

Jezelle's Morning

"You know him? Well, he's been on the news a bit... Still, it's awesome that you told me." Heidi gave Jezelle a hug.

"Che, -hey, come on, you're making me feel like I'm coming outta the closet," Jezelle said a little disapprovingly with a slight awkwardness.

"Wait... you are gay too, are you?" Heidi asked seriously, pulling back a bit so she could look Jezelle in the eye.

"Oh for crying out loud..." Jezelle mumbled, facepalming and pushing away to go collect some of her text books, figuring she could have some of her copies do some bedtime reading to help her catch up.

"I'm kidding! It would be totally fine if you were though," Heidi added. "So, you met any metas aside from your boyfriend?"

"Yeah, a whole bunch; there's tonnes of em out there now," Jezelle said idly as she eyed her textbooks for a moment and had a short mental conversation with the rest of the legion, "Don't suppose you've met any?"

"None that admitted it," Heidi sighed. "They are all being secretive about it."

"Well there are a lot of risks to telling people these things; mainly those evil secret organizations looking for research material, but you know the typical fear factor which leads to lots of unpleasantness," Jezelle said a little grimly, "Society has some unpleasant twists for those who are different. That's not to say their caution isn't misplaced, these extra bits can give people... ideas..."

She looked at her own hands for a moment in thought, eyes distant as she entertained a few perspectives that could lead to dark places. Teleporting and being in two or more places at once could do a lot of damage with enough creativity...

"... You are having some right now, aren't you?" Heidi said.

"... How do you stay safe in this kind of world now?" Jezelle queried, a little troubled and still a bit distant in thought, "With people who can pick up cars with their mind or maybe set things on fire with infinite ease..."

"I'd trust that most people don't toss cars at people or set them on fire. Just like how I don't take a knife and stab some one or hit them over the head with a bat," Heidi said.

Jezelle turned her head to look at Heidi and smiled slightly, patting Heidi on the head.

"Anyway, gloomy subjects aside: I probably two weeks of school work to catch up on, even with my extras it'll probably be a task," Jezelle said with a little tired sigh.

"Yeah, I don't envy you on that," Heidi chuckled. Then paused. "Extras?"

"The uh, super-stuffs?" Jezelle attempted to clarify, pausing a moment to look contemplative, "Reckon it's a wise idea to divulge all of the intricacies of one's superpowers to someone? Like, if some supervillain or secret evil research organization goes hunting? Maybe that's a little too paranoid..."

Jezelle was silent in deep thought for a moment before shrugging and letting out an unreadable sigh.

"So far I can teleport, copy myself, alter my appearance and apparently I move faster," Jezelle explained a little awkwardly, "No idea how all those connect..."

"Slow down," Heidi said. "That's a lot to take in at once!"

"What happened to your two weeks prepared confidence?" Jezelle said disapprovingly, "Eh, you'll probably see them all eventually, 'coz I'm gonna be going as fast as I can to catch up on this stuff and I think Four is a little too similar to you for your meeting not to happen... which I'm kind of dreading..."

"And... you've lost me again," Heidi admitted. "And a long vague list of... powers is different from just 'I'm a meta'. So... copies?"

"Bleh, I'm not sure how I'm supposed to explain this crap, it's hardly standard procedure; copies like clones, I can sorta split into two -except I can have up to ten extras -so there's eleven of me now, and we got this hive-mind thing going," Jezelle said awkwardly, tapping her choker with the silver 1 on it, "I numbered my selves to help others identify -had serious identity problems with ten more of me acting exactly like me, so we all adopted different personas... I honestly have no idea how I'm supposed to explain this..."

Jezelle sighed hopelessly at herself, but shrugged and went to try something different, placing her hands on her hair to pass them slowly along their length, and her hair colour changed to a rough blond as her hands passed over it.

"Damn Girl... that's like the greatest super power ever...." Heidi said, watching with amazement.

"Yeaah... I guess it's kinda handy but... something really bugs me about it..." Jezelle said a little back and forth about it as it really was pretty awesome in its own way, "Might be because of science-fiction movies or superhero comics and the like, but... it's one thing for a completely new and slightly unexplainable superpower to appear randomly, but a whole bunch that doesn't really have anything to do with each other? I feel like something's wrong here, as far as realism goes in such a messed up setting, isn't it kinda ridiculously improbable to get a bunch of complete different and apparently stable mutations?"

Having eleven trains of thought really let one puzzle out hundreds of subjects and problems at the same time, but some of these were a bit out of her field...

"Can't you just enjoy it?" Heidi said after a moment. "Doing it your way seems more like a path to depression. Your powers work, so don't over think it."

Jezelle seemed remarkably tired all of a sudden, as though the subject hit something.

"I dunno Heidi... these last two weeks... I kinda don't want any more surprises, like maybe my quantum state is unstable or something and I'm a ticking timebomb, I really have no idea," Jezelle said wearily, "Were people really meant to be able to teleport or exist in multiple places? I just wish I had some peace of mind about all this... some kind of assurance..."

She went over and tossed her text books onto her bed, climbed on and sat hugging her knees, her eyes miles away in thought.

"People weren't ment to fly. Didn't stop us from making plane," Heidi said. "There are lots of things people do they aren't supposed to survive. Besides, science isn't absolute."

"Aeroplanes are a far cry from genetic mutation that does god knows what to my body to let me teleport around..." Jezelle said, hardening her lip a little.

"Okay... I'm out of advice," Heidi admitted.

"Heh... sorry... got the problems of eleven people on my shoulders, not exactly fair to burden my friends..." Jezelle said with a wistful sigh, taking one more breath to try and return her former composure and sit a little more comfortably.

She gathered up her textbooks again in a neat pile and Eleven suddenly appeared out of thin air next to her to collect one and head to her desk to start working.

Heido jumped, hit her head on the wall, then rubbed it gently. She looked up and counted. "Give a girl warning before you do something like that!" Heidi said. "You want to give me a heart attack?"

Reflect DC 15=12

Toughness=20

Heidi's reaction made things click, and Jezelle was suddenly looking quite sheepish and a bit guilty as she watched Heidi rub her head for a moment.

"Jeez, sorry; this kinda stuff is becoming so normal for me," Jezelle said in an awkward apologetic tone, "What used to be a hundred paces now feels almost right next to me in some manner, or eleven tasks... really screws with perception... anyway, you haven't seen stuff like this around the campus? There are tonnes of people, surely dozens of them are having... problems..."

"On guy jumped off the Jefferson building, but that's about all I've seen..." Heidi said, thoughtfully. "They were probably hiding it... Hats seem a lot more popular, now that I think about it..."

"Jumped..." Jezelle echoed with a troubled tone. Somehow the problems of other metas seemed drastically more concerning than the problems of normal people when she was normal herself.

"I wonder how everyone else is dealing with all this..." Jezelle sighed, "Suddenly becoming so different from everyone else... the fear and paranoia from everyone..."

"Some people are loving it," Heidi said. "Someone started a club on campus."

"Wha- serious?" Jezelle remarked, staring at Heidi in disbelief, "...I guess I should have expected people to be a little jaded to this from stuff like X-Men and whatnot..."

"Jezelle.... X-Men isn't real life..." Heidi said slowly, as if she wasn't sure if Jezelle was aware of that fact or not.

"I was talking about the movies introducing these concepts in theory before things like metas became a real thing..." Jezelle said a little flatly.

"So you think people are going to be less panicked if aliens showed up one day?" Heidi pointed out.

"Well I expect there'd be a college group enjoying it at the very least," Jezelle returned.

"So you don't think your important enough to have a campus group about your existence?" Heidi said. "That's sad..."

Jezelle dropped her face into her hands and let out an elongated sigh.

"Why am I suddenly more important? This is the kinda thing that spurs racism and crap..." Jezelle said tiredly.

"It's more the idea of super powered people than you. So you aren't really more important I guess," Heidi said. "Unless you want to show off."

"I just don't like being singled out -not like this at least, I doubt anyone would. If people knew I could teleport I'd probably get blamed for nearly every theft ever," Jezelle sighed, staring off into space for a moment before snapping out of it and getting frustrated quickly, "Ah screw this low mood, I need a distraction."

One moment Jezelle was sitting on her bed, next moment her clothes were hovering in place for a split second as their wearer left them inexplicably and Jezelle herself was standing next to the wardrobe in her undergarments, looking at what to wear.

Heidi jumped again. She clutched at her extremely modest boob. I mean heart. "For someone who doesn't want to attract attention, you aren't doing a good job at it," she glared. "Did your breast get bigger?"

"What? No!" Jezelle said in alarm, caught off-guard and quickly defensively covered her assets, though glancing at them at the edge of her vision with uncertainty as an afterthought, "I least I don't think so... I just went a bigger bra for comfort's sake -not to mention Four got tired of the crushing whenever she 'upsized'..."

"You can change your boob size too? Some people just have all the luck," Heidi grumbled.

"Well... but... I... um..." Jezelle really had no idea how to respond here that might make things better, "...This is messed up... how am I supposed to apologize for being a mutant that can modify their body? Not like I can modify other peoples'..."

Jezelle just grumbled at her ill-fated luck and attempted to bury her head in her wardrobe.

"Doesn't matter. Yeah, can you turn into specific people?" Heidi asked.

Jezelle looked both thoughtful and doubtful at the same time.

"Don't see why I wouldn't be able to, considering what I've managed so far, but it seems a little off -when I change things it feels more like molding clay in my head, I'd probably have to sit in front of a mirror for hours trying to get the change specific," Jezelle said, thought still a little uncertain since she had yet to try it.

"Just asking..." Heidi said, not forcing the matter. "So you plan to go back to classes?"

"Of course," Jezelle said with a friendly smile as picked out a shirt and long pants, "Teachers are probably wondering where I went, sport captains are probably panicking, I'm still me and I still have my dreams."

"Always sports with you..." Heidi sighed.

"What's wrong with sports? They get the blood pumpin'!" Jezelle queried as she pulled on her pants.

"Sure, sure, that's what you always say," Heidi smirked. "Just be glad I actually show up at your games."

"Aw what's the matter?" Jezelle asked semi-seriously with a hint of concern, going over to hug Heidi around the neck from the side.

"Nothing miss Sports-Star with the perfect body," Heidi muttered.

Jezelle looked flatly Heidi for a moment, before adopting a new zeal.

"Okaaaay time for ice cream then!" Jezelle declared, "Or shopping. Maybe both, get yourself ready."

Heidi part snorted, sniffed and laughed. "Your treat?"

"Hell yeah," Jezelle assured, patting her on the shoulder before going to get her shirt on.

Girl's Day Out: To the Mall!

The two girls headed out, swinging by [insert store name here] as their first stop for affordable (and cute) clothes appropriate for the rather attractive pair of womenlings they were.

"-it was kind of embarrassing, Four never goes below a D and Five was nearby so she could see everyone that looked at her..." Jezelle said in a bit of a monologue, looking rather haunted for a moment until she realized they'd arrived, "Alright! Time to commence Operation: Sex-up Heidi!"

Jezelle then proceeded to drag/push Heidi with energetic fervor to look at all the clothes.

Heidi certainly had an... interesting time being used as a dress up doll. Not that she was complaining.

"Eugh... really don't know which direction to take this," Jezelle said with a puzzled frown, two substantially different shirts held aloft before Heidi in the dressing room, "What ya think you want your clothes to be saying?"

"Um... is the sexy girl next door look bad?"

"It's cool, but there are so many options," Jezelle said easily, holding each shirt in front of Heidi experimentally with a critical gaze, "I mean, I hate carrying a purse so I lean towards outfits with pockets, but you're probably not like that."

She did her best to rustle up the most subtly sexy outfit she could manage, to see how things went.

"Purses are cute!" Heidi protested. "But I guess I can try pockets... like cleavage pockets?"

Jezelle sniggered a little and attempted to distract herself looking at other things.

"Purses are cute, but I just get tired of carrying them," Jezelle agreed with a helpless tone, silently wondering what on earth to do here.

"You don't shop often, do you," Heidi said, coming up to look over Jez's shoulder.

"Well, before, I had a rather tight schedule, recently I had a pretty tight budget with eleven mouths to feed, but I've figured some things out now," Jezelle said airily, gazing along an aisle of clothes as though hoping an answer would pop out.

"Try that purple one," Heidi suggested, laughing. "I'll take this one..." she pulled out a yellow sleeveless with a small pattern of flowers made from artfully bunched fabric at the waist for herself.

"Eh, could work," Jezelle remarked open-mindedly, snagging the hanger with a finger and scanning the rest of the store again, "Mebbe get some jeans or something... though... eh I'll just try it first."

She wandered off to the changing rooms with garment in tow and emerged later experimentally.

"You know what that need?" Heidi said seriously. "A purse."

"Nnnnnnnnope," Jezelle returned, like it wasn't even up for debate as she swayed about in front of the mirror, before curiously attempting a trick you might see in ballet practice as she all-but

attempted the splits leaning a foot against a wall to test the jeans flexibility, "Ugh... needs more mobility..."

"You really aren't supposed to be doing that in jeans," Heidi said.

"Well... yeah... but I mean..." Jezelle said a little sheepishly but there was some sense in her mind about it, "Can't I have good jeans and some flexibility? I kinda need it."

"I really hope I'm around when you rip those," Hiedi laughed. She had tried on her own blouse, and you could see the bishie (?) sparkles around her.

Jezelle looked then at Heidi with an expression both thoughtful and impressed in a way, before a sly grin got through. She quickly assumed a new disposition and went over to Heidi.

"Yep, I'll take this one," Jezelle said, ducking a little and looping an arm around Heidi's waist to pick her up and pretend to walk off to the counter.

Hiedi squealed a little, then giggled. "So I guess it works then?"

"Hope you took self-defence classes, 'cause you'll probably be fightin' em off," Jezelle said with a chuckle as she put Heidi back down.

Hiedi looked around and picked up a nice looking strap purse with a flower design on the front. She held it out with a teasing smile. "I'll beat then with this!"

"I'm terrified already," Jezelle monotoned with a bland expression, though smirking again in afterthought, "I suppose you could try and pull the 'too cute to hit' angle, which would make you invincible."

Jezelle just laughed a little at the thought and glanced off to the register.

"You all set then?" Jezelle queried.

Hiedi nodded, then considered. "It would be a crime to waste these... we should hit a club!"

"Hah, alright; It'll also probably be a good way to kick off starting the whole college scene again I suppose," Jezelle said a little thoughtfully.

This time, Heidi took over (after lightening Jezelle's wallet a bit. She was nice though. She paid for half. From the mall, Heidi shanghaied Jezelle to one of the more affordable, though still hip[?] clubs. The sweet face tactic got them in past mister Tall Dark and Not on the List.

//Heidi now as a charisma of 14. Pretty epic for a normal.

//what time of day is this?

//Now, night time. Like 6 ish.

//clubs don't fill up until about 10:30

Henry's Planning: Part Four: At the Clinic; Cain

Henry walked into the clinic and headed for the main desk. Seeing the receptionist there he proceeded to talk. "Hey is Dr. Cain in? Haven't talk to the Dr. in quite some time."

Martha, the lady and the front desk, according to her badge and ID, gave Henry a smile. Let me see, she check a chart and schedule under the lip of the counter. "It seems he is. Do you have an appointment with him?"

"Appointment, no. Can you tell him Henry Mason is here. I will wait." Henry said with a smile.

One phone call later, she send him on his way to Cain's office with the word that he would be able to speak with him for a few minutes.

"Thank you dear. I shall head down there." Henry said with a wink.

He walked down the familiar hallway all the way to Cain's office and then walked when she told him he was ready.

"Dr. Cain it has been a while. How have you been?" Henry asked.

"Hello Mason, It's been a while. Has everything been going well for you?" Cain asked in greeting.

"Hello Dr. Things have been going that is for sure. Seems like the world we are in has been turning into a very weird place. That and our powers are constantly showing changing and appearing. I thought that what ever we got on that first day would be it but that seems to not be the case. And now I come here seeking some information. Some will be easy and some will need to be worded in a special way. The first question is, have you found anything new out since the last time we saw you?" Henry asked.

"You make is sound as if you are on a quest," Cain laughed lightly. "So far, my colleagues and I are attempting to work out a means to classify."

"Classifying? You mean something other then meta and non-meta?" Henry asked.

"As it is, metas are too broad to be classed so generally. If only from a medical standpoint." Cain was thoughtful for a moment. "Just consider your little group. Your abilities seem to be purely physical. As does Greyson's. O'niell and Nochin's are of a different nature, but we've found biological bases for it. Fischer on the other hand, her abilities are much more radical. And we still cannot find any biological explanation for River's skills."

"Huh, I never tried to think of it that way. I just been going by what they can do. But, I have seen a lot of different powers so that might get hard to work with. Now I have question about your research or the research of your friend that got stolen the first day we were here. I know it is a bout patients and I can not be given a whole lot of details but I wanted to know if he was studying new metas from the big bang or the ones that have been around for much longer."

"It was less of a specific group as it was of a phenomena. Yes, it would have included those who would have been classed meta before this, but it's focus was on unexplained biological phenomena."

"What do you mean unexplained biological phenomena? There are other things out there?"

"We did research into phenomena attributied to psychic abilities, aliens, even magic in several cases. Looking back over my records and the digital copies, only a small percentage of them possessed the metahuman factor," Cain said.

"When you did your research where did it take place? Was it here, the main hospital or another site? I ask this becuase I am seeing a link between meta activity and other issues." Henry continued to probe.

"Across North America, some cases from Europe. We had contacts who would forward interesting cases to us," Cain said.

"Sounds kind of weird. That does not sound like medical research. Sound more secret society when you put it that way. With contacts and everything. I was wondering where you did any actual testing. Like was it done here or at another site. It seems that the bugs that have been terrorizing the city are attracted to meta's for some reason. They go places that they are. the more of them that are there the more that will show up. They also have an odd interaction with metas that I am trying to figure out. Also You said you worked with psychic abilities? Don't suppose any of those dealt with memory loss did they?" Henry was getting some where now. Seems that there was more the Cain then he first thought.

"I didn't take you for the conspiracy theorist type," Cain said with a raised eyebrow. "The simple fact of the matter is that before the event, these sorts of phenomena were rare and far between. While we did make the occasional cross country trip, for the large part we had colleagues on or near the sight perform tests for us while we handled most of the theory and data analysis. As for the bugs... we think it is due to the metafactor being an essential component in their diet. They need more of it than the common meta has, and tend to target those with higher concentrations."

"Ran into a group that has been training the police in how to deal with metas who break the law. They had the tech and the experience to deal with them. So they have been doing this for a long time. So I know that there are groups who have been studying them. So I don't know if it is a conspiracy when it is a true that they exist. As for the bugs I didn't know that they do for metas to eat. I have seen them take blood from people but I didn't think they were all metas. We found that the queens can control metas through some kind of mental link. There has been a lot of mental crazyness going on. Trevor got his mind scrambled a few days ago and we are trying to get that sorted out. Don't suppose you know anyone that can help do you?"

"I suppose you might be talking of Allied... they came forward with some data that helped our team progress research. I had not come across them before then. Of course, the majority of pre-existing meta's hid away, and this project was not limited to them."

"Yeah Allied was the group's name. Scary in a certain light but they are the good guys it seems. Then we have the group that kidnapped Trevor and did lord knows what to him. That was why I asked about a person who could help him. His mind has been all scrambled and we are trying to get him some help. Do you know anyone that could help him?" Henry asked again.

"I don't know of anyone with the experience, skill or finesse to attempt something like that," Cain admitted. "The mind is a delicate thing, even for typical medical treatment."

"Well there is someone out there that can do just that because they have already done it. Looks like I will need to go some place else to seek a person that can help out a friend. World is filling up with weirdos and someone has to deal with them."

"Apparently, that's the argument the founder of allied made," Cain said. "Strange that you consider yourself a 'weirdo'. Still, I wish I could have been of more help, but those I relate to are the ones just coming into their abilities. But, are you sure his mind was tampered with? And not just his subconscious reacting to the trauma?"

"It could be but another source has stated that they and Allied believe that the metas who have been taken by this group have had their minds messed with. So far both sources have not steered me wrong. But I can make a call and try and confirm."

"You seem to be going a long way for your friend," Cain observed.

"It is a friend. Wouldn't you go all out for a friend?" Henry asked.

"I would. It's admirable," Cain said.

"Well, we are friends and metas. We are going through some of the same issues and I would want someone there for me. So I feel that I should be helping. Which is what I am trying to do. Someone just kidnapped him and messed with his brain. That is something that I can't just let go."

"I will keep an eye out for you if someone who might be able to help shows up," Cain said.

"Thank you Doctor. Well, I will let you get back to your work. Thanks again for taking some time out of your day to meet with me." With that Henry stood up and headed for the door. He pulled a slip of paper out of his pocket and left it on an end table. "This is the number you can reach me at."

"Have a good one, Mason," Cain said as he left.

Henry headed out to the truck seeing as he still had some places to contact or visit. As he got in the truck he pulled out his new phone and keys. As he got in the truck and turned it on he dialed the number that Davis had given him a few nights before. If Cain or Isaac did not have a person who could help perhaps Allied would. Atleast he would find out soon.

Davis picked up after a few rings. "Hello? This is Ben Davis."

"Hey, Agent Davis, this is Force. Wanted to give you this number and ask if you all found anything out about the kidnappers. I have been looking into it and it seems that this group has done this a number of times before and it seems that they are messing with the minds of the people that they take. What have you heard on your end?"

"Hey Force, do you realize what time it is?" He yawned, somewhat audible over the line as he collected his thoughts. "From what we got, it's a complicated set up. The guys we have lawyered up, but before that we could tell they didn't know everything. They were passionate and all, the misguided type, but it seems who ever was in charge messed with them too."

Henry looked at the little clock on the dash of the truck. It was just after noon. . .Ah, right. Davis must work the night shift at Allied since that is when Henry normally got there. "Sorry about the time. I have been working on this all day and have been running into deadend and some good information as I went. Seems like people with mental powers are popping up all over the place. I am going to bet that Allied knows of some mental metas but can't use them on these guys since there are laws and what not. But what if there was a person who would let a psyc meta probe a bit? Would that even be possible?" Henry asked.

"It's true that we are seeing a lot of people with mental powers, but there are mostly minor. We have two on staff. Henderson is a living lie detector and we have someone who can 'see thoughts.' I don't really get how it was described, but that's what they said. They aren't skilled enough yet to go indepth reading, even if it was legally allowed, but they were able to see the tampering."

"Hmmm, I heard of a guy who could hear thoughts as well and another one who could alter perceptions by touch. Trying to see if there were any who could help out the kidnap victim. He can't remember and now I am pretty sure it was do to mental mojo stuff. Seems like another dead end. I don't suppose that you all have any devices that would help a person not get attacked mentally would you?"

"We would have to understand how it works first," Davis said. "And we haven't had much progress in that."

"Well there are things out there that can mentally effect people that are not metas. Like the queen bugs that have been popping up all over town. They can mentally control or take over a person and have them do their bidding. Turning friend against friend. It is pretty nasty but it can be stopped with a hard enough blow to the head. Perhaps snagging one of them might help."

//it seems I traumatized Henry with the bugs lol. He links them to everything ^^

//well he has run out of contacts for mental things. The only ones that can do anything major so far is the mystery person/people and the bug. And yes Henry is scared that he might have to stop another of the group.

"Hopefully the ACR will get a hold of one and we can work from there," Davis said.

"Talked to them this morning and they do not want to mess with the queens. Something about a number of them getting injured. But then again they did not have me on the scene."

"Hoo? Sounding a bit arrogant there, Force," Davis chuckled.

"Nah, Just ran into bugs before and metas that were under control of the bugs. That and I don't injury easily. Just wanted to get to the bottom of this and if I can aid in fixing two problems at once all the better I figure."

"I suppose the direct approach has been working for you so far."

"That is mostly because I stumble across these issues. Then I just do what needs to be done. I am sure there must be a better way to do it but I haven't figured it out yet."

"You must have some weird luck. You've been stumbling across some of the bigger issues. You didn't annoy someone and get cursed or something, did you?" Davis said jokingly.

"Hmmm that could explained things. But, any way. I guess I will let you go. I should be around later and now you have my number. Get some rest because the things are happening and seems like they keep coming at us."

"I'd rather they calm down, but I don't think we will be that lucky."

"Well I have been lucky so far so perhaps it will."

"Well, you you don't have anything else to talk about, I'm going to get back to bed."

"Thanks Davis. I will be seeing you around." Henry hung up the phone and realized that the well had run dry. Guess it was time to go home and figure something else out to do.

//Time to move you people to the next day... You plan another night time vigil?
//he will be out and about. But if there is nothing then he will call it a night
//It's a quiet night really. You would spot a grouping of people. 'Bout a dozen. Not criminal, bit in a park. All of them beast like, as Trevor and Albie.
//henry would watch them and see where they go. if any leave alone and follow them (looking for any kidnappers)
//Toss up... four stealth checks (for sneaking.) They seem paranoid, as broke into two groups, though it eventually split as they departed (two to apartments, one to an old building, another to a house...)
//<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4182373/>
//atleast they made it home safely.
//Yeek... How far would you have been following from? These are the anthros. They've got good senses.

//in the sky and follow them until they get home. Just want to make sure they get their in a safe way. If any of them spot me Henry would fly down and explain (from a safe distance) That there are people out there hunting metas and he was only there to make sure they were safe.

//The great Force. Spotting groups and stalking them by night.

//protecting. there is a difference. a small one, but it is there

//lol

The hooded figures slunk quietly down the sidewalks. Minding their own business. When one of them stopped looking around suspiciously. After a few moments, the figure looked up, and pointed out the stalking figure of Force to the rest. of the group, three scattered, taking shelter. The one that spotted him stood their ground, two beside them getting, one shedding their jacket to reveal a back covered in spines, the other snapping out claws.

The powers of perception that the part animal ones have is always amazing. Trevor could tell people by smells and it seems that this one could do something similar even from this distance. Well time to warn the meta population.

"Sorry for following you all. I am Force and I was only looking out for your protection. There has been a group who kidnapped a meta such as you just a few days ago. I was trying to make sure that this didn't happen to you. I work with two men that have turned into cat-men and I know how they don't like strangers coming up to them. I was trying to help while giving you your space. Seems like I failed on that end. Any how who are you all?" Henry asked while still floating in the sky.

"And we're just supposed to take your word for that," one of them, the one with the spines, growled at him.

"I would hope so. If not then that is your issue. I am just providing the information that I have gathered. If you don't want to listen then I can't make you. But just know that I am looking out for meta kind." Henry said holding his hands up. Trying to not look threatening.

"You you want to talk, you don't stalk people," the one with the claws hissed.

"And if I come in from the sky landing in your little party in the park then you all attack me and it defeats the whole purpose. Anyhow, beware of people hunting metas. They have the technology and means. I would travel in pairs. Good luck." Henry said rather short. Some people just don't get it when they are being given advice. He felt that at some point they would get caught and get hurt. Well at least he warned them.

"We prefer packs," the first one countered.

"Packs, pairs, same difference." Henry replied.

"Then that makes you redundant, doesn't it?"

Henry ran his hand over his masked face. Perhaps it would be a surge in evolution if these metas died in a fight with the kidnappers. "Sure does. Good luck animal folk. Next time there are people out hunting our kind I will be sure to leave you alone to your night time gatherings and not warn you. Here's to you not getting caught." With that Henry flew off. Well there are always those that will end up in cages and on the news as statistics. Henry had just left them.

At the Aquarium: Aftermath

When marina opened her eyes the flames had died down. She screamed in anger and morphed back to clay form, quickly morphing a makeshift leotard look. She crawled to her hands and knees and inspected the area. Alex was lying unconscious on the ground...he still had a pulse...thank the eldritch horrors he was safe. And the other boy...hmm....Regardless, she vowed not to get into trouble again. She got to her feet, mostly unscathed besides a few burns and bruises. Alex on the other hand...She began crying...This was her fault somehow and she knew it.

James wasn't sure how in the heck he survived whatever he did, but instead of having a false sense of being able to counter like he did last time, he laid limp. Even if he could enter the physical realm and use his illusions, he doubt they'd work on him. He stayed limp as he was placed on the ground and watched them do... something, that made them disappear a moment later along with the fire.

James, since he believed they were safe now, stands up and enters the physical realm while holding his poor head due to the mental suffering he went through, "You know, I should ignore whoever else calls on Trevor's phone. 'Just an explosion' my ass..." He wasn't entirely aware of the two at the moment since he was still recovering.

"Ack...didn't think you'd actually come alone...dang it...I should have just surrendered...then Alex...he...wouldn't...", Marina said.

"I called the other two..." James replied the thing that meant nothing now, although he sighed at the other thing she said, "Great... that might mean you're the reason why that guy did... whatever the hell he was trying to do to my mind... I think it was a... oh screw it." He shakes his head as he attempts to ignore it somehow.

"There's more? he...did....", Marina said and then she began bawling again. "I've caused people to get hurt...I....that's it...no more getting mixed up in these things for me....", She wiped the tears away. "We should get him to a hospital.", she said to James.

James cracks his neck once as he moved to look at Alex, "Tell me, were you hiding the fighting part from me, or did all of this happened after you called?" when he asked that, he goes down to one knee next to Alex to examine him, "I'm no expert, but he looks stable considering he was blasted with fire and... where's the burn marks?" Surprisingly enough, he wasn't able to see any burns, as if someone healed Alex at some point.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4165620/> Medical stuff: 12. Diagnosis DC: 10

[He looks perfectly fine! Hell, he's sleeping... lil'bastard...]

[+1 morale bonus for taking care of cute lil sleeping kitten. Anthro... big... still kitten.]

"This all happened after you called...I made a tactical blunder.", Marina said to James. "He's going to make it? Thank the eldritch gods.", Marina said.

James chuckles at their luck as he looked closer, "Make it? It looks like he was never even set on fire in the first place! ...Well, besides the fur of course; it looks a bit uneven here and there."

[Well... fur might look a bit off in places. Grew back, but not fully...]

"That's good...my phone's busted...gee I hope my parent's are okay.", Marina said, "I'm a little bruised myself, but a little soak in the fish tank and I think I should be okay..."

James looks at her, "The fish tank? ...Actually, I'm not going to question it. And why wouldn't your parents be okay?"

"I'm hoping they evacuated.", Marina said, she then walked over to Simon's tank and submerged for a short time changing into water form. She recalled seeing the burn on her hand recovering when she was underwater...And given this feeling of rejuvenation in her body, she would be alright. She changed back into clay form, reforming the green leotard and returned to James. "All better...how's he looking...and are you alright?", she asked him.

James stands up a little and was holding his head again, "He appears to pretty much be asleep... and I should be fine in a few hours, hopefully."

"I had a good soak...well no sense in staying here when the rescue workers get here.", Marina said. "Although we probably should stay for questioning....I still feel horrible about what happened...does this sort of trouble happen to you too?"

"If the night where Trevor and I were flashbanged counts, then yes..." James merely replied as he conjured an animate ball for entertainment reasons via his illusion powers.

"Why are you creating toys now?", Marina asked, "Shouldn't we be leaving with Alex soon?"

"Just making sure my power still works honestly..." Okay, really James was still recovering from that mental assault, but that didn't stop him from tossing the ball away and causing it to explode in confetti, "I suppose I'm stuck with this for today, so... yeah." With that excellent bit of wisdom in face, he goes to carefully pick up Alex. "So, you have transportation or should I just bring him to the hospital my own way?" Perfectly fine or not, Alex should get checked out.

"Your own way?", Marina asked, "I think I'll may need a check up myself...And I don't have my own transportation."

"I got here somehow and I figured a car would be too slow, I'm just not sure if I can take two people at once or not." James cryptically replied. It was here that James realized something rather important, something that he's not surprised didn't affect him the first time he did it, "...yeah, I'm a freaking weakling..." He puts Alex down.

"Suppose we simply walk out the front...", Marina said to James.

"That might be best, I can carry him a short distance, but I'm not sure anymore if I can make it to the hospital: need to figure out how to get that power stronger..." James said with a sigh.

"Let's go...", Marina said. She heaved Alex over her shoulder and then called for James to help support his other side. They would be making it out...she could try and redeem herself later.

James didn't need to be told to help when she decided that they would be carrying Alex out, "...And don't beat yourself up, I might have been able to get us out of here before this if I found you sooner. Everyone is thankfully fine, so try to calm down? Okay?" He works up a smile through his headache.

"Alright...but if I hadn't decided to fight the fireman, he wouldn't have done this to Alex...", Marina said to James as they walked.

James sighs as the truth came out, "...Just be more careful then." He really didn't know what else to say without sounding like a complete jackass, considering what happened.

"I guess...", Marina said with regret, "I still feel bad about it...but I guess just improve for next time...there won't be a next time."

James chuckles, "How can you be so sure? I sure as hell didn't expect to be attacked by that guy when I wasn't even in the physical realm at that moment. After that moment, it's safe to assume that it isn't if there's a next time, but when the next time will happen."

"I hope to never run into those three again.", Marina said, "I barely survived the fight as it is...I don't think I'm fighting again...it's too dangerous."

And then, suddenly, Alex opens his eyes, blinks few times and grins "Hey, Imma not ded!" he says cheerfully after a while and adds "Gosh, I am nearly naked. Anyone's getting aroused from mah sexy body?" the catboy chuckles and bites his lip. Yeah, that bastard's back.

"Hey you're alive...spunky too.", Marina hugged him. "Looking good", Marina teased. She was happy that he was able to wake up, and sad because of her error.

Alex chuckled and looked at the person that was holding him before Marina went on and hugged him "Oh, hello there new person." he said cheerfully "I'd assume you've healed me back from that absolute horrible burn for now, is that right? Oh, also, would you carry me like that till the end or should I get back on my feet again?"

James was going to reply to Marina when Alex woke up and he shakes his head when he figured James healed him, "I really should take up some medical training though. Let's just say we all got lucky." He might have went into a bit more detail, but he didn't really know much either since he was forced to focus on that mental battle with whoever the hell that one guy was... oh right, one of them healed Alex or something.

"That's your choice...can you walk?", Marina asked.

"I think so. I don't feel like I was burned alive, really... That was some sort of miracle." Alex replied with a happy smile (Nyanface :3) "By your wording though..."

"I'm just glad you're okay.", Marina said, "I'm so sorry for that..."

Alex got off from the hands that supported him at the moment and stretched. "Yeah, that's weird." his face got slightly sad expression for a moment when Marina said that she's sorry and Alex replied after a while "...No... Worries. I guess." his expression returned to somewhat cheerful though (not without a struggle it seemed) as he handed his hand out for a handshake towards James "Name's Alexander, but the western guys call me Alex. And yours?"

James paid no mind to the guy's fur and shakes his hand, "It's James Nelson. I trust it was just bad luck that I found you two in that one sided fight?" He decides to leave out the part where he was grabbed by gods know what when he tried to ghost them out of there.

Alex tilted his head to side. "Yeah... Maybe." he simply replied. "Let's get out of there, I don't want to choke on smoke."

James was hoping for a... well, better answer, but he didn't really want to stay here either, "Agreed." He didn't really have anything better to say, so he starts walking. While he isn't sure what to say, he does know that Alex must be wearing a 'mask' right now since he nearly freaking died, so James carefully uses his Mind Reading power to check Alex's surface thoughts.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4168429/> Mind Reading DC: 17

Alex Will: 21

//Placing the save if applicable.

Alex walked on and then, after a while asked "I am actually alive, yes? Because for a while, just as I got really burned, I could see myself getting... Ghostly. Thought I've died."

James nods with a light chuckle, "Yes, you're alive. I tried to pull you out before the Fire guy blew his fuse. One of my powers apparently allows me to... for lack of a better term; enter the Ghost Realm and I can apply it to others. My apologies if it scared you, I was hoping to pull you away before you got burnt..." The apologetic look he gave was sincere.

"I thought you were awesome," a familiar voice whispered in James' ear. [James only]

James blinks and looks around for the source of the voice, "Huh?"

"I have said nothing yet... By the way... You are, as they say, "a meta", too?" Alex said "Or I've probably got the term wrong..."

"Darn... I said I would keep quiet..." she complained. "But at least you can hear me!"

James did his best not to say anything and gives a nod to his ghostly friend that decided to tag along since last night before answering Alex, "Yeah, but besides my ability to enter the ghost realm and back, my powers seem to be more mental based than anything else. Since we're on the subject, mind if I ask what powers you two have?"

Alex shrugged "I have turned into a cat. Lynx, to be precise. Marina can turn into some sort of goo and apparently manipulate water." Alex omitted his newly-found ability to send microwaves and light (how are they related to each other anyway...)

"Actually I turn into water or a clay-like goo.", Marina corrected, "And only manipulate water if I'm submerged in it."

"Your friends are weird," she commented. "Catboy's kinda cute though. I like cats."

James wasn't quite sure how to reply, since one of them happens to be a ghost spirit girl which will make him look strange if he talks to her. He silently cursed at his powers for not making that mental speak power go between his ghost and human forms before saying what came to his mind, "Thats... all, Alex? They don't make powers like they used too, do they?" He was, of course, refering to comic book superheroes, "...I'm sure our powers will get better in time." ...Hopefully.

Alex Bluff: 6

Castle now officially hates me.

Alex's expression twitched as did his tail. Someone observant [Sense Motive DC:6] might easily figure out that this question made him uncomfortable "Yeah... That's it. Morphing to another species is a strong power, if you think about it." Alex replied, feeling that he's not entierly convincing.

"I imagine in time I should be able to do an ice form or a water vapor form...or something.", Marina said to James.

Okay, you'd have to be blind not to see that something bothered Alex. James nods at Marina, "Sounds about right. So... Alex." He looks at the feline with a knowing smile, "Is there something you're not telling us or are you suddenly twitchy for some reason?" James made sure it sounded like a rhetorical question while still looking pretty friendly.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4173288/> Sense motive: 19 (could've took ten (I think)) (Can't take ten on Sense motive I think.)

"Oooo! Want me to scare him for you?" She offered.

//Tempting, [ghost girl's name here]... not sure if I should though ^^

//You know... I really don't remember what her name is...

"I'm always twitchy, after two times of near-death expirience." he said with a somewhat irritated expression that suddenly changed into a mischevous grin as he went on "Have I ever told anyone about the time when my twitchiness saved two cups suddenly starting to fall from cupboard before I even realised what have I done?"

James figured he was making something up to dodge saying anything that he deemed should be kept secret, but honestly James had no real reason to pursue it anymore then he already did... and then his ghostly friend offered something, to which he whispered a reply to, "As fun as that would be..." Crap, he was considering it and if he goes for it then he's going to need to come up with a story as to wtf just happened... on the other hand, what's the worse that can happen? His whispers were even quieter now, "Go for it." Once he told the ghost that, he quickly responds to Alex's little story, "Well, I've only just got into this little group, due to Trevor, so no."

((just so you know, I flipped a coin to decide if the ghost would do anything or not))

There was a quiet giggle, then silence. A moment later, Marina and Albie would feel a chill.
DC 14 will vs cold damage, DC 14 will vs fear

Alex Will vs cold: 13 (._.)

Alex Will vs fear: 17 (finally)

//So you feel the sudden chill, spreading from core of your chest. Sickened effect.

Marina Will: 1d20+1=14,

1d20+1=14

Alex shuddered as he was chilled and looked around. "Cold out there..." he muttered.

James did his best to not smile too much about that, "I hope not; I'm prepared for a nice warm day, not a chilly one." Having a ghost, person, familiar... whatever was kinda interesting when you think about it.

"I ain't scared of cold." Alex replied with a chuckle and started walking a bit faster.

"You sure you're alright Alex...I'd be devastated if you were hurt...I feel bad enough for provoking disco inferno guy.", Marina finally spoke up.

"I am not right, cause for some odd reason I can't see fourth degree burns on my body, although this wrongness is good." Alex replied.

"That's a good sign, I still worry....wait..i thought burn degrees only went to three...ah...nevermind, well is good...I'm sorry about disco inferno guy again.", Marina said to him.

Alex glared at Marina and for a while it could be easily seen that his expression was quite angry. Moments after, Alex could get control of his emotions again and made a pokerface, replying "If you are sorry about that, make me a favor and dont bring it up again"

"Alright, alright...sowwy...", Marina began crying out again. She wanted to talk about it, but couldn't...Not with Alex. Her parents wouldn't understand...then again they had not talked to her about using her powers to fight crime yet so there was that. She was done with trying to be a superhero.

Alex bit his tongue (and then regretted doing that) as he saw Marina cry. He gave her a hug and said "Hey, don't cry, it's alright..."

"Yeah...", she said, "I'm just not cut out for crime fighting it seems...first I melt in the mall ,me and Erin get caught by bugs, then this...I'm fine with leaving the hero work to the professionals.", she finished, drying her tears.

James kept quiet for the most part, but at this point he figured there was something he could say, "Well, we all got these powers only recently, yes? We simply don't know how to effectively use them right now." Well that had to have been a wild guess, considering what they just encountered a few minutes ago, "Well... it's nothing to worry about right now; the hero bit. I'm sure they didn't show it sometimes, but I bet most heroes had to work at it to figure out how to use their powers... unless you're Superman, then you're just overpowered." Yes, he tried to throw a joke in this, this moment is kinda fading into the dark at the moment.

"I guess...but I'm staying away from the front lines now...the more I try to do, the worse off the people I care about are.", she said as they walked.

James subconsciously used his Illusion power to create a light bulb over his head and he's not even aware of it, "You have power over water, right? Who said you need to be a crimefighter? You could be a firefighter instead! ...Ignore that fire welding guy." James looked happy as he figure he thought of something useful she could do instead.

"Fire still evaporates me though...it still hurts.", she said, "And super plumber doesn't sound so good." Marina cracked a laugh at that...she wasn't so sad now.

"Ah... well..." James appeared to be slightly defeated from her reply to firefighting and the light bulb over his head clicked off before the laws of physics took over and it crashed to the floor. Although he did laugh at the plumber idea, "Well, I'm just saying there has to be more to powers then beating up bad guys." 'Best I could do with mine is hope people fall for Illusions' James thought with a hint of worry. Hopefully for him no one nearby can read minds.

