Kill La Kill Tanya

Tanya

Several bullets rang off the wall next to me, causing me to duck back into cover and avoid the shots. Things are not going well.

That could be said about many things, but this one was going even more particularly bad.

I had been born into a world which was almost post-apocalyptic, with some of the areas I'd seen being close to it. I was born to a family that was, well, not well off. They were good people but, like most of society, unemployed; a problem that seemed to have blanketed much of the country of Japan. Chasing dreams of a better life, we'd come to Honnouji Academy, which was protected from most of the chaos, but of course, that meant that I had to go to said academy.

Now, that wasn't so bad. They let anyone in here with no tuition fee, and it was known as a top academy for teaching students. So, my chances of getting a good career once I was done here were pretty high, as far as I was concerned. It was just a few minor issues. Disciplinarianism in this academy was downright militaristic. I'd come to school to find several students who had broken school laws hanging by their wrists from the walls of the academy, which said enough about not breaking the rules. Something I was good at was not doing, but there were other issues.

You see, there was this thing called the Stars program: first, second, and third Stars students who were given special abilities through these special uniforms. Now, I wasn't that interested in power. My last life had given me plenty of power, and I didn't intend to repeat the mistakes of that life. No, something else came along with said uniforms, something that I was interested in. Getting a single one-star uniform would allow my family to move out of the slums surrounding the main city into the main city. Getting the second would also improve my lot even better. If you somehow got to the third, that would improve it even more, though that was very unlikely since third slots were directly under the school president, who seemed to have good control over who actually achieved that position.

Anyways, pulling my family out of the muck of the slums was profitable enough that I'd be willing to risk joining one of the many, many clubs, since the only way to achieve such improvement was usually through said clubs and proving your loyalty to the president.

So, what's a prospective student to do to get into one of those clubs while they attend one of their club meetings? So, what club did I choose? I went for one I thought I could do pretty well in. After all, I'd been through military service once; how bad could airsoft be?

But the fact that the airsoft rounds were hitting the side of the cement next to me at the speed of near bullets? Pretty freaking bad.

The leader of this group had only actually told us, prospective club members, how we could get into the group once we had all been escorted to the arena. We had been given airsoft rifles and marched to the furthest western part of the arena. We were told quite simply: the only way to get in was to make it through the already in members. We would be starting at the east side of the arena. There were 10 of them and 50 of us. The odds should have been in their favor, but all 10 of them had one-star uniforms.

The odds were never in our favor, and this was basically butchery practice for fighting against multiple enemies. I'd already seen something like 30 people down on the ground. I wasn't sure if they were dead or alive, but without a doubt, they were beaten. "Beaten" was the correct term because apparently, this particular form of airsoft, besides having rounds that moved at the speed of a fourth of a fist, had no problem with close-quarters combat.

So far, I avoided getting my ass kicked simply by staying low and relying on my short stature. How much longer that would last, I didn't know.

It already seemed like they had an idea that I had not been swept up in their first wave. This either meant they had someone doing a proper count of how many they had taken down, or they were just being very thorough and thought they saw something where I was. Either way, I moved low and quickly down the labyrinth, away from where I had just been shot, trying to find a turn that would take me Eastward towards their base. I had to be getting close, I reasoned. After all, I had been at this for 2 hours, trying to break through their lines. And though I knew that the chances that everyone was still out there doing this were low, there had to be at least 10 other students for them to be distracted by. I'd seen 50, take out 30, so 20 at least. Of course, there could be more down, and there had been a slow-taking down of fire from what I'd been hearing. Just have to make it to the other end, I told myself, quickly skirting low under a barbed wire trap, because of course there were barbed wire traps; there were traps all over this place, like nearly falling into a punchy pit. I managed to escape a tunnel that had airsoft guns hidden in the walls to fire at you if you tried to sneak through and was designed in such a way that someone could make it if they were quick. And I was one thing above all else, quick.

