

# • ::Therianthropy Project: Phase One::

AD20 Modern Game

:: Dossiers ::

[δ013 'Kit' Christian Tracy James](#) [Greycat] *Homo sapiens jubatus-onca*

[δ016 Shelly Maury](#) [Yellow13] *Homo sapiens cynocephalus*

[δ019 Alessa Chen](#) [Mew77] *Homo sapiens manis*

[δ011 Michael Johnson](#) [Fenix250] *Homo sapiens lotor*

[δ020 Vasily Kotov](#) [DrNightKOT] *Homo sapiens lynx*

[retconned away... sad...][δ015 Shaen Wou](#) [Zombekh] *Homo Sapien Lupus*

δ014 Len Norman

δ012 Darren Andrews

δ010 Stacy Wendel

δ017 Esmeralda Folk

δ018 Nathan Figgs

:: Unit Primary ::

[Catherine Raine, Dr.](#) [Blazinvire]

Starting post-secondary education is often a challenge. The cost, adjusting to the difference in expectations, housing, the cost. For many students, that was the major hurdle to be overcome, and even with the assistance of parents they are often still a bit on the needy side. It was why researchers who needed subjects for human clinical trials often found the help they needed among students, who were often quite willing to help.

As it was in this situation. Geis Pharmaceuticals. One of the rising stars in the industry recently got the approval to begin the human trials of an experimental drug to improve the overall vitality of the recipient. To be as attractive as possible, not only did they offer a stipend, but also housing and food for the duration of the trial, as well as credits to their degree. Quite the attractive deal for only having to endure a few injections a day and a series of physical tests.

Of course, it is never that easy. Geis was a true company. And they really did study manners in which to improve the body. And they found a way. The human genome is a massive thing, and there is a mind boggling amount of information stored in that molecule. Redundancies, intricacies and sequences that have so much in common with other genetic relatives. Almost complete strains from other mammals. It didn't take long for someone to pose the question; could those animal traits be expressed in humans?

Welcome to the Therianthropy Project.

we use the D20 rules for this game, and starting at lvl 2.

Your occupation is student.

The die rolls for ability scores will be using the standard method; 4d6, take highest 3.

Your Strain is limited to mammals only.

Aside from picking your strain, you don't need to worry about anything else about that strain for now. If you like, you can go look for a picture of an anthro of your strain.

We will be using [Mythweavers](#) for sheets, and [Invisible Castle](#) for die rolls.

These two links are helpful for players new and old:

Source material: <http://www.scratchfactory.com/ModernSRD/Home.php>

Generator: <http://www.pathguy.com/d20modern.htm>

The setting in Hamilton, Ontario. I will be taking some liberty with the city, but the basic idea is the same. We will be students at McMaster, though the school side isn't the real focus. The house/Dorm is a [23 Grove street](#). Hurrah for details.

Layout and rooms:

[House](#)

[Basement](#)

[First Floor](#)

[Second Floor](#)

Dr Catherine serves as an house mother, and over sees the experiments. There is a third floor, but there is a locked door at the top of the stairs.

## The Beginning

They were at the early student orientation held the month before school was set to start, just one booth among several. They had welcomed them with a smile, and gave them a general idea of what they wanted to do. Run a few tests over several weeks, drawing body samples for testing, give them doses of the treatment each day. In return; housing, food, school credit and money. Those who were interested were asked to fill out the form. A long form, asking everything from family history to medical issues. And after all that, they drew about a pint of blood, stored it away in their portable iceboxes, and thanked them for their time, telling them that those who qualified for the tests would receive a package in the mail detailing the location of the Dorm they would be housed in, as well as the time they were expected to show up.

Kit got his reply in the mail a week after he turned up for the orientation. Shelly got her's too. It was why he was getting out of the car, curbside to the house that was to be his home for the next couple of weeks or so. He glanced at his watch before he started pulling his bag out of the trunk. He didn't have much. Just a duffel bag and a backpack, neither new, both cheap. He shrugged an arm through one strap of his backpack, and slipped the strap of the duffel across the other and made his way to the front door. He tried the handle and, finding it unlocked, eased the door open.

"Hello?" he called out to anyone inside.

Geis Pharmaceuticals. Shaen had become aware of their existence some time ago through one of his many searches through the internet and the news. A growing company filled with potential, according to what he could dig up they had just begun trials of their new experimental drugs. Their compensation was awfully grand though, footing all the bills that came alongside test subjects, as well as offering stipends and credits for one's degree. He had been suspicious of the company, but the rewards were just too much to pass up on. The paperwork had been a dear honest to god pain to fill out though. Information from his historical background to medical history had been requested, all requiring absolute detail. The last step had been a blood sample followed with a small thank you and a promise of contact. With that finished Shaen was sent on his way as they dealt with their next applicant.

The letter had come in about a week later. It informed him of his privilege to participate in the tests and contained a small map of the house where he would live in for a few weeks along with a brief letter of introduction. Not exactly fancy, but it got the message across. It was why Shaen found himself up earlier than usual and why he was on a bus that did not go towards McMaster University. He carried with him a small duffel bag, a worn out backpack and a pouch and as he stepped off the bus, Shaen found himself shivering as a light wind blew. The dormitory was apparently only a few blocks away, so Shaen slung his bag over his shoulder and trudged along.

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The house that sat on the address the dormitory was supposed to be was not a house. It was far too grand to be called a simple house, instead it reminded Shaen of the inns in many a fantasy novels. The architecture was slightly aged and the building itself held some rustic charm to it. Or

perhaps it's just me. he wondered to himself as he stepped into the building's shadow. With a raised eye, Shaen noted that the door seemed slightly ajar and upon giving it a light tap with his foot, the door swung open. When he peered in Shaen was greeted by the sight of another male, probably around the same age as him. **"Hey..."** he muttered while giving a small wave before stepping into the house himself.

Well, no one immediately responded to his greeting, so Kit ventured further in. Hardwood flooring stretched out before him, and a staircase was near by. He bounced the door closed with his bag and spent a few moments contemplating what to do when the door once again opened. The somewhat dignified looking guy, one of the 'nese', just don't ask him which one, turn the bend and regarded him in the manner much like how Kit was regarding him. As one who sucked at guessing ages, Kit didn't ever try. He gave the guy a bright smile.

"Yo!" he responded cheerfully. "I guess you are apart of this thing too?"

**"A subject to whatever strange experiments they might have in mind? Yeah sure I guess..."** Shaen remarked, unable to put on such a cheerful expression as the other male. With a shrug, he slipped out of his sneakers before he looked around the building. Like he had thought so outside, only a single thought came to him at that moment of observation. *Large....* The hall ahead must have extended for at least dozens of meters and he could pick out a kitchen, a dining room and other smaller rooms lining the walls ending with a stair case at the very end. The hardwood felt cool to his feet as he took his first few steps around the house.

He turned to look back at the other male and slightly shifted his bags a bit before extending a hand. **"Name's Shaen, gonna be around each other for the next few weeks I guess,"** he said, a bit of enthusiasm finally making its way into his voice. Being up at the crack of dawn was not Shaen's thing, but if he got to wander the massive building freely, it was a decent trade in his mind.

"You don't have to be so pessimistic about it," Kit laughed. He glanced around. There was supposed to be a staircase by each doorway, which would mean the door behind him. He opened it and, sure enough, was another set of stairs. He glanced back at Shaen when he finally put a bit of joy in his tone. "See, that the spirit I was expecting. Now, I want to poke around, and I can't do that with these," he hefted his bags a bit, "So I'm going to find a room to drop them by for now."

He started for the stairs, taking them two at a time, but that stopped at the first landing. "It's Kit by the way. My name, that is. Kit James. Nice to meet you. And you coming up too?"

Shelly was the next one to arrive. The Native Australian had spent about a month in Canada already to get situated. Some things would take longer than others though. While the Jet Lag had long since come and went, her acclimatization to the weather was still lagging far behind. September was Autumn in Canada. Needless to say, winter wasn't very far behind so before

going, Shelly had bought winter coat, long sleeves, thicker and warmer fabrics... Even a parka and snowpants. Heavy boots as well. She was always prepared for everything if she could help it. The taxi pulled up and after paying and thanking the cabby for the ride, she pulled her travel case out. It had everything she'd need in it, organized as best she could and made to fit into the space. It was on the heavy side for her, but she was never the strong one. No, she had intelligence and endurance to make up for that. Looking at the door, she opened the door. She was going to live here, she didn't have to knock. "ello?" She called. "Anyone here?" with her case in hand, she brought it in and shut the door with a swift motion of her leg. Well, it was off to find her room if no one answered.

"2suspicious4me" - that was the first thought about the project when Vasily heard about it for the first time. But unfortunately for him, it was his best bet to get money, as he lost the biggest chunk of it trying to get to Canada, get the housing and education there. And so, nearly hobo-poor Vasily was struggling to get as much money as he could with the least effort he needed. Because accomodation wasn't cheap and internet providers were taking crapton of money for their services. He, of course, expected that a new company won't have much success at start, and they are providing their giant part of deal only because the side effects of the drug are so dangerous.

"Well, I have health insurance for the events like that and unless those drugs won't change my identity," Vasily believed, "like by getting necrosis over my face or turning me into some cat."

He, unfortunately, couldn't predict the future correctly for a long time. But if he knew that he would be infused with werebeast capacities, his choice wouldn't have changed much. This would have only made him stronger...

Finally, after a LONG walk (and few hitchhiking moments) Vasily finally arrived at the needed building. To his relief it wasn't looking like some sort of underground bunker for mad scientists and it looked kinda nice. He could even notice movement inside through the windows of the house, and knowing that he should try to introduce himself to the people and make a contact, Vasily finally opened the door and entered the house. And after he did so, his attention immediatelly dissolved to absorb every single piece of furniture and door around him. The house was nothing like the buildings he had seen before, and for a moment, as expected, Vasily recieved a good dose of cultural shock.

That didn't stop him from moving onwards and in few seconds he bumped into a girl that had no idea if someone was inside. Well, at least she now knows that this house is not empty.

"Pardon me," Vasily immediatelly rushed to appologise, letting his free hand do scrach his head and then he continued "That house kinda surprised me with it's... Everything, actually. So, you are the guinea pig for this thing too, right?"

Shaen just nodded and watched as Kit dashed up the stairs and vanished to the house's second floor. *Interesting...* he thought to himself as he dwelled upon his newest acquaintance. A bit too

cheerful this early in the morning for Sheen himself, but he felt that Kit was a natural magnet for people. The attitude of his was proving infectious, but before he could take another step forward the noise of a door opening sounded behind him.

Turning to greet the latest newcomers, Shaen took note of the two newest "test subjects". The first girl in the dormitory had arrived, not too big of a surprise as the letter had mentioned the experiment would be co-ed and behind her was another male. Noticing that the new guy seemed to have bumped into the girl, Shaen left the two alone, but before he left he mentioned, **"Hey there. Name's Shaen and there's another called Kit already up on the second floor."** With that and a small wave towards the two, Shaen shifted the bag straps until they were comfortable once more. Satisfied, he walked slowly through the hallway in front of him, poking his head into the occasional room.

As he stepped into what looked to be a study, the bookcases by the corner caught his attention. The hardwood changed to carpet at the room and Shaen smirked to himself as he dragged his socks across the floor. With a glance, the books that lined the shelves seemed to be on a variety of different subjects. From sciences to philosophy, whoever owned these books certainly seemed to be academically oriented. With a flip, Shaen opened a book at random and began to flip through the pages, picking up tidbits of interesting information here and there.

"Huh? Oh yeah. Well i figure it's good to get as much money for school as you can get, right? Doesn't really matter where it comes from. Any guesses on what they're gonna do?" She asked curiously.

Shelly's eyes lit up when she heard the words "there's another called Kit already up on the second floor." Smiling happily, she continued hauling her bags upstairs. This was on the heavy side for her, but she had everything she'd need. "I'll be right back then." She said. "Gotta meet up with an old friend. Kitler!" She called, hauling her stuff to the second floor, she finally found him. "Hey Kitler!" She said. "How've you been, buddy? I never thought we'd actually be able to meet!" She smiled, a little relieved to have stopped moving and hauling her stuff around. "Been here long? In this city i mean. How come you decided to get involved with this too? Why'd you want to go to this college?" She asked in rapid succession.

Kit didn't spend much time searching for a room. He simply dropped his bags by the first door he came to. Well, it was a pair of doors. One of the doors was partially opened, so he peered inside. The blinds were drawn, but he could make out the forms of some bags by one of the beds, and the shape of someone under the covers, apparently sleeping judging by the snores he could hear. The other room was empty. It only took a split second's consideration to figure out that the empty room was better. He closed the door of the occupied room, then kicked his bags just inside the other. He turned, about to head back down, when a familiar face showed up.

"Shelly?" Kit grinned. Tanned skin, straight hair, and that huge silver carrying case. Definitely Shelly. "I just got here today. Took the train down. And I told you I signed up the same day you did! And I applied here because.. well... because."

## • A Strange Conversation

The following happens about nine days after Day One  
Wednesday, 6:13 PM

The Kitchen was turning into one of Kit's favourite places in the house. Because food was always a good thing. In this case, he was interested in making tea. Tea was always good. With sugar and milk. And the sound of the spoon clinking against the side of the mug was always nice. He went decaffeinated green tea this time.

Meanwhile, Vasily came down from his room, after typing up a giant amount of code in his computer, yet again. He needed a damn cup of tea or he would BSOD. And BSODs are bad. As Vasily had entered the kitchen, he took a cup (that he always uses for tea) and did a routine tea-making procedure.

"Hi there, Kit." Vasily said drinking tea. He usually says "hello" or stuff like that to the people that he had already seen, just so they would acknowledge him.

"My dear Big Brother! Kit greets your descent!" Kit said happily, plucking the tea bag out once he figured it steeped long enough. He poured in a bit of milk and stirred it up a bit after the cloud of milk settled. "Getting some tea too?"

