

Triumph over Fire - Dante to Ritsuka (MTF TG)

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Contains unhealthy amounts of Gacha salt, lack of reading comprehension, obscene body proportions, and TG

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The smell of smoke and burnt flesh had somehow imprinted onto Dante's mind despite their lack of a nose. It was the same with the repeats of gunshots and the sound of screaming as someone's limb was once again sent flying. You'd never typically hear that amount of gunfire in the area for this long. A few seconds of firing rifles can net you a debt with how expensive bullets are. But the Thumb had proven to everyone today that sacrificing more money to have enough bullets to blast someone into a bloody mist was more important than that.

It was the reason why Sinclair's head was currently rolling nearby by a halberd.

Actually, it was a miracle that it was still intact. With how many times Dante had repeated this battle it was the slightest progress they ever made. This obstacle on their journey was perhaps one that can finally stop him from ever continuing and the insanity it inflicted on him is ever-increasing.

"Haha! That one hit a little bit harder!"

Their current opponent, a Capo of the Thumb, Lei Heng stood there drenched in blood. Also known as the Tiantui Star seat holder of the Pinky. Even one of those titles was usually enough to assure that the blood that showered him is from most of the Sinners that he was accompanied with. Sinners are powerful individuals who can revive again and again after death and have the capacity to take down a variety of monstrous beings. From giant electric wolves, mermaid spawns from Whales that look more like eldritch creatures, to even the most battle hardy of all Fixers and Syndicate warriors.

But none of them really stood a chance the first time they fought someone who used guns.

BANG!!

Oh there goes Gregor's head this time.

That level of danger can be attributed to Lei's powerful weaponry and vast experience. Even with the ability to drain their strength so that he was equal with the Sinners wasn't enough. That equipment for sure bolstered their capabilities and showed how important good gear can be. Lei

simply laughed boisterously as he once again turned Don into a pancake. A very bloody burnt pancake. The only ones keeping up right now are a select few as Lei began to take them more and more seriously.

The Heishou Pack IDs performed defensive maneuvers constantly but in turn they weren't able to really wound their opponent. But after five battles, that was the best choice. Those that didn't even take a stance to defend were easily wiped out. Yet even that would be far from enough as Rodya was staggered, before stumbling forward. A more fiery death in comparison to her compatriots. They all equally burnt but only she was the one that really died to that. This was also ten seconds longer than last time.

Another bout of progress maybe...

Another retry coming in...

And another arrogant taunt from Lei as he kicked aside Rodya's corpse.

"But you look like you're running out of your own bunnies eh?"

Not just bunnies. Dante was nearly out of sinners and ego resources once more.

Only Faust, Outis, and Ryoshu were around. The latter was a bit uncooperative but she was holding strong despite her wounds. Her increased aggression no doubt came from a strong history with Lei. It was likely how she could push herself in such a determined way.

Outis on the other hand was at death's door, body covered in burns and outfit scalding. Even if she, like the others, were to defend well against the bastard they would take a full hit alone. An unstoppable attack that they could only lessen its blow.

It was very likely those two would be struck down before Faust, who continued to restore their health and sanity with the EGO Fluid Sacc as the battle dragged on. It was as useful as Meursault's chains in keeping them going. But at the same time, their resources had dwindled to the point she can likely heal for only one more time. That's not even including the fact that the two dying would further lessen the chances of that.

<This is a bit too much isn't it?>

"Dante, Faust believes that your approach was better but not the best outcome," Softspoken yet audible, Faust still pierced through what was asked. "... With a slight frustration. I regret to inform you that the others are poking fun at us for electing the most obvious attacks. By picking the options that seemingly raise your rate of winning."

<I'm defending against his massive area of effect attack right!?!>

"You are but he is too bolstered! I believe we should try to slow him down or make him run out of ammunition!" Outis added, likely too exhausted to suck up. "Apologies Manager, but sometimes it feels like you're ignoring our advice!!"

<I'm very well aware of what the others are trying to do!>

"N.T.T.D.D." Whatever Ryoshu said is hard to describe without Sinclair. Nor was there time to ask.

Actually.

Dante was beginning to wonder if they really cared?

The frustration and fury had boiled over from their Sinners to him. How many times had they thought they had a fighting chance only to be swept under the rug like this? To be tossed aside like nothing more than pebbles on the road. All throughout their journey so many fights have dragged him to such a scale. Aggravating? No. Insanity inducing. To make it worse, Lei Heng had allowed him to revive the others repeatedly, laughing at their ineptitude. With every bit of knowledge you should gain a boost to how to strike down an enemy. Yet he slaughtered them all the same with that accursed six-striking move with that stupid gunblade. What about ammunition? Is there not a limit for how unfair this is?

