

## a turning point

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## a turning point

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### Summary

#### **WARNING: SPOILERS FOR CHAPTER 22 OF TOMMYINNIT'S CLINIC FOR SUPERVILLAINS**

*Later on, Dream would say he had been aiming for H94's legs, but the man moved too quickly. Later on, Dream would say he never would've picked up the box if he knew the kind of damage it would cause. Later on, Dream would say he tried his best not to hurt H94 more than necessary.*

*That was a lie.*

or, what really happened that night.

### Notes

hello everyone I bring you the first of the side one shots in the universe of clinic!

warning, this one shot contains spoilers for chapter 22 of clinic so if you're not caught up I recommend you go read that first before reading this.

anyway this is just a small bit of backstory that I randomly got the urge to write out. I'll probably do a few more backstory one shots like these that will be posted in the clinic series, so make sure to keep an eye on the series for any new additions!

timeline-wise this takes place roughly around 3 years before the events of tommyinnit's clinic for supervillains

TWs: violence, blood, character death

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Wind whipped around Dream's head as he ducked, narrowly avoiding a swing from the villain flying over his head.

Zephyrus' wings gleamed in the light of the moon. His feathers looked razor sharp, even though Dream knew that in actuality, the man's claws were the things you really had to watch out for. Zephyrus' veil fluttered in the wind as he rose higher above his head, and Dream figured if he was going to take things to the sky, two could play at that game.

It was a tricky thing, having to figure out how he could use his telekinesis to make himself fly. It took a lot of concentration on his end: focusing on manipulating the atoms that made up his boots, pushing them up and up until he was flying just as high as Zephyrus was.

Noticing his new companion in the sky, Zephyrus banked towards him again, and Dream jerked himself to the side to narrowly avoid the villain's hit. Zephyrus laughed, gliding above his head with an ease Dream would need a lot more practice to achieve.

"You sure you got the hang of that, mate?" Zephyrus mocked, banking around Dream's other side, the tips of his wings barely brushing Dream's shoulder.

Dream grit his teeth. "Zephyrus, surrender now."

"Or what?" Zephyrus teased, wind blowing Dream's cloak off his head as Zephyrus flapped his wings right next to him. "You'll fight me one on one? No offense, but it'd be kind of like fighting a baby bird who's just gotten his feathers."

Clenching his jaw, Dream didn't bother with talking this time as he launched himself at Zephyrus. The man yelped in surprise as Dream tackled him midair, his wings flapping wildly as he tried to right himself. In the chaos, Dream tried to punch him through his veil, but Zephyrus' wing came to smack him in the face, and Dream felt his grasp on the man's shirt slip.

He was falling. Dream tried not to think about how close he was to crashing into the roof right below them, and instead focused on catching himself. He just had to focus on his back and manipulating the force pushing him down-

Dream stopped falling with a harsh jolt. Opening his eyes, he saw he was floating only a few feet

above the roof, and breathed a sigh of relief. Dropping to his feet, he glanced up and saw Zephyrus still circling overhead.

Then, he heard a shriek, and his head whipped back towards the action happening on the roof.

Puffy was in the middle of fighting the Blade. She had fashioned herself a sledgehammer out of what looked like a concrete brick, and she was swinging it with a rare ferocity, going toe to toe with Blade's own power swings. It was easy to tell she was holding her own, meaning it hadn't been her that shrieked.

So Dream turned his head to the other fight happening on the roof, and his mouth went dry.

Sapnap was pinned to the wall by H94. The villain had both his hands on Sapnap's wrists, and Sapnap was yelling in pain as H94 tightened his grip on him. Dream could see flames sputtering on Sapnap's fingertips, but they were weak, not enough to make H94 break his super strong grip.

Dream was running over there before he could think twice about it.

Giving himself a shove with his powers, Dream launched himself at H94. The villain grunted as he slammed against the ground, freeing Sapnap and letting Dream pin him. Then, Dream tried to add as much pressure on top of the two of them as he could, and although his back ached at the extra gravity he was forcing on top of them, he knew it would be ten times worse for H94.

H94 struggled against Dream's grip, but the extra pressure was clearly too much even for his super strength. His struggles weakened, and Dream could see bursts of red in his eyes through his mask as blood vessels began to burst.

Shit. Maybe this was too much.

Before Dream could lessen the pressure though, something heavy slammed into his side. Pain flashed through his head as he skidded across the gravel rooftop. Through his blurry bits of vision, he could see black feathers, and started punching wildly to try and get Zephyrus off of him.

His fist connected with fabric and flesh, and he shoved Zephyrus off of him, making sure to add an extra oomph to it with his powers. Zephyrus was launched across the rooftop, and Dream turned his attention back to H94.

