

Momo Yaoyorozu

The door opened once again in the dark cell of the warehouse. The warehouse was covered in shadow, a single light in the room hung from the ceiling, illuminating a young woman in the middle of the room. She was the only one who was clearly visible in the room.

Momo Yaoyorozu, hero name: Creati. She had chased an escaping criminal down an alleyway only to be ambushed and captured. From what little she could gather from her bouts in and out of consciousness, she had been captured by what looked like a low level gang. Maybe something middling, but likely not supervillains. She also could tell from the condition of the floor and walls that this was probably an abandoned asylum or medical facility, further evidence by what she was restrained with.

Momo's costume was still on, but over top of it was a thick straightjacket that clung tightly to her skin, and pinned her arms to her side, but also kept her from creating anything from her upper body. As the Straightjacket covered her upper body, the only place that was still exposed was her own legs, as only a crotch strap went below her waist. Momo couldn't talk while here, a strap wrapped around her chin and went up her cheeks to go over the top of her head, holding her mouth closed. On top of that was a metal panel gag that was put over lips as well, just to double up on making sure she couldn't utter a word.

She had been sitting in this chair for a while now. It was metal, bolted into the floor with a long back that went up to her neck. A few straps also kept her sitting down. Each of her biceps had a strap that tied into the back of the chair and a collar was tied to her neck that kept her from leaning forward as it was leashed to the top of the chair. Both of her ankles were strapped to the legs of the chair, her boots thankfully keeping the friction down, and one strap across her hips meant she had been seated for a long time. Maybe it was hours, it could've even been days, but after she had been brought here, she had not once left this chair.

The only thing that kept her company here was a single IV, tucked into her jacket, likely feeding her the nutrients she needed to survive. Of course, when she tested out her quirk by creating only a small, inconspicuous screw from with her left thigh, she quickly felt fatigued and anemic, meaning she wasn't being given much, likely just the bare minimum she needed to live. They had taken a lot of precautions.... Though they appeared and acted like a medium level gang, was that assessment wrong? This seemed too smart for that. She followed this person with her eyes. She had always struggled under pressure, and her involuntary shaking and muffled noises were evident of how scared she was, her expression unable to mask her fearful expression as this figure approached her.

Momo continued to look on in silence as the man in shadow walked closer to her, eventually standing right next to her, her eyes following his every move. He reached up to her IV bag, slowly removing it before pulling out a new bag full of a liquid with a red tint. She assumed that it was probably just a new nutrient, but she didn't know of any that had that color, was this a drug, perhaps some kind of poison? She didn't know, but she could only watch as her clear bag was

changed out with the red one. She wriggled a little bit, watching as the bag was changed, and the nozzle turned, the red liquid slowly snaking up her tube. Her wide eyes tracked it as it went up the tube, closer and closer to her, her chest rising and falling faster as she began to panic. She didn't know what this was! It was getting closer and closer! It was going to be in her soon. As she saw it go down her arm, she shivered, clamping her eyes shut, waiting for what would happen next.

"Mmmmm!" She waited, and waited and waited..... And waited? She opened her eyes. The man still stood there, probably very amused by her fear, but he just watched her smugly. She didn't feel anything.... Maybe it was just a more nutritious substance. Momo could at least breathe out a small sigh of relief that it wasn't something catastrophic to her. Losing tension, she breathed out her nose, her tension filled body almost deflating like a balloon as she slumped back into her seat.

Not a second after she did that did she suddenly get tense again.

"Nnng!?"

She didn't make herself tense up, it was an involuntary reflex. She frowned, why did that happen? She grunted again, feeling herself tense up and exert herself again, she didn't know what was going on. Feeling a familiar sensation around her legs, she watched her quirk activate. Like before, she had made no attempt to activate her quirk, it did it on its own!

She gasped as a single ten thousand yen bill appeared out of her leg and silently and slowly fell to the ground, landing in a small bucket next to her chair. Money? She knew how to make it, sure, but why did her quirk activate and make it all on its own? Was it..... the IV?

The man next to her whistled, Momo looked up at him.

"Looks like you're our new golden goose."

What!? They were going to use her to make money!? She felt her quirk activate again, more yen bills came out of her legs.

"Hrrnnng!"

As more and more began pouring out from her quirk, she tensed up, unable to wriggle around in her bonds, she clamped her eyes shut, using all of her will to stop her quirk from making more money. It was like holding back a dam, it took so much energy, and yet her quirk shimmered around her thighs as if just waiting for her to tire out.

"Mmmmm! Nnng! Ghk..... gnnn!"

Momo sat for a few seconds as she held back the tide, but eventually it got too much for her to bear.

"Ghmmm!"

As she let it slip, her body tiredly slumping back in the chair, a burst of money came out, dozens of bills fluttering into the buckets below as her captor snickered at how her attempt at resistance seemed to make a little money explosion.

Momo couldn't stop herself, groaning quietly as she felt her quirk activate again, more money fluttering into the buckets.

The good news was she was probably going to be fed and kept alive, but she had simultaneously become a local gang's most valuable item.