

Zanna nodded and tried to calm their queasy insides. Their entire body was shaking.

"Yes."

The reply earned them a swift kick to the face. "Yes?"

"Yes sir!" Zanna hurriedly replied.

"Better. Get up. I still have to do some work on you."

"More work...?" Zanna sputtered but got to their feet and swallowed a mouthful of blood they would have rather spit out, but it wasn't worth drawing Overhaul's ire again.

"You said you're not cut out for villain work. Fine. I have ways of making people acclimate. Now follow." Overhaul beckoned for Zanna and his other subordinates to follow, and he approached a wall opposite the crumpled entryway. He touched a hand to it, and it crumbled, revealing a hallway hidden behind it. He walked through, and Zanna followed, with Chronostasis and Mimic in tow. Once they were all through, Overhaul sealed up the passage and put a new pair of surgical gloves over his hands. They had emerged into a spacious kitchen, the kind you'd typically find at the back of a busy restaurant. The smell of a strange meaty stew filled the air, and Zanna's sharp nose picked up undertones of a sanitizer that had been liberally applied to every surface.

"Take a seat." Overhaul gestured to a metal chair near the work tables.

It looked a little small for Zanna's stature, but they weren't about to argue. "Yes sir." They took a seat, and the arm rests on the chair bent out as they squeezed into the chair meant for average-sized folks.

"Hey," Overhaul called out, only barely raising his voice. "If it's ready now, bring it out. I've got a good one here." He turned back to face Zanna. His mask still hid most of his face, but his eyes had softened, no longer as sharp as they were when he had torn Zanna apart. "So, not cut out for villany huh? Fancy yourself a hero?"

"D-definitely not a hero, sir," Zanna quickly said, shaking their head.

"That's good at least. Still, a civilian attitude won't do any good in the service of the Shie Hassaikai, so I'm going to have to make sure to break you in." Overhaul tilted his head to one side as he looked over Zanna's body, making note of how effortlessly they had bent the metal chair to fit into it. "Your body is plenty strong. I need your mind to match that." He paused for a moment. "Hungry?"

Zanna swallowed hard. They didn't like the sound of that question. "I could eat, yes."

"Good enough. I believe it's ready now after all."

One of Overhaul's subordinates emerged from the opposite side of the kitchen carrying a plate with meat cubes on it. Zanna sniffed the air. It smelled familiar, but they couldn't place the scent. Not beef, not pork... The plague-mask-wearing chef stood beside Overhaul, dutifully holding the plate in one hand.

"Normally I'd hate doing something this dirty, but it's proven very effective in breaking in the new recruits. Though I do wonder if someone who looks like you might already be familiar with this?" He looked at the plate, and his eyes squinted into a grimace as he gingerly picked up one of the seared meat cubes between two fingers. Even with the surgical gloves on, he seemed grossed out. "Ugh. Open up."

Zanna watched this with an uncertain expression, their teeth showing as their confusion grew. They did as they were told though, and opened their mouth just a little. Overhaul took a couple steps towards Zanna and leaned in, looking the dragon right in their eyes before pushing the piece of meat into their mouth. He leaned away, and Zanna closed their mouth, chewed, and swallowed. They still couldn't place it, the flavor was unfamiliar, and the texture was... not great. "Eugh..."

"What, didn't like it?" Overhaul asked, still staring into Zanna's eyes.

"It's just, I dunno what it is," Zanna told him.

"Probably good that you don't, though it would have been amusing if you did." Overhaul turned to face his underlings. "Oh well. Mimic, care to fill them in?"

The strange plague doctor doll cackled. "Of course sir! That meat, recruit, was human flesh, lovingly prepared by our kitchen staff just. For. You." He punctuated the last words with a particularly cruel, jeering tone.

Zanna's eyes went wide, and they met Overhaul's cold gaze with a horrified look of their own. "N-no, you wouldn't," they said, trying to convince themselves, but their stomach was already turning at the thought.

"I would. You see, murder is *much* easier if you've had a taste of it. Apologies if you don't like how literal that is." Overhaul just shrugged. "Open."

Zanna shook their head, jaw clamped shut.

"I said, open." His gaze hardened. Zanna silently refused again.

Overhaul raised a hand. "Open, or I blow off the top of your head and pour the rest of this down your gaping esophagus."