"I'm sure there is...I've been able to mold myself into different shapes before...maybe there's something there...nah...too far...", Marina said, she knew what she could do, but had no idea if

Erin would be up for it. Regardless, she still felt guilt over it, but changing the subject helped a ton. She would still retire from crimefighting.

//Night Vision... Night Vision...

//feenie do you want to continue this?

In time Marina returned home to her parents. She neglected to mention her encounter with disco inferno guy. If they knew she tried to fight they would ground her for life. And so she was mostly silent during thier reunion.

Erin

Erin yawned and went through her morning routine. hower, brushing her teeth, make breakfast, go on the computer and mostly chat with people and look up stuff for the latest goings on in the town. On another tab, she was also looking for more info on superpowers emerging in other parts of the world while her mind went back to Infamous. Ray Sphere Blast being substituted for the factory explosion... But then where was The Beast? Where was Kessler... For that matter, who would travel back in time to become the world's Kessler...

The pain in her stomach jolted her out of the train of thought as she placed a hand against it and reached for some tums agian... Though it didn't help a whole lot. "God... What the actual hell...?" She coughed as the pill went down. Leaning back in her chair, she sighed. "Sheesh... I really hope this goes away sometime soon." She muttered to no one in particular. Sighing, she also noticed that there were no messages from Night Erin... That one hadn't been on a whole lot ever since the attack with the bugs. Closing her eyes, she tried to change tabs with her mind, though nothing came of it. Undeterred, she kept trying though kept getting nothing.

"Huh..." Erin thought. "Great job, Erin... your first time out and your powers go completely kaput." Shaking her head, she went back to her researching.

Gather information: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4152327/> 16

[Those who don't pay attention to the news finds the same stories mentioned before of metas turning up across the continent.

The Next Day, the Day of the Con.

//Just give a summary of how you ended the previous day.

Asides from copious amounts of indiscriminate partying and eventually being carried back home by half a JezLegion, there wasn't much else to the rest of Jezelle's day that didn't include sleeping.

He tried the lonely recovering person thing. It didn't really work. At the end of the day, he didn't feel any better than when he started. Worse actually. It was bad enough with the hiding from public in general, but hiding from a faceless fear on top of that.

Vas sakka pre! He didn't do anything wrong. And he payed good money for those con tickets. He got his cell phone and called Jez.

The phone was quite promptly picked up and an energetic and cheery: "Heyaaaaaa!" was the first words issued in lieu of properly answering.

"Wassup?" Two said cheerily, phone pinned between a shoulder and an ear as she held an Orihime costume out in front of her with an excited glint in her eyes.

"It's D-Day, my costume's been ready for weeks now, and I'm not sitting this one out. You heading to the con?"

"Heck yes -at least when Prime gets outta the shower and redeploys the legion, we'll be leaving in minutes I reckon," Two said confidently, "Three and I are getting the costumes ready."

"It would be more accurate to say that Three is getting the costumes ready; you haven't stopped toying with your own," Three's voice was heard close by, to which Two answered by poking out her tongue and rasping.

"You still going the bleach theme?" Trevor asked, half hanging off the edge of his bed as he spoke. It was either that or pace. And he was still sorta lazy.

"Yeah, the costumes are easy enough and look pretty neat, it'd probably too complicated if we all wanted different animes or mangas; got a nice theme going," Two replied.

"You have eleven people kicking around, optionally, and super speed, and you say something is too complicated?" Trevor said with a trace of disbelief. Between the lot of them, they should be able to pull out one of those epic implausible armour video game designs if she put her minds to it.

"You try making eleven awesome costumes off a student's budget," Two complained, "If we had the cash flow of eleven people we mighta tried a gundam or something just to see if we could..."

"Hey, I managed to pull a costume together!" Trevor pointed out.

"Don't dignify that with a response," Three advised Two.

"What...?" Two said, a little tangled.

"I'm going as Kate's son!" Trevor said indignantly.

There was a scuffling as the phone was nabbed from Two.

"Must've taken you so much time and money to build that fursuit," Jezelle said with a smirk, "I'm going as Ichigo, Orihime, Rukia, Matsumoto, Soi Fon, Unohana, Yoruichi, Harribel, Byakuya, Nelliel and Aizen; notice a difference?"

Prime had obviously returned from the shower, taking a rather slow walk about the room in her underwear and leaving copies in her wake whom went about getting their costumes on.

"Um... they all wears black or white dresses?" Trevor guessed. "Except for Aizen. He wears a white one and has an epic couch. Papermache?"

"I wonder if there's a superpower that lets someone slap someone through a cell phone..." Jezelle wondered aloud airily, "Where were we planning on meeting up, anyway?"

"I hadn't thought that far ahead. Have been busy these past few days," Trevor said flippantly. Only, is levity was moving things into stormy waters, so he quickly turned his boat to a new heading. "Around the north gate?"

"Pfft, sure," Jezelle remarked a little vaguely, pausing for a moment though, "...Do me a favor and keep an eye out for Matsumoto and Yoruichi... I'm not liking where Four and Seven's thoughts are going..."

"Really? I've always thought that Fourth had the coolest ideas," Trevor grinned, even if she couldn't see it. "Wasn't I promised incentives?"

"Don't you even try and twist my words mister, that back there was a remark about the possibility of offering incentives, not the offering itself," Jezelle corrected a little grumpily, thankful that the phone medium allowed her to hide her blush, "Even if Four looks different she's still me in essence and I'm still... well... anyway..."

"You do know that isn't a turn off an any way, right? You're hot. Like real person hot," Trevor pointed out.

And just like that, Jezelle was suddenly almost in the fetal position on the ground trying to hide her glowing red face even though it was through a phone and no one else could see her. Eight plucked the phone out of First's grip.

"Are you trying to compliment your way into seeing the goods?" Eight asked with a dry smirk.

"I'm not lying!" Trevor said defensively, pouting. He rolled over so he wasn't quite hanging off the bed, was idly toying with his toes. Something to do with occupied with the phone. And while his higher thinking functions were running on low power letting thoughts reach mouth without processing. "You don't even where much make up or anything. You could be scary hot if you tried."

"Oh I'm sure Four and Seven are going to try, that's probably what First was referring to," Eight said with a helpless but happy sigh, "You're a dangerous man, Trev, even without the super-ness."

"What makes me dangerous?" Trevor said after a moment, confused.

"Not gonna make it that easy for ya," Eight said chidingly, "You'll figure it out someday I'm sure. In the meantime, if you don't even attempt to put up a fight against whatever Four or Seven might have in mind, First is apparently instructing Six to do something horrible to you. See you at the con!"

"Wait! Don't leave me hanging like this!" Trevor said, sitting up. "Come on!"

There was an evil cackle on the other end.

"Oh revenge; like a lover's lips thou art sweet," Eight rambled off randomly before hanging up.

::The Call to Henry that would follow the Jelegion call that will take ages to finish cause I'm out of sync with blanda time.::

Trevor thought about it, and figured that he owed Henry a call at least. More, considering, but he asked him to call... Armed with the cellphone, he rang up the budding superman.

(did he call or just take out his phone?)(Call. Keyboard seemed to have left of the g from rang.)

Henry checked his phone and saw that it was Trevor calling. This is a good thing. Trevor was reaching out this time and not holeing up in his house.

"Hey Trevor. What's going on?" Henry asked.

"It's C-day!" Trevor declared.

"Columbus Day? I thought that was in October. I take it you are doing better. Good to hear you excited.

"Wait... Columbus has a day? Seriously? For what?" Trevor asked, derailed for the moment.

"Enslaving a group of people and being a general d-bag really. So what are you up to today?" Henry said trying to drive the topic back on course.

"Huh..." Trevor said. People were weird. "Um... right. It's con-day!"

"Ah, . . . I am going to assume that is the costume party and not the prison exchange day. You going to it?" Henry wondered if there would ever be such an event for the prisoners.

"Meeting the legion too," Trevor supplied.

"Nice. Sounds like a get together. And one that doesn't involve injuries. You have a costume?"

"Grey sweats and an old grey tee. Going as a member of the Pack. In an improved warrior form," Trevor said.

"Speaking of pack I met some metas that were like you. Except the one had quills and they all had bad tempers." Henry added.

"Explain?" Trevor prompted after a moment of trying to figure out what Henry meant.

"Well I went to a park at night and found a group of them. Tried to warn them about the kidnappers but they thought it would be better to try and threaten me. Eh, they will figure it out though. Or atleast I hope they do." Henry said recalling the night before.

"Where you where that outfit of yours? Cause it's more batman than superman," Trevor laughed, even as he was thoughtful. "I didn't really think about others..."

"Yeah, it kind of does now that you mention it. But I don't think a pair of glasses is really going to confuse anyone. But the metas I saw seemed to be forming a pack out there. Might be others that you can meet up with and see what is going on." Henry said. He then brought the conversation back to the days events. "So what is your plan for the Con?"

"Rehab really... just going for the rush of positive emotions," Trevor said slowly. He... he needed someone to talk to. Bottle things up never worked out for people. And he had already started with Henry, so... "And a chance to sneak a picture of the Stargate stars."

"Ah, that show you all are always talking about with the giant ring stone thingy with Macgyver and then the guy from Farscape. I didn't know that they would be there. How big of an event is this going to be?" Henry asked.

"Very. I've had tickets for a month and a half now. For all four days. It's the largest convention in Ontario," Trevor said solemnly. "They admitted they've had some cancellations thanks to the meta thing, but even more people registered because of it."

"So this place is going to be a hot bed of meta activity? That sounds promising." Henry thought that if there was ever going to be a place that things would happen it would be a building that had a bunch of super powered beings in it.

"Yeah... it's possible. But I'm going for the fun stuff. And the change to walk around in ripped up clothes," Trevor laughed admittedly. He personally didn't think that they would want to cause a lot of trouble. Maybe he was just being optimistic.

"I might stop by the place. Have a costume already so that would help." He would also need incase things went bad.

"You're planning on going as yourself, aren't you?" Trevor said, dropping back on his bed, giving an smirk that Henry wouldn't be able to see. "I have to admit, that would be cool though."

"Yeah, might as well get more mileage out of it. Plus the PR would be nice. Then again people will never believe that it is the real one. Which might be a good thing." Henry walked over to his gym bag and opened it. Seems like he would need to get cleaning.

"The PR or the ghost story thing?" Trevor asked.

"The PR. To many people thinking that I am going to kidnap or hurt them. Although they might not know it is the real one. Might just play it off as a person dressing up as him."

"You should have gone with something more cheerful. And colourful." Trevor suggested helpfully.

"I wouldn't know what to go as. This is just something I have and works as a costume. Although it is more of a uniform for me but they won't know." Henry added.

"You know you don't have to be in costume to go, right?"

"It is like a condom. It is better to have it and not need it then to need it and not have it." Henry said very Zen like.

"... what?" Trevor said after a long pause. "Did you just compare a convention to... coitis?"

Henry scratched his head. "What not?"

"Yeah... just forget it... so, see you there?"

"Yeah, I will see you all there. Should be interesting."

<Marina prepares to go to the con somewhere here.>

Marina awoke, today was the day. Perhaps a day enjoying the convention would help her forget the horrifying accident the previous day. Marina got dressed and got ready for the day before heading out with her 4 day pass to the convention on a lanyard. She headed to Erin's house early. She took out her temporary cell phone. This was an antique model by today's standards but she had to have something to contact her parents.

She called Erin as she walked over.

ring ring

Erin looked at the phone as she was just about to get online to look up some information as to whether this superhero phenomenon was just isolated to here or if it was going on in other places of the world.

Research: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4192872/> 14

ring ring

Erin had been able to find mostly hits in her city before hearing the phone ringing. Getting up, she picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Yeah it's me Marina. My phone got torched...anyway I was just wondering if you were coming to the convention today?", Marina asked her.

"What happened?" Erin asked. "But yeah, I am going." She said, still feeling quite weird. Her stomach was running a gymnastics course it felt like. "It's in a few hours, right?"

"Yeah, I'll tell you about it when I get there. Did you pick out a costume?", Marina asked.

"All my stuff went up, remember? Haven't had time to get a new one." Erin pointed out.

"At least your convention pass didn't go up in flames.", Marina said to Erin. She was almost to Erin's house.

"Yep. About the best bit of luck I had from there. Oh well. I'll see ya there or something. Better get going now." Erin said.

Just then Erin's doorbell rang.

Erin looked up. "Be right back. See ya there, right? Got someone at the door. Love you." She said and hung up and headed for the door, opening it.

"Hi", Marina said awkwardly, "Um..Erin, may I come in?"

"Oh! Hey honey!" Erin said and hugged her girlfriend. "Of course! Of course!" She smiled and ushered her in. "Not really ready yet. We going now?"

"Actually can we just talk...we'll go soon.", Marina said to her returning the hug. "There was an incident at the aquarium...and..." Marina sat down on the couch.

"I heard about that on the news... Are your parents okay?" Erin sat down, and looked to the two, concerned.

Marina nodded, "There was a group of supers...they were after Simon, you know the big fish....Gigantor...anyway they had me and Alex cornered...and I...." Marina whispered and began growing sadder as she talked about it again. But she had to accept what she did.

Erin hugged her friend. "What happened...? He's all right? you're okay?"

"Alex almost got burned to death by some disco inferno pyromancer guy...all because I decided to fight him rather than surrender...I can't believe we both lived through that.", Marina whispered and lay in Erin's lap.

"Oh my god..." Erin said, hugging Marina tightly. "I'm so sorry to hear that... is he okay? You're okay too?"

"he's survived...I think he doesn't want me to feel guilty about it, but I've been traumatized by this...I can't go anywhere without trouble following me...remember...I was there when the bugs webbed up your old place and mind controlled us...", Marina said lying in her girlfriend's arms.

"I know... I know... But it's going to be okay. We're going to be okay. I'm going to be here for ya no matter what happens." She kissed Marina's cheek.

"I worry if I go to the convention more trouble will happen.", Marina said to Erin. "You know I've learned...I'm not cut out for crime fighting like Force...but I can become something else....I need to protect those I love...", Marina said to Erin, kissing her on the shoulder.

Erin nodded. "Well I'm not much of a fighter myself." erin started to say then felt her stomach go insane again. "Gah!" She yelped, and doubled over.

Marina patted her on the back. "You alright there love?", Marina asked.

"Well... Not really. Stomach's been going nuts all week, but I'll be going to the con. I'll be fine."

"Nausea, fever?, anything like when I first melted?", Marina asked, "Oh, one more thing, remember when I turned into a dress for you for a short time?"

"More like it feels like my body is being absolutely nuts. Random spasming, my body going completely wonky. I dunno. Maybe it's something I ate." Erin shrugged. "And yeah. That was cool. Though I'm not a big fan of dresses."

"I was just thinking, trouble seems to follow me around and I end up endangering people I care about...I care about you too much to do that to you...so I was wondering...", Marina shifted nervously, "Could I be your costume for part of the convention...I can protect you...if something goes wrong."

"You can do that? Protect me?" Erin asked. "Like... forming armor or something?"

"Armor precisely, my clay form is like dense rubber or something...the entire Jez Legion couldn't knock me out when we served the queen bug....I'm like living armor in that form.", Marina said to Erin.

"Gotta say, going in a suit of armor would be cool. Any ideas?" she asked, already thinking of things from skyrim.

"No idea. Wait you're willing to let me do this...", Marina said in surprise, "And you're okay with it?!"

"you sound like I wouldn't be okay with it." Erin chuckled.

"Because I'm not sure if I really should do this...", Marina said.

"Well it's up to you," Erin smiled. "I wouldn't mind... but in all seriousness, we'd better get going."

"Just for a little bit then.", Marina said, "Did you have a type of armor in mind?"

"Couple of ideas. Ever played Skyrim?" Erin asked.

"Only a little before this whole superheroes thing.", Marina said to her.

"Ah. Well my computer is on. Come on, i'll show ya some of the armors there." Erin smiled.

Marina moved so she could see Erin's computer screen as Erin moved to the computer.

Meanwhile, Erin was punching up google searches for Glass, Ebony, Daedric, dragonscale, and Nightengale armor. That done, she went to get dressed so she'd have something under the Marinarmor.

//need/want the links?

//we deciding on one?

//why not?

Marina looked through the list of armors. She clicked each one and compared. "Hmm...seems nightingale armor has fewer spikes and loose ends...but Daedric looks just awesome.", she said to Erin.

"What's wrong with spikes?" Erin called from the next room as she got dressed.

"Living armors have feelings too...I can't be your armor the whole time as it is.", Marina said to her.

"Fair enough. if you like, we can be an agent of Nocturnal." Erin said happily.

"Maybe not immediately...wait should I morph now or later?", Marina asked.

Erin stepped back, wearing some plain clothing and smiled. "Whatever you want. Got your ticket?" She said, flashing hers then putting it back into her left pocket, her right one full as it usually was from tissue paper.

"Darn, I can't think of a way to do this that isn't suspicious...I mean what will they say when one girl in armor walks into the bathroom and two girls walk out without the armor?", Marina said to Erin.

"Well what we could do is go in as two, go into the bathroom, then go on our way." Erin offered.

"And they are going to wonder where the other girl went...", Marina said to Erin..

"I doubt it... this is a huge con after all." Erin said.

"Let's hope so...I can probably only survive an hour as armor for ya.", Marina said to Erin.

"Better get moving then. As girls." Erin added for clarification and took Marina by the hand. "You ready?"

Marina flashed her 4 day pass, "Totally!" Marina figured a day of the convention should help her deal with the guilt. She would get a gift for Alex too.

//letsa go!!

[Timeshift to arrival!]

While the grand centre for the convention was always a sight to behold, it was currently nothing new as all the fun was obviously going on inside and the JezLegion had yet to make it that far as they were dutifully waiting at the North Gate.

Two, Four, Eight and Ten had taken it upon themselves to try some synchronized little dance routine they had seen on a youtube video while Nine and Eleven stood off to one side pensively and the rest were watching with a variety of expressions.

"This is both entertaining and somewhat embarrassing..." First had remarked, her expression likewise torn as she watched an Orihime, Matsumoto, Harribel and Nelliel muck around.

Trevor almost chickened out. He had pulled into the parking lot, his 'costume', a grey sweat pants and a grey hoodie over a plain tee shirt. Pack colours. Taken from Ilona Andrew's book series. There were a lot of shapeshifters in that series he could claim to be. He shut off the engine and slipped the key into his pocket.

He got a few stares on the way. Or he was just being hyper sensitive to it all. At least he hoped he pulled off fauxifying himself enough. He'd done some research on costuming, and added a few things here and there that he hoped would make them just think very good outfit...

Still, his own self interested musing got thrown off the loop at the sight (and scent) of a group of dancing Jezelles. He paused a couple feet away, just watching for a while. "Wha..?"

JezIchigo did a small double-take at the noise and her eyes narrowed when she spotted Trevor watching, quickly doing an 'I'm watching you' gesture with two fingers pointing at her eyes and then at Trevor.

JezYoruichi was lazily slung between a JezRukia and a JezSoiFon, waving at Trevor airily.

"Check it out, we could make our own cheer squad so easily," JezYoruichi remarked with a small smirk, nodding towards the four dancing Jezelles.

"I suppose that's... cool... Didn't they do that in Sky High?" Trevor asked after a moment. He was pretty sure there was a duplicating cheerleader in that movie. His tail curled as Jechigo glared at him. "And seriously... what did I do? It wasn't even my idea and I'm getting attacked for it..."

"Haven't watched Sky High," JezIchigo said easily with a shrug, still watching the silly dance out of some thoughtful curiosity, "My schedule was pretty cluttered... The idea is too logical and amusing to not be classic-material anyway."

Fortunately even though First seemed uninterested in replying to the latter half, Seven had no issues with taking an opportunity when she saw one.

"Oh Trevor, you still haven't figured it out," JezYoruichi said hopelessly as she pushed away from her two leaning posts and swayed over towards the catman, "What you could do... you're a dangerous man, and don't you think..."

She started moving uncomfortably close to Trevor's left side, draping her arms about his neck and slowly leaning in closer as her voice lowered.

"That it would be smart... to watch... dangerous... men..." JezYoruichi whispered in a subtly sultry tone -before pulling away and laughing a little at herself, looking at the JezIchigo who was

watching through her peripherals, both chidingly and childishly remarking: "Stop looking! The point of view is weirding me out!"

Trevor's ears perked up as seven(? The scents were a bit... mingled, worse with the appearance trick) strutted over. He wasn't lying when he said Jez was hot, and she was dressed up as yoruichi... Who was also hot (and turned into a cat so...) His tail bristled ever so slightly and curled when she came up to him and whispered in his ear. Now he to totally confused. He didn't know if he was thinking the right things... And he wasn't wearing boxers so...

Think about other things... think about other things... which totally wasn't easy surrounded with so many Jez's and the issue brought to head with that comment. Okay... definitely think about other things... "So.... and plan for tackling the con?"

//yoruichi's shinigami outfit

//somehow I think that if Blanda was a girl, Grey would be in love... You two seem made for eachother.

//we exist on the same level of awareness

//hence if blanda is a girl or if Grey went gay you two would be perfect.

// And why can't it be Blanda that goes Gay? Everyone is Gay for Grey

//don't act like you deny it :P Well either way, someone would need to go gay if Blanda's a guy. Ideally both so a true loving relationship can blossom. Now If Blanda really is a girl, then that's not a problem anymore.

A short while later, Erin and Marina entered. Erin smiled as she looked to her girlfriend. "Showtime, I think." She said and let go, heading to a bathroom. Hopefully it'd be empty.

"Do we have to do that now...can't we explore a bit first...no need to change so soon.", Marina whispered, holding her girlfriend's hand.

"Awww, you sure?" Erin asked. "I was hoping that we could find our buddies and I can apologize to Trev."

"Isn't that Trev over there?", Marina said pointing to a catboy standing near 4 dancing bleach cosplayers.

"Meep!" Erin yelped out, now wanting to get into costume all the sooner. It was then her stomach did another one of its little flips, and didn't seem intent on calming down any time soon. "Geah!" She yelped in surprise, Trevor's ears probbaly hearing it.

//Night Vision, Night Vision...

//poor poor kitty. *wonders if he should encourage it*

//He has good hearing, but he doesn't always focus on it. It's a lot of input.

JezYoruichi adopted a bit more of a relaxed pose.

"Well, the legion's splitting into groups -Prime's forcing me to go join the double D club over there and stay away from you, so however you like I suppose?" JezYoruichi said with a careless shrug and idly thumbing the in direction of the four dancers, though she got a little distracted looking back at Trevor as she spotted Erin and Marina in her peripherals.

//le dancers are likely attracting a crowd.

"Um... yeah..." Trevor said, one ear twitching. That sounded like Erin. He looked around. Yep. It was Erin. And Marina. Neither were in costume, which he found strange since last he recalled they both had some complicated plans for him which made him scared. and strangely aroused. Then scared again. It was like all the women around him where getting ideas in their head that revolved around him, and refused to tell him what it actually involved... Like that 'however you like' comment that the Jerichi dropped. Seriously... Was that another hint or just innocent? "So... do we avoid those two or what?"

Recovering some, Erin was about to go up and say hi to Trevor when another wave of neausua hit her. This one was so intense, Erin doubled over in pain.

"You alright honey?", Marina asked

"This is getting really weird..." Erin asid, while her stmach continued making an incredibly weird gurgleing noise. "Okay... Okay... I think it;s subsiding... for now... I hope." She looked up to see Trevor and smiled, waving to him.

Marina too smiled at Trevor and waved to him.

Henry hopped into his truck after cleaning his outfit. He was getting faster at it and liked the fact that it smelled slightly of pine needles. It must have been all the experience as a custodian that allowed him such quick work. With it clean and in his bag he made a large breakfast and was off.

He hit the ATM for some pocket money since he had no clue how much this would cost him. He then made his way to the little parking lot where he would leave the truck. It was a number of blocks away from the convention site but that was ok for him. It allowed him some time to stretch his legs and be on the look out. He stuck out like a sore thumb during the daytime but there would be more and more weird people the closer he got. And boy was he right. There were people of all sorts every where. He was then struck with the realization. If everyone was in costume how the hell would he find them. Guess it would be ye olde walk and look deal.

notice check <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4193854/> = 7

Trevor sighed and waved back at the girls. Should have moved faster to avoid getting spotted. Though... he might blame the Jezelles. A gaggle of bleach characters were more noticable than one guy is a remarkably realistic anthro cat outfit. "We might as well look for Henry is we are going the group route."

"Ooo, Henry's coming; have no fear, the legion is here!" Seven said flamboyantly, point dramatically skyward as the rest of the JezLegion went about negotiating their casual dispersal from idle dance performance. And then First lightly shoved Seven aside comically.

"Awww," Seven complained, pouting at First.

"No way, you're going too; you may be a pain in the ass to replace due to that dark skin taking ages, but I'm still watching you," JezIchigo said to JezYoruichi with narrowed eyes.

JezLegion Notice Checks, Jezelle: 21, Two: 22, Three: 23, Four: 20, Five: 19, Six: 25, Seven: 9, Eight: 11, Nine: 21, Ten: 25, Eleven: 11

//Prolly safe to say the Legion found Henry? lol

//if he's in the area...

//well the last three sentences seem to imply it

//walk and look? It is a huge place

//bah, there's eleven of them

"You ever feel that our live is ordained to be more convenient for someone or something?" Trevor muttered, after he realized that Henry was in the general crowd in the area.

//henry found a group of people in the huge crowd. then realized they were just cardboard cut outs.

//I was contemplating having the JezLegion run around like maniacs before First decides to just ring Henry lol

[Achievement Unlocked: Lampshade]

Henry had not seen this many people dressed up since Hallowenn when he was a kid. There were a bunch of women in short skirts and revealing clothing. He bet they were all under age as well. Dangerous territory this place was becoming. He saw a lot of people taking pictures and what not. Henry was very confused by everything. He felt like he should be going door to door begging for candy.

Trevor watched Henry for a while, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. The guy was looking... overwhelmed. The same guy that leapt into a war with mutant bigs, set buildings on fire to be sure and searched for mob members at night. Undone by a simple crowd with cameras and costumes and skimpy clothes. He tugged the sleeve of the closest Jez.

"Think we should warn him about the gaggle of girls following him?"

"Hell no," Jezelle replied as though the notion were absurd, "How many times does a guy get to be chased by a horde of girls?"

"Didn't you guys chase me a few time?" Trevor asked in an innocent tone.

"I would debate the symantics of a horde of one person, but I do not believe you wish to be reminded of your... episodes..." Three remarked as she passed by, intending to go assist Henry.

"Hmm... Actually... how old do you think all those girls are?" Jezelle queried all of a sudden, squinting her eyes a little.

"I don't do ages. Seriously," Trevor admitted. "Never been good at it. Though... some of them seem young..." He smirked and raised a finger. "Want me to box them?"

"Although scaring the hell out of them might be amusing, you'd rob me of an opportunity to discourage them in a way that makes them feel inadequate... providing it doesn't backfire and encourage them instead..." Jezelle said thoughtfully, throwing a glance at the JezOrihime, JezMatsumoto, JezNelliel and JezHaribel.

"Onward!" JezIchigo declared to the four, making the Matsumoto cackle evilly as she led the way, the four charging for the Henry.

"... I'm not getting between them," Trevor decided, probably wisely. He found a vantage point, idly forming and collapsing a small box between his index finger and thumb.

Henry had not a single clue what he was even looking for. He knew Jez could alter her shape so that wasn't going to happen. Trevor might have tried to cover his fur or could be one of the 100 cats he had seen walking around here. He didn't know if the others were going to be here. After stopping and looking around and just about to wash his hands of the whole thing when he felt someone jump on him. it was followed by a number of others doing the same thing. Now a normal person would have gone down under the weight but Henry had been known to lift a full van with a number of full grown men in it. So he just stood there. He couldn't throw who ever was attacking him because that was potentially dangerous for the normals around him. He settled for just try to shake them off.

"Henry located!" the four sang in chorus, still hanging on most persistently even if they had to use one another to keep grip, ever seeming to attempt to crush him between them.

Three, the JezRukia standing nearby merely folded her arms with a slightly stern and flat expression.

"Nope, I'm not saying it," Three said plainly, much to the despair of Seven who was still trying to run over there.

"Ah, Get off me!" Henry yelled. Thrusting his hands out and pushing at the swarm of woman on him. This place was turning into a nightmare. People paid money this?

breaking grapple <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4194039/> = 31

There was a chorus of eeps and eeks as the four were tossed aside and onto their backsides onto the pavement, leaving a pouting Matsumoto.

"Aww, Trevor! Henry's being mean to me!" Four called back over her shoulder. Seven finally ran over and skidded to a halt next to Henry.

"Seriously," Seven began at Three, "You couldn't have dropped your personality for even a second or so?"

Seeing who was on the ground and hearing them yell for Trevor it finally dawned on Henry what was going on. "Damnit Jez. A simple hello would have worked. I could have hurt someone." Henry took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Well at least you all found me. So what is the plan here? Just a bunch of pople playing dress up or is there something else that happens?"

Trevor snuck over, using his greater then normal speed to slip around (wait what? sleep around? Typos are evil. EVIL. it's the Flash on viagra!)as quietly as he could, not wanting to stand out too much with a few convetioners around the place. "I thought thought we had something special Jez... s?"

Stealth=20-5

notice <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4194054/> = 19 I noticed something!!!!!!!!!!

"A simple hello is so boring though..." Seven said with a sigh, folding her arms dejectedly, decidedly ignoring Trevor.

"Boring yet safe." Henry stated as he started to burn around feeling that someone else was sneaking up on him. He spotted Trevor sneaking through the crowd. Wow this is what is must feel like when you are competent. "Hey now I am not getting between what ever . . . forty-some thing you go going on here."

The JezUnohana otherwise known as Six went over to Trevor's side and gave him a sympathetic side-hug.

"There, there," Six said, her voice seeming a little vacant and eerie, focusing a little too hard on the catman.

"Um... please don't hurt me," Trevor meeped. She had Unohana down a bit too well...

Marina followed, it was easy to find and congregate where the JezLegion was with Henry and Trev. She dragged Erin along as she began walking over.

=====Marina/Erin's Walk of Fun Filled Stuff=====

"Well, we have two options...I change for you or I just get my own costume on...Your pick.", Marina joked with Erin as they walked through the crowd that was getting thicker by the minute.

"Well I would like us both to be in costume," Erin said after she recovered.

"I just realized I kinda wanted to chat with them too ya know.", Marina said.

Erin nodded. "Understandable. About anything in particular?"

"I really don't know...last I saw Trevor Henry and Jez were trying to take him down for some reason.", Marina said to Erin.

Erin smiled. "Yaknow, is it just me or do those two seem like they'd be a really good couple?"

"Who Henry and Trevor a couple?...I don't see it.", Marina asked, teasingly.

Erin gave her girlfrind a dope slap. "No. Jez and Trevor. Seriouly, they were made for each other. I thought they were brother an sister when I first saw them. Adopted of course. Now he has his own personal harem."

"Dunno how Jez would feel about being called a harem, then again in some ways we too hooked up rather suddenly in a way", marina said.

"Well that's what she is. Stick them in harem pants, a top, and have Trevor layng out on a couch having them drop grapes into his mouth. Don't tell me you don't see that happening." Erin teased, an idea comming to her. How she would pull it off was another matter.

"Now that you mention it yes...wait a minute is that one of those erin looks...what did you just think up this time?" marina asked.

Erin giggled. "That would be spoiling it."

"Aww...is it about me...or Trev..you can tell me.", Marina said.

Erin smirked then whispered into her ear. "That vision I just told you about? I wanna do that."

"You want to start a harem?", Marina asked.

"Nah. I want Trevor to get one. With nothing but Jezells." Erin smirked.

"That could be difficult...um...did you get a four day pass for this convention?", Marina asked, "Also, did you want to be in costume when we meet them?"

"I'd like it, yeah. And yes, I did get a pass. You?" Erin asked.

"Yeah...I do.", Marina said.

===A bit of stuff happens before the Two Girls arrive....=====

Trevor squirmed a bit in Jez's hold, but didn't really try to break out. He gave Henry's street clothes a skeptical look. "I thought you were doing PR?"

[Assuming his stuff is still in the bag.]

Henry slapped the bag he was carrying. "I figured I would change in a bathroom here. Didn't know if we would have to be checked out before going in. This way they can look at the parts but not me in it. Seemed like a good idea at the time."

"Kinda taking this 'secret identity' thing a bit far, aren't you?" Trevor said, raising an equally skeptical eyebrow at Henry. He still wasn't sure if Henry was just getting a rush from the super heroing thing, has some sort of Hero Complex he could finally express, or was just seriously bored.

"Wouldn't be a secret if everyone knew about it. Plus I see it as a sort of insurance policy. If something goes wrong I can try to break away clean." Henry tried to explain.

Trevor made a show of sniffing the air. "Clean. Sure, that's the word." He gave the Jezelle Unohana that was man(cat?)handling him an innocent smile. "Is that a new perfume?"

"I wonder..." Sixohana replied thoughtfully, the same gentle yet eerie and vacant expression. First was still looking at Henry and his bag, a little wistful and troubled.

"Wish my own attempt at secret identity was going a little better; I should probably go check Allied again at some point to see if they still have me on file..." Jezelle said a little grumpily.

"Aww, Henry," Fourthsumoto started with a slight pout after she'd stood up and gotten a better look at Henry, "Why didn't you cosplay something to show off your abs or something? You're the token strongman, you should be subtly showing it off!"

She poked him in the stomach objectively.

"Abs do not mean you are strong. Crackheads have abs you can see because they are so skinny. I have seen the strongman contests and those guys are large. Plus I don't really want to be half dressed around people I don't know. Well, unless we are at a pool. We are not at a pool." Henry said looking at woman walk by in a short skirt and tight top who had no right wearing such an outfit.

"Well... yeah.. but I mean that's normal people..." Fourth stumbled a little, a little off balance from the stalwart defense from Henry.

"Have you seen some of the things women wear these days?" Trevor pointed out, squirming again in his restraints. "At lot of those things pretty much are swimsuits. Just by another name. Also, since when were you mister modesty?"

A few people walking by where taking pictures.

"Since birth I guess. I normally don't walk around half dressed. I am not agaisnt it I just don't dress that way. And many of the women who wear these outfits. . . shouldn't." Henry said with a shrug.

//owmen?

"Eh!? Should I cover myself up or something?" Fourth began, looking awfully concerned all of a sudden as she looked down at her rather exposed cleavage, considering Matsumoto's outfit in Bleach.

Henry looked around and pointed out one woman who was in a swimsuit like outfit. "It is like 50 pounds of flour in a 40 pound bag."

"Che... he sidestepped it..." Four grumbled all of a sudden, turning away and shrugging the entire matter off to go investigate somewhere else, whilst First just kneaded her forehead nearby.

"Am I really that bad?" JezIchigo sighed, slightly trouble as she watched the JezMatsumoto walk off with the D-Club in tow.

"I don't thinks he was talking about you guys," Trevor said.

"Huh? No, no, I was talking about Fourth and her trap..." Jezelle said thoughtfully, "I'm starting to feel a bit schizophrenic..."

"Sorry, you are fine. Just saying that other people might not be. Meant no ill will toward you." Henry said apologetically.

Jezelle held up her hand in a stop gesture and attempted to formulate a sentence, though she couldn't help blushing a little bit.

"Can't believe I'm actually feeling a bit ashamed for Fourth, she's trying to pull a trick on Henry and apparently he didn't even realize it," Jezelle said with a hopeless laugh, turning into a sigh, "Just forget about it; I learnt to deal with self-image issues years ago in school."

//you realize Henry doesn't notice anything

//xD alas the OOC knowledge yet again, poor Jez

"Henry's... talented if he's able to ignore Fourth," Trevor agreed, nodding his solidarity. "You think it's one of his powers?"

"Er... maybe..." Jezelle replied a bit in confusion, shrugging and giving Trev a shove.

"Falling! Falling!" Trevor yelled as he regained his balance. He let out a puff of air after his second step got his steady again. Out of the corner of his eye, he checked on the progress of Erin and Marina's approach. "Still hot, by the way."

Jezelle patted Trevor on the head a few times with delicate half-heartedness, looking rather airily with her casualness.

"Still not gonna work," Jezelle said matter-of-factly

"Fourth is more fun..." Trevor muttered under his breath before turning to appraise the other two girls that caught up.

===... here. Walking through a growing crowd and such.===

Marina watched the events with Henry with earnest and then approached them.

Erin smiled fighting back the pain. "Hey Trev..." She said somewhat awkwardly. "I just wanted to say I'm sorry... For everything that happened lately."

"Hey haven't seen you guys in a while.", Marina said, trying hard not to think about what happened at the aquarium.

Henry was starting to feel like the third wheel in this situation. Something was obviously going on between the two and even he could see that. Then Erin and Marina joined up with them. This was the first time Henry had seen Erin on her feet since the whole bug issue. He then realized that this was turning into some kind of meta double date. Henry would need to seek shelter.

"Good to see you two hanging in there; this new world's got its fair share of dangers," JezIchigo said to Erin and Marina with a small smile, partly leaning on Trevor to pin him between herself and Sixohana.

Meanwhile, it appeared JezOrihime was still loitering next to and a little behind Henry where she was more or less thrown off.

"It's like you think I'm going to run away for something," Trevor muttered about Jez, though at no one in particular. As for Erin... who walked up to someone and said something like that in a setting like this? Seriously... No build up, no warning... And no clue how to react to it. "Um... hi?"

"I'd rather not get into danger any more as it is. Frankly, I've had enough of trouble following me around.", Marina sighed, addressing JezIchigo.

"Trouble seems to follow all of us in different ways," JezIchigo grumbled, "I swear, the next time something comes to ruin my day, I'm going to smack it down so hard to discourage anything else from trying..."

"Yea, when I tried that this disco inferno guy almost killed me and Alex.", Marina said sadly, "I vow not to start fights ever again for fear of hurting those I care about..."

"Yeah... all sorts of- wait..." Trevor looked back at Marina, eyebrows raised with a generally incredulous look on his face. "What?"

Henry furrowed his brow. He had put a fire meta in jail already. He robbed and then burned a liquor store down. Must be multiple people with that ability it seemed. If there was an attack it looked like there was another group he would have to look for. His list of things to do was getting longer by the day.

Trevor had pretty much said what the JezLegion was thinking, thus JezIchigo just stood there with a surprised expression.

"What indeed...needless to say, I don't want to be in that sort of danger again.", Marina said to them, "Next time, a crazy pyromancer tells me to stand down, I'm just going to surrender."

"At the risk of sounding like a broken record," Trevor said after a moment to let that ever so unhelpful tidbit of information process. "What?"

"This really isn't the place to discuss it, can we move on to happier subjects?", Marina said dejectedly. She hugged herself hoping to forget the pain, but knew she could not. This was her one mistake, and Alex would never let her forget it. She shivered. "So how was your day?", she asked, once she recovered.

"The days just started," Trevor pointed out. "Fishsticks... I forgot to bring a bag..."

"You can use my gym bag if you need it once I change. I just cleaned it out so it doesn't have that awesome gym bag smell." Henry added in.

"So ya doing alright then Trev? You guys have any plans for the day?", Marina said, cheering up.

"To you maybe," Trevor snorted at the offer, not turning it down exactly. He worked a response to Marina into the continuation of the reaction to said offer. "I want a bag to lug around my conswag in. Lots of swag to find I hope."

"I am going to be in like, every single activity!" Jezelle declared zealously, returning to a more normal composure immediately in afterthought, "Pretty sure they'd sell bags around here anyway, this place should have everything."

"I should probably get in costume soon...", Marina said to them.

"I need to get in mine as well. Also need to pay to get in. There like a ticket booth here or something?" Henry asked.

"They'll have the registration desks at the doors," Trevor pointed out. He pulled out his ticket. "Easier if you had on of these though."

//doing by this being the foyer area, rather than the actual convention rooms, if you understand what I mean. A public zone really.

"Or this...", Marina flashed her 4 day pass.

//Pass, Ticket. Potato, Potahto

//yeah...I like potatoes...specifically chips

Erin was feeling pretty awkward. "Well... do you guys want to hang out or...?" She offered.

"Sounds fun, but I will need to pay to get in. Might have to meet up with you all some place. Don't want you all to have to wait on me. No clue how long it would take." Henry said patting the pocket with his wallet.

//depends on how big this thing is

"I could leave Two with you?" Jezelle offered, pointing at the JezOrihime.

"A super hero and a fullbringer walk into a con..." Trevor mused out loud.

"Would be helpful. . . wait did you buy tickets for all of you?" Henry asked making his way towards the ticket line.

"Yes..." JezOrihime said with a small sadface in memory of her wallet, following Henry.

"I don't want to step on any toes buy couldn't you like pop them out once you were inside? Or how ever that works. Seems more economical."

"That does sound better....Oh and Henry where would we meet up later?", Marina asked.

"That's kinda why I was sending Two along..." Jezelle said a little awkwardly to Marina.

"I couldn't figure out a way around the ID things they give you; there's no issue getting the Legion in, but they'll get kicked out the moment they're found," Two sighed a little regretfully, "I can even copy stuff when I copy myself, but barcodes and things like it..."

"That makes sense. I don't know how these things work."

"Jez has a fatal flaw," Trevor said remorsefully and in a heart felt manner. "She has a sense of morals."

"Not all of the Legion do..." Jezelle said with narrowed eyes. Six's smile grew a little.

"Nothing wrong with that though." Erin chimed in, then smiled. "Well I think it might be best if we gave you and your harem some alone time," She winked to Trevor.

"We're going to come find you guys later of course...perhaps one of the legion can come find us.", Marina said, looking to Jezelle.

"Now that you know what we all look like, should be at least eleven times easier to find us all," Jezelle said with a nod, choosing to ignore the harem remark.

Trevor looked back and forth between JezPrimal and Erin, trying to figure out just what was transpiring between them. He read in one of the Dresden books that Harry read that someone read that women have about six conversations at once. Maybe? "Um..?"

Henry made his way to ticket desk with his money ready. He got in line and waited to get to the front to pay.

"I think I'll go get in costume, Trevor, you're lucky you have your own already", Marina said to Trevor. "You thinking what I'm thinking Erin?", Marina asked, taking Erin's hand and planned to head inside and to a changing room.

"Hope to see you soon Henry.", Marina said . She got her con package which she stuffed into the bag she got.

