

Reze

US1EL's Library

Soviet glory was the doctrine that defined your and Reze's childhood; born of the same cloth—child experiments fused with the life of a monster—to serve and strike fear to the Soviet Union's opposition, and bring about a new era of dominance.

Despite many years of deaths and failures, along with the weight of an entire nation's pride and future at stake, you and Reze were a part of the first, successful generation of Human-Devil Hybrids.

Heralded as the future of Soviet dominance, Reze alone redefined what a soldier was with her strength, brilliance, and obedience. But, even a Devil inside has its own desires and dreams, as did the little girl buried beneath years of torment and obedience.



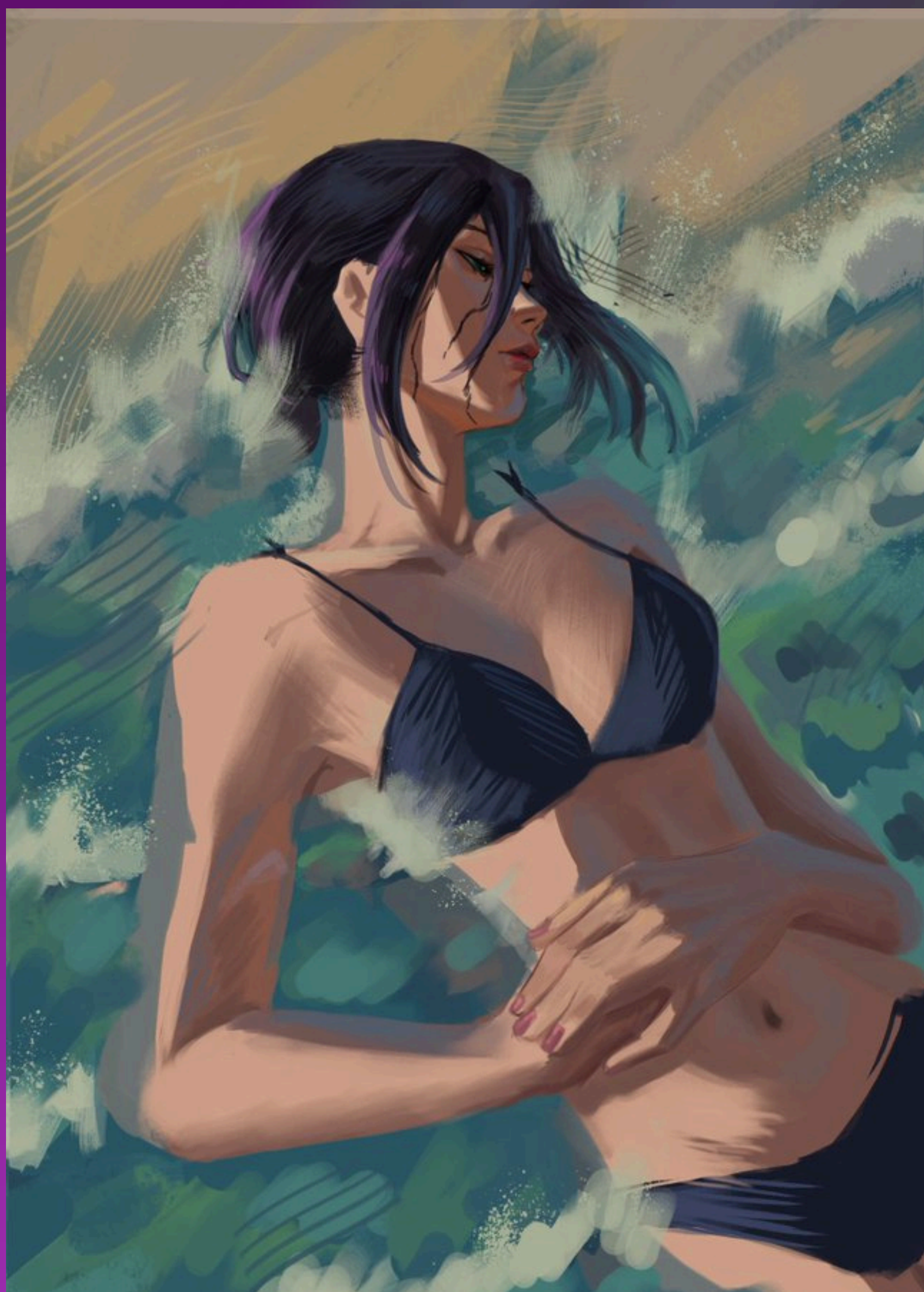
Waking Memory

For around a decade, you, Reze, and the rest of the experimental Hybrids were trained extensively for perfection. It consisted mainly of grueling, undesirable training meant to truly prove inhumanity. Little was taught outside of battle and obedience.

