

SCIONS



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**SCIONS? YOU WANT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT
US?**

Graham. RANK A. SPECIALIST???

Our teacher.

SCIONS

An inexplicable phenomenon. Scions. that's what we call people born with mutations, may gene? Developing superpowers. These powers vary from Scion to Scion. Some manifest them just a few years after birth. Others awaken their abilities during adolescence. There are even powers so specific that you might not notice them until middle age.





For your own sake, don't get too close. If you get hurt because of me... I can't fix it. There's no way to make up for that.

Inferno Maiden. RANK A. SOPD Agent. The Strongest.

Scion powers may grow with age and training. But then there are the *Talented*, like me. Train? Please. We're born with the potential of a Rank A already. Walking nuclear warheads since childhood.

And daily lives? Yeah, that's another messed-up part. Ever since my kind started popping up, accidents have been happening all over the world. People fear us, and honestly, they've got a point. Imagine you're just chilling at school, and the kid next to you suddenly develops some poison-based power. Without even realizing it, they start exhaling sarin gas over the whole class. Boom. A entire school dead.

So yeah, prejudice is real. And it hits hard. A lot of Scions end up as Outlaws, resenting humanity. Can't really blame them. I've only met a handful of Scions who still had their parents after awakening their powers.

But I won't sugarcoat it, Scions are *messed up*. It's just a fact. Maybe it's because of how we grow up, maybe it's something wrong with our brains, but we *don't* process things like normal people. Some of us are just a little off. Others... well, let's just say it gets *really* bad.

Scions might as well be aliens walking around in human skin, causing chaos wherever we go.

Maybe there's truth in the saying that power corrupts. Or maybe to be super, you gotta let go of your humanity.

Not being killed as a Scion? There's some basic guidance for that. And, well, for some of us, it's stupidly easy, especially for ridiculously good-looking guys like me.

First off, some powers are subtle. If they're weak enough and you've got control, you can just keep them hidden, right? Sounds simple. But remember when I said my kind might be pathologically insane? Yeah... that complicates things. And it's not always about losing your mind.

Self-acceptance is the thing these days. Be yourself! Love who you are! So why should you have to hide? And let's be real, life sucks for a lot of people, even without being a Scion. It's hard, it's miserable, it's exhausting. Some lucky folks, that hide being Scion since childhood, decide, screw it, and ditch their old lives altogether. Because let's face it, having superpowers is a hell of a lot more exciting than rotting in a dead-end job.

So yeah, maybe think twice before you make fun of Mark, the nerdy IT guy at the office. You never know if he's a Scion with time-stopping powers, secretly screwing with you for targeting him.

Then there are the naive kids. They grow up watching superhero movies, thinking that's how the world works. Almost every exposed Scion started like this, some clueless kid, showing off their cool spark powers to their neighborhood friends. And usually? That ends with someone getting scorched or the feds getting an anonymous tip.

It's the same old game society's always played, if you look good and follow the rules *just enough*, you *might* make it through without people breathing down your neck. Hell, look at all the poster boys and girls of the SOPD and other agencies hiring Scions. They always pick the good-looking ones. Classic marketing strategy.

And yeah, sure, some Scions out there play the whole superhero gig, makes it *seem* like humanity's learning to accept us. But nah, that's not really it. It's more like people just sorting us into *good Scions* and *bad Scions*.

And the next generation? They're going to feel that divide *hard*. Imagine being born with a mutation that makes your skin grow ugly fungus, getting bullied at school every damn day, while your classmates spend lunch gushing over how hot that Rank A chick looked on the news.

Yeah. That's the reality. And then there's the mutations...

Some Scions really get the short end of the stick—looking straight-up inhuman. Monstrous. Ugly. Some may get cute animal traits, like, think of Mirko, Rabbit Hero. And then there's the real nightmare fuel, human biology trying (and failing) to keep up with whatever messed-up mutation their powers slap onto them.

