

Chapter 3: Aftermaths and Prospects

April 1, 2013 *Partially Cloudy. Low Humidity. High/Low: 9/4°*

[The Lurk Below]

[Time Check: 7:30]

In Over Their Heads

Trevor would blame Marina. It may or may not have been her actual fault, and in a way it really *was* her actual fault, but he would be blaming her for this when it was all over. Or perhaps during the whole thing. But we will get to that soon enough.

For now, it was becoming somewhat clear that they took a wrong turn somewhere. Because the walls ahead of them were suddenly glistening in the reflected and refracted beam from the flashlight they were carrying. Slime clung to the stony walls, thick and viscous, some on the ceiling looking as if it were tenuously standing on that brink just before dripping on the ground below. The colour was hard to place, since the light was forming weak rainbow patterns within it.

[optional roll notice dc20 here]

Jezelle Notice rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $20+6=26$ *It seemed to quiver, shirk away from the light when it first hit it.*

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $14+4=18$ You don't see anything extra

"Something seems different," Trevor said blandly. "Anything seem different to you guys?"

"Negative," Alex replied.

"Well, something's moving at least..." Jezelle remarked, sort of moving about to try and see it from different angles to try and avoid glare and the like.

"Wait... it's moving?" Trevor said, shooting a glare at Jezelle.

"Yes," Jezelle confirmed plainly.

"Okay then..." Trevor said. "Um... should we be backing away?"

"I don't know. It doesn't appear to be displaying hostile intentions, but I would prefer not to court danger in our current state," Jezelle said with a shrug.

[notice check here for PROFIT]

Jezelle PROFITS rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $18+6=24$

[*muttermutter* The slime might have inched up a bit. Literally an inch. Maybe. Could be a trick of the eye.]

"A month ago, talking about hostile ooze would be limited to a dungeo..." Trevor let that thought trail off. This was a sewer... which was pretty much a dungeon... "Okay! Speaking as your DM, I say we don't go any deeper into the weird ooze covered tunnels."

"Uh... This sounds like a good plan," Alex said, shining his paw-light at the things to see them clearer and moving his light into the depth of the creepy oozy corridor to see if there was anything else deeper.

The light revealed that the ooze continued all the way down the tunnel. There was also a large blob there. About two feet large.

"Wow, do you see this friggin blob there?" Alex asked, note of concern appearing in his voice.

"So, I am pretty sure that we didn't go past this the first time. I am pretty sure I would have remembered something like this." Henry said looking around.

"Agreed," Jezelle said simply before teleporting to the other side of Henry and Trevor to run back the way they came, looking for the path they didn't take.

Some of the lighting did decrease when Jezelle moved, since she had one of the lights, but there was enough to see the lump quiver under Alex's gaze then sort of bunch up together, then approach in an ameoba like manner. Only far faster.

"It is moving people!" Alex said, nearly rising his voice for a yell. He didn't microwave it yet, mainly because it could have been non-hostile and they had non-lethal powers of protection too (mainly Trev's boxes)

"Ummm. Can't you just box the thing or make a wall? I don't want this thing to get on any of us." Henry said as he floated backwards away from the thing.

"Right," Trevor said, watching the blob approach on an irregular part, covering about it's full body length each contortion, making good progress with it's eccentric locomotion. Trevor shifted the drift of Marina's... container and flicked his fingers upward, conjuring a wall. Few moments later the blob slapped against it with a dull splat. It pressed itself against it, extending a few psuedopods in an exploratory fashion after a moment.

It was multicoloured, the range of blue to red across it's form, rippling across it's form as the psuedopods patted, slapped and oozed against the wall. Trevor couldn't help smiling a little. "It's kinda cute."

Jezelle slowed to a stop when she couldn't hear the others following, turning about with a puzzled expression.

"Aren't we leaving? I thought we were attempting to get out of the sewers before they introduced their bug-killing gas," Jezelle queried.

"That is something you don't see everyday." Henry said a little taken back. He heard Jez from down the way and turned he head back toward Trevor. "If you can take a piece we could send it to Dr. Caine. He might be able to tell something about it. He is quickly becoming the leading person on this stuff."

The large insectoid queen in Henry's grasp sturred, churring as she did so. The big bug was starting to come too.

Henry looked down at the Queen. He already had a good grip on her. If she started to get up he was going to punch its royal lights out.

Trevor chuckled, since this somehow turned into a 'you can take it home with you' thing. But he did box it. Now he had two slime blobs to carry around with him. The blob bumped about the container Trevor put it in. Much like Marina had been doing, actually. Just far less aggressively. "Okay, now we run."

"We are now collecting blobs! How cute," Alex said.

"We solve one problem to have another pop up. I rather nip this one soon rather than later when it is coming up through the grates and doing lord knows what." Henry said heading back down the way they came.

"Cute blobs," Trevor corrected Albie, wagging a finger as he made himself a ride. "Less talk or I make Jez let you walk," he warned.

Jezelle had naught to say, as everyone else was more or less in charge so she just continued when people were moving again.

What happened when a Girl carrying a Cat, a Cat carrying two Goo Critters and a Man carrying a giant bug race through underground sewers? I don't know either, but it would be an interesting. If anything happened to the goo lining tunnels following Trevor's acquisition, they left before it could be made clear.

Marina was terrified, she was locked in a black box, being dragged to her doom. Who was it...Mr. Psychic? Disco Inferno? The voice...oh no...She tried to block it out and was already ready to just get back home and never leave again. Trevor was going to kill her, if not Trev, Henry would finish her off. "Please, don't kill me.", she pleaded, "Please don't kill me Trev.", she called repeatedly.

On the other hand, the beam of Jezelle's light illuminated a haze in the air before they could run too headlong into it.

[and incase they ask; it stinks, that's why the cats wouldn't be able to pick out the poison gas smell.]

"We are having a bad run of luck now aren't we. I think I can keep this stuff back but we are going to have to go through it at some point." Henry said. He then took in a deep breath away

from the haze and then moved up and blew it all out. Most people can blow put all their birthday candles. Henry could blow the table across the room.

Super breath **necar1** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $5+5=10$
50 foot cone worth of wind movement.

"Sss-kraw-kliss!"The queen complained and lashed out at Henry. The simple action costing her a lot of energy... far to much energy... So tired...

Attack: <http://orokos.com/roll/187364> 10

Translation: Unhand me you ugly [redacted]!

Henry felt the queen squirm in his arms and tried to hit him. It was a sad attempt but it showed that she was getting back to the world of the wake. He just squeezed he nice and hard. Enough to bruise a rib or two.

since she is pretty much grappled by him to carry her.

toughness DC 20 vs crushing damage.

<http://orokos.com/roll/187733> Erin make a save? Of course not!

[Poor Bug][non lethal-they need it alive]

Trevor cowered slightly, covering his head as Henry did his huff and puff thing.

"...I do believe we should start examining our options," Jezelle commented, backpedalling away from the mist and taking a moment to concentrate before a second Jezelle stepped out of the first. The copy ran off to go check out what other paths they could take, while the original attempted to conjure a few more to help.

"You think the gas works fast? Because we have her majesty here to worry about," Trevor said.

"Ummmm. It is starting to get up." Henry said looking about. He didn't know what they could do in this situation. He did blow another breath down teh way to keep the gas back. or atleast he hoped that it would.

Super breath necar1 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $10 + 5 = 15$

[@The clone: it was quite a bit of backtracking before the last fork. Only... there was haze there as well. Roll fort]

[**JezClone** Fort rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $18+1=19$] *Safe*

"So... Tunnel train time?" Trevor asked nervously. Henry was *so* super man. Super strength, flight, now breath?

"We appear to be trapped by the gas so it seems our best option," Jezelle stated after a moment of conversing with the Jezlegion.

"Can you have that many with all of these going? You already have two now." Henry asked hopeful that the answer would be yes.

"I'd... I'd have to drop my platform..." Trevor said, closing his eyes and accessing his... he hadn't settle on a name for it yet. There were a few prospectives in his notebook though (Now that he thought about it... it was a good thing this fight went better than the rest or his notebook would have been shredded...) But he checked it. "Crazy girl... pet blob... I won't be able to do anything more aside from the Tunnel Car. And... I don't think I can filter air, so what's in it is in it."

"Then we must find an exit before we run out of air," Jezelle stated the obvious simply, shrugging and looking to Trevor, "We'd best begin before the gas gets too close. The less activity we take the less air we require."

"Survive the bug attack and the taking down of a queen to be gased by the people on our side. That would be fitting." Henry said. "Anyone know which way we are to go?"

"The gas is coming towards us, right? That means they must have a way in," Trevor said, shifting his two charges so they floated in line behind him. Not like he could make this all that long anyway.

"Tell me when it is ready and I will start pushing." Henry said getting ready to push something unseen.

"Physics question... can you push from the inside?" Trevor asked.

"I don't know anything about physics, I took remedial math in high school. But, I did have a hamster and that thing could move one of those balls around real good." Henry said fondly remembering his his hamster.

"You had a hamster?" Trevor said, rasing an eyebrow. But at least he realized he was going to start another tangent. "Welp, he goes nothing... on the count of three, you all jump, okay? 1.... 2.... 3!"