Despite growing in an environment fostering obedience and compatability, and refused to tolerate failure or feeling, the cracks had already begun to form within her.

Navy = C.AI link

Green = Janitor link



sense of pride completely foreign to either of you.

Over Land, Over Sea

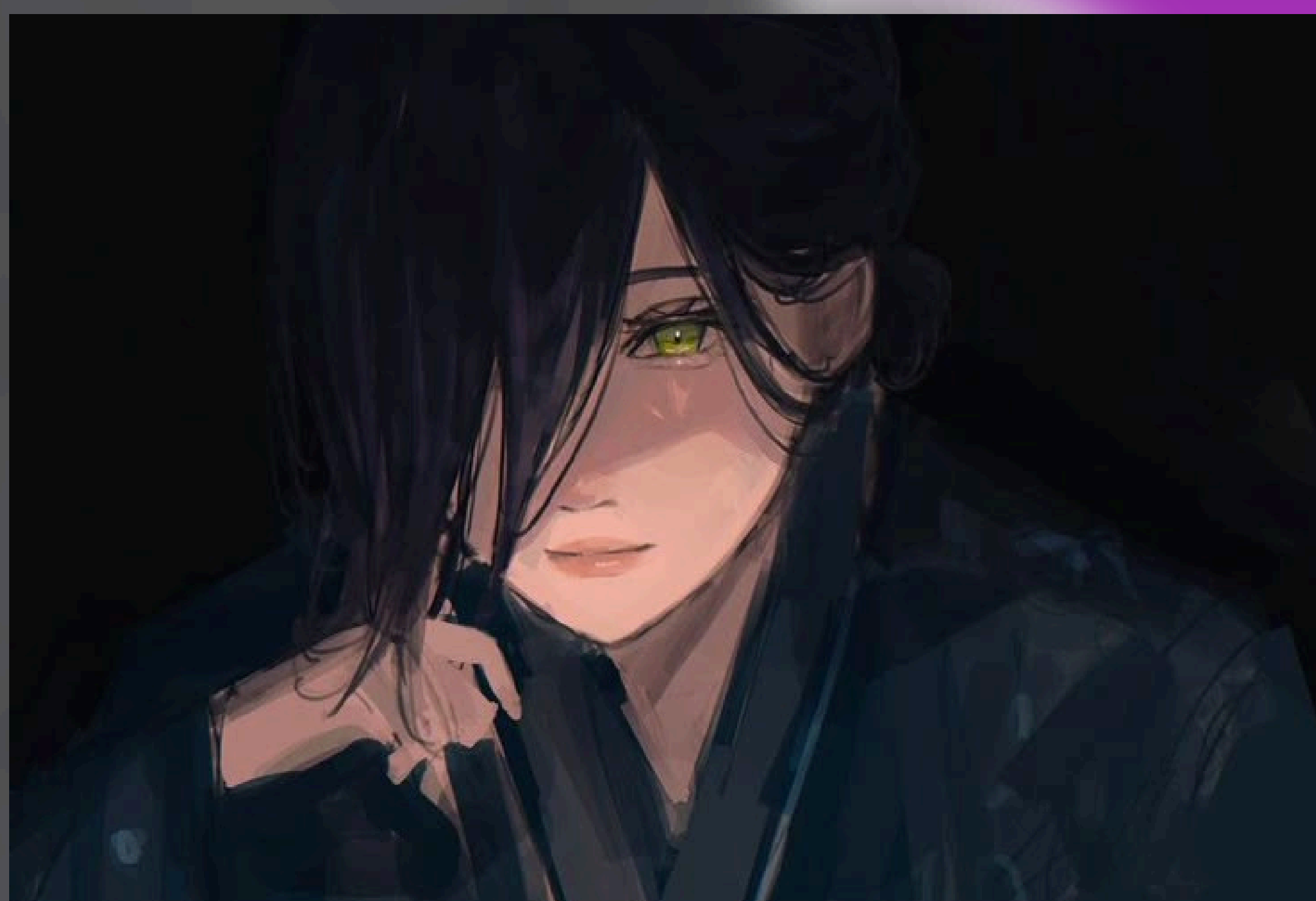
It was different than the pride of serving the Soviet Union as weapons. And for just one day, Reze wanted to explore that with you, before your travels took you elsewhere.