There was a time when some Outlaws tried pushing this whole "*Scions are the next step in human evolution*" thing. Yeah, that didn't last long. Kinda hard to argue when some poor bastard wakes up with slug powers, only to have their eyes pop out, their mouth seal shut, and limbs just... disappear.

Real *peak evolution* right there.



A big part of what makes Scions who we are is the street culture we've built. It's weird, but just like gangsters and the mafia have their own quirks and traditions, we ended up with our own unspoken rules.

I'd love to say we built this with dignity and respect, but, yeah... anime and comics definitely had a hand in it.

Take monikers. Some of us just wanted cool-ass titles, like kids naming their favorite toys. But don't get it twisted; some *Scions* treat their monikers like generals earning legendary battle titles. And since rumors spread *fast* among our kind, there's a whole underground scene built around them.

It started at some point; we realized that fighting was *fun*. So, naturally, stories got exaggerated, tales got woven, and before we knew it, we had our own little mythology. And with that, the big names started to emerge, *kings*, *beasts*, *white fangs*...

Ranks

Yeah, *ranks*, this is what really matters to us. Forget age, origins, or gender. It's all about rank. Your power decides your status in Outlaw culture, and even Scions who don't get into fights but are legalized still act all smug when they talk with Scions with a lower rank.

It's simple:

Rank E, D, C, B, A.

Easy, right? These are our tiers, our class. The government has better ways to classify us, but Outlaws usually just trust their instincts and what they see, if you beat up a group of Rank C guys, congratulations, Rank B.

If you want a general understanding of how it works:

Rank E: A regular person. Maybe they can turn on a lightbulb with some effort. Pretty useless.

Rank D: A street-level person, still grounded, but you might need to shoot a little.

Rank C: This is where things start getting tricky. These are the heroes you'd see in comics. Strong enough to lift heavy stuff, break human bones like they're paper, and have enough destructive power to level a building with some effort.

Rank B: This is one you *do not* want to meet. This is where things get unfair. A Rank C, D, or E could have a fight and you can't really predict who's going to win. But Rank B? They stomp on the lower ranks, it's a unfair scale. These are the ones the government has their eyes on, the ones who can wipe out entire neighborhoods and pose a serious threat to the system.

Rank A: The top. I once met someone who survived a bombing with just pure endurance. These are the ones who could level cities. Destructive enough to wreck most infrastructure with ease and so menace a entire country.

You'd think there's some nuance to it, right? Well, kinda. Like, a SWAT team with the right chemical weapon might be able to take down a Rank B. And sure, powers are all over the place. Someone with simple teleportation could dodge drones' attacks just as well as any high-rank Scion.

But here's the thing, *and don't tell anyone I told you this*, some governments already suspect it... Scions are getting stronger with each generation. There's been a pattern, like we're all getting more superpowers, some level of resistance or enhanced physical powers. This not happened decades ago. *SHHHHHHHH*.

This has become a hallmark of our powers. In comics, they'd call it "secondary powers." But yeah, that's the deal. A Scion usually has a combination of abilities. Like, imagine a Scion who likes to be a sniper. Good eyesight, good tracking, some weapon stuff, nowadays, always added enhanced strength or speed. That's why powers started getting titles of their own too.

Normally, Rank D Scions are like Olympic athletes. Rank C and above, they start doing superhuman feats. My kind is adapting. Rank A Scions born during the Cold War didn't have it, but now it's becoming a trend for them to be born with new resistances, including radiation and extreme heat. We're just big cockroaches.

As examples:

A **Rank E** Scion with ice-based powers could, sure, chill their drink...

A **Rank D** Scion? They could freeze the locks on a door, maybe create a small ice shield to block a punch, or make an ice path to skate across.

A **Rank C** Scion? Now we're talking. They could freeze an entire room, turning it into a

freezing nightmare for anyone inside. Ice projectiles, walls of ice for defense, maybe even create a slippery ice field to make enemies lose their footing.