He made the bullet shaped form quickly. If anyone didn't jump, they would end up with their legs stuck in the box.

//roll die. Reflex 10 with the warning

Jezelle rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $8+7=15$

Henry didn't know if he was to jump or not. He just stayed at the level he was moved closer to Trevor to make sure that he was inside of the thing.

"Jez, keep an eye on the... holding boxes, kay?" Trevor said. Greated. Now they were holding boxes. He really needed to settle on his terminology. "I'm going to focus on keeping the big one up. You know poison gas. And I don't think Henry can play engine and hold the guéen down. Might pin her with the holding boxes... but yeah... in case they go down... might need interference if Marina lashes out again before I can snag her." He wasn't worried about the blob. It was tiny and cute.

Henry laid the queen down on what ever was now acting as the floor. Then moving forward he put his hands out and standing to fly forward. It was kind of like how we was driving is car earlier and moving the giant basket before the con.

"Here we go. just tell me where I need to turn." Said the Engineer.

"Very well," Jezelle responded, taking up a cross-legged sitting position after putting Alex down, closing her eyes and keeping idle concentration while focusing on keeping relaxed to minimize oxygen requirements. She could still feel everything around her in her mind so her eyes didn't seem necessary right now, and no one could really tell due to her mask.

"Jez... Whatever. Let's go Henry! Quick as you can!" Trevor said.

The makeshift sled worked properly. Ish. For the most part anyway. At least nothing bad happened. It was a... harrowing trip. Still, it didn't take long to make it to another one of those doors. Well, what they really found was a place looking somewhat familiar shrouded in a cloak of think smoke. Likely the source of the haze and gas.

"Is that one of the doors? I can't see through all this crap. If it is a door I still have the key. We can open it and get out of here!" Henry said excitedly. They could get out of this terror or an underground maze.

"No... some toxins can get in through the skin," Trevor said. "You might be killing yourself to get that close to that much of it."

"Suggesting we need to get through a door without touching it?" Jezelle commented.

"I... can't think of any thing else... But I did biology. The skin is one of the most common ways toxins get in the body. And with that much...." Trevor left the statement hanging. He thought about it for a while. "I could try boxing the can and Henry... Trap the gas for a while so he can blow the rest away and get the door... But... I'd have to drop at least two for that...."

"Weren't you able to alter your box so it passed through solid matter?" Jezelle queried.

"Yeah, and?" Trevor asked.

"Can't you filter out the air but not the door or the tunnel itself? We don't require a vehicle, just a method to be safe from the gas," Jezelle pointed out, standing up and walking to the front thoughtfully, "I'm thinking of an episode in Stargate Atlantis, with Rodney in the back of a sinking Puddlejumper. They use the shield to push the water out of the way and they simply walk between the jumpers."

"Right! Grace Under Pressure! Zelenka modified the Jumper's shield so they could conserve power..." Trevor was ecstatic for a moment, then chewed on a knuckle. "Then again... Zelenka had more experience with Ancient Coding than I do with the boxes... Meh... I can at least try..."

He exhaled in the increasingly stale air, then paused. "Um... you might want to watch out in case this goes horribly wrong..."

"Fourth assures me it will not go wrong," Jezelle said with that ever-present calmness in her tone, patting Trevor on the shoulder.

"Isn't she the one that did most of the stripping?" Trevor muttered, But he tweaked the box anyway. It was careful. It wasn't much more different than some of the others he did, but there was more to worry about, more to watch. "I think that did it... Henry, if you want to try?"

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $12+4=16$ Pass

"What am I trying? Using the key or blowing this stuff away?" Henry said very confused.

"The key. The box should slip through the walls. Like the force field of Atlantis," Trevor said. "You can't go through it, but it will move the gas and pass through the walls and door. If I did it right," Trevor's breathes were coming short. Crap... The air.

Fort Saves

Trevor rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 darn. failed. fatigue

Jezelle Fort rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $11+6=17$ pass. Bugger.

Henry rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $15 + 5 = 20$ pass. Darnit!

Bugrin: <http://orokos.com/roll/187899> hahaha. Erin thinks she can make a save Fatigue

mew77 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $4 + 1 = 5$ fatigue

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11 Fatigued+Fatigued=Exhausted

Henry was having difficult breathing but that only drove him to open the door faster. He put the key into the lock and turned it. It was was time to go.

[with a solid click, the door opened. The key didn't even break]

"Anyone else having a difficult time breathing?" Henry asked.

Marina groaned in pain, the air in her box was running low.

"CO2 levels rising," Trevor theorized, feeling slightly woozy. "And fresh air's still all the way down the tunnel..."

Alex felt even more tired, breathing heavily and moving much slower. "Are we sure we want to go this way..?" he muttered, blinking slowly.

"You are free to walk back into the gas filled sewers if you want. We can drop you off. Maybe you'll stumble on another exit somewhere," Trevor muttered.

"Ok, doors open. Will this thing fit through the door? If so it is full speed ahead before we al drop." Henry said trying to take in small breaths.

"Just push," Trevor said.

Henry got the train moving once more. He figured Trevor could do what ever was needed until they got to clear air once more. This whole ordeal was pointing out that he would need to buy a gas mask for future use.

The dimensions of the box and the dimensions of the tunnel meant that everyone was back to running under there own power rather than just enjoying the Henry powered comfort of the tunnel car. Which wasn't as fun since Trevor's shortness of breath and burning lungs, muscles crying from lack of oxygen kept him from running all out. Fortunately, even his hindered sleep was still respectable. Albie, on the other hand, was even worse off. He was hardly moving.

Ahead of them, the leading edge of the box was defined as a smokey wall of ever swirling pale white haze, the gas that had been in the tunnel forced back by the unyielding wall that stood against it. It was almost pretty. Except that it might serve as a reminder that it was also were fresh air was blocked off as well. (The back wall was probably defined by Alex were he was being dragged along.)

Jezelle had been courteous enough to carry Alex again when the floor started moving rather than they simply surfing along in the air, but otherwise she didn't make much of a comment or any real reaction to the stagnation of the air.

She was pretty fit so such things weren't too awful for her, but still, it wasn't like she got suffocated on a regular basis and she'd already exerted herself a bit in the fight with the bugs.

Henry kept up the pace with the group. He wanted to get ahead of teh stuff so he could just blow it back down the tunnel so the rest could breath but for some reason it never ended. These exterminator were serious about cleaning out the sewer system.

The tunnel's end came mercifully soon, and fortunately the door at this end was open, but it was covered by... Oh... that was a plastic seal or sorts... it ripped as the box plowed through it.

As they broke forth from the sewers Henry took i a deep breath in the hopes that Trevor had gotten rid of the box. He would need the fresh air and they would need to seal that off so the gas didn't get out.

"Trevor can you drop the box and seal that door? That way we can breath again" Henry said with a throat that was quickly becoming raw.

"R-right!" Trevor said, whirling. One exertion of will broke down the large box. If there were traces of gas in the air, it was lost in the sweetness of fresh air. Lovely fresh air.

Yellow 13 rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $15 + 3 = 18$

Jezelle skidded to a halt once they'd passed the threshold, putting Alex down for a moment as she stopped to take a proper breath of air and banish the stale air from her lungs. It was funny how thin the air was after having so little of it to breathe earlier, but that was just how things worked; never know what your missing until you find it again.

It seemed as if the gas was mostly heavier than air, most of it slowly drifting down to hover in a soft haze about a foot or two thick. Trevor capped the doorway they came out of as soon as he could catch his breath.

Henry gulped down the air as he was one of the group doing a lot of the moving down there. Like working out while breathing through a straw. He took the moment to let his body get used to having air again and not trying to shut down. Once he got that under control he looked around to make sure the rest of the group was 'well'.

"Ok, sewer mission complete. Now which one of these do we deal with first?" Henry said pointing at the three. [Marina, Queen, Jell-O™]

"He..." Trevor said softly, looking at the entrance they came from. It was the start of a laugh, survivors laughter probably, that just couldn't be kept contained. "heheheh... HehahahaHA!" He punched the air. "Twice in one day! Suck it!"

Jezelle just stared at Trevor and cocked her head to one side, perplexed but ultimately remaining silent as she wasn't concerned enough to investigate. She more prioritized looking how far they had to go and was already thinking about convalescence.

"Sooooo, Trevor is losing it. Our merry little band is seriously losing its mind it seems. We need to get out of the street and figure out what we are going to do with these." Henry said shifting the weight of the queen in his arm.

the unresponsive insect was still unresponsive, antenna and limbs limp. Or at least as limp as chitin would allow. The hard covers for the queen's wings slumped, revealing the thin glosmeir wings beneath it.

"Hey, this is the second swarm and the second queen I've fought in less than 12 hours," Trevor said, still jubilant to a somewhat concerning degree. "And came out on top both times! And I didn't get gunked up this time either! Though there's something to be said about prove of kills but yeah." That was a strange thought.

He looked up. Unlike the way they came in, this wasn't a manhole. It seemed to be more of an official entrance. Granted, even that was still a smallish room many times taller than it was wide; a rectangular shaft up to street level. The stark concrete walls were only graced with a few gridded light fixtures, another steel lock box set in the wall, this one larger than the previous one they encountered, and a steep equally stark staircase with narrow steps winding up around the rectangular shaft up to a door at the top where its landing was set further in the wall, the railing blocking that landing from the drop.