Making the next turn, I found a hole in the wall, like a doggie door separating this line of the labyrinth from the next. Perhaps it would get me closer. With there being only one way to check, I hefted my AK and moved over, poking it through the doggie door, allowing me to see through. Luck was on my side; I didn't see anyone waiting to shoot at anyone who made their way through. So I carefully slipped through, glad that this was a larger hole than an actual doggie door but that there was still a pretty close pull to get myself through.

Looking up at the Eastern Wall, I realized I could only be two or three passageways away from the edge of that wall. All I had to do was travel towards the center, and I should find the place to get in. That's one of the students. It was going to be tough; hopefully, they weren't watching closely, but it was possible.

Preparing my gun, I moved quickly—not running, as I didn't want to make too much noise that could give away my position, but I moved as fast as I could while still being stealthy. I did my best to prevent noise that would reveal my location, listening to the occasional gunfight still going on somewhere in the labyrinth. That was good; at least some of my fellow party members were still giving it a try. I had been worried that someone would try to run for the escape when they realized it was nearly hopeless.

Then again, I had a sneaking suspicion there was no escape. I heard the big doors of the western gate close, and unless you had a team there to pull it open, it was probably locked too. We were fish in a barrel for them to practice on, and we'd all be dumped out of this game, probably in the evening if we were lucky.

Hopefully, I was lucky enough not to be among the dumped.

Making a turn, I finally saw some good news.

There, standing in front of the bell I needed to ring to acquire studentship of the first rank and join that club, was the team captain. She was a brown-haired girl with a pair of twin-tailed horse screws coming from her head. She was currently too busy checking her makeup in a small compact to look in my direction.

My victory was within reach; I just had to worry about the light machine gun she had hanging from her shoulder, which looked like a saw. I couldn't tell if it was a very good replica that fired airsoft rounds or something more lethal. If I messed up, it could end up deadly.

Quietly, I kept moving towards her, bringing the rifle to my shoulder and aiming directly at her while keeping her in my sight as I tried to make my way further down the passageway.

Well, I guessed there were probably only three tunnels into the central area at the edge of the eastern wall. She was currently facing the forward tunnel. There was a tunnel across from me. As long as she kept facing that way, I'd have this under control.

Of course, nothing was ever that simple. She made a kissing motion, popped her lips, and closed the compact. She grabbed her gun as she started to look intently at the tunnel across from me, not the way I was coming from. I sped up and started to line up my shot on her head. I wouldn't have much of an option when she started looking in my direction, so I had to take the shot.

Her head turned to look down the central path, bringing the gun up to aim that way and firing off a few rounds. They were confirmed to be airsoft, but they seemed to be improved in some way. I heard thunderous bangs where they landed, and a gust of wind blew back from the central tunnel, batting against her battle skirt, which, besides being the gray of the uniform, was also in digital camo style. She was wearing digital camo stockings, heavy boots, a blouse, and gloves.

She seemed to have a preference for it, even though it was positively the worst-looking thing I'd ever seen.

Her head started to turn towards my direction, and I was only about 5 feet away. Her eyes caught me for a moment, widening, and she started to bring her gun in my direction. I fired off three, four shots directly into her face, causing her to recoil. Her gun went up into the air, firing off some shots as I rushed forward, elbowing her in the gut and kicking her a few paces away from the central bell.

With the bell clear, I managed to kick the pole, causing it to ring loudly enough that it echoed throughout the labyrinth, confirming my victory. I took a breath, relaxed, and lowered the weapon I was carrying.

"Sorry about that, ma'am. Just wanted to make sure I got that win," I said, turning, expecting her to be annoyed with me. Instead, I got a fist in the face and a piledriver back into the pole, ringing it even louder.

I slid down the pole, confused, bleeding from my nose, and not quite conscious. My head rang from a probable brain injury.

"F***ing fresh meat, you're not supposed to hurt me," she yelled, kicking me in the gut hard with her boot.

She looked down at me as if I were some sort of scum. "Sorry," I tried to say, only to be slapped, this time not by her, but by one of her minions, a female member of the unit wearing glasses, a One-Star uniform, who came out from the passage I had come from.