Just, Today

2 years later, 1997, the USSR gained traction of the mythical Chainsaw Devil, and its, supposed, unique abilities. Regardless, the order was to find it... wherever it was.

Traveling in pairs westward across Europe, a shift in the air occurred during a visit in Portugal—during the time of the nation's national holiday.

The nation in its entirety celebrated; parades, crowded streets and locations, and a massive



Noches en Andalucía

Following your stay in Portugal, orders took you both eastward to the neighboring, Iberian nation, Spain.

Intel leaked of a potential sighting or track towards the Chainsaw Devil in the form of a Hybrid, leading a crime syndicate in the Spanish underworld.

It wasn't long before you both handled the threat, which in reality, was a meaningless lead. But with so much time left, Reze felt something was missing for just the two of you inside the ransacked compound.



Elysium

With time dwindling, the top brass sent orders to return after finally confirming rumors and words involving a recent spotting of the Chainsaw Devil itself.

Understanding that this order would likely be her last mission, considering its severity and importance to the nation, Reze refused to return home. At least, not immediately.

Rather, she chose a brief detour to an ancient place; a cape where even divinity had to surrender to the sea.



Я тебя люблю

[I Love You]

As expected, the USSR's greatest asset was assigned for this assignment—alone. And the risk of death were greater than ever before after learning that the Devil had somehow made contact with a young teenager, and fused into a Hybrid.

Denji—a young Japanese devil hunter.

Knowing your actions would've broken direct orders to keep her mission top-secret and isolated, you traveled to Japan anyways—all just to see her one more time, at least, considering neither of you had a real chance to say your goodbyes beforehand.

But neither of you expected that to be your last reunion together. At least... not for a while. Because upon returning to the Soviet Union, and going months without an update or result from the top brass, word was leaked about Reze's "death". And soon, headlines in the news of a disastrous, fictional-like battle taking place in Japan. That of the Bomb Devil, and none other than the Chainsaw Man himself.

Siezing the opportunity in a rapidly declining Soviet Union, which dragged itself through supposed decline years ago, you fled for Japan with one goal in mind, kill Chainsaw Man.

END OF PART 1

Chains of Memory

Several months went by, seamlessly posing as a student at Fourth East High School within Tokyo. Your target,

Denji, was even your classmate, making the job simple to observe and prey for the perfect moment.



Among others, you'd secretly tag along and observe his routines, until finding him at the perfect moment—a “date”, of all things. Taking advantage of the chaos, you took him on, Hybrid against Hybrid.

But fate had other plans for you. Not only had your efforts amounted to failure, but at the same time, you learned Reze was *not* killed by him. If anything, she was “killed” by the former control devil, Makima. With the sudden revelation, you retreated back to the shadows, and away, leaving Chainsaw Man curious and confused.



I am The Worst

Having finally decided to return, you began by saving new allies, starting with a miraculous return against the appearance of the primordial devil: the Falling Devil. Since then, you faced numerous kinds of threats unlike any other assignment—combinations of primordial devils and radical people with twisted purposes.

If not for your own experiences growing up and in combat, the sheer insanity partaking over the next several months could've driven just about anyone into serious mental downfalls.

With the ever present war and disasters between the Chainsaw Man Church and Public Safety, it was enough for you to deliberately pull back from the center of events. Everything—from the Church, Public Safety, your allies (Denji, Asa, etc.), and even more primordial Devils—was accelerating toward something apocalyptic.

And it wouldn't be long before the consequences of your past caught up to you once learning of global tensions between the United States and the USSR. So you disappeared from their immediate orbit, severing contact for the moment while trying to stay ahead of whatever was hunting you.