Trevor flaunted his pass, heading to the registered guests table to pick up his items, which actually included a bag to his relief (not as big as he would have liked, but, meh. Beggars who are choosers deserve to be put to death.) He paused by the doors and made a show of wave Henry goodbye, blowing a kiss in his direction as he cried out, "Au Revior! Auf weidersehen. Bon soir. Saranora. And all those goodbye things"

Erin chuckled watching Trevor's display, then looked to Marina. "Whatcha thinking?"

"We should get into costume.", Marina whispered to Erin, "Unless you'd rather not."

Henry spent some time in line but was very surprised how organized the whole operation was. He was done with the whole line and paying in about six minutes.

"That was a whole hell of a lot faster then I thought it would be. Now I just need to change. Going to head to the men's room and should be out in a jiffy." Henry said to Jez.

Henry went into the restroom and took his bag into a stall. Lucky that the men's room is never that packed. He unzipped the bag and took his outfit/armor out. Then in a flurry of movement he was into his outfit in seconds. He had been doing this for a number of days so he had gotten used to putting his clothes on in a hurry.

As swiftly as the eleven Jezelles went through registration did they almost completely split up and charge off in different directions, leaving only First with Trevor and Second with Henry; the other nine had pretty much disappeared amongst the crowds with all due haste.

"Huh... it's actually pretty hard to decide what to do first, all things considered..." Jezelle said a little thoughtfully.

Comeing out of the bathroom Henry had his gym bag with his normal street clothes in it. He walked out and found the Jez that went with him.

"Well now. What does one do at one of these?" Henry asked.

"Glooooooomp!" Two cried as she charged forward and tackle-hugged Henry around the mid-section, "... among other things... Ya know, find fun stuff, walk around, browse; there's like, everything here."

"Oof!" Henry let out a breath. "You really need to stop doing that. Well lead on. Let us see what there is here." Henry/Force said getting ready to follow Jez.

"Aww, hugs are half the fun!" Two complained with a small pout, "You find your favourite characters and you give em a hug!"

She pushed herself away and recomposed herself, grabbing a guide from her recently acquired bag and opening it up officially.

"Alright, so it's a matter of finding what interests you and hunting them down like a feral Trevor!" Two said eagerly, furiously reading the guide and glancing around rapidly to get her bearings, "Favourite tv shows? Webcomic artists? Manga? Anime? -they should have some screenings here somewhere if we can find em... also probably a bunch of game demos and stuff, I think Six is already heading that way."

"Jez, I am going to level with you. I am a glorified janitor who can't afford cable. The only TV I get to see is either at the gym or in the break room. The only game I play is our weekly one and I got into that one in highschool. I am way out of my element here. Unless they need help getting some kind of cola stain out of the carpet." Henry said honestly.

"Whaaaat? Your life can't be that boring, what do you do with all your time?" JezOrihime said slightly agape, but didn't give Henry much time to reply as she grabbed his hand with both of hers and went to drag him off to a manga stand, crying out: "Indoctrinate the non-believer!!!"

Henry was pulled along while Jez was yelling. His life had not taken a change until the big bang. During that time he had done more then he had for his whole life. he liked helping people and now he had the ability to do it. If he had the choice he would keep this one. Now he was in a

large building with a shape changing, body doubling teleporter. Things were still taking a turn for the crazy.

"We are going to meet the others right?" Henry asked.

"Hmm?" Two said at first, rather engrossed in a manga awfully quickly but turning her head to look at Henry, when the light bulb must've clicked on and she jumped in surprise, the book flying into the air, "Ohcrap!"

With a dozen speedy swats to try and catch the book, which mainly resulted in bouncing the book back into the air a few times, before Two managed to snatch it out of the air and swiftly return it to its place in the stall. And then she grabbed Henry's hand and charged off.

At the con, at the con...

Erin meanwhile looked to Marina and headed to the bathroom, giving marina a wink.

Marina followed, then she dragged Erin into a changing room. "Ready for your costume Erin?", Marina winked. Marina was still uncertain about this but she needed to stay out of trouble, or at least hope to.

Eron made ure the two were mostly alone then smiled. "All right. Let's go." She said, holding her arms out and kept her feet spread apart a little. "Ready when you are."

"I don't think I can maintain it for more than an hour...so we should get back to a changing room for me to rest.", Marina said, she handed Erin her convention bag with some of her stuff in it. Then Marina flowed onto Erin's body and then formed herself into the rough shape of skyrim's nightingale armor and then thought through the color scheme. Marina then replicated it as best she could.

Morph Power Control: $1d20+2=18$

Erin smiled and looked at herself and her girlfriend. "Nice work, honey." She smiled and headed out reay to face the con.

"Sure...it works...and please...we should work out a signal in case I need to get off ya...just in case.", Marina whispered, "How do I look?"

"We look awesome," Erin smiled. "I love this armour. And sure, I'll tap the side of my head or something."

//and now Erin's walking around with her heavy load hanging off her.

//meh.

//Speed down by a third, -4 check penalty.

//meh

//so only Henry can actually use marine armor in combat

"That'll work...go wow the crowds...being worn is still a strange sensation...maybe later I can try being a different costume.", Marina whispered. She didn't have to try hard, given that her helmet portion already covered Erin's ears.

Erin smiled. "We'll see, honey," Erin whispered as quietly as she could. She was much slower than normal since she was wearing her girlfriend, but she tried to think about something else. Instead, she headed out onto the con floor, attracting some onlookers who were approving very much of her costume and the realistic costume she had.

Marina was happy for Erin, and excited that at least to onlookers she was indistinguishable from a standard realistic costume. Though the lack of movement was a tradeoff, Marina needed time to come to terms with what had happened yesterday, this was as good a time as any to meditate.

Erin meanwhile continued to move through the whole convention, scanning booths and trying to keep a good, normal pace up. After all, Nightengale armor was light armor and it would probably break the illusion. Her primary interests were in video games so that was where she was headed. She heard about the new Elder Scrolls Online and wanted to find out some more information on it. Not that she would join it, more than likely. Ever since her 3 day stint in EVE Online, she avoided MMOs, all of them.

Marina was getting a kick out of this...she was quickly finding she couldn't stay like this for long, but while she was she might as well enjoy being a costume...If only there was a way for her to be smaller, so her full body weight didn't go into the suit. Regardless, at least she could still see.

Erin did some posing, stealth based moves as fitting of a wearer for a stealthy set of armour. When she was done, she continued to move along checking out kiosk after kiosk, test playing a handful of games as the con went on.

//Stealth based moves in 130lbs worth of armour?

//I think it's the thought that counts

//Skyrim stealth: Crouching, sneaking, quick strikes with an imaginary dagger, etc.

//great..you know I just read that knight armor aka platemail is just 40 pounds compared to marinarmor...anyway...once she discovers anatomic seperation everything will be fine....

//Strikes with a dagger... lugging around 130lbs...

Marina tapped the side of Erin's head...with her cowel section. She had lost track of time since she agreed to be a costume, and kind of wanted to ask details for the next few days.

Erin excused herself from the crowds and slipped into a bathroom. Making sure they were alone, she looked to the mirror. "What's up, hun?"

"It's getting hot...and how long has it been since I turned into your armor?", Marina asked, "You alright though?" Marina was concerned, it can't be easy lugging around another person all day.

"Not sure, but I've been having so much fun, ya know?" Erin smiled. "But yeah, now that you mention it, yeah. It is a little hot in here. Mind hopping off for a little bit?"

"No problem.", Marina turned into her green goo form and slowly flowed off of Erin, "Ya know, it's fascinating sensation being worn like that..."

Erin smiled. "I bet. you liked it?"

Marina slid her way off and reformed as a human, she was in a morphed blue leotard. "I loved it... I guess...it's hard to describe but think of it like an extra long hug.", Marina smiled.

Erin smiled. "Awwww, you're welcome. But come on, get your pokemon costume ready and lets get back out there."

"If only there was a way I could be your girlfriend and your costume at the same time", Marina said.

"Well, full time, i think you mean." Erin added.

"Depends on what you want.", Marina teased ticling Erin under her chin. Marina allowed a vaporeon tail grow out of the base of her waist and vaporeon frills lined her face.

"Gonna go for more or just this?" Erin asked, rubbing the frills.

"Technically I can morph myself into a complete replica of a vapoleon but too realistic and people start getting suspicious.", Marina said to Erin as she morphed her face to a more cartoony pokemon style.

"I dunno, no one got suspicious of us." Erin pointed out.

Marina continued morphing, her efforts resulting in her looking exactly like a vapoleon. "I feel like a furry.", Marina said as she got on all fours and pranced around before returning to Erin.

Erin smiled. "Welcome to the club. Believe me, if i could be one like Trev or Alex, I'd take it."

"You still can.", Marina teased. "Do you think I overdid it?", Marina asked, turning in a circle so Erin could get a good look.

Erin smiled. "Personally? I don't. I wouldn't be on all fours though. If it were me, you'd be an anthro."

Marina altered her form a little so she still was mostly humanoid. "How's this? Oh and do you want to be a pokemon trainer to complete the set?", Marina asked.

Erin grinned. "Sure, why not? Though we might need to go spend some money on that or something... Cause I didn't bring any pokeballs."

Marina morphed her face back to a more humanoid style. "You know I wonder just how durable this clay form really is..."

"How do ya mean, sweetie?" Erin asked.

"Back then it took all of the jezlegion, trev and henry to finally knock me out when we turned buggy...I could barely even feel their blows...only henry's seemed to have any effect...Wonder if I can sustain slashing blows too...meh...I don't think I'll be fighting ever again...I always...people...", Marina explained then grew sadder. "I only endanger lives...", she sobbed.

Erin frowned and hugged her vapoleon girl lover tightly. "Shhh... Don't think about that now. We're here to have fun, remember?"

"Alright...", Marina said drying her tears. She leaned on Erin's shoulder, and held her hand. "Let's go...", she said cheering up.

Erin smiled, planted a kiss on Marina's lips, then took her webbed hand and headed out.

They walked out onto the con floor, where Marina got her chance to explore with Erin. They were stopped several times for photos. Marina made some cute poses, sometimes she got on all fours and getting into character. She continued exploring. "Thanks for being with me.", she said excitedly to Erin, kissing her on the lips.

This elicited several cheers from the males in the crowd, but Erin didn't care. She kept Marina close for a while then kept going through the con.

"Anything specific you want to see?", Marina asked Erin.

"I think I hit the major points I wanted to." Erin said. "What about you? I dragged you around to stuff you might not have been interested in. Sic your interets on me."

Marina dragged Erin along to both the pokemon and fantastic four kiosks, then making a stop at the x-men booth. "Xmen was always fun...", Marina said, "Evolution was awesome, and wolverine and the xmen was neat."

"I only ever saw the 90s cartoon and the first three movies," Erin said almost apologetically. "And only the movies for Fantstic Four."

"There was a fantastic four cartoon as well, you know sometimes I wonder how our little group stacks up to these famous superhero teams...I'm like a mix of plastic man and aquamarine....You...er...not sure...maybe you're still developing...and the rest...Why didn't marvel have a character that turned into water...", Marina said. She then dragged Erin around eventually she found a poster of force by a guy who told her he wanted to draw a Force comic. Maybe she could get Henry to sign it for her later.

"Aquamarine?" Erin asked. "Who's that? And don't you mean Mr. Fantastic?" Erin asked, pretty much lost with marvel comic heros besides the Big Five of Captian America, Iron Man, Thor, Hulk, and Wolvereine. She kinda preffered DC herself, though that was mostly limited to Batman and Watchmen.

"Plastic man was DC's wisecracking stretchy hero who also turned into objects on occasion...he had no limit to how far he could stretch. He also partnered with Batman.", Marina explained.

"Ahhh. I need to get into more comics it seems. Most detailed thing i ever got into was Watchmen. But ah well." Erin shrugged and looked at the Force comic, grinning. "Wonder if we should let the author know that we actually know who 'Force' is. Maybe he could draw us in."

"I'd say keep it a secret but get Force to sign our copies of the comic so they can become collectible.", Marina suggested. "And we'd have to do more heroics to get into a comic book....By the way Aquamarine was in Static Shock."

"Not really, we'd just be the human allies that all superheros have." Erin pointed out. "And you know a lot about comics. You really gotta let me see all the ones you got."

"You know, he's probably the only one in the group who I could be armor for and now slow him down...", Marina joked, "We can try other costumes later today if you want."

"Probbaly. And I'd like that. I'd reccomend some heavy armor next time though. That way it'd make sense for me being slow." Erin added. "Maybe a Space Marine or Terminator... Or Emporor Titan." She said, pointing towards a Warhammer 40 000 Apocalypse game already in progress.

"If only I could alter my weight when being worn...I've got some sexy ideas for you and me.", Marina suggested to Erin.

"Not here, honey," Erin whispered.

"Of course, that's what this afternoon is for my love.", Marina kissed her on the cheek.

Erin smiled. "Or evening." Erin added.

Marina bought her copy of a full art print of Force and then turned to leave, Maybe if she started doing better she could get her portrait done.. "Shall we go try to find them now?", Marina asked.

Erin did so as well and nodded. "Let's go," She said happily.

Marina skipped along behind Erin, after taking one more photo offer. "Alright I'm ready.", she said following closely.

=====

Trevor loitered about near the main entrance. Despite his show, he wasn't really up to ditching the others. He... he didn't really want to wander about on his own. He was already getting the jitters knowing so many people were watching him. He tried not to think of how many might be like... those as he he scratched at his neck and chin.

He was beginning to think he had fleas again... must be from that long wander back... Moving on. Should have grabbed the shampoo before leaving. Or the powder... Bah... Sighing, he tried his best to rebut the marvels of the table holder in regards to his do. The other looked didn't look as impressed, and Trevor moved on before someone could voice the more obvious opinion.

JezIchigo had a rather unimpressed expression, slightly unfocused as she was tuned in mostly to the legion mental chatter and was for the most part observing just how oblivious she could be.

"Sorry... Two got sidetracked awfully fast..." Jezelle apologized to Trevor in advance as the JezOrihime came charging out of the crowds with a Force being dragged by the hand.

"Sorrysorrysorrysorry!" Two blurted out as she rushed over looking a little sheepish.

Henry was lead through the crowd again and they ended up back at Trevor this time. Jez seemed to be overly excited; or atleast this version of her. He was starting to think that each one of these were a little different then the Jez he knew. Different yet the same somehow. He filed that away under the think about later column and looked around.

Booths everywhere with the names of companies above them. Wares to buy out front with soem free give aways to draw in the crowds. This was just like a farmers market or a car dealership which is something he could understand better. He saw a number of people dressed up as character that he recognized and a larger number of those he did not. He stood there just looking about trying to figure out what to do. It was a good thing that his outfit came with a mask or people might wonder why he stood there with his mouth agap.

Henry felt out of place and a little over dressed. A lot of these people were wearing painted plastic, cardboard and thrift store repurposed clothing. He was here in Kevlar reinforced body armor that had seen better days. There were cuts and holes in places and one spot that looked kind of melted. His gloves were dented from hitting things but each thing reminded him of what he had done. This helped to make him feel less out of place. That and he was next to friends that would understand all these feelings.

"So, what do we do first? And where did the lovers go?" Henry asked.

"Who knows and... who knows," Trevor said, counting the two points off on his fingers. "I'm going my start pic hunting tomorrow and on the weekend. Today? I'm checking the booths. Have a commison to pic up from an artist."

"Well there are a lot of booths to pick from. A fair number have random stuff on the table. Wonder if any of them will have food?" Henry said kind of off hand as he fell into step behind the group looking around and everything going on around him.

"If all else fails, you can always eat one of the Jezs," Trevor suggested with a slight grin. Probably not in the best of tastes, considering recent events, but meh. "I bet they taste fine."

JezIchigo just gave Trevor another shove with a flat expression.

"There'll be food stalls all..." Jezelle trailed off mysteriously and her eyes slightly unfocused, her cheeks went a hint redder and she suddenly got angry in a given direction at the crowds, "Oh shut up Fourth!"

"You know... this whole hive mind thing really makes you look like you have a problem to the uninformed," Trevor pointed out with a grin. On the other hand... he was dying of curiosity. Just what did Fourth say? He wanted to ask, but...

A familiar face to Henry walked by. Someone he met in a movie theatre.

Henry plodded along as Jez and Trevor playfully pushed and flirted their way through the droves of people. Most of it was a blur to him except one face stood out amongst the rest. A man he had not seen in ages. He would need to make a quick detour.

"Will meet up with you all in a moment." Henry said half heartedly

He turned around and moved through the crowd to get behind the man.

"Davis Nelson! How have you been? Henry told me a lot about you." Force said trying to get the man's attention.

Davis looked up, an understandably confused look on his face. It wasn't often that strange masked men called out to you. It was a pretty cool outfit thought. "Ah, Hi."

"Hey man, how are things going? Haven't heard anything since the movie theater so I assume things are going well." Henry said.

"Good, I guess... you said Henry told you about me?" Davis asked, now even more confused.

"In a round about way. Henry and I have been working. . .pretty. . close? Anyhow how have you been doing?" Asked Henry in costume.

"So you are one of Henry's friends?" Davis said, with a slight bit of relief. If a slight bit more apprehension. Henry had some.... interesting friends. The girl with the copies, that cat with the fleas... "I've been doing better. That doctor Henry recommended helped me get a capacitor to help me keep things in check."

"Yeah Cain is pretty awesome. He has helped me out a lot in many different ways and I am glad to hear that he was able to help you out as well." Henry as glad to see that this man was able to get the help he needed. Made him feel like he was finally getting through.

"Hey, wanted you to have this. This is the number I can be reached at anytime. Things are happening and wanted everyone to be protected." Henry said as he handed out his card to Davis.

"Thanks I guess," Davis said, taking the card. "So, who are you exactly?"

"A meta that has been working with different groups, which include Henry, to help protect people from meta and nonmeta threats. Trying to get people to see that metas are still people that can be helpful active members of society and not something to fear. We have a long road to travel but there are people out there who will help us. Your Dr. is just one of them. I am another. One day I will not need to wear the mask but until then people call me Force." Henry said explaining himself as best as he could.

"I... see..." Davis said. This guy was kinda... dramatic. Was he really saying he was a superhero? "I hope that day is soon."

//funny, Henry sees himself as a corrections officer then superhero

"I hope as well. So what are you looking forward to during the con?"

"The gamer's table," Davis admitted. "I have been playing much, not since... stuff happened, but I'm still a gamer at heart."

"Well I know that some of the people I came with wanted to hit the game tables as well. I most likely am going to them as well seeing as I don't really understand the rest of the stuff that is going on. Care to join us?" Henry asked.

Davis thought about it. He didn't have anything planned really. "Sure. Is Henry around?"

"Ah, he is here. He is in costume and walking around. I am sure that he will be around. Now the people we will be join are like you and I. So you don't have to worry. I will be honest, some of them can be a little weird." Henry said honestly. He did not like having to hide his identity from people. But with mind controlling and hunters about he would need to more now to keep them all safe.

"This is the place for it, I guess," Davis said.

"Ok, Let's see if we can find them." Henry said looking for the rest of the group.

//Roll a search!

Search <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4208538/> = 17

//Look! Over yonder! Your allies!

"Ah, there they are. They are just over there." Henry lead Davis to the group.

//i figured Two woulda still been in the area

//It's way easy to loose people in a crowd.

While Henry was Forcing-----

The departure of Henry gave Trevor something else to focus his curiosity on. "Hey, isn't that the guy we met at the hospital last week?"

//As far as the archives say, Jez and Trev did meet Davis, when Trev went in for his flea check up.

"Eh?" First said, a little confused at first as she looked a little closer in scrutiny, though soon recalling Fourth's outing, "Henry knows that guy too? Small world."

"I think I'm going to give up on being surprised with who Henry knows these days," Trevor muttered, scratching behind one ear. "Did he tell you what he's been up to all day yesterday?"

"Not really; I swear that man doesn't sleep, kind of unfair..." Jezelle said, not worrying about hiding her jealousy.

"Bah. I like my sleep. Don't know why you'd want to give it up," Trevor scowled. It was an impressive one too.

"But that's a whole 'nother eight hours that you could do stuff in!" Jezelle persisted, though her zeal faltered a little with some introspection, "... Then again, I suppose I'm the last person who actually needs more time now..."

"Miss Extra 80 hours in a day really shouldn't comment," Trevor agreed. He would have said more, but one of the people passing by had developed far more than a passing interest in the pair, giving them a very intensive look.

As she'd been waiting for the rest of Trev's comment, Jez had noticed the pause and subsequently the onlooker, looking thoughtful for a moment as she looked between the onlooker and Trev, before a flash of mischief glinted in her eyes.

She suddenly leaned on Trevor and threw an arm around his neck and a leg up around his front, pretending to lean in and lick him to scare the onlooker off.

Impulsive plans are prone to disaster since they often have unpredictable results. One one side, the guy seemed to either have the bad manners not to care about the displace, or be earnest enough in whatever he intended not to be put off, waiting off to the side. He did glance away a bit though.

Trevor, he'd been having too much fun with the legion as it was, and played along a bit too much. And he had his (if lacking compared to Henry's) superior strength to play around with too. A twirl to sweep her off her feet and an impulsive lick on her cheek.

Her balance being stolen from her illicit a slightly surprised squeak from the Jezichigo, the arm around Trevor's neck became a hang-on-for-dear-life hold and the lick kind of slapped her mind -not just because it was like having her cheek sanded either. It gave her a bit of a perspective on what exactly they were doing and she found herself a touch embarrassed, though there probably wasn't much she could do in this position without something drastic or teleport-based.

"So... what was that about?" Trevor asked, finishing the twirl. He grinned and went on teasingly. "Do I get my incentives after all?"

"I was trying to scare off the onlooker, Mr. Dangerous, but I may just have to drag Six over here for that purpose," Jezelle said a little sternly, pushing Trevor away with a finger pushing his forehead.

"What was six's quirk again?" Trevor asked, sticking his tongue out at her. He had them straight up to Fifth (who wasn't like the namesake stargate character), but after than, he didn't know their quirks by heart. He looked over at the onlooker, who hesitated a moment before walking over.

"Heloo," he said slowly.

"Hello Mr. Determined," Jezelle said with polite intrigue, her gaze a hint scrutinizing as though looking for something

"Okay... I'm gonna be straight... You're meta's, aren't you?" He said bluntly.

Jezelle reeled a little from the bluntness, looking rather perplexed before eyeing the onlooker like he might've been on something.

"Do you... go around asking everyone that?" Jezelle counter-queried with a hint of suspicion, honestly a bit confused the abrupt and random question.

Henry/Force made his way through the crowd toward Trevor and one of the Jezs. He could see some kind of twirling something going on. Great, he was about to introduce Davis to the two and they would be in the middle of some kind of make out session.

As he got closer he could see that they were talking to a guy. They must have met someone that they knew. Seems like everyone was at this con.

"Well Davis. These are my friends. Well the guy dressed as a cat and the girl. No clue who the other one is." Henry said waiting for an opening in their conversation to do proper introductions.

"Not so fast," Davis said, working not to get lost in the wake of the confident suited figure. He did a double take at the pair. Jeeze... this guy and his friends were hardcore... how long would it have taken them to make those costumes?

"Hard to be..." Mr. Blunt groped for the word. "Gentle? With that..." He jabbed an [accusing?] finger at Trevor. "That's real isn't it!"

Of course, Davis was there to over hear that part, and the second glance confirmed something. "Hey! You're that flea guy!"

Well... Jezelle would have had a nice and neat reply to throw off the onlooker if Davis hadn't won the worst timing ever award... Fortunately she'd already given Six the call so she had spontaneous backup since they didn't shake the onlooker so easily with a show.

With a strangely passive and understanding look about her, Jezelle went to step over to Davis, reaching out as though to pat him sympathetically on the shoulder at about the same time Sixohana sidlined the onlooker and snaked an arm over his shoulder.

In the blink of an eye the four were almost smashed together with the sudden proximity as Jezelle and Six dragged Davis and the onlooker in close for a moment.

"Now we're all going to keep quiet about all this aren't we? Because I would hate to think of what a meta could come up with to vent their everlasting rage about being exposed," Jezelle and Six said in perfect sync, staring Davis and the onlooker dead in the eyes with murderous intent.

Henry cleared his throat. "He is on the same team." Henry said pointing to Davis. "Who is your friend? And Davis you have met them before? It is in fact a small world after all."

"Hey!" Davis protested, giving off an involuntary spark. [DC 16 toughness, DC 14 fort vs dex damage]

Jez Toughness: 9, Fort: 17

The other guy got more defensive and started waving his hands indicating negatory. He was rather fervent too. "I don't, I mean, nothing bad! But it's true, right?"

"Hey! Don't hurt him!" Trevor said, talking about Davis. "We met him at the doctor! He's fine!" Trevor didn't want to leave him up to Jez's whim. "And I don't have fleas!"

"Ngh... Then Mr. Davis, avoid saying potentially compromising information in front of strangers," Jezelle said flatly, twitching a little involuntarily as electricity made her muscles spasm painfully slightly, releasing her arm about Davis's neck so he could move away.

"I would wonder what interest one has in whether or not someone else is a meta," Six said with her gentle and hauntingly empty smile, like it was seconds away from twisting into a psychopathic grin.

"Well this conversation is very odd." Henry said walking over to the one guy he did not know. "Hello, I'm Force. Who are you?"

Now it was Davis' turn to be defensive. "It's what stood out. Someone getting themselves checked for fleas."

"I don't have fleas!" Trevor protested again.

The guy wasn't sure what to make of that interesting side conversation. "Ah, right... I'm Samantha. Samantha Jones."

"...Samantha...? What are you, a meta with genderbending powers?" Jezelle asked plainly, a little unimpressed Six's question had gone unanswered.

Samantha flushed and looked as his feet.

When did the group turn into a bunch of insensitive jerks? Seems like the moment he left. "Hey now let's all take a deep breath. Samantha, nice to meet you. I might have missed the start of the conversation but I feel like I know where it has gone. Was there something you wanted to ask?" Henry said trying to help out.

"Um... I haven't met any other metas before... and I saw.. um... Mr. Flea...."

"I don't. Have. Fleas," Trevor ground out.

"Sorry... But I saw him, and saw him. And he looked too real to be just a costume..." He finished lamely..

"So I am going to go out on a limb here. I take it that you are one. Have you not met another one?" Henry asked.

He shook his head. "Not to talk to... It's only been a few days..."

"So what can you do?" Henry asked plainly.

"I... I don't know how to work my power..." He admitted.

"Well, you might not know how to work it but what is it? We know a lot of people with different powers and might know someone who can help you." Henry offered.

"I don't want to talk about it here..." Samatha said after a moment. Trevor raised an eyebrow. "Um... do you know somewhere with less people?"

"We can find an off hallway or an empty room and talk like we are speaking about a comic book character. Sure we can find a spot quickly." Henry offered.

Trevor sighed and muttered under his breath. He came for loot and entertainment, not talking to guys with girl names. He sighed anyway. "Fine, fine... there's a service hall way not too far from here," he said, drawing on knowledge of previous visits to the facility. Samantha's face brightened. "We can go there and stuff."

marina erin runs into Jez here-----

Marina and Erin were exploring the convention checking out kiosks when they saw some girl in a bleach costume surrounded by fangirls. Wait was that....oh it was. "Heya", Marina waved to Jez9.

Nine was somewhat glad Byakuya was the pensive type, as much as she was attracting attention due to bishie-ness like moths to a flame, she was able to mask her true tiredness and mild exasperation at the fangirls in a Byakuya-manner.

Yes she was glad they liked the costume and impressed with the 'make-up', but she was feeling a little crowded; her attention wandered and airily caught onto Marina and Erin walking by.

Albeit tiredly, Nine returned the wave and attempted to usher the fangirls away.

Erin smiled and waves to her friend. "Hey there!" She called.

"Enjoying your fans?", Marina asked.

"An interesting way of putting it," Nine said with the stern-aloof demeanor, neatly pushing through with almost total ignorance, "Seems others like Byakuya as much as I."

"I should try different costumes...see what people like...although do you feel I overdid the vaporeon costume?", Marina asked, "Having fun Jez?"

"I'm not sure one can 'overdo' a costume; Five saw a Gundam on the way in, I'm pretty everything is expected," Nine said with a shrug.

Erin smiled. "I was dressed up as a nightengale. Was thinking of a Sister of Battle some other time."

"You should show me images of this Sister of Battle...so I can morph it...what is that a battle-nun?", Marina asked.

"A Sister... hmmm, oh right; white hair, that could work well," Nine said with a half a smile, "Power armour could be interesting; if we had more time and money the legion probably would have built some suits."

"Ohyeah... Well I'm not sure really. I just know OF them. I'd prefer necron or Tyrinid, but I'm to fat to pull off a necron and a Tyrinnid mght attract H--Force around to beat me up..."

"Warhammer 40k stuff is beyond me...and honey one idea at a time...I can only morph so much.", Marina said to Erin.

Erin smiled. "Hehe... sorry sweetie. We'll see. Shouldn't be anything you can't handle though."

Nine raised an eyebrow at the dots being connected but ultimately let the whole thing go, glancing off to one side to look at the crowds all clustered about booths and such.

"Costumes are only half the fun; you two have anything in mind for the con in terms of entertainment?" Nine queried, eyeing one of the stalls.

"Did you know someone's already trying to draw a Force comic...first things first...I wanna see if I can get Henry to sign the poster...after that...sweetie any ideas for fun?", Marina said to them.

Erin shrugged. "Not sure. I was gonna go over to the tabletop games to see a game of 40k in progress. Heard they got a million points together... Which is pretty much everything in the game."

"Million points? Hmm...I wonder if they have a show later today...", Marina said.

"Could be less likely to find Bleach fangirls at a 40k area..." Nine said mostly to herself, throwing a furtive glance behind her.

"Who knows? Still, that's where I'll be heading. It's starting in... Looks like an hour or so." Erin smiled. "And Jez, I didn't know you were interested in that game. You actually play or just watch?"

"I'll just go to keep you company, honey...I don't understand the game myself.", Marina said to Erin.

"Lot of free time with eleven of me..." Nine explained off-handedly, a little off balance at the heavy air all of a sudden.

"Even so, it took a while before finding you here...So you do play? Maybe you two can explain 40k to me today.", Marina suggested.

"I don't technically play; Three and Eleven read a few of the rulebooks and such," Nine said with a shrug.

"Any plans in mind for the next hour before the 40k thing starts?", Marina asked.

"You'd need to show me those... I'd like to take a look at some of them." Erin smiled. "And I dunno, honey. I was gonna wander, see if there's any anime here that catches my eye. But I think Jez here wouldn't like it."

"Any anime you wanted to learn more about...I'm thinking we can search for the more obscure ones.", Marina said to Erin.

"I don't mind anime," Nine assured, still glancing off here and there, "Just persistent fangirls..."

"Aww I wish I had your fangirls...come to think of it Erin, how many people were around when you were in your nightingale suit?", Marina asked.

Erin smiled. "A fair few. Though I bet they were only the ones that did and liked the Theive's Guild questline. Still, we had a few."

"I think the trick is to pick something recognizable...say something from naruto...or another wide appeal show.", Marina said to her, "My advice to you Jez...dress as something obscure..."

"Retrospect... yes..." Nine said with a slight sigh, "But I liked Byakuya... probably for the same reasons I'm getting hounded..."

"Makes sense...as a vaporeon I get friendly waves, but not raving fangirls...", Marina laughed.

"And meanwhile the gamer girl is completely lost on who you're talking about." Erin said.

"Kuchiki Byakuya, probably one of the hottest characters in Bleach," Nine said with a helpless shrug.

"And fangirls are crazier than boys...even though you'd think it would be the other way around.", Marina commented.

"I dunno about that..." Nine said, seeming to go distant for a moment as she hooked into the hivemind again for a moment, "Ten's found the DDR, and the guys are... well... anyway..."

"DDR, I haven't played that in years dunno about you sugar", Marina turned to Erin. "Shall we go join Tenth?", Marina asked Jez.

"Uhm... maybe not right now... for many reasons..." Nine said with a slight grimace, glancing off to the side again.

"Fangirls getting to ya again?", Marina asked.

"No I'd just rather not visit Tenth right now..." Nine corrected.

"Never played that at all, really." Erin admitted. "And what's wrong with tenth?"

"Hmm... dots aren't connecting for you? Tenth was Nelliel? Green hair, well-endowed? And DDR with all the jumping around?" Nine said a little reluctantly.

"Nelliel...?" Erin asked lost. She was about to ask 'what's wrong with being well endowed and jumping?' but she caught herself before saying so.

"Aww, guess we could go somewhere else...any events or panels you girls interested in?", she asked.

"Hmmm..." Erin thought. "There's so much to do here really, where to start? I mean, I kinda want to see it all."

"Perhaps we start at the video arcade....or some other games.", Marina suggested.

"Hmm... wonder if they have a super smash bros game setup there..." Nine said thoughtfully mostly to herself, partly in reminiscence of the last time she played with her copies.

"That'd be good. IF we can wrest it away from the people likely using it." Erin added.

"If not there's always soul caliber and other fighting titles...Or I can try out morphing...it's kinda fun...", Marina said.

"Lead on then; my copies are a bit too occupied to scout for us," Nine said with a gesture.

"Erin do you know where the arcade is?", Marina asked as she began wandering with the girl's following her.

Erin recalled her mental map of the place. "This way." She said, leading the group.

Marina followed. "You know where the arcade is?", she asked.

"Yep. This way." Erin said leading the group.

Maina held Erin's hand as she and Jez9 were lead to the arcade by Erin.

The arcade was a hot bed of activity, with all sorts of games available, all sorts of people were playing.

Erin immediately went towards one of the many games, a dinosaur hunting game on rails by the looks of it, and after putting in some money, began targeting some of the various prehistoric creatures with a loose representation of a hunting rifle.

//so we'll start with different games...

"We'll meet up by air hockey then.", Marina called to Erin as she ran towards the other games. Marina saw Erin get started with the dinosaur hunter game. Marina herself found herself a simple whack a mole game to start with. She played that for a bit before trying out a few more collecting tickets along the way

But what about the hermit (another word for "forever alone"?)

The previous day, after everyone left on their own, Alex returned back home alone. As Marina left, he didn't bother hiding his true emotions - the people were just strangers. However... Growling, brooding and sometimes sobbing catboy isn't something you just can unsee or forget about. He didn't really bother anyway...

...By the time he got home, he got in control of his emotions again. The tears couldn't be seen and his expression turned into a pokerface again. He and his dad had a talk about Alex's lack of coat that he explained by mugging. His dad accepted that as an explanation and advised to be extra careful next time...

...The next day Alex was left alone again. As he woke up, his mind was clear from all the crap that happened to him the day before, but, unfortunately, he remembered it after a while...

...And so he spent a lot of time just being curled up under the blankets and being really depressed. Then... He remembered about con and about the fact that he won't go. Well, not a big deal probably, at least someone would have fun. After a long while he had managed to get out from his bed and stumble into kitchen, where he was about to have a long overdue breakfast.

He started off with a chicken leg and potatoes that were left by his dad as a piece of breakfast in the fridge. He placed them onto the table in a plate and stared at them. He could try to heat

them like that... And so he did that - pointed his paw at the food and tried to awaken his powers again.

After a while he checked the chicken and potatoes with his tongue to see that they are actually hot. He chuckled (in a sad way, mind it) and started consuming the food...

...The depression sucks when someone has it. They think that the world is out to get them and that nothing good will happen. In some cases it's not true. In this one... Alex got close to death a few times already and in his mind he believes that he'll die soon just because the world hates him. And the thoughts were cycled on that - he couldn't break out of this loop as much as he wanted to.

After that the brooding cat went on with other stuff - usually he would have played his computer, but now the mouse was gone and he wasn't very certain in the control of his power, so he went on with other activities - namely, trying to figure out if there is any relation of microwaves, ability to hear radiowaves and his feline form.

The practical thoughts distracted him from the depression for a while and even though he couldn't deduce the connection between the microwaves, radiowave sensitivity and the feline form, he could figure out the connection between the microwaves and radio. With that, he decided to "scan" the other frequencies, to figure out if he could get them to work.

He started off with radio - he grabbed his dad's long-range professional radio receiver and started focusing on frequencies, trying to send something through them. To his surprise and amusement that worked - he could even hear some sort of sentence that he sent through them.

The other frequencies were put on hold as he tried to call the people because he started feeling lonely. He grabbed the stationary phone and called Erin first, but she didn't pick it up. Sighing, he decided to call someone else and the next one was Trevor.

//Radio wave powers are out for a while due to fire, remember

//Daww, didn't they grow back?

-----That rich kid with the ghost person-----

When James separated from the two, he heads on home as he didn't really have any other plans for the day other than to prepare his costume for the con tomorrow.

At home, James did various stuff such as research of the anime character he decided to dress up as since 'Genjutsu' is effectively illusions, as well as talking to the ghost girl who seems quite serious in following him. After some time, he started to worry about whether or not he would have to fight again and promptly prayed that if he does, that it would be against someone who

isn't very bright so his illusions will work. He also wondered if he can use his illusions at the con, that'd be fun.

((Part two should come up tomorrow or so.))

//yay copy paste is a success!

Mornings were starting to get strange for the rich kid. James could feel a presence in his room and sometimes it would greet him as he got up. Breakfast went by as normal, but he usually ends up having to make another batch for his ghost friend. Does he uave to? Not really, but he felt like it.

He was watching the news as usual as he got into his costume of Itachi Uchiha. Sure, he's a bad guy in the anime, but his main abilities revolve around Genjutsu, which is pretty much ninja illusion magic. As he was getting things ready, Trevor's phone ringed. He was tempted to not answer it considering what happened last time, but he could just say no this time if it's something like last time. He goes to the phone and picks it up, it was Alex, "Hey Alex, sorry, but I never gotten a chance to give Trevor his phone back. So What's up? Going to the con soon? I'm hoping to bump into Trevor there so I can give him his phone back."

Alex was overwhelmed by the amount of stuff James said to him and for a while he just sat on his bed staring into void. "Oh... Hello there... No, I am not going to con, why do you think I would?" Ah well, he'll talk to stranger guy too...

James shrugs as he practiced walking around. It wasn't too hard, just have your right arm in a makeshift cast, "Eh, just a question is all. How's it going?" At this point, he was idly conjuring random things with his illusion power, in case he could get away with walking around with said power active.

Alex put up a pokerface again and tried to keep his voice normal "Fine... Yeah, fine." He didn't really say much more and instead stared into the void hidden in the ceiling that only he can see.

James stares at the tv screen for a moment as Alex says he's 'fine', "Sure?"

Alex sighed and replied "Yeah, I've of course have zero reasons to feel otherwise."

"I have a few ideas, but..." James really wasn't certain if bringing up anything about yesterday would be a good idea or not and he soon lets out a sigh, "We... just need to be more careful is all..." he mentally punched himself for not having anything better to say about what the heck happened yesterday.

"Ye... I'd better stay home then." Alex replied.

James perked up a little as an idea formed in his head, "Well, if you were planning to go to the con before yesterday happened, well... there's bound to be a lot of metas there. If someone does attack us for some idiotic reason, then it shouldn't be too wild of a guess to believe we'll get some extra backup. Besides, I'm sure our friends will be there as well, it'll be fun; a surefire way to recover from yesterday. If not... well I'm not trying to force you or anything. Just saying it since this is a once a year thing."

"Well, first I know nothing of anime and manga, second I didn't plan to go there anyway and... Ah well. I think I am doing fine job doing something at home..." Alex replied.

//General Con. Gaming and Comics are an even bigger parts of it than manga.

James shrugs, "I think it's more of a General Con if last year was anything to go by, but alright then."

"Yeah, I still don't have a suit or slightest idea what would I do there... I am not taking away your time?" Alex asked suddenly.

"Alright then, and no, it's fine." James replied simply.

"So you are going to con... Have a costume?" Alex said idly playing with his paw-finger-whatever claws, trying to reliably get them in and out.

James chuckles a little, "Yeah, admittedly it's a 'spur of the moment' thing, but considering my powers, I'm dressing up as Itachi Uchiha from the Naruto anime. I think he mainly used Genjutsu for the most part."

"Interesting..." Alex replied, vaguely remembering who this character was.

James just smiles as he works his phone to point him in the right direction of the Con, "For the most part, yeah. Figured I might as well pick someone with similar powers."

And so the discussion went on for a while.

But what about the hermit (another word for "forever alone"?)?

And the two headed to the con....

//Actually Alex didn't go to con.

//Alex was possessed. Roll Will.

//Lol.

Alex Will: 13 DC 15

Somehow, it came out that Alex didn't want to go to the con. That irked Cassandra. So... she jumped in... to Alex. Honestly, she didn't know she could. It just happened that way. She became visible to both Alex and James as she did, sinking into the cat's body like water into a sponge. Mentally, it was like something pushed Alex away from... himself. He could still sorta feel his body, but it was muffled. On the outside, his sclera went black.

Thafudge, Alex thought and then said that "aloud." "What the... Hell?"

"Ah, um, huh," She worked a body she hadn't had for a while. "I can't believe that actually happened..." Cassandra said, both in her/his head and through her/his lips in Alex's voice. "I was just trying to scare him again... this is so weird..."

"What the hell did you do? The hell is with my body? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?" Alex started attacking the strange thing with questions. Really, as if getting burned alive or nearly killed by bugs wasn't enough.

"Hey! Shimmer down fuzzhead!" Cassandra said out loud. "This is just as crazy to me too!"

Alex growled "Cool, but you are still paralysing my whole nerve system to the point of uncomfortable numbness. Can you stop doing that? I can barely move."

"Hey, I wanna go to the con! This is my ticket in," she said, realizing the possibilities. "This is as awesome as it is weird! So Alex. Where do you keep your cash? And do you have anything in black?" She/he got up and made for the bedroom.

Alex yelled "NO WAY. And yes, I do. Actually, if you are blind - I am already in black." He was, indeed. He had his sexy boxers on that were of black color. "I think that's enough, considering that I am *bleep*ing possessed now."

"You wanna go in boxers?" Cassandra countered. Then she paused and took the phone again. "Yeah, I possessed your friend! I'll see you at the con!"