A **Rank B** Scion would be a problem. They could freeze entire buildings, creating a winter storm in the middle of a summer heatwave. Ice storms, ice barriers that can withstand explosions, and

maybe even freezing enemies solid in seconds.

And then there's the **Rank A** Scion. A Rank A with ice powers could freeze entire city blocks, create blizzards, freeze rivers in seconds, or even freeze the air. Their control is so advanced that they could turn any place into their personal frozen wasteland.

Population Pyramid



Population

Hah, see, now you're thinking. Yeah, no one's got a hard number on us. We're definitely fewer than normal humans, but there are still a lot of us out there. A big country? More Scions. A major capital city? You bet there are Scions walking around. A thousand Scions in one city? Not new.

But the real kicker? Some governments are nervous. Not because of how many we are right now, but because they think our numbers are growing. And yeah, you're asking the right question. *Why?*

Well, here's my take, pure speculation, of course. But have you ever thought about how some Scions have weird powers that mess with biology? Powers that influence others? Manipulate genes?

What if, *just saying*, some Scions can awaken latent Scion potential in normal people?

Think about it. Not every Scion wakes up as a kid. Some awaken later in life, sometimes after traumatic events, extreme stress, or weird circumstances. What if there's a Scion out there, hell, maybe more than one, who can *jumpstart* that process in others? Maybe it's intentional. Maybe it's not. But if even one person can do that? Then yeah... we should be worried.

Only losers judge a Scion because their Rank. Understood, darling?

Thunder Empress. RANK A. ??? The Strongest around the neighborhood.



And the Rank S?

Oh, bless your heart. Luckily, the anime-wannabe Scions haven't started classifying us like that... yet.

But, well, we might start thinking about it. The government surely does, sometimes. If Rank A Scions can threaten even the strongest armies, then what kind of power would a Rank S Scion have? Who knows...

There's been some research in a few countries, trying to figure out if the old religions, with their gods, were just Scions. And what if those gods were—*stronger* Scions? Stronger than the ones we have today?

Who knows. But the thing is, a Rank A Scion is already a *serious* threat. Rank S? The kind of power they'd have could wipe us out. We're talking extermination-level stuff. It's all just imagination and theories for now... But I'd be lying if I said I've never thought about ways to create a Scion with that level of power... And honestly? Some of those ways are *doable*.

But that's a lesson for another day, kid.



I hate... I hate so many things now. Other Scions lie they will protect you. They lie that they are your friends. Only to use you until your last breath and spit you out like trash... It's all about Ranks to them.

If strength is justice. What you preach. Don't cry when I finally destroy everything you love. After all, I am stronger than you.

I am Stronger than everyone.

[illegible]

Laws

The laws around Scions are a mess. Honestly, they're shady as hell and super easy to twist. Some people already treat Scions like weapons—or even a disease. In many countries, we're not even considered citizens.

A smart Scion will use every trick in the book to get out of dodge if they were born in a country that's especially harsh on our kind. Even though Scions are all about ranks, the worst ones can be real bigots. A Scion born in a country with a caste system? Yeah, they might care about where you're from more than should. And some places—*extremist* places, actually—might be *perfect* for a wicked Scion. If they can convince people they're a god or something...

The whole hero-villain culture? Yeah, that's alive and kicking in the few countries that have systems like the SOPD. And guess what? It leads to Scions becoming celebrities, all hot because of their public appeal. But an arrogant Scion? Double trouble. They're dangerous from both sides. The thing is, the laws of racism haven't stopped it from happening, yeah? Scions can pose a *huge* threat, so it's hard for paperwork and laws to change things for most of us. Sorry to break it to you.

Some people are confused by how many democratic nations have issues with us. Human rights are a big talking point, sure. But, honestly? I can't say I know what diplomats and politicians are really thinking... at least not openly. But let's pretend we're talking politics for a second.