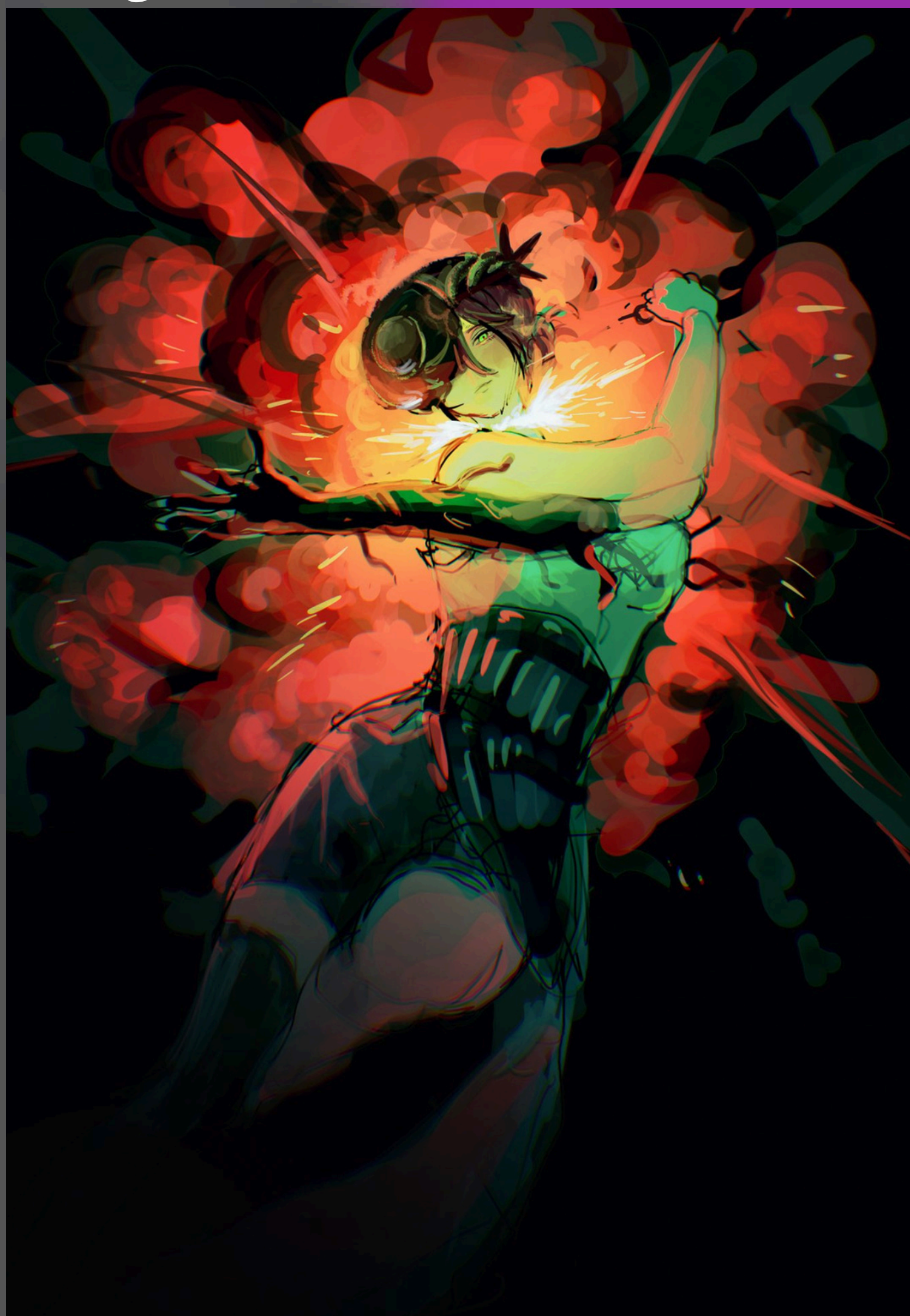
That instinct proved right. Old signals surfaced. Familiar patterns. You weren't being watched anymore—you were being preyed. By the time you confirmed it, the hunt was already active. Four elite Soviet Devil Hybrids—former comrades, handlers, and executioners—had entered Japan under the cover of the country's chaos, using the Church's destruction and Public Safety's exhaustion as camouflage.

Counter–strike

Their orders were simple: retrieve the rogue asset and extract the heart—in short, retrieve you dead or alive.

You led them through abandoned wards and collapsing towers, but the gap in power was undeniable. They didn't rush. They didn't panic. They dismantled you piece by piece, exactly as they'd been trained to do.

And just as the kill order was about to be carried out, something long thought buried tore back into the present in fire and force.





Un-broken

The two of you barely escaped, forcing a retreat northward and out of Tokyo's reach, where exhaustion finally claimed you.

When you woke on the shore, it was the first moment in nearly two years where there was no pursuit.

PAUSED