H94 had stumbled to his feet, and looked like he was going for Sapnap again. Sapnap, who was still holding his hands to his chest, clearly in pain. Sapnap, whose flames were little more than a few sparks on his palm. Sapnap, who wouldn't be able to defend himself from another onslaught from H94.

There was an electrical box on the rooftop of the office building they were fighting on. Without thinking twice, Dream reached for it, using all his strength to rip it from its hinges and launch it towards H94.

Later on, Dream would say he had been aiming for H94's legs, but the man moved too quickly. Later on, Dream would say he never would've picked up the box if he knew the kind of damage it would cause. Later on, Dream would say he tried his best not to hurt H94 more than necessary.

That was a lie. The problem was, Dream hadn't done any of that, because he *wasn't thinking*. He wasn't thinking about how badly the metal box could hurt H94. He wasn't thinking about how he should be trying to aim for his torso or legs instead of his head to minimize risk of injury.

No, all he could think about was Sapnap. His best friend. His brother. Sapnap was in immediate

danger, and Dream had to stop H94 from hurting him.

So he launched the electrical box at H94, only realizing his mistake a second too late when he saw the metal slam into the side of H94's head.

H94 crumbled to the ground like a puppet whose strings had been cut, while the electrical box went flying into the wall beside him.

"H!" Blade shouted, shoving Puffy away and rushing towards his fallen companion.

Just like that, the fight seemed to have been called to a standstill. Zephyrus swooped down beside H94's unconscious figure, and Dream felt bile rise in his throat when he noticed the blood that was starting to stain the gravel beneath his head.

H94's neck was twisted at an odd angle. One that a neck shouldn't be able to twist at. There was a pool of crimson growing beneath his skull, spreading out across the slate grey rocks as if it was reaching for Dream, reaching for the one responsible.

Dream was frozen. He knew he should be getting up, trying to arrest Blade and Zephyrus while they were distracted. But he couldn't move. He couldn't tear his eyes away from H94's limp form.

Sapnap and Puffy seemed to be in the same situation. Puffy had dropped her concrete sledgehammer, while Sapnap had circled behind the villains so he was standing next to Dream. None of them could seem to look away as Zephyrus' black-stained hands pressed against the side of H94's neck, careful to keep his talons from breaking the skin.

Silence enveloped the rooftop. The only sounds were their panting breaths, and H94's distinct lack of them.

After a few beats, Zephyrus moved his hand away. He lifted his head, and even though Dream couldn't see his eyes, he could feel his gaze boring into him.

"He's dead."

And just like that, Dream felt like the ground had caved in from underneath him.

H94 was dead. *Dead*. Dream had just killed a man. A supervillain, sure. But H94 was a person. A person just like him.

He couldn't breathe. His blood was roaring in his ears, and he wasn't sure if he could even feel the gravel cutting into his palms anymore.

"I-I didn't mean- I didn't think it would-"

"You didn't think throwing a giant metal box at his head would kill him?" Blade growled, his glowing red eyes piercing through Dream's mask.

Dream's breath caught in his throat. He was right. What other kind of outcome did Dream expect? That H94 was just going to get up and walk it off? If he had thrown the box at Blade, sure, Blade would probably shrug it off considering he was literally invincible to harm. But H94 wasn't. He could break just as easily as anyone else.

His neck was still twisted at that odd angle. Dream wanted to throw up.

"I-I am so sorry," he heard Puffy say behind him, her boots crunching against the stones as she

made her way over to the villains. Her voice was shaking, and he could see she was holding her hands up in surrender. “This should have never happened.”

“It was bound to happen eventually,” Zephyrus muttered, still glaring at Dream.

“Is there- I mean, shouldn’t we be doing mouth to mouth on him?” Dream asked, his voice cracking.

“His neck is broken. You can’t fix that with CPR,” Blade snapped.

Dream winced. Of course there was nothing they could do. The giant pool of blood that was still stretching across the rooftop told him that much.

“You guys should take him home. Let his loved ones say their goodbyes,” Puffy said, folding her arms to hide her shaking hands. “We’re not going to track you down. The fight is over for tonight.”

“And what’s going to happen to him?” Zephyrus asked, pointing at Dream.

Puffy squared her shoulders. “I’ll report him to the Hero Committee myself to ensure the appropriate action is taken.”

Zephyrus finally looked away from Dream to meet Puffy’s face. “I’ve seen your face, Captain. Don’t make promises if you don’t intend to keep them.”