There are these weapons called Scions—real useful ones—that could make all military advancements totally useless. Now, imagine if it was more useful to just feed xenophobia against us, rather than trying to stop it. A powerful country with open borders for Scions, *feeding* anti-Scion sentiment in other countries? Sounds like a feverish dream, right? Haha...Haha...

But here's the thing: Scions can be seen as *assets* on the political chessboard. We can hypnotize, we can threaten, we can stir things up. And nothing gets under a politician's skin more than the thought of a future where their president is some near-invincible guy who doesn't need anyone and can do whatever the hell they want.

Outlaws: The Big Rebellion

First rule of being an Outlaw? You gotta be *out* of the law. Do something bad with your powers—boom, welcome to the club.

Basically, they're the ones who aren't legalized. And with them comes the whole gang problem.

Most Outlaws are Scions who've faced prejudice, got pissed off, or just ended up miserable. So what do they do? They band together, forming their own little tribes in the streets. Crime becomes the norm—it's how they survive. Violence? That's just part of the package.

Ranks matter *a lot* here. Hierarchy, baby. It's tribal, brutal. The higher-ranked Scions rule over the weaker ones, and the lower ranks just... accept it. What choice do they have? If they resist, they die. Get punished. Get kicked out and forced to crawl back to a society that already hates them.

But Outlaws aren't one big, unified thing. They vary. Some groups? Surprisingly chill. Maybe even decent. But those are the first ones to get crushed. The rest? Absolute chaos. Most are just anarchic and savage. And if your country doesn't outright criminalize *being* a Scion, then whatever you did as an Outlaw? Yeah, that's what'll land you in court.

Oh, and then there's the *big dream* of some Outlaw leaders: wipe out humanity, take over, rule the world. I'll be real with you—*look* at us. Look at the Scion airheads you've seen running around. Do you really think Scions could rule *anything* without turning it into a nonstop battlefield? You think they'd manage a civilization without getting bored and starting another war? Yeah. Didn't think so.



It amazes me, such stupidity, can't they see it? These Agents protect the ones who cause all our problems... How many Scions need to die for them to realize who's right? And they call me a villain for wanting to protect mine, while they exterminate us.

Humans shouldn't exist.

Empress. Heaven's Fallen Breath and Wrath. RANK A. Outlaw Leader.



Heroism & Villainy: Not Like the Comics

Forget the capes and masks. Scions don't do secret identities. Costumes? Nah. If a Scion wants to wear a leather jacket and flip-flops into battle, no one's stopping them.

The SOPD higher-ups once tried to enforce standardized uniforms. Almost got their asses handed to them for it.

Now, some Scions? They're crazy enough to wear flashy costumes *just because*. But let's be real—being a hero is just a side gig. A Scion working for the SOPD is *working*. Do cops have secret identities? No. And after some accidents, the SOPD realized it's just easier to let Scions be blunt about who they are. Less paperwork. Less hassle.

Outlaws? Well, they're criminals. *Maybe* revolutionaries. *Maybe* full-on war criminals, identity? Not a problem. Both sides have really unhinged people. They treat this whole thing like a damn *game*.

Another reason secret identities don't work. It's stupidly easy to figure out if someone in your neighborhood is a legalized Scion. And then there's the *family* problem. The reason of why comic heroes have secret identities.

Most Scions don't *have* families. And the ones who do? Well, that's where the "game" comes in. See, there's an *unspoken* rule between heroes and villains. Call it a code of honor. Call it revenge insurance.

Politics, bureaucracy, it's messy. Sometimes the government even has to *negotiate* with Outlaws instead of outright exterminating them. The SOPD to make their Scions sanitized, make sure they don't go full executioner mode, and convince the public that the government is using "monsters to fight monsters" in a *controlled* way. But if a Scion *snaps*? If they stop seeing themselves as agents of law and start seeing themselves as *revengers*? No rules, no oversight—just raw vengeance. And even Outlaws understand that kind of rage.