"Sorry, mistress. I don't know how she passed me by. I thought I had them all accounted for," the girl said, apologizing with a bow.

"You failed me, Glasses. That's very bad form. I'll remember that tonight during your punishment."

"Of course, mistress," the girl said, and my eye caught that although her head was bowed to hide it from their captain, her cheeks were absolutely glowing with red.

"Where is the newcomer?" I asked, having a bad feeling that I had just been used. Two other female Airsoft club members showed up, looking a bit tougher. One of them had a scar over her right eye, and the other had a pair of star-shaped sunglasses on her face.

"I can't believe someone actually made it through," Star Sunglasses said as she looked at me. "What do we do, boss?" She then looked to the club master.

"It's obvious to me that she did not get here on her own, and she assaulted me. She is not worthy to join the club, nor to remain amongst the students here. Throw this garbage out. You know how."

"Of course, Boss Man," Star said, with the scarred girl coming to my other side. They picked me up by my arms and started dragging me away.

"Where are you taking me? I won fair and square. I played by the rules," I said, trying to get my feet underneath me to move on my own, but they wouldn't allow it. Instead, they moved faster so that I lost the ability to keep control.

"Yeah, sorry about that. I mean, the rules we follow are not the rules you follow, so I'm going to get you," Star explained. "If you slapped her or punched her, or something of that nature, she doesn't take kindly to that. You're supposed to either get shot or make it past her without her shooting you or beg to be allowed to touch it. That's how Bethany got her position."

I raised an eyebrow, which basically was my way of asking who Bethany was, but Scar had me covered. "Glasses girl gets off on getting punished. She was the one supposed to watch your flank. Another reason why you're getting screwed over here. If you'd come in any other way, you probably would not have had this problem. But you came in through Bethany's passageway, which means as far as the boss is concerned, she let you pass so that they could spend time together tonight."

I tried to turn a corner and came to a wall in the northern direction. It was a flat surface with no way to go forward except through what appeared to be a bin. I cleared my eyes and looked closer, realizing that the bin was some sort of garbage depositing system that led further down into the depths of the mountain of the facility that was the academy. Judging by the red flames above it, it was an incinerator—a garbage incinerator.

I started to struggle then, but the One-Stars had a good grip on my arms. They pulled me forward, and as we arrived, Scar moved to the corner, coming to a wall. It was a flat surface with no way to go forward except through what appeared to be a bin. I cleared my eyes and looked closer, realizing that the bin was some sort of garbage depositing system that led further down into the depths of the mountain of the facility that was the academy. Judging by the red flames above it, it was an incinerator—a garbage incinerator.

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"Scar, your turn," she said. She had control over them both, my arms and hers underneath my arms, holding them tight while Star moved down to my feet, picking them up as she opened the door to the incinerator. Then they started to try and feed me into it.

I struggled hard, not wanting to die this way. I had already been hit by a train and blown up by an artillery round. I did not need to be burned alive with the garbage on my list of ways I would rather not die.

Thankfully, it seemed to be having some effect, as I was only pushed into about thigh-level before they had trouble pushing any further.

"God damn, this chick's got too much weight in her hips and ass. I don't know if we can actually fit her through here," Scar said as she continued to try and shove me forward. My face was going red as my struggle was apparently not what was actually preventing my forward motion.

"No worries, I got this covered," Star said. She moved underneath me and pushed me up to the side so that I was now wedged between the bottom left corner and the top right corner, giving her more room to shove me into the tunnel. I struggled, but there was not much I could do, as they could have easily overpowered me. Before long, it was nothing but a pair of hands holding onto the edges of the door flap of the feeding mechanism, my feet hitting something solid at the back some time ago and not being able to go any further forward.

"Come on, stop fighting," Star said, punching me in the face, causing me to lose my grip. But I held on tighter, even as Scar smashed my fingers. Then they shoved the door closed, and I was trapped in a tighter, compact space inside this device. Please tell me that wasn't a crushing mechanism before I got added to the fire. I didn't want to make this even worse, I thought.