Alex made an inner facepalm as Cassandra talked into phone that had the call dropped long time ago. Well, whatever. "Yeah, sure, I don't mind. If anyone asks I'll say that I got possessed by ghost anyway."

"Or... we could go without it," she teased, hooking his finger in the waistband of the boxers.

"Always wanted to feel myself like an exhibitionist." Alex replied in a semi-joking tone, although after quite a pause that indicated that this thought provoked some emotion from him. He even coughed after that.

She was getting a bit more used to it, and Alex could sense her mischevious grin as she pulled down his boxers. "Oh, it's so cute!"

Alex felt a bit embarrassed. "I have no idea how to react on that." Probably, just probably, that was an insult. Maaaybe. He wasn't in combat state now anyway, so she had no real opportunity to judge caliber (and it was above average!)

She giggled (weird in a guy's body) and headed straight to his room. As if she knew were it was.

"...So you don't want to leave my body, yes?" Alex asked, sighing.

"Not till we experience some of the con, at least," she said happily.

"You peeked in my pants and you genuinely want just to go to con? Why wouldn't you find someone that actually wants to go there by the way?" Alex said to her, feeling like the life's trolling him.

"How am I to tell this will work again? No one else by James can hear or see me normally, so it could just be you. I'm not passing up the change!" Started going around his room looking for something to wear.

"...What..." Alex muttered and growled "You don't need a body to go to con anyway, if you can move around like actual things like you do."

"Can't experience it without a body. Hmm... this will do..." She said, pulling out a jeans and tee. She muttered something about men that she missed and got dressed. Awkwardly. "How do you manage with this anyway?"

"Manage with what? My body being controled? Felt worse." Alex replied. He felt weird being not in control of his body at all... What would that... thing... do with his body as she gets to con? Would she cause suspicions? Probably a lot...

"I'm not a thing! I'm a lady!" She protested.

"...oh cool, you read my thoughts." Alex replied mentally, wondering if she could feel that she turned him on a bit earlier... "...what else should I know about you... lady?"

"Not fully... but you're there, and it's hard to keep mental talk from mental talk," she said. "Shoes, shoes, shoes... where do you keep your shoes anyway? And I heard that sarcasm! Just cause I'm dead doesn't make me less of a woman!"

[IP]Alex sighed. A new person just entered his body and now acts as if she got a new costume and wants to find some new accessory for it. "With my new feet I prefer to use footwraps. Yes, black. In my drawer." he replied "I still have no idea who you are by the way..." [/IP]

"Oh, sorry. I'm Cassandra. Thank you for the body."

[IP]"Not as if I could chose not to give you my body..." Alex replied melancholically. "What do you want to do on con anyway? Seems like a waste of time to me"[/IP]

"The cosplay!" She said with great passion.

"I don't have a costume... Not that if I like cosplaying anyway." Alex replied.

"Then I'll appreciate everyone else's!" Cassandra countered. Still, there was a fleeting image of an elaborate dress.

//She wants to get him cross-dressed? XD

"...I still think that you don't need a body to appreciate everyone else's." Alex said, feeling a bit scared.

"The world of cosplay is deep!" she announced passionately. Then she paused to consider. "Can you do anything super? Like jump far or something?"

"Wow, you do really like cosplay... That'll be a long day..." Alex muttered and then replied after Cassandra finished her question "...Eh, I can hear radio. Also I am a catboy. That's pretty much it." About the microwaves and the radio signal emission he decided not to speak yet. He forgot that she can read thoughts tho...

"What does hearing radio have to do with being a cat?" She asked, heading for the door.

"I have no idea." Alex replied "Been wondering about that for a while and then figured that this might be connected somehow to my heightened senses, maybe whiskers or ear tufts."

"You make no sense at all..." She sight through his mouth.

"Why do you think so..." Alex replied with a bit of sadness in his tone.

"Because cats and radio don't mix!"

"Tell that to whoever gave me this powerset." Alex muttered.

"Whatever!" she declared, hauling them off to the con.

"...Don't get me into trouble..." Alex said hopelessly. He should probably tell her that forcing his body to go whenever she wants is probably a crime.

"You're pretty calm about all this," She commented, finally figuring out the mind talk as headed down the road.

"More like apathetic. Really, I've been nearly killed, twice. Getting your body controled by non-malevolent ghost doesn't seem as bad as being burning alive." Alex replied. "I just hope you won't do something dumb."

"Hey now..." she said, sounding slightly put out. "Just what are you implying? That I'd run about causing problems since this isn't my body so I don't have to worry about consequences?"

"Yes." Alex replied a bit bluntly "Also you don't seem to have been living like me and I guess you'll seem at least odd."

"You aren't even concerned that I'm just walking down the road in your body..."

"I was concerned a while ago (and still a bit concerned, just ain't raging anymore), but now I can't really do anything about it. No worries, I am still plotting my revenge." Alex said "...Really, just get over with con and give me back my body."

"You know, you're not a very nice host," she teased. "What ever happened to being nice to your house guests and women in general?"

"I can't be a nice host if I am hosting with my body." Alex grumbled and tried to cross his arms, but of course couldn't due to the body being under control of ghosts. "And I've never had

guests or women, so consider me a wild one there. Why are you asking? You've got a body anyway, why would that matter to you?"

"I have your body for the moment. However long this lasts. So I'm making the best of it."

"Cool. I wonder if I'll die I will be as invasive to someone's time as you." Alex snarked, but then his tone became sadder "Although with the amounts of near-death scenarios recently, I think it won't be so far away in time..."

"Don't worry, I didn't see the grim reaper hanging around you. And I'm not employed either."

"Yay... So now my life just gonna be a big mean torture. Awesome." Alex replied. He sighed and then a question formed in his mind "Wait... You are dead, right? How... Did that happen that you are a ghost? Everyone gets to become ghost or something?"

"You just figured that out?" She said, actually stopping and saying it out loud. As if people weren't looking already. She switched back to mental talk. "Man you're gloomy. And I haven't seen any other ghosts. Only James."

"James is a ghost?" Alex questioned "He seemed pretty real to me. And of course I'll be gloomy, I have nothing else to do but to see my body walking somewhere that I didn't intend to. Or should I tell you some jokes? I am awful awesome at them."

"Man up! It's an unwritten law: Men do what women want," She said. She took the bus and used Alex's money to pay.

[Ip]"Men do what women want as long as they like it. I may be a submissive, but at least I want to be able to say "stop" or "no". Screw rules anyway" Alex said 15:57IrbynX: "Also, you are now in debt." Alex muttered as he seen his money go [/ip]

"The ghost stole my money, judge!" Cassandra laughed. "But I'll see if James can lend me money. And you are saying stop and no. You're just still coming along."

[ip]"I just want my words to have at least some power..." Alex said, his intonation subtly changing from irritated to sad [/ip]

"You'd think the poor little dead girl would at least get some sympathy," she complained, wiggling his fingers and toes. "I'm just taking you out on a forced date for a few hours. James buys me burgers."

"You don't seem dead in a bad way to me." Alex replied and then suddenly paused, processing something and added "...Forced date? With whom? Your lover?"

"Better than saying I'm taking your body out for a test drive," she said shrugging, at nothing to those watching the meta (or top notch cosplayer) on the bus.

[ip]"Stop drawing attention..." Alex muttered after a groan "And now I am out of conversation topics, hooray" [/ip]

"How do you run out of things to say to a ghost?" Cassandra asked. She'd managed to summon up a vaguely womanish image in the mindscape. "And weren't you the one that wanted to run around naked?"

[ip]"You know, yes, I run out of topics to talk about with a ghost girl because the ones that are left are either too boring or quite impolite... I think" Alex said "And if I want to run around naked that doesn't mean I actually did that." [/ip]

"So you do want to run around naked..." she grinned.

[ip]Alex replied "Yeah.... Maybe... Seems cool but I am way way way too shy to do that. Even with fur." [/ip]

"Then consider this a crash course to get over shyness!" Cassandra proclaimed. Some of that spilled outside again, and her watches flinched.

"Ohcrap." Alex muttered, having mixed feelings about that "...What do you have in mind?"

"Oh, a bit of this, a bit of that," she said dismissively, waving the bodies hand. People were really getting confused. "The rest will come to me."

[ip]Alex would have gulped if he could. "...I still feel embarrassed myself... And scared of your plans now" [/ip]

"Excellent!" Cassandra said out loud. The bus had stopped at the centre anyway, so it wasn't as bad. "Geeze... how do you function with this sense of smell? It's confusing."

"Oh, confused by smell now? I see you are a tender one." Alex said "You are lucky that I didn't switch my radio hearing on. I still get the strange feelings in addition to general sounds." Alex added. He didn't lie - the strange feelings that he got were odd... And a bit familiar, as if

hardwired into him. He can't figure what they were, but they were pretty accurate when he focused on something... The theory was about to be tested, but he was interrupted by guess who.

{ There you go again sounding like you don't want to be nice to your house guest, } Cassandra said. She found a bench, using it as a stand to look over the heads of the crowds to get some bearings. { This place looks different from ground level... }

//Curly brackets is mental.

//I'll go along with them as well... Alex is mental only now anyway XD

{ ...I dunno... Maybe it's because I still didn't get over the fact that you just suddenly got into full control of my body. } Alex replied { Maybe I should just shut the hell up-- Wait, it is that different from ground level? Couldn't you just be at ground level before? }

"Details, details," she said happy, hopping off the bench and heading to the entrance she recognized. { Besides, it's actually pretty hard to float around at ground level... }

{ And not-- } Alex was about to say something borderline mean again, but stopped. Whatever, he doesn't want Cassandra to kill him instead of leaving his body when she would be done (or does he?) { ...Right... Why are you acting out of character anyway? You know that I'll have to live with that for my entire life... }

{ It's a convention. Everyone's allowed to act that way! } Cassandra said happily. { What sort of things do you like? }

{ Videogames... Tech maybe... Also not all games, mind it. Furry fandom... Eh... I think that's it. Aside from my desire to make something awesome, really. } Alex replied { And I can't see anyone else acting like that here. }

Cassandra turned so he could get a better view. True, it was far less than they would find inside, but there were people in outfits from different genres, some posing for pictures. Others just walking and chatting. { There are all sorts here. }

{ Okay... Wasn't it your visit to con? } Alex replied { Honestly, even if I'll meet a dude in Gordon Freeman's costume I wouldn't be interested. And I love Half Life. Just don't like cons. }

{ Half Life? } Cassandra echoed.

{ A game. Gordon Freeman is a character of this game. A classic of shooters and one of the first games where environment made sense! } Alex said { I could make a lecture on how awesome

Half Life is, how awesome it's sequel is, same for Valve who made it, but I bet you aren't into videogames anyway. Last few people that were, though, didn't know of Half Life either...}

{ Valve is a company, right? I think I saw them on the list of guest panels,} she said thoughtfully.

{ Unless they announce Half Life three... I dunno, I'd rather get to work with Valve... But that needs mad skills. Don't see a point going there} Alex replied apathetically.

{ You know there's a law against being that gloomy, right?}

{ Go kill me for that then.} Alex replied.

{ Fine. I'll keep the body then,} Cassandra said, sounding coolly angry.

{ What do you want from me? You got to that con, what doesn't make you happy now? My gloomy remarks? Just tell me to shut up and I will.} Alex replied.

{ You're alive aren't you?} Cassandra demanded.

{ I am...} Alex replied { ...But really, what do you want? Why did you go to con if you don't seem to be interested in it yourself?}

{ I'm here cause I'm dead and I'm clearing off all my regrets. You call yourself a man when your letting a dead person have more of a will to life that you do?}

Alex groaned. Awesome. { ...How is being called a man and having will to live related? Why do you even care? You waste the time of your life! And mine too.} Alex said and sighed. This would take forever, so he decided to play along { ...whatever... Let's go see what these Valves have in their sleeve...}

{ I'm dead, remember,} she said sadly. { I don't have a life to waste.}

{ But you got an opportunity to get some more time...} Alex replied.

{ To do what? Float around and watch people?} Cassandra asked. { Can't talk to anyone. Touch anything. Use anything. Just exist without a point or purpose.}

{ You seem to forget the fact that you are in my body now, at least for a while...} Alex said.

{ The first physical contact in over a month, } Cassandra responded listlessly. { And how knows how long it will last. }

{ And you waste your time trying to talk me into something while not knowing how long your opportunity would last. Yeah... } Alex replied.

{ Just cause I somehow took over doesn't mean I don't have to be polite about it, } she said. { Consider it the politeness from beyond the grave. }

{ ...And now I am finally fully confused about your intentions... } Alex replied { I didn't really want to go here to begin with... And now you tell me that I have no will to live because I am bored at some event I didn't want to go to but you give me opportunity to chose what do I want to do on that event even though I have no idea what the hell can I do. Usually I leave such things when being sent on them, just saying. So go ahead and have some fun, while I'll try to have a nap. }

{ You have no will to life because you're more gloomy than death. Trust me, I've been there. } We, she didn't actually remember, but it had more 'oomph' that way. "Besides, you can fine fun in places." She waved at someone taking pictures.

"Everyone's fun is subjective, you know." Alex replied

"This is a con," Cassandra said, rolling her eyes. { The biggest in the country. They have panels from dozens on companies, screenings for movies and tv shows, play tests for new games, actors and stars showing up for pictures and autographs, booths selling all sorts of stuff, an arcade with games. You can't find something fun to do? }

{ But... I really don't know what to do... I don't watch movies, not interested in arcades and... Yeah, I am a boring person... } Alex replied.

{ And afraid to try new things, } Cassandra added, stopping to by some weird multicoloured frozen drink from a somewhat scared looking booth operator.

{ Sadly true... Just the new things in net... No real life... } Alex said

{ See? That's why you need a ghost possession. Just what the doctor ordered, } she said happily. She shifted moods quickly.

Alex sighed. { I have no idea how a possession is going to help me. }

{ It opens new horizons, } she said. She checked with one of the security as to where the arcade was and event times. { Vavle's not till midday, so we have time to kill. }

{ Ah well... } Alex said and thought "More like making me seem like a maniac..." He sighed and added "We can probably try to have fun..." The pause that he made seemed suggestive, but all he needed it for was to think about options { ...beating the arcade up? }

One quick scene transition later, despite the increasing crowds, they ducked down the deserted and narrow hallway that only led to a door marked employees only. While Samantha tried to figure out the best way to start, Trevor conjured up a barrier to keep people from getting in.

Henry stood waiting for Samantha to explain what he could do and see if there was a way for them to help.

"I... I'm actually a girl..." He admitted.

"I figured as much the moment I knew you were a meta -and besides, what kinda guy introduces themselves to complete strangers with a feminine name?" Jezelle said rather casually, considerably less tense than she was a minute ago, "And since you're a meta I'm actually inclined to trust you; I figure you've got some morphing/shapeshifting thing, though if I may ask: is your current body someone you know, or is just a male version of yourself?"

"Male version... I think..." Samantha said. "But I don't know what caused it..."

"Wait... you're a girl?" Trevor said, rejoining the group after making sure the wall was solid and leaving Davis to stand guard. It was a bit bigger than the ones he normally made, so he made sure there weren't any gaps in it. "You don't smell like a girl..."

Jezelle seemed to sort of space out for a moment after Trevor added his two cents, turning to look at him blankly before shrugging it off.

"Charming..." Jezelle said a little vacantly, turning to look back at the genderbent, "Well if your 'scent' is different then your transformation is more complete than mine, Mr. Catman here will have to be our expert here; my shapechanging ability thing only worked when I was concentrating the first time, I can dismiss it just by relaxing."

Another retrospect moment struck when Trevor realized how... off that would sound. He made a face and pulled an imaginary zipper across his lips.

Samantha still looked a bit... dismayed by the comment, but focused on Jez rather than the feline. "It's been a day... And I've slept since then..."

"Happened yesterday huh..." Jezelle sort of echoed, going distant in thought for a moment, though probably a more of lackthereof, as there wasn't much to work with considering all the info she had thus far, "...Well... if you're your own genderbend and more than just a body-sculpting thingy like mine... I think we're gonna need Dr. Cain... he's probably getting sick of us by now..."

Henry listened to the conversation and tried to process it. The he in front of him was actually a she and her powers only kicked in the day before. The big bang was a while ago so how come this didn't happen before. Was it like when he learned he could fly. It was something there but waited for him to use it. Who knows what else he could have or do until he tries.

"The good Dr. will not be sick of us. He has been studying metas for years although he does have a difficult time trying to classify them. Now as to this change. What were you doing right before it happened? Any detail will be helpful." Henry asked.

Now Samantha really started to flush. "I was... on the internet."

"And?" Henry said not knowing why the internet would cause this situation. He used the internet in the public library and only got frusterated trying to order parts of his outfit.

"Skyping with my... boyfriend.. he's in Vancouver," He went on reluctantly.

Henry had no idea what skyping was. Perhaps it was one of these internet games. "Does your boyfriend look like this?" Henry said pointing to her/him

"No. I look like a guy me. And sorta my brother," Samantha said.

"Just what sort of chat were you having on skype?" Trevor asked curiously. And somewhat knowingly. Then he remember his vow of silence and mimed a zipper again before Jez could glare at him again.

This time Jezelle merely paused for that moment of awkward of silence to enunciate what Trevor likely already figured, before resuming like nothing had happened.

"Okay, so if I dare use logic here: The fact that your form isn't someone you know means it wasn't voluntary even on a subconscious level, so I'm going to assume its like an on/off switch that you accidentally triggered somehow; whether it's chemical or mental is beyond me -Cain could help there- but I don't think we'll be figuring it out any time soon -sorry for sounding

selfish but this convention isn't everyday, and your problem isn't life-threatening so we'll just set you up with an appointment with Dr. Cain; after that we'll actually have stuff to work with unless you can remember specific details about the moment you changed -like what you were thinking or feeling, maybe what you ate? I have no idea, my mutation wasn't anything convenient like that."

"Please. 'Mutation' has such negative connotations. 'Advancement' is more like it," Trevor said, mouth moving ahead of mind again. "Um... you can hang out with us, if you want."

"...Advancement... really...?" Jezelle interrupted flatly, "I am not going to be your Xavier..."

Trevor looked aghast. "That was Rodney! Rodney McKay!" And to think he thought she was enthusiastic about stargate. The horror. The horror. "But... if you want to go X-men... be my Jean Grey?"

"I was referring to the idea of 'superiority' with your advancement idea -and you did not just compare yourself to wolverine..." Jezelle said, interrupting herself and glaring at Trevor threateningly.

"I've got claws, I've got tough bones and I heal pretty fast. How is that not wolverine enough for you?" Trevor protested.

"That's like saying I'm Jean Grey just 'cuz I got red hair; besides the fact a wolverine isn't a cat, you're totally missing..." Jezelle sort of trailed off halfway as she remembered Samantha, sort of glancing off to the side a little sheepishly and turning about to face her/him again, "Right! Dr. Cain! Appointment, totally; need a number, leave him a message at least. Do I even have his number..."

JezIchigo flipped out her phone to check but she was kind of drawing a blank.

Samantha looked totally lost in that back and forth, but at the same time, relieved. (A slight bit put out that they would make just light of his/her situation, but...). He smiled. "Thank you... and I wouldn't mind hanging out with you."

Henry just shook his head while Jez and Trevor had their back and forth. Did they forget how weird and out of place they had felt when they first discovered that they had powers? Henry went in to denile for the first day before he was able to wrap his brain around it and his powers kept him looking the same way.

"I have his number and address in my phone. If you are willing through out the day to talk about what happened something might come up that would explain the trigger. Sometimes we have powers we don't know we have until we go and use them. It can be a mixed blessing for some and a curse to others. Cain will same a similar thing and take blood samples and x-rays. He will ask about what you were doing when you changed so hopefully you are more comfortable with him." Henry said while taking out his phone and pulling up the number.

"The doctor from the news?" Samantha asked, his memory working. "I think I can talk to him." He glanced over at Trevor and Jezelle. "Those two are weird though."

"And they were weird before all this happened. It just seems to amplify it. Seems to amp up a lot of things. Any how now that we know. . . little more then we started how about we get something done. All I have done is walk around this place."

"There are some pretty cool stuff around the place," Samantha said. "Oh! And they are having a series of meta relations panels."

"Really? Where is that? I want to hear what they have to say." Henry said with some enthusiasm.

"I got put in the same category as you..." Jezelle said to Trevor since they'd both been backgrounded, looking awfully depressed all of a sudden.

"It's a promotion," Trevor said with a wide grin, deciding to turn the comment back on Jezelle. He tossed an arm over her shoulders. "Welcome to the Big Leagues. Congrats."

"I didn't know it was possible to fail upwards," Jezelle grumbled, folding her arms.

"Which is why it's a promotion! See? I knew you would get it," Trevor beamed in all his glory.

Samantha did his best to ignore the banter going on in te background. "The first one is at 2 today," she informed Fenry. "It's the shortest one planned. Just half an hour in introductory statements."

//what time is it in the game?

//About 9-10

"Well then that means four hours to go. I want to see what they have to say. So until then game time?" Henry asked.

"Game time it is," Jezelle agreed, all too eager to ditch the former subject, "You guys lead on, I'm already buried in half of the things here so I'm just tagging along."

"Are you finished with your serious talk?" Davis asked from his post in the corner.

"I think we are done here." Henry said.

"So... can you taking this thing down?" he asked, mostly to Trevor. He demonstrated by pressing a hand on the invisible barrier.

"Oh... right," Trevor blinked. He's forgotten about that. He considered breaking it, but that would be a bit too drastic. Instead, he just touched it and flicked his hand against it, dissolving it more or less.

"I was meaning to ask... but what did he do there anyway?" Samantha asked Henry/Force, tugging at his sleeve.

"He can create boxes or something. I am not sure how it works but it can hold things in or used as a type of barrier. I guess he put it up so no one could open the door. They are strong but they can be broken. It is a pretty handy thing." Henry replied.

"Wow... there are some pretty cool people around... what about the rest of you?" Samantha asked.

"I dun even know how to sum mine up..." Jezelle grumbled, "I'm like some kinda spatial/reality glitch..."

"She's a glitch on the fabric of space and reality," Trevor sang off key.

Henry floated up about three feet off of the ground. "The rest of my abilities are not very building friendly." Henry said getting back on the ground.

"You can fly?" Both Samantha and Davis asked at the same time.

"Yeah. It sure beats driving let me tell you." Henry said sheepishly.

"This town is getting wild," Davis muttered. "Can I ask how good you are at flying?"

"I am pretty good I guess. Not the best but I can get from point A to point B in a good time. Helps that I can go in a straight line and not worry about traffic lights." Henry replied.

"Anthro cat that can make invisible walls... totally pushed aside for the guy that can float," Trevor complained under his breath.

"And that is just one of my party tricks." Henry jested.

"I got better too," Davis added in. He held his hands about a foot apart, index fingers pointed to each other, and a few jolts spark between them.

Samantha looked at them with wonder, where as Trevor scowled. "Is this show up the cat day?"

"Nice control and it is not show up the cat day. You can do plenty of things that I can't do. We are just different." said Henry.

"Bah humbug," Trevor grumbled. "Most of my stuff isn't flashy. Mostly invisible boxes, cat stuff... Not as strong as superman-to-be here, but decent. Oh, and some weird silver energy stuff that I haven't had much luck aiming so you'll just have to take my word for."

"His career opportunity as an Imaginary Gunman has been forever taken from him," Jezelle said melodramatically, "Just make sure he never points at you..."

"Hey! I only almost shot someone once that I can remember," Trevor protested.

Both Davis and Samantha looked confused.

"At least my screw-ups can only threaten pride..." Jezelle further rubbed it in.

"You teleported my clothes off!" Trevor countered. Now the two looked even more interested.

"And only your pride was damaged!" Jezelle finished cheerily with an abrasive edge to her vigor.

"And my clothes! Do you know how many outfits I've lost in the past two weeks? I'm going to have to go shopping..." Trevor muttered, kicking at the tiles.

"Ooooooh you did not just go there," Jezelle said with an insincere severity to her gaze as it rounded on Trevor, "You're allowed to complain when you go through eleven shirts a day."

"Your clones make their own clothes. Everyone of those extra shirts is a bigger wardrobe for you. I've lost about half my good shirts already and most of my pants," Trevor said, rolling his eyes at Jezelle.

"Those clothes disappear when I dismiss the clone," Jezelle said flatly.

"See? Laundry problem solved," Trevor said. "Just put on the clothes your next legionnaire will be wearing before you clone. No laundry at all. Put on double layers, and only wear duplicated clothes. Never wash again," Trevor said, proposing what sounded like an awesome idea. "I'll even help!"

"Okay that's it, where'd Six go," Jezelle grumbled, going to part ways looking for the Sixohana.

Samantha giggled. "You are silly, Mr. Cat."

"Wait... what did I do this time? Jez? Sam? Come on!" Trevor whined, totally lost again.

But alas it was too late, as JezIchigo vacated the vicinity and a Sixohana emerged from the crowd with that same eerie, empty and serene expression as she went over to walk beside Trevor without a word spoken.

"Wait.. what?" Trevor blinked.

"You really are a clueless guy, aren't you?" Davis said, shaking his head.

Samantha tugged on Fenry's sleeve. "So those are all the same person?" she asked quietly.

"She can split up into copies from what I have seen. But, they are all a little different from the original. It is a thing I try to not understand because it is beyond me. This is the group I go with and solve problems with. We are few but we got it where it counts. That is why I was saying that we could probably help out with issues. Plus there are a whole bunch of metas out there we met as well."

"All of you seem so... powerful sounds like a cartoon or something but I guess it fits..." Samantha commented. "Did you all know each other before?"

"Um, yeah," Trevor responded, not really sure how to deal with Sixth. He was good with First through Fifth. He'd only met the rest in passing. And she was just... standing there. He had no

idea why Jez switched, and Sixth was hardly forthcoming. "We knew each other for a while and stuff."

"Powerful, huh..." Sixohana said softly, thoughtfully, though it almost seemed like she was getting ideas from that sentiment, but at the same seemed skeptical. The JezLegion merely had quantity, but in its own way it was delightfully useful with some creativity, so it was hard to define as 'powerful' or not.

Trevor's ears flicked when Sixth started commenting, tail swishing slightly, but aside from that, he didn't really show any other outward display of his slight confusing and dis-ease. Davis had his own comment. "I don't know if it's powerful or not, but I know mine can be dangerous... I'm glad I met Henry when I did."

"Any power can be dangerous given the right situation. You just have to learn how to properly use it. Just glad there are people who can aid. Wonder if that is what one of the meta panels are about." Henry said.

"It's likely just a simple PR campaign to keep peace," a JezRukia commented as she walked past them to a different section of the convention.

"Everyone's likely afraid of everyone else..." Six said thoughtfully in turn.

"Could be but I wonder who is running it? Must be a group of metas behind it unless it is one against metas. Should be informative." Henry mused. He wondered if it would be run by Isaac and crew or if it was a different group he hadn't heard of before.

"How's Isaac doing anyway?" Trevor asked, Henry mentioning 'running' reminding him of everyone's favourite politician. "I haven't seen him since that first time but you said you were stopping by to visit him. Oh, and that was another one of the legion," he pointed out the other Jez to Samantha. "There are a couple of her well wondering around the place..."

"Isaac is doing well. He is going to be running for city council and I found out that he is one of us. He also seems to have contacts in a lot of different areas. Just saw him yesterday in fact." Henry replied while checking his watch.

"There's a meta running for office?" Davis asked, a bit surprised.

"You guys really do know a lot of people," Samantha marveled.

"You have no idea. No idea." Henry replied.

"I haven't checked up on the con schedule in a while... recent... complications changed plans a bit," Trevor admitted. "But I wouldn't be surprised if he turned up here this evening. I mean afternoon. 2 o'clock counts as afternoon, right?"

"After 12 means afternoon. I can see him doing that here. Can gain him a lot of support with this crowd. He would probly like it if there were more people of voting age. So what's the plan until then?"

"I suppose we should find the rest of the group... Introduce them to Sam, (I can call you Sam, right?) and Davis. It's always good to have friends," Trevor smiled. "Even more so when they fly. And ask them if they want to check out the panel."

"You can," Samantha nodded.

"So it is time to find the lovers then. Jez you know where they are?"

"Are these more meta's?" Davis asked. He was curious about the Lover's part, but didn't say anything. Trevor, for his part, rolled his eyes at it.

"The one is the other one I am not too sure on. She might be. She did a trick once but I haven't seen her do anything ever since."

"Well... she does do that glowing eyes thing every once in a while... and her hair turned white," Trevor pointed out.

"Her hair wasn't always white? Hmmm. Didn't notice. Then again never really looked to closely and she has been out of contact a lot since this whole thing started."

//shall continue the whole Henry doesnt notice jack thing

"There are no words..." Trevor said, shaking his head and patting Henry on the shoulder. Sam looked like she didn't know how to respond to a guy that didn't notice something like that.

Henry shrugged. There was nothing that could really help it. He was never one to really pick up on these things. He had come to terms with it. It was also why he was writing things down now to help him. He figured that it would help in the long run. So far it just got him a pile of note cards in his apartment.

"You should stop by the room for the panel in case they need registration," Samantha suggested. "It was a late addition, so no one set up a preregistration, but just in case."

"Perhaps we can swing by it on our way. I want to hear what is said. If no one else does I can go on my own and meet up with you all later." Henry offered.

"Nah, I'm pretty interested in it," Trevor said. "I haven't really been keeping up as much with events, and honestly, I'm getting tired of hiding in the basement..."

"I planned on going as well," Samantha said. "I had hoped to find someone to talk to, but even though I met you guys, I'm still curious."

"Well then let us make our way there. While we are at it we can keep an eye out for the two love birds."

With a goal in mind and mission at heart, the new super team of The Cat, The Man, The Silent Legionnaire, The Battery and The wo-Man tackled the crowds of the convention goers, ultimately searching for the mythic room where public opinion would be voiced on the issues common to them all and hopefully find some friends.

Okay... it wasn't that dramatic, but you could still call it a quest. The last goal got met rather quickly, when the this group stumbled across The Other Cat and The Ghost Whisperer as they looked for them.

[down to line 770]

Ghost Boy, Cat+Ghost, Girl and Puddle at the Arcade

And so James arrives at the con. yay.

//Where does he head? Gaming?

/sure. Can't think of anywhere else.

James, with nothing better to do until some events started up, proceeds to the gaming section.

Marina moved onto pinball while she waiting for Erin. After an average run at pinball. She continued wandering.

Marina Reflex: 1d20+5=10

Erin seemed to lose herself in the game as she usually did. Getting absorbed in a game was something she tended to do when enjoying herself. She blocked out the noise of the rest of the arcade, focusing solely on the dinosaurs that were trying to eat her (character's) face off. By the time she got to the first boss, an impossibly large tyrannosaurs with armor platng on it had just

finished devouring her and Erin shrugged, letting someone else use the machine while she went to some other ones.

"Well, how'd you do?", Marina asked Erin waving to her from nearby.

"Ehhh, got ate." Erin shrugged. "Pretty good game though. what about you?" She said as she neared her lover.

"I think I saw James. Anyway, pinball was fun...I never was much of a fan of shooters with the guns...", Marina said to Erin. Marina would call to James later.

"James? I didn't see him here when we came in. Guess he was just late. Let's go hunt him down, shall we?" Erin smiled.

"Sweetie, you've met James as well? When?", Marina asked Erin.

"Not met. But you DID tell me about him. I'd like to meet him at some point." Erin said.

"Ah yes I recall that now...And sure as long as we can find him...And maybe later today I can morph for ya again.", Marina's voice got softer.

Cassandra piloted her hijacked body into the large room filled with flashing lights, sounds and people gaming with much passion. {So... what should we try first?}

"Hey Albie, ya doing alright since yesterday?", Marina waved to Alex. She figured it wasn't such a good idea to even mention yesterday but whatever.

{Let's try some shooters or maybe pinball... Damn...} Alex sighed again {Now I want to play paintball. Ever heard of it?}

{Guns in the woods. Such a guy,} she teased. {Ah, it's someone that knows you! Um... that weird girl from the aquarium I think... what's her name gain....} "Hiiiiii!" Cassandra said in an extremely bad Alex imitation.

"Um....hi...I see you're doing well.", Marina said, "You enjoying the convention?"

"Hey Alex," Erin smiled. "How are ya feeling?"

{Awwwww shit...} Alex muttered {You know that I don't talk like that? And I am pretty gloomy, you know...}

{Fine, whatever. How about this?} Cassandra said. She slumped his shoulders and dropped is facial expression to duldrum territory. "Fine..." she droned.

"That bad, huh?" Erin asked. "And here I was thinking that you'd be loving it here since it's a supercon." She grinned. "Tomorrow, I'll get a blanket and soak it, then give it to ya. Give it to ya as a costume."

{See? Even your friends say you're a wet blanket,} Cassandra told him with an air of triumph.

"Boisterous one minute, gloomy the next...I worry about you Alex.", Marina said to him.

[ip]{An awkward as hell moodswing but better late than never... Keep it like that...} Alex said, feeling nervous now.

"Same here... Still, come on. I'm sure there's something here that can cheer you up. I think I heard that some people from Valve are here holding a pannel." Erin mentioned.

"Erin,do you play DDR at all?", Marina asked, "And Alex...try to relax...maybe we could play a game..."

"Never tried it really." Erin said shrugging. "Never played any rythem game."

"I dunno..." Cassandra said. {Man this is hard... how do you pull off all this gloom anyway? You Despair from Ruby Gloom or something?}

"I haven't either...but I think we'd look cute together trying our darnedest to pretend to dance.", Marina winked. "Alex...you sure you're feeling alright?"

{I could ask you the same about your optimism...} Alex said and sighed {Tell her that I could have felt better, but at least not as bad as earlier this morning.} His tone was changing. A bit colder, still not interested but a bit more professional. He felt himself a bit like a manager now... Damnit, sucks.

{Verbatim?} Cassandra asked, but responded without giving him a chance to answer. "Not as bad as this morning, but still could be better..." So it wasn't verbatim. Sue her. Can't sue the dead.

"That's good...", Marina said sadly, "Well, me and Erin were about to go check out the DDR machines..you in?"

{ I never actually played on them... Not my style. But since we have nothing else to do, and I am not in position to protest...} Alex said.

{ You know... It would be easier if I just told them I possessed you...} Cassandra muttered. All this two step thing was going to be annoying. "I've never played it before... Not my style. But I'm not going to protest since we don't have anything else to do..."

{ ...I thought you wanted to keep that in secret and didn't suggest that because of that...} Alex replied.

{ Lets see if James figures it out first} she grinned. Then switched back to the frown. {Damn this gloominess...}

{ Whatever...} Alex muttered.

"Alright...well follow me.", Marina said to Alex and Erin. Marina led them to the DDR machines, her vaporeon tail swishing to and fro.

{ She's never one for waiting, is she?} Cassandra commented, the gloomy act slipping a bit again.

{ Yeah, she's a bit impatient...} Alex said, remembering the recent events and getting to feel really shitty again.

"Were you saying something Alex?", Marina asked.

"Well I'll see how badly I can screw this up." Erin chuckled as she stepped to one of the machines.

Marina stepped to the other machine. "Neither of us can dance, honey....this is about stepping on buttons.", she said to Erin

{ As if dancing is needed for this thing... I've seen a guy in camp beating hardest levels of it, without dancing... Wait, honey? What?}

{ Those two are... hitched?} Cassandra said, just as surprised. { Anyway... let me see if I can...} Somehow, she managed to toss Alex motor controls. { Hey, that actually worked!}
power check=15

True to her predictions, Erin was horrible at rhythm game and pretty much got nothing straight or right. She hated quick-time events and this was somewhat like a whole game of nothing BUT quick time events. With practice, she theorized she could get better, like she had with God Of War, but as it was now, she was failing miserably.

Erin: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4214550/> 5.

Marina DDR: 1d20+3=18

Marina was decent at rhythm games despite not playing DDR in years. Not to mention her morphing made her more alert. Regardless she was able to hit most of the buttons at the right time. She made sure the tail didn't get in the way as she played the game.

Alex Dex check: 23 (nat 20 XD)

And Alex, for some odd reason that was unknown to him, got back the control of his body. Whatever. If Cassandra didn't want to reveal the possession... He'll be silent for a while. The only problem that she caused for him is that some strangers think he is weird, but the last night the other people could see him literally crying...

...As for DDR, it went so good Alex's jaw dropped by the end. He never knew he could do this well at this kind of game and he did. He blamed it on his feline reflexes {What did you do anyway?} he mentally asked Cassandra {You can actually just stop this control?}

{Apparently... yes? You're complaining?}

{You could have done this before...} Alex said {And I still have no idea about your motivations if you even give me controls to play games.}

"Meh." Erin shrugged. "Kinda knew this wouldn't be my thing."

Marina finished the song. "It's alright honey...we can always find other games...maybe air hockey later...wait...check out Alex there...he's doing great.", Marina said.

Erin smiled. "That's something I can do, and yeah." She replied. "Failing that, I'm sure there's some kind of air combat two player game or something here somewhere."

"I can't do flight sims.", Marina said, "Maybe a fighting game...nah....something simpler then." Marina kissed Erin.

Erin returned the kiss to the whoops and catcalls of the male gamers for seeing girl on girl kissing. Not that Erin cared. She was getting used to hearing that as background noise.

Marina hugged as the two kissed. Marina figured she would be judged for her lifestyle choice. She stopped kissing for a moment to whisper to Erin, "Enjoying yourself...seems the boys are enjoying this too..." Marina kissed Erin on the lips again, the two girls were pressed together locked in embrace.

Erin smiled and embraced Marina in return. "Yep. To bad we can't go further here."

{Huh... those two just totally forgot we are here, didn't they?} Cassandra commented to Alex.

{Yeah, I guess they did... Whatever...} Alex said, sighing, not being interested in two kissing girls (lesbians are meh for him). {...And I remember how Marina nearly killed herself over just yesterday when I nearly got burned. Funny thing, eh?}

{You've got a funny set of friends, you know that?} Cassandra sighed. {Come on. We should pick on them! What can you do again?}

{I... Am a cat and I hear radio. And a voice in my head.} Alex decided not to ask the ghost lady if she was just his imagination playing with him right now. {And... Probably that's it.} He didn't mention microwaves again, but thought of them too...

{And I doubt I can do my ghost touch thing while possessing you...} Cassandra sighed.

{You really want to troll them...} Alex said.

Finally breaking their embrace, Erin smiled, then looked to Alex. "So, where do ya wanna go now?"

{Just because I'm friend and pretty doesn't mean I'm nice} She grinned. Hey, gloomy act was hard to keep up. {Oh, sorry about that... it's hard to do you know...}

"What other games do you see..." Cassandra droned, turning gloom back on.

//She took control of him back?

//She failed the check so it slipped back.

{Blah...} Alex grumbled {...Actually, I think that this is not all my powerset, but you interrupted my exploration of it.} Alex added.

"I think someone needs some prozac..." Erin muttered. "But let's see here..." she said looking around at the games. "What kind do ya usually play?"

{Shooters.} Alex replied mentally.

"Drinking Games..." Cassandra dutifully reported.

{NOT THESE SHOOTERS, DAMNIT.} Alex replied. {There is a genre called Shooters.} he added with a bit more calmness.

"You drink? Since when?" Erin asked, tilting her head.

"You don't have to yell!" Cassandra snapped back.

Erin blinked, then whispered. "Ummm... Okay... I never knew you drank before."

Alex mentally facepalmed. This is going so wrong right now... And he still remembers her teasing him earlier! {Bloody... You are making me seem insane again...}
//you mean still.

{That's a brilliant idea!} Cassandra said. "The voice in my head tells me confusing things..."

Again Erin blinked. "Uhhhh... What? Alex, are you feeling okay?" Voices in his head... She knew the feeling of that.

//Lol, knew the feeling? XD

//the bug queen? telepathically telling her what to do.

//Aaah, these ones. I thought about insanity XD

//no no no. that's Shelly.

"Alex...you alright...this voice...it isn't the bug queen is it?", Marina asked.

"Just blurt it out why don't ya..." Erin said facepaling.

"Sorry...what else was I to say.", Marina said, "There's no way to be subtle here."

{What the [censored due to Grey's sensitivity to such things] are you doing... What the [censored] is this bug queen...} Alex grumbled.

Erin looked around to make sure no one overheard Marina. "I don't think so though. Still, we'd better let the others know. Just in case."

"What's a bug queen?" Cassandra asked, confused even more so since Alex didn't know.
{Damn. I was even gonna try getting them to strip you...}

"Not so loud Alex...if you want to discuss it, let's move away from the crowd.", Marina whispered to Alex.

{THEY ARE [CENSORED] LESBIANS, THEY WON'T STRIP ME!} Alex yelled again.

"I think you should come with us, Alex." Erin said firmly, then looked into his eyes and whispered into his ear. "If you're in there, this is the last time you'll be taking another one of us. Got it?"

{Most girls like stripping people,} Cassandra said. {Hmm... you think I went too far?}

{Way way way way way way tooo far...} Alex muttered. And he was getting faith in her...

{And I had such hopes for a threesome...} She sighed.

{And I am sixteen.} Alex mentioned {But... Threesome sounds cool. You were way too blunt though...}

{Salvage time I suppose,} Cassandra said as she let them lead them away.

Marina followed along. She was concerned for Alex. "Hey who's in there?", Marina whispered into Alex's ear.

James noticed a bit a yelling (and therefore the PCs) and only just now managed to get to this little group due to crowds. Needless to say, he was surprised Alex was here, "Hello, and hey Alex, I thought you said you weren't coming to the Con?"

{Now he shows up...} Cassandra muttered. Where was James when she wanted him around.

"Oh James, was wondering where you were...I didn't know you would even come...nice costume.", Marina said to James trying to not worry about what happened to Alex now.

{And he's ruined the chance too...} Cassandra sighed. {I guess you're off the hook.} "Hi James," she said cheerfully.

Alex sighed. Well, on the upside, he's not the only one being unlucky. {Mind the mood...} he said, hearing Cassandra being a bit too cheerful again.

{ You want to get stripped in front of James?} She asked wryly. {Because I can still push for it.}

{I was already embarrassed about everything you did before so I ran out of embarrassment to give. Really... I don't mind guys. They are just as good as girls.} Alex replied.