Vasily nodded. He noticed how Kit was making the tea from a tea bag - and Vasily, according to his national traditions of tea making, brewed the concentrated tea first (very concentrated) in a teapot and then mixed the tea, hot water and sugar in his cup. That was longer, probably no one even figure out to use the liquid he made but...

"Exceeding in excellence," he grinned, sipping his tea. Yep, perfect temperature. "So, what's new with you? Any fun things happening in the world of Vas?"

"Nope, none." Vasily said, sipping his tea. He probably over-sugared it, but not too much.

"Fine... enigmatic as ever Big Bro," Kit sighed. He grabbed some more of those brownies and started to head to the door. Maybe he would tea-ify himself in the common room. Then he paused, then grinned. "What about those rope skills you brag about so often? Find any use for them?"

Vasily stared at Kit for a moment. That's gotten awkward too fast. "Eeeeh... I've just mentioned it as joke few times..."

"I have a near eidetic memory," Kit brag proudly, holding his fist to his chest. "Except, you know, when I don't. Which kinda happens to be most of the time when things I don't find

interesting. But that's anecdotal. To the point at hand; hast thou bound anything together with ropes of late?"

"You find my "binding" stuff interesting?" Vasily asked "No, I didn't. Or not willing to say. Either way, my answer is: "No"."

"The inner machinations of my mind are an enigma," Kit grinned. That 'Not willing to say' comment sounding interesting, but for the moment, he let it slide. "Great room?" Kit asked.

"Sure, after I finish the tea." Vasily said, and then instantly emptyfied his cup with one big drinking maneur. "Done." he then said, as if it was impossible to notice without it.

"You know, you could have taken it with you," Kit sighed with a smile. "I'm taking mine. And there is no sign that says no eating. Even if their way, I would have taken it down," he added jokingly. He went ahead of Vasily and heading over to the room.

Vasily chuckled and replied "Not the person that eats outside kitchens." Then, Vasily remembered his actual reason for coming down: He had to find the rope he lost, that was a replacement for the rope he broke (long story, but in the end, the guy that got his rope cut was demanding a replacement for it).

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Shelly meanwhile was late to et back to the dorm. Shrugging off her backpack with laptop and essential books in it, she sighed. "phew... Man, I'm gonna hate Wednesdays..." She said. she looked over the others as she entered the great room. "Hey mates." She said, flopping down on the sofa, not caring who was already on it.

Alessa's first week at college went by easily enough. Most of her professors were only interested in going over the syllabus and she had maybe one or two assignments that she just finished yesterday. She had finished her classes that day at about 11am. and then spent the rest of the day working on Calculus. She got her injections for the day and then headed down to the great room. She had a few injections since the Pharmaceutical testing began. So far she felt no physical effects, although the same could not be said for her mind. She seemed to focus more heavily on specific tasks. "Hello there Shelly.", Alessa said noting her plopping down on top of her on the couch.

"Oh... sorry." she said as she lay on top of Alessa. "long day. Realllllllllllly long day." she said feeling the stress start to leave her body. "Have I mentioned I hate Wednesday's schedules? Because I hate them already."

"You could stand to mention it more.", Alessa said noting that Shelly still sat in her lap. "Glad to know after Kit there are still those that use my lap as a pillow.", Alessa said.

"speaking of, where is Das Furer?" Shelly asked in her very best german.

"I'm fine being your couch cushion Shells", Alessa said sarcastically.



"Sorry..." She said, sliding off and laying down on the couch proper.

"I'm not sure where Kitler is right now...", Alessa relaxed after Shelly finally got off her lap.

"Ah well... what about supper?" Shelly asked.

"I'm eating later, can I ask you something...you had your injections today right...", Alessa asked.

"Yep." Shelly said simply, still recovering from the long day. "why do ya ask?"

Alessa lay down in Shelly's lap, "My turn!", she shouted.

"ugh..." Shelly complained, but went along with it.

"I haven't felt any physical manifestations to their experimental drug, but I feel that I may have had some mental reactions...have you experienced anything recently?"

"I guess. I mean I've been thinking more... I dunno. I've noticed things I haven't before." Shelly explained even now seeing Alessa's pulse in her neck.

Alessa looked up at her friend as she lay there. "I see, I've been feeling more focused than ever on new things."

"Like what?" Shelly asked, tearing her gaze away from the pulsing vein in her friend's neck.

"Mostly just my schoolwork, but also my other passions, swimming and the like...so this is why Kit enjoyed it so much...", Alessa said.

"Enjoyed what?" Shelly asked, confused.

"Remember the first day when he tried to rest in my lap...this must be why, you make a good pillow.", Alessa said smiling up at Shelly.

"Oh, that yeah." Shelly said shrugging. "and... thanks?"

"So what have you been noticing lately?", Alessa said.

"This is gonna sound weird," Shelly said. "But... well... I can see your pulse." She said, looking away from Alessa's neck again. "I know how this probbaly sounds, but I... it's just right there!" she placed a finger on Alessa's neck.

Alessa felt Shelly's finger on her neck. She caressed Shelly's hand. "Fascinating.. tell me more"

"yep... I'm not hallucinating. your pulse is matching what i'm seeing." Shelly said, then pulled her hand away. "Sorry... I shouldn't have brought it up."

=====TIME LINES UNITE!=====

Kit headed into the great room, still grinning, and spotted Seashell in his favourite couch.

"Shelly-berry, Damsel, 'Sup?" he called out. Then he noticed what the two were doing. "Um... is there something I should know? Cause... I'm...." No way he was admitting that out loud to the girls. He did move so that the couch was between him and the girls line of view.

"Well... I think i'm freaking out Alessa." She replied. "don't worry, you're not interrupting anything."

Alessa sat up in shock, what was that feeling she had..."It's not what you think...by the way Kitty have you felt anything strange since the procedure started?", Alessa stammered, and then subconsciously lay down in Shelly's lap again.

"You know... strange is almost my middle name," Kit grinned. "Well, actually it means warlike, but war is strange."

"He's right, you know." Shelly said, subconsciously looking Kit over. No pulse from this distance... He was standing awkwardly behind the couch... She shook her head. "I keep doing that..." She said sighing.

Alessa turned her head to Kit, "You didn't answer my question." She then wriggled to be more comfortable in Shelly's lap.

"I suppose I've been feeling a bit fitter. And hungrier," Kit said thoughtfully. "I think I'm running a bit faster too, judging by the records Doc Raine has. Cool. And how come you have a problem with my head on your lap but not Seashell's?"

[Kit's bluff: 19 (taking ten)]

"Urrgh." Shelly moaned.

"Am I hurting you?", Alessa said worriedly.

"Nah. Just... blergh." Shelly said. "Looooooooooooooooong day like I mentioned."

"Her head isn't in my lap...Kitty if you want to rest in my lap you only need to ask...", Alessa explained.

"Oi," Shelly complained. "If you're gonna have a lie in with Kit, let him know in privite." She teased, a little hurt. She wanted to ask him for a date soon.

"My apologies, need me to help you relax?", Alessa said to Shelly.

"Wait, you want to have a lie with me?" Kit asked suddenly. Ah hell, and it was just starting to go away too...

"slang for going to sleep after a date." Shelly explained. "and... Yes--well... nnnn--ye...." she was trapped.

"No!", Alessa said sharply to Kit. She sat up, "Sorry about that Shells"

"Ohhh, you were talking to him..." Shelly said smiling nervously. "Sorry... sorry."

"Um, did I miss something?" Kit asked.

"Well..." Shelly said slowly. She had said it. But she paused, looking at Alessa. pulse... pulse... pulse... "I'll... tell you later. In private." She was blushing fiercely.

"Sure," Kit said, a bit confused. Now she was blushing. Very confused. At least she was cute while she was blushing.

Alessa wondered aloud, "What's gotten into me?". Something was coming over her, she needed to think.

"What did you eat last?" Kit asked in response.

"A salami sandwich, I had it just after I got my shots for the day I don't think that has anything to do with it though..", Alessa said.

"And that's what's gotten into you," Kit said grandly with much self importance.

"Can't have been the sandwich though...", Alessa said to herself, "Shelly your thoughts?"

As Alessa talked away, Kit set his cup on the side table and tried to tumble over the back of the couch onto the chair beside Seashell.

And failed spectacularly. He got over the top, but somehow rolled over too far and tumbled right off the couch, knocking his head on the ground [Tumble\(crit fail\) = 6](#)

"huh?" Shelly asked relaxing. "Oh ummm... my last meal? Lasagnia from the cafe." She said. Shelly laughed when she saw Kit's futile attempt at vaulting over the couch. "you all right there?"

"We've all had the shots and I don't think food is a factor...perhaps it's just me.", Alessa said to the others, barely even noticing Kit's tumble.

"Ah-tatatata," Kit winced, rubbing his head. "That could have gone better," he muttered.

"Don't go Fist of the North Star on me, buddy." Shelly said, sticking out her tongue. Now, she could see his body up close, Shelly blushed, looking down some. She might not have been the most social person, but now she was getting really timid and shy.

"Do that again, I didn't see it the first time", Alessa teased and winked.

"Your loss," Kit said, a bit irritatedly. "So this is what it feels like to be you, huh Damsel? And what was that about vampire?"

"Oh nothing... It's just that I dunno... Alessa said she got more focused on things meanwhile i've been... I guess seeing weak points on people. Like with you and Alessa... I can see your pulse."

"You could say that..but try tripping over your own two feet when you go refill that tea...Now I worry it's less focus and more passion, it's probably nothing.", Alessa said hugging her knees to her chest.

"Aw, my brownies!" Kit whined, seeing the crumbs on the ground and couch. "Not cool..."

"Brownies?" Shelly asked, perking up. "Where? I'd want some."

"In the kitchen! Where they always are!" Kit said, gathering the clean crumbs together. "And why do you always want to eat my brownies!"

Alessa got up and prepared to head to the kitchen to get herself some hot chocolate and cookies."I'm going to get some dessert.", Alessa said.

"can you get some food for me please?" Shelly called, quieter then she normally did.

"Did you guys eat dinner?" Kit asked.

"I did, now I want dessert.", Alessa said.

"yep. But I'm hungry again." Shelly said, chuckling.

"And people say I'm voracious," Kit grinned.

"you haven't heard or smelled me using the stove at 10 or 11 at night? I've always added another meal in around that time.

"Why cook? I keep food in the room all the time," Kit teased.

"Well now I know. Though I don't think I wanna go looking through your stuff." She said. "I remember what you pulled on poor Emily. I was thinking of having the poor girl not talk to Keith for a long time." She teased.

"I never told her to go snooping around his closet!" Kit protested.

Alessa felt left out of the conversation, "Tell me more about these RP's you two go on and on about."

"We do them with a bunch of people. D&D stuff lately. though there are some are ones that aren't for geeks." Shelly said, blushing. "But what I was talking about was my character, Emily, stumbled into this guy's" she pointed at Kitler, jabbing him in the chest a little. "porn stash while she was looking for blankets to tie into a hammock for other people."

"Sounds raucy, you sure you're alright Kit?"

"He was a single guy living on his own," Kit protested. "And he's an outcast type in his setting. So single with little chance of changing that."

"It doesn't usually get like that. Although Keith was a furry so make of that what you will."

"Those fursuit enthusiasts?", Alessa asked Shelly sitting down again.

"Fur suits are expensive," Kit sighed under his breath. [listen DC 14]

"not exactly." Shelly said. "He grew his own fursuit." She didn't hear what Kit muttered, strange considering she was right next to him.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3822553/> 7

"Don't mind me, I'll be here when you care to explain things to me again", Alessa said lying back down in Shelly's lap.

Shelly grinned. "his character is an anthropomorphic kitty cat." She said. "Mine is an anthropomorphic fox."

"And those are furies?", Alessa said lying on her side, Shelly really made for a good pillow.

Kit poked at Alessa's shoulder. Since when were these two so close?

"Hello...What is it Kitty...", Alessa said.

"If it helps, they weren't born that way. And Emily would beat you up if you called her that. You'd be better off calling her a vampire. She doesn't like that, but she doesn't object as much."

"I see, is there something I can join in the discussion, you have to understand I haven't done any of these RP's", Alessa said.

"They are loads of fun. I have the handbooks on my computer if you want to read. And dice in my bag," Kit added.

"Oh yeah. I got a whole shitload of PDFs too. A few of them that we don't use because they're broken. you might have heard me saying psionics are banned... But let's see... good ones... Well there was Multiverse which is still going on, After, Godsend, Times of Trouble..." she was listing off the ones she was in.

A wild Michael suddenly appears and jumps over a spare couch to sit on it. He barely manages to do this, but otherwise clearly did better than Kit, not that he realized this of course since he didn't see that.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3822550/> 3+8=11

He proceeds to get comfortable and listens to the conversation... which was apparently about Role Plays for some odd reason.

"I'm not sure if I have time for that, is there something else we could discuss.", Alessa said. "And Kit if you're concerned I'll rest in your lap. "

"But Seashell did get a turn..." Kit sighed. He wadded up his paper towel and threw it at Mikey boy. ([Paper wad attack go! 15](#))

"for who?" Shelly asked, blushing. If Kit meant himself then... She really had to just get it off of her chest at some point. "Well that's one way of dropping in..." Shelly said, seeing Mikey leap gracefully onto the couch. "Hey there! finally decided to not be all emo and talk to us?" she asked, happy to talk with him.

Alessa sat up with a jolt, it was strange to her to see Michael out and about. "Hello there...Michael was it?", Alessa said.

Michael shrugs at Shelly's comment, "Well, I'll just hop back upstairs if you think I'm emo. And hello... Alessa, right? Yeah, my name is Michael."

"Mikey-boy... you really need to work on your name remembering skills," Kit laughed.

"Hey, be fair now, Alessa had the same problem.", Michael said.

Shelly laughed at everything going on, quietly though. She was starting to get pretty timid was it because of the injections? It had to be... she was normally more outgoing then this.