<How much... is this... planted here...>

Deep within him something welled. An all too familiar sensation that brought him down to a breakdown when they never expected it. They knew it was the same sensation when they dealt with the Blade Lineage and Kurokumo Clan. Trying to quell it was the priority in order to focus. But it was no different from attempting to cease this anger that had boiled up for so long. They couldn't hear the voices of their allies anymore as they clutched their head. Unfamiliar memories that swept through any thought procured regarding the moment. Was this what it felt like to distort? An uncontrollable feeling that you can't stop no matter what?

<Blooming... Just as when the skies burn... when the potential to bloom is engraved into the hearts>

Dante's hands were burning. The flames that released from the machination that they called their head never hurt before. Today a new level was reached. It was as if they truly felt what's there and now began to shift throughout their body. A hand clutched a shoulder before trying to rip and tear the fabric off. Each attempt failed and only spread the scorching sensation as their body began to shift and twitch. Despite that they were steady. It was a contrasting reaction. Their body hurt so much as they scratched and tore at him yet they could only gaze forward, burning into their eyes the sight of the battle. There was no chance to toss himself to the side as their body refused to budge. The sight of how their remaining guardians began to falter against the opposition all as they spoke softly and calmly.

<The light of that day descends upon the hearts of every human. The seeds buried deep began to bloom. Mankind cried out for its heroes>

“Hm? Is your buddy alright?”

“V.B.T.F.T.A...”

“Ah! Manager-”

They were so muffled but they sounded so close despite being so far. It can't be helped. It must be the sound of the bits on their head burning. Odd. They knew something fleshlike was melting. Yet it didn't sting. The sensation closest to it was perhaps the same as taking off a glove that was wrapped too tight for the longest time. A sort of freedom one can attain by melting the very bindings that surround oneself as a cage.

“Huh?! Honorary Manager!! The flames are spreading! It's burning everything around!”

“Hoh... that actually burns more than my bullets... Is this a last ditch effort? Not bad!”

“Tsk! N.T.F.Y!”

“I don't know what you mena- Faust help him out!”

“If Faust is to retreat, the formation will fall and our demise is guaranteed.”

“Damnit!!”

Dante's gloves were melting. An expected result when combining that gear with such scorching flames. The black had charred so much that it was becoming white, giving way as the material was broken apart even more. Rugged hands were beginning to soften from the change of form. A boulder can be eroded by the natural existence of wind and water with time. These flames were a bit more hasty, leaving behind hands far too small to match what Dante once had in seconds. It wasn't their attire that just received the destructive embers' wrath but their hands, and now limbs are being shaved away. Their red jacket was melting into their body, further wrapping around as it continued to bind.

Then their heart ached.

Funny. They could feel the tie tighten before it began to give way to the flames. All that heat converged yet the dress shirt they had over him was the one that refused to break. For a brief moment they wondered if it was enhanced with some sort of gear resilient to their flames. They stopped wondering when they struggled to breathe. Falling to their knees they now clutched at their chest as their heart raced faster and faster. The faster it got the more intense the flames. Enough to actually ignite everything within a five feet distance. Yet they continued to stare.

“Dante?”

Faust's eyes for once showed genuine surprise.

Lei himself lost that confident smirk.

It was kinda satisfying to see that. Almost enough to quell the immense agony of the pain and worsening state. Yet feelings were being thrown away. Dante could not muster much thought to their mind as they only watched Ryoshu stabbing Lei's arm. Though she had lost an arm and a leg in doing so. Despite them peppering him with their small wounds he had never once lost that smirk till earlier so seeing him look serious was funny. The mix of emotions continued as more of Dante's body began to melt, the flames encasing him completely now. Was the sight of their state alarming Lei? Because he had stepped forth and-

"O.S.H.A.R.E.-"

-cursed as he felt Ryoshu's weapon ignite.

Its temperature is like a candle to an oven but it was just as inconvenient. The sudden attack pushed him away further and allowed Ryoshu to somewhat land safely. That's a moment stalled to allow this transformation.

Despite feeling as if their body was being scorched and torn apart Dante could see it all so clearly. Yet for every moment their Sinners lived, they couldn't even feel a sense of joy. Only that evercontinuing and encompassing feeling of frustration and wrath. As if fate itself rejected the desire they wanted. A chance to even win. Their mouth snarled open, voice so soft yet almost audible. It was still accompanied by the ticking clocks but they himself could hear it through the cackling embers.