In the darkness, I could do nothing but wait for my demise. It wasn't long before I heard a beeping noise, and then the entire device inside started to shift downwards. I tried to hold on to the sides as I was forced to fight gravity to prevent myself from being fed into the passageways below, but it was useless. I slipped down, thankfully at a slow rate. However, as I kept going further down, it felt like it was getting tighter, which drew memories of that horrible fate that befell all the people in that one horror manga. This hole was meant for me, or whatever it was called. I can't remember the name, all I knew was it was not great.

I tried to prevent myself from falling even further or faster down this tunnel, holding on to whatever piece of metal I could find and breaking my nails as I fought against gravity—a losing battle. For so long, I was leaving blood trails as I was fighting gravity, but it was a losing battle.

The shaft turned at one point, which I thought would give me some hope. However, the bottom of the said turn was still too steep. As my feet went through the hole, I realized one good

thing—the other side of it was wider. Considering how tight it was getting and how hard it was to breathe, letting gravity take me into this next passageway was probably my best bet for survival. Without suffocating myself and letting out all the air in my body, I let myself go, sliding through this next passageway into a larger space, hoping to grab onto something. But all I found was another vertical shaft, this one with no handhold. I fell straight down, beating against the wall next to me, hoping to hold on to something. Nothing became apparent as I fell and fell, feeling heat coming up. This was it, I thought. I was going to go through who knows how many falls, eventually falling into fire and dying. What a shitty way to go.

Thankfully, something went my way as I smashed into what must have been an unfortunate change in tube sizes. This left a floor next to the hole I was supposed to go down. There wasn't much room, about two feet, and it was mostly covered in what appeared to be scraps of clothing. But I was alive, despite the heat coming up. I was going to dry out and die in 4 days, wasn't I? What a choice—death by dehydration, starvation, or jumping down the tube to end it quickly.

I took a breath and tried to take stock of my situation. My fingers were bloody, my body covered in cuts and scrapes, my uniform nearly shredded, and my nose still bleeding from the punch to the face.

The trash pile was definitely mostly cloth; I didn't actually see anything that could be eaten, which was good. The last thing I needed was proper garbage dropped directly on me. Probably under some sort of fabric class or something.

Pulling myself up into a sitting position, I also took note that my leg was not exactly facing the right direction. When did that happen? Probably just running off a lot of adrenaline right now, which is why I didn't feel absolute pain and suffering. Feeling around, I didn't find much of anything useful that I could use to try and climb back up the pipe I'd come down. Perhaps there was some other way to escape. After all, there had to be some sort of inlet to check the inferno. Maybe I could wait until someone had to open the door to make sure everything was working right. Then, I could use the fabric around me to pull myself down and get there when it wasn't on fire. That sounded reasonable, but the more I sat there, the more I realized that it probably wouldn't be possible. Waiting more than two days, I'd be too weak to probably make it down there if there was a chance for that to happen.

Leaning back, I looked up, trying to see if I could spot any lights. Perhaps there was some sort of smokestack. Well, there was no smoke coming from down there, so obviously, it was being channeled somewhere else. Shaking my head, I was about to consider taking a little nap and perhaps hoping for something to happen to give me a chance when I thought I heard something move on my hip.

"Blood, sweet delicious blood," came a voice, so very small, to my right side, as if I could feel it in my mind, a tongue licking one of my wounds.

I smashed my fist out in that direction, hoping to hit whatever it was, but it seemed to avoid that and wrapped around my arm.

"So much delicious blood," came a little, drawing voice.

"Get the hell off of me," I said, trying to push the thing down and away from me. But it was stronger than me, holding tightly as it said, "I'll get off of you if you help me get out of here."

"Sounds like a parasite. Not interested," I said.

"Sounds like I'm your only hope. After all, everything down there is fiery death, and everything up is unreachable for the both of us. That is, together. Together, we can probably make it, maybe even get revenge or whatever pushed you down that hole. I doubt you'd come down here willingly, now did you?"