"Sorry for using you for so long Shelly, you want to take a turn?", Alessa said patting her lap twice.

Kit winced again. "Why do you always use those suspicious choice of words, Damsel?"

"What do you mean?", Alessa said.

"Cause we women like making the Y gender feel awkward?" Shelly asked, smiling.

Alessa immediately nodded, showing her agreement with Shelly's statement.

"A second ago you didn't know what I was talking about," Kit teased Alessa as he lightly poked Shelly.

"Doesn't matter. It's a universal thing for all women." Shelly grinned.

"So Seashells for enduring me, you can get a turn.", Alessa said to her.

"yay!" Shelly said, starting to recover from the long day. "Hmmm..." She said, then pounced onto Kit. "I'll use my turn on you later." She said smiling.

"If you say so", Alessa said.

Kit smiled, then looked off to the side. "I have such thoughts in my head..." he whispered, biting his lip. [listen DC 15]

Listen: [1d20+1=3](#)

Shelly didn't hear what was said. instead she lay on top of Kit. "Hi!" She said right into his ear. ([listen 3](#))

Kit flinched lunged away, but didn't get far, more or less wrenching his neck in process. Somehow. ([Flinching? \(1d20+6=25\)](#)) He rubbed his neck awkwardly. Thank god black men didn't blush. "Hi?"

Shelly frowned when she saw Kit hurt himself. "Sorry... I'm just trying to have some fun." She said, but still laid out on top of him. "Just like in the Chatzy, huh?" She said chuckeling. Me glomping ya. and no mists to save you this time!"

"No harm done," Kit said. Maybe it was a lie, but it was the little white lie type. "And why would I want to... nevermind."

"Well you always mist away whenever I try to pounce on ya." Shelly said.

Michael managed to keep himself from smirking at what just happened and pretty much kept his mouth shut lest he says something stupid.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3822589/> Perform: Act: 18

//I'm expecting a DC 20 since I'm not right next to him and he was more focused on stopping himself from saying anything, so he is distracted, therefore, an impossible DC check for him.

"How are you doing today?", Alessa said to Michael.

"I'm fine. How is everyone else doing?" Michael said while keeping the poker face he made on.

"Doing well I guess, how has your life been, experience anything strange from the shots?", Alessa asked.

Michael sits still for a couple of seconds as he thought about it, "Well... I feel lighter on my feet, but nothing else that's noticeable." He shrugs. He then looks at the two who were Shelly and Kit,

"You two want a room?" He lost his poker face there as he grinned.

"Am I the only one who hasn't felt any physical changes yet?", Alessa asked the others.

"Maybe not yet." Shelly said. "I think i'm another that hasn't seen physical things... If anything, I'm getting kinda shy."

"You're getting shyer?", Alessa said in disbelief having just watched her 'glomp' Kitty.

"Shy?" Kit echoed. He grinned and tugged on her ear.

Michael barely held a laugh.

"I dunno... I can suppress it i guess since I'm naturally outgoing. Either that or I'm just starting to be quieter... Really dunno though." Shelly replied.

"You barely objected while I used ya as a pillow.", Alessa said to her.

"that's cause I was so tired. and glomping Kitler doesn't count since I'm always that way around him. Normally I have a lot of questions and stuff in class, but lately, i've been a lot quieter in class... and in the lunchroom... and everywhere else..."

"I wonder how else I've changed since this process started" Alessa asked.

"maybe you're just not being affected." Shelly said, shrugging. "The doc did say that not everyone is affected."

"Have you falls been hurting as much?" Kit asjed.

"They already barely hurt, although I guess I'm just used to them. Besides a greater passion for the things I do, I feel there's not that much else."

Michael simply shrugs, "Maybe the shots are increasing your tolerance to pain?"

"Or toughening my skin...I'm not sure which...", Alessa said, and why did she have a craving for pudding.

"Toughening skin sounds... I don't know... much," Kit said, making a face.

Alessa turned, but she couldn't make out what Kit's face was with Shelly on top of him.

"Still, might be an awesome superpower. Like Superman!" Shelly said. "Still, mybe they're just not affecting you. or me."

"I kinda doubt we'll be shooting lasers from our eyeballs because of this" Michael says with a nervous smile, "Might melt our eyeballs from overuse if it DOES happen and even if it doesn't,



we might not be able to figure out how to stop it and might need special shades or something."

"Or blind you, like laser pony," Kit grinned. "And do you think that you are cyclops?"

Michael's brain wasn't able to churn anything out when he heard 'laser pony' other than that internet fandom, "...Laser pony? Dare I ask what that is?"

"Laser Pony? is that something from that MLP show? and that's not awesome because..." Shelly asked.

"Um... no. Just.... no. It's from a webcomic," Kit said, making a martyred expression. "League of Redundant Super heroes."

"Oh." Shelly said. "You'll have to show it to me I guess. The webcomics you link me to are generally pretty good. Most of the time."

"My skin feels the same, so I'm not sure," Alessa said to herself, the conversation had drifted away from her again. "How are the chances we're getting much from these injections."

"I think they said something around... 45-ish percent? I don't exactly remember that part." Michael said with a light shrug.

"Something like 40% yeah, hopefully it just hasn't manifested yet.", Alessa smiled.

"Maybe your superpowers aren't physical and they're mental ones. Maybe you're getting super intelligence and engineering skills. Iron woman maybe?"

"Doubtfully, although Iron Maiden would make a nice superhero name...", Alessa said.

"Damsel," Kit said, deadpan.

"Might get into copyright trouble with the band though..." Shelly added.

"Not sure if Damsel makes for a suitable superhero name, but I admit, Kitty, the nickname seems to have stuck this time.", Alessa said.

"That's more a name for me." Shelly said. "knowing my luck earlier..." nine days after the pool incident and she was still terrified of water.

"It's alright Shells, I just need to help you learn to swim, or you can just use an inner tube.", Alessa said. "Remind me why you call me Damsel nowadays?", Alessa asked.

"I really dunno. I'd say because you're a klutz and you're always getting into trouble because you're a klutz." She said. "and an inner tube, huh? I guess. I just don't want to drown again... or risk it."

"I'll be supporting you so you won't drown, I can help you swim...and how does Damsel relate to my being klutzy", Alessa said.

"thanks. I like swimming a lot, it's just that usually that never happened before..." she shivered from the memories. "As for the nickname, It just does, I suppose." Shelly shrugged. "Hey Kit, you wanna go upstairs? I got something I wanna tell you... well ask, really."

"I better not hear anything toni-" He quickly flaps his hand over his mouth to prevent himself from finishing that.

"Your welcome, well Kit I still can't recall why you chose this particular nickname." Alessa said.

=====In which much brain cells died in the name of LARPING=====

"Suddenly, I come in and see my rope lying in the corner instead of being in my damn room." Vasily said, entering the grand room and staring in the corner where a package with the rope he had just recently obtained from the nearby hardware shop. And then, suddenly, a realisation came to his mind when he noticed the looks of the people around him - his "fame" was already doing it's buisness... Vasily really hoped no one would say anything about it, because the explanation (that was true) would seem very unplausable for people. He tried to ignore the awkwardness and just went on and took his rope before situation would escalate quickly (and knowing Kit and himself, it totally would).

Alessa was distracted by Vasily entering the great room, "Hold that thought Kit...Vasily...Your...rope!? What's this about?", she asked.

Vasily sighed. He knew that this won't end well, didn't he? "I've cut the rope of some guy and he demanded me to buy another one. That's all" Vasily said, being absolutely confident in his words.

"Sounds like there's more to it, like what you were doing in the first place with some guy's rope...", Alessa replied. She didn't mean it the way it sounded. The first being what he was doing cutting the rope in the first place, ah well, this was probably one of those things she was better off not knowing. And yet, she was curious.

"That was techological stuff. He was building something using a rope as a part of his mechanism - I've broken it. I was not tying this guy up." Vasily said, becoming more nervous about the situation.

"I never said you were.", Alessa said, clearly wondering why he was trying to cover something up.

"You've implied that, at least." Vasily replied "No, really, I was serious about that" Vasily said.

"I implied that? Seems rather sudden for you deny something I didn't accuse you of.", Alessa said, her logical reasoning skills impaired by lack of hot chocolate, her tact equally .

"Unless he wants to tie someone up," Kit proffered with a less than kind, in fact, it was downright wicked, grin. "Is that it Big Bro? You have that wonderful length of rope kicking about in case someone needs a good restraining?"

"Oh not sure if I'd agree with that assessment, Kitty, but then again this is Vasily we're talking about here.", Alessa commented. Kit was taking Shelly lying on him rather well. Somehow she regretted she wasn't the one Shelly was lying on. Ah well, all in good time.

"Someone's totally asking to get tied up." Vasily said looking at Kit and Alessa.

"Take Damsel," Kit suggested. "I'm more of a knight in high albedo armor type."

"Me?!", Alessa recoiled in shock. "What did I do?", Alessa questioned.

"You were the one who suggested he had plans with the rope," Kit grinned. "And I do recalled you saying something about being bound a few days ago..."

"I suggested nothing...and that was sarcasm Kitty.", Alessa winced. She recalled a brief statement to Kit regarding chivalry but other than that she was sure she never mentioned anything about this.

"This became the main thing to discuss yet again." Vasily noted.

"And she says chivalry is dead. You have all the makings of a Damsel in Distress," Kit teased.

"Oh right, that's where the nickname came from...I still don't know how that caught on Kitty", Alessa said. What was scary to her now wasn't that they had brought up bondage in the conversation. The scary thing was she wasn't objecting to it.

"It's a successful sociological experimental setup," Kit proclaimed. "Start off with a name they hate, then graciously offer one they don't. She'll sell you all about it."

"And so this discussion now is the punline to this little joke of yours", Alessa smirked sarcastically.

"What joke of mine?" Kit asked, idly playing with a few strands of Shelly's hair before he realized what he was doing and stopped.

Shelly had drifted off to take a nap, so she didn't respond.

"Nevermind, so in this fantasy of yours, what's happening?", Alessa asked Kit. She knew she would regret his response.

"Fanta.... we should totally role play this! Like a LARP! Big Bro could be the big bad! Damsel would get her wish to be tied up, we could even have an epic fight scene!", Kit said excitedly.

"Peanuts!" Shelly yelled, the yelling kit was doing waking her up. "Wait, what...? huh? Guess I drifted off there. What are we talking about?"

"You fell asleep?" Kit whispered at Shelly.

"You say that as if I'm already willing...and what is this Larp you speak of?", Alessa said. She was shocked that she wasn't vehemently refusing to be a part of this.

"Kit..." Vasily said, realising that he is more than glad to join this if the LARP starts off... Legit reason to tie up people, after all.

"Misunderstood villain then," Kit continued in his eager planning, misunderstanding Vasily's input. "And it's like acting out a play, only the script isn't set, and anything can happen. You become someone else for the duration. It could be really fun.

"Essentially some roleplaying and acting without too much paperwork" Vasily added

"So basically what we all did as children on the playground. And I'd be playing the damsel in distress in this...LARP you say....I suppose roleplaying is mostly harmless.", Alessa said. What was she doing...why was she so enthusiastic about this idea.

"A LARP? Never tried one of those... What kind?" Shelly asked. "I know of some settings and games. World of Darkness and stuff."

"It's a bit more organized than school yard games, but yeah." Kit said, organizing thoughts. "The Big Bad would need a dragon... I suppose we could draft Mikey boy into that role, and Knight will need a second... Maybe Shaen, or Seashell, if you're up for it. A fun twist... maybe sacrificing the maiden's soul to prevent some great evil from emerging..."

"A second what? And sacrifice? I guess. So I guess I'm gonna get all tied up?" Shelly laughed.

"No, a second is the knight's partner, squire, another knight whatever," Kit explained.

"Ohhhhh. I get it." Shelly said, nodding.

"And of course 'You fools!' moment if the heroes would actually beat me up. And then, the bigger bad appears and... Wait, who will be the bigger bad?" Vasily already got seamlessly into the idea, forgetting his initial revulsion.

"Darren... (or Nathan) might fit the bill," Kit said easily. "How good is your evil laugh Big Bro?"

"If I'm to play the role of the damsel in distress, I'd rather Nathan is kept as far away as possible...Still can't believe I'm agreeing to this.", Alessa sighed in exasperation. And yet for some reason her thoughts turned to that poofy dress she kept in the closet for special occasions and wondered what it would be like to be tied up while wearing it.

"If Nathan's going to be the Bigger Evil, Alessa would have yet another reason to let me to tie her up" Vasily said, chuckling a bit evilishly.

"Excellent chuckle Vas. Hmm... we will need outfits... It's not the right time of the year for hallow's eve costumes... through places like value village and the salvation army might have something that works..." Kit continued.

"Please, just keep Nathan far far away, and why would that give me a new reason comrade?", Alessa said to Vasily, turning to Kit she replied, "I already have a dress that should work..." Alessa was feeling more confident about joining in on this, but still concerned at the ease of which she offered herself as a sacrifice.

"You weren't kidding about that pant's thing, were you?" Kit said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Haven't worn pants since middle school.", Alessa said, wondering whether it was right to be proud of such a thing.

"Not even jeans?" Kit said in partially feigned shock.

"No", Alessa said to Kit, "Not even jeans."

"Nothing wrong with that. Though it'd be impractical where I'm from." Shelly commented.

"Now let's move our creative and probably corrupted minds onto thinking the actual plot and other stuff, not about how to get a girl to get into your pants, mkay?" Vasily said, getting a seat. Well, THAT escalated quickly.

"Thank you...well I dunno, why the heck am I tied up at the start of this fantasy.", Alessa asked. She was oddly willing even knowing what her eventual fate would be.

"You have the maidenly traits that any dark god would want for his sacrifice? After all, you don't were pants," Kit said innocently.