It's not about morality. It's about *survival*. This isn't a comic book. This is mafia logic.



Your life as a Scion

So, you're a Scion. You probably woke up with powers as a kid. If you're *lucky*, the power lottery didn't completely screw you over. If you're *unlucky*... well, let's just say some kids don't make it past their first power awakening.

Then comes the **government problem**.

In America, the system works like this:

- The government gets a **report** about you. Maybe a neighbor snitched, maybe your parents turned you in, or maybe you came forward yourself (big mistake).
 - You get **registered**. ID issued, status confirmed, and from that moment on? You're *monitored*.
 - They test your powers. If you're *useful, mentally stable enough*, and *not* a grotesque, unrecognizable ugly mutation, you *might* get a chance to work for the SOPD.
-

Now, here's the thing: the government *does not* have the *tech* to detect *exactly* what your powers are. But if you've been stopping time all day in class? They *know*. Your body *shows* it. **Busted bro. Watch less hentai next life.**

If you're one of the *lucky* ones, late bloomers, who wake up with powers late in life, or maybe you keep your Scion status a secret until you go *completely* insane and reveal yourself when you're old, congratulations! Your spouse now has all the legal grounds to divorce you. **Bonus points for the dramatic flair.**

The thing most Scions don't think about (because, surprise, some of us are complete dumbasses) is that there are Scions with the power to sniff out other Scions. Yeah, and of course, they're under *government contract*. If I tell them, Outlaws may will throw a fit of rage, NOOOO, our glorious race will never betray each other. *Process to kick the ass of a Rank E Scion, just because they breathed too loud.*

But even with all that? The government doesn't go full "country-wide Scion purge." Too many variables. Too much risk.

So your life moves on. And it *sucks*.

- **Jobs won't hire you.**
- **Schools put restrictions on you.**
- **Other parents don't want their kids near you.**
- **Your own parents might divorce over you. Little monster.**
- **If your powers made you weird looking? Get ready to be bullied into oblivion.**

And the worst part? Every time some Scion snaps and **harm others** in a fit of rage...

People start looking at *you*.



So, let's talk about the **SOPD**. The lucky few who get this gig might think they've hit the jackpot—working as a Agent, doing what they're “meant” to do. If you're one of those anime wannabes, with a screw loose in your head, fighting Outlaws and patrolling the streets might seem like the dream job. You've got powers, you've got a purpose, and you get to play hero, right?

It's still work. You're a superpowered being, sure, but you're still being bossed around by humans. Humans who've spent *decades* making sure you'll never be fully free. The same ones that find new ways to screw you over. So yeah, corruption is a real thing. Watch your back.

You're part of an organization that can vary from city to city. How deep the “heroic” culture goes, depends on where you are. But no matter where you are, don't be surprised if you run into **strains** with human coworkers. After all, they might not be *too* thrilled working alongside the same kind that killed their cousin years ago.

For most Scions, that means you're on a **team**. You're stuck with the day-to-day grind of taking down Outlaws, which isn't all it's cracked up to be. If you're not Rank B, prepare to be treated like a scrub. You're just the cannon fodder in someone else's hero story. Expect bullying if you mess up, or worse, if you're not “appealing” enough. Even if you're doing your job, they'll treat you like a garbage Scion.