Zanna tried to cower back into the chair, leaning until it bent under the force of their strength. Overhaul winced at the screech of the groaning metal, and Zanna didn't waste the moment. They quickly kicked while he was distracted. Overhaul was too slow to remove his gloves, and Zanna's clawed foot caught him under the chin, connecting with enough force to lift him off his feet. They got to their feet and their tail whipped the chair at Chronostasis, landing a successful hit and knocking him to the ground. Overhaul landed in a heap on the floor, blood trickling out from under his mask and dripping down his chin. Zanna bared down on him, snarling, claws moving in to kill.

"Don't you dare touch the boss, who do you think you are?" Mimic screamed as he rushed Zanna. A muscular arm erupted from the plague doctor doll he used as a body, and he successfully sucker-punched Zanna in the face. The dragon stumbled back, feet digging into the

linoleum floor. Mimic swung again, but Zanna caught the punch in their clawed hands and flung the doll across the room.

With a snarl, they turned their attention back to Overhaul, but Mimic's attack had been just enough. Overhaul had gotten to his knees, and he reached for Zanna, his gloves destructing to bare his skin.

"OBEY ME!" Overhaul screamed, and he grabbed Zanna's face. Zanna gagged, and in an instant, everything from their neck down exploded into a bloody meat slurry. Zanna's head went slack jawed, and their eyes dimmed. "You know, they say your head survived for a few seconds after being severed from the body. For your sake, I hope that's not true, or this is truly going to hurt." Overhaul tensed his arm muscles, and Zanna's body reassembled, leaving the dragon gasping for air in Overhaul's clutches. "Do you get it now?" He jerked their head around, shaking them. "You're mine. MINE. There is no getting out of this. Now lay down, you monster." He released Zanna's muzzle, and Zanna fell onto their back on the ground, still gasping for air, eyes wide with horror. "Everyone okay?" He looked around the room, and his subordinates got to their feet and nodded with a "yes sir." He let out a sigh of relief. "That's good. Chronostasis, gloves?"

"Of course sir." The one in the raincoat approached and offered a new pair of gloves to his boss, along with a handkerchief.

Overhaul dabbed the blood from his chin and mask with the handkerchief, and once he had cleaned up, he annihilated the bloody rag. Now cleaned up a bit, he pulled on the new latex gloves, seeming relieved as soon as they were on. He then snatched the meat plate, visibly trembling as he had to touch it. "Do you know how much I hate this? How dirty this makes me feel? Do you know what I did to the last recruit who gave me this much trouble?" He stood over Zanna, feet on either side of their neck as he stared down at them. He took a seat on Zanna's chest with a snort, and dropped a piece of human meat into Zanna's mouth. "The last person who pissed me off this much... Got fed to a dragon." He stared them right in the eyes as they swallowed the piece of meat.

Zanna didn't fight anymore, even as their eyes started to water. Their stomach turned with every bite. The meat was chewy, and the flavor was all wrong. They felt like heaving every time they bit into it with their sharp fangs, and their hands twitched, claws scratching at the floor as they tried to keep from puking up the flesh. He jammed another piece of meat into Zanna's mouth. Zanna gagged, but swallowed it whole, as it was less viscerally horrifying than chewing it.

"Bring out the rest! This one is going to need the full treatment." Overhaul snapped his fingers, and his underlings limped to work. He watched them with pity. "You really messed them up. Is that how you treat your friends, Dragon?" He kicked his feet up, resting his shoes on Zanna's fluffy throat. "That's not very nice of you."

While he tormented his new toy, more food was brought out: thigh steaks, bbq ribs, bone-in arm "wings," a stew, and more, and all of it was made with human meat as the main ingredient. Zanna could smell it clearly, recognizing why it had been familiar before. It was the same sort of smell of a lot of people gathered together, just the smell of human flesh. The kitchen was filled with it. It was sickening.

"I know you said you weren't that hungry, but I don't particularly care now. Be lucky that they weren't a very big person." Overhaul gestured for the thigh steaks to be brought over and handed to him. He took one in one hand, and with the other he grabbed Zanna's lower jaw and guided it open. Zanna didn't resist, and let Overhaul open their jaws as far as they could. He leaned forward from where he was seated on their chest, putting more weight on their throat as he peered curiously into the cavern of the dragon's maw. "Looks gross in there," he commented before slapping the steak into those wet jaws and pushing their mouth shut. Zanna winced, but swallowed, neck briefly bulging.

"Getting used to the taste yet, Dragon?" Overhaul asked, his voice calm again. He was going through the steaks methodically, from largest to smallest. There were only about a half dozen, and he was almost out.

Zanna gave the only answer that they figured would spare them from another death. "Yes sir."