"So the God of Pants demands a sacrifice? And how is this maiden getting tied up, if I'm stuck doing this I might as well know how it's going to go down.", Alessa laughed, this was going nowhere fast, and she already had first class tickets to her own demise. Although now that it was brought up she was curious about this getting tied up thing.

"The fallen god Kalnash has lost his worshipers and, by extension, his ability to influence the world. Angered and vengeful, he takes advantage of the weakening of the veil between the real world and the Neverafter to insert a small node of his conscience in the mind of a mortal, influencing this mortal to engineer his return. Stop fidgeting Seashell."

"Make me!" Shelly teased, immaturly, sticking her tongue out.

"The key ingredient to sustain his immortal body in this realm: the blood and soul of a maiden a few months shy of her first score. Hey... we could make it so that he possess the body, so the Damsel becomes the fallen god. To keep his body, he has to slay a set number of mortals and spill the blood of nobles. In fact, Big Bro's character doesn't even have to be evil! He just become it!" Kit said excitedly.

Alessa only tangentially followed Kit's rambling. Part of it was muffled by Shelly lying on top of him, but she got the gist of it. "That is a lot more elaborate than I expected, virgin sacrifice, fallen gods, all of it, so how are you folks planning this debacle...", Alessa said to Kit. "Vasily, are you following this guy at all?"

"Yeah, I do kinda remember the biggest part of it." Vasily said and turned to Alessa "Actually, you shouldn't even worry a lot - you would be tied up for the most of the RP and everything you might need to know is the setting."

"See that's what I'm wondering, I'm supposedly the prize at the end of this journey, but that would mean I just lie somewhere tied up while everyone else gets to have a piece of the action.", Alessa said.

"But... my latest brain storm has you being the bigger bad at the end Alessa..." Kit said, wilting a little bit.

"You know, since I'd be the sacrifice, I could turn into the bigger bad." Shelly offered, shrugging. "I'd be a kidnapped princess and taken, tied up and gagged, the big bad would take some blood or something then the bigger bad would possess me."

"So you wish to join me in the trussed up and bound corner? Which is why I'm not backing down from this opportunity...as long as Vasily is gentle in this process.", Alessa said. She was already wondering how she was going to be tied up, but she didn't dwell on it.

"There will be significant less tossing into corners. You will be gentle, right big bro?" Kit asked innocently. "So... two sacrifices... we could twist it a bit I suppose... but that leaves me without a second... against a big bad, his dragon and two bigger bad? That's one badass knight."

"Does that make SHelly and I both kidnapped princesses or something then?", Alessa asked.

"The blood of the twin moon princesses," Kit came up with helpfully.

"Oh. Well if Alessa wants to be a princess, i could be the second." Shelly said, yawning.

"We'd have to discuss how I'm going to be tied up so this can be done safely...well relatively safely.", Alessa said matter-of-factly. She was getting into it now, who knows maybe it would be fun.

"Two princess can work. We could ask Shaen if he wants in on the action. Or just move Mikey-boy to the side of the just. And no more napping..." Kit added, poking Seashell's shoulder a

couple times.

"I could use the company Shells...", Alessa said somewhat jokingly.

"You know girls, there is one major problem: I've got only one rope." Vasily said, already imagining how would he tie up two girls with one rope... Gladly he knows the knots for this.

"Cut the rope in half, use bedsheets, a towel.." shelly offered.

"Or just tie you TWO together with one rope!" Vasily exclaimed, grinning malevolently

"Duct tape. And I have kite string. There might be rope in the room downstairs too," Kit added.  
"Also; kinky."

"But that'll hurt when it's pulled off." Shelly said.

"So you do plan to join me Shelly?", Alessa asked smiling somewhat.

"Sure. It's a first time for me so I gotta start small I suppose."

"Yeah I've never done anything like this before...always a first time eh. Tied up moon princesses you and I, sounds like fun, Vasily, we'd have to discuss how exactly we're to be bound, but you seem oddly enthusiastic about getting this chance.", Alessa said cheerfully, with a hint of concern.

"Ahh, my hero Sir Kit." Shelly said swooning, practicing. She gave him a peck on the cheek.  
"How can I repay you, good sir knight?"

"Every good emperor starts somewhere," Kit grinned. And... the thoughts were back..  
//This is becoming a catch phrase for kit...

"Suppose you'll get your wish...I'm going to become your damsel in distress...along with Shells over here", Alessa said smiling down to Kit.

"Well, the bigger bads would be you, and some big bad would have to change the sides and alignment to the good one to save the damn world. So no "good sir saved me" four you." Vasily said.

"Awww..." Shelly frowned.

"I'll still be Seashell's knight," he smiled.

"Still Vasily, we'd have to determine how exactly we're to be tied...", Alessa said.

"Maybe your charactor tried to date me." Shelly offered to Kit. "Or just had the hots for me."

"Th-that could work," Kit said with an outward grin. Inwards: *Oh-kay.... striking close to home here...*

"Does this make me, the casualty?", Alessa sighed.

"I suppose we both would. since the big bad would possess us both and leave the others to kill us."

"So you'd prefer to be tied than to be Sir Kit's squire.", Alessa said..."I only have one dress that would work so you'd have to supply your own."

"I will tie you up nice and tight, together with one rope, gently. If GM allows, I might even teleport away so the heroes could see my glory." Vasily casually said

"And leave me to fight two fallen god empower Women Scorned on my own? How mean Big Bro..." Kit said, making a sad face.

"I've meant that I am going to teleport away with the girls." Vasily said "At the start, to get the story going."

"Better. Hey, the Big Bad and the Hero could actually be brothers," Kit realized. "Just as how the princesses are sisters."

"Same blood enemies? I find this quite a bit cliché actually." Vasily said

"It is? Huh... nothing new under the sun I guess," Kit shrugged.

"One rope, two girls, seem okay, "Kinky!" Kit interjected. "suppose we'd try that or the bedsheets and string idea.", Alessa said.

"Oh." Shelly said. "Hmmm... I didn't bring a set of formal clothes... I'll see what I can do though." She said. "but if it gets to be too much of a clusterfuck, we can have a rock paper scissors match for it. I'm fine either way, but I just want to start small and work my way up."

"I've never done RP's before, and I think I'd prefer to be tied up for this to start with.", Alessa said to Shelly. What was she thinking!!

"There are certain characteristics that this discussion is revealing," Kit grinned.

"I suppose that's the concern, now if there was a safe way to utilize the duct tape...", Alessa said half joking.

Shaen felt a sneeze coming up as he scribbled away at some papers. Someone had talked about him.... he knew it somehow. Taking a glance at the documents he was working on, Shaen shrugged, they could wait a bit longer to be finished. Grabbing the mug of coffee on the table, he hid the papers carefully. No need for Len or someone else to find them. Locking the door behind



him as he left, the sounds of conversation drifted up from downstairs. Intrigued Shaen descended the flight of stairs to the first floor.

Approaching the great room, the conversation grew louder and Shaen could pick out the voices of Vasily, Shelly, Alessa and Kit. (Listen Check = 19  
<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3823034/>) He poked his head around the corner and took a sup of coffee before asking, "Did somebody mention my name?"

(Hear no evil, =9, See the evil, =20, sense no evil, =9)

Kit noticed movement at the corner of his eye and turn to see Shaen poking his head around the corner. He grinned exuberantly. "Hey! Sir Shaenus! What would you rather be; The Lancer or the Dragon?"

"Shaeneus? " he muttered with a raised eye at Kit. The question that followed was even stranger... though both tropes that he recognized. "I'll have to ask for context first..."

"We are planning an epic show down between an elder fallen god's mortal servants and a Knight of Justice. I'm the knight, Big Bro is the relatively big bad. Which side do you wish to serve?"

Oh... Shaen thought to himself as a mysterious smile crept onto his expression. "Can't I take a neutral stance in all of this? Perhaps a simple merchant?" he said with a small chuckle. Perhaps art did mimic life after all, he pondered as he waited for Kit's response.

"A merchant gifted in the art of fencing that fights alongside the hero perhaps," Kit said, raising his eyebrows.

"Or alchemist." Vasily suggested.

"Alchemists are always good. Throwing deadly concoctions and stuff."

"Or drinking them." Vasily replied and chuckled evilishly

"I take it we're starting at a high level then? Cause potion making costs a little XP."

"Princess's don't get levels," Kit teased. "And I don't know if LARPs work the same way..."

"I was referring to the rest of you." Shelly said sticking her tongue out at Kit. "And do ya have any gamebooks?"

"Freestyle," Kit said dismissively.

"Gotta perform a legendary "ass pull" then, getting Necronomicon in the middle of battle and suddenly getting knowledge of it" Vasily said

Shelly smiled. "Been a while since you ran one of those. Oh well. When are we doing this, anyways?"

"I don't know. We need supplies don't we? And outfits," Kit reasoned. "And a place to do this all."

"We can't do it here?" Shelly offered.

"So the other half of the house that isn't into this thing would surely ruin the fun, yeah?" Vasily said, not being content with roleplaying here at all. "As for supplies, I only have a rope and none good suits."

"Like I said I have a dress that may work", Alessa said quickly.

"Oh. Well, I dunno of any good places then. Sorry." Shelly said. "You got any ideas, Kit?"

"There are always parks," Kit pointed out.

"Well I suppose that'd work. We'd be bound to draw looks from other people but we know we're weird already." Shelly said.

"The opinions of the masses mean little to me," Kit proclaimed.

"How would you lead them, then, if you don't care about their opinions?" Vasily said, using the failure in the logic as a good way to strike. Not that if he wanted to actually "troll" Kit, that was just a reflexive logic handler. "As far as I can remember, you were planning to capture the world."

"Of course I will. They call me a tyrant or a demon, but all that concerns me is the control," Kit grinned. "There are steps that will be taken that matter not to the way they think of me."

"So, how are you planning to do so without any good start? No army of minions, no starting money, nothing." Vasily said, realising that he just had to say few sentences to derail the discussion into entirely other place.

"I thought you were called the chaos cat?"

"That too. And this is a multi stage plan Big Brother. It will take a few years to for my plan to reach the next phase, the need to indoctrinate my minions, plant the seeds for my control, discover the secrets of immortality, that sort of thing."

"Dream on, Little Brother." Vasily replied "Anyway, anyone's drug working? Cause I've just realised that I've been able to see things in much better focus. I think that whatever the side effect might be, I am going to like this drug."

"Then we shall be rivals in domination, Big Brother," Kit scowled at him. Then he grinned. "You know, that makes you sound like a drug addict. Dibs on North and South America, by the way."

"What he said." Shelly added, poking Kitler. "And if it does work for me, I hope nothing bad happens. I already mentioned that i'm getting a little more nervous around people I don't know."

"We were speaking about the LERP, by the way, and we are not done yet." Vasily said, wishing to finish the preparations already.

"LARP. Rymes with Carp." Shelly corrected. "Not sure what a LERP is."

"Crystallized honeydew produced by the larvae of some insects as protection," Kit said.

"What?" Shelly asked, tilting her head

"You asked what lerp was," Kit said, looking down at her, slightly confused.

"I didn't ask. I just siad I wasn't sure." Shelly said, sticking her tonge out at Kit.

"Same difference," he shrugged with a smile.

"Well, sounds interesting," Shaen commented offhandedly as he sipped away at his coffee. "I don't suppose you'll tell me when you're finally done planning everything?" he asked as he let his mind wander. He hadn't gotten much sleep lately, a combination of various requests by customers and possibly a side effect of the drug. Or it was just too much coffee, either way he could do with a short nap.

"Wait, which one? The taking over the work plan or he LARP plan?" Kit questioned.

"Either or sounds entertaining enough," he smiled a bit as he waved the question away. "Gonna take a small nap for now though, so you'll know where to find me," he finished before heading back up to the second floor.

"You know..." Kit began, watching Shaen retreat. "I'm beginning to think he's the loner in this group, and not Mikey-boy."

"Hm...." Shaen hummed to himself as he paused half way up the stairs. He could have sworn someone made a comment but he hadn't heard anything clearly. (Listen Check = 11 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3823253/>) "Oh well..." he muttered with a shrug before continuing up the stairs, sipping away at the coffee.

"Maybe. Though we can still tease him about it, can't we?" Shelly grinned. "By the way, I still have something I wanna tell you. but when we're in private. So... anytime you want me to tell ya, we'll go upstairs."

"You realize that you are the one pinning me down, right?" Kit asked, raising an eyebrow.

"That's not the point." Shelly said. "I can get off ya. Just lemmie know when."

Kit glanced over at the others. Mikey was out of it, like he was doing schoolwork, Damsel could have been at 30,00 feet up for the all the attention she was giving them, and Vasily could have been asleep, deep in thought as he was. He shrugged. "I suppose now is as good a time as any."

Alessa was following along the conversation but it seemed that she was just getting distracted by thoughts of what she was to do if everyone else got superpowers before her. Also of note was that Shelly seemed intent on joining her in the tied up department, not sure what to make of that. "Sorry, just thinking through some things", she said trying to stay active.

=====And Upstairs They Went=====

"Well..." Shelly began, getting off of Kit and followed him upstairs, not fully closing the door behind her. "How long have we known each other for? Do you know?" Shelly asked, wondering just how long she had known kit for. Just to make sure she wasn't rushing things. "I'm pretty sure it's been about a year? maybe more?"

Kit gave her a somewhat stunned look, jaw slightly open, and an eyebrow raised. "It been over a year..."

"Thought so..." Shelly thought. "And in that time, we've become good friends. Now that we've spoken a lot in person..." She paused and took a breath. "I guess what I'm saying is, I think I'm starting to see you as... more then a friend. Do you know what I mean?"

Kit had be afraid he was going to get a Talk, but instead, he was getting The Talk. Hey, no knocking his thought processes. It worked for him. Most of the time anyway. To the matter at hand. If she was suggesting what he thought she was suggest... He swallowed nervously. "I-I think so..."

Shelly smiled. "Do you feel the same kind of thing? With me, I mean?" she asked.

"You haven't noticed?" Kit asked nervously.