I raised an eyebrow and thought for a moment before finally saying, "All right, then, let's negotiate. How much blood do you need in order to get me out of here?"

"Quite a bit, but I can get you far up there, get you to the person who tossed you down here. Maybe you can repay the favor. After all, I don't think you want to be down here, slowly dying, turning into a mummy to be found by the next generation of fools who get tossed down the hole."

"Well, that I can agree to," I said before continuing, "Okay, then. I'm willing to let you have some of my blood. So how do we go about getting out of this hole, then?"

"Wear me..."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"I'm clothing. You need to wear me. I drain your blood, and I grant you powers."

"Hold on, are you one of those star things I was trying to get that got me in this problem in the first place?"

"Maybe. I don't know. I've been down here for a while, thinking I've gone kind of crazy. Either way, wear me, and I will give you victory, and you will give me blood. We will satisfy each other in a symbiosis."

"All right," I said, thinking this was a better option than dying. "At the very least."

Ira Gamagōri shook his head as he looked at the security footage. "This is unforgivable, putting that poor student down the garbage chute into the incinerator. Is there any chance that she's still alive?"

I shook my head. "Unlikely. I mean, there's a small possibility. I've been to team to find the pipeline that directly leads to the incinerator to see if there's any banging or anything, and maybe we can recover. There's always a small percentage chance that we've left some ledges behind, though I tried to streamline the system to make it as smooth as possible a few years back so there would not be any debris built up to block that pipeline."

Ira Gamagōri shook his head, putting his massive hand down on the desk. "Well then, we're going to have to do something about that, Captain. I know she was a problem, but I thought she was a problem we could control."

"Up to this point, she hasn't done anything like this. But then again, this is the first time someone has gotten close enough to punch her away from the Bell."

"Hmm, well then, I'll have to go deal with her, and we'll have to let our lady know that a student has died."

"She won't be happy about that. She wants students to be as strong as possible, and to hear that one of the students that was shaping up was cut down for simply following the rules as presented will annoy her."

"Yes, most likely. She will bring down even more pure justice on the girl once I've captured her, simply because she has overstepped her bounds."

With a nod in agreement, I was about to make a comment when a flashing light went off above me. "Oh, that's interesting," I said, looking up.

"What's interesting?" Ira Gamagōri said, following my gaze as I turned to start pressing buttons on the computer quickly, bringing up cameras on the airsoft arena.

There was a massive hole in the center of the airsoft arena, one that had not been there an hour ago. It looked like something had burrowed its way through concrete up to the surface.

"What kind of vandalism is that?" Ira Gamagōri asked, his menacing stare fixed on the computer screen.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out," I said matter-of-factly. I pressed some buttons, adjusting the camera until the smoke that was being deposited revealed a girl, the same one I had just seen get dumped down the garbage chute, standing there in a uniform she should not have.

"Is that... a starred uniform?" Ira Gamagōri asked.

"That, I do not believe, can be possible. There's no way that could be a starred uniform, as all of those are kept safely within our facilities or on students we believe are trustworthy." I tilted my head before checking something quickly, determining that the ventilation shaft she had been dumped down actually went right by the sewing club. In fact, it was the incinerator for special projects.

"What are you looking at?" Ira Gamagōri asked as I looked at another screen.

"Confirming a possible hypothesis. It may be an experiment that was sent to the fire pit but somehow survived. Lucky for her, at least to get out. If it was an experiment, it was very likely that it is very volatile and will rip her apart within moments. She would need an extreme force of will that only the school president has in order to use it at full power."

"Oh well, from near death to certain death. Oh well, at least she may get her revenge on the one who tried to kill her before she goes."

"Yes, at least if she comes now," I said as the airsoft club team captain and several of their lackeys quickly ran onto the empty arena, bringing their guns to aim at the white-clothed girl.

"What are they saying?" Ira Gamagōri asked, and I shrugged. "Nothing, simply. I don't have the technology to read their lips, and microphones are expensive, I'm afraid. Whatever they're saying is likely to be kept between them unless, of course, I find technology to relapse and run this later. Either way, it looks like they're about to square off."