"Good. See? It's not so bad. I bet you'll even enjoy it by the time we're done. A little bloodlust wouldn't hurt, might even be just what you need." He pushed another steak past Zanna's teeth, and the dragon's stomach gurgled, still queasy from the thought of consuming human flesh. "Hmm. Still needs some work, huh? Bring over the ribs." He slid off their chest and stood beside them. "Sit up and eat these."

Zanna was presented with a plate of twenty-four, human-sized barbecue ribs. They stared at the plate and swallowed hard. No choice. They reached down, getting their bright blue hands sticky with sauce as they brought the rib to their mouth and took a bite, stripping the flesh from the bone. They gagged suddenly and hunched over, sputtering and almost spitting out the meat they had bit off. They desperately wanted to vomit, but they could feel Overhaul glaring at them.

"Swallow it."

Zanna tried, and gagged again, eyes bulging as they strained not to reject the horrible feast.

"Swallow it, now, Dragon."

Zanna squeezed their eyes shut, took a deep breath and held it before swallowing, forcing the meat down. Once they felt it hit their stomach, they let out the breath, eyes watering. "S-sorry sir."

"Hmm. Finish up. I don't have all day to watch you gorge yourself." Overhaul stood back to watch, and Chronostasis fetched him a chair to relax in.

Zanna continued eating, slowly, using their big fangs to strip the prepared flesh from the bones. Overhaul watched, almost unmoving, leaning forward and watching intently. Zanna counted them in their head as they went through. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen... They slid a bone between their teeth, stripping it clean. Their pupils suddenly narrowed, and their fur stood on end. Overhaul moved to sit up, hands ready, but Zanna's attention was focused on the plate. They grabbed another rib and ate it much quicker than the last.

Something primal had awoken in Zanna. Their fear for survival in the face of death, the feeling of flesh between their teeth, of meat being stripped from the bone, some deep hunting instinct had flared to life. Zanna's hands trembled, and their eyes swirled in their head. "This... This is..." they muttered as they grabbed another rib and lifted it, staring at it with their frenzied

eyes. "This is so right." Without any hesitation at all, they sheared the meat from the bone, and then broke the bone in half and slurped the marrow out from the inside.

Overhaul sat back in surprise and he leaned over to Chronostasis. "I expected Dragon to break, but not this soon... I'm pleased."

"I'm glad you are sir," came the reply.

Overhaul smiled under his mask. "Want the rest?"

"I want it all, sir" Zanna snarled with a crooked grin as they finished the last of the ribs, their stomach distended with a few dozen pounds of meat already.

"That's the spirit, Dragon. Now eat."

The rest of the food was brought out, and Zanna chewed through it without hesitation. Their mouth watered, drool poured out between their fangs and dripped onto the feast of human meat. They ate the arms, bone and all, and slurped down a chain of stuffed sausages made from a long rope of human innards. Zanna's own innards groaned and gurgled, their size amplifying the sounds their gut made as it was stuffed with the morbid meal. Their tan belly fur stretched out, thinning out gently as the skin was stretched, their stomach filling out into their lap. Overhaul watched with a mixture of disgust and fascination. It seemed that Dragon's stomach was just as strong as the rest of their body.

The last of the meal was in a sizeable pot in which the remaining bits and bobs had been boiled. The stew was hearty and meaty, and Zanna grabbed the handles of the pot. It was about as big as their head, but of course they had no problem lifting it to their jaws and upending it down their throat. There was a straight minute of heavy chugging. Their already stretched stomach bulged more with every audible gulp, filling out like a furred balloon as Zanna greedily drank the soulless soup. They finished, and the pot was placed on the ground, totally empty. Zanna's stomach wobbled, letting out soft sloshing sounds as the human stew settled in their guts. Their stomach was distended halfway over their thighs, resting in a heavy ball on their lap.

They licked their jaws clean and then looked at Overhaul. "What's next, sir?" Their eyes were bright, eager to follow any orders.

Overhaul was overjoyed, but he kept his demeanor calm. "We'll show you to the hideout proper so you can sleep that off. After a couple days of training and education about the principles of the Shie Hassaikai, you'll be ready for real work."

"Yes sir! Gladly." Zanna grinned wide, flashing fangs that still had scraps of flesh stuck between them.

Overhaul grimaced at the sight and looked away, but his smile returned. He had wanted new muscle, and had gotten more than he had dared to hope for. This one was big, strong, durable, with sharp instincts, and now they had a taste for flesh to boot. They would make an excellent killer, and Overhaul could hardly wait to see them in action on the field. The League of Villains would never know what hit them.