Shelly looked down, ashamed. "I'm not that good with reading people... How long have you felt it? and how come you never mentioned it before?"

"Since day one here, and a couple months before...." Kit admitted after a while.

"Why didn't you tell me that earlier?" Shelly asked, looking into Kit's eyes.

"I'm a snark. Mostly talk. I use smart words jokes to defuse situations and distract from what is actually going on... To be honest, the plain truth is something I don't admit that easily..."

"Now I feel bad that I didn't ask you this before..." Shelly said, frowning a little. "But well... since we feel the same way about each other, maybe we should go out."

"You would go out with me? Even though I'm pretty much Brokey McCashless?" Kit asked.

Shels was pretty much the only one that knew how bad off his family was, and even she didn't quite know it all.

"Well, you don't have to pay. I can cover for the first date." Shelly offered. "And for any other dates, we don't have to do anything fancy."

Kit sighed and slumped down on the bed. He rubbed forehead.

Shelly meanwhile frowned. "Did I say something wrong?"

"Not you... Seashell. It's nothing you said," Kit said slowly. "It's just.. Its just that my dad always taught me not to be the dependent one..."

"I can imagine. But still, I'm sure it'll be fun. But we don;t have to go out. I think we could just stay at home and do stuff." Shelly wasn't sure what this "other stuff" would be, but she hoped Kit would relent and let her pay for the first date. "Sometimes you need to rely on other people."

"I know, I know. But upbringing is hard to shake," Kit said. "And I made that fancy speech to Damsel too..."

(which fancy speech?)

Shelly nodded. "I understand." She crawled onto the bed next to him and after making sure the door was shut, pulled him close into a hug. "Still, if you ever need help, I'm here." She kissed him again, this time on the lips.

Dreams did not compare to the actual thing. And yes, he did have dreams. You tended to when there was a beautiful girl sleeping a few feet away (when he did manage to sleep, anyway. There was a reason he had been napping a lot in the days). Still, they didn't compare. When it ended, he had to ask. "You do realize that I'm a certified goof, right?"

"Oh, I know." Shelly replied. "And so am I. So it's all good." She smiled. "Though you're MY Certified Goof." She smiled and just relaxed next to Kit. She would have to let the parents know that she had a boyfriend. She already knew what her brothers would likely say. that it was about damn time.

"Getting Territorial are we?" Kit grinned.

"Maybe it's another thing from the shots." Shelly said. "Blame everything on them." she grinned.

"Aw, those poor researchers," Kit teased. "Such unjust blame they suffer."

"Who said that was a bad thing?" Shelly asked. "I'll defend ya a lot more."

"My! Doth the Lady of the Lake believe the Great Knight of Snark needs protection," he teased, bopping a finger on her nose.

Shelly stuck her tongue out at him. "Oh shush you. Would you rather have me barefoot and wearing some flowing white dress, working in the kitchen only?"

"Okay, One; I've seen some of those kitchen knives work their magic on a side of beef. I'm pretty sure that's not all they work on," Kit said, with a mischievous grin. "And two; I'm pretty the Amazons had kitchens."

"You know what I mean though, right?" Shelly countered. "But still. Don't you think I'd look good with a little muscle on me?"

"I'm chivalrous, not archaic," Kit protested. "And that sounds like one of those questions with very few right answers..."

"Pro tip, the right answer for this case is 'yes'." Shelly said. "Well, I'm still gonna defend you. Can't risk having the other women here snatch my mate way from me." she said, Australian slang coming through. Or was it really slang? Either way, it fit.

Kit blinked. Mate? That was... He really hoped that was just the Australian. Call him a stereotypical man, but he just found out that his crush was reciprocated. Mate was a jump. A big one. "And who says I'm gonna let some other girl snag me away?"

"I dunno." Shelly said. "But they'll have to get through me first before they snag you away." She said cuddling. "Yaknow, I could get used to this."

Vasily walked upstairs, seeing that everyone discussing the LARP has left. He started walking towards his room already when something curious has caught by his ear...

[Taking ten on listen check]

[Move silently: 11](#)

... Realising that he is way too curious not to find out whatever the two were talking about, Vasily started slowly walking towards the room they were in. Some time later Vasily was finally near the room, not particularly great at silencing his movements and started listening to the events inside...

Alessa moved upstairs the other three crazies that were planning this Larp were heading up she might as well join them.

"What? Dreams of fighting off rivals wielding clubs like a neanderthal?" Kit quipped.

"No, silly. Cuddling." Shelly said, continuing to do so.

"Oh, that," Kit grinned, pulling her a bit closer, though he continued talking as if it were nothing special. "I suppose it has his perks."

"Such as?" Shelly asked, giving her very best cat smile.

"For starters, I get to do it with you," Kit admitted.

"My my Kit!" Shelly said. "Already? Typically, people have three dates doing that!"

"Huh?" Kit blinked, looking down at her. His brain did the calculations for him. "Oh god no, not that! Cuddling! [i]Cuddling![i/] Not that I would mind- I mean, well, I wasn't talk, thinking about that! Not at all! Well, maybe- Cuddling! You know what... I'm shutting up now." Kit grabbed his pillow and covered his face as he did just that.

Shelly blushed, clearly embarrassing both of them. "Oh... Yeah, cuddeling is good." Shelly said. She didn't move away though. She liked being near him. "Do we still need to have two beds?"

Vasily decided not to stay on this conversation for long. Time to make a dramatic entrance and exit, at least that's how he believed. Vasily peeked into the room and then waved his hand, saying "I hear what you did there." He then grinned and walked away into his room. He didn't find those conversations particular interesting anyway.

"Ack!" Shelly yelled when she heard that, snatching the pillow covering Kitler's face and throwing it at the intruder.

Kit was about to respond when Vasily came in. His response died with the pillow Seashell snatched away. "We probably should have closed the door..."

"Yeah..." Shelly replied. "Do you think we should? I don't wanna get up... It's all the way over there."

"I'll do it" Vasily replied from the corridor, returning to close the door to the room.

"You think they would notice if we changes the door," Kit mused.

"I would think so... changing a door is pretty noticable. Maybe with Alessa's help, we could rig up some kind of remote door closer." Shelly already started thinking on the ways of making that work. "Thank you!" She called when Vaisly closed the door. "Sheesh... And here I was, wanting to keep this on the down-low..."

"I don't know if he'll say anything," Kit said, getting up to retrieve his pillow. "We will just have to see."

"Hope not. Oh well." Shelly shrugged and pulled Kit close into a hug. "I think this is gonna be good during the summer. Conserving body heat." She thought for a second. "Winter! Winter I mean."

"Okay, that makes a lot more sense," Kit chuckled, hugging her back.

"I'm from down under. Your crazy backwards seasons are gonna be the end of me."

"You just need to adjust," Kit grinned. He held her tight for a moment, then lifted her feet a few inches from the ground and spun them around, laugh when it worked. [\[Kit Twirls! \(STR=21, BAL=16\)\]](#) "Ha! It worked! I always wanted to do that!"

Shelly yelped, but smiled when she was spun around. "Whoa! Careful there!" She chuckled. She still enjoyed it though. She liked the randomness Kit caused. In chat, RPs and now in real life.

Alessa inadvertantly chuckled while observing the randomness that went on between those two. Thus giving away her position in the process. She was never good at covert activity...ever, even not considering how accident prone she was. Vasily had already returned to his room. She'd have to check with him, once she was serious about the LARP. But first she had to know whether Shelly was joining her. By this point Alessa felt she was all but inviting them to get her involved.

"Maybe we should head down before the others get suspicious," Kit said, still grinning.

"Do we have to?" Shelly whined. "Awww ok..." She pouted, but got up, still holding onto Kit.

"You did say you desired to keep this on the down low," Kit pointed out.

"Good point. All right." Shelly grunted as she got up. "We'll continue this later, honey." She said, kissing him before getting up and heading downstairs, swaying her hips back and forth. Once she was out of the room she stoped and went back to her normal walk.

Kit stared blankly for a moment. "That was underhanded!" he protested, chasing after her.

Shelly grinned, but didn't say anything. She was thinking of teasing him when the two were getting ready for sleep.

=====

Kit headed back downstars, but it seemed as if everyone had wondered off during the time that he and Seashell were upstairs. "Huh..." he commented. "Where'd everyone go?"

"Dunno..." Shelly said shrugging. "Maybe they got abducted by aliens. Illegal ones at that."

"Bah..." Kit said, scratching his head. "Anyway, hungry? I make nice omelets."

"Sounds good to me." Shelly said. "Maybe this could be our first date." She smiled.

"So I do get to work for the first date," Kit grinned, kissing the top of Shelly's head before heading to the kitchen. "Hmm... chives, scallions, hot peppers, cheese..." He started rustling around the kitchen, gathering vegetables, eggs, milk, cheese oil and some potatoes to go with them, and pulled two skilletts from the cupboard. He set one on the stove ad added some oil to heat



The fun thing about this kitchen was it's toys. Like the slap chop that reduced the potatoes and vegetables to rough and fine chopped pieces in no time flat. He tossed those into the skillet and covered it so it could cook while he worked on the rest of the meal. He minced some garlic and added it to the potatoes after a few minutes, and started beating and whipping the eggs into foamy perfection. It took a while. He worked on the cheese, shredding it, then quickly adjusted the head on the potatoes and uncovered them so they fired and crisped instead of baked.<http://titanpad.com/pHXY2w4e4K>

He dumped some diced onions and sweet peppers in with the potatoes, and tossed it a bit, sprinkling it with black pepper and salt before starting on the omelet. He considered making a scrambled egg omelet, then went with it because often his attempts at folding ever went the way he wanted to.

Shelly meanwhile went into the Greatroom while she waited, taking a sniff of the air as the meal was cooked. It smelt good.

Kit tasted the potatoes. Yep. Cooked. He quickly plated it all, and poured two glass of juice. Grinning, he headed to the great room. "Lo, for my masterpiece is completed!" he announced.

"Yay!" Shelly called and headed in. "Ohh, this looks good!" She said and sat down, waiting to be served.

With a [flourish](#), he set the meal before her, along with utensils and her drink. "Skillet potatoes and spiced cheese omelet (scrambled)."

"It smells delicious." She said and once she was served, she tasted it. It really was good, and she smiled, looking at Kit before going back to her food. All that was missing was candlelight and some soft, atmospheric music. Still, this was really good.

"You are thinking about the setting, aren't you?" Kit half sighed, half chuckled between a bite. "I checked. I couldn't find any candles."

"Oh." Shelly said, swallowing. "Well, I was yeah." She admitted. "But that's fine. I like this either way." She smiled. "I like the mood lighting though."

"Eh, who needs candles for a lovely night? That's what the dimmer and good music is for." Michael suddenly says from the stairs as he comes down to enter the kitchen for something to drink.

"See? It's the little things that make the difference," Kit smiled. "Um... it's not too spicy, is it?"

"Oh no, it's fine." Shelly replied. "More then fine.I like it a lot." She said, continueing to eat. "I get to take you out for the next date though. If that's ok?" Shelly asked.

Michael grabs a can of diet Dr. Pepper from the fridge and smells the food from where he's

standing, "Well, that actually smells pretty good."

He stands out of the way from them, "I'm not interrupting anything too important am I?" He says this with a genuine smile. He actually kinda wished to have interrupted them right before they kissed, but real life makes that pretty hard, doesn't it?

"Where did you come from?" Kit asked, glaring at the guy. "There is a wonderful new procedure they invented. Knocking. Goes with that fun thing called privacy."

"Oi!" Shelly said, turning in her seat. "Yes, you are interrupting, Clear off!"

"Well, public rooms don't have privacy, I can come and go for something as I please." Michael mused.

"You're INTERRUPTING a MOMENT between me and Kit." Shelly said firmly. "Clear off!"  
Intimidate: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3825180/> d'oh I missed.

"That was more cute than scary, Seashell," Kit winced.

Michael had to hold back a laugh for the sake of his health at Shelly's poor attempt at intimidation, "...Have to agree with Kit here, but really, kitchen, you should expect people to suddenly appear for Dr. Pepper or something." He meekly smiles.

Shelly growled a little, but tried her best to ignore him. Back to eating, back to the first date, she was having fun.

"You have your soda, carry on," Kit said, waving his hand at Mikey-boy. "We are trying to have a meal."

"True... I guess I'll leave then." Michael shrugs before moving towards the exit, but he soon stops with a light smirk on his face, "I apologize for the interruption. I shall allow you two to return to your... haha, intimacy." With that, he quickly walks upstairs before they could throw something at him.

Shelly was considering doing just that, but stopped herself and went back to eating. "Sheesh... Next date, we're going to the movies or something."

"I suppose I see your point about staying home," Kit laughed.

"It has its advantages. Good food, nice lighting. But privacy... that's a little lacking. More than a little, really." But oh well. The company is good." Chtluhu said, replacing Kit's date.

"I suppose we will just have to find a private place of our own then. I'm sure we can if we try," Kit sighed.

"Yeah. Or we can wait until the others are all out I guess." Shelly said, taking bites. the food was very tasty. "So, is this your culinary masterpiece or can you cook other things as well? Just so I

know when we have stay-at-home dates."

"I'm more of an experimenter than a chef," Kit admitted. "I can cook a couple things, but I don't follow recipes. I find a picture of what it looks like, find out what it's made from, and fill in the rest. Generally works out well."

"Nice. I only know a few little things, sad to say. But I can learn if I have to." Shelly replied. "We really need to get a cookbook or something." She finished her meal and went over to Kit, kissing the side of his neck. "Thanks. Got any other ideas for stuff we can do?"

Kit shuddered. "You know, when you ask that particular question, after doing something like that... the ideas that come to mind might not precisely be the best ones..."

"Really Kit?" Shelly teased, after she realized what he meant. "Your mind went there of all places?" She shook her head. "Well, I guess we could curl up and watch a movie or something. There's gotta be some good DVDs around here somewhere." Shelly thought out loud, taking his hand.