"Oh... right! Marina," Trevor said. He shuffled over to the box and tapped it a few times with a claw. "You alive in there?"

Marina groaned, acknowledging Trevor.

"Ah, yes that is true. This is the second swarm that I fought today as well. Atleast less people died this time." Henry said looking around the room. "Well there is a door and some stairs. shall we head up?"

"The surface is preferable," Jezelle commented vacantly, leading the way up the stairs to check on the door, though expecting it to be locked so she was already on the lookout for hinges and the like she could take advantage of -if knocking failed.

"Fine, we can sort the gooey ones later..." Trevor said. It ocured to him a second time for the day that he didn't know who much range he had on keeping the boxes running, but meh. They were going up anyway. "Yeah, lady's first," he said, hopping on the smaller box and riding it up.

Henry followed the others up. Seeing another door, the bane of his existence, he called out. "I still have the key if we need it."

"Is this the right door for that key?" Jezelle queried as she tried opening it.

"Beats me I am not a lock smith. I just know that this key worked on the other doors." Henry said shrugging his shoulders.

"Can't you just punch it?" Trevor asked.

"Well I can but I figure we can try things other then property damage." Henry said eyeing Trevor.

Trevor's ascent halted suddenly and he almost lost his seat as he gave Henry an incredulous look. "You? Rejecting property damage? Anyone sees the heaven's opening up?"

"Hey now, I broke the last door because we didn't have a key. Now we do. So try it." Henry said tossing the key at Trevor.

Jezelle tried banging on the door to see if there was someone conveniently in earshot on the other side, but in the meantime she scouted for hinges and sized up the door. If it wasn't too heavy she might be able to try something.

In the box: "So dark, trevor can you let me out please, i never meant to hurt anyone", Marina pleaded.

While Jez scouted the door, it suddenly opened, two people dressed in uniform swung the door open with much creaking and clanking.

"Ah... Henry? It's for you," Trevor said.

Henry moved up so that he could what was going on. Seeing two men in uniforms he greeted them as nicely as he could.

"Good evening gentlemen. Did you know that there in a whole heaping mess going on in your sewers? Because we didn't but we were able to take care of it. Now, you folks wouldn't be with ACR would you? Because I have a Queen here for observation." Henry said the last part and held up the Queen with one hand. It was about that point that Henry realized what there group might look like.

Two cats, a girl who looked like she was ready for an S&M halloween party, A large man covered in bug gunge, a gooey girl loosing her mind, a gooey mess in a box, and a knocked out eight foot tall bug being held by said large fellow. Some where in the back of his mind Davis' words or "Stay out of trouble" started to surface.

"By the way. The name is Force." Henry quickly added and smiled to try and help out their public image.

"What were you doing down there?" one of them demanded, sounding desperate. "Don't you know that we are gassing that place? And is that a queen? Why would you drag that out?"

It wasn't exactly difficult for Jezelle to crunch the numbers and figure out what was going to happen here, so she opted out of replying to the uniforms in favor of looking back to Trevor. "Our story is going to sound absurd, perhaps we should find a different exit, or should one of us call ACR?" Jezelle commented, more or less ignoring the ones at the door.

Henry listened to the rapid fire of questions. He felt that honesty would be the best policy here. The true would be more grand then any fiction he could come up with.

"We came down here because we knew the bugs took one of our friends. While down there we ran into some people who mentioned that they would gas the area but we thought we could get out of there before that. And this is the Queen that was running the hive that we wiped out. Figured that some research could be done since this one seems different. It is still alive and tries to attack every now and then. But if you smack a good one is stops for a bit." Henry said looking at the man and then the Queen. "I heard that they haven't been able to bag one of these. Might learn something new and find a way to get rid of all the bugs. "

Trevor just gave them a careful winning smile, careful not to show too many teeth. They already look uncomfortable at the sight of the two cats, dead queen and armoured girl.

"I'm with ACR," one of them said slowly, eyeing the group with trepidation. "We heard that someone was in the tunnels. Didn't you clear out? The gas can affect humans too! Wait, you break the seal, didn't you?"

At his words, the rest of the people minding the access looked harried. Well, a bit more than harried. Panicked. They started reaching for the gas masks that hung from their belts.

"Simon! Grab another sheet from the trunk!" one of them said.

"Whoa, whoa! Easy!" Trevor said, holding up a hand and looking slightly sheepish. "We're all over it. We patched it back."

"That stuff is not getting through. We just waded through it and plugged the hole. He can uncork it when ever you need." Henry said and eyed Trevor. "You can do that right?"

"Totally," Trevor said with a nod of agreement. "I wouldn't want to do it now, but when you are ready to tape it off again... sorry about breaking it though..."

"How did you even get through that gas without being affected?" the ACR agent asked, suspicious. "Without it killing that thing at that," he said, pointing at the limp form on Henry's shoulder.

"Um... super....powers?" Trevor tried.

"We are a little ahead of the curve in the survival department. I would try to explain how it worked but I am pretty sure I would end up confusing you and end up with a terrible headache. All I know is that I need a shower and a beer. It has been one hell of a day." Henry replied.

The man looked like he really wanted to say something, but he considered the facts. There people apparently fought the entire nest in the tunnels and somehow crawled out despite the gas. "We would need some comments with you about... this," he gestured vaguely.

"I believe we've already commented?" Jezelle said with a shrug, "We just need a containment cell for this queen, after which we can solve some lingering questions regarding to our reasons for being down there in the first place."

"Do you have a facility that can hold a queen? She still has fight left in her. After we get her squared away I would be more then willing to answer and questions." Henry said still holding the quenn in his arms.

"Ah... maybe," the agent said as the two other guys hovered by the sidelines, looking like they wanted to pass but were unsure of how to push that issue. They just weren't ACR. They were regular city worked. There weren't sure which scared them more; the giant bug or the people who apparently casually went to fight it. "We never had a chance to test it."

"Well I don't think that this is a true Queen. I heard they were the size of a bus. This must be a little one. So This would be a good test. It needs to go some where because I am not holding on to it all night. I have a shower with my name on it." Henry said eager to put the queen in holding sooner rather then later.

"A very angry bus. Very angry," Trevor muttered, thinking back to the real queen he and Albie had to fight. "Right, there's the body of another queen out in the woods. Um... I don't remember exactly where... um..." Trevor chewed his lip thoughtfully. "Can we drop it off somewhere? You can help with that, Henry?"

The agent was distinctly bemused by this new development. "I'm sorry, what?"

Henry ignored the question as best as he could. You could think that the group would have figured out to not call him by his name by this point. Even after he just introduced himself as Force to the people here.

"The bug issue earlier today. It wasn't just at the hospital it seems. I meet up with two of your number. A Brian and Mark. Joint force to take out that last of them." Henry said letting the pun slip in with a smile.

"Yes, we were told about that. That was why they had us in the tunnels in the first place," the agent said.

"Aren't you the people that were down there looking for someone?" one of the others said.

"We believe our missing person may have some connection to this queen; another reason why we require containment and the ability to analyze it," Jezelle said a little tiredly.

"Um..." Trevor said, glancing at the queen. "Why don't you take thing one, big guy?"

The queen in question was still dozing, periodically spasming. Antenna bobbing mostly. Could it be the equivalent of eye twitching while dreaming in humans?

"I have been taking it. I just want to know where to put it. I can hand deliver it for you all so no one gets hurt. I don't want it waking up on you half way through transport." Henry said looking at the queen.

The agent/officer was sure someone was being left unsaid and was about to comment on it when someone's [Henry's secret] phone rang.

Henry looked around when the phone went off. He had forgotten that he had it since it didn't ring that often. He shifted the queen to pass off to the closest person. It being Trevor since he was next to him anyway. He held the queen out with one arm offering.

"Here hold this. I have a call." Henry said and let go of the queen. She would either be caught by the cat or dumped on the floor.

The queen hit the floor unceremoniously but didn't stir.
toughness: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4495378/> of course she gets the good saves now. It's Erin. She never makes the saves when they count. Should this be another addition to the drinking game? Take a shot when someone makes a good roll when they don't need it anymore?

Henry fished the phone out and answered it. "Force." His standard greeting on this line. This way people knew they actually got a hold of him and that he didn't say his real name.

"Didn't you say you would stay out of trouble?" Davis' cool yet slightly weary voice said from the other end of the line.

Trevor winced when Henry dropped the bug(mightbeErin). "That... probably hurt," he murmured. The two other city workers jumped and finally worked up the gumption to get past the group of bug hunters. The other officer looked somewhere between scandalous and terrified.

"so dark in here, what am i doing here, i...remember burning...inferno...i failed, i ran...noo people got hurt and its all my fault.", marina called out from the box, "guess that explains the dark box, im being dragged to the dungeon." [Fortunately, it was muffled. And hanging out near Jez]

"You know how some times trouble just finds you. This would be one of those times. Bugs attack and I stopped them. Then they kidnapped someone I know so I self-defended them death. Bright side is we cleared out a hive and caught a queen alive." Henry said sheepishly.