"<If one's virtues are devoured by their sins then they are reborn. The form they take becomes the warped distortion of truth. Their image reflects the memories of injustice and falsehoods. The lies dreamt by those who are nothing>"

Dante's hand burnt the most out of it all now completely white.

Their vision was obstructed by red mixed from flames and their own blood.

It pooled and hardened before melting yet again. With each cycle something began to manifest and flow with the wind. A tickling sensation that provided a reprieve from the pain. The feeling of the cold air, contrast to what their body felt, made itself known. The more the red threads spilled the less the flames covered, changing its nature from ethereal into physical. Their hands reached forward, no longer covered in flames as they had been destroyed completely.

"<If one withstands the trials yet could not accept their sin, the heart shall never form true and regret shall always be with them.

Yet if one seeks to bear their ideals even if the world destroys the foundation of their being, then they shall overcome their sinful existence and shall regain the true form of their original heart.>

Dante began to raise, legs deformed and shaky, charred black. Yet when the ash began to fall away from the winds, it revealed the blood covered legs of theirs. They were much different, larger than before. Fuller and wider. The crimson grime actually began to congeal as the flames began to wane. It wasn't quite as red before but rather a pleasing combination of orange and black. The sound of rubber squeezing might be discernible as the ebbing flames began to die down. Or maybe one would notice the sound of skin kicking aside the ash that clumped up on the ground, as Dante now straightened up. The flames had spread outwards surrounding him as if they were in control of it. It formed a circle made out of their own charred ash and blood.

<So thus in this world littered with perversions. This world warped by the ego of those unsightly I request a heroes>

Dante's heart stirred.

Accepting the pain was an overwhelming trial. Still it was a must. The world that is littered with unfairness shall be corrected. Starting with him. The more their body was revealed, the more that strange attire was shown. They no longer wore the fancy formal red suit but instead a mostly-orange form fitting bodysuit. One that creaked with every motion.

<Heroes who will upheave this world and shatter its foundation>

Bursting out of the flames were two orbs. Orange and white wrapped around them in a pattern, drawing an emphasis. Dante's heart continued to race as their eyes closed. The clock on their head began to splinter and crack. They had to take deeper breaths, and with each one their heart continued to race. Each time, their chest continued to bounce and seemingly grow. Those large mounds continued to shake invitingly, and for a moment Dante's arms wrapped around them. They did not slow down one bit as they spoke, even with those newly manifested breasts. Even as Outis' and Ryoshu were finally dispatched they weren't deterred. No fear formed on their face as Lei Heng continued to step towards him only hampered by one final obstacle that was Faust.

<Heroes whose egos shall correct the world in a just manner>

Dante's head shattered open, the clock arrows caught by their hands. But no longer was there a machine for a face. Instead piercing golden eyes stared through the dying flames. With each time the flames threatened to go out, they would turn to that same red orange strand from before. A large volume of vibrant beauty cascading down up to their shoulders. It framed their soft feminine face well. Yet those large gentle doe-like eyes showed so much determination. The cutest pouty mouth hid gritted teeth born from frustration. An endearingly soft face should not hold an expression of sheer focus and determination.

Even as Faust finally fell, leaving Lei to confront Dante alone, they didn't waver.

<So thus I request->

But pragmatic figures in the City tend to strike fast. Lei had no intention of letting him finish.

“I really don’t like this,”

With no opposition, Lei charged forward.

Faust’s sacrifice would not go in vain as the Capo could not reload fast enough before whatever might happen. The distance between him and Dante was necessary to delay. With no choice he continued to sprint with his blade igniting once more and aimed to cleave Dante with a single strike. His body ignited with flames that actually burnt the gunman. Burn wounds that charred to the bone was a necessary action. This was the perfect time to strike as he could see the flames dying down.

When he was only three steps away the blade came down.

The magic circle that formed from the flames began to shine just as Dante raised **her** arm. Hands outstretched to meet the blade. Yet it wasn’t the action that alarmed Lei. It was the three red tattoos on it that began to glow.

<-A HERO!!>

SHING!!

It hit flesh.

But not the one of his target.

STAB!!! BLAST!!

In turn, a bayonet stabbed into Lei and fired.

Outis’ form was flickering into her past military uniform after the use of such a swift EGO. She was alive and fine, much like the individual that took the blow for Dante. Meursault had lost an arm but he was fine and chains shot out to wrap around Lei. Cursing, it left him very vulnerable above as Don plunged forward with her lance. A consecutive barrage of EGOs was survivable if he was at their healthy state. But the battle had taken a toll on him and the sudden reappearance of their enemies was enough for those sucker punches in.