"Looks like it," I replied. "Yes," as the three lackeys unloaded their guns into the white-cloved girl, their airsoft rounds being propelled by faster mechanisms, pummeling the girl relentlessly. Yet, as I watched, I saw she was standing there resolute, as if the rounds weren't hurting her. It seemed unlikely; that failed experiment barely covered enough skin, so it wasn't providing any armor, unless... unless something else was going on.

"Is that a failed experiment worn by the girl allowed her to charge through the bullets and smash into the team captain, smashing her through a wall," I explained. "I switched cameras to show the white-haired girl sitting on top of her, pummeling the captain's face quite thoroughly, blood spurting out everywhere until the girl stopped moving."

The said captain was twitching on the ground but probably going to live, as the white-clothed girl got up from the body, turning to look at the three lackeys. I flipped the camera to look at them to see them looking terrified, holding their guns like teddy bears.

"Something was said, something that was quite apparent, scared the girls even more, as one of them fell to her knees. Then, the white-dawn girl walked on, heading towards the exit as if she hadn't just beaten the captain to within an inch of her life and scared three one Stars stiff."

"Well, this is interesting," I said before saying, "I'm going to go talk to her. You alert Madam President of what has happened here. She needs to know that something strange has happened."

"I will do that," I said, pressing a few buttons to start bringing up an email.

"Stop being antisocial and use the phone," Ira Gamagōri said, opening the door as he walked out, appearing to grow in size as he left the room.

"Right," now on the deep side, I reached over for the phone and tapped in a few buttons, bringing up the video call.

"Yes," came the familiar voice of Miss Satsuki Kiryūin. I cleared my throat before saying, "Miss President, there has been an incident."

Satsuki Kiryūin's eyebrow rose in interest.

Writers note: normally i slet things like this stew for couple weeks in editing area of the discord… but apreatly it the 10 year anversyer of KLK so no time like present to let out. This exist couses supports voted for, because Yoshikague alpharius drew some art one time when us writers were shooting the shit about this concept, and because of full on madness, series i wrote like 100k last month, i have enough short stories in pipeline that i should be good for next month in half not to right anything new if i wanted to. But I will, courses writing easy for me editing though editing hard. Yoshikague alpharius has also said they may do new rendition of Kill La KIll tanya so i post that when happens.

Please comment, review, and generally enjoy yourselves…

Edited by: L
Community edited by:
Community editable doc (Chapter) No story suggestions in the community editing document, Keep all story suggestions and comments in the thread

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Supporters: Afforess, Gremlin Jack, Xodarap4, Duncan Sproule, James Moorhouse, Dankermaler, Hats88, DrkShdow, Devilstar101, Michael, Mana Rope, Falk Hüser, Silver Wolf, Mackenzie Buckle, Neso, Lmc9389, Staradder, KrasieK, Zollus, Jog256, Ethan Dowie, Maxim Blashkevych, The GrandMage, loyalChaos, Daryl, FreelancerD0, Zul The Lich, Retexks, John Norman, Ian R Major, Dale, Darth Vendar, BigKumaDM, Taylor Tilbury, Treant Balewood, Aske Helsted, Sam, Brandon Goodman, BarrettSlayer, Guillermo Echeverria, D3ad0s, Pulse Rager, Lago, CB-Otaku, Adam Daw, Michał Kotuła, Louis Kasser, Arkhad, H2os, Pontus, Zahael, Nathan Cardoso, Lightstorm, Endymion2314, harry Nevel, William, Legion_13, Beautiful Winter, Mrsmall0170, MysteryCPU, Seadrake, MinnieMin, Lictor Magnus, Michael Hill, King Henry V, Bill Romero Diaz, Matthew D, Adrian Black, Reagin Haley, Bishop Rikor, Jake Serna, Contrary, Santeri Oripelto, MeowATron9000, milky, Fischer Davis-Hagen, Aaron, Kenny Nguyen, Robolo42,

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Art by Yoshikague alpharius