"Hey, tell him about Erin," Trevor whispered, poking Henry as he unabashedly eavesdropped on the call. Well, it was accidental at first, but it seemed interested. He knew the voice..

"That was who I was talking about with the kidnapping thing." Henry replied still talking into the phone. "They think the queen might be Erin but I really don't see anything that looks like her. Just looks like a weird bug to me."

"You managed to catch a queen alive?" Davis said, his interest much more aroused. "And it might be Erin..?" There was the faint sound of shuffling papers. In the pause, Trevor did the mental equivalent of shifting his weight from one foot to the other, in regards to the boxes, that is. The officer still had that bemused expression on his face as well. "Hmm... your friend that was reported to turn into a large version of the insects at the convention?"

"That would be the one. But we were able to put her down and wipe out the bugs and the bigger guard bugs that were protecting her. They are gassing the sewer now to finish off what ever we might have missed. We are now trying to figure out where to put the queen bug for now. We need a safe place so that she doesn't come too and try to eat anyone or what ever it is a bug does." Henry said. He felt like he was eaiter going to get yelled at or have his contract papers ripped up before he even got the chance to sign them.

"I know about the gassing. That's also how I heard about your latest endeavour," he sounded more thoughtful than anything else. "Are you able to keep your catch contained for several minutes more?"

"Yeah, I can pick it back up. It is just laying there on the floor at the moment. You sending someone over?" Henry said moving back to stand over the queen.

"Either that or have you fly her over to the outbase," Davis said. There were fail voices in the background. "Are you still with that ACR officer?"

"The officer is still here yes. And I could fly it over but I am kind of not alone on this one. I have a few others here. Plus we have a small internal issue we will have to deal with." Henry said while leveling his gaze on Marina. "Plus there is a small matter of fixing a hole in their gas seal here. We have it under control for now but they will want it fixed before we leave. I can wait for the transport of go once we are done here. All depends if you think they can handle transporting a queen." Henry said looking back to the main group.

He was pretty sure that they could transport the queen but he had to ask just in case. He did not want to put anyone in danger that did not need to be.

"Force," Davis said with amusement in his voice. "You trusted us to help with that out of control feline meta friend of yours, didn't you? Speaking of, how is he doing?"

"I know what you mean but this thing is a little more deadly. My friend on the other hand is just fine. He in fact is here. He saved us from getting gased and managed to get some kind of jello thing from the sewer." Henry said watching as the officer was poking at the jello thing at the moment.

"It's never a dull evening for you, is it?" Davis said after a pregnant pause. "We will need to have a good talk with everyone after this."

Henry laughed at this. "You know what the funny part is. This whole day started out with me trying to bring flowers to some girls in the hospital and ended up with an all out monster smackdown in the sewers." Henry laughed at the way things go from normal to insane now in the post big bang world.

"There is a joke in there that I won't make," Davis chuckled. "Do you know the address of where you are so I can send the team?"

"Give me a second and I will find out." Henry said and looked at the official guys. "Where are we at right now? No clue where this place is since we got kind of lost down there."
[down below]

Trevor decided to pull the officer aside while he half followed the conversation. "While we were down there, we saw some really weird goo... stuff," he said to the man. He pulled the smaller box over and added transparency to it was a slight effort.

"God," the officer said, jolting slightly when the small goo creature inside pressed itself against the side of the box. "Just what is that thing?"

Trevor just shrugged. "Kinda looks like a someone I know. I would keep it, it's kinda cute, but you'd better take it. Science, research and so on," Trevor said. "And you'd need something to keep it in."

The officer entranced with the creature. He touched the box and it shifted its mass to center, as much as it could, at the point where his finger was, colours slowly rippling from the point. He was so entranced that he was even distracted from the obvious question of how it was contained (and floated). "We have a few specimen jars we can put it in."

"If these are anything like the person I know... you'd need something waterproof," Trevor said.

"The jars are sealable. Just in case."

The officer and Trevor looked up when Henry addressed the former. Taking a moment to collect his somewhat scattered wits, he quickly gave Henry an address. "4567 James Court."

"Thank you. We are at 4567 James Court. We are in an alley behind some kind of building if that helps." Henry replied to Davis.

"Excellent. I'll send... Vanessa with the van to pick your catch up," Davis said. He really had moved up in the world in the few weeks that Henry had known him. "From there, they can take you to the outbase you used last time. Let the ACR officer know that you've spoken with an Allied Liaison and we will be taking possession of the queen. If he has any issues with that, he can call our office." He actually sounded amused at the idea.

"You do realize you will owe me for this, right?" Davis said.

"I owe you? We just caught the prized fish and a key to stopping the bug problem and I owe you? We put our selves at more of a risk taking this thing alive when we could have just crushed it like the rest. I think this is not an I owe you situation. Light trespassing, sure, but what we will gain from this will go miles to saving lives. I will just be happy when I don't have to rip open anymore web sacks full of half eaten corpses." Henry said with a slight bile taste in his mouth. Remembering the state of the bodies sure turned his stomach each time he thought of it.

"Yes, Henry, you do. And before you start again, what you owe me is full commitment. This is the second containment you've called us to do, not to mention all the clean ups we've done after your night time adventures. You do good work as Force, no one is denying that, but it's also vigilante work, which is criminal. With everything that's happened recently, they are talking about cracking down hard on meta instigated crimes. A few other points have been raised as well, but I can tell you those later. We need you, and you need us as well."

Henry really wanted to point out how he could have just let both of these things go to keep dealing out untold misery to the local population. Giant cat that kidnaps people and bugs that wipe out anything that gets in their way. How many people would have died if they didn't step in and clear out this hive. How many lives did Trevor and Alex save by taking down half the swarm and the Queen out in the woods? How many people did he save from being wrapped up and eaten during the hospital fight? This was just today. He could bring up the other time the bugs attack or the whole Con situation. But he didn't. Davis was just going to be one of those people that like it when you do your job for them. Do a good job on your own and you are labeled a criminal. Some times this got to be more of a hassle than it is worth. But, then again, who was

going to take on these tasks? They sent a group of people in the sewers with flashlight to find the nest. If they stumbled on nest what would have happened to them?

Henry shook his head to clear the thoughts away. He was able to muster himself to reply with a "Yes Sir. I will wait for the containment team." Before hanging up the phone and turning back to the group.

"Allied is sending a containment team over to secure the queen for holding and examination. They should be shortly. And that." Henry said pointing at the moving jello. "Should be looked at by You all Allied and our Doctor. I don't know if that is a person or something new that is forming but if it is growing down there chances are they are growing in other places."

Both the officer and Trevor looked somewhat crestfallen. Though the officer had it harder. He was looking forward to testing it. Trevor's look swiftly became mingled horror. "You think it's a person? I... I. yuae..." Pretty tiny for a person. And light.

"I see," the officer said. He was reluctant, but he still ceded to Allied authority. "If you would excuse me, I should go check on those downstairs." He made his way past Albie and Jezelle, casting a look at the large opaque box, but headed down. They were busy trying to reseal the place the group broke through.

"I have no idea if it is a person or a monster or a dump that bigfoot took. Allied might have run into something like this before. They have been in the game for a lot longer than we have." Henry offered.

"You never let me have any nice stuff," Trevor whined in a half kidding fashion, still watching the captive ooze... blob critter. It shifted about the box a bit, but didn't really do anything aside from look simultaneously cute and creepy. He wanted to ask Henry about what that was all about, but even eavesdroppers could allow for the illusion of privacy. "So who's coming?"

"Allied is sending Vanessa with the containment van. She should be here shortly. Seems I am going to owe them for this. Even though I don't know why. We solved the bug problem in the sewer for them and defended the hospital. Seems I need to sit back more and let them get creamed doing these things." Henry said in a huff.

"Uhuh... so how do we know Vanessa, now?" Trevor asked. So Henry was first name basis with these people. Trevor was really lost as to how those relationships started in the first place. Seriously. He missed a whole lot.

"I think she was one of the people who helped the last time we needed to contain something. I know that she is a vanilla Allied person. Not a military person like Davis. They are good people. They were on the original team that I worked with." Henry replied.

Trevor stood quietly for a while, shifting his weight uncomfortably from one foot to another, chewing on his lip again. "Soo.... what do we do about the crazy one? If the queen is Erin... maybe she got to Marina too."

"Wasn't that fixed by knocking them out last time? Feels like it shouldn't work but it seems the best way to solve mind control is to beat it out of them." Henry said cracking his knuckles.

"You just like punching people, don't you?" Trevor said after a pause.

"One often enjoys what they are effective at doing," Jezelle commented, "I would assume you enjoy creating boxes."

"I am all about not reinventing the wheel here but if you have something else in mind go ahead." Henry replied.

"Yeah... not really, no," Trevor shrugged. He watched Jez contemplatively. He didn't know all the... personalities well. At least, not those above... Fifth. Fourth was fun. Second too. Third was a bit of a stickler... And Fifth was far less threatening than her namesake. This one wasn't any of those... and it wasn't seventh either. Seventh was unnerving. "We should probably do something fast though. I've never really tested how long I can keep these up, and shows and comics always prove they fail at the most inopportune times."