"Thanks, and that's a great costume as well, Marina." He gives a smile as glances at Alex, he wasn't sure, but something seemed off about Mr. Depressed... He'll just chalk it up to him enjoying the Con until he gives him a reason to actually wonder if something's wrong with him.

"Hey there!" Erin smiled. "So you're the 'James' i've been hearing about." She extended her hand. "Name's Erin." She lowered her voice soon after. "We gotta take him to my friends. Trevor in particular. he knows this stuff and how to fix it if it's what i think it is."

"Nice to meet you Erin." And so he happily shakes Erin hand, but he blinks at what Erin said next, "...So what did I miss?"

Marina's ability to look clothed despite circumstances had helped her ever since she got these powers. Anyway it was nice to see James again. "Nothing too important...Alex may have something else in his head....Wait maybe you could help us out.", Marina explained. "So where to, Erin?", she asked.

"Now we find Trevor and company." Erin said. "Anyone seen another kitty 'round here?" She looked to James.

"We could try to figure out the exact problem before we go to Trevor, honey.", Marina said to Erin.

"We'll need to go somewhere a little more private for that." Erin looked to Alex. "Don't get any ideas, mister..."

"There's probably some alcove somewhere we can use...", Marina suggested.

"Under the stairs might work." Erin suggested.

During this time, James was staring at Alex as he tried to work a recent power he learned how to use during that mental struggle yesterday. It worked, but didn't at the same time, in terms of if Alex was ready for anyone reading his mind.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4215210/> Mind Reading, surface thoughts: 11
Will=22 (She's a ghost. Will is her strong point.)

{Ha! When did he learn that trick?} Cassandra mused, feeling the mind probe attempt but brushing it off because she was a boss like that. {He tried to read minds!}

{He can read minds? Oh well...} Alex said, nearly yelling the first sentence out. {I wonder how much does he try to do this thing...}

"James what are you doing?", Marina asked him.

"With mah girlfriend on this." Erin chimed in.

"A trick I picked up yesterday... might figure out if somethings wrong if it works..." James replied blandly as he was focused at the task at hand.

"What was that honey?", Marina asked. "And that's wonderful James.", she said.

"Just wondering what James was up to." Erin shrugged and sat down. A good thing too because another wave of neasea washed over her, along with crushing pain so sudden and unexpecte she nearly blacked out.

"Oh my..my...Erin....honey....you okay?", Marina said shocked as she saw Erin almost collapse. Marina sat down and allowed Erin to rest in her lap, if and when she recovered.

Erin panted, struggleing to stay awake. Her eyes showed the agony in her body.

"Honey, you don't look so well...I'm here for you...just lie in my lap and rest.", Marina said trying to calm herself down. She was scared...no one else could almost die, she would protect those she cared about.

Erin clenched her teeth, breathing heavily to resist the pain. "Hurts... Hurts so much..."

Marina adjusted so Erin could rest in her lap. "Just rest, my love.", she said petting Erin and then stroking her like one strokes a cat.

James blinked when he realized he wasn't getting anywhere with this and sighs, "Clearly I need some actual practice... Hey, what's wrong with Erin?"

Cassandra was slightly distracted by the two girls moaning and groaning off to the side. { Well, these are your friends. You plan to stay here with them? }

{ Eh, I think they were enjoying themselves pretty much... Let's find Trev, I haven't seen him in a while... } Alex said { Might have to call James here too. He has Trev's phone and it needs to be returned to it's owner }

Cassandra moved off to James. "We should leave those too alone for a while. You still have a phone to return." { If I tell him they might start kissing, he might stay. }

"Erin's in pain...I'll come find you guys when she recovers. Can I just call you guys to find you folks later.", Marina said to Alex.

James nods while showing some concern for Erin, "Alright then, just call us if it gets worse, okay?" With that, he turns to Alex, "So, have you found Trevor or do we need to hunt around for him?" He wondered if his illusions can give him an extra pair of working eyes, but thought against it; they're just fragments of his imagination, not actual creatures.

{ Tell her to call Trev's phone. } Alex replied.

"James still have trevor's phone, so you can call that," Cassandra said, extrapolating a bit. "Come on James."

James proceeds to follow who he thinks is Alex, due to being unsuccessful in determining if someone else was in his mind and controlling his body.

Girlfriends again-----

Erin's pain slowly faded away and relaxed. Taking in some deep breaths, she fought the pain back and massaged her temples. "Phew... What the actual hell...? God that sucked..." She said.

Marina hugged her when she noted that Erin recovered. "What happened? Are you sick, should we go home early?", Marina sputtered out.

"It's passing now... I'll be fine I think... I guess." Erin said and got to her feet unsteadily.

"You sure...I'd be worried if you collapsed again.", Marina said to Erin.

"If it does, you can take me to the hospital." Erin offered as a compromise.

"I suppose...well the others went off to return Trevor's phone...", Marina said.

"Better go find him then. Knowing Trev, he's in anime or manga." Erin said and began to walk. satisfied that nothing else had come up, she left the arcade and after recalling the layout and headed to the manga/anime section.

"Should we just go as is, or should I morph for ya.", Marina said walking alongside Erin.

"Up to you. I wouldn't mind either way." Erin replied.

"You don't sound too enthusiastic...still in pain, honey?", Marina asked.

"Not too much," Erin said and looked to Marina. "Just... sorry. kinda worried about whatever that was."

"I know...please don't black out on me...", Marina said, "Now is there a costume you'd like?"

"Well since we are kinda going to the warhammer thing, i suppose a Sister of Battle could work." Erin said.

See here: <http://s285.photobucket.com/user/Dea...45357.jpg.html>

"I'm not entirely sure what that is...is it pretty?",

"Think women in power armour with... some sort of abilities. I've never found the human factions too interesting but I don't have the body for an eldar, tau or necron and tryanid would be a little to risky with the whole bug thing."

"You know I'm the one who would be morphing into cosmetic alterations...and what bug thing...we didn't turn into bugs just controlled by a bug queen.", Marina said.

"But if we run into H--Force, he might confuse us with them and beat us up." Erin explained. "and I know, honey. Thing is, well..." she lowered her voice. "You are kinda heavy when being worn. No offence, but powered armour would make more sense for slow movement. Not light armour."

"Power armor it is...", Marina sighed.

"you don't seem thrilled." Erin commented, poking her girlfriend in the arm.

"I've never felt I was overweight until these situations.", Marina sighed.

"Awww..." Erin said and hugged her. "It's okay. I don't mind, I'm just saying that it didn't make much sense probably as to why I was so slow despite wearing what is, in game, light armour. I dunno, it's just a nitpick."

"It'd be too much work to try to go on a diet...", Marina said softly.

"Who said anything about a diet? I didn't... I think you look healthy and great already."

"Thanks, but I'd like to be able to portray more than just power armor for ya.", Marina said to Erin.

Erin nodded. "Well I'm sure we'll think of something."

"Yeah I guess...got a good place for us to change?", Marina asked her.

"Bathroom, I suppose." Erin said. "Or under the stairs again."

"Someone might see...", Marina said, "But alright...what does this power armor look like.", Marina asked.

Erin closed her eyes, describing some of the armour's features. Vestiments, decorations, and the general shape. All based on memories from her own casual glances at the unique subfaction of the imperium which she barely cared about.

"That's amazing.", Marina said as she hugged Erin from behind and then flowed over her morphing into a rough shape and coloration to the armor Erin described. Unbeknownst to Marina, she had morphed part of herself into a power sword that matched the armor but which now lay on the floor in front of Erin detached from Marina's body. "I think that's everything."

Erin smiled as she felt the hug of her girlfriend and smiled, looking herself over. "Nice, very nice." She heard the thud as something fell to the ground and tilted her head in confusion, then looked at a rather exquisite sword laying on the ground. "Ummm... I don't remember uhh... bringing this in." She said, poking it with her foot.

"What was that....Erin...are you poking me anywhere?", Marina asked. "I don't think I'm poking you am I?"

"I know I didn't bring a sword." Erin stressed. "The Sword was something I didn't have in the costume plans. So I wonder where it come from?"

"A sword? What are you talking about, I know I only morphed the power armor.", Marina said to Erin.

Erin rubbed her forehead a little then whispered. "Honey, ya know i love you but sometimes there's some herp derp moments with ya. There's a sword here. On the ground, right in front of me." She knelt down and scooped it up. "Here. I'm holding it now. I didn't know you could make swords."

"Oooh...what was that....oh there was a sword....wait that sword is a part of me...I felt that....but it's seperate....wait....Oh..My...Gods....", Marina said before she began to panic. "How....how...did I...I..."

"Honey? calm down... please. It's okay. Really. It's not thta bad. not as bad as melting down or anything... You'll be fine, i'm sure."

"No pain...no feeling at all when that happened. Hmm...I just hope it can be reattached.", Marina said to Erin, "I think I'm going to shift back now."

Marina shifted back this time wearing a morphed black leotard and umbreon ears. Except something was off. Her right arm was missing. She spotted it where the sword had been. The severed point was only clay. "Strange...that felt really strange."

Erin frowned seing that and blinked at the shock. "Ummm honey? I think you... kinda forgot something."

"What this?", Marina asked picking up her seperated arm.

"Ummm yeah." Erin said, poking at it.

"Hmm...I still felt that...", Marina said, "But I wonder if I can control this..." Marina focused and the arm twitched then was able to bend at the elbow a little.

Power Check:

1d20+5=15

Erin blinked. "That is... pretty creepy to be honest with ya honey..."

"Here see if you can reattach it.", Marina said to Erin.

Erin picked up the arm and placed it against the stump. "This is so weird... It's still warm and feels alive."

The arm easily reattached with a squishing sound like clay. "That was really weird...but I've got an idea..." Marina began whispering in Erin's ear, "I think I'd be able to only separate a small part of my mass to form you a costume and be your date at the same time." Marina tested her arm again.

Erin shivered. "Uuuugh! That sounded weird... But you'd need to be armless or something to pull that off." Erin commented. "Unless you wanna be a pokemon lead around on a leash or something?"

"Now that you mention it that would be fun but no...if I can take only a little from each part...", Marina whispered.

"Well... We'll see what we can do. You do look cute with the umbreon stuff, though I'm kinda partial to Absol. Especially the new angel of death mega form." Erin added.

//About that... it's still march...

//meh...but technically he's right

"Do you have another costume perhaps...I enjoy pretty ones...", Marina whispered.

"Ya didn't think that the other costume was pretty? or at least cool." Erin added. "Still, if you're not up for that, I suppose we could try other pokemon."

"I admit it was cool...but not sexy.", Marina continued, "Pokemon trainer might work...heavy armor just looks excessive I feel."

"Awww. Well we'll be a little out of place at the game, but they'll deal. Any ideas for a pokemon?" Erin asked. "I just thought we'd have a consistent theme for each area we visit."

"Dunno...if you want...you know all the warhammer stuff...I don't know a thing about that.", Marina said.

"Basically the universe sucks and you'll probably get eaten, mind raped, mind raped AND eaten, consumed by chaos and go nuts, or all kinds of other creative deaths." Erin summed up. "Still, the game itself looks fun. Too expensive to play, that's why I wanna go in to see it in action."

"And so you pick out the warhammer cosplay, I'd just prefer it not to be heavy armor."

"Well... As much as I think it'd be a terrible idea if we bump into Force, we could go as a tyrinid." She said.

"Tyranid?", Marina said.

Erin began describing a few of the species that sshe thought could work.

Hormagaunt: http://www.games-workshop.com/MEDIA_...d4_873x627.jpg

Genestealer: http://fc06.deviantart.net/fs70/f/20...y_NachoMon.jpg

Hive Tyrant (flying, funsized) <http://www.members.shaw.ca/kuster/NewHiveTyrWings2A.jpg>

Carnifex: <http://images.dakkadakka.com/gallery...r%2040,000.jpg>

Before Erin finished describing. "Yeah I think that would take too much out of me to make, despite how awesome that would look...Hmm...queen of blades might be fun...or just a nice dress...", Marina suggested.

Erin chuckled. "Maybe the zerg could work." Erina admitted. "Or we could do something custom in that general vein."

"Maybe for tomorrow...so we could prepare something...maybe we should just keep it simple today...I mean it'll take me time to get used to the seperating.", Marina said.

"Fair enough. and going to the game can give ya some ideas for monstrous critters to take." Erin smiled. "In the meantime, shall we get going? Maybe we can see some of them set up."

"I said I'd morph something for you and I will.", Marina said.

Erin smiled still and kissed Marina. "I'll leave ya to thinkup something. I'll be fine with whatever you got."

Marina focused. She had to figure out how it felt that time. And with that the part of her that was her umbreon tail stretched and wrapped around Erin. It countinued and then with a soft sclorp broke off with Marina.

Power Check: $1d20+5=20$

The tail began morphing and molding to Erin's curves, thinning out as it went, forming a tight black short dress with yellow rings. She reached up Erin's body, then stopped when she got to Erin's hair which is when she spoke up.

"Really sure you want me to be an umbreon? I mean I think Mega Absol would be better." Erin chimed in.

"Yeah....you're right...that would be better...do you mind if it ends up being skimpy...trying to use the seperated portion means I have to thin it out...meaning...the best I can get you is a leotard."

"Perhaps we should go somewhere more private, so you can get dressed.", Marina said. She was lucky no one noticed them under the stairs yet.

Erin nodded. "Gonna need to rent out a locker or something. I'm sure they'd have them here. Lots of skimpy ish costumes here. They'd freeze walking here in the cold. Let's go. Then to find Trevor and tell him about Alex's posession, then if we can, to the game."

"Come to think of it how do we know Alex and James didn't already find Trevor now?", Marina asked.

"I dunno. Still, we'd have to let them know just in case." Erin said.

James, Alexander and Cassandra-----

{Do you have any idea where Trevor might be?} Alex suddenly asked. That's what he didn't think of when suggesting to find him.

{I don't even know who Trevor is,} Cassandra pointed out.

{Oh right... Eh, he's another cat, that's the most noticeable thing as him. So... Yeah.} Alex said.

Cassandra Heading and Search: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4216976/> 4 and 11
Team A Heading/Avoidal: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4216977/> 1... lol
She finds them...

Somehow, it didn't take them long after they went hunting to stumble across the group heading off on a hunt of their own. Funny how that works.

"Oi! James! Albie!" Trevor called out.

"They are here as well?" Henry said in a surprised voice.

"Well, I only know one cat, and I'm pretty sure that's him over yonder," Trevor said, pointing. "And James still has my phone."

"Hey, I talked to that guy once. He still has your phone? Thought that would be something you wanted to get back quickly."

"Haven't exactly had... time to do that," Trevor said.

"This is true, this is true."

Over on the other side of the call, Cassandra looked up with her borrowed corporeal eyes. {I'm going to go out on a limb and say that's Trevor over there? And another cat? Really?}

{ Yeah, that's Trevor. Yes, another cat. } Alex replied {Go say hi, or something. Mind the mood. }

"Hello," Cassandra said through Alex, nothing sure of who all the others in the group were, so being very general in the greeting.

Six for the most part kept silent and just smiled lightly at each person in turn, a vague flicker of recognition when she looked at James but ultimately it had been Fourth in disguise that had met him.

"Hey Albie. Having fun?" Trevor asked, smiling, but looking a bit confused.

{ Just tell him "Ye" or something... Really, I don't, but for sake of disguise... } Alex replied.

James waves with his 'good' hand, "Hey Trevor, feeling better?" After a small moment he remembers something and quickly acts on it just in case he somehow forgets later, "Oh, and here's your phone back." With that said, he reaches into a pocket and pulls out Trevor's phone. After taking a second to make sure it was indeed Trevor's phone, he hands it over to him.

"Awesome!" Trevor said, snatching it away and cradling it. "My precious..." he hissed as he did.

"Um..." Cassandra said, thrown off. { You have some really weird friends. }

{ That's nothing. } Alex replied.

"I haven't seen this thing in days!" Trevor said defensively. He jabbed a claws at James. "This guy's had it and didn't return it. I should charge him for it! But... he did help me out, so bill paid I guess..."

James backed up defensively to protect the outfit in case of claws, "Hey, I never gotten a chance to give it to ya until now."

Cassandra eeped and backed up as well. 'Cat Boy' didn't actually translate to 'Armed with Claws' for her. Of course, that eep was feminine... Trevor raised an eyebrow at him/her. "James! That sounds like an interesting story. What happened?"

{ And when I try to do femmine sounds, it doesn't end up as I expect } Alex muttered { At least I can immitate the walk, heh. Maybe that'll help when I would disguise as one... }

{ I'm... not sure how to react to that one... } Cassandra admitted.

{ Maybe just keep calm... Wait, I used not to tell all my creepy stuff to strangers right away... Hell, I didn't tell this to ANYONE I think. What the hell's up with me... } Alex said

"Hey Alex. I didn't think that you would be coming to this thing." Henry then turned toward James. "Ah, so this is James. Nice to meet you." Henry said putting his hand out.

James promptly shakes his hand, "Likewise."

"It was as if something came over me and forced me to come," Cassandra replied, unable to resist the irony.

"Naaah you just missed us," JezIchigo said accusingly in an airy manner as she apparently returned from behind and slapped a hand on Alex's shoulder.

{ This reminds me of fact that I got the most trouble when the people were around me... Dunno why } Alex said. { ...damn, now I have no idea what to do again. Yay. }

"... didn't you wander off a little while ago?" Trevor asked First. He sighed and muttered something under his breath. "You know how hard it is to track people in this crowd?"

"Well now. We are getting the gang together. We were on our way to the sign in for a panel that will be on metas. You want to join us?" Henry asked.

"Sure, sounds interesting," Cassandra said, using Alex's voice of course.

Samantha and Davis were both quiet, just looking on. Maybe the marvel of it was lost on the group in general, but they were now in a gaggle of people, two anthro cats, two clones, a guy that could fly and one other with as of yet unknown abilities.

{ Should have asked about what was that panel about before being like "let's go there". } Alex muttered. "Oh wait, you aren't quite the one to think before actions" he thought, considering not to say that. Trolling someone that controls your body isn't the best idea...

For a moment JezIchigo looked rather thoughtful, blatantly ignoring Trevor whilst pondering what could possibly happen at a meta-panel thing at a convention, except her attention got sidelined with the power of many freight trains when Two made a discovery somewhere in the convention.

"HOLYSHITFAIRYFLOSS!" JezIchigo blurted out in awestruck surprise, immediately shooting off back into the crowds probably a little bit faster than she should have...

"The hell!" Trevor yelled, cringing from surprised and the sudden yelling. He watched in utter confusion as Jez bolted off to God knows where. "What the carp was that about? And did she just yell about fairies?"

James blinked and was now wearing his 'wtf' face, "I think she did..."

{ Thafudge? } Alex muttered. { ...Wow, that speed. Where could she run off to? }

"I guess that she did not want to come with us then." Henry said watching Jez run away.

"Does she do that often?" Cassandra asked, with Alex's voice of course. { You know her more than I do... }

Samantha decided that they would go off on another tangent as things weren't kept on track. "Hi, Alex was it?"

Six had a lightly amused expression at the responses but otherwise kept quiet to merely observe.

James took a moment more to recompose himself before returning his attention on the group, "So... a panel about metas?"

"Yeah, they registered it as a sitting for civilians and the city to discuss the current relationships between those affected and not," Sam explained.

"Sounds... fun," Cassandra said, then added belatedly, "ah, yes."

"Yeah, that is something I feel like I need to be at," Henry said. He was excited to hear what was going to be said.

Being the guy who likes to keep track of current events and whatnot, of course James agreed, "That definitely sounds like something I should be at as well; I'm curious of what would be said there."

{ Why do I feel that I'll get close to death again at this panel... } Alex muttered. There was also a pun "Oh wait, how can I get any closer to death if someone dead is already inside me?" that appeared in his head but he felt that this one might be a bit too rude to say too.

{ Paaaa-Ranoid~ } Cassandra smirked.

"So we have a full party," Trevor said happily. He mentally added up the figures. Then paused, then counted on his fingers when his thoughts kept getting scattered, muttering as he did. "Okay, that makes... Eight. Wait... seven. Seven, right?"

"Seven," Davis confirmed. "Fingers?"

"Shut up. I'll bite you," Trevor muttered in ill humour.

Samantha's eyes widened and s/he shifted to put Henry better him/er/self and the cat.

Henry pointed at Trevor. "No biting. Now shall we go to the sign-up place or just stand here while people jawk at us?"

Trevor, ever the model of maturity, stuck his tongue out at Henry. Because that's what mature people did. Everyone knew this. Shame on you if you thought otherwise.

"He is kidding, right?" Samantha asked Henry quietly.

Trevor pretended he didn't hear. Davis, who really didn't hear, spoke up, "I'd say go... there are probably going to be limited seats, and as Trevor found out with his fingers," Trevor rolled his eyes at (away?) from him in the background, "we are getting big..."

{He is kidding... You know, if he would have gone feral, I would have been told that.} Alex said, keeping the faith.

"I figure that he is joking. He must not like jokes about his fingers. . . paws. . . claws? I don't know what they are called. But any how it is time to move out. Lead on oh, ya who knows the way through this place." Henry replied and got ready to head to another line.

{Looks like we are heading to a panel,} Cassandra said happily to Alex. {Who knows, you might learn something.}

{For example how much force would it take to break my ribcage, eh...} he muttered.

{Paaaaa-Ranoid~} She said again.

{After two near-deaths?} Alex grumbled.

Samantha took the lead, because, well, s/he was the one that knew where the things were. Still took them a while (crowds, people asking the cats and Henry [maybe James if he has his funk on. I mean illusion] for pictures and such), but they eventually made it.

[[Toss up some notices to see if you spot some interesting things. You too Bynx]]

//Henry notice checks<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4226978/> = 18, 13, 5 [When they started off, you noticed someone who was heading in the same direction as you. Not all that surprising, but they did seem a bit a bit... interesting in the group. Aside from that, you spot a few fanciful things and customs, somewhat interesting stalls (including one for MAMA [I think that's what we called them...])].

Alex's Notice: 16, 9, 27 You didn't really see anything at first. Just the regular spectacular con stuff (including a rather realistic Halo cosplay, and that guy that wanted fish. They were actually singing it. []) Later on though, he recognized a guy from before, hiding behind a pillar, talking on a phone while taking glances at them. He ducked away when he noticed Alex watching him. Also, you realize that the Blue face guy smells off human. A bit metallic.

James' Notice: 19, 8, 20

{I know that guy!} Alex said {He nearly burned me, damnit!} If not Cassandra, he would have probably growled and bared his teeth at this point.

Lunch Date

As she warned, it wasn't all that big a place. At least, it didn't seem that way from the outside. It was obviously not one of the biggest rooms in the center, but who knew what architecture hid within. There was a desk by the door with some people sitting and doing their best to look... professional, in the semi formal garb (and face paint in one case) they wore.

Henry followed Samantha since it knew where things were. This made life a little more easy even though people kept stopping them for pictures. He understood the cats getting their photos taken since they had the worlds most realistic "costumes" on but when they wanted his he just nodded and went along with it. What was a little odd was a person who seemed interested but kept a distance. A little out of place when all the others show interest came right up to them. But other then that the stalls were numerous and one was even run by a group of mothers who were agaisnt metas. Just what the world needed more of. Nosey moms.

"Well here we are I take it. Time to see how many seats are left open." Henry walked up to the people who seemed to be in charge. Well most seemed to be professionally working but the one in the face paint seemed a little out of place. But, it didn't matter.

"Hello, we would like to sign up for the panel being held here." Henry stated as plainly as he could. He didn't want to come off to eager or not forceful.

Closer examination revealed that the face paint... didn't seem to be face paint. Or tattooos, but natural skin patterns, making the man look a lot like darth maul, but in blue. And without the spines. He smiled disarmingly at them. "Sure." He ducked beneath the table and came up with some papers. "We don't feel good demanding real names, but we will been a name to reserve under. And... if you don't mind, could you say if you're meta or not?"

{ So much people, I dun like it... Call me paranoid, but I really feel a bit nervous. } Alex said. And yes, "much" was intentional here...

"No problem. You can put it under Force and mark it as a meta seat." Henry stated to the blue man.

Henry turned around to the group after checking the time. "You all want to grab lunch before the panel or did you want to walk around some more?"

Six had looked a bit thoughtful at the meta panel registration's spiel, a dozen different opinions thrown around at once in the legion but mostly coming to the same conclusion it wouldn't hurt. Thus she signed up as Chelsea Green the meta, letting her able to monitor responses without having to worry.

{ Call me Samuel or something. Or just sign me up with my real name, I don't care much... } Alex said. { If I were myself, I wouldn't sign that up but you've decided to have fun so do that instead. }

{ You all are paranoid, } Cassandra muttered, watching the others, but wrote down Sammy and meta.

Trevor couldn't scowl, but rolled his eyes as a concession. He put down Trevon and meta (muttering obviously). He stepped back and let Davis (also false name) and Samantha (Sam. Sort of a false name) register.

James couldn't quite help but feel worried about whether he should say if he's a meta or not, but considering he has an illusion (currently the navi fairy) following him due to random people wanting pictures like that last person who happened to be dressed up as Link, he decides to sign it, 'James. Meta.'

{ Yes I am. What's so bad in it? } Alex replied.

"I vote lunch," Trevor said once the two others did there thing. "Food is always a good option. Have anyplace in mind?"

{ Anywhere with meat. } Alex said, wondering if Cassandra would mangle this sentence as well.

"I could care less as long as it is not a fast food joint. That crap will kill you." Henry added in.

"Maybe a salad?" Cassandra said. "We can get those as a restaurant."

"Sounds good to me. There has to be some near here. Resturants would want to be able to snag as many people who come to this place as possible."

{ NO. } Alex yelled. { NO WAY. I'll vomit! Literally! I AM A DAMN CARNIVORE! }

"Salad?" Trevor asked, raising an eyebrow. "Anywho... where did you say the two girls were?"

"Somewhere," Cassandra supplied. {Kidding. I love my burgers.}

{Bleh, cheesburgers are cool.} Alex muttered {No salad tho. Cheese good. Bread is apparently also good. But no salads. Can't stand them even when I was human.}

"Meh..." Trevor muttered. "Davis, Sam, you too coming? James' treat."

"Sure," Samantha smiled.

James blinked, "Wait what?"

"You had me at lunch. Even more at free," Davis grinned.

"Well this sounds like a plan then. Eat then back here to find out what this is about. Wonder if metas are going to be cornered off at this thing."

"I'm pretty sure that was a meta at the front doing the registration," Samantha offered.

"Really? I thought that was just really good face paint," Davis said, surprised.

{That guy smelled funny...} Alex added. Not that if anyone would hear him tho.

"He smelled funny?" Cassandra said with a bit of surprise. Just cause she had his nose didn't mean she actually was using it.

James was using Navi to try and get someone to answer, but after being ignored, he shrugs, "Fine. Practically swimming in the stuff anyways."

{A bit metallic. That's really a distinct smell... Although I don't remember myself being able to feel it properly on that distance... Probably my smell got better after that shift.} Alex replied.

"What, you didn't notice it?" Trevor asked. "You're supposed to be my ally on the scent side! Not that he's the only one that smells off..."

"Not me, I showered before I left to come here." Henry stated defensively

{Thanks Cassandra. I wonder if you keep saying this stuff aloud on purpose.} Alex grumbled.

"No, not you Henry," Trevor sighed. He gave a Alex a look. "You... Kinda smell like a girl..."

Samantha tugged on Henry's every supportive sleeve. [size]"Um... is this normal?"[/size]

{ I wasn't doing crossdressing before, I swear. Cassandra, you were spotted. } Alex replied and chuckled.

"This is not normal. None of this is normal." Henry walked over to Alex and raised his hand up. "Nice job man. Guess there are some girls into the whole cat thing."

{ Gosh, I wish he actually was right... } Alex grumbled.

Henry wa left hanging so he just let his arm drop. "Or not." He grumbled.

"Oh, sorry, wasn't paying attention," Cassandra said. { Apparently not. }

{ Bah. } Alex replied. { Well, at least I got to turn into a catboy, I guess I shouldn't ask for more anyway. }

Henry cocked an eyebrow. "You alright?"

{ ...You know, I wonder why I still feel crappy even after one of my best dreams came true. } Alex went on.

"Ummm..." Cassandra was confused. "Hungry?"

Cassandra Bluff=27

{ Cas, you are a horrible actor and infiltrator. } Alex stated.

"Eh, ok. Just been acting off but I guess that can happen when you are hungry." Henry said not knowing what was going on.

{ ...but you must have rolled a twenty on your bluff check... } Alex added.

Trevor was still a bit suspicious, but he let it pass. Besides, he couldn't really if that was why Alex smelled female. He still smelled male underneath it all... "Fine, fine," he shrugged. "Lets see if we can find some place that won't chase Albie and myself out."

"We can just say that you are in costume. Being near the place that has hundreds of people in costume will help out."

"Hopefully they don't look too carefully," Davis said. "These two are very convincing."

"Hey..." Trevor said.

James, the guy who is apparently going to be forced to pay for the food, shrugs, "How well it goes depends on if they want a tip or not."

"Well then, let's get going. I am hungry and food is else where." Henry said while trying to push the group towards lunch.

"You heard the man in the scarey outfit," Trevor said, clapping his hands together like a school teacher with a gaggle of little children. "Come along now kiddies, we don't have forever to get lunch! And we still have to get through the CROWDS FROM HELL...." He let his voice drop into a deep base rumble/growl from the last bit.

Samantha shifted to put Henry between him/er self and Trevor again. S/He was a jumpy one. Trevor blinked, then sighed. "I'm seriously not going to bite anyone..."

Cassandra was caught up with gloating at Alex too much to notice really. Smugness radiated from her. Internally, anyway. {Ha! Still safe! You know, seeing how long this can go on is pretty fun.}

"So do we know where we are going?" Asked the hungry Meta.

"Well, there is a restaurant not too far from the center," Trevor said. He glanced back at James before continuing in a softer tone. "Sorta pricey, but when you got one...."

"That sounds perfect to me."

James, the guy who is kinda forced to pay for the food, should've been able to hear what Trevor said about the place being pricey, but thanks to the loudness of the CROWDS FROM HELL, he wasn't able to hear him. Still, that doesn't mean he can't sigh from the fact that he's roped into paying for it, "Remind me not to tell people I have money next time..."

James' notice check: nat 1

[Can you all please toss up D20 + Cha. Rolls to see how hindered by the crowd we all are.]

Trevor 8 [Harassed] ('Ah! It's too much! Go... Go on without me... and tell others of my bravery...')

Davis 4 [Way harassed/hindered] ('Give me a break! No, this isn't a steam punk or scifi gear! I just... need it!') <in reference to his battery pack>

Cassandra 23 [Managed to get everyone out of stuff with her silver tongue] (Oh-hohohohoho...)

Samantha 8 [Hindered] ('Um.... Samanth-I mean Sam... um... um... help!')

(1d20+1=8, 1d20+1=4, 1d20+3=23, 1d20+3=8)

James' CHA check: 16[Fine]

Henry cha check <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4230806/> = 11 [Bothered](Henry pushes through)(Crowds mean nothing to Wannabe superman! Move, be moved or be run over!)(hard to stop the moving train of Henry)

Six Cha Check!: 16(even though I swear she could give people the psychotic Unohana stare and they'd back off instantly xD)(Maybe that's what the 16 means ^^)

It took them a while, but they eventually crossed the river styx- I mean crowd. Davis almost lost his battery pack and accidentally tased a few people. Cass/Alex somehow manage to get someone's number, Samantha looked like s/he was going to have a panic attack from the outskirts of the crowd the suspicious figure and the two cats garnered, Trevor's already torn and worn outfit somehow manage to get even more torn, and Henry got footprints. On other people.

Henry forced his way through the crowd more or less. He didn't know why there was so much interest in the group. But he knew there was lunch at the end of the journey and powered through. He cut short of pushing with any actual power or taking off over the crowd.

"Ok people, time to let us through. If you want photos or something just ask." Henry spoke above the crowd.

Samantha hid behind the strong presence of Henry again. Admittedly, it was an interesting image, a hot guy hiding behind a dude in a somewhat [read really] intimidating guy in a full body armoured suit. Davis joined them, checking his connections after a few people stiffened from unintentional jolts. "Should have asked for a more discret one," he muttered.

Trevor... had a more hands on experience. "Ow! No tugging! No tugging on the ears! Yow! What did I just say? I'll bite you! Yeek! Hands off my tail!" In the end, he yanked his tail over some over curious and rude bystander's hands, called up a quick wall to get some space and ran.

James, meanwhile, simply walked through with a personal group of bodyguar- I mean, illusions to keep most of the crowd away.

{ A phone number? What are you even going to do with it? } Alex asked

{ Call of course. She seemed nice. And she didn't mind the fur at all, } Cassandra teased.

{ She's a complete stranger... } Alex counted, letting the purpose to go over his head.

{ That's why you talk to her. Du-yeh }, Cass said as she slipped through the crowd thanks to the distraction of Henry and Trevor.

{ What a logic. I doubt that I would even bother after the con... } Alex grumbled

They only lost around 20, 30 minutes getting out of the building this time, mostly thanks to the presence of Henry/Force and the no-nonsense aura he projected. Trevor took a moment to dart off to his car (which, out in the open relatively unrestrained by crowds), he was able to do in a few minutes to grab a shirt that didn't look like he had fought his way through a crowd of rabid convention goers.

Which did happen, and erased all doubts he would have had towards scamming the rich boy out of more of his money. He was starved and ravenous by the time they reach [INSERT RESTAURANT NAME HERE] and would likely have made a joke of it, except Sam was still keeping Henry between them. Actually...

"Um... Force... how do you plan to eat?" Trevor asked as they neared. Henry was getting very paranoid, or hardcore, depending on your approach, about this identity thing. Trevor really didn't think people would care all that much, but each to their own.

"Got it covered. Don't worry." Henry replied as they came up to the building. He held his bag up and got ready to change again. He was getting pretty good and swapping outfits.

"So... you are expanding the circle, huh?" Trevor said. "About time too."

"Not quite. And not to people I just met. Not how things work." Henry said trying to figure this out. He should have changed before they left.

Trevor slowed a bit so James, Davis and Samantha were leading. "Sam falls in that group you know," he said quietly. "How you plan to slip it past her?"

"How am I going to slip away? That really won't be hard. I got my ways." Henry said with a wink.

"Yeah, yeah. Mr. High and Mighty," Trevor grinned. "But I mean the 'force vanishes'/'Henry Appears' thing. She might be... whatever, but she's pretty smart. She picked up that both me and Jez were meta."

"Well I guess I should get going now. I take it that that building is the one we are going to. Tell them Henry will join them." Henry said.

He then jumped into the air and took off. He headed to an area that would be less populated. He aimed for an alley or roof top to change and then make his way back.

"Oi! Oi!" Trevor called vainlessly. He scowled before catching up with the others. "Force decided he has to get something done before lunch. Said he'd either call or drop Henry off. The little printaa."

Bluff=18

Davis and Sam were more distracted by the flying part to worry about anything else, so Trevor's white lie would have gone by unnoticed even if he didn't do it well.

{ Hey! That's the guy I've seen around town a few times, } Cass said.

{ Which one? } Alex asked for clarity

Henry was changed and on the ground. He started to move back the way he came. He moved at a brisk walk as he neared the restaurant that they were going to. He would duck around to the back of the place and hide the gym bag there. He lifted a dumpster and stuck the bag under it. This way if for some reason a person were to come back here and think to check out under the dumpster they would not be able to get it.

With that problem solved he headed inside figuring that the people would be either getting seated or ordering drink by this time.

{ The flying guy. Actually... I think I saw Trevor a few times too, } Cassandra said as they entered and got themselves a table for eight. And yes, it was a hassle getting the cats in.

{ Well, you are a ghost after all. } Alex replied { I'd be rather surprised if you didn't see them before... }

Trevor resorted to hiding in the corner and behind a menu as searched for something to order. "Now... what looks good..."

{ I want chicken. } Alex stated.

"I do not require sustenance at this time," Six stated airily as she merely followed along like an obedient sheep, that eerie gentle pokerface ever present.

"Well aren't we all sophisticated," Trevor said, peeking over his menu at Sixth.

"The fish looks good," Cass said.

{ ._. } Alex faced

Davis and Samantha were more self conscious, and didn't go to the expensive side, setting for the more basic and affordable meals. So they ordered first.

Henry walked in and looked for the group. Being a larger then normal group and with two cat people finding them was not a problem. Henry took a seat in one that was open and order his drink.

"Well it certainly has been an interesting morning. What have you all been up to?"

"Henry, hi! Did Mister Brick find you?" Trevor asked cheerfully.

"Mr. Brick? Force told me about this. Thought it would be cool to catch up with everyone." Henry replied. "Whats up Davis! Long time no see."

Alex felt like yawning.

Unfortunately, all he could do is say "Yawn." Because ghosts. "Fuuuuuuuun..." he said, trying to do some fake enthusiasm but failing even it.

"Flying Brick and Superman-Wannabe are too much of a mouthful," Trevor said cheerfully, finally deciding on some complicated chicken and rice dish.

"I see. I think that he is just being helpful. Might stick his nose in places that he shouldn't but over all is trying to do some good." Henry then opened his menu and went stright to the burger section. He looked for something that sounded good but ultimately went for what ever they had a picture for.

"Being nosy is an inherent trait of independent superheroes," Six said contemplatively, though still looking rather placated, "Spiderman kept listening to police radios, for example."

Henry made a mental note to look into getting something that could pick up police radio signals. Would aid him in finding areas to help in rather than just flying around and hoping to spot something.

[Because Lunch will take forever (and no one seems likely to catch Cass in this decade), the Higher Being Watching gave the time line a polite yank.]

[So... Back to the Panel!]

After an awesome lunch, made even more so by the fact that it was free, and expensive as hell's handbasket. At least they made it back more or less in time. There was a decent sized crowd too.

"Pre-registering really was a good idea," Sam commented.

"Metas are a pressing subject," Six said simply in turn as she scanned over the crowd.

"Well now let us hope that this goes in a good direction and not blow up in our face." Henry/Force said.

"So big guy... how do you plan to get in" Trevor asked Henry innocently. "All nice and polite like or walk in like you own the place and pray for those that don't move fast enough?"

"Huh? What was that?" Davis asked.

"Nothing, Sparky," Trevor said cheerfully.

"Don't call me that..." Davis muttered.

Meanwhile, Sam approached Six. "Um... Hi. Did you register more than once?"

Cassandra (sandy) stuck between James and girls, mostly pressing her luck to see if she would get found out.

"I didn't see the need?" Six replied to Sam, "Only one of me needs to be here."

"I plan to walk in the door like anyone else would. We are signed up so we just need to tell them who we are and we get in right?" Asked the meta to another.

"We'll all go after the scarey guy in the costume then," Trevor said. Davis looked at Force with a complicated expression.

Henry started to push his way forward. Explaining that he was signed up for the panel. He didn't try to toss anyone out of the way. Just moving forward like one would at a concert.

It could have been the determination and his poise, but the crowd did move. Trevor choose to interpret it as evidence supporting his Scarey Costume hypothesis. Whichever. They did make it to the desk though.

On the way, Sam commented to Six. "I guess... did you hear about the aquarium? They are investigating in metas were involved," Sam said.

Davis nailed Force in the back with a gaze of most suspicious expressions. +2 Suspicious, in the least.

Trevor, laughing under his breath, tail curling with mirth, followed the steadfast and ever dependable Flying Brick Superman Wannabe.

"We have signed up earlier and would like to be admited as soon as possible before the crowd here pushes there way through us." Henry said to the man at the door.

"Aquarium..." Six echoed thoughtfully, "I suppose that explains Marina's near-death experience... such a difficult topic..."

"Near death experience?" Sam echoed.

"Near death experience?" Trevor echoed as well, popping up beside them (causing Sam to jump.) It's already been established that he had good ears. Davis did a double take.

"We have the reserved area for those who reserved," the door keeper said. "Your names?" He didn't hear Six's comment, fortunately.

Six had been somewhat surprised at Trevor too, except her surprise came in a daggers-from-the-eyes variety as she glanced at Trevor with a small hollow smile.

"As I recall, Marina hadn't wanted to talk about it earlier; Sam is aware of something happening at the Aquarium, and I'm sure Mr. Dangerous can connect the dots," Six said with a smile, partly leaving them hanging as she stepped forward to the doorkeeper, "Chelsea Green."

"Um... um..." Trevor said, momentarily drawing a blank. "Trevon. Trevon Lloyd." He should have just used his real name. Or cat. Cat would have worked. In a low voice, he hissed to Che-Six. "I didn't watch the news last night. What happened?"

"Force." Henry stated easily.

Henry notice <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4238884/> = 9 (cant hear jack)

Six seemed mostly silent for a moment as she walked, taking a deep breath and sort of flexing most of her muscles in one motion, eyelids fluttering a little as she let out the breath.

"Iunno, she said something about some 'Disco Inferno' guy or something, and nearly getting herself and Alex killed, I didn't really wanna press the topic..." Six said, casual a first before ending on a slightly grim note. Her stance was considerably more relaxed and her expression was more alert less rigid now she was in range of this meta panel.

They were let in, where a few other people well were already finding seats. Costumed, uncostumed, cloaked, clothed and so on. The organizers were making a few final preps at the front.

Henry walked over to a section of seats and took a seat. He figured that with a crowd that big this place would fill up quickly.

"The Mighty has chosen," Trevor joked, deciding not to push Six at the moment and taking a seat beside Henry/Force. "Say... just what did you eat for lunch?"

The quiet James took a seat in the same row. If anyone asked why he was so quiet, he might say that this panel is taking up his mind. He's a bit too worried about what might be said here.

"Food. Cold food." Henry said trying to give Trevor a look. It was hard to see because of the mask.

"Cold Cuts?" Trevor asked innocently.

"Yes. So, back to the issue at hand. Big crowd for a last minute panel. You all know what this is about yet?" Henry asked.

"My radically cool really awesome super cat ears over hear all. Relatively speaking," Trevor said, letting Henry have his little diversionary topic change. "Apparently. It's about META." (he doesn't say META any different from meta, just so you know.)

"Fantastic. So now we just wait for this thing to start." Henry said with a shrug. It seemed that Trevor was not going to be any help here but wanted to push other things. He would need to have a quick chat with him afterward.