As such, another weapon stabbed into him and carried him farther from Dante leaving the others who surrounded Dante alive. Sinclair in particular was stunned, despite wearing their more cynical and tyrannical N-Corp ID. The Capo landed far enough that he could gain some distance but close enough to stay a threat. The best the tiger could do is watch cautiously.

“Dante? We’re alive already!?” Rodya cried out in surprise. This went beyond alive but actually healthy and ready to start swinging. She can even feel an EGO ready to use as if they were just bolstered. “Nice going I don’t know how you did it but ah----- ah?”

She wasn’t the only one who had a confused look.

“The fuck!? Who the hell are you?”

“Ah... Dante? You seem in a form that’s very different... but also beautiful I might say.. Almost ideal..”

“Now’s not the time you... Who the hell are you? I know it’s you Dante but who!?”

“MANAGER ESQUIRE!?!? WHAT HAPPENED TO THEE!?!?!?”

“Dante, Faust has many questions about this,”

“Oi oi chica! I need to know what just happened after this~!”

“Tsk! Lei Heng is still alive? Can’t we focus on that?”

“Damn those are big.”

“Focus on the battle everyone! We’re not done yet!”

Be that as it may, it was a hard task.



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Even Lei Heng was entranced just as much as the sinners. The beautiful woman that stood there had a calm collected expression now that the tides have turned. Were those golden orbs naturally hypnotic? They were alluring as she gazed at them back. Maybe one would gaze lower at the actual... larger orbs that still bobbed at her now relaxed breaths. Her bodysuit showed no signs of damage despite the immense trial she went through earlier, but 'Dante' only stood there. A huge hip moving over another, the squeak of rubber awakening a few, and causing 'Dante' to shift awkwardly and brush her flowing hair aside. Maybe it's because the opponent is gazing lower and straight towards her now lacking crotch. Her hand that covered that area was

the one that had the three tattoos but none of them were there anymore. Only few noticed such a detail.

"I'd say this is a bit shitty but wow~Looks like your boss is one cutie eh?" Lei said aloud with wary excitement. Not yet disbelieving of his imminent victory, as hard earned as it might be. "Y'know maybe I could use a honey bunny myself."

"SHUT THE HELL UP!!!"

Once more, Lei Heng's composure almost broke.

But this charisma break cannot compare to what laid ahead.

"Do you have any idea how many times I had to repeat this damn fight already because of your damn annoying ass!?!?"

Silence followed the seething shout.

The voice was filled with the resentment and rage of the will of many. Manifestation of all the frustration that has been bottled and now released within 'Dante'. It was no surprise that everyone was taken aback, stepping in fear and surprise at the sudden more manic look on 'Dante's' face. The graceful beauty that was raised as a charismatic image had been shattered by the furious and manic look on their manager's face. There is no need to focus on the bounce of her bosom or the way her derriere was hugged, for your attention would be dragged to the fists that may or may not be swinging at mach speed. Even if they weren't taken aback by this change of pace, the Sinners wouldn't be so interested in risking themselves being struck in this vengeful rage.

"Dante... Faust wants to inform you that you just have to 'read' and understand what the enemy can do-ah!"

The coolheaded Sinner's voice hitched a little to a near squeak as she found her center of gravity nearly flipped. Now face to face with the embodiment of impractical and illiterate insanity of her manager's leering face. The sound of grinding teeth was heard for a second before her ears nearly shattered at 'Dante's' next shout.

"THEN MAKE IT EASIER TO READ NEXT TIME!! IT'S NOT MY FAULT IT'S A PAIN TO READ!! ALSO YOU!!! LEI HENG!! YOU'RE DEAD MEAT! I'M SO SICK OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU! ALL OF YOU BETTER NOT FAIL ANY 45 SP HEADS!! OR I SWEAR!!!"



“I’m going to feed you all to Mephi.”

All Sinner could account that in their entire journey, this was perhaps the first time they ever felt a level of fear from their manager in this manner despite the incredulity of the situation. No. This would be the scariest monster that they have ever seen in their entire time alive, Don Quixote included.

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“Good job everyone~! I knew we could do it~ I’m sure we’ll murder that piece of-- ehem! Good job~!”

“Bloody hell... I... really thought we turned it on him.”

“Glad we were all running off and defending when he started swinging.”

“Tch. C.F.W.S.D.”

“Cocky fool was still dangerous!”