"Can return her to her parents and see what they do to her. I would say that they would put her under house arrest but the fact that she keeps leaving might not help." Henry thought a moment. "Perhaps she can get some psyc help from the court system. That might help her crazyness. Although it might be part of her mutation."

"I've been trying very hard not to think of crazies being a part of these mutations," Trevor said. He decided not to spend time listing out to Henry places he might have slipped up and provided evidence of the Mutation = Crazies thing.

"Such severe genetic mutation does produce an endless supply of reasons for psychological instability in one form or another," Jezelle acknowledged thoughtfully, "Hormones may be modified or entirely new varieties introduced, or other chemical imbalances or modifications in the brain may lead to any number of different brainwave patterns. Disregarding direct mutation as the cause, they will introduce new and strange concepts with a sharper clarity than someone's mind may be ready to handle; being converted into a coherent amorphous substance is likely one such experience or concept."

Trevor sighed. Yep. Definitely Sixth. She loved that heavy handed verbose disposition thing. Must be the part of Jez that handled padding term papers. He chose to gloss over most of her dissertation. Too much of it hit close to home. And reminded him too much about that major genetic transformation Caine mentioned at the last check up. "So we drop her off with her parents then?"

Alex just remained silent, not really objecting to Jez's point.

Marina remained compressed in her box. She was for the most part asleep in the dark. Finally calm, but not ready to face the music that awaited her when she returned home.

Henry scratched his ear at what Jez just said. There were a lot of big fancy words in there and he was having a hard time following it. It reminded him of the speech Dr. Caine gave at the con. "Sounds about right. You don't think that she will try anything against her parents do you?" Henry asked the group.

"Only if she's suffering from hallucinations or mind control," Jezelle replied easily.

"So maybe? This is wonderful," Trevor sighed. "I can't keep boxes up forever you know. I think I'm pushing it as it is right now. Ah crap... I need to find my car..."

"Well, if we use last time for reference, she's no where near as animated so mind control is likely out, and hallucinations are usually tied to some sort of source whether psychological or physical -either of those didn't seem to be present at her home otherwise I'd imagine she would have done something," Jezelle deduced, though you couldn't see her face her posture pretty much said she was miles away in thought right now.

"Okay... As great and insightful as your deductions are... can we get prime back?" Trevor asked. "Sixth, right? Can you switch back? Or at least split the Spock/McKoy balance at Third..."

"I don't know what you are talking about but what are we going to do with that?" Henry asked pointing at Marina. "We dropping it off at home? Punching it? locking it up some where?"

"I don't understand the question," Jezelle said confusedly to Trevor, before glancing at the boxed Marina, "However it stands to reason she will be okay at her parents for at least a little while."

"If we can find my car, I've got some extra large, extra strength garbage. We can pour her into one and dump her on her porch, ring the door bell and leave," Trevor said in a rather frustrated fashion. This whole thing was beginning to remind him too much of the first time they encountered a nest. (Oddly... the burned down the first one. This one they froze.) He pointed at Jez. "Don't make me kiss you again..."

"That would be unwise," Jezelle replied promptly, vacantly just standing by.

"Keep your pants on you two. Let's just drop this one off at her house then ring and leave. Then we figure out our next move. Or actually come to think of it. Perhaps you two should do that and I go with the queen. You can always come and join me. You have been there before." Henry thought Henry offered.

"Been where? Her house or the place? Wait... this is that place where you... the one with the room and the..." Trevor made vague motions with his hands, miming a small room and flailing a bit. "The one from that time?"

"Yes sir. It is a pretty sturdy place." Henry nodded.

"Huh... I think I can find my way back there," Trevor said, considering it. "Yeah... pretty sure. I got a map anyway. So Jez comes with me and Albie goes with you? His pew-pew works pretty good on bugs too if she wakes up and calls up another hidden set."

"It's not 'pew pew', it's 'Woowooowooowooob'," Alex corrected. "Microwaves aren't bullets!"

"I can always punch her out again. I am getting pretty good at it. But now we just need to wait for the Allied transport." Henry offered.

Trevor nodded. They had a plan. Always good to have a plan. "Jez, you ready?"

"Of course," Jezelle said easily.

"Then I will see you all when we meet back up again." Henry said bidding his farewell.

Alex waved at the couple and remained with Henry. If that was the plan. Duh.

Henry, Albie and the Bug

"So. . . how are you feeling? You took a nice hit back their earlier." Henry asked while reaching down to pick up the queen. They would need to carry her up to teh street so that they could get her into the transport.

"I feel kinda awful actually," Alex confessed, "Head still hurts, meh. Actually, everything hurts. Not as much as head."

"Hurt enough that you need to go to the hospital or not that bad? We could see if the Allied medic shows up and have them give you a once over. See what their professional opinion is." Henry offered.

It didn't take much longer for the van to turn up, the familiar dark paneled vehicle slowly passed the alley way entrance. A short while passed before it returned, backing up with the familiar white lights and the soft warning beeps.

"We have our ride. I will drop Erin in the back and ride with her there. These are teh people that have been helping out with a bunch of things so let's try and play nice. Oh, yeah, and no first names." Henry explained as he walked toward the van.

Once it stopped he opened the back door and started to load Erin in the back.

"Hello again! Seems like I caught another one for you all." Henry joked.

Alex silently watched the situation, his tail twitching curiously from time to time.

"I'm not complaining, we hardly get a chance to use this one," Vanessa said. "Though the circumstances could have been better..."

"True. But now you all get to investigate a queen. Although it is a meta that turned into one. But I figure that there will be some nifty stuff to learn." Henry said trying to look on the bright side.

Vanessa climbed out of the front and came around to see how Henry was coming around and if he got all the fittings done up right. She nodded in Alex's direction. "The kid with you?"

"Yeah, took a blow to the head I think. He is quiet most of the time. He will be coming with us. He has first hand knowledge of the normal queens seeing as he took one down earlier today." Henry said nodding his head at Alex while he loaded the queen into the van.

"You always find us the most interesting people," Vanessa commented. "You'd be surprised what we learned from your other friend. The one you brought in last time." She let the comment out casually, eyeing the queen and giving Henry a hand here or there with getting her to fit. "I don't suppose you think the tranq solution would work on her, even if we could get a needle through her shell..."

"I might work. Seems that even though we have powers we still react to the same drugs. We get hurt we still go to a hospital and I am sure there has to be some kind of joint in that stuff. All armor does or you wouldn't be able to move at all." Henry said looking for such a joint.

"Might. This stuff is made for mammals. Which is why it still worked on your friend. This one on the other hand..." Vanessa didn't pretend to be an expert in biology. "I suppose it can't hurt. Find me a spot while I get this set up." It was a bit dicey, the three of them in the back, two of them trying to move about; Henry poking about the queen's form, Vanessa pulling a tangle of lines and a bag from a compartment.

Henry tried to find a spot for a shot but he couldn't tell what was going on or what was what. "Ummm... yeah I have no clue what I am looking at here. Honestly. I just punch them until they don't move anymore. I have no clue what I am looking for." **notice** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4

"I don't see anyway to find a vein either," Vanessa said, sounding uncertain as well. This was far outside her training. "Perhaps we can put it in it's mouth? Softer flesh. Probably more blood flow."

"So we just pour it down her throat or jam a needle in there?" Henry asked as he started to reach for her mouth.

"Hmm... does she have a tongue?" Vanessa asked. "We can jab it in that."

Henry took his time and pried her jaws open. He tried to do so as gently as he could so not to break anything.

It took a bit of finangling, but they managed to get the IV line in and relatively secure. Vanessa contemplated their handiwork as she secured the drip. It look a bit surreal, as if the queen was sucking on a juice bag, but hopefully it would work.

"Nothing more we can do here," she said, climbing back out and waiting by the doors so she could shut them as soon as Henry got out. "The things you see through this job."

Henry climbed out of the back of the truck now that the queen was down and out. If these drugs could take down a supped up Trevor they should work on a bug. Right? They would find out soon enough.

"Tell me about it. I feel like I am living inside of some kind of movie." Henry said giving Erin one last look before shutting the door.

As the queen formerly known as Erin Rachel O'Neill lay unconcious, it was clear that for her to recover, there would be a lot of work. It was possible she might never recover fully. Only time would tell.----Erin has left the game until further notice-----

"You guys plan on coming along, or do you have your own plans?" She asked Alex and Henry/Force.

"I figured that we could tag along in case the queen resisted. Perhaps get caught up on what has been happening. A lot of stuff has happened in the fast few days." Henry said looking to Alex seeing if he was going to say anything. He had been very quiet through the whole situation.

"I might need some sleep... Or a lot of sleep..." Alex said, wearily blinking.

"So that's one both ways..." Vanessa said. "I have space up in the front if you are coming," she said.

"Well I am going. You can come if you want. If you want to sleep I will be sure to call and update you as to what happened." Henry offered.

The ride to the outbase was pretty uneventful, Vanessa focusing more on her driving with a queen in the back that on making small talk. It was about a quarter hour before they arrived at the somewhat familiar outbase and it's relative unremarkableness. She pulled around to the service entrance and did something with a driver's side cubby, the soft beeping of a digital pad making itself known before the rolling door opened at the bottom of the lightly sloped descending access way giving them admittance.