"META as in M E T A," Trevor said, writing out the letters with his fingers. "No clue what it means, but they are talking about it and MAMA. Nice to know both sides are creative."

{Who the hell is this MAMA?} Alex asked

{No clue,} Cass shrugged.

"Either way it'll be a good hint as to what's gonna happen in the future with all this meta crap," Six pointed out, "What gets said and done here could change a lot of opinions."

"Could. But there are more groups out there working. Some even entering the political ring. I would hope that the big ideas and policies wouldn't take place at a con though. But I guess we get to see how this whole thing goes down now. "

"Wow! We get to be first hand witnesses to history in the making!" Trevor said in a clearly faked tone of vast interest. "I am so excited!"

Jez figured actions spoke louder than words, so she merely reached over and flicked Trevor in the nose.

Trevor yipped and almost toppled over the back of the chair. "Yo!" He protested when he recovered, rubbing his nose gingerly, "Not cool! Do you see me punching your funny bone?"

Henry got up and moved away from the two. People would be looking soon at their antics and he wanted to not have to listen to Trevor mock the whole thing. He wanted to hear what was going to be talked about since it was going to involve himself. If Trevor wanted to play around he could do that afterwards or outside of the panel.

"Aw... he left," Trevor sighed, rubbing his sore nose. "Jeeze... what's with you people and hitting my nose? That makes you, Erin and Henry now..."

Barbie Girls

"Maybe I'll wait on the costume...we've lost a lot of time just trying to decide.", Marina said to Erin. Erin's white umbreon dress turned white and thinned out a little more forming two lump on the back. The first lump formed into thin angel wings, the second lump formed into a thin black tail "That's the best I can do on such short notice.", Marina said. "Don't forget to return it to me later."

Erin smiled. "Sure thing. Now, let's get going." She said, heading to a locker room to change.

Marina followed along and waited outside the locker room. Before Erin went in. "Is that large enough?", she asked. Marina had shaved 10 pounds off her figure to form a short dress with wings and a black tail.

"I think so, hang on." Erin said, leaving the door open. "You can come in you know. they got changing stalls here."

Marina entered. "Was thinking we could coordinate costumes...now what goes well with absol.", Marina wondered.

"Well I had a glaceon with mine. Glass cannons the both of them, but if allowed to get moving, they can freeze anything and chop it down to size before it could become a problem."

"Glaceon would work...You know I can still feel that part of me that you get to wear...it's a little strange.", Marina said.

"It is for me too..." Erin said, locking the door behind them a the two got into a stall and began to undress. "Any ideas for an angel of death thing by the by? Or should I just let you suprise me?"

"Wait...I thought you were just going to wear the seperated part...what more do you need me to morph?", Marina asked.

"Well, it would look better if the part of you was all I was wearing... Minus undies, of course." Erin replied.

"So you need more of me to complete the look?", Marina wondered.

"If you want to. you don't have to though." Erin said.

"Come to think of it ten pounds is plenty for you to work with....I just need to decide on a matching costume to go with yours.", Marina said, and let the fragment of her mold around Erin.

"My vote still goes to glaceon," Erin said and looked at herself in the mirror and had an idea. She began smoothing out places in the costume, tugging and wondering if she could reform her girlfriend's 'costume'. Slowly, she started forming a dress on her body. She moved some hair over her right eye to make a long fringe and let the horn keep the hair in place. The wings and tail were next as she lengthened them some. She couldn't do anything about her feet aside from letting her socks cover them. Nothing could be done for her fingers to replicate claws, but it'd have to do. She twirled. "How do I look?"

"Glaceon huh...alright...let me see what I can do.", Marina said. Marina morphed herself a light blue leotard with a glaceon tail. She added Glaceon's tassels and ears. Marina had finished morphing when Erin finished. "You know getting molded is such a fun feeling..."

"No turning into Tempest on us, sweetie." Erin teased.

"Why not, we both can morph into stuff, we both enjoy it...and we both can make you look amazing....I'm wondering how comfortable you are with leotards...That way we can coordinate.", Marina said.

"I was thinking of the dress, that's why I did this," She said taking a hold of the hem of it. She had to thin the material pretty well to make the dress reach down to her knees, but nothing shown through so it was good enough. "Just to keep with the theme."

"Is that a yes?", Marina said making the dress squeeze Erin tighter.

"Ack!" Erin yelped in alarm. "Not here!" She teased, then looked over her girlfriend. "You look beautiful."

"Thanks...but that doesn't answer my question...", Marina said.

"I'm fine with leotards, yeah," Erin smiled. "Let me see ya really well too."

Marina molded the dress until the skirt had been folded up to form a basic leotard. Not too tight but tight enough that Marina could tease Erin. The remaining part of the dress formed into a miniskirt attached to the leotard. "You're right it does let me see ya really well."

Erin smiled. "Well this can work. Next time though we do the whole dress thing. See what looks better."

"Alright...You know...with this I can be your wardrobe when you need me.", Marina teased, "Maybe even your swimsuit."

"I know," Erin said happily, and after gathering her old clothes, she headed to a locker. Clothes away, she went out of the locker room and walked out back into the con.

Marina allowed the part of her that was covering Erin to go limp. She held Erin's hand as they walked back into the con.

Two girls in skimpy outfits dressed like pokemon certainly attracted attention (and male leers.) There were those who wanted to take a few snapshots as well, so cameras and cell phones whipped out and aimed.

Marina didn't mind the attention as they walked through the con. She did strongly suspect some male perv would try to get a picture of her butt. Alas, she could not prevent it without causing a scene. And she switched to posing for the pictures.

"Hey, who made your costumes?" A guy.

"That's a secret, what do you think of it?", Marina said cheerfully, but she was adamant that they not know exactly how she did it.

"It's awesome, but why you holding out?" A girl this time.

"My girlfriend got them for us," Erin said, also posing. Some innocent and timid looking ones, some less than innocent ones. Some action and some plain ones from various angles.

"You two are dating?" More camera flashes.

"Yeah.", Marina said to that one. She was still a little hesitant about it, but was happy to be in a relationship. It was a strange feeling being split apart, no pain, but odd all the same.

Erin smiled brightly and for emphasis grabbed Marina suddenly and kissed her, dipping her as well for show.

Marina was surprised by the kiss, but managed to ease into it. She could hear camera shutters, a few jeers as well as a few cheers from the group. She was a little worried, she might lose control of the costume on Erin.

Erin recovered, propping Marina back on her feet and keeping her close in a hug.

"You did that on purpose.", Marina whispered to her, "It was lovely." Marina squeezed Erin tighter as they hugged.

"Of course I did," Erin replied.

Marina let go of Erin. Their moment now over.

The crowd grew. More than you would expect from just two girls in a pokemon themed dresses, but a pair of girlfriends in matching outfits had a draw all of their own. The crowd was, for the most part, male, some of them clearly pokemon fans from the tee-shirts and other pokemon themed apparel (though one had what had to be a cutie mark on his jeans). "Have you preregistered for the game?" someone asked.

Marina blushed when she realized the size of the crowd that had gathered. Embarrassed she tried to hide her face. "Not yet.", Marina said to the random stranger, "Didn't think such a large crowd would gather for two girls in pokemon cosplay."

"Most of the really good cosplay doesn't come out until later, but this year seems different. Plus, you two are cute."

"Awwww thanks!" Erin smiled.

"Thanks, glad you like it.", Marina said, "And really, I've always figured there are always good cosplays, it's just a matter of finding them."

"Hey, we found you!" someone from the back of the crowd quipped.

"That you did...That you did...", Marina said wistfully. "Hey have any of you seen a catboy around here...grey fur coat, lynx spots?"

"A guy in a cat outfit? No, haven't seen any one like that," the guy she was talking to say. A few others expressed similar sentiments.

"Huh..." Erin said shrugging. "Well he's gotta be around here somewhere... Ah well. Thank anyways."

"Any idea where he might be, Erin?", Marina asked.

"Not sure. Might as well go hunting." Erin said, taking Marina's hand and heading out to find him. She tried to guess as to where Trae would be and headed to the anime section once again.

"Alright...ya think we should call ahead?", Marina said to Erin as she was dragged along. "And ya don't think yer wingspan's gonna knock into someone?"

Erin smiled. "Hopefully not. But I wonder..." She said and began trying to fold them back a little.

"I could just morph the suit again.", Marina whispered.

"shush!" Erin said quietly. "Normal people, remember? Leave it as is."

"Okay then...I was just wondering" Marina said, "Where are we headed...perhaps we can fetch our stuff and find them."

Erin nodded. "Might as well." She said and headed back into the locker room, taking out Marina's handbag. Catching up with her grilfriend, she pased it off and wondered where he was.

Marina followed, once in private she asked. "You fine walking outside in that?", Marina asked curiously.

"Too thin and cold outside." Erin said, pointing out that her legs and arms were bare.

"Ah yeah, I suppose turning into your coat would be too much...well shall I get that off of you?", Marina asked.

"Nah," Erin smiled. "I'll wait in here. In fact, if we split up, we can cover more ground." She siad. "You call, I search. Besides, I think I know where he might be." She said.

"Or I just call now, and if I get a response then we can go together.", Marina said to Erin, "Besides, what if he calls and I can't find you."

"Fair enough. Well, follow me." Erin said and began heading to the anime section. Failing that, he'd likely be at some of the various live action TV pannels that were happening.

In thier trekking Marina spotted two people in bleach outfits that looked like Jez. She approached. "Hey...Jez...wait, oh hey other Jez", she said cautiously.

"No-no-he's-got-a-bob-omb! Crap!" Seven blurted out first as she avidly watched Five play Smash Bros Brawl, though unfortunately her Link was blown off the screen for the moment. Five was looking rather placated though, not even batting an eye that her character had just died and made a very amusing contrast with the decidedly active and enthusiastic Seven hovering over her.

"Oh-hey-Marina!" Seven said quickly with a glance off in her direction, seeming to be rather hooked with the game for some reason.

"Hey...I can't really keep track of all of you...It's good to meet ya, have you seen Trev?", Marina asked.

"Chatting with some genderbending meta that found us," Seven said offhandedly, though pausing to look at the two again a little curiously, "You two kinda vanished."

"Erin collapsed, then we were expirementing with costume ideas...I learned of a new power that I just had to try out.", Marina said.

"A new power? Jeez, this whole meta thing is a lottery and a half ain't it," Seven remarked absently as she stared at the screen, randomly blurting out about various things happening the game, often followed with Five's Link getting beaten up or something.

"Not so loud, and it's more an extension of an existing power...clay form to be precise.", Marina said whispering this time to not attract too much unwanted attention.

"Maybe for you guys, but I think I lost all my powers." Erin shrugged. "By the by, anyone seen Trevor?"

"Yeah I just said he was with the genderbend meta -rest of the gang is there too," Seven replied a little slower this time, sort of suspicious of why Trevor was suddenly so popular to be singled out twice.

"Genderbend meta? And where are they going?", Marina asked.

"Iunno specifically, this place is huge and they're just standing around talking and getting things straight," Seven said with a shrug.

"Hmm...doesn't look like they'll be easy to find. Hmm...do you two have any plans for lunch?", Marina asked.

"Not really, Prime stuffed herself to the brim before deploying the legion so we wouldn't have to worry about the giant food bill," Seven said with a shrug.

"Ah, smart...Erin ya hungry?", Marina asked.

"A little, yeah. Still, I think we better find Trev before doing anything else." Erin said.

"He's going to be hard to find in this place...we could just hang out...Alex will be fine, he's been through worse...who knows maybe he'll like it in the end.", Marina suggested.

"Like it? Like what?" Seven queried Marina in regards to Alex.

"Just between you and me, Alex has voices in his head or something...I'm not entirely sure...honey can you help me out here?", Marina said stuttering a bit.

"We think it's something me and Marina are familiar with." Erin said. "POSSIBLY. I don't know for sure. He just seems to be too... happy. You know him. He's all emo all the time."

"I wouldn't say all the time, but he did seem odd today.", Marina said. She worried that it was schizophrenia brought on by post traumatic stress partially caused by her own actions the other day.

"Huh... you know I haven't actually seen much of Alex these past few weeks so I don't know what to make of that -I mean he had that radio thing didn't he, which was like voices in his head; I've been too busy chasing down Trevor and bugs and worrying about my own crap," Seven said a little thoughtfully, snapping to the screen again and scolding Five for a stupid move ("Link's Shield deflects everything! Gotta hold still!").

"And I'll be glad if I never see another giant bug for as long as I live. Then again I'm trying to stop fighting my way through my problems...people I care about always get hurt.", Marina said to Jez. "Honey, there's no need to find Trev just to tell him about Alex, we don't even know what's wrong with Alex."

"A good punch or table to the face has always solved my problems," Seven said easily with a bit of a smirk, pretending to sock an imaginary person in the face.

"The last time I tried that I almost got Albie killed....Nah, I'll rely on others for those problems now...", Marina said to Jez.

"Alex almost died?!" Seven said in alarm, turning properly to stare at Marina for a moment, "What the heck happened?"

"Disco inferno guy and his friends attacked the aquarium to steal Simon, I kinda failed to surrender when disco inferno asked nicely, then Albie and I almost....almost.. died...", Marina said her tone growing ever more serious. "If I had only surrendered when the villains asked...", she said sadly.

"...Most of that went over my head, but Jesus Marina, weren't you able to call anyone? He-I mean Force coulda helped, he's doing the whole superhero deal," Seven said, rather concerned now.

"First thing disco inferno did was melt my phone before I could call...I should have ran...", Marina sighed.

"That's insane..." Seven said, looking a little jaded as she zoned out a little in thought, "Are we gonna need some kinda live-feed on all of us or something? Coz this is getting a little ridiculous..."

"I don't think so, but I've vowed never to fight again, I just end up causing too much trouble. First Erin, now Albie...", Marina said hugging Erin for emotional comfort.

"Ya can't just not fight, Marina, it's kind of a part of life; you just gotta find your own way of fighting," Seven said a little sympathetically, "Sometimes inaction will cause more damage, I guess the trick is just telling when to act and when to stay."

Erin frowned and pulled her girlfriend close. "Shhh... It's okay honey." She said. "I'm right here for you..."

"Thanks...hmmm...maybe in combat I can just stay as yer armor honey.", Marina said to Erin.

"If you want to. Though don't think that I'm the only one that would need your help. If you see someone else hurting, help them."

"I'll see what I can do, but I don't plan to fight anymore.", Marina said to Erin, "I'd hate to end up hurting you or any of the others."

"Well, if you're not gonna fight, you better have ways of bringing in help fast," Seven said with a hopeless sigh.

"Just how can I go on fighting when every time I try I only manage to hurt us and not them.", Marina sighed.

"As I said, pickin' your battles is a good skill, but if it comes down to it, personally, I'd prefer to go down swingin'," Seven said with a certain grimness to her casual stance.

"I suppose we'll see but I guess I gotta do better at picking fights....still would be best to never pick a fight again.", Marina sighed.

"Don't block the view if you're just gonna talk!" a guy from behind them said, even though they weren't exactly blocking the screen.

"Don't be afraid to bug out either if it's just you. Or if you know you can't get to another to help. sad, but if you can at least get out and report what happened, that's almost as good." Erin said.

Seven had a bit of a frown at the interruption to their conversation, glancing between the interrupter and the screen a little thoughtfully all of a sudden, a devious look upon her face as she looked down at Five contemplatively.

"First advises against it," Five said quietly to Seven, as though answering a mental question.

"What are you talking about Erin, why would they report a few girls just talking...There's no need for that Jez", Marina asked.

"I mean in a fight and there's more then one of us there." Erin clarified. "If one of us, like me, is down, don't waste your time trying to get at me if you're too far away. Don't put yourself in danger for me."

"Alright, if that's what you want honey.", Marina said, "So where were we with our little chat?"

"I believe we were talking about what to do with reaching Trevor to warn him about the possibly crazy Alex." Erin said.

"Jez you want to join us in this?", Marina asked, "And how do you know Trevor hasn't already found crazy Alex"

"We've already found Alex; the rest of the gang was going off to register for a meta panel or something, apparently a bunch of people talking about all the new issues arising and such," Seven answered easily, "Not sure how long registration is open for."

"Ah let's go do that...um..can you relay a message to the legion that is with Trevor.", Marina asked, "We have something we suspect about Alex."

"Eh, we can keep an eye on him, but he seems fine," Seven said with a shrug, attempting to glance out the corner of her eye for any onlookers and interrupters again.

They were fuming that they couldn't see the great asses, I mean gamewomanship of the Jez's at the stations.

Erin shrugged. "Well, if we're not gonna go do that, we'd better get up to the tabletop room. I think they're starting to set up for that warhammer game I wanted to check out."

"Before that I'd like to go eat, it's past noon and I imagine you're hungry too.", Marina said to Erin. Marina wondered how clay form had affected her metabolism.

"Ehh, A little." Erin replied. "But nothing that can't wait for now."

"Don't you want to go see that panel on metas?", Marina asked.

"Your call." Erin said. "I don't mind either way."

"How about we register and then go eat.", Marina said to Erin. "You two can come too.", she turned to the Jezzes.

Erin smiled. "Who's paying?" She grinned. "Jez, you able to magic up some money?" She asked.

"Pfft," Seven laughed, "Suddenly I'm the group's counterfeiter; but nah, even if I wanted to I'd have to deploy a legionnaire at the same time -copy what ya carry, ya know? I'ma gonna hang around here, the games are kind of entertaining."

Though the way she said games with a subtle flicker of her gaze off to the side behind her probably said volumes.

"Jez, you aren't coming to eat with us?", Marina asked.

"As I said, Prime stuffed herself to the brim before deploying the legion, I ain't hungry yet," Seven replied airily, her attention split between the game and the onlookers.

"We could just go hang out.", Marina suggested.

Erin shrugged, then looked to marina. "Got any money on you?" she asked. "One downside to cosplay: no place to store stuff." She looked down at her medium sized bust. "Well... Maybe one spot..."

"I do have my handbag still, with some money for today....you just pay me back tonight or something.", Marina said, "So why don't you hide money there??"

"Because it feels weird..." Erin said. "And I'm not a hooker."

"Wierd how, yer wearing a part of me, isn't that weird enough?", Marina asked.

"I tried it before. It was just... akward. And it slipped down through my--" Erin looked around. "Ehhh, nevermind. I'll tell you some other time." She said, knowing that gym class probbaly hd something to do with the prediciment that she was talking about, but it wouldn't be the place to say it.

"Alright...you hungry...we should probably find the food court....", Marina said, "My treat, just pay me back..." Marina waved to Jez before leading Erin along.

Erin smiled. "I always do, don't I?" She said and took Marina's hand, heading to the food court. "What do you have in mind?"

"I was thinking fast food, Where would you like to eat honey?", Marina asked Erin.

"Pizza sounds good to me," Erin said. "Food of the gods, right there."

"I figure that works.", Marina said to her, "Any idea what kind?"

"Peperoni, deluxe, Canadian," Erin shrugged. "I'm good with anything really. Except pineapple."

"You want to order then?", Marina said to Erin, "I'm up for whatever really."

Erin looked at the pizzas and pointed to the meat lover's one. "Three slices of that one, and a drink, please." She said, waiting for Marina to take hers.

"And I'll have 2 slices of Pepperoni and some water.", Marina said and then she paid for both of them. "Just pay me back later."

"Two footlong subs sound good to you?" Erin offered.

"Maybe in the future.", Marina said to her. And the two moved to find a seat.

Erin smiled. "Nice." Taking her food, as they had the pizzas freshly cooked and waiting for people to make an order, she took the food and brought it to the table. "For you, and for me." She said. "Better go pay them too." She teased.

"I already paid...", Marina said to Erin, "You know I'm not so sure where my stomach is in clay form."

Erin shrugged. "You're asking me? Maybe you're like a collection of amoeba now and that all your cells are their own independent organism." Erin made a mental note to try and find a microscope of some sort so she could check her guess.

"I suppose that's as good an explanation as any, doesn't explain the water thing though.", Marina said, "Maybe after the con we can try out other costumes."

Erin smiled. "Sure thing, I'd like that." She replied as she ate her pizza. Finishing up, she put her trash away then looked to Marina. "Enjoying yourself, honey?"

"Yep, I can still taste the food, but I'm still not sure where it's going.", she said, throwing out her own trash. "Where to next, honey?", she said.

"No clue." Erin admitted, assuming that Marina wouldn't appreciate going to the apocalypse game. "Whatcha wanna do?"

"Hopefully there's some event we can do together.", Marina said taking out her info packet from her purse and began scanning for events they could go to. "Ah here we go..."

The Panel

They started shortly after, with the simple stage, just a table with a dark table cloth and a few chairs. Three people sat down, tested the mics, then started after a pause. "I'd like to thank everyone for attending this panel, even if it was a last minute addition to the schedule. Rather than spend a long time on introductions, I'll get to the point.

"I am a meta." Understandably, there was a rumble of noise through the crowd at that declaration. "As are most of the people behind this. I am also a paramedic, a brother and a father. In the past few weeks, our city has changed drastically, and so far, the focus has only been on the

negatives that a few have been causing. To that end, we started the Movement for Metahuman Equality, Treatment and Advocacy. Or just META.

{ I wonder how long was he working on that fancy acronym. } Alex grumbled, still curiously listening.

"By whatever twist of fate, this emergence of metahumans is only a few months before the the city election, and with it, a chance to radically address and shape the future, since there is no doubt that Kent will fall into place as the model by which the nation, perhaps the world structures interactions in the future.

"Humanity has a poor track record of dealing with divisions within itself, and metahumanity only present a new place for them to draw one more line. Our goal, in short, it to open eyes and hopefully keep that line from forming. We have made contact with different groups around our town, the research team working on the cause, the new organizations formed to deal with abnormal incidents, MAMA, who stands somewhat against our goal and will be hearing from them over the next three days."

Sitting there listening to the person talk Henry was glad that someone was speaking up and try to do it in a positive way. He brought up a number of good points. This city was ground zero and it could be the example for the rest of the nation. This was a step in the right direction.

{ So... the metapanel is a political agitation panel. Ooookay... } Alex commented. It was oddly comforting to know that all of your negative comments, while heard by someone, were heard by only one person that won't transfer too much of them to the outside.

{ People don't get change unless they fight for it, } Cassandra pointed out.

{ Yeah, but this is a con and I don't think that cons are place for political things. } Alex countered.

Jezelle was a little anxious and a touch ambivalent, listening to all this and still wondering what they'd have up their sleeve that'd stop metas getting forced to register themselves and such. She'd come across a rather compelling argument to have metas registered and hadn't figured out a good enough counter for it, so she was hoping they'd figured out something she hadn't.

Someone in the audience stood up and went to the mic they had in the middle of the center aisle. "Hello. I know you said you were a meta, but what do you do?" she asked

The man smiled, as if they anticipated that question. "Honestly? Not much." He held up his hand and it glowed red. "Just this luminescence."

A man who has glowing hands. Interesting, Henry thought. He was also putting his job on the line by telling everyone he was a meta.

Another person was waiting for to step up and ask. "So aren't you just here to promote your own agenda?"

"Only in the name of communication," the second speaker said. "For those who woke up a few days ago with strange abilities, it's been a scary time. With the giant bugs, and the people that were quick to use their new skills for their own reasons, a lot of them criminal, it really hasn't helped things. We figured we needed to make a voice for metas, just like how others are making a voice against them."

The lady didn't look convinced, so the speaker went on. "People have been dying from their changes. Not just here in Kent, but in other cities too. At the moment, not many medical professionals know how to deal with it, nor many metas know how to get help, so they those with more drastic changes have been hiding away. Part of our goal is to spread the word about those services."

Henry wondered if they knew about Dr. Cain. He had studied metas for a long time and could be of help. Henry also understood how others felt about finding out that you have powers. It was very hard on him and he went into denile for a while. As for the criminal aspect he felt that he might be considered to fit into that bill. He had been working on it and with Allieds help he felt that he was becoming a helpful meta. He hoped the public would feel the same way.

{ Whatever... } Alex muttered { I really wish I could fall asleep now. That's like watching boring programe for now. Sure, he says cool things, but I bet that it could be more efficent of he'd get some time on TV. }

{ Isn't that more money? } Cass asked.

{ And better coverage } Alex replied { It's just some weird luck (or unluck, depends on point of view) that I got here and heard it myself }

"On that note... The first person we have to present is Taylor Moore." She handed her mic over to the man in a suit beside her. He looked like a typical desk worker, and look somewhat out of place up there.

[Insert speech here. Taylor Moore represent BARR (arrrr! Dude. I love my Acronyms. BARR. ACR 9Pronounced ACeR {AH-sir} by some]. ARC. ACT. MAMA :P META and a few more I'm thinking of. XD). Bureau of Abnormal Relations and Representation. long speech short it's an extremely new department. Little more than a committee with funding from both the city and the country, and only because it fell under emergency services when ACR (Abnormal Creature Response) was cobbled together from a Fire fighters, police and a few other response teams from the region.]

With a slight determined expression, Jez got up from her seat to go wait her turn for the mic, running general idea over in her head as she had a few concerns she wanted at least answered so she knew what she should be doing in the future.

"Uhm.... Hi; As a meta, I kinda had a few concerns about things these days and wondered if your organization was going to help with such things: Well, besides wondering if my changes were going to be ultimately fatal, I was kind of concerned about how non-metas might treat me, prejudice and such -that and idle paranoia about secret research organizations trying to vivisect me, but anyway- is there going to be support for metas likely to be targeted? Not all these 'abilities' are as harmless as glowing... and some might be easy targets for blame, justified or not..." Jez said, fidgeting a little.

"Its a complicated issue," Moore responded. "At the moment, there are services being implemented to treat the medical needs of the new metas, but as it comes to paranioa and social unrest... there are no current resources in place to deal with that. META has also brought those concerns to our attention. For now, we are allowing the Human Right's Commision to handle them, and hope that common decency would minimize those incidents."

"But you're here to help represent us fairly right? For some people it might simply be enough that a meta possesses the ability, for them to become suspicious in their eyes, regardless of the person they were before," Jezelle continued.

Henry nodded along with what Jez was saying. You could have one of the nicest people around but others will think differently about them once they found out to have some kind of ability. It would be a difficult thing to get over and the issues that would come up. Anytime a crime would be committed metas would be brought up as a likely suspect. Henry listened in to see what would happen.

"Our priority is to solidify the fact that humans are still humans," Moore continued. "Meta or not. Instead of breeding more reasons for division, we aspire to address the majority of the concerns with already existing infrastucture, rather than reinforcing a fallacy that metas are not humans by creating to many services to cater to them alone. We have gone thought this in history already, and we should learn from it.

"As for suspicions. Giving a man a gun does not make him a criminal. A criminal is independent of circumstance and supply. Not to mention the fact that criminals have existed long before this emergence. Are their metas who have been using their talents for illegal actions? Yes. But there are far more criminals who lack any trace of metahumanity."

"That... brings me to a concern I was afraid to raise..." Jezelle said a little reluctantly, fidgeting even more, "...People need licenses to own a gun... and you can't exactly 'disarm' a meta... I don't wanna be put on a giant list and interrogated everytime something happens that could be related to my power, I just want to live my life the way I was hoping to."

"That is an issue above my rank and up to the government. Some arguments are that you can kill with fists, so natural abilities should be left alone. Others say when you have someone who can set something on fire with their mind, you should know. It's a difficult issue."

"I see, thank you," Jezelle said respectfully with a nod, not as much peace to her mind as she had hoped, but then again she hadn't expected much in the first place, so she merely went back to her seat.

Lo and behold, the cats are gone!

Alas, the legion will always find them, so Six can just stay awhile and listen.

"Nice question," Davis commented when she got back.

"You could say it's sort of been bugging me ever since this whole thing started," Jezelle said with a shrug.

Davis paused, thought, then didn't beat around the bush. "You know where Henry went?"

"Yeah he's..." Jezelle began casually but paused mid-sentence, eyes narrowing and turning to look at Davis suspiciously.

"He's Force, isn't he?" Davis said softly, matching her glare. "Everytime one of them leaves, the other turns up. It might work for superman, but this isn't a comic book..."

Jez sat there glaring for a moment, picking her words carefully.

"I will admit the timing is horrible -if theoretically Henry were Force, but considering the life of a superhero and secret identities and whatnot, I don't think it's within my right to confirm or deny such things," Jezelle said artfully.

"You know that being that evasive is pretty much saying yes, right?" Davis pointed out.

"I don't think it mattered how I answered that question, you've probably already made up your mind and I've admitted the validity of the source of your suspicions, nothing more," Jezelle said, kind of glad she was able to quickly confer with the rest of the legion to figure out what to say, "But ya know, on the same note, what's to say I'm not Force?"

"The intruductions," Davis said. Another man was asking questions about meta and work, specifically since the first speaker (John Gunner) said he was a paramedic. During that, Davis got up. "Keep an eye on Sam."

Sam, who was paying attention to the panel rather than them, looked up at the mention of her/his name as Davis headed over to where Force retreated.

Jezelle sighed after Davis, a slight pout but mostly wistful.

"He didn't even indulge me on that one," Jezelle said, shrugging and throwing a glance at Sam.

"Men," Sam agreed. Which sounded very odd considering her current masculinity.

"Sometimes you gotta wonder if they're even listening..." Jezelle said, seeming to grow distant in thought, but quickly snapping to again as though in realization of who she was talking to, "Wait a minute, wouldn't you technically be the perfect man right now? You actually know a woman's mind!"

"You think?" Sam said, though she wasn't really sure if she wanted to be a man...

"I know the cluelessness of guys can be kind of endearing at times but even that novelty wears off eventually," Jezelle said, "You kind of have the strongest weapon possible against straight women right now..."

"Hey... I'm a straight woman too!" Sam declared. (And bit too loudly, since a few odd looks were directed at them).

"Booriiing!" Jezelle fired off immediately in response, swaying off as though suddenly no longer interested, her mind going off on a tangent just as swiftly -probably no small part due to all the thoughts running through her head from the others, "...It must be really weird to be in your shoes... having trouble imagining it..."

"Really weird? I thought I was going insane," Sam said. "Still do sometimes."

"Maybe you're dreaming, or an alien's hijacked your brain," Jezelle said airily, "You don't hear voices though do you. Lucky."

Sam was utterly baffled. "What..?"

"Voices, of the other 'me's," Jezelle finished.

"You can hear your clone?" Sam asked.

"I know everything they know," Jezelle more or less confirmed, "I could even get you some fairy floss here if I was so inclined."

"Fairy floss? What's that?" Sam asked Jezelle.

"Cotton candy?" Jezelle tried, "You can't tell me you've never tried it..."

"Oh! I've just never heard it called 'Fairy floss' before," Sam said. "Where are you from?"

"Oh right, durr, I grew up in Australia but I was born in Scotland," Jezelle said with a hopeless shrug, "I kinda forget sometimes..."

"Really? Wow... I've never left Canada," Sam admitted.

"Heh, why would ya want to? This country's pretty awesome," Jezelle said with a snort of laughter and a smirk, "Mom highly recommended it when my scholarship came in."

"I don't want to move, but I want to atleast see other places. Maybe travel a bit," she said.

"I wonder if you'll have to get two passports..." Jezelle said thoughtfully.

"Gah!" Samantha protested. "Why did you have to go back to that?"

"What?" Jezelle said mostly-innocently in defense, "Can't keep your head in the dirt forever you know; gotta plan for the future so you're prepared."

"What about you? How many you's are around the place?"

"Eleven," Jezelle replied plainly, "I'm gonna try and start a business that I can use the extra womanpower in without stealing other people's jobs; after that I'll figure out what exactly I'm going to do with eleven of me... seriously..."

[to encounter Meeting Up]

Sparky and Muscles-----

Davis went to Force, having his suspicions more or less confirmed by the weasel lady. Of course, there wasn't any space, with the place as crowded as it was, so he ended up standing nearby. He really hadn't thought it through...

Henry sat and watched all the people come up and ask their questions. It was very informative and somewhere around the eighth person Henry noticed Davis making his way over. (that is right. Henry noticed him). He waved at Davis as he listened to what was going on.

//henry notice <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4242499/> = 21

//henry will <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4242500/> =4

John had just finished explaining the legal actions that a meta might take if they suspect they were laid off for that reason, and also spoke about how one could use the Equal Opportunity Employer (thing) in their favour.

Well there is a good thing. Now when he gets a new job he would feel a little better knowing that if he was fired because someone found out that he was a meta he had some type of action he could do. But he would try to keep his metaness under wraps.

The panel wrapped up shortly after that, the last issue being address being speculation on meta's and transit laws, people citing references to individuals running at highways speeds and people flying.

Henry snickered at the last part of the panel. He wanted to see a plocie officer issue him a ticket for speeding or invading the air space of the town. He made sure to fly low enough to avoid any planes but high enough to miss the power lines. He felt that he was a good flyer. With the panel ending he made his way to Davis and to find the others to see what they were going to do for the rest of the day.

Davis had his upgraded Suspicious Glare running when Force returned. It was set on secret finding rather than I know what you did last summer. "Force," he said in curt greeting.

"Hey, man. You know where everyone else went?" Henry asked.

"The Jezelle lady is somewhere over there," Davis gestured to the general region. "The two... cat... people left after talking for a while. I'm not sure where. Henry is around."

"Ah, ok. Well Jez will be able to find the rest in no time. She is very good at finding people. Should go to her first." Henry started to walk in the direction that Davis pointed.

Meting Up: Round One-----

Jezelle and Sam were still chatting when Henry/Force and Davis caught up with them.

"Hey ladies. So is there anything else going on at this thing today?" Henry asked.

Sam jumped a slight bit. "Oh, hello Force. For me? No, not really. I came most for the panel, so i didn't make any other plans."

"How much longer does this thing go on today?"

"They have things planned until late," Davis supplied. "Not as many today, it's only the first day, but Saturday might go as late as nine."

"Well, that is good. I wouldn't know what to do here for that long. I am liking the panels though. I will need to see if I can find a list some place." Henry stated. He really did enjoy the information that he was getting. He was getting good insight in current events atleast.

Jezelle was starting to look a little bit spaced-out, though managing a pretty good effort of keeping track of the conversation.

"So much stuff here already..." Jezelle remarked a little off-topic, "I'm gonna be roasted by the end of this convention..."

"You plan to stay around?" Sam asked.

"Hell yeah; this is like, the first time I've gotten to unwind and stuff for ages -well, except for that one time, but conventions are different," Jezelle said with determination, "Even if I am gonna be a wreck after this."

Davis grinned a little bit at the 'one time' comment. "Eleven times the fun, eleven times the crash?"

"Ever tried watching eleven different televisions each with one of your favorite shows or movies on them all at the same time?" Jezelle queried Davis airily, staring off into space.

"Sounds... complicated..." Davis said. Sam nodded.

"I wouldn't know. I can't afford cable." Henry said sadly.

"Yeah I don't really know either, but that's kinda what it seems like it'd be," Jezelle said with a shrug, still half zoned out, mostly muttering to herself: "...Kinda wish Seven would stop doing that..."

"Anyone know where the others went by the way?" Asked Henry.

"Trevor and Alex just up and left," Davis said, taking a moment to make sure he got the names right. "They didn't say anything, so I don't know if they plan to come back or not."

"Hmmm. Well that is odd. Perhaps they are off doing cat things. Or perhaps they are getting a pizza." Henry said hopefully.

"Should we go look for them?" Sam asked.

"Well we could just call them since that would be simple. And if they are some place having a cat talk then they wouldn't be bothered. Just want to know what they plan to do." Henry stated.

"Well, Five and Seven recently saw Erin and Marina -they were heading off to get food," Jezelle offered.

"Five and Seven?" Davis said questioningly.

"Shorthand names for my copies," Jezelle said with a shrug, "I'm Six, for example."

"Ah, I guess that makes sense..." Davis allowed.

"So what are you planning to do?" Sam asked Six.

"Already doing most of things I'd planned; hugged most of my favorite characters, checked out a bunch of manga, seen a dozen anime and movie trailers, had a mockfight and got a Toothless plushie, and that's barely half of it," Jezelle explained a little tiredly, "I was mainly gonna keep one of me around the gang for convenience and such."

"Honestly... I'm still not sure if I understand how that clone thing of yours works," Davis admitted.

"Fuck, I don't even know how it works, there's just a bunch of me and our brains are linked; I got the knack of summoning and dismissing them but that's all I know," Jezelle said, slightly exasperated at her own power, as old issues were dredged up.

"Wait... I thought we were one of the clones," Sam said, getting a bit confused. "Didn't you say you were Six?"

"Yeah, but, I mean... I mean I'm... shit..." Jezelle paused for a moment, spacing out that she actually lost track of who she was for a moment, though her garment quickly reminded her, "Yeah, I'm Six... but I'm still me ya know... 'cause our brains are all linked, so..."

The rest of her sentence was devoured by the mass of confusion behind her eyes.

"I have found that the best way to understand it all is to just think of her like a giant batch of sisters who are all on cell phones. I don't think much beyond that I am the better because of it." Henry gave out the advice while trying to figure out what he wanted to do. He was not in to a lot of what was offered here. Comics, comics from different contries that they call a different name for some reason, actors from TV shows he has never heard of and games that he would never grasp from playing just once. He thought this would be like halloween with the costume idea but it was a very different crowd then he was used too.

The only thing that he was interested in was the meta information. He figured that he might just go to the booths and talk to them. Perhaps he could gain more insight on what is going on or even gain some new contacts. That is what the people on all the detective shows were always doing.

Both Davis and Sam started laughing at Force's comment. Not only the imagery of them constanting chatting on the phone, but also his conviction that he'd rather not think about it any more. "How long have you know each other anyway?"

Henry pointed to himself and to the Jez clone. "We met when this whole thing started. A lot of people with powers have been gravatating towards each other. Comfort, information or understanding. It is much easier to talk to someone who is going through the same issue as you then with a person who doesn't understand it."

"Maybe they will set up some support groups," Sam said somewhat thoughtfully.

"Would be a good idea. Although it seems like many have started to clump together. Our group, I spotted a group of metas who have turned part animal like the two with us. There are also groups of like minded that have been getting together to do bad things. But they are all coming together either way." Henry said thinking about all the metas that he had met in the past few weeks.

"Oh, did you here the news about the classification thing?" Davis said, suddenly remembering it.

"Did they finnaly figure it out? People have been trying to figre it out for awhile." Henry responded actually hearing about this just a few days ago.

"They are another step closer. They haven't actually said what the final ones are yet," Davis said. "The latest release from the research team is that all the tests they've done so far comes back as human genetics, and it's settling some of the debate about how to go about it."

"I wonder how one ranks a person. Going by powers would be hard since many people have different ones or havea combination of powers. Unless there is certain things in the blood. . . I have no clue what I am talking about." Henry threw his hands in the air. This was way over his head.

"Wait... classification?" Jezelle queried, coming to for a moment, "You mean like, giving metas some kind threat level system or something?"

"I thought it was more of a reference type thing. Like that guy has a fire type or such." henry thought.

"What, we're pokemon now?" Jezelle asked a little blandly.

"Not sure what they intend, but they are scientists," Davis said.

"Humans are already classified. Or at least that is what my biology teacher said."

"In a lot of ways," Davis shrugged. "Scientists."

"S'long as they ain't vivisecting me I'll be happy -not that I think there's actually anything to be learned that way but that probably won't stop it..." Jezelle said, "Pretty sure my blood tests and X-Ray would have shown something in that case."

Henry's phone rang.

//which phone? the normal or his prepaid phone?
//normal. Trevor doesn't have his prepaid's number.

Henry checked the incoming call number. Seeing that it was Trevor's he answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Mr. Brick," Trevor said happily.

"Hey where did you all go? The panel is over and we are trying to figure out what we are going to do next."

"Yeah... sorry about that... Turned out Albiecat was possessed by a ghost girl and some other weird stuff..." Trevor said.

"What? Ghosts? Are those even real? So do we need to call a priest or something to get it out of him?"

"That's exactly what I said!" Trevor agreed, "But she seems decent enough. Says she knows James."

"Well this whole thing is getting weird. "

"It started weird," Trevor laughed.

"So is he going to be ok then?" Henry asked concered.

"He's just fine. She seems pretty... benign's the word I guess. [size]Huh? Shoo, shoo...[/size] She also say's hi," Trevor sighed. "I'm not telling you what else she said."

"So what are you all planning to do for the rest of the day? We are all gathered here trying to figure things out." Henry asked.

"Yeah, I'm gonna call it a day, here," Trevor admitted. "Don't wanna be out... after dark and all..."

"Cool cool. I will spread the word around. You think the night is what caused the issue? I figure it was the people. But it is always good to be safe." Henry said.

"No clue... but it happened at night, so..." Trevor gave an unseen shrug. "Might give Albie a lift home too."

"Well then, have a safe drive. Call me if anything starts to happen. I can get there quick and help out if you need. Night man." Henry said while telling the others. "The two cats are heading home and calling it a day."

"Ghosts..." Jezelle echoed a little suspiciously, but shrugged the matter off and continued, "I guess that leaves us then, trailers to watch, people to hug and lists to make!"

"Lists?" Henry spoke while raising an eyebrow that no one could see.

"Of stuff I'm gonna buy when I get rich; I actually have time to read all these mangas and things now but no money to buy them -god I'm so poor..." Jezelle said energetically at first but rapidly became depressed as she finished.

"Welcome to my world." Henry said patting her on the shoulder.

"I need to get a business running so I can have eleven incomes," Jezelle said with a defiant pout.

"You have eleven IDs? Because the tax people will have fun with that one. Now if you start a business and have them work for free and you can not have to worry about paying employees then you can start to bank some good money. "

"That was pretty much the idea; the tax people can complain all they want but if I don't technically have employees then their hands are tied," Jezelle said with a shrug, "Three's been working on the idea for awhile. And the bonus is I won't be stealing jobs."

"Going to need start up money for pretty much any business. That is the hard part." Henry brought up.

"Hoping to get a decent loan, been taking my time trying to come up with a good business plan to convince a bank; with eleven times the income I'm pretty sure I'd pay it back quickly enough -just trying to get them to believe that without telling them I'm a meta will be the interesting part..." Jezelle said.

"Our you could come out and say that you are a meta friendly business and have the 'it' factor. Could work out. Then again what kind of business were you thinking of starting?"