"They have some in the lounge downstairs," Kit offered, letting Shelly lead him without much resistance.

Shelly smiled and walked down. "All righty then." Arriving in the lounge, she began to rummage through the collection. "You got any favorites?" She asked. "Hmmm..."

=====

In Which Alessa and Vasily talk

Move Silently: [1d20-2, 1d20+1=\[1, -2\]](#),  
[Listen: \[4, 1\]](#)

Alessa noticed they were leaving the room, she tripped while trying to move away from the doorway and then sought out Vasily's room. They still needed to plan out the fantasy, but other than that she hadn't spoken with him much. Pushing thoughts regarding the larp aside, she wondered what he was doing now...she could meet with Shelly and Kit downstairs later. "Komrade, you in?", Alessa asked, hearing nothing, she helped herself and entered the room. Fortunately Nathan was nowhere to be seen. She saw Vasily at his desk. "Well hello there.", she said.

Vasily simply sat near his computer and was drawing. He had an image that he really wished to finish, and now he was doing his best to do it. "Hello" he replied, making another stroke on the tablet.

"What's up doc?", Alessa asked, "That discussion sure escalated quickly..." Alessa wished she

didn't mention it, but it was already too late.

"Indeed it did" Vasily said with a chuckle. "You weren't much against it, actually" Vasily noted.

"You could say I didn't have a chance to object, but honestly I think I was a little curious." Alessa said, what was she saying...but in her mind she felt justified.

"Curious?" Vasily replied "Curiosity isn't appearing from nowhere, at least on such themes"

"Of course You're right, so what are you doing right now?", Alessa said trying to change the subject. She didn't wish to say she actually wanted to be tied up just for the experience. She prided herself on learning new skills, and her willingness to try new things, but she'd never consider anything this crazy until now. She blamed the experimental drugs.

"Drawing" Vasily replied, noticing how quickly did Alessa change the theme of discussion. He realised that she found it uncomfortable for her, but her eagerness was still suggesting that she isn't telling the full story. He'll see...

Alessa moved to examine what was on his computer screen, it was around this point she just stayed silent observing the half finished image on the screen, hoping Vasily would fill the empty air with words.

After the few minutes of silent drawing, Vasily felt obliged to say at least something. He couldn't stand the awkwardly silent moments when someone else was in the room. "So, how have you been this week? I've barely got a moment to talk with anyone but Nathan, and you can guess how he did he spend his time."

"I know...so far all my classes have just been intro stuff, I've had time to focus on little side projects here and there, and Nathan's more manageable now that I only see him now and then.", Alessa said, "What have you been up to?"

"Computers, coding, designing stuff, nothing too impressive in this area" Vasily replied, turning to Alessa "Done 3 images as well."

"Sounds interesting, so do anything for fun now...soon classes will start cutting into free time.", Alessa asked.

"I am very efficient with cutting free time with any time of load." Vasily said and grinned "What is more, I've managed to mix my education and my fun plans into one."

"I was just going to delegate most of my play time to the weekends, although I'd hope to still go swimming every week. How are you managing that?", Alessa asked moving over to sit on his bed. Standing around wasn't good for her.

"Well, I am programming the stuff I want to program and that would be useful for me instead of programming stuff that is presented by teachers. It gives me some feeling of accomplishment."

Vasily replied.

"This right now looks more like art though, and I don't see much academic benefits to making medieval weaponry out of chopsticks, but it's not like I'm going to stop.", Alessa said.

"I see." Vasily said, thinking for a moment "You know, if you would have bought better materials and spend some time on them, you would surely have a powerful tool and a bragging object."

"When you tell me how I can get such things on a student's budget, I'd be grateful.", Alessa said, "And where the heck does the whole tying people up thing come from, I shouldn't have brought it up before."

"You can start with a simple wood crossbow, with wood details and occasional metal parts" Vasily said "And the tying up people comes from a pair of "well-placed" jokes... And you know..." Vasily looked up and was hoping that he didn't blush "There might be truth in those jokes..." He is going to regret saying this again.

"Yeah a crossbow would be fairly cheap, as long as I had access to a woodshop room. But I already finished a chopsticks crossbow that works.", Alessa said, "I think the joke is that I didn't object when I was roped into joining the LARP, not sure what the other joke is...probably that I haven't objected since then.", Alessa finished and stood up.

"Well, I've meant my jokes that led to that but..." Vasily said

"So what did you mean before?", Alessa asked. Just like her to jump to conclusions.

"Eeeeh..." Vasily said, realising that he was now in a very tricky situation. But, oh well, everyone has figured that out long time ago "Well... I am indeed enjoying this stuff... You wanted me to say that directly, right?"

"I dunno if that was exactly what I wanted, but as long as you said it, we might as well address it.", Alessa said smiling. "You say you enjoy this stuff, which I'm given to mean what Kit is proposing for later this week."

"Oh, you mean that," Vasily said, scratching his head, realising that his misinterpretation led him to admitting something else "Yeah, and this too." he said then.

Alessa realized what he thought she had meant the first time, "So it is true, that explains the rope, You even jumped at the chance when Kit mentioned it... You don't have to be ashamed"

Vasily noticed that Alessa was one of the few that accepted the fact easily - the other people would usually try to mock him "Huh, thanks for the understanding." Vasily replied, not knowing where this might go.

"No problem, that's just who I am... So how do you plan to do it... You have me and Seashells as

willing captives for the Larp..how do you plan to do it", Alessa blurted out the question while walking over to him, ever since Kit had voluntold her to join this little fantasy, she was curious what they were expecting out of it all.

"I should have known that before" Vasily said, smiling "Actually, I was suspecting something like that. Anyway, how much detail on my plans do you want? I don't know the half of Kit's ideas and how to start."

"How much detail have you got, I suppose everything short of actually trying it on me. Though knowing Kit, he's up for whatever.", Alessa said in all seriousness.

"Well, I know that I would be restricting your movements with one rope, and good bunch of knots. And it would be tying together your legs and hands." Vasily said, remembering the images and plans he had before. "I'll probably won't do them too strong, so in case of danger you would be able to remove them."

"Legs to hands you say...that surely isn't the only thing you got, Shelly would expect more I'd think", Alessa said, she was pressing him for a reason, now why couldn't she figure it out.

"Well, of course, but our main target would be just to restrict movement of "princesses", not make a BDSM enviroment." Vasily said and added "Yet."

"Yet?", Alessa inquired, "Of course we're not going too far with this."

"Kit is random, we can expect everything." Vasily said, hiding his actual intentions poorly.

"I feel we're just at the tip of the iceberg, but you still wouldn't want your 'captive princesses' to get away", Alessa joked. She then had to consider why she was egging him on.

"Nope" Vasily replied.

"Show me how you would keep your princess from escaping." Alessa said twirling in place. What more could she say, somehow the drug had inflamed her passion, first for schoolwork, then somehow for Shelly, and now for trying new things. "Consider it practice for the Larp later this week.", she said cringing at the thought that she had just opened pandora's box. She wondered if there was any hope left for her.

Vasily couldn't come up with any witty response for that. He realised that he was a bit more than eager to "show it". After checking up the door, Vasily got up and locked the door (he had expirience in this stuff after all). Then he walked up to his package with rope and took it's contents out. "If you won't mind - can you get on your knees and put your hands on your legs?" he said holding a rope in his hands.

It was only after Vasily spoke that she realized what she had gotten into. But like an idiot she complied and kneeled on the floor with her hands on her knees. She held the pose. "Surprise me.", she said while trying not to think about what she just did.

Grinning at the possible ways of "Surprising" Alessa Vasily came closer "I've meant hands on legs. Feet, so I could spend as little rope as possible." he said, trying not to sound too creepy.

Alessa dropped her arms to her sides and touched her ankles, "You should be more specific..."

"Sorry." Vasily replied and then started tying up her arms to her legs, starting with her left side, trying not to do them too tight. "Good enough?" Vasily asked and then added "I mean, not too tight for you?"

"Nah", Alessa said, already having trouble staying in a kneeling position. "I should have gotten on the bed first..."

"Right." Vasily replied and after some time and knot making he finally went onto her right side.

Alessa realized it was too late to regret anything...and since the other 4 stages of grief would take too long she skipped straight to acceptance. Alessa closed her eyes and allowed her body to go limp like a rag doll. Inadvertantly causing her to fall on her stomach. Normally her arm or legs would have braced for impact, but this time she was truly helpless. And she didn't even mind.

After doing the last of tying up, Vasily walked back from Alessa. It took some time, but at least now he is confident in his abilities. Holding a rope in his hand, he chuckled and said "Heh, it's still long enough to tie up a second person to you as well, using the same method. How do you feel?"

Alessa couldn't move, she could wriggle a little, but what was the point to it. She opened her eyes and leaned her head back to try and look up at Vasily, but could only see his legs, she righted her head. "Wrapped up like a christmas present, but oddly not hurting in the slightest.", Alessa said, she smiled, but since her head was facing dead ahead, he wouldn't see it.

"Nice." Vasily said, starting to remove the bonds from Alessa "I was working towards not making them too tight, so it won't hurt you much. It could actually be much more painful..." Finally, the last knot was removed and Alessa was free.

"Let's try to avoid pain, shall we", Alessa said standing up again, "It was tight enough I couldn't escape, and that was enough."

"Of course" Vasily replied, smiling. "I guess we can return to our business... If we had any, I can't remember." The memory of this event was still fresh, and Vasily still was feeling great about this situation...

"Neither can I, what do you feel like doing?", Alessa asked, oddly enough she didn't feel the ropes until she tried to move her arms. Apparently out of sight, out of mind was more of a mantra for her. "You look happier, seems like you enjoyed the opportunity. Don't worry I did too.", she remarked.

"Glad you did enjoy this." Vasily said, being indeed happy with this. He then started a discussion on another topic and they've spent some time together, chatting about different things...

And they talked, and they laughed...

{mew}[DONE, now this thing is ready for integration. If you want, you may make the better variant of "AND THEY TALKED" part, because I epicly fail at epilogues :)]{mew}

=====

//TIMELINES UNITE, FORM OF A RIDICULOUS DISCUSSION CONTINUED IN P.2

Last edited by Greycat; 12-29-2012 at 07:07 PM.

[::After...::](#)[Grey Prospects::](#)[The Therianthropy Project::](#)[A Dying World::](#)[The Coming Storm::](#)[Godsend::](#)[Worlds Collide::](#)  
[::The Hunt::](#)[Multiverse::](#)[The ORG 2.0::](#)[Game of Chance::](#)[The Seeker Stones::](#)[Stories of a Galaxy::](#)[The Big Bang](#)

'Though a candle burns in my house, there is nobody home'

'Please remain calm...as we attempt to rectify this most unfortunate circumstance.'

'Well, let me see; we have slow death, quick death, painful death, cold lonely death...'

'Holy crap, we dialed Pittsburgh.'

- 12-15-2012 [#22](#)

[Greycat](#)



Chaos Avatar

Join Date

Oct 2011

Location

Micromanaging a few verses. Entertaining, but tedious.

Posts

3,110

## A meeting with the Director

Takes Place two days before the start. So... roughly August 31st

As the starting date of Dr. Grant's most recent experiment drew near, so did the meaning with the director. Of course, he did quite feel like flying up to see them in person, so Drs Grant and Raine had to make the trip down to Washington, the US capital, themselves. At the moment, they were seated in the waiting area, not exactly under watch of his secretary, but not out of her sight either.



The office was modern. It both did and didn't fit the director. The walls were not quite stark, but close, and only four paintings hung on them; two abstract, one of whites and blues, the other in strokes of reds, orange and yellows, and two of scenery; a castle overlooking a valley, and a lake as seen from a cottage porch. The height of the ceiling made the room seem narrower than it was. For his part, Dr. Grant sat in one of the lightly padded blue chairs, for all outward appearances relaxed and at ease, legs crossed and reading one of the issues of *New Science* that were on the side table.

He was in one of his customary cool, bordering on blue, grey suits, a quality off white shirt and plain tie. His shoes were cleaned and polished to a military level, and he hummed to himself as he idly turned the page. "Oh, they are studying the parasite that controls mice again." he remarked to Dr. Raine. "Looking into the process it uses to hijack neurotransmitters."

"Controlling people huh..." Raine mused half-attentively with a half-connected thought, "Never works."

While normally a fairly well-groomed woman, Raine did go the extra distance to look a little more respectable today, as she usually had a habit of striking a very casual chord in a casual-formal wardrobe.

Her hair was tied up neat and tidy like usual, and her attire was reflective of a woman with a desk job, with the white blouse and black slimming overcoat - though she disliked skirts so she had slim dress pants and less-formal women's dress boots with a minor heel.

She had a somewhat tired, seemingly disinterested expression as she browsed a magazine herself, half lost in her own thoughts and half reading some thesis fragment on cancer cells.

"You would be surprised at the things an ambitious neurospecialist can whip together," Grant grinned, glancing up at his... underling wasn't the right word. Subordinate was better, but at his level, his subordinates were leaders in their own right.

"Ha!" Raine let involuntarily with half a grin.

"A mind is like a world -too big for one person to control," Raine said pointedly, "At least cells don't have a mind of their own."

"Oh, you don't have to control the entire mind," Grant allowed. "Just a few key points here and there. Some like to talk of control through the pleasure centers."

"*What could possibly go wrong?*" Raine said with a sardonic tone and smirk.

Grant's reply was cut off by the secretary. "The Director will see you now," she said pleasantly. "Just down this hall, the door on the left." The hall she pointed to was not all that long, only about eighteen feet, with three doors on the right and only one on the left. It ended at a small window that let the light in, a single potted flowering plant on a stand beneath it.

Grant shot her a gracious smile and rose, setting the magazine down. He tugged his jacket into place and half-nodded at Raine. "Shall we, doctor?" he asked.

"Of course, doctor," Raine returned with a hint of amusement in her eye, setting her own magazine aside and standing up, moving in stride with Grant.