This marked the second time that henry had been to this place and the second time that he was bringing someone he knew in the back. At this rate he might as well sign up for some kind of reward system. Perhaps they had a point card.

"You all use this place often or am I the main contributor?" Henry asked as the door rolled up.

"It depends, really," Vanessa admitted as she drove in. "We haven't used the secure rooms much, only about nine or ten times, but this isn't the only place in the city with facilities repurposed for it, though it's the more... secure one. Mostly for people who had trouble handling their abilities or just a holding point for some of the metapowered criminals."

Henry didn't know that they had more than one holding place. He didn't think that they would have that many. It had not been that long since the big bang. Then again he did learn from Dr. Caine that they have been metas for a long. But did this place have that many that it needed this many secure places? It could be the central processing.

"Do you all have a jail that can hold the criminals? Seems like some of them would be very hard to keep. Teleporting and walking through walls and all." Henry pointed out.

"Not in town, no," Vanessa said. "Fortunately, jumpers and walkers are rare, and countermeasures can deal with them."

"You can stop a person from just appearing out of thin air?" Henry asked wide eyed. They can't get a phone that drops calls or has a bad battery after a few months yet they have something that could stop that. These people had some serious tech. Then he remembered how Polly just vanished the last time he fought her. That tech could come in handy.

Vanessa laughed as she pulled up by one of the loading stops. Some one was already there waiting with a large cart contraption. "Technically, it's both yes and no. It's not something we normally tell others, but they have been panting at getting you on the payroll anyway. We don't have a definite means of stopping it so far, but they worked out a few ways to make it difficult to impossible." She waved her free hand in the air as she shut the vehicle down. "EM fields scramble a lot of jumper's aim, and mess with most peoples ability to focus. Same for the ultrasound emitters that are the most common suppression tech."

She thought about it for a moment in the silence the stilled engine formed. "Then there are the more direct measures for walkers... ultravibration cores set through the surrounding walls, electrostatic layers... There is a handout that lists some of the options."

"Sounds like you have a way to deal with most threats here. Well, or. . . there." Henry quickly corrected himself. "Good to see you have a way of stopping them or atleast making it harder to get away. I have just been slugging them. One got away by just vanishing into nothing. Would be nice to stop that one. She could become a bigger problem soon rather than later." Henry added in.

"Wasn't the jumper girl a friend of yours?" Vanessa asked.

"I have a friend that is a jumper but there was a different woman who kind of got covered in webs and then vanished. Took two people who attacked the clinic with her. I broke her arm but she managed to get away while I was holding her. She is dangerous." Henry said looking out the window. There is always 'the one that got away' but this was a different situation. "Those handouts standard issue?"

"Employee Guide and Assigned Posting details," Vanessa said. "There are are kinds out there, but this month has been quickly putting us past our limits. Hence the recruitment drives."

"Ah yes, the recruitment. I was told to stay out of trouble and this one." Henry hooked a thumb at Erin/Queeny in the back. "Figured it a good time to invade a hospital and then start a new hive. I don't know how that will look during the interviewing process."

"I'm sure they can gloss over that fact," she laughed lightly, opening her door and exiting the cab. "Hey, Steve! Everything ready at this end?" she called out to the man on the dock.

Henry nodded and exited after her. He had hoped that this would be the case. He tried to not get in trouble but the alternative would ahve been to let the bugs run wild and start a new hive. He couldn't just sit back and let people get hurt when he knew that he coulds top them. Perhaps the secret for stopping the bugs once and for all was locked inside Erin. She could be the key to bringing down the whole hive.

Henry looked around to see if they would need any help.

There was help to be given, with wrestling the bug queen that caused so much trouble from the back of the van. It seemed, at least, that the trick with the sedative they worked out was successful. Small favours, considering what other things had taken place that day.

As he was helping, and his hand was appreciated, a woman joined the loose on silent feet, standing back and merely watching as they got the catch from the van to the cart, politely waiting for Henry to get down with that task.

With the queen out of the van, which was a task he rather not have to do again, Henry lifted her on to his shoulder. It was the easiest way to carry her since she had grown quite a bit since the day before.

"So, where would you like her royal highness?" Henry asked. If he could just toss her into a cell or cage or what ever you called the holding area for a amped up meta bug thing it would be better then trying to strap her to a bed or cart. The didn't seem to build things for creatures this shape.

"Not showing off now, are we?" the lady said with a faint amusement. Not too much thought. This was a serious situation. Quite so. "Holding cell 3, if you will. Though you might have to take the lift on your own with that."

"Not showing off, it is just practical in this case. Any how lead the way to the elevator and let's get her into holding." Henry said getting ready to follow the lady. He remembered her face but her name. . . Monica he believed. Monica Reeds. She talked with him during teh Trevor situation. "Pleasure seeing you again Monica."

"Vanessa was right though," Monica said, point towards the path to the lift before heading that way herself, past the pieces of equipment and labeled crates, "You do bring interesting gifts on your visits here."

"Thought it would be a better idea to have the pros look into this then trying to figure it out on my own. Plus I know the person that this thing was before turning into a queen. Might be a way to cure her or find out some more things about the bugs from her. Either way you are all the best suited to deal with her." Henry replied honestly.

"We started setting up a basic hold and observe cell. In the morning, we can hopefully get in touch with the specialist," Monica said, leaving the humour behind. "We'll do what we can to help her."

"She lost her way it seems. Ever since the day she was taken by the bugs it seems. Anything you can do to help her I would be in your debt. Hate to see a friend effected like this when they can't handle it. I hope that she can recover with time." Henry said this and pondered Monica's words for a moment. "Who is your expert on metas if you don't mind me asking?"

"The same as everyone else's, to be honest," Monica said, punching in a code on the left to get the doors to open. "It might sound strange, but we didn't really have a need for extensive specialization. We have a few medically inclined who have experience working with and on metas. With the recent surge in the population though..." She gave a professional looking shrug. "We have the experience with working with and against metas, but the research MBRIO is doing is largely ground breaking and we work with them on it."

"MBRIO, I am not familiar with that group. Seems that there are a lot of group in the meta area: ACR, ARC, META, MAMA. Although I think that last one had changed their name. At the con there was a Doctor Caine that spoke. He seemed to be very knowledgeable on the topic as well." Henry replied. He was glad that he spent the time writing this stuff down. This many groups would be hard to get straight.

"Dr Omar Caine. He directs the local efforts of MBRIO," Monica said as the lift's doors opened. "He has a brilliant mind. He helped modify the formula for the sedative we commonly used so it works on a wider range of people."

Henry felt a little sting there. Seems Dr. Caine had been busy after all. And with a new drug that works on many different types of metas. Looks like that blood work they had done had gone to a little more use. Henry Mason- lab rat. He might have to have a chat with him about that. But that could wait till later. Henry carried the queen out the doors and made way for Monica to lead.

"I have talked with the doctor earlier when all this mess started. I did not know that he was directing any groups. I heard that he had some of his work stolen a few weeks back as well. Looks like more people will have this research as well. The problems never get solved it seems. They just keep stacking up." Henry said shaking his head.

"It's to be expected. So much happening in should a small timeframe," Monica said. She gestured at the lift. "After you?"

Henry shuffled on to the lift and hoped that it would hold. To help the lift out a little he started to make himself float. not enough to leave the ground but enough to take some of the weight off of the lift. He didn't want the thing to have issues with the heavy queen on it.

"Bugs, terrorist, people's powers going nuts, not to mention the petty crime that has been going on. Busy, busy, busy. Glad to see that Allied it reaching out to some of us. Helps to pool resources." Henry nodded.

"It's a revolution, in a way," Monica said, squeezing in after and hitting the button to the lower levels.

"Revolution for some. Others it is a nightmare. People on both sides have to adjust and some just can't do it that fast. Power was dumped in our laps and we were told 'deal with it'. That is a lot to take in. We are discovering new things about ourself all the time. What else might we have or that we can do. It is a little scary when you think about it." Henry said thinking about his own circle of friends.

"Some have been dealing with it better than others. How has your friend, the cat one, been? I assume better, since you never had to come back," Monica said, going on a slight tangent of the conversation.

"He has developed some new powers since then. I haven't seen him turn into the large cat since then. I figure that what ever those kidnapers gave him cause his power to over charge. But the question of why still confuses me. If they don't like metas why power they up even more? Unless they wanted people to see the problems that could happen from metas. I don't know. Did you all find anything else about them?" Henry asked going along with Monica's line of questions. He was getting answers out of her so he was game.

"Proxies. They are good at what they do. None of the men we held knew who they were working for, and whoever it was is both good at clean up and not making much of a mess in the first place," Monica admitted.

"One day they will be forced to answer for what they have done. Find out why they do it. I just hope that I get to be the one that gets the answers." Henry said with a faint smile.

Monica didn't comment on that though the perceptive my have noticed a change in her shoulder's ahead of him [DC... 18 sense motive]. She did have the excuse that they were pulling up to the room and she needed to start issuing commands to the people who had started prepping the room.

Henry doesnt notice.

"If you don't mind putting her in the room," Monica said, directing Henry towards the roughly padded room and the restraining bolts her officers were testing and checking.

"No problem. Is there are bed to put her on or just set her on the floor?" Henry said walking into the room.