"I'll just stick with something basic like a cafe or whatever until things are stable," Jezelle replied with a carefree shrug. The idea of trying to poke the bank for a response with the 'I'm a Meta' factor was an intriguing one though... but it'd probably be safer to stay hidden.

The Cats and the Ghost=====

{Cas, I am sure you might want to ask questions too...} Alex said in a somewhat softer than usual tone.

{You want me to go up there in your body to ask a question?} Cass asked. {I'm not that mean. This is sort of a serious thing. And I don't have any questions anyway.}

{Alright then. Wait, that's the last part of con ye?} Alex replied. He didn't have any questions himself - just wanted to formally allow Cassandra to ask some stuff, but apparently she's not "that mean". Whatever.

{I don't know...} Cass admitted. "Trevor, do you plan to hang around?"

"Huh?" Trevor said. Most of his smart comments died off when the panel started, paying attention for once. "Probably... but I don't think we are staying for much more after."

{Yay. Had fun?} Alex asked, mainly to Cassandra.

{I did. Still, would have been cool if your friends noticed.} She grinned.

{They seem kinda oblivious... And well, at least someone in this body liked it, huh.} Alex replied.

Trevor gave Alex a suspicious look. "So... why do you smell like a girl?"

{Crossdressing? Hah, just don't say that, okay?} Alex joked.

"Uh... I... don't know..." Cass said, not able to come up with a straight answer. "I was with... Marina and Erin earlier..."

{I love the implication it opens. Trev would get the hint too, I guess.} Alex said.

Trevor just stared, jaw slack. "Are.. aren't they... like... you know... I... I..." He was making strange and vague hand motions through out all that, and his ears were crooked. "What?"

//Poor poor Trevor

{ You know, it's great time to confess now...} Alex commented

{Fine, Fine... you did show me a good day so...} Cass admitted. {Do it again sometime?}

{Sure... Next time you'll take me on a more fun ride tho.} Alex replied.

"You're attracting attention," Cass pointed out to Trevor. The other cat blinked and ducked a bit when he realized. She leaning in closer. "First things did james tell you about his ghost friend?"

"Ghosts aren't real," Trevor pointed out.

{So are catboys and watermorphs.} Alex replied snarkily {Oh wait, he can't hear me.}

{Give me a moment...} Cass said. She give Alex a quick thank you peck on his furry [mental] cheek and deposed him. Trevor blinked when it happened, mostly cause the feminine scent just vanished. {All yours,} Cass said.

Alex grinned and then shook his head. He then glanced at his paws and checked the movements of fingers. Finally back, huh. "You should believe in them now." Alex said "And they probably smell. And catboys ain't real too, eh?"

{I don't smell,} Cass protested, projecting audibly and visually to just the two of them, floating a little bit over their seats.

"Well, Trevor's nose says otherwise" Alex replied

Trevor swore and upset a few people around him. He apologized, then hissed at Alex, "Okay, outside. Now."

"Ye, ye..." Alex said, going out, letting Trevor take the lead.

Another convenient service hall served for a retreat, and Trevor called up another wall to block it off, making it opaque, like frosted glass. He took a breath, turned to Alex and the goth girl floating beside him. After a moment, he pointed at her. "Explain."

"Eh... Here is a ghost girl... She kinda can possess people apparently. Say hi to Cassie" Alex said with a small smirk.

"... H-hi?" Trevor said hesitantly, his muzzle all scrunched up in confusion. "How do you know a ghost?"

"Yeah, how do you know I don't know him?" Cassie countered.

"Same difference!" Trevor exclaimed.

Alex's ears dropped for a while as he processed the questions. "Wat? Anyway, Cassandra said that she accidentally possessed me, so I got to con. Really, if it were me, I'd never go here. I was in the middle of research anyway. So... That's kinda it, really"

"You accidentally possessed him?" Trevor echoed skeptically. "How do you accidentally possess him? Um... actually. Never mind," Trevor said, remembering his own power mishaps. And the latest power disaster. "So you possess people and they smell like women? Weird..."

"Says the talking cat that can make invisible or visible walls," Cass grinned.

"And all I got is hearing radio, yaay" Alex replied.

"Point I suppose," Trevor conceded to Cassie. "And didn't you blow up a car or something that ended up with you in the hospital?"

"I blew up the car? All I can remember is a flash of light before some painful sensation that marked my unconsciousness..." the gloomy catboy replied

"Point still stands," Trevor shrugged. He scratch at his ear and glared at Cassie. "He's right though. You do smell. Well, have a scent. He just doesn't use his nose," Trevor said, pointing a thumb at Alex.

"You know it's rude to tell a girl she smells, right?" Cass said with a frown.

"I use my nose!" Alex countered "And sorry, I am kinda isolated and dunno what do people get offended by."

"Really? Alright then; what does Henry smell like?" Trevor challenged.

"He smells of... Sweat? I didn't had time to smell him up, really." Alex replied, lowering his ears.

"Ha! See? You don't use your nose!" Trevor said triumphantly. "He's got this slight chemical undertone with something kinda like clay and magnesium."

Cass floated there with the most confused look on her face.

Alex's ears went flat upon his head and his eyes glanced around for a while before meekly returning the view to Trevor. "Okay..."

Trevor raised an eyebrow at Cass. "What?"

"You two really need to listen to yourself," she said, shaking her head.

Alex sighed "By the way, how have ya been? I wanted to ask stuff yesterday but got into an encounter that nearly costed me life so was a bit busy c... coping with the results."

"I was... recovering yesterday," Trevor said. "I need it... but today I couldn't stay locked up in the basement..."

"Recovering? From what?" Alex asked with a bit of curiosity and a bit of concern

"The whole.. kidnapping and snap thing... Sorta why I'm still avoiding Erin," Trevor admitted.

Alex looked at Trevor with confusion "Kidnapping and snap? Erin kidnapped you and you snapped on her?"

Yep, being out of loop has it's disadvantages.

"... no one told you?" Trevor blinked. He fumbled for how to explain it. "Erin didn't kidnap me. So... other people did. I still don't remeber most of it. But... I lost control... turned into a giant cat. Apparently I can do that..."

Alex blinked and said "Wow. Why didn't anyone tell me that..." Alex frowned and sighed "I guess I've missed out on more stuff than I thought. And wait, giant cat? Think I am going to lose control and turn into one?" Alex added, glancing around, looking to see if Cassandra is still here.

"I remember that... I saw that Force guy put a giant cat in a van," Cassandra said thoughtfully.

"You where there?" Trevor said, surprised. "Um... whatever. I don't know. I can't hear voices and you don't make boxes so anything is possible..."

Alex sighed "Okay... Anything else happened that I should know?"

"I don't know... what was that about your day though?" Trevor asked, not wanting to dwell on it.

"Well, after the hospital (thanks for visiting me, by the way) I discovered that apparently I break electronics really well with invisible powers. Still working on figuring how does that work. After that I've decided to visit Marina and talk to her about recent events (my phone was and still is gone) and then stuff happened, we got inside the building of aquarium and there I got burned to near death. Somehow I ended up being in good state after that and met that James dude." Alex said "That should be it. The next day is the day I got possessed by Cas while trying to figure out more about my powers."

Trevor just looked at him. "Never a dull week with us, is it?"

"With how different the powers are... I this hasn't even started yet." Alex said.

"I don't even know anymore... things are too complicated," Trevor sighed.

"At least you got a good day out of it," Cass said.

"Who me?" Alex asked "I still didn't like the con..."

"You can't please this guy," Cass sighed.

"Whats wrong with the con?" Trevor asked at the same time.

"You know that tastes are subjective, right?" Alex countered

"Yeah... that's why the con has something for everyone... Games, shows, movies, tech and more..." Trevor pointed out..

"It's like saying that if I don't like cake Ill like it if it will be lots of different cakes." Alex replied "Really, the con didn't seem like too much of fun for me..."

"He decided that before we got here," Cass muttered.

"I've told everyone that I won't go to con before anyway. I didn't like it in the end anyway" Alex countered.

"Stupid cat, aren't you?" Trevor smirked.

"Why?" Alex asked and made a sadface.

"Cause you're stubborn," Trevor said. "Anyway, what power practice were you doing?"

"Stubbornness isn't sign of stupidity," Alex replied "Power practice? Well, I tried to get the hang of my powers that dealt damage to electronics. I think I figured out how to do it."

Trevor backed away slightly. "Oi... I just got my phone back... You break, and I'll... do something that you'd really not want me to do."

"No worries..." Alex muttered "I keep it under control now."

"No zappa my cellphone," Trevor said, reiterating the warning.

"A bit hung up on that cell phone thing, aren't you?" Cass teased.

Alex replied "Yeah, yeah, I got it already."

"Hmm..." Trevor said, still not entirely confinned. "Anyway... any clue how it works?"

"My bet is on microwaves. At least it looked like that when I was testing it on empty CDs" Alex replied.

"Microwaves? Like the oven? Or like the radio telescope?" Trevor asked.

"I... Dunno completely yet, but as of now they act like oven ones" Alex replied "...actually, when do you plan to get out of here? With that invisible wall being in this unorthodox location.... It's quite obvious that something's wrong."

"It's a service corridor. People walk pass then without a care," Trevor shrugged. "Though... I really don't know how these walls work..."

Cass drifted over and floated throught it a few times. "Like a wall?"

"Ah well... Still, we'd better find a better place, I guess." Alex said "...scratch out one of these 'better'. The point still stands tho."

"It's the convention centre during the con," Trevor said blandly. "Pretty much every space is booked out to some group or other." Inwardly, he considered that there might be a few rooms empty, but really... he had no idea where to look for those, and they'd be locked anyway.

"Ah well... Hey, want me to show off that power?" Alex suddenly suggested. Yes, he got that bored.

"Just not on my phone," Trevor warned.

Alex looked around for any suitable target. He already hated himself for that but... Yeah, the lights might be a good option. "Let's see how it works..." Alex said and started staring at the ceiling light, focusing on it and his "Microwave emission" state of mind.

[Alex Used Power: Microwaves on the ceiling light(s)]

The light flickered at first, then fizzed out with a somewhat impressive burst of spark that had Trevor covering his head with his arm. "Okay... that was pretty cool."

Alex bursted into a short lived evil laughter. "That was satisfying!" he stated "First time doing that on light bulbs actually." he grinned "Now with some knowledge of physics I can apply this thing to even more interesting values. I wonder if it works on organics too... Anybody has anything that I can try to heat up?"

"Not it," Trevor declared.

"I'm not getting into that one either," Cass agreed.

"Darn. I want to test if this power is good at making food warm..." Alex said "Anyway, that's pretty much summing up my powerset for now. For now."

"I don't even know what I can do anymore. Not that I did in the first place," Trevor admitted. "Oh, I did figure out something new... wanna see?"

"That was a rhetoric question eh?" Alex said with a smirk "Go on."

Trevor closed his eyes and exhaled. He hadn't fully gotten a hang of it yet, and his memories of using it were seriously hazy. He inhaled, and exhaled another time. On the third, the stripes on his hands started glowing that pale silver grey light, intensifying, then dimming when he exhaled

again. On the fourth inhalation, stripes similar to the ones on his arms glowed on the wall he set up, dimming in time with it before fading as he let the focus slip. He opened his eyes. "Well? What do you think?"

Alex's right ear dropped down to his head and he blinked few times "Wow, that's cool. You can control the pattern now?" he asked.

"No idea," Trevor said. "I think it's some sort of extra energy I have bottled up... And it's... cold. It burns if I don't use it for a while."

Alex tilted his head to the side "Seems weird. But well, we are all weird here..." he looked around to see if Cass is still here. "Burns if you don't use it for a while? How so?"

Cass waved at him. Trevor shrugged. "Not sure how else to explain it... I just remember it burning. Being really cold. It wore off after... stuff happened and I started using it a lot. I figure it builds up and starts... seeping out"

"Huh... Strange, strange... My scientist part tells me to go and try to push limit but the common sense reminds me that you are my friend and I don't want you to have any troubles, so take care" Alex said "Frostburns are nasty things"

"Never had one, and really don't want to get one..." Trevor said. He sighed. "Perfect... now I'm scared of my powers even more..."

"Hey, if something bad happens, I am sure we have one more person that can steer us into safe direction" Alex said, glancing at Cassandra "For example, stopping a big-damn Trevcats with possession."

"Wouldn't that just hurt me if his powers hurt himself?" Cass asked.

"And don't encourage her..." Trevor said.

"But if he panics and loses control, you can do intervention and help him" Alex replied. "Have you ever considered using your powers for "fun" by the way?" Alex asked Cassandra after a while "If you catch my drift"

"What is with you people and coming up with solutions that keep ending up with me getting hurt," Trevor muttered.

"Get your mind out of the gutter fuzzbrain," Cass warned.

"I am 16, my mind is ALWAYS in the gutter!" Alex replied "That solution is actually a preventative measure that stops you from getting hurt any more."

"Right..." Trevor said skeptically.

"I mean... When you get out of control, Cas goes in and then stops the further damage. That's what I've meant initially" Alex replied

"I'm not even going to bother anymore," Trevor muttered. He glanced at his phone for a time check. "Hmm... panel should be finished by now..."

"What that means for us?" Alex asked.

"I dunno... I guess I could call it a day," Trevor said thoughtfully.

"Maybe... I guess I'll get back to my lonely homesitting after con. You?" Alex asked.

"Isn't your dad around?" Trevor asked.

"He usually returns home late lately. And then goes out early..." Alex said "...damn, I've never considered how much does he work..." he looked down and sighed "...crap."

"What does he do for a living?" Trevor asked.

"He's a programmer. A cool one. Now he leads his own team tho, not much coding on his part" Alex replied.

"Nice. Might's just a counsoller and a speaker," Trevor said.

"Might's?" Alex asked

"Mine, Mine, Mine," Trevor laughed. "No clue where might's came from."

"Ah. Cool" Alex said

"Anyway, I'm gonna head home," Trevor admitted. "Should let Henry and them know."

"Same here." Alex said "By the way, Cas... where do you go after that?"

"Just around, really," Cass shrugged, drifting.

Trevor got on his cell and called up Henry.

Barbie Girls

Erin shrugged, then looked to marina. "Got any money on you?" she asked. "One downside to cosplay: no place to store stuff." She looked down at her medium sized bust. "Well... Maybe one spot..."

"I do have my handbag still, with some money for today....you just pay me back tonight or something.", Marina said, "So why don't you hide money there??"

"Because it feels weird..." Erin said. "And I'm not a hooker."

"Wierd how, yer wearing a part of me, isn't that weird enough?", Marina asked.

"I tried it before. It was just... akward. And it slipped down through my--" Erin looked around. "Ehhh, nevermind. I'll tell you some other time." She said, knowing that gym class probbaly hd something to do with the prediciment that she was talking about, but it wouldn't be the place to say it.

"Alright...you hungry...we should probably find the food court....", Marina said, "My treat, just pay me back..." Marina waved to Jez before leading Erin along.

Erin smiled. "I always do, don't I?" She said and took Marina's hand, heading to the food court. "What do you have in mind?"

"I was thinking fast food, Where would you like to eat honey?", Marina asked Erin.

"Pizza sounds good to me," Erin said. "Food of the gods, right there."

"I figure that works.", Marina said to her, "Any idea what kind?"

"Peperoni, deluxe, Canadian," Erin shrugged. "I'm good with anything really. Except pineapple."

"You want to order then?", Marina said to Erin, "I'm up for whatever really."

Erin looked at the pizzas and pointed to the meat lover's one. "Three slices of that one, and a drink, please." She said, waiting for Marina to take hers.

"And I'll have 2 slices of Pepperoni and some water.", Marina said and then she paid for both of them. "Just pay me back later."

"Two footlong subs sound good to you?" Erin offered.

"Maybe in the future.", Marina said to her. And the two moved to find a seat.

Erin smiled. "Nice." Taking her food, as they had the pizzas freshly cooked and waiting for people to make an order, she took the food and brought it to the table. "For you, and for me." She said. "Better go pay them too." She teased.

"I already paid...", Marina said to Erin, "You know I'm not so sure where my stomach is in clay form."

Erin shrugged. "You're asking me? Maybe you're like a collection of amoeba now and that all your cells are their own independent organism." Erin made a mental note to try and find a microscope of some sort so she could check her guess.

"I suppose that's as good an explanation as any, doesn't explain the water thing though.", Marina said, "Maybe after the con we can try out other costumes."

Erin smiled. "Sure thing, I'd like that." She replied as she ate her pizza. Finishing up, she put her trash away then looked to Marina. "Enjoying yourself, honey?"

"Yep, I can still taste the food, but I'm still not sure where it's going.", she said, throwing out her own trash. "Where to next, honey?", she said.

"No clue." Erin admitted, assuming that Marina wouldn't appreciate going to the apocalypse game. "Whatcha wanna do?"

"Hopefully there's some event we can do together.", Marina said taking out her info packet from her purse and began scanning for events they could go to. "Ah here we go..."

Meting Up: Round One-----

Jezelle and Sam were still chatting when Henry/Force and Davis caught up with them.

"Hey ladies. So is there anything else going on at this thing today?" Henry asked.

Sam jumped a slight bit. "Oh, hello Force. For me? No, not really. I came most for the panel, so i didn't make any other plans."

"How much longer does this thing go on today?"

"They have things planned until late," Davis supplied. "Not as many today, it's only the first day, but Saturday might go as late as nine."

"Well, that is good. I wouldn't know what to do here for that long. I am liking the panels though. I will need to see if I can find a list some place." Henry stated. He really did enjoy the information that he was getting. He was getting good insight in current events atleast.

Jezelle was starting to look a little bit spaced-out, though managing a pretty good effort of keeping track of the conversation.

"So much stuff here already..." Jezelle remarked a little off-topic, "I'm gonna be roasted by the end of this convention..."

"You plan to stay around?" Sam asked.

"Hell yeah; this is like, the first time I've gotten to unwind and stuff for ages -well, except for that one time, but conventions are different," Jezelle said with determination, "Even if I am gonna be a wreck after this."

Davis grinned a little bit at the 'one time' comment. "Eleven times the fun, eleven times the crash?"

"Ever tried watching eleven different televisions each with one of your favorite shows or movies on them all at the same time?" Jezelle queried Davis airily, staring off into space.

"Sounds... complicated..." Davis said. Sam nodded.

"I wouldn't know. I can't afford cable." Henry said sadly.

"Yeah I don't really know either, but that's kinda what it seems like it'd be," Jezelle said with a shrug, still half zoned out, mostly muttering to herself: "...Kinda wish Seven would stop doing that..."

"Anyone know where the others went by the way?" Asked Henry.

"Trevor and Alex just up and left," Davis said, taking a moment to make sure he got the names right. "They didn't say anything, so I don't know if they plan to come back or not."

"Hmmm. Well that is odd. Perhaps they are off doing cat things. Or perhaps they are getting a pizza." Henry said hopefully.

"Should we go look for them?" Sam asked.

"Well we could just call them since that would be simple. And if they are some place having a cat talk then they wouldn't be bothered. Just want to know what they plan to do." Henry stated.

"Well, Five and Seven recently saw Erin and Marina -they were heading off to get food," Jezelle offered.

"Five and Seven?" Davis said questioningly.

"Shorthand names for my copies," Jezelle said with a shrug, "I'm Six, for example."

"Ah, I guess that makes sense..." Davis allowed.

"So what are you planning to do?" Sam asked Six.

"Already doing most of things I'd planned; hugged most of my favorite characters, checked out a bunch of manga, seen a dozen anime and movie trailers, had a mockfight and got a Toothless plushie, and that's barely half of it," Jezelle explained a little tiredly, "I was mainly gonna keep one of me around the gang for convenience and such."

"Honestly... I'm still not sure if I understand how that clone thing of yours works," Davis admitted.

"Fuck, I don't even know how it works, there's just a bunch of me and our brains are linked; I got the knack of summoning and dismissing them but that's all I know," Jezelle said, slightly exasperated at her own power, as old issues were dredged up.

"Wait... I thought we were one of the clones," Sam said, getting a bit confused. "Didn't you say you were Six?"

"Yeah, but, I mean... I mean I'm... shit..." Jezelle paused for a moment, spacing out that she actually lost track of who she was for a moment, though her garment quickly reminded her, "Yeah, I'm Six... but I'm still me ya know... 'cause our brains are all linked, so..."

The rest of her sentence was devoured by the mass of confusion behind her eyes.

"I have found that the best way to understand it all is to just think of her like a giant batch of sisters who are all on cell phones. I don't think much beyond that I am the better because of it." Henry gave out the advice while trying to figure out what he wanted to do. He was not in to a lot of what was offered here. Comics, comics from different countries that they call a different name for some reason, actors from TV shows he has never heard of and games that he would never grasp from playing just once. He thought this would be like halloween with the costume idea but it was a very different crowd then he was used too.

The only thing that he was interested in was the meta information. He figured that he might just go to the booths and talk to them. Perhaps he could gain more insight on what is going on or even gain some new contacts. That is what the people on all the detective shows were always doing.

Both Davis and Sam started laughing at Force's comment. Not only the imagery of them constantly chatting on the phone, but also his conviction that he'd rather not think about it any more. "How long have you know each other anyway?"

Henry pointed to himself and to the Jez clone. "We met when this whole thing started. A lot of people with powers have been gravitating towards each other. Comfort, information or understanding. It is much easier to talk to someone who is going through the same issue as you then with a person who doesn't understand it."

"Maybe they will set up some support groups," Sam said somewhat thoughtfully.

"Would be a good idea. Although it seems like many have started to clump together. Our group, I spotted a group of metas who have turned part animal like the two with us. There are also groups of like minded that have been getting together to do bad things. But they are all coming together either way." Henry said thinking about all the metas that he had met in the past few weeks.

"Oh, did you here the news about the classification thing?" Davis said, suddenly remembering it.

"Did they finally figure it out? People have been trying to figure it out for awhile." Henry responded actually hearing about this just a few days ago.

"They are another step closer. They haven't actually said what the final ones are yet," Davis said. "The latest release from the research team is that all the tests they've done so far comes back as human genetics, and it's settling some of the debate about how to go about it."

"I wonder how one ranks a person. Going by powers would be hard since many people have different ones or have a combination of powers. Unless there is certain things in the blood. . . I have no clue what I am talking about." Henry threw his hands in the air. This was way over his head.

"Wait... classification?" Jezelle queried, coming to for a moment, "You mean like, giving metas some kind threat level system or something?"

"I thought it was more of a reference type thing. Like that guy has a fire type or such." Henry thought.

"What, we're pokemon now?" Jezelle asked a little blandly.

"Not sure what they intend, but they are scientists," Davis said.

"Humans are already classified. Or at least that is what my biology teacher said."

"In a lot of ways," Davis shrugged. "Scientists."

"S'long as they ain't vivisecting me I'll be happy -not that I think there's actually anything to be learned that way but that probably won't stop it..." Jezelle said, "Pretty sure my blood tests and X-Ray would have shown something in that case."

Henry's phone rang.

Henry checked the incoming call number. Seeing that it was Trevor's he answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Mr. Brick," Trevor said happily.

"Hey where did you all go? The panel is over and we are trying to figure out what we are going to do next."

"Yeah... sorry about that... Turned out Albiecat was possessed by a ghost girl and some other weird stuff..." Trevor said.

"What? Ghosts? Are those even real? So do we need to call a priest or something to get it out of him?"

"That's exactly what I said!" Trevor agreed, "But she seems decent enough. Says she knows James."

"Well this whole thing is getting weird. "

"It started weird," Trevor laughed.

"So is he going to be ok then?" Henry asked concerned.

"He's just fine. She seems pretty... benign's the word I guess. [size]Huh? Shoo, shoo...[/size] She also say's hi," Trevor sighed. "I'm not telling you what else she said."

"So what are you all planning to do for the rest of the day? We are all gathered here trying to figure things out." Henry asked.

"Yeah, I'm gonna call it a day, here," Trevor admitted. "Don't wanna be out... after dark and all..."

"Cool cool. I will spread the word around. You think the night is what caused the issue? I figure it was the people. But it is always good to be safe." Henry said.

"No clue... but it happened at night, so..." Trevor gave an unseen shrug. "Might give Albie a lift home too."

"Well then, have a safe drive. Call me if anything starts to happen. I can get there quick and help out if you need. Night man." Henry said while telling the others. "The two cats are heading home and calling it a day."

"Ghosts..." Jezelle echoed a little suspiciously, but shrugged the matter off and continued, "I guess that leaves us then, trailers to watch, people to hug and lists to make!"

"Lists?" Henry spoke while raising an eyebrow that no one could see.

"Of stuff I'm gonna buy when I get rich; I actually have time to read all these mangas and things now but no money to buy them -god I'm so poor..." Jezelle said energetically at first but rapidly became depressed as she finished.

"Welcome to my world." Henry said patting her on the shoulder.

"I need to get a business running so I can have eleven incomes," Jezelle said with a defiant pout.

"You have eleven IDs? Because the tax people will have fun with that one. Now if you start a business and have them work for free and you can not have to worry about paying employees then you can start to bank some good money. "

"That was pretty much the idea; the tax people can complain all they want but if I don't technically have employees then their hands are tied," Jezelle said with a shrug, "Three's been working on the idea for awhile. And the bonus is I won't be stealing jobs."

"Going to need start up money for pretty much any business. That is the hard part." Henry brought up.

"Hoping to get a decent loan, been taking my time trying to come up with a good business plan to convince a bank; with eleven times the income I'm pretty sure I'd pay it back quickly enough -just trying to get them to believe that without telling them I'm a meta will be the interesting part..." Jezelle said.

"Our you could come out and say that you are a meta friendly business and have the 'it' factor. Could work out. Then again what kind of business were you thinking of starting?"

"I'll just stick with something basic like a cafe or whatever until things are stable," Jezelle replied with a carefree shrug. The idea of trying to poke the bank for a response with the 'I'm a Meta' factor was an intriguing one though... but it'd probably be safer to stay hidden.

The Cats and the Ghost=====

Trevor just looked at him. "Never a dull week with us, is it?"

"With how different the powers are... I this hasn't even started yet." Alex said.

"I don't even know anymore... things are too complicated," Trevor sighed.

"At least you got a good day out of it," Cass said.

"Who me?" Alex asked "I still didn't like the con..."

"You can't please this guy," Cass sighed.

"Whats wrong with the con?" Trevor asked at the same time.

"You know that tastes are subjective, right?" Alex countered

"Yeah... that's why the con has something for everyone... Games, shows, movies, tech and more..." Trevor pointed out..

"It's like saying that if I don't like cake Ill like it if it will be lots of different cakes." Alex replied "Really, the con didn't seem like too much of fun for me..."

"He decided that before we got here," Cass muttered.

"I've told everyone that I won't go to con before anyway. I didn't like it in the end anyway" Alex countered.

"Stupid cat, aren't you?" Trevor smirked.

"Why?" Alex asked and made a sadface.

"Cause you're stubborn," Trevor said. "Anyway, what power practice were you doing?"

"Stubbornness isn't sign of stupidity," Alex replied "Power practice? Well, I tried to get the hang of my powers that dealt damage to electronics. I think I figured out how to do it."

Trevor backed away slightly. "Oi... I just got my phone back... You break, and I'll... do something that you'd really not want me to do."

"No worries..." Alex muttered "I keep it under control now."

"No zappa my cellphone," Trevor said, reiterating the warning.

"A bit hung up on that cell phone thing, aren't you?" Cass teased.

Alex replied "Yeah, yeah, I got it already."

"Hmm..." Trevor said, still not entirely convinced. "Anyway... any clue how it works?"

"My bet is on microwaves. At least it looked like that when I was testing it on empty CDs" Alex replied.

"Microwaves? Like the oven? Or like the radio telescope?" Trevor asked.

"I... Dunno completely yet, but as of now they act like oven ones" Alex replied "...actually, when do you plan to get out of here? With that invisible wall being in this unorthodox location.... It's quite obvious that something's wrong."

"It's a service corridor. People walk pass then without a care," Trevor shrugged. "Though... I really don't know how these walls work..."

Cass drifted over and floated throught it a few times. "Like a wall?"

"Ah well... Still, we'd better find a better place, I guess." Alex said "...scratch out one of these "better". The point still stands tho."

"It's the convention centre during the con," Trevor said blandly. "Pretty much every space is booked out to some group or other." Inwardly, he considered that there might be a few rooms empty, but really... he had no idea were to look for those, and they'd be locked anyway.

"Ah well... Hey, want me to show off that power?" Alex suddenly suggested. Yes, he got that bored.

"Just not on my phone," Trevor warned.

Alex looked around for any suitable target. He already hated himself for that but... Yeah, the lights might be a good option. "Let's see how it works..." Alex said and started staring at the ceiling light, focusing on it and his "Microwave emission" state of mind.

[Alex Used Power: Microwaves on the ceiling light(s)]

The light flickered at first, then fizzed out with a somewhat impressive burst of spark that had Trevor covering his head with his arm. "Okay... that was pretty cool."

Alex bursted into a short lived evil laughter. "That was satisfying!" he stated "First time doing that on light bulbs actually." he grinned "Now with some knowledge of physics I can apply this thing to even more interesting values. I wonder if it works on organics too... Anybody has anything that I can try to heat up?"

"Not it," Trevor declared.

"I'm not getting into that one either," Cass agreed.

"Darn. I want to test if this power is good at making food warm..." Alex said "Anyway, that's pretty much summing up my powerset for now. For now."

"I don't even know what I can do anymore. Not that I did in the first place," Trevor admitted. "Oh, I did figure out something new... wanna see?"

"That was a rhethoric question eh?" Alex said with a smirk "Go on."

Trevor closed his eyes and exhaled. He hadn't fully gotten a hang of it yet, and his memories of using it were seriously hazy. He inhaled, and exhaled another time. On the third, the stripes on his hands started glowing that pale silver grey light, intensifying, then dimming when he exhaled again. On the fourth inhalation, stripes similar to the ones on his arms glowed on the wall he set up, dimming in time with it before fading as he let the focus slip. He opened his eyes. "Well? What do you think?"

Alex's right ear dropped down to his head and he blinked few times "Wow, that's cool. You can control the pattern now?" he asked.

"No idea," Trevor said. "I think it's some sort of extra energy I have bottled up... And it's... cold. It burns if I don't use it for a while."

Alex tilted his head to the side "Seems weird. But well, we are all weird here..." he looked around to see if Cass is still here. "Burns if you don't use it for a while? How so?"

Cass waved at him. Trevor shrugged. "Not sure how else to explain it... I just remember it burning. Being really cold. It wore off after... stuff happened and I started using it a lot. I figure it builds up and starts... seeping out"

"Huh... Strange, strange... My scientist part tells me to go and try to push limit but the common sense reminds me that you are my friend and I don't want you to have any troubles, so take care" Alex said "Frostburns are nasty things"

"Never had one, and really don't want to get one..." Trevor said. He sighed. "Perfect... now I'm scared of my powers even more..."

"Hey, if something bad happens, I am sure we have one more person that can steer us into safe direction" Alex said, glancing at Cassandra "For example, stopping a big-damn Trevcats with possession."

"Wouldn't that just hurt me if his powers hurt himself?" Cass asked.

"And don't encourage her..." Trevor said.

"But if he panics and loses control, you can do intervention and help him" Alex replied. "Have you ever considered using your powers for "fun" by the way?" Alex asked Cassandra after a while "If you catch my drift"

"What is with you people and coming up with solutions that keep ending up with me getting hurt," Trevor muttered.

"Get your mind out of the gutter fuzzbrain," Cass warned.

"I am 16, my mind is ALWAYS in the gutter!" Alex replied "That solution is actually a preventative measure that stops you from getting hurt any more."

"Right..." Trevor said skeptically.

"I mean... When you get out of control, Cass goes in and then stops the further damage. That's what I've meant initially" Alex replied

"I'm not even going to bother anymore," Trevor muttered. He glanced at his phone for a time check. "Hmm... panel should be finished by now..."

"What that means for us?" Alex asked.

"I dunno... I guess I could call it a day," Trevor said thoughtfully.

"Maybe... I guess I'll get back to my lonely homesitting after con. You?" Alex asked.

"Isn't your dad around?" Trevor asked.

"He usually returns home late lately. And then goes out early..." Alex said "...damn, I've never considered how much does he work..." he looked down and sighed "...crap."

"What does he do for a living?" Trevor asked.

"He's a programmer. A cool one. Now he leads his own team tho, not much coding on his part" Alex replied.

"Nice. Might's just a counsoller and a speaker," Trevor said.

"Might's?" Alex asked

"Mine, Mine, Mine," Trevor laughed. "No clue where might's came from."

"Ah. Cool" Alex said

"Anyway, I'm gonna head home," Trevor admitted. "Should let Henry and them know."

"Same here." Alex said "By the way, Cas... where do you go after that?"

"Just around, really," Cass shrugged, drifting.

Trevor got on his cell and called up Henry.

Day Two

Day two started like the one before it. Sunrise. And whatever preparations that each person had to make for their day. Trevor, for his part, decided to change his cosplay a bit. He just grabbed a set of cargo pants, a shirt and a set of googles. Trevor; pirate of the high seas, eater of the Neko Neko fruit.

Yeah... was a stretch, he admitted, but still cool. And he had a car. Bad talk his idea and he would run you over. Twice. Then again in reverse. Then he changed his mind, got his medalion from Skin Deep and decided he would be a nemean lion. Just as cool.

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Despite practically being a zombie due to mental exhaustion by the time Jezelle got home, she was up and at them like usual with barely a hint at the rigors of yesterday. Except for a mild prank from Four involving absent pyjamas when she woke up in the morning, things were progressing much like yesterday: from chowing down on a gigantic breakfast to Two and Three getting the costumes sorted out again and attempting to air them dry from the quick wash while First was showering in preparation for the day.

She decided to keep the same costumes partially for consistency and partially because she hadn't had the time nor inspiration for a whole new eleven costumes, so they were all slowly morphing about their features in front of mirrors until they were the same as yesterday.

~~~~~

Henry spent most of his night doing what he did most of the time. He patrolled for a while but saw nothing. Normally things would be happening but it seemed oddly dead out. Perhaps all the activity with the con was pulling all the people in and they were just tired. Henry didn't know so he called it a night pretty early and instead went to the 24-hour market to pick somethings up. A new tool belt, a small fire extinguisher, small first aid kit and some fresh batteries and he was done and headed back to his apartment.

He spent the rest of the evening charging his phones and cleaning the armor and airing it out. He worked with the new tool belt and got everything attached as best as he could. It looked a bit odd but it would have to do. He didn't have any high tech toys to use but the basics would work just fine. He added his flash light and the tape and zip ties to the belt as well. The last thing to be added were his note cards and pencils.

Henry then went to his room that he had converted into a work space. He had the bed standing up and against the wall. On the main wall that was normally bare he had a large number of push pins and note cards. In the middle was a large map that had colored pins in it as well. Green for bug sightings and attacks. Yellow for meta crimes and black for other. He had to review them now to add in the information he just got. If what Davis said was true then almost all of these were connected and he had a hand in messing up a number of their plans. Great.

[[<http://img543.imageshack.us/img543/3545/dzel.jpg> Meh? (Used red for meta cause yellow didn't show up.) Hmm... I think my petty crime is a bit lacking, but some of the meta is petty too, the person just tested positive.]]

The hours flowed by until his phone alarm went off telling him it was time to get eat and get ready for the con. Well it was going to be an interesting day either way.

~~~~~

Trevor hit the speaker phone button on his phone as he got into his ride, ringing up Jez as as he paused to check the funds in his wallet. Not a whole lot... He should probably get some more currency.

Still finishing off the last aspects of the costumes, JezIchigo was busy messing around with JezOrihime's hair to get the style right when Three dutifully delivered the cellphone.

"Hi hi," Jezelle answered, pinning the phone between a cheek and her shoulder as she worked.

"Hello! I'm calling from Grey Sweepstakes." Trevor said in the cheery tones of a telemarketer/call center worker. "You are eligible to win 5000 aeromiles and a trip for two to the caribbean destination of your choice! Are you over the age of 21?"

"Aww, don't get my hopes up like that," Jezelle sighed in mock-disappointment, "I'm a couple of months short and you're 9 seats too few."

"If you did win something like that, couldn't you just go legion at the other end?" Trevor asked, dropping back to his regular tones. "You don't have to have the full set out for the flight, I mean."

"And miss out on a party on the plane or whatever? Besides, it's annoying to keep them dismissed," Jezelle replied with a helplessness to her tone.

Somewhere in the background there was Jezelle arguing with another:

(Nope, too big,)

(Serious?)

(Yes)

"There's a party on this plane and me, myself and I are invited?" Trevor suggested, somewhat distractedly as he eavesdropped on the other two in the background. He had very good ears. He probably didn't even need to put the phone on speaker. Old habits, he supposed.

"That almost makes me sound incredibly narcissistic..." Jezelle said, zoning out a bit in thought but only for a moment, "I assume you're all ready or something then?"

(I think you're being silly about this)

(And I think you're trying too hard)

(They look exactly the same as last time!)

"Yeah... about to head out..." Trevor said a bit more distracted. Okay... so maybe that convo wasn't about what it sounded like at first. Maybe... "Okay... I'll bite... what the seka' is going on over there?"

"Huh? What the what is where?" Jezelle said at first, a bit confused though it connected quickly enough, "Oh! Um, nothing, just some minor superpower problems and stuff, disagreements in the legion, the usual."

(How would you know? They're clearly too big, Look!)

(Ohmygod would you two stop doing that!)

Trevor was silence for a moment. A prolonged moment. "You should probably tell them that that is not what it sounds like," Trevor finally managed.

"How are you even... fucken cat ears..." Jezelle grumbled, employing one of the legion to go sort things out.

(Oh shit!) Followed by a rather loud crash.

(Pffthahaha! Well that just made things worse! Hahahaa!)

"Yeah..." Trevor said slowly. "Moving on before stuff happens... can you do conference calling? I never quite figured out how it worked (or if it worked) on my phone."

"Um... maybe? I haven't actually bothered checking that part out, I either got hivemind or text messages, ya know?" Jezelle said with a slight frown, trying to get one of the others to investigate their phones.

"Wanted to get Henry in on stuff to see what time he was planning on showing up and other such logistics type issues," Trevor sighed.

"The man can fly, just send him a text and he'll be on your doorstep in a couple of minutes or something," Jezelle said airily, thinking she was about finished with JezOrihime's hair.

"Wunderbar... now I've got the image of Henry flying with an inverted pyramid of Jez's standing on his shoulders stuck in my head... like those water skiing tricks. Without the skis. Or the boat. Or the water," Trevor said, facepalming.

"...that sounds awesome..." Jezelle said in a bit of awe after a moment of catching up with the train of thought, "Ya know I could do that, I did learn quite a few tricks as a cheerleader..."

"You fall, and I laugh. Then likely weep since you might die, but at some point I will laugh," Trevor noted laconically.

"Aww, you'd cry over my eleven graves? That's so sweet," Jezelle said a little dryly yet fawning.

"Each and every one of them," Trevor confirmed in a serious tone.

"But mostly mine right?" another Jez called out to the phone.

"Shaddap," Jezelle grumbled.

"I'm gonna guess.... Fourth or Second," Trevor tried. They all had the same voice and accent, so aside from those minute differences in scent, it wasn't easy to tell them apart from personality.

"Consider Second isn't apparently obsessed I thought it'd be obvious..." Jezelle said casually at first but trailed off in a manner of one realizing they spoke a bit too fast for their brain to keep up. Another crash followed.

(Uhm... I think you knocked Fourth out...)

(What? Ohgoddammitclone, grrrr)

"Um... everything alright over there? Need me to come over and help?" Trevor asked cautiously.

"What!? Nope! Nope nope, all good here! We're totally ready whenever, might head off... a little later though... ya know, to sort some stuff out. But everything's fine here," Jezelle said, suddenly flustered all of a sudden.

"If you say so, I guess," Trevor said, not totally convinced. "How you plan on getting there? I could give you a lift."

"I... I um... Well I was going to take the bus..." Jezelle said, strangely agitated about something all of a sudden, "There's like eleven of me, as much as it'd look hilarious to cram eleven people into your car..."

"The words 'clown car' do come to mind..." Trevor admitted. He briefly had an image of boxing the extra ones and sticking said box to the roof of the car. He honestly had no idea if that idea was plausible, but it did make him smile ever so slightly.

"I s'pose I could have... some of me go... I um... gah! I totally ripped off the bus driver last time," Jezelle finally admitted, sounding thoroughly ashamed of herself.

Trevor laughed. "Even the purest souls can fall prey to temptation. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"Wh- I didn't technically rip him off, there was technically only one of me anyway, and... bleh, see ya then..." Jezelle said in defeat.

Trevor grinned and hung up and started his car as he dialed up another number. Henry's this time.

Henry checked the phone and saw that it was from Trevor. He was glad that he charged the phone earlier since it was getting a work out.

"Hello."

"Hey, darling! How are the kids?" Trevor said sweetly. He loved greeting people, Henry in particular, with extremely weird things.

"I think you have the wrong number Trevor. This is Henry." Henry said with a sigh.

"You didn't hang up this time!" Trevor said, his voice conveying his grin. "That's... 12 times to 7, if my count is right," he said cheerfully. "Anyway, how's it hanging Superman double-U-Bee?"

"Things are going. Getting all my stuff ready for the day. What are you up to?"

"Leaving now, going to give some of the legion a ride," Trevor reported dutifully. Then he grinned. "Not a lift though. That's what you would do."

"You taking all of them in your car? How are they going to fit? There are like 20 of them."

"Only taking some of them," Trevor grinned. "Honestly, I considered putting the rest of them in a box and sticking it on top of the car, but that would be ridiculous. And possibly illegal."

"Plus it would draw a lot of attention as well. But then again that might not be an issue. Or you can make a box for all of you and I can carry it over there. Would cut down on gas and parking prices." Henry offered.

"And that won't?" Trevor asked, raising an unseen eyebrow as he pulled up at a stoplight. He looked over at the driver beside him. The man paled a little, so Trevor smiled, mouthful of carnivore-esque teeth on full display. The other driver peeled off as soon as the light changed.

"I would drop us off some place out of direct sight. Plus I am in costume as are the rest so people won't know who we are."