Even to the end Lei Heng fought like a cornered animal. The advantage was on them for the sudden bolster of resources and life, yet the Thumb Capo still nearly shredded them if not for a change of tactics. It might not even be enough (maybe) as it took the timely arrival of an ally in order to turn things around completely and allow them to slip by. Though ‘Dante’ was very confident on their victory via stalling him out and surviving.

“Lunacy Lunacy Lunacy~! I could roll for some better IDs this way~”

It was enough for them to recover and recount the situation at hand. Namely, saving Xichun was still a priority but also the new condition of their manager who was happily skipping in the middle of their team. Though a few found themselves entranced with her beauty now that she’s calmed

down, many would not be able to forget the primal fear they felt when they were the focus of her rage upon *"rolling tails on a 45"*.

"Er!! Prithee Manager, are thine fine with thy current condition?" Don in particular was more injured from Dante's own attacks on her than any of Lei Heing's attacks. "Thy body is!! Vastly different, yet thy new abilities were turned things around!! But thou... possess a body that is unfathomable for many!!"

"No idea what you mean. I feel the same as before," Dante stated, crossing her arms unamused and unwilling to joke around. The no-nonsense of her response was enough to take back Don. "I guess I burnt a little and my clothing's changed but I don't see the big issue."

"Oh there's a very big issue here chicita," Rodion giggled, though stifling it upon Dante's thousand yard stare. "What I mean is.. Before we debated whether you're a guy or a girl. But now it's a bit obvious!"

"Unbelievable.... How can you be so big..." Ishmael was still taken aback by the sight. More traumatized than when she heard about the Whales.

"I don't think that's the issue here," Gregor muttered, though didn't find the words to reject his compatriot. Even he glanced away respectfully despite its difficulty.

"Though there are peculiarities there, I am also concerned how Dante was able to instantly bring us all back to life," Yi Sang noted.

Murmurs of agreement.

Many were still in disbelief that this was Dante. But the mannerisms and knowledge she displayed truly was. Managing to answer many interrogative questions earlier from the other Sinners. So with the clarification that this was their one and only manager, albeit gender swapped and so, many curious eyes peered in the hopes of understanding what happened. Whether this was Dante's true form or if something else abnormal happened. Right now Dante's mood had calmed down just barely enough to be talkable in regards to what happened earlier.

"I just thought I was really angry at Lei Heng for being such an annoying opponent that I wished you were all back up and alive to kick his ass." But there was no answer that could clarify the process of change. Dante almost had a sheepish and apathetic grin. "Eh! I mean we're all fine and dandy now right?"

"I guess..."

"Tsk... It was my failure Manager to cause you to end up like this..."

"IDTAET."

"I don't think anyone expects this! Is what she said."

"Nothing at all??"

“Those symbols on your hand likely mean something Manager. I think it’s a power only you can use!”

“Suck up’s back at it again eh? But blimey, that was faster than before.”

“Dante’s powers get stronger because of us?... Maybe???”

“That would be quite an apt result from everything that happened,”

Many more musings spread, but soon were silenced with an angry stomp.

Dante’s expression returning to before.

“Job’s not done!” She pointed towards their close destination. “Still gotta save Xichun remember! Come on, we can talk more about this later!”

Though there was confirmation that it was Dante, this new state of her was truly different in mannerisms. In a sense it might just be all of Dante’s pent up frustration finally given a humanoid form. It would take some time getting used to, especially the wondrous form of Dante that shook to and fro. Even her pacing forward allowed everyone to enjoy the back side view (Outis and Sinclair in particular) or perhaps the pendulous bosom that can be seen from behind swaying.

But there’s one individual that paced along with Dante. Faust who had maintained a quiet approach.

“Got an idea what happened to me?” The perceptive Dante naturally noticed. “I feel like you and Yi Sang could give an idea. But he seems distracted...”

In the pursuit of the ideal, one can be forgiven for that no?

“Faust believes that.... Dante, you may have improved abilities that you never had before.” Faust started, focused more on Dante’s outfit rather than her form. “The outfit is strange. It’s not recognizable. But this may bring new changes. Faust does not understand where else could this be. Perhaps you might be able to reach other Mirror Worlds farther than ours.”

Somehow that really really excited Dante.

“Well, I guess I’ll find out what they are eventually!” Excitement shone on Dante’s eyes as she examined her wrist once more. The faded tattoos were slowly returning alongside the warmth that she felt before. If it were to fully return, she wondered just what else she could do. No. More importantly... “What other things can I summon with this ehehehe~”

“The Manager has truly gone insane...”

Though this was only the beginning of many more... upgrades.

“By the way I think I have a nametag called Ritsuka? And Gudako? I don’t remember that being my name though.”



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