“If Dream isn’t punished for what he’s done, I won’t be associating myself with the Hero Committee anymore,” Puffy said, making Dream and Sappnap’s heads whip towards her.

“But Captain-”

Puffy silenced Dream with a sharp look. He withered under her glare, having never seen his mentor look at him with such anger before. This wasn’t the kind, patient Puffy he knew. This was the Captain, the hero who hunted for justice no matter what. And now, her righteous anger was being focused on *him*.

It was terrifying, to say the least.

“I respect that, Captain. Though I suppose we’ll have to see if you keep your word,” Zephyrus said, dipping his head at her. Then, he turned to look at Blade. “Can you carry him?”

Blade nodded, carefully threading his arms under H94’s back and legs, lifting his limp body with a gentleness that Dream wouldn’t have expected from the hulking warrior. Then, Blade and Zephyrus headed for the stairs back down through the building, the door slam echoing over the rooftop like a gavel slamming down on a judge’s stand.

Dream still couldn’t move. He sat on the gravel, watching the pool of blood from H94’s head glitter in the moonlight. Next to him, he heard Sappnap crouch down, and a warm shoulder nudged his own.

There was a deep breath as Puffy pulled off her mask, pushing a few stark white curls out of her face. Then, she turned to face Dream, her grey-green eyes colder than he’d ever seen them before.

Puffy knelt down in front of him. “You know I have to report this to the Committee.”

Dream nodded. “I know.”

“And you’re going to take full responsibility? No matter what the consequences are?”

He was going to jail. That was the only possible conclusion to this. Not to mention, his hero license was definitely being revoked. It didn't matter if H94 had been attacking them, Dream had still killed someone.

As much as the thought of losing the hero title he'd spent years working towards made his throat close up, he knew he deserved it. He deserved any punishment the Committee decided on.

"I will," he whispered, keeping his eyes on his lap.

Suddenly, there was a soft hand lifting his mask up, and he grit his teeth as Puffy cupped his cheek.

"I'm sorry, duckling," she told him, "there's nothing I can do to help you. You need to take responsibility for what you did."

Tears burned in his eyes as he nodded. He'd gone too far, and not even his mentor could help him now.

"I'm sorry, Dream," Sappnap murmured. "If you hadn't had to help me this wouldn't have happened."

"Dream knows how to keep his cool in bad situations," Puffy cut in, narrowing her eyes at Sappnap. "He shouldn't have let his control slip like that."

Puffy would know. She was the one who taught him just about everything he knew. She always told him to keep calm even when situations looked dire. It was his own fault for acting on impulse, and now someone was dead because of it.

Because of him. Someone was dead by his hands.

"We should get back to the Tower," Puffy said after a few moments, slipping her mask back on as she pushed to her feet. "We need to report this before any possible footage gets leaked so it doesn't look like we're trying to hide anything."

Sappnap nodded, still cradling his wrists to his chest. Dream stood up, offering a hand out to Sappnap. But Sappnap shook his head, instead rising on his own, refusing to move his hands.

"Are you hurt?" Dream asked, gesturing to his wrists.

Sappnap glanced at the ground. "I think H94 might've cracked a bone or two in my wrists when he was grabbing me."

That was why Sappnap had been struggling to make his flames. H94 had broken his wrists. If Dream hadn't taken H94 down, Sappnap would've been completely defenseless.

Who's to say H94 wouldn't have killed Sappnap, if it came down to it? The man had super strength. Surely it wouldn't be that hard for him to accidentally snap Sappnap's neck.

Dream shook his head, trying to rid himself of the thought. Just because H94 could've killed Sappnap, Dream didn't know if that's what would've happened. It didn't justify murder.

...still, a small part of Dream buried deep in the back of his mind couldn't help but be relieved. That he had erased that horrible 'what if' from ever happening.

No. That was terrible. That didn't justify killing someone, and he needed to stop thinking like that.

Trying to shove those dark thoughts to the back of his mind, Dream followed Puffy across the

rooftops and towards the Hero Tower, glimmering in the distance like a beacon.

The nausea in his throat didn't disappear for the rest of the night.

## End Notes

i'm so so sorry to all my hbomb fans out there I needed someone to kill off for story purposes and he was the most logical choice i swear i got nothing against him KLJSDF

anyway now you guys get to see what actually went down that night! and obviously if you're up to date on clinic, you know that in the end dream was never actually punished for killing hbomb, which is why puffy ended up retiring from the Hero Committee. I just thought that this would be a fun little side piece to write out so you guys get an idea of what was going through Dream's head at the time, and exactly how such a dramatic turning point played out

hope you guys enjoyed! please leave a comment if you did, I don't respond to most of them but they really make my day :D

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Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!