"With the addition limbs and the odd protrusion, we didn't have anything we could get on such short notice. The ground is fine. Lemmings, Carlos, if you would get her harnessed in," Monica said, and two men, one short with a receding hairline, the other First Nation, got to work with the straps and lines.

Henry put the queen/Erin down on the floor as gently as he could. He watched the men as they got to work strapping her in. Least now they should be safe. These people had a room that could hold the extra large Trevor, they should be fine with Erin now. She was in as good of hands as any they could find. The hospital obviously was not an option anymore and Monica stated that Dr. Caine was working with them via one of the organization they worked with. So, same doctor but better equiped housing.

"Well, glad that is done. Hopefully you all can provide the help that she needs. Thanks again for taking her. The hospital didn't work out." Henry said sincerely.

Monica just shook her head. "I don't know how that could have happened. With the current events, the staff have been trained, or at least familiarized with making threat assessments at all the hospitals. Even the report we got listed those with potential risk. She wasn't on the list. We might have to rethink the format again." She accepted a clipboard from on of the other women in the area and flipped through the pages, skimming key points here and there.

"MBRYO's team is coming by in the morning with some of the techs that have been working with ACR on the bugs issue... there is still the matter of contacting all the related families to this incident... the press release and the likely fallout this will cause after the convention strike. The proposal to rearm the police force is likely to be approved after this as well... Oh, and this is for you," she handed him an envelope. "Davis said to give you his apologies that he couldn't make it tonight. He got drawn into an emergency council at the head office. He's set an appointment for you and a few others day after tomorrow. He also said you can give him a call if you need it."

Henry shook his head slowly. These things were playing out on a larger scale and he wasn't even sure how to help in that front. A couple of bad eggs and some making some terrible calls and things were going to get worst. Then again perhaps arming the police is a good thing. He had seen what some of the not-so-good groups were bringing to the table and it was more then he could handle and he was able to fly and punch holes in the side of buildings. Now Erin had to go and throw gasoline on that fire.

Henry ripped open the envelope and took the contents out.

[Basic entry pass in Henry's name, simple enough letter of invite, note to him personally basically saying sorry can't make it, turn up for the job fair esque/proposal/intro seminar]

"She wasn't a threat to start with. She looked like a normal person just twenty-four hours ago. I saw her in the hospital. She changed completely since then. Grew bigger added things and god

only knows where her skin went. I don't know how you can look at a person and know what they can do any more. I hate to say it but perhaps every meta should be treated as a potential threat. After today and the number of bodies I saw." Henry let out a long breath. "It is most likely the safest way."

"It might make sense, but a lot of us, most of the people who came to work with this team, don't like the possibilities that leads to. Still, considering today..." Monica stared blankly at her papers. "Regardless; We will take care of her. The best we can."

"I hope things will get sorted out quickly but until then there are a lot of people who can't control what they have been given. It just isn't safe anymore." Henry folded the papers up and put his hands back to his sides. "Maybe it won't be anymore. Bah." Henry waved a hand. "I just need some time to process. If you do not need me any more I think I am going to head home."

"That's fine," Monica said with a small smile. "In the very least, you and your friends prevented a few unnecessary deaths and injuries today. Proves that getting empowered does automatically mean your morals get skewed along with it. And don't push yourself as hard as you have been. You might just get hit hard enough that you can't stand up on your own afterwards," she said.

"I hear that." Henry said through a false smile. He had been hit hard enough to knock him down. It, in fact, killed him. If it wasn't for an outside party he would be where ever it was you went from here. Only cost part of his soul in the transaction. A full day of service for the stopping of a bomb. Although he didn't know how much it was stopped since the building still came down. He heard it stated somewhere that it should have been worst. He was just glad that it wasn't.

"Will be seeing soon it seems." Henry bid farewell as he waved the papers and headed back toward the elevator.

The Cat, The Blob and The Girl

"Come on, let's find out where we are," Trevor said to Jezelle, heading out to the street proper to find a sign or landmark, dragging the box with him. "I don't think I can hold this up for much longer," he admitted.

"We lack any other method of transporting Marina," Jezelle stated obviously, not sure what else she could contribute right now.

"Last time I pushed this power, I ended up in the hospital. Got out yesterday. And Erin got it broken. So I can't go back even if I wanted to," Trevor said blandly. "Maybe we can find a can or something. Pinch the lid down."

"A watertight container that can carry the liquid mass of a human being seems like an awfully convenient object to stumble upon," Jezelle commented in a strangely non-sarcastic manner, looking around as though hoping to find some inspiration or solution in the street.

Jezelle Notice rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $16+6=22$

[Lots of stuff. Just not much friendly to the whole 'I'm ideal for stuffing a body sized mass of fluids in' archetype they really wanted. You did identify the street though. And it wasn't all that busy. Three of people walking. It's about a twenty minute walk from where Trevor said his car was.]

[Are there shops nearby/open? Or what time is it?]

[About 9. Not a shopping area. There is a movie theatre nearby, but not on this street. Actually somewhat near Snotsville. I mean the upscale condo district.]

"Fine, fine. A garbage bag then. Something big. Put her in the trunk again. We had less trouble when she was in the trunk," Trevor muttered.

"Hmm..." Jezelle issued as she took up a pose of thought, running a few ideas in her mind before looking off in the direction she vaguely remembered a movie theatre was at, "I believe I can acquire a garbage bag if you can spare a few minutes."

"I'm going to stare stoically at this wall and pretend I don't know about a hot girl breaking into a building to steal janitorial supplies," Trevor said, pointing at the wall in question. "Yep. That's exactly what I'm going to do."

"...Very well then...?" Jezelle said uncertainly looking at Trevor, making as though ready to run off -and likely do so if he didn't object.

"Have fun," Trevor said with a vague wave. "Actually... I'll go see if there's a rooftop path to my car."

Jezelle shrugged and shot off toward the movie theatre, idly fidgeting with her throat as she tried to change the sound of her voice in case she needed to talk her way to getting what she needed. She figured it'd be relatively simple either way though, it wasn't an outrageous request.

While Jez went on her mission that may or may not have been legal, Trevor climbed up the wall and took to the roof so he could stare across the city limits. Yep... he didn't quite recognize anything from this altitude. At least he could at least get his bearing right.

There were two ladies working at the desk in the theatre. It was in that gap between the start times of the next shows, so it was empty.

Six wasn't the type to beat around the bush, so she briskly-yet-casually jogged over to the desk and assumed an official stance.

"Good evening," Jezelle said politely with a nod, though not giving much of a pause before continuing, "Could you tell me where I can find a janitor?"

"The cleaning staff is usually around," she said, not showing too much startlement at the request. "Is there something in particular you need?"

"Specifically? A garbage bag. A very large one," Jezelle replied curtly, "I didn't have a lot of time otherwise I would've went and bought some."

"Oh, sure I guess." It was an odd request, but it didn't take all that long for them to get in touch with one of the cleaning staff and soon enough she had one to her name.

"Thank you very much for your assistance," Jezelle said with a curt bow since no other expression would be noticed, before running off again to return to Trevor.

Trevor wasn't the area where she left him, but he did call down to her. "Hey! She-who-forgot-her-designation!"

Jezelle was only slightly perplexed at not finding Trevor when she got back, and shortly after he called to her she poofed up onto the rooftop next to him holding out the bag.
"...What...?" Jezelle asked in confusion.

"Sup?" Trevor asked casually with an innocent smile.

"...Okay..." Jezelle continued a little awkwardly out of confusion, and decided to focus on opening up the garbage bag ready for transport.

Trevor missed fourth. It had been a while since she last came out to play. (And then there was the matter of those promises none of the other Jez's would talk to him about. And all those cryptic statements...) "Let's see if this thing actually works...."

ὄρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 2 Nope.
He missed and it splattered all over the floor instead.

"Um..." Jezelle murmured, staring with a total lack of solutions coming to mind.

Trevor was just about to rejoice at the release of the tension he didn't even realize he had been accumulating. "Just toss her over our shoulders then. If she wants to splash away, we tried," Trevor said frustratedly, but he made a new box anyway. "We be going that a way, sidekick."

Jezelle still looked mostly puzzled, but again attempting to focus on something else like scooping Marina into the garbage bag so they could continue to the car.

At least this time he managed to get her into the bag, if just barely. "Finally... Well... it was just two tries..."

ὄρετή rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8+3 pass

"Alright, let's continue then," Jezelle said as she sat the bag down and tied it off, picking it up and shifting its weight to carry it comfortably, "Lead on, I'll teleport after you."

Trevor was better at it this time than the last time he tried roof jumping with Jez. This time he wasn't just going to trip and tumble from the ledges like the first day of the con. On the other hand, it didn't leave much space and time for conversations. But it was pretty epic to leap gaps like he was Batman. Or Catwoman. Just a guy. Catman. Black Panther. Yeah.

For Jezelle it was more like a brisk walk, interrupted periodically with a lightning fast blur of colour washing over her as her walking path was broken up across a few rooftops. A leisurely stroll through the space/time barrier across the rooftops.

Trevor was pretty sure he was back on familiar ground at last, recognizing some of the rooftop features from his earlier run with Albie when they first got involved in the hospital side of the mess. Then he screeched to a halt halfway across one of the rooftops. "... well damn."