Grant lead the way, confidence in his stride as he made his way to the door. The Director was not one you approached with anything less. He had a talent for inspiring and feeding fear. Grant knocked once, and when the voice called for him to come him, he slowly opened the door and let Raine proceed him.

Into the gloom that was the directors office. It was artfully done. There were light fixtures on the wall, but the opaque shades didn't let much of the light spread. Heavy curtains closed off the windows, and the lamp on the directors desk only helped cast him in more shadows. The two chairs, seat about five or six feet from the desk, when the large desk adding another four feet to the expanse between them and the Director, had a bit more lighting around them, helped because there white upholstering set them apart from the dark wood of the cases beside and behind the director, and the similarly dark toned chairs, couch and table set at the opposite end of the room.

But that brightness didn't seem to impress safety. Rather, it reinforced an image of vulnerability, out in the open where everything could get you. The Director was a shape against the shadows, his plain dark blue suit lit by the lamp, but too many shadows obscuring his face.

"Drs Grant, Raine, so glad you could make it." His voice registered somewhere between the baritone ad tenor registers, but seemed welcoming enough.

"Our pleasure," Raine assured with a bit of a bow. It was perhaps a little strange Raine didn't appear even mildly intimidated, as much as she was behaving more respectfully and formally, one might have expected that certain stiffness in posture and motion when faced with great power.

Grant followed Raine into the room and closed the door behind him. It only made the darkness worse. Not for the first tim, he wonder how the Director did much work in this dark room. He took one of the seats calmy and folded his legs much like he did back in the waiting area. "Good morning, Director."

Raine too took a seat and interlaced her fingers on her lap as she sat there expectantly with very neat posture.

"I am pleasd to see the both of you here," the director said, his voice sounding like he was smiling. "For you to take time out of your scedules to meet with me, the fact that it was required notwithstanding."

"Well, it is part of our responsibility, as you said," Dr, Grant said blandly. "Shall we get down to business?"

"Wasting no time I see," the director smiled. "Very well. Tell me, what are your impressions of these subjects?"

"Naive?" Raine offered, "The fact they signed up gets me wondering, but all in all I don't think they'll be much of a problem."

Raine herself probably never would have signed up to something like this without being fully aware of pretty much everything, being a little more skeptical and suspicious. Though as she was a scientist she probably had an insight she otherwise might not have had.

"Ah, but were would we be without that naivety?" The Director asked. "Besides, most people are naive at some point in their life. Still, your supervisor's methods are somewhat more gentle than those of the other divisions. You should be able to deal with a few students easily enough. Have you gotten a chance to see the facilities Dr. Grant prepared for his Division?"

"Not as yet, but I have faith in Dr. Grant, I'm sure everything is wonderful," Raine said airily with half a smirk.

"Your faith in me is appreciate," Grant smiled. "Aside from the basic facilities dictated by the organization's code, I have acquired a housing facility for the subjects. I even had you belongs moved into your room, Dr. Raine."

"Even better," Raine said with a noncommittal tone.

"Excellent. Dr. Grant's methods have a much higher success rather than those of his colleagues. He has worked hard to become the Division Supervisor at his age." The director's hands were intertwined thoughtfully. "Of course, he has his enemies. Those who are ready and waiting to find any fault with him and his own. So your successes become is his successes. And the reverse is true. But I trust you will not be disappointing him?"

"Ha! If the threat of being killed by rabid animal-human hybrids is not enough to dissuade me from failure; my pride as a researcher is at stake, I will not be found wanting," Raine said with idle confidence.

She had no illusions of the difficulty of the task or the consequences, but neither was she deterred or uncertain that she could handle any obstacles. That or die trying, possibly, so there was little to be worried about.

"Your confidence is wonderful!" the Director said. "Have you had a chance to review the files on the subjects yet?"

"Indeed I have, I already have a few methods in mind and I'm sure there will be no real problems," Raine said with a nod.

"I see you have done well with this one," the Director leaned forward so his chin was partially revealed. "Dr Grant, if you would give us a moment." Dr Grant nodded graciously before heading out. The director seemed to watch him leave. When the door closed, the focus was back on Dr. Raine.

"Tell me," he said after a moment. "How long have you been with the corporation?"

"A few years I think, time flows a little strangely when you're occupied with research," Raine said a little unsure.

"I can relate to that, actually," the Director responded. "How long have you been a member of Dr. Grants Department?"

"Three or four months?" Raine answered with the same lack of certainty.

"I see. Have you worked with the Arcadian Serum before?"

"Not directly at least," Raine clarified.

"Then I do advice caution. Arcadian Serum can be viral if the subject is not in control of their shift, and that strain transmitted through bites is a bit more aggressive than the lab produced one. It won't do to have our researchers falling ill."

"That's a bit of a twist... perhaps I should invest in a tranquilizer as a contingency plan," Raine said thoughtfully, only slightly concerned though.

"Stage two has restraint collars standard," the director commented. "They hold several doses of tranquilizers stored in them. And it is also a shock collar. Multiple levels of intensity to varying degrees of control. One of our investors and Outside Monitors suggested the design."

"Collars, huh..." Raine trailed off, clearly troubled but unsure how to explain or whether she should even say anything.

"The neck is far easier to secure someone by than the hand. We did for a time experiment with magnetic link cuffs.... I can see you object. Care to elaborate?"

"...It's the psychological effect I'm concerned about," Raine said with a degree of hesitation, still unsure how to properly explain it.

"There are advantages and disadvantages to the control method, we know. The psychological effect does aid in fostering a more submissive attitude in the subject. It reduces the time they need to be held in containment until they can be trusted with there own freedom."

"Yes, Director," Raine said blankly.

"I can see why Dr. Grant arranged for you to be transferred to his command," the Director said. For some reason, there was the distinct impression that he was smiling. "He too favours a more gentle approach to the subjects."

"Gentle is... not quite the word I was thinking of, but it isn't important," Raine said, returning to her blank obedience.

"You will find that most of his staff are of a similar opinion. Delta Division has only been in operation for a few years, and already it is known as the most sympathetic Division, though this is only the second test they will be conducting."

"Most sympathetic huh..." Raine trailed off again, a little unreadable this time, "I'm sure there won't be any problems."

"Excellent, excellent. Do enjoy the Delta Division facilities. They are all relatively new after all. You are free to leave."

"Thank you, Director," Raine said respectfully, standing up and bowing slightly before walking out.

Dr Grant was waiting for her. He smiled at her. "So, did the director ask you to spy on me?" he asked as they heading to the elevator.

"Of course he did, and I have to put pink fluffy handcuffs on you if you ever do anything wrong," Raine said nonsensically with mock seriousness.

"Ah, you are one of the Sympathetic too, I take it?"

"I guess so?" Raine said with a helpless shrug.

"I suspected as much," Doctor Grant nodded as he entered the elevator after the doors slid open. "Ah, did he tell you about the dark room?"

"Er... no... I didn't ask... I figure when you get that powerful you can do whatever you like," Raine said, a little off balance and suddenly curious.

"Oh, he tends to like being asked," Dr Grant said, slowly shaking his head. "He says it is a metaphor. In a world of darkness, there is little light. A strange man, that Director."

"See? Powerful people can do silly stuff like that," Raine said.

"Silly is it," Dr Grant said with a strange smile. "Often, a person room is a window to that persons soul. Of course, that could all just be superstition. After all, all legends can't be right, can they?"

"People call them 'legends' and 'superstition' just so they can dismiss them. Everyone gets so insecure when you start drawing the psychology card," Raine said with a helpless shrug.

"And then, of course, there are those like us who prove that sufficiently advance technology and magic really can be related," he smirked. "To cast light on the shadows of mythology." The elevator doors opened, though Grant remained silent until they were in the car. He took the wheel himself, seeing no need to have someone drive him about. "All reasons for Gamma to be somewhat on the independent side, don't you agree?"

[::After...::](#)[Grey Prospects::](#)[The Therianthropy Project::](#)[A Dying World::](#)[The Coming Storm::](#)[Godsend::](#)[Worlds Collide::](#)  
[The Hunt::](#)[Multiverse::](#)[The ORG 2.0::](#)[Game of Chance::](#)[The Seeker Stones::](#)[Stories of a Galaxy::](#)[The Big Bang](#)

'Though a candle burns in my house, there is nobody home'

'Please remain calm...as we attempt to rectify this most unfortunate circumstance.'

'Well, let me see; we have slow death, quick death, painful death, cold lonely death...'

'Holy crap, we dialed Pittsburgh.'

- 12-19-2012 [#23](#)

[Greycat](#)

◊

Chaos Avatar

Join Date

Oct 2011

Location

Micromanaging a few verses. Entertaining, but tedious.

Posts

3,110

## A Strange Situation.

=====...and a Movie=====

Shelly meanwhile found a movie for the two of them. It was one Kit had mentioned he had gone to see. Why he went to see it, Shelly wasn't sure, but maybe she just wasn't giving the series a chance. Putting it in, she went to the couch next to Kit and curled up next to him, pulling a blanket over the two. "Unless you want to watch something that isn't a chick flick for tweens?" Shelly offered.

"I'm pretty indiscriminate when it comes to movies. Either I don't watch, or I watch whatever is one," Kit grinned. Then his grin slipped a bit. "Except for the really hardcore chick flicks... I tend to avoid those..."

"Ah. Well, you said this was okay so I'll try it." Shelly said and cuddled up with Kit on the couch. Hitting the play button, she let the fourth Twilight movie unfold.

"Vampires and shapeshifters," Kit agreed, holding her close. "If anything, those are what you lean on."

"I know... Maybe my opinion was just poisoned by some online reviewers." Shelly shrugged. "Oh well. You know, this would be a weird episode of Jerry Springer."

"He made me watch Twi..." his mockery of the typical guest on that show pettered out in to sigh as Alessa and Vasily came in.

=====To do what..?=====

Alessa and Vasily walked down the stairs. Well for Alessa it was more like tumbling down the stairs. Even landing her foot the wrong way on the edge of a step sent her careening.

### Reflex Save: 18

That was one of the few things that Video games did good to Vasily - Reflexes were fast. As Alessa would start falling from ladder, he immediately jumped up and held her, trying to prevent the fall.

"You okay?" Vasily asks, concerned "You are always falling..."

"I'm fine...really, this happens all the time.", Alessa said, "Those are some fast reflexes dude.", she finished and got out of his arms, making her way to the end of the stairs without further incident.

Shelly heard the thumping and figured that it was just Alessa falling on her face. Again.

"Videogames training. Shooters make me twitchy" Vasily said, chuckling, "We are going to meet up with Kit'n'Shelly?" He decided not to tell Alessa that they were in relationship - he wasn't a gossip guy, and she would totally figure that out herself.

"I believe so.", Alessa said as she entered the great room. It seemed that Kit and Shelly had gotten together in the intervening hour or so since they last met. "Hello there Shells.", she said greeting the two.

=====TIME LINES! ASSEMBLE!=====

"Hello," Shelly said, thankful that the two newcomers weren't going to be as rude as Michael. "How are you?"

"This whole 'keep it quiet' idea of yours is never gonna work out, is it?" Kit muttered to Shelly. [Listen DC 15]

Shelly sighed. "Wishful thinking, I guess." She whispered back.  
Listen check: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3825859/>

"Well enough...", Alessa said

"Saved Alessa from falling down, now I feel like a boss." Vasily said, grinning. He wanted to mention the rope moment that happened in the room, but knowing that it wouldn't be the wisest decision now, he decided to be silent about this (Alessa would hate him if he'll say something)

"Oh? I thought that's what I heard." Cthulhu realized that he shouldn't be in this RP and should leave now before Cthulhu Hunters find him.

"She didn't give you another flash, did she?" Kit asked innocently.

Alessa was happy Vasily didn't mention the rope moment from earlier. "I certainly hope not, for your sake", Alessa said. She knew it happened occasionally when she fell, but felt more comfortable if she never knew about it.

"But... I wasn't even there!" Kit protested. "What did I do?"

"You brought it up.", Alessa said.

"Shhh!" Shelly said, hoping to quiet the two while the movie played.

The movies had just started the wedding preparation when the screen went dark. As did all the other other electronics and lights in the room that didn't have a battery.

"NOOOOOOOOOOO...." Vasily said, as a true computer savvy.

"Huh..." Kit blinked. "I think it heard you."

"Wow..." Shelly said, laughing. "The movie is so bad, it causes blackouts!"

"What movie was it?", Alessa asked.

"BD1," Kit stated.

"I don't beleive I heard of that one...", Alessa said.

"Same" Vasily added, clearly trying to focus better in darkness, doing it surprisingly better than he used to before.

"If you know it, you know it." Shelly said smiling. "Since you're up, can you hit the breaker?" She and Kit were having a moment so she didn't want to get up. "Maybe it's just Doctor Paranoid Recluse plugging in to many hairdryers and taser chargers..." Shelly said.

"Don't go. Cthulhu might be be downstairs. This outage could be a result of a someone summoning an elder god! The magic flux knocked out the electronics in a 3.75 mile radius!" Kit said in a panicky voice. [Acting 1d20+3=23](#)  
//Now I get the 20s...

"Or maybe... Oh god... Oh... THE ALIENS ARE GOING TO CLAIM OUR BODIES FOR THEMSELVES!" Vasily said, with voice trembling.

[Acting: 18](#)

"As long as we didn't tear a hole into another dimension, we should be fine.", Alessa said.



"Maybe we should get some candles, and make a night of this."

Shelly chuckled a little, amused at Kit's antics. "My bet's on Great Cthulhu. Aliens are a little... stupid. They always lose whenever they fight humanity."

"Tell this to combines or to pretty much any alien race in proper sci-fi and dystopian sci-fi with aliens." Vasily said

"The gou'alds, Wraith and Ori only lost due extenuating circumstances," Kit added.

"And yet in X-com, Animorphs, Star Trek, by way of the borg and Species 8472, they all get their asses kicked."