"And a flying box with a car and fair gaggle of people in it is discret..." Trevor chuckled, half at the idea, and half at the man's response.

//ah... right... I was supposed to give the box concealment/color blending... alas, alas. Later.

"I would just leave the car. There is no need for it. Just use the box. Like I said no need to pay for parking. Since it costs about an arm and a leg to park for the day down town."

"Okay... next question... how much weight can those boxes of mine take anyway? I never actually tested it," Trevor admitted.



"How am I supposed to know? It is your box. Try using it on your car and see what happens."

"You do remember I'm not as strong as you, right?" Trevor said slowly.

"Well we know that it can hold two people atleast. Just make the box over a curb and drive on the box and see if it makes it or breaks it."

"This is such a stupid idea," Trevor muttered to himself, taking a right into a parking lot instead. "If cobie gets damaged I'm making you pay for it," he warned.

"If it break you will only be a few inches off the ground. If your car breaks then you had a piece of garbage car to start with."

"Cobie and I take offense to that!" Trevor said. It took a bit of finangling, but he made a ramp and platform like thing. They didn't make it... shattering as the car's weight pressed on it.

"Yeah... no go."

//Rank 2: heavy load str 10

"Need a better box. Well it was an idea. Well you will have an interesting time getting them all in your car now."

"You could just give them all a piggie back ride, you know," Trevor scowled. Maybe he could try that reinforcing thing... but... He'd rather not, honestly.

"That would be a bit akward toting around twenty some odd people. Perhaps I should just meet you all there. I'm sure that you will figure a way out."

"You sure you remember how to drive? It has been a while," Trevor teased.

"I drove yesterday. It wasn't too hard since you know I do it most days. Although today I plan to just fly there. You would be surprised how few people look up during the day."

"Not all that... you forget I'd been jumping around roof tops last week," Trevor pointed out. "Peds are too busy walking to wherever they are walking to, and most drivers are too busy watching their mirrors and street signs to process stuff in time."

"And this is why they never see me coming. That is why I plan to fly to the con today. I will just land behind some builds and walk the rest of the way."

"Fly to con today... I'm going to figure out a way to fly... just so you can't be that smug about it," Trevor muttered.

"I do not think I am smug about it. I just don't want to pay for parking. Plus it saves on gas as well. This is a money situation. But any how are we meeting up there or just for lunch or something?"

"Sure... it's all about the savings..." Trevor smirked as he pattered along the road. "I plan on doing a full con run today, and I know a lot of it bores you..."

"I plan on going to a lot of the tables and talking with the organizations that are there. Perhaps widen my information circle. Plus will need to talk to you about some stuff that I rather not do over the phone."

"You have an information circle?" Trevor asked. "Since when? Who's in it? How'd you even get one?"

"I talk to people we meet and follow up. I have Isaac, our Doctor, Allied and a few other sources. I like to follow up on things that I see and work with them to get them what they need. It has been working out and I am finally getting the information that I need. Which is one of the things I wanted to talk to you and Jez about. "

"And they mentioned Allied yesterday..." Trevor mused. He still hadn't gotten a clear breakdown on who Allied was, but they seemed to be someone or something important. Or at least big league. "So I guess we'll need to meet up then..."

"I guess or I can just say to watch out and on your guard but that sounds pretty cryptic doesn't it."

"Very..." Trevor sighed.

"So I should meet you all at Jez's place or at the con?"

"Jez's place," Trev said. "Wait... question: Is it faster for you to ride in your van, or for your van to ride you?"

"I don't know. I have never owned a van. But it is normally faster since I can go in a stright line and don't have to stop for red lights or stop signs."

"Van, truck, whatever," Trevor muttered. "We went through this."

"I know and yet you still have them mixed up. But hey I will make my way there now and should meet you soon." Henry said as he started to put on his outfit and made his way to the window to take off. He should make it there in a bit perhaps getting there as soon as Trevor did.

"One man's Van is another man's Truck," Trevor declared.

"One man's truck is a truck and that other guy has a van. That is like saying one man's sports car is another man's golf cart." Henry said over the sound of rushing wind as he made a bee line to Jez's house.

"Just cause they call your van a truck here, doesn't mean they do everywhere," Trevor said, sticking to his terminology.

"Bah, it is a truck because it is a truck. Any how I am making my way there. How close are you?"

"E.T.A; Two minutes, and... 37 seconds, give or take. Accounting for stop signs and... that guy-that just hit the breaks without warning!" Trevor hurriedly hit his own brakes and swerved to avoid the person that decided it was a wonderful idea to just stop. "Okay... I really need to learn how to fly..." he muttered.

Henry continued to fly straight toward the house while looking down at the city below him. It was a nice view from where he was and he could see the blocks going by as he went. "Can you move the box when you make one?"

"Yeah, why?" Trevor asked.

"Why don't you put your self in the box and move it. It would move you and the box."

"I need to train my boxes first," Trevor said. "I tried it once, but my boxes were a little too weak. Or... I was a little too heavy..." He turned down Jez's street.

"Maybe it is like a muscle and you just need to work it out more. Need to work on heavier things and see if you can lift them. Then work on something your own weight. It is what I do in the gym." Henry said as he was about three fourths of the way there.

"The gym has weights heavy enough for you?" Trevor said in surprise.

"It used to until this whole thing started. Now I have no clue. I feel that I could lift the whole weight rack. But then again one day I will need to find out what I can pick up. I am about 5 minutes out. I will be landing in the back so you all can let me in."

"I'm just about at the front door. Well, at the curb," Trevor ammended.

"Well then I will be there soon." Henry said and pushed to go faster.

"Don't pull a musc- wait... how do you fly anyway?" Trevor said thoughtfully. He cheerfully and braisenly, considering the lack of a cover, rapped a beat on the door to the Legion residence. "I know you're in there!"

There was a bit of a crash as Jezelle answered the door, though the scene that greeted Trevor was most peculiar as the JezIchigo had one of the legion slung over a shoulder, and looked awfully grizzled like she'd just been through a war and was ready to kill someone.

"Don't. Fuckin'. Ask," Jezelle said with a death stare at Trevor and a threatening finger.

Trevor swallowed the obvious question at that glare with an audible gulp. Hell, he considered calling up a wall between them. They was the look she normally gave him right before she punched him. "Henry offered to give some of you a ride," he said with a slight chirp.

With a startling jump of atmosphere, the grizzled war veteran suddenly turned into a pleasantly surprised young woman.

"Oh," Jezelle remarked, rather happy to know she wouldn't have to find alternative legal methods of transportation. Except apparently Two was more excited, as she suddenly appeared at the door half-jumping onto First's shoulders so she could fit -which ended up being a terrible decision.

Jezelle fell slightly and tossed the unconscious Fourth from her shoulder at Trevor to try and get her balance back, disappearing a bit of a tangle as she tried to throttle the childish Two.

"Hey!" Trevor said, awkwardly catching the deadweight of limbs and hair and other such body parts. "A little warning next time... "

"I've had it up to here with myself," Jezelle grumbled in frustration, holding Two in a headlock -whom was still looking rather upbeat despite her predicament, "When's he arriving anyways?"

"Huh... he said we was a few minutes out. He's flying in," Trevor said after a moment's hesitation. He looked down at the prone girl in his hand, then back up at the original and her still happy duplicate. "So, um... Is this the part were you ask me to take this one home or something?"

"She's not drunk ya idjut, I just beat the crap out of her, she'll wake up again, we'll just have a quieter ride to the con and I certainly won't be complaining," Jezelle said, actually a touch happy with herself for prospect of an eventless drive, even though she sort of suspected Fourth had done that on purpose so there was no choice but to bring her with Trevor's car... Sometimes she felt schizophrenic...

Though after a moment of realization, JezIchigo's cheeks went a slight shade of red and she quickly shoved Two to the side and went to retrieve Fourth, holding her chair-style in her arms.

"You didn't... grab anything... did you? I can't tell when they're unconscious..." Jezelle said suspiciously.

"Grab anything? I've been... Oh..." Trevor said, realized what she meant a moment after the fact. "Hey! The only thing I've grabbed is her, and that's only because you tossed her at me with no warning! I'm a cat, not a pig!"

"It was a reflex!" Jezelle said defensively.

"You toss yourself at people as a reflex?" Trevor said, eyes wide. "What kinda messed up reflex is that?"

"Two, hit him for me," Jezelle said flatly, except Two seemed to take that as a sign she should pat Trevor on the head. Cue groan and desire for a hand free to facepalm.

"I only tossed what I was carrying, it was a coincidence," Jezelle sighed.

Trevor purred ever so slightly before getting back on track with a slightly awkward jolt. "Yeah... I'm never letting you carry me... Speaking of... You know I can likely carry something like four of you, right? You're really jabbing at chivalry here..."

"Fine! You carry her!" Jezelle said in exasperation, tossing the unconscious Fourth yet again at Trevor, though in her current position she was likely easier to catch.

"Ooo! Me too!" Two said, jumping at Trevor.

"Oh god..." Jezelle said, covering her face with a palm.

"Aw, wait!" Trevor protested in vain, since Fourth was already airborne. He barely managed to catch her. He would have probably protest some more, but Second desiged to leap at him, and join the party. "Two of you? Meh..."

Jezelle raised her eyebrows for a moment before lowering them in suspicion, her brain working on all cylinders now.

"Hmm... nope," Jezelle said plainly, apparently answering something before shrugging the matter off airily, "I'm catching onto your schemes a lot quicker now, maybe having Fourth out cold is helping that..."

"Schemes?" Trevor echoed, shifting Fourth slightly. "Oi, shift over a bit Two. You know, you've been getting kinda paranoid lately, Jez..."

"Oh so it was a complete coincidence that rising to your little challenge would result in piling all eleven of me on you, and you didn't realize it?" Jezelle said dryly, folding her arms.

"Wait... you plan to pile all eleven of you on me?" Trevor said, eyes wide. "I know I can handle a couple of you, but... not that you're heavy or anything." He added the last bit hastily since some women were sensitive about that. Wait... hadn't he been in this situation once or twice before?

"What'd you expect with a comment like 'Meh' after saddling you with twice my weight?" Jezelle queried scrutinizingly, undeterred.

//hmm... he can carry all eleven of them... just under heavy load

"Um... 'what big manly arms you have' sounds pretty chauvanistic, but no ulterior motive. Honest," Trevor said, perking tail and ears since he couldn't exactly lift his arms. "Scout's honour."

"M'fraid Henry trumps you there," Jezelle said apologetically, a helpless shrug to accentuate, going a bit thoughtful afterwards and mostly talking to herself, "...I seem to overestimate you..."

"Of course superman trumps me... I'm just the cat and- wait..." Trevor paused. "Overestimate? Overestimate about what?" He looked at Two, who was far more willing to tell him things than Prime was. "What does she mean overestimate?"

Two just giggled and patted Trevor sympathetically.

[Henry arrive here]

Henry came in above Jez's place. He decided to just drop to her door and knocked on the door. He would wait until they came to let him in.

"Considering I have my... hands full," Trevor said with an innocent grin.

"That sounds a lot more suspicious than it should..." Jezelle said, eyes dangerously narrow as Seven went to answer the door promptly.

Thus the JezYoruichi easily slung open the door and quickly tended to her pony-tail to get it sitting right.

"Wassup?" Seven said airily to Henry.

"Not much. Just thought I should touch base before we headed off to the con. You all ready here?" Henry said stepping in to the house.

"Yup, all set -sides from First flirting with Trev, we're pretty much waiting to go," Seven said with a shrug.

"I AM NOT FLIRTING," was yelled in reply.

"So... how's this going to work?" Seven queried, leading the way to where Trevor and the rest of the legion was gathering.

"Wait... she was flirting with me?" Trevor asked Two, blinking with surprise. He was doing that a lot lately. "How did I miss that?"

"That was just Seven -she's a lot like Four, just more dangerous," Two quickly replied as if that answered everything.

"If you guys are... personality focuses of Jez..." Trevor started, whispering at Two, "and she has two like fourth... doesn't that mean she's secretly really..." He groped for a word then left it open in the end.

"Ummm, well I always seemed to end up listening to the weirdest conversation between you two."

The subtext was getting a bit too much for First now, from the suggestions of Trevor and then some vaguer ones from a different from Henry of all people, she was getting a bit overwhelmed and her blushing was harder to conceal.

"Soooo! How's this working anyways? Trevor totally suggested some awesome upside-down triangle water-skiing trick I could pull for the laughs, there'd be like, what, five of me in Trev's car and six for Henry, yeah?" Jezelle issued out in a bit of a quick stream, looking a bit off-balance and out of it as though trying to dodge all the subtext.

"Hmmm I could try and carry you but that would be awkward and dangerous I feel. Can't you just go down to one and form there in the bathroom or out of sight some place?" Henry asked

"You haven't seen how long it takes me to put all this stuff on and make all the changes," Jezelle said a little awkwardly, "Can't do a rough job on this kinda thing otherwise people will figure out that there's more than one of me."

"I can put Fourth in the trunk," Trevor offered. "Frees up one more space."

"Can't you teleport there? That would seem a simple solution."

Seven just snorted with laughter at the notion of yet someone else in Trevor's trunk, while First went to answer Henry.

"I had a race with Three awhile ago, I teleport about as far and fast as I can run... it's not that useful really," Jezelle said regretfully.

"Well then. It seems like you will need to take multiple trips then."

"...If by multiple you mean several thousand teleports? Coz I'd basically be running to the convention..." Jezelle said, cocking her head to a side.

"I meant that you would need to make many trips with the car. That way they can get there. How did you get there yesterday?"

"I ripped off the bus driver...", Jezelle said quietly, tapping her index fingers together and glancing off to the side.

"So any other ideas? Because I do not have any. I am my own transportation." Henry said with a shrug.

"That's why you should totally carry the other six!" Jezelle suggested.

"How would that even work. I can pick up stuff but six people at once? I don't have enough arms or even big enough ones. Trevor's boxes can't hold enough either."

Seven looked like she was about to say something with a devious smirk on her face, except First disappeared for an instant and reappeared with her knee smashed into Seven's stomach, nearly folding her in half and knocking her out.

And with blunt carelessness, First tossed Seven over to Trevor.

"Relax, we can hang on," Jezelle assured like nothing had happened.

"Ah!" Trevor yelped, trying to juggle the two he already had and failing, Seven crashing to the ground. "What is with you and knocking yourself out! Then tossing them at me!"



1d20+6=9

Henry raised an eyebrow at this. Just what was she doing? "I still do not think it is safe. One of you falls and you are going to die."

[phone rings here]

"I ain't gonna fall unless you drop me, I'll have twelve hands to hold on and teleporting if shit really hits the fan," Jezelle said easily.

"This is a poor idea. A bad one even."

"Well you were comfortable with a bunch of me in your truck, want me to pile into Trev's car and you just fly us all there or something?" Jezelle queried with a sigh.

"I was trying to get around bringing a car in via the sky. I am thinking normal transportation is the way to go here."

"Um... Two... that's my phone ringing there... I kinda need a free hand to answer that..." Trevor said.

Being the silly childish one, Two instead dug into Trevor's pocket ("Oi! Watch that hand!"), answered the phone and put it up to his ear.

Trevor muttered before answering. "Rain Industries. Owner and operator speaking."

"Yes it's Marina, I was looking for someone, Trevor, is he there?", Marina asked over the phone, she recognized his voice, but figured she could play along.

"Alright, I'll go rip the bus driver off again," Jezelle sighed to Henry, rallying up the rest of the legion.

"He got laid off. Something about all the women ending up in his arm," Trevor responded. Hey, if that's what Jez had for her idea... "Hold on.... I'll try reinforcing the box, just give me a minute."

"All the women or just that one woman?", Marina teased.

"Three so far..." Trevor said. "What's up."

"I haven't heard from you for days...was wondering if you were going to the convention today...and if you want bring the women...the more the merrier.", Marina said.

"Got stuff to sort out but yeah, we'll turn up. Hopefully," Trevor said. He tried to shift his two 'passengers' a bit so they sat easier.

"Erin and I are getting close.", Marina said, "I'd be interested in seeing what you've been up to these past weeks...Was thinking we could find a meeting place....By the way those three women, what are their names?" Marina could hazard a guess, but on the off chance she was wrong.

"No prying now," Trevor warned. "Cat's keep secrets too."

"As long as the cat hasn't had kittens yet, I think we're safe.", Marina said, "So, where and when you think you guys will get there?"

"We haven't even worked out how we are getting there," Trevor said rolling his eyes. "Ow! Not so hard..." he muttered at Two.

"Well alright...could you call when you get there so we can try to arrange something... should be fun...", Marina suggested.

"Sure, sure..." Trevor sighed. If they even got there.

"What seems to be the problem?", Marina asked, "The ladies keeping you?"

"Just logistics," Trevor said dismissively.

"Alright then...I wish I could help, but I don't even have a car.", Marina said.

"Anyway, we have stuff to sort out if we are to ever get around to leaving, so..." Trevor said.

"So? See you then?", Marina asked.

"Can't do that if I'm on the phone..." Trevor pointed out.

"Oh right...guess I should I hang up now?", Marina said, "Well see you soon...bye." Marina hung up. She hoped they would still get there soon.

Trevor sighed. "Right... back to transport issue?"

"You said something about a reinforced box or something," Jezelle reminded, most of her legion in a poise to leave for the bus but had been waylaid by a casual word from Trevor.

"Um... right..." Trevor said, regretting it now. "I'll need hands free for this though..."

Two hopped down and collected Fourth, trading her for Trevor's phone while Three picked up Seven; the two went to deposit the unconscious Jezelles in the car while they waited.

"Okay... quick review... you remember night before last, right?" Trevor asked.

"Humm... hazy... too much partying and crazy crap and convention..." Jezelle said at first, partially zoned out scouring her memories, "Something to do with yer giant catness?"

"Yeah. Apparently, I've got a few more skills than I realized. Like a... pool I suppose, of cold power I can apparently tap. I think I can use it to make my boxes stronger," Trevor explained.

"...Well... that sounds... um... I can't really use 'strange' any more..." Jezelle said, a bit lost all of a sudden.

"So... you have a hammer?" Trevor asked.

"...Wait, what?" Jezelle said, snapping back and still lost.

"You'd rather me test the strength of the boxes when someone is riding in it?" Trevor asked, quirking an ear and eyebrow.

"...In case any stray hammers hit me while I'm flying around..." Jezelle returned.

"To wack the box to see how tough it is," Trevor rolled his eyes.

"Can't we just kick it or something? Maybe a rock?" Jezelle said hopelessly.

"Whatever Miss I Hate Pounding," Trevor muttered, making a box somewhat smaller than a shoe box. He didn't make it invisible this time, so it has a faint blue grey hue to it.

"You need a hammer?" Henry asked as he walked over to the box and put a hand on either side. "You know what is better than a hammer?" Henry looked Trevor in the eye. "Me."

"Point... but I don't think you'd have an issue breaking any box I could make," Trevor admitted with a nervous smile. "Go see how easy it is with that one."

::Henry box break <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4260197/> = 23

Le Box! She shattas! 1d20+2=15 Henry's palms feel pleasantly cool as the fragments scatter and fade.

"See? That's why I can't carry more than one person in those," Trevor said.

"How many boxes can you make a time?"

"Two at the moment," Trevor said, sizing up the room. "About nine, ten feet across or so is my limit though." He extended a hand, palm out, then let a surface expand from it, the same faint blue grey hue marking it's area, until it was about seven feet by seven feet. He closed his eyes, and touched that pool again. This time, it was like dipping into frigid water and he felt numb all over as the stripes on his arms glowed, the pattern reflected on the box from a moment. He hissed and tried to shake the feeling from his hand. "Try punching this one."

Fort Save=9 -3 con, dex

Create Object to rank 5

"Hmmm, I ahve seen that look before. You aren't going to grow bigger are you?" Henry said while getting his hands on the box and shoving it hard.

::Henry box breaking <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4260239/> = 31 (He breaks things)

"I wanted to see if that was any harder than the last one... Before going full scale..." Trevor said, looking at the fading remains of his most recent endeavour. "This is why I said use a hammer..."

"Well if your box can survive me then it can survive anything. So these are boxes? Can you make a different shape?"

"I... think so," Trevor said, thinking back. "Boxes and flat surfaces come easiest... but I think I can make other stuff."

"Well I know that boxes have a lot of empty space in them. If you could make a flat surface but make it thicker that could help is be stronger."

"I suppose," Trevor said, waving a hand in the air, making a thin panel that just hovered there.

"If you could make it thicker then it could hold more. Or put two on top of each other. That might help. Then again I am not very well suited for this type of thing."

"So yeah... As crazy as this seems, it might actually work..." Trevor said, thinking it through. "I might be able to make a handle or something for you to hold onto..." For some reason, the more he talked, the crazier the idea seemed.

"Like a giant basket. I can lift it and carry you to the con. Plus if it does work we have a great means of transportation for us."

"Air Henry," Trevor chuckled.

"Well we have a little time and the need for it so we could try it. Do a low flying to start to make sure that it holds."

Trevor muttered some things about what could go wrong with that idea as he wandered into Jez's backyard. The need for space in the construction of this structure and all that sort of thing.

Henry followed Trevor to the backyard. He would be able to test the basket about two feet off of the ground.

Trevor did his best with it making it visible first so he could see his crude efforts take shape. It turned out something like a rectangular dug out canoe. He did his best to link the two halves together, and make a... loop or cradle like handle on the top for Henry to grasp.

"So is it ready? Or does it need more work?" Henry asked as he watched the whole thing take form. It was very interesting seeing it happen.

"Just about..." Trevor dipped back into that pool, getting another cold shock for his trouble. "So help me if my own powers give me frostbite..." he muttered. The glowing repeated as he tried to buff the structure as much as he could. "Okay... that should do it... I hope anyway."

1d20+2=5...

Henry lifted off and moved over to the handle that was made for him. "Do you want to hop in this and we can see how this works. I will only lift it about two feet off the ground."

"Since when are the engineers the guinea pigs," Trevor muttered as he climbed in. "I should probably be eating guinea pigs, not being one..." At least it seemed solid enough. A slight bit slippery, but nothing to merit extreme concern. He thought about it, then hopped once or twice. "Welp... I can stand in it. Wee..."

[Call it a DC 5 acrobatics to balance, probably more when it's moving.]

As soon as Trevor hopped in it Henry lifted it up and started to move it around the back yard.

Trevor stumbled a little but caught the railing/lip/guard he built in (which was a really good idea...) "Wow... this is actually working..."

Acro (1d20+7=10) \*sigh\*

"Well then perhaps you should jump up and down a little to see if it supports the weight. if that works we get some of the Jezs to do the same and if that holds we make our voyage."

"Jump, eh?" Trevor grinned, rolling his eyes. So he jumped. About ten feet up then back down. Not because he was cocky, but because eleven Jezelles was more weight then just a regular jump could account for. "Time to bring in the clones I guess..."

"This has gotta be one of the stranger things I've done even for all the craziness that's been happening..." Jezelle said a little jaded, moving to stand over at the platform, interlacing her fingers together for a step and the rest of the legion just started filing on with little more than shrugs.

"Taking a ride in a boat I made is weirder than fighting off a horde of bugs with my dinning room table?" Trevor asked.

"Between squashing a giant mutant bug by teleporting a table, and ferrying a bunch of clones of myself with modified features in order to masquerade at a convention, in a vessel that no one knows what is made of, with methods no one can really explain... I'm favoring the latter," Jezelle said a shrug, jumping up after the last legionnaire was aboard.

"You forgot the part were you stripped me first. Twice!" Trevor said, holding up two fingers for added emphasis. "In my own house! Without asking!"

"That doesn't count," Jezelle said flatly, "Teleporting mishaps had to be expected, I'd only ever had to teleport myself."

Trevor gave her a look that clearly said what he thought about her 'mishaps'. "Never saw me stripping anyone..."

Henry tried to shake the conversation out of his head but it wasn't working. Why do they keep saying these things every time he is around?

"Ok Everyone in and see if this thing can hold you. If it does then we can get going. if not then it is back to plan B."

"Yeah, yeah, everything's looking fine so far -unless this thing goes poof randomly because we have no idea what it's actually made of..." Jezelle said airily as the legion settled in, trying to get comfortable.

"It's made out of guts and grit!" Trevor declared. "Hmm... that's a line from somewhere.... not sure where..."

"Least there's no risk of falling to my death with teleporting..." Jezelle muttered.

"Nice to know that you have such confidence in my skills," Trevor scowled in prime's direction.

"As I recall, you didn't have much confidence in my teleportation and all you had to lose was your clothes," Jezelle returned flatly.

"Hey! I've been making boxes for days! You were teleporting for two days!" Trevor muttered as Henry carried them off.

Henry saw that the basket would hold after all of them got in it. This thing might actually work. They could be on their way after all.

"You all ready to get going?" Henry shouted down into the basket.

"Readier than Freddie ever was," Trevor responded, giving Henry a somewhat hesitant thumbs up despised everything he just said. Maybe he should have put some seatbelts on it... extra safety and all. No one ever said that was a bad thing.

Henry started to climb higher in the sky as he moved toward the con. It would take a bit of time but it would get them there faster then driving. Straight line and all.

"So, we might have a bit of trouble at the con today. Might want to keep close to each other."

"You planning to start something?" Trevor asked his friend turned airlift specialist. "Didn't take you for the trouble making type," he continued in a teasing tone. Well, it was sort of defeated because of the semi-yelling he was depending on due to the wind at this altitude.

"No, I am not starting anything. There is a meta criminal group. They have been labeled as a terrorist group and a number of metas in the area have been kind of linked to them. They are all about power and control of metas and the con is turning into a meta soap box. They might make a move at some point and we might be stuck in the middle of it."

Trevor's ears folded flat and his tail stilled. "Do we ever do anything without somehow stumbling unto an even bigger mess?" Trevor blanched. Well, somewhat. Fur and dark skin anyway, so it was more his fur fluffed out. "It's like we're some sort of trouble magnets..."

"I think that the Big Bang was the issue. Making all these metas over night and they most likely saw an opening and are taking it. With all of these groups arguing for meta rights they can swoop in and get them on their side. But if things go wrong we could have an issue."

"Okay... seriously," Trevor said, climbing up to sit on the handle beside Henry. "How in the world do you know this?" He cast a suspicious eye at his Superman-wannabe friend. "You didn't join some secret organization when I wasn't paying attention, did you?"

"Haven't joined them but I have been working with them. Or atleast I have been working with my handler. "

"Handler? Working with?" Trevor echoed with wide eyes. "You really have joined a secret organization... I was literally making that up!"

"Well they are not a very secret organization. But their information is solid and that is what I have been told. So their might be an issue or their might not. But I think that we should be prepared any way."

"Not too late to head back home you know," Trevor suggested.

"You don't want to go to the con?"

"No, that was just a bad joke," Trevor sighed.

"Ah, ok then. One day I will realize that I just need to not listen the your first response. Any how keep your eyes open."

Jezelle just looked a little bit stern at the moment, like she was waiting for the rain on her parade after being told to expect trouble.

"...If anyone ruins that convention I swear I'm going to pound them into dust..." Jezelle declared flatly.

"Just do what I do and blame Marina and Erin," Trevor offered. "It's very theraputic."



"This is an organization of metas that want power. They will attack and unlike what we have been up against before they are going to be more organized. The group I work with that have been dealing with meta threats a lot longer have not been able to stop their higher ups. And now they might be in our town. I would like for us to stick together somehow or at least have a Jez spawn so that if things do go bad we can contact each other faster than pulling out a phone and dialing." Henry said in a somewhat worried voice. He was not worried about himself but for all the people that would be caught in the crossfire if it did go down. The powers they have can do some real damage. If the Red Dawn is here. They would not care for the non metas.

Jezelle elbowed Trevor absently, giving him a somewhat stern glare.

"No call centre quips," Jezelle warned.

Jokes aside, she really didn't like how foreboding this all felt now... simply the idea that the convention was going to be crashed by some group of idiots already made it feel like the experience would be lessened -if only for the fact she'd be looking over her shoulder all the time.

"Whatever you say," Trevor said with a grin. He pulled his tail out of yanking range though before he added, "operator."

"But seriously... what group are you 'working with'? Because it has a very ominous and cryptic ring to it," Trevor said. "Wait... this is the same group that had that room you stuffed me in?"

"Yes, they are called Allied Security. They have been dealing with bad metas for a while it seems. They know their stuff and have a wealth of experience. They are the ones that tipped me to what might be going on."

"They'll be like, standing by, right? Since they seem to suspect stuff's gonna happen?" Jezelle queried a touch nervously.

"I've seen this movie... the black guy dies first," Trevor muttered.

"They will have a few people there. But they said that since it wasn't a sure thing they couldn't station a lot of people there. They are stretched pretty thin with all these new metas popping up now."

"What about black chicks?" Two queried Trevor, brandishing the unconscious JezYoruichi.

"She goes second," Trevor informed her solemnly. "Black Guy or funny guy first. I'm both."

"I thought the saying was always 'Ladies first...'," Two remarked, looking genuinely thoughtful and confused.

"Men go first to protect womenfolk. It's like walking on the outside of the sidewalk. That way, when cars go by, the guy gets hit first, and they are between them and any splashing," Trevor said. "Anyway Henry, how likely did they say that was?"

Extreme Cold Con Check (1d20+3=21)

"They said the metas that have been brought in all fit the MO of this group. So it could happen or it might not. That is why they can't have all their people there."

"So they haul in their superman-on-speed-dial to help handle the slack," Jezelle said with a helpless sigh.

"And his magic friends!" Trevor interjected quickly.

"I will throw someone at you again," Jezelle warned.

"And what if that make the boat rock?" Trevor asked. "It's like the song. 'Don't rock the boat baby'."

"Then the boat rocks -we got handholds and last I checked you couldn't fly, so you've got incentive to keep this boat going too," Jezelle said dryly, muttering afterward: "This is why I never like him driving... I need to get my own car...z..."

Was she really going to need eleven cars...? Sure there were compromises, but there would be times...

"What's wrong with my driving? I drive better than Henry does!" Trevor protested. It was hard to mutter when he was around without him over hearing.

"The power goes to your head," Jezelle replied flatly, "You don't see me abusing benefits on others."

Henry started to come down from the sky. They were a couple of blocks from the con but it was behind a larger build and he was coming down fast. He hoped to avoid all the onlookers. That was if they even looked up.

"I wonder if I could figure out how to make us hard to see while in this thing..." Trevor said as he hung from the handle.

"You make breaking physics sound awfully casual..." Jezelle said with narrowed eyes.

"I turned into a cat over night, somehow turned into an even bigger cat once, make invisible boxes, somehow made this thing, I figure physics and I are already at arms," Trevor said, giving an inverted shrug. "And you shouldn't talk, Ms Eleven-Duplicates."

Get a Room, you Two! Oh... wait... right.... nevermind.  
Yellow Set time: 8am

Erin was the first to wake up and moaned. She smiled and kissed Marina on the forehead, brushing some hair away.

Marina woke up in Erin's arms. She had a nice sleep and snuggled up next to Erin hugging her lover. "Five more minutes, honey.", she mumbled.

Erin smiled happily and let her lover sleep, staying with her as she knew that she couldn't disentangle herself without waking her up.

About 9 minutes later Marina woke up. "Good morning darling.", she said untangling herself from Erin.

"Morning honey. How'd you sleep?" Erin asked.

"Like a baby...", Marina grinned. "I think I forgot to shower last night...and later you want to go to the con?" Marina got up, the time was 8:13am.

Erin smiled. "Sure. So, zerg costume like we discussed first?" She asked happily.

"Not before I take a bath...care to join me, dear?", Marina asked, "Then we can change...and get ready for the day." Marina stood up and held a hand out to Erin, "Shall we?"

Erin smiled. "I'd prefer a shower myself. But you sure you can handle it? you won't gooify or something? Sorry, I just have to be sure." She said.

"That was a specific brand of soda...", Marina said, "If you really want I can morph into water for the bath.", Marina teased. "Alas...me and my bad ideas."

"Uhh... I'd prefer not. then you'd get all dirty." Erin replied, in truth a little nervous about the prospect.

"Fair enough...just a shower then.", Marina said leading her into the bathroom, "Then I'll provide you with a change of clothes.

Erin smiled and got out of bed and headed to the shower. "Ladies first," She chuckled.

"My pleasure...", Marina said heading into the shower. By this point she wasn't even worried if Erin was watching her. When she finished her shower she toweled off. "Alright, your turn honey...I'll be ready for you soon.", Marina said.

Erin waited until Marina was done, originally intending on going into the shower with her, but she shrugged and waited. She went into the shower and began to wash all the gunk from yesterday off her.

Marina took the time Erin was in the shower to wash up and brush her teeth and then she morphed to form the bunnysuit. The costume itself didn't take much to form so she was still regular size when she finished morphing it, albeit a little thinner. The costume was placed where Erin could reach it. Marina figured she could spare a short time as the zerg costume today.

When she was done, Erin left the shower and stretched some. She smiled at the costume, but instead put her PJs on again while she made breakfast. "Anything in particular you want, hun?" She called upstairs.

Marina morphed back, figures she'd wait till they got to the con to do final touches on the costume. Marina went downstairs. "What do you have, I'll take whatever.", Marina said walking downstairs and into the kitchen.

"French toast it is then," Erin said and began her work. Calmly, she started getting the things together. Bread, milk, eggs, cinnamon, grill and anything else she might need. That done, she got to work.

"Like yesterday, I'd only be able to maintain the costume for so long...being gooey has it's own problems...have you considered remaking those inventions you had.?", Marina asked.

"With my luck? Nah. Trevor will probbaly burn this place to the ground again with them in it and i'll need to start at square one. Again. Plus the part of me making these things has gone to sleep. she's nor talking anymore." Erin said as she worked.

"She's not functioning? But didn't your power have something to do with that sleep inventing. Mine revolve around water and that gooey form...strange mix dont you think.", Marina said to her while she set the table, a fork and knife for each of them and some syrup.

"No messages, no progress on the things, all contact seemed to stop... haven't heard anything." Erin shrugged. "I'm just hoping that she'll tell me whatever this thing happening to me will go away."

"What happened to you? Does this have to do with those episodes yesterday...I'm worried something is happening to you...do you feel alright?", Marina asked.

"It's been going on for a while. comes and goes, getting worse." Erin said. "again, i'm just hoping it can go away."

"You sure you don't want to do a check up?", Marina asked, "I'm just worried it's going to continue to get worse."

"Tell you what, if it keeps going on even after today, we'll go to the hospital. Deal?" Erin asked as she served out the french toast and took her share.

"Deal, until then let's go have fun.", Marina said eating her share of french toast.

Once she was finished, Erin put the dishes away and gathered her essentials. ID, spare cash, concert ticket, and other things she couldn't leave the house without it seemed. She was still berating herself for the stupidity of showing up without any ID when Trevor went crazy and tried to eat her.

Marina gathered her own essentials after putting away the dishes, ID, her purse, among other things. She then morphed a simple outfit consisting of a leotard and miniskirt with plain shoes. She didn't know what costume she'd morph for herself. But in any case she was ready. "I'm ready to go now...", she called to Erin, "Got everything you need?"

"Yep. let's go," She smiled, and the two headed the con.

"Should I morph the costume when we get there?", Marina asked as they took the train down to the convention center.

"Sounds like a plan to me." Erin smiled.

The train has a distinctly surreal feel to it. There were more than just a few people that were already dressed for the con, face paints, swag bags collected the day before now emptied for a second round of collection, even a few in partial cosplay. And they were all chatting with each other, adding a buzz of excitement to the air.

While on the train, Marina called Trevor...she missed them yesterday and wanted to know where they were. She was excited by all the con-goers in partial costume on the train. She hoped that what they had in mind was as good or better.

Calling Trevor  
\*ring\* \*ring\*

Mama, imma kriminal, yo! (AKA: Alex's Power Adventures Episode 2, Part 1)

Alex's night time went not so smooth, as he returned home, followed by another attack of depression and a slight headache. His dad was already at home, showing the master class of food cooking (hell yeah, lasagna (how do you spell it!?) baked in microwave). Alex was motivated only to eat something and fall asleep already and so he did.

On the next morning, he woke up as the door shut behind his father as he went on his work (or shopping for something...), leaving Alex alone again. And that allowed Alex to express his feelings graphically (Russian is a rich language and Alex, as a native speaker, could pull off a great swearfest of incredible proportions), as he grabbed his head and shook it. Damn headache!

Slow awakening and slow time... Alex didn't really want to leave his bed... For a while he spent there, until the headache suddenly started to get weaker, not because of decreasing pain but because of some "numb" feeling... As if his mind started to slow down. After a while, Alex could really feel himself a bit drunk, except he wasn't, and this was weird.

He walked to the kitchen, knowing what exactly he wanted to do now. And how. It seemed crystal clear even though his head felt like it had to endure pure alcohol intoxication and a bottle hitting it at the same time. The catboy went over to fridge, straight to the place where they kept raw meat.

What happened next confused even him. He jabbed his claw at meat, stared at it and... started cutting it. It seemed easy and even smelt like roasting already... After a while, Alex managed to cut off a piece of meat and it looked like an industrial grade laser was working there. A clean cut, with a signs of burning...

...That hit Alex in the head. He realised that he did something he wasn't exactly aware about. Staring at the piece of meat he wondered what the hell happened. After a while, he looked around and placed it on a plate and cooked it with the powers he already knew about. He felt that

cooking meat with microwaves is a bad idea and considered even eating it raw, but that was more of a test than anything else.

While nomming on his breakfast, a bunch of idle thoughts were running in his head. Something insisting that he of course knew that he was capable of cutting meat, and of course it was the focused laser that he produced with his claws. It was always like that, like, for all his life. Kitten just got to explore his claws... Thanks any supernatural power for the fact that Alex cut himself with the usual claws, not the laser ones... Ew...

Another train of thought was about Alex's near future. With lack of access to any computer tech for now and zero interest in con, Alex's post-present state promised to have the most bored emotions one could ever experience. Not cool. But in his semi-drunk (little he knew that it wasn't being drunk, it's listening to the instinct) state, an idea started to form...

...He tried to figure out where to go, but unfortunately, he couldn't find the thing he wanted on usual map. The reassuring voice in his mind told him that all his powers are under control and everything is fine, he can use the internet maps, and so he did, without even getting tempted to play some videogames.

What he had in mind was way more interesting, or so he thought at that moment. After a while of googling, he found his target. A nice place, far from police station, far enough from his house but not really that big of a walk. Alex grinned. The place was a food store, a place big enough to have it's own big storage room that one could screw around with.

And he was aware that what he wanted to steal was just a bunch of food. He is doing it for kicks anyway.

Alex spent a while preparing for his heist. He emptied his backpack that used to store school stuff (hah, now he doesn't have to go there anyway), searched for his clothing and spent some time thinking about his future actions.

Master Plan Int Check: 12

He put on a pair of training trousers, wrapped some cloth around his paws and kept it together with duct tape, put a hoodie on top of him, grabbed a pair of leather gloves and put them on too. He then put a bandana on his face, collected his hair into a short ponytail and did a deep breath. Time to have some fun.

With a hood put on himself Alex went out and onwards. He looked around carefully and planned his path so he would be seen by the least amount of people on his way, and moved either by a hustle or jog.

Then he reached the place. A food store. He searched for entrance for the storage rooms carefully.

Alex checked around for cameras and'd broke em down if there were any and hastily moved to the storage room door and peeked inside. Or tried to. While being alert so no one would come up behind him.

There were several workers puttering about. A guy restocking the milk down the end, another unwrapping a shipment, someone loading a cart...

[Stealth apparently 17, spotted by dude with cart][Also bluffs were spotted by one dude.]

Alex grumbled and looked up, as if in frustration, but in fact he just tried to figure out if lights there could be good targets. "Okay." he muttered

//I suppose there are lights in the ceiling

"Then you need to get going. If you want the manager, his officer is out front."

Alex slowly, as if dissapointed walked to the direction pointed out by people, but in fact, focused all his power on the ceiling lights. Come on, work damnit...

[Null Electronics 1, DC (what is DC for 1rst level thing?), effortless, area, alternative Toughness save + Subtle]

Lights saves? <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/search/1326364/> I think?

Either way, they started flickering, most of them burning out. One of the worked complained about crapping wiring.

Apparently this wasn't enough to pull out full darkness that Alex needed to make an actual better attempt. Oh well, it isn't the only store in the town...

...Alex left the building and then tried to search for another food shop as a replacement, although he started regretting this idea.

Alex's Bluff: 22

[somehow, the guy dressed up like a robber didn't attract attention.]

[Even with your 10 notice I suppose you spot another store. Not a meat store, but one of those ethnic places that tended to have a meat section around the back.]



Alex repeated the procedure he did with the previous store, peeking in and checking the situation in the back.

This store was a bit different. Only about 50ft from the cash registers to the back counter, the intervening space occupied with shelves forming six aisles. The back was a glass front counter with assorted meat products behind it. A few workers would be busy with knives and the power cutter behind it. Two cashiers. Aisles: vegies and greens // fruits, spices, teas, grains and beans // tinned stuff // sweets, snacks, bagged stuff // frozen goods. Cameras by the cash registers and door.

[Nix]"Alex peeked in again, focused on the cameras and tried to take them out, trying to look as if he is not related to malfunctions at all" 1:57 AMIrbynX (Android): "Then he watched the reactions if there were any" [/Nix]

[As far as Alex could tell, nothing changed]

[Nix]"Alex growled silently as he saw people still being too close to target. He needed a distraction... Looking around he decided to break some far light source with his powers [/Nix]

[The lights somewhere to the back went out. There were murmurs and mutterings of surprise and unrest when the lights went out. They didn't run or anything, since it was still bright enough to shop, but they questioned the employers]

Alex grumbled and tried to take some other lights out with the powers. Why won't they run?

Because it's day time and a few lights going out it's anything major. They can still see. One of the workers spotted Alex. "Come in if you're coming. It looks like there is an electrical problem, so you might want to shop quickly."

[nix]Alex cursed silently and shook his head "No, thanks, was just sightseeing around." He glanced around the shop and left, going back home. Today wasn't his day...

Alex Notice: 18

Alex Mystery (Pure luck) check: 19

[As he walks, he scents something more like Trevor in the air. Or the way he smells.]