As was the pattern, Jezelle poofed into existence next to Trevor after he'd landed, but looked at him a little confused when he paused, turning her head about looking for why they were stopping.

"Didn't we have a blob to carry too?" Trevor said, massaging his temples at his carelessness. "You remember? Cute critter we found in the underground?"

"I remember," Jezelle assured, looking around again, "I had assumed you had deposited it somewhere with those people back there."

"No... I have brought it up with us to the roof... then forgot about it..." Trevor admitted. "Well, with me."

"That was very irresponsible," Jezelle said with a disapproving sigh, shaking her head, "We have no idea what that blob is or can do."

"Well sorry, I have a lot of things on my mind!" Trevor said in a half whine.

"Hmm..." Jezelle was thoughtful as she looked back the way they came, "I wonder if it's still there... doesn't seem likely for a sentient blob."

"So... we leave it and tell Henry it evaporated?" Trevor said with a slightly hopeful look on his face. (Though it was cute...).

"Why would it evaporate?" Jezelle asked, puzzled.

"Fine, you go back and look for it then. You can get there faster. I'll get the car," Trevor said.

"I have nothing to collect it safely with; assuming it's still there," Jezelle stated.

"You love breaking and entering. Grab on of the specimen jars from the ACR people's van," Trevor said. Now he was encouraging her illegal activities.

"Are you sure they have arrived yet?" Jezelle queried, looking back the way they came.

"... they were already there, remember," Trevor said after a pause. "Remember, the guy asking us all the questions? How pulled out a jar before Henry said he was taking it to Allied?"

"...Then why didn't we give the blob to him then...?" Jezelle asked awkwardly.

"Because ACR isn't Allied and when Henry get's that look on his face..." Trevor was motioning with his hands then paused, "Well, not face, cause he's in that ridiculous mask, but when he get's that tone and stands the way he stands and goes all 'I am a super hero, do what I say', you kinda go, 'Okay, don't hurt me'. He probably needs to work on that passive aggressive thing."

"...I'm confused, but okay," Jezelle sighed hopelessly, handing the bagged Marina off to Trevor so she could run back the way they came.

"Have fun!" Trevor called after her, waving jauntily. Then he turned to glare at Marina. "Which leaves me with you..."

Jezelle was rather doubtful she'd find the blob now, but she figured she'd better at least try -if nothing else than to ease her own conscience in case something terrible happened latter.

So she just focused on getting there as soon as possible and investigating for the tiny blob.

Jezelle Notice rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $2+6=8$ (*Blobby is lost!*)

Trevor had a bit of issue balancing the bagged trouble maker and climbing down, but not enough to keep him from getting down to his trusty steed Cobie. Not even a ticket. Good Cobie. He dumped her in the trunk again. She was probably used to it by now anyway. It was about her fourth time in the last month riding on an economy ticket. He pulled out his phone and rang up Jez as he got Cobie started.

Ringin', Ringin', I'm a ringtone and I'm singing~

Jezelle wasn't having a great deal of luck with locating the blob, as she was already expecting it to have gone off somewhere -maybe back to the sewers where it was found- so she wasn't trying as hard as she probably could have.

Curiously enough her phone rang and she found Trevor on the other end; curious mainly because she thought Trevor more or less knew where she was.

"Hello?" Jezelle answered her phone dutifully as she looked around the roof top lacking much effort.

"This is your friendly neighbourhood cat," Trevor said, "Any luck?"

"None," Jezelle replied frankly, "I'm assuming it either went back to the sewers or someone's going to step in it somewhere in the future. Are we all set to go?"

"Henry's gonna be pissed, ain't he?" Trevor sighed.

"More than likely," Jezelle replied with simple bluntness, "Even more so if the blob causes some kind of damage."

"I miss fourth..." Trevor muttered. "Should I pick you up?"

"That would be appreciated, yes," Jezelle confirmed, looking around for a convenient spot to converge.

"Then off to drop off the third wheel," Trevor responded. "Onward Cobie..." It took a few minutes to get to where Jez was, but by jorge he made it. He honked a few times as he pulled up to the curb.

Jezelle might've wondered just how heavily influenced her life had become by her meta powers, if only she hadn't been channeling Six at the time whom wasn't quite the philosophical type. So she ended up teleporting straight into the passenger seat with no hesitation or fanfare, just buckling up like it was perfectly normal. Happened everyday. Really.

Trevor jumped and hit his head on the roof, falling back down and hitting the wheel, causing Cobie to make an abbreviated honk. "Kasalaanana.... Jeeze Jez!"

Ever the emotionless, Jezelle just looked at Trevor with a pokerface behind her mask, kind of confused but also understanding, though she went off on a tangent and had a pose of thought. "Hmm... a large part of me seems to want to say 'Fuck Doors'," Jezelle said contemplatively.

"If it was any other one of you, you might have don't that on purpose," Trevor scowled. That thought only made it all the more aggravating.

"Why wouldn't we have done that on purpose? I would be afraid of accidentally teleporting and it's a lot faster and more efficient than walking," Jezelle commented.

Trevor just grumbled some more and drove off, heading for marina's place.

Facing the Music

Trevor found a spot to park not too far from Marina's house. he cut the motor and grumpily got out of the car and circled to the trunk. His finger hesitated on the fob's button to open it though. He rapped on it instead. "You awake yet?"

"Dammit, goshdarnit, I ruined everything again.", Marina replied, "I couldn't save anyone..." She whimpered.

"Yeah, and you almost made everything worse too," Trevor said popping the back, sparing her no mercy at all for her. "Come on," he said, jabbing a thumb over his shoulder in the classic get out sign, "We're dropping you home."

"Mom's gonna kill me when she finds out.", Marina sighed. "Least I got more miles on my frequent trunk stays card.", she thought just before her thoughts turned to all the things wrong

she needed to deal with. Least she wasn't spazzing out about whatever it was. Somehow she just freaked out and panicked the moment the monsters appeared.

Jezelle just stood nearby at the ready, little more than a statue as she pensively surveyed the surroundings without a care in the world.

Ever the impatient one where it came to Marina (and Erin's) mess ups, Trevor yanked Marina out with a box and slammed the trunk behind her. "Not in the mood for you messing stuff up any more. Out. House. Drop. Then I can get on with the rest of my night. Who knows. Maybe I'll actually be able to get some sleep after everything else is done."

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides for power check. The die showed: 13

"You don't have to worry about that.", Marina said softly as she was yanked out. She was despondent and barely felt the impact as Trev boxed her out of the trunk. She needed to rethink her life. Talk with her mom a bit, maybe god-willing go to college.

It didn't take long for Trevor to be ringing the door bell. Now that he thought about it, he hadn't met up with Marina's parents since the Weirding. Which would make this interesting to say the least...

"You didn't have to do that...just let me sneak back in.", Marina said to Trevor. Her parents were likely asleep.

"Before ten?" Trevor said, giving her a skeptical look. "I don't know what happened down there Marina, but I am honestly pissed at the moment. You-"

"I was scared...I ran...I-", Marina tried to say.

"Don't," Trevor said, holding up a hand. "I don't care at the moment. Maybe in the morning, after I get some sleep. But I've snapped. In the forest. Away from people. And I still put people in danger. Alex snapped, but not bad. Erin apparently snapped too. And I don't want to think about how many people got hurt from that at the moment. I am **not** leaving you here without letting them know."

Marina stayed silent. She was so dead once her mom got to the door.

And that was when her dad got to the door and opened it. "Out of all the things, I expected to see you weren't it..Hello what's my daughter got herself into this time." He gestured to the green goo girl standing near Trevor.

Marina looked up at her father. With her mom, she would be dead, with her dad here, she would be deep fried.

"Hello Mr Fischer," Trevor said. "We haven't seen each other since the whole meta explosion. I'm Trevor."

"Hello Trevor, can you tell me what happened.", Mr. Fisher said to him. He was furious at what happened with the aquarium, but whatever this was showed that Marina didn't respond well to punishment. He considered changing his tactics.

"Well, sir, did you hear about the bug swarm at the hospital?" Trevor asked.

"It was on the news, there were these giant bugs all over the city.", Mr. Fisher said. Somehow his daughter was always getting herself into these things since she got powers. One might say overconfidence on her part.

"See... Erin was there. She..." Trevor hesitated, not really sure what to tell them. Or how much. "She got taken by the swarm when they broke off."

"I see, and then what happened.", Mr. Fischer didn't want to assume the worst, but he knew his daughter better than that and Marina's appearance was that of guilt.

"Long story... but we, um... a couple people, went down... Sir, it's a long complicated story. We found the hive in the sewers and Marina insisted on coming even though..." he was going to say even though he said no, but he passed, "I don't care how she wants to excuse it, but your daughter for some reason attacked us, knocked out Alex and almost got us taken out by the swarm. After we broke off, we came back and she was attacking Alex again. She needs something. I don't know what." And Trevor needed sleep. Lots of it.

Meanwhile, Alex goes to sleep, episode [redacted]

Alex got to his home after a while and went in, slumbered over to his bed and flopped down on it, nearly instantly spiraling down into a dream.