"That's because those stories were created by prideful humans that I am ashamed to share species with." Vasily said, semi-jokingly.

"It took 54 main stream novels and eight side stories for the Yeerks to lose," Kit pointed out. "And the borg kicked ass is all but what, two attempts?"

"It took hundreds of thousands of casualties for X-com." Shelly added. "50% casualty rates were considered the optimal outcome."

Alessa was already lost in this discussion, "Will this ever end, you guys have already lost me in this discussion."

"No, Kit offered." Kit said happily. He glanced around. The street lights were out, and not only with it far from a full moon, it was also somewhat cloudy.

"Not when I play X-Com" Vasily said "And seriously, we must do something about the lightless situation. I am not some sort of cat (unfortunately) to see in the darkness."

"I can't see a dang thing.", Alessa shouted to no one in particular. All she knew was that she was lying on the floor in the same position she was tied in only an hour ago.

"Which X-com are we talking about here? I'm referring to the original." Shelly said.

"I think it's UFO: Enemy Unknown" Vasily replied "Not X-COM: Enemy Unknown, for sure."

"Point is, 50% casualty rates were considered good." Shelly said.

"Is no one doing anything about the lights?", Alessa asked resting her head on her hands.

"Um... if this discussion is going to be centered around X-Com, I'm gonna go find my flashlight, since most of my input is stargate based..." Kit said.

"Oh no! you're not going anywhere." Shelly said, pinning him.

He grunted then laughed. "So... you have me pinned to the couch in the dark... what next?"

"Gotta take the light source myself." Vasily stated loudly.

"Yaknow..." Shelly whispered. "We could pretend to make out. No one can see us." She grinned.  
Listen check: Dc 15 for the others

"I can." Vasily said, clearly notifying them of his ability to hear well [Listen: 17](#)

"I thought you just said you couldn't see in the dark!" Shelly complained.

"I've replaced my ability to see with my ability to hear for now, helps sometimes." Vasily said.

"Great, well maybe you can fetch the candles...", Alessa said, they would find out one way or the other that she couldn't see.

"They aren't in the kitchen," Kit called out after kissing Seashell on the nose. "An I suggest a cell phone."

"Crap, mine's upstairs.", Alessa said. She began crawling on her hands and knees over to the couch, the others could hear the thumping as she crawled onto the couch.

Shelly smiled and kissed him back. "You're really cute, ya know that, Kit?" She felt something crawling onto the couch and looked behind her, seeing nothing. "Oi! get off! This couch is for me and Kit!"

"These guys passed out a memo, didn't they," Kit muttered under his breath.

"I can't see a dang thing, Shells.", Alessa said crawling off the couch. She then just lay there on her stomach.

"Right, if you want to lay around, do it." Vasily said "I would try to search for something that would drop some light on the situation alone."

"My eyes take a while to adjust, I'd get hurt trying to get down there and worse on the way up, you know how accident prone I am in bright light, in darkness that would just get worse.", Alessa said remaining still.

"Well we did ask if you could go trip the breaker..." Shelly looked back to Kit and relaxed.

"Meanwhile, me and Kit are gonna take a nap. Maybe." She said grinning at Kit even if no one could see anyone else.

"Um... exactly what type of napping are we talking about here?" Kit said hesitantly.

Shelly didn't answer and just grinned. "Well... what kind would you rather do?"

Alessa realized when it would be best for her to leave. And with that she crawled away and attempted to follow the sound of Vasily's voice. She could see slightly better now, but remained crawling like a kitten in order not to hurt herself.

"You are evil, you know that?" Kit muttered.

"Is that a problem?" Shelly asked. "But I thought people called you the evil one?"

"True, but behind every good super villain is his villainess who has to be eviler than him in order to control him," Kit pointed out. "Men are called the violent gender only because people forget the women who handed him the slipper and urge 'Kill it! Kill it!'"

Shelly grinned. "Well, I suppose I can be evil. You're Chaotic evil, I'm Lawful evil. Or jsut neutral since i'm about balance and all."

Kit kissed her. "My little neutral Seashell."

"And my Chaos kitty." Shelly said, returning the kiss.

Kit drew Seashell close and nuzzled her neck, with a faint chirp. "We should have done this days ago."

"Well I did say you shoulda mentioned how you felt. I had NO IDEA you felt that way about me." She smiled and nuzzled as well on a reflex. She let out a strange snuffling sound as she did so. She was a little confused with the sound she just made, but didn't think much of it.

"That's only because you sleep almost as deeply as I do, and with ear plugs" Kit coughed. "Otherwise you would have realized how little I've slept these past nights."

"I'm sorry." She said, nuzzling again. " I wish I knew though. I thought it was just cause you snored. I didn't even notice... But now that you got that off your chest, you'll be sleeping more soundly, right? especially with me sleeping next to ya."

"That closes one can and opens another," Kit laughed.

"Huh? Can of what?" Shelly asked, tilting her head. "Well, I dunno about you, but I like being with ya under the covers." She yawned. "If you want to, we can even take a nap here."

"A nap doesn't sound like a bad idea, actually," he said, shifting so his chin was resting in the crook of her neck.

Shelly got into a comfortably position, yawned and started to fall asleep in Kit's grasp.

The steady rhythm of Seashell's breath, the warmth of her body pressed against him, the slow rise and fall of her chest, they slowly lulled him him to sleep, the scent of her floral hair care

products filling his nostrils as he drifted off.

*Shelly was always a bit of a heavy sleeper. She joked that she once slept through an earthquake. Several other things too. She also fell asleep really quickly. When she opened her eyes in her dreamscape though, she blinked. Illusianry pupils contracting from the light. She was practicing the art of lucid dreaming after some instructions from another friend. She wasn't at the point where she could affect whatever she wanted, but she could still enjoy her range of motion and normal thought patterns while in a dream. She got onto all fours and began to look around, wondering where she was. Eucalyptus trees. Specifically, one that was rather charred and in pieces. She knew where this was. Doublechecking, she smiled. She was back home. She was almost always alone in her dreams though so she didn't go into her house, which was to the right for 50 paces, turn to left in a 90 degree turn go forward for 20 paces.*

*The grove had caught fire and exploded before she was born, but the house was spared from the fire. She didn't speak up. Instead, she headed deeper into the forest, knowing she wouldn't get lost. If she went further out then she knew she had explored in real life, she would essentially come back upon the same area she woke up in and the whole process would loop again. Picking a random direction, she darted off forward, suprisingly on all fours. and even more suprising that she was going decently quick. She didn't look down. On the few times she did that, the shock of seeing what she was woke her up. She sometimes did change forms in her sleep.*

*She blamed it on the "animal" totem that her family fell under with regards to her aboriginal nature. All she could tell for now was that she wasn't human in this particular dream. She didn't even bother figuring it out as that might accidentally wake her up. She wasn't the fastest thing, but nor was she slow. As it was, her body just moved expertly, as though she was born in that form. She stopped the twelfth time she passed the starting tree then began heading back to her house, following along the path as she went into town. It would take a long time though. She remembered the drive into Brisbane taking half an hour from her old house. She'd be on the trail likely for the better part of her dream. However long she had left in dream time.*

=====  
"I can help you to navigate through the darkness." Vasily said "But, oh well, I am just leaving to search the needed stuff." He then started walking away from the room, carefully checking where would he step. Finally, he left the room, having an evil, weird and kinky plan formed in his head.

"I'll follow you for a while then.", Alessa said calling to Vasily. There was nothing better to do at the moment.

"Hold close to me then." Vasily said, waiting for Alessa to come near "Maybe even hold my hand or other part of body in case you are that affected by gravity." He added silently, hoping that only Alessa would be able to hear that.

Alessa crawled up next to him and said, "Suppose we'll do that then" She then stood up and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Shall we get going?", she suggested.

Vasily smiled as he felt Alessa's hand on his shoulder. "Sure" he said, and started carefully

moving through the dark corridors, knowing that he is responsible for two lives now. He, then, very carefully ascended on the ladder, holding Alessa to prevent her falls.

"Wait I thought the breaker switch was in the basement, why are we going up?", Alessa asked following Vasily.

"What is your opinions on pranks?" Vasily said, continuing to go on to his room.

"Mostly harmless", Alessa replied, "Wait a minute..." One could hear tumbling as Alessa entered her room to procure a flashlight, she returned with a small LED flashlight. "Okay, I'm ready...what's up?", she said returning to Vasily's room.

Vasily waited for Alessa to retrieve her flashlight from her room and went on after she found it and came out. "I had a weird idea that I've found funny..." Vasily said, before finally getting to his room. "It involves rope and our resident cuddling pair." He took his PDA, so old that it had a built-in flashlight (needless to mention that Vasily switched it on) and a rope.

"Just be as silent as possible, we don't want to ruin the chance." Vasily said, grinning.

"I should probably stay back then...You know how accident prone I am...", Alessa said, trying to hide her blushing.

"Sure. You might want to get there when the fun starts..." Vasily said, leaving the room.

"Wait, you're going to tie them up now?", Alessa said, following behind, but moving slower so as to not make too much noise. When she reached the stairs she simply crawled down carefully and then sat on the edge of the stairs to observe Vasily's crazy plan in action.

"Decrease the light amount." Vasily suggested, climbing down the stairs and noticing the pair sleeping on each other. *Purrfect*, he thought.

Alessa switched off her flashlight, "You go have your fun now.", Alessa whispered as he passed her on the stairs.

"Yeeeah." Vasily whispered, barely holding a giggle from coming out.

"Almost jealous of them, getting to be tied up together.", Alessa whispered back.

Vasily grinned at Alessa's remark. He is not alone in this field after all...

[Move Silently: 15](#)

//NOTE TO YELLOW 13: YOU CAN ROLL LISTEN IF YOU WANT, STORY WILL BE REWRITTEN. As of now assuming no one woke up, and Kit is a Deep Sleeper anyway (Yellow mentioned in the dream sequence that Shelly is deep sleeper as well, it seems).

Shelly was so deep in sleep, Vasily could have set off a flashbang grenade next to her and she

wouldn't have woken up.

Listen: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3827446/> -4

Vasily slowly walked to his target, disabling his own flashlight on the PDA. Now it's time to be sneaky and careful, minimising the contact with his victims as much as possible. And because of this, Vasily made the preparations in the corridor, making loops and knots, in order to be able to do everything quickly...

...Few minutes later his evil plan (not so evil actually, considering he helps two lovers to stay together) reached the final stage. Looking around for the last time, he got up and went to the sleeping couple and starting putting the rope carefully on their legs and hands, putting them into the nooses he made. Then, as everything was ready, he tightened up the knots, so the two victims were tied up together, without much chances to escape. However, he wanted them to wake up themselves and slowly realise their fate. He walked back to the only witness of such an evil deed - Alessa, without trying to wake them up. "Done." he said, barely managing to keep a straight face. This is the most stupid, dumb idea that came to his head, but sometimes he needed a way to have fun.

Part of the way through, Kit squirmed and muttered something, then yawned and held Seashell a bit closer before slipping back into his deep sleep.

Shelly meanwhile was deep in sleep, still in her dream.

Alessa giggled as she realized the full extent of what Vasily had done. "Sit with me, why don't we watch the action unfold.", Alessa said. Jokingly she added, "Maybe we should try that ourselves sometime."

Vasily sat near Alessa, waiting for the action to start and replied silently "I wish we could do so, but I can't tie up myself yet, unfortunately. At least, safely."

"That's what I'm here for, This can be the start of a wonderful partnership.", Alessa said. She wasn't ready for a romantic relationship, but there was more to this tying people up thing that piqued her interest. Which put her in something of a professional relationship with Vasily over an obscure hobby.

"Maybe..." Vasily said, silently sitting near Alessa, staring at the other side of room...

"I'd be your apprentice and occasional captive...Friends?", Alessa had basically accepted that bondage would actually be rewarding at least for the moment. She wondered if the drug had inflamed her passion for such things. "Somehow I think the drugs are messing with my head", she finished. It was quite likely.

"We weren't friends before?" Vasily said, being genuinely surprised. Maybe it wasn't just usual other countries... "Don't tell me about drugs, they just add fuel to my paranoia, I always have a feeling that there is still something more behind this thing..."

"Sorry, that's not what I meant...of course we're friends", Alessa replied, offering her hand, "Back to the topic at hand...we may need more rope....those two may not take kindly to getting bound like this."

"I see you start to get a better taste at this, huh?" Vasily questioned (more like stated in form of question) "And yeah, gotta get more rope some day. 5 rolls of my duct tape won't do as much as one rope can..."

"Duct tape can still be used to wrap people, I might like to try it...say we wrap an old bedsheet around first so it doesn't get on my clothes...", Alessa considered.

"Too uncivil to use duct tape this way... You are not a machine to get such a fate." Vasily said, never considering to use this glorious product of industry on humans.

"I am not a machine in the first place...", Alessa said playfully jabbing him, "Since when was this hobby of yours civil in the first place, why bring up duct tape if you never use it?"

"I've meant, that duct tape has other great uses. Quick repairs and other stuff." Vasily said "And it isn't looking too nice... Unless you want a mechanic plus mechanic roleplay, of course, this way duct tape would just add itself well to the situation."

"And rope looks that much nicer?...and do we really want to be in the firing line when they wake up?", Alessa asked.

"Well, it does look better in my opinion." Vasily replied. "Don't worry about those two - I've tied them up nice and tight. They would have to spend some time trying to figure out how to escape."

"You don't plan to set them free yourself?", Alessa asked, "Surely they deserve to be let out...We don't even know if they can escape unassisted."

"Of course I will help them." Vasily said "But they wouldn't be able to get out themselves and this would ensure that we won't get attacked by them, if they would get angry."

"They wouldn't have attacked us anyway...", Alessa said.

"Good chessmaster anticipates any move of his opponent." Vasily replied.

"I guess when you put it that way...well maybe I should get some escape training in the future.", Alessa said, she was being serious....such skills may become