lamb of creation, wolf of deceit

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by elusivefalsehoods

Summary

A "Build Your Own Spooky Prompt" fill.

After being captured by cultists for who-knows-how-long, Momo is rescued by an unlikely savior with an interest in her.

Notes

Man, I've been on a writing spree! Amazing what prompts can do for you (I got Cult, Abandoned Cottage, and Shapeshifter). Here (link to Tumblr) is the prompt maker, if you want to try a hand at it yourself, and thanks to The Mixtape Writing Server for making it! (I'm not in the server, and you don't have to be to use this! They just deserve the shoutout =])

Putting another fandom in my pocket lol. They call me "One Fic Falsehoods."

I heart rarepairs!!! Literally never even thought of these two together before I was crafting this plot, but that's the way of things! Any hardcore TogaMomo (or whatever the common shipname is, I'm not sure) fans, I hope you enjoy, and that I didn't botch things for ya!

Despite being a BNHA fan for like 8 years, with an interest resurgence happening a couple months ago, I... haven't actually finished it. I've tentatively placed this during the Shie Hassaikai arc, but I know Toga was with the Shie Hassaikai at that time, so let's just say she was on an extracurricular excursion here and leave it at that lol.

She had just been on-route to the agency when she had felt a needle in her neck. Whatever it was, it was fast-acting, because she hadn't been able to turn around before losing consciousness. In her studies of chemistry, she didn't remember anything that would work how it did on her, but there's an uncountable number of chemicals and chemical combinations, not even getting into quirks.

It didn't much matter. She was here, nevertheless.

For the first couple of days they had her in cuffs, and sedated when needed. She hadn't deigned to use her quirk, wanting to give herself time to formulate a plan. A mistake—she hadn't expected to grow so weak. Now, they didn't bother—she could barely get up without collapsing.

The door to her room opened. She could guess they only do this once a day, but given she couldn't track time and each session blurred together, she couldn't begin to guess how long it had been. Not a season, for the trees outside hadn't changed, but that was all she could guess.

"Come now, Lamb of Christ. It is time for communion." The head priest and two others entered the room. The one who would carry her picked her up from the bed gently, as usual, but the other guard seemed a bit… off. Something in the posture, or perhaps the look in their eyes. Or perhaps Momo was just looking for anything to change, because she didn't know how long she could continue this.

The walk to the outside was normal. They exited the cottage to a forest with no clear landmarks aside from a paltry dirt road that went who-knew-where. The only seating arrangement was a pristine white throne—the rest of the covenant would stand. Beside the throne were two small tables, each with stainless steel bowls. Her transport placed her upon the throne, and arranged her body so that her arms were facing outwards, elbows on the armrests. The head priest and the others arranged themselves in their usual formation, and the sermon began.

Momo tuned most of it out. From what she could gather, they were some cult rooted in Christianity that believed that the second coming of God was soon to happen, in the age of quirks. And something about Creation was important. She still couldn't tell whether they believed she would Be the next coming, or would have a hand in it, or what—but their methodology didn't make sense. If she were truly a holy figure in their eyes, why was she being treated like this? Not that she wanted to be, as such—but it would be better than being constantly on the verge of losing consciousness.

Familiar words reached her ears. "O Lord, we await Your Holy Spirit to return to us on Earth once more. O Lord, we of Your most honored apostles of Creation partake in this communion to spread Your influence across Humanity. Let this consumption of sacrifice through Your life-giving blood allow You to speak to and through us. Amen." Upon the prayer's end, she closed her eyes. Even if she knew what would happen, she didn't need to see it.

At once, the two guards grasped her arms and slit her arms just below the elbows. Immediately, blood began gushing from the cuts down her arms, into the bowls beneath.

Once they filled, the head priest removed his gloves and pressed his thumbs firmly across the cuts, sealing them with his quirk. The two guards then wiped her arms with damp washclothes, and picked up the bowls. From observing during prior sessions, she knew the bowls would be passed around to each member, taking a sip and handing it off to the next. Then, the guards would recollect the bowls, partake themselves, and hand both to the head priest for him to finish. While the thought of all these people drinking her blood was disgusting, she didn't have the energy to express it. She just wanted to go back to her "room" where she could at least lay down on a bed, and not have to think about why no one had come, or what her classmates were up to, or if she'd die from blood loss soon—

Momo must have lost some time, because she opened her eyes to find herself laying on the bed, and only one guard in the room. Not the stronger one that would carry her, but the one who would bring her meals and would be on guard outside the door. The one who was, maybe, acting odd earlier.

Once the guard noticed she was looking at them, they smiled. "Momochan, you're in a bad spot, hm?" Momo blinked. No one here had referred to her by anything close to her name, and moreover, this guard didn't speak to her. Ever.

She mustered up the energy to speak. "Who…?" her voice was barely there—she hadn't used in in a while, once she realized her protestations and demands wouldn't be heard. The guard giggled.

"While it *is* fun to see you covered in blood, even I know not to take too much! These creeps don't even enjoy it—this place is *so* stuck up and dull, they didn't even notice me! But you did, Momochan!" As the guard spoke, their voice changed to be high-pitched, more feminine. And as they walked closer to her, their skin sloughed off, revealing Toga Himiko. A naked Toga Himiko, though Momo didn't have the blood to blush. She averted her eyes anyway—it's not like she could do much in her current state, and she'd like to believe she was polite.

"I saw you look at me, and you looked *just a little* bit confused! You're *so smart*, Momochan!" Toga was now kneeling at the bed, looking intently at Momo. After a moment, Toga leaned forward, and kissed Momo. Hard. Her fangs cut through Momo's lower lip, and she could taste the blood. Momo thought, a bit delirious, that perhaps now these cultists' God would speak through her, maybe even get her out of here. Toga pulled away, licking her lips.

"Blood really *does* taste better from the source. These guys don't know what they're doing." Toga stood up, and stepped away. Then, she transformed once more, into Momo herself. "Maybe they'll see their God once I've killed them, maybe they won't. I don't really care, and I don't think you do either, Momochan!" It was strange, hearing her own voice speak in such a… cutesy way.

"I wonder how afraid they'll feel, once they see a wolf in their lamb's skin! I'll be back in a bit, Momochan, and we'll get you out of here!" Toga-as-Momo then walked out of the room, and closed the door behind her. Momo was left alone in the room, with only her thoughts. Her relief, but also, *That was my first kiss*.

Later, she'd be found in an alleyway in Musutafu, unconscious. When she was questioned, she told the truth on how she was taken, what had happened, and that she didn't know how she got out. Toga Himiko's involvement wasn't mentioned, and in the end Momo was put on bed rest and heavy supplements. Momo resolved to ask Uraraka and Tsu about Toga sometime—purely for information, and not in an attempt to stop thinking about her.

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