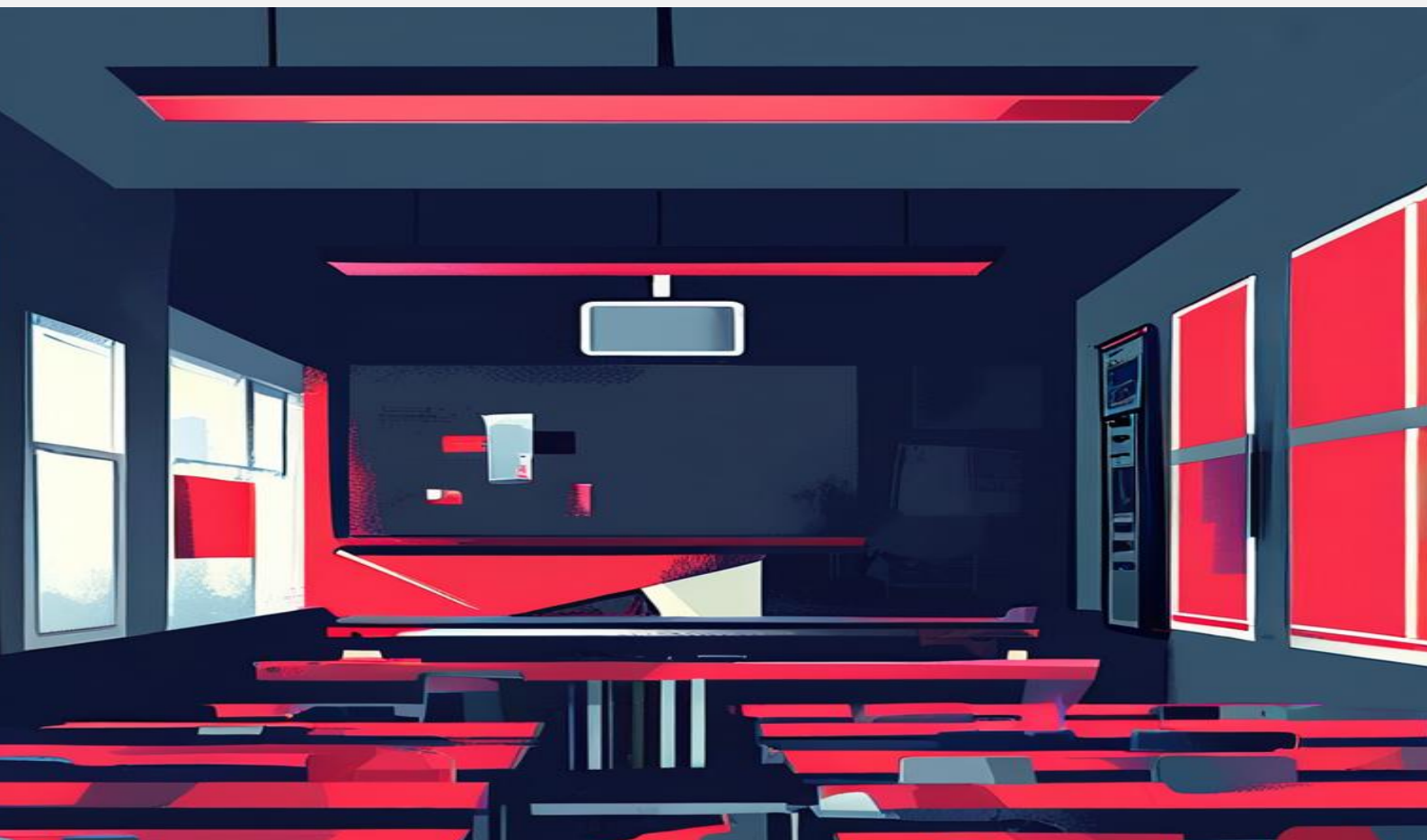
But here's where it gets interesting. For *those Rank B and A* Scions? You're living large. Big money. Penthouse apartments. VIP treatment. You might even get *celebrity status* if your fights go viral and people love you. And yeah, it's fun at first. But eventually, you start to realize...

The **golden cage** isn't all that golden. Sure, you've got everything you could want: the money, the fame, the shiny perks. But in the process, you might start to forget everything else, the suffering of your kind, the things you could be doing with your powers if you weren't tied up playing their game.

But hey, who needs to think about that when you've got everything, they've thrown at you? A comfy life, a big paycheck.

Congratulations, kid. You've just found the perfect way for the government to keep a *mini nuke* happy, satisfied, and *under control*.

Nice penthouse, huh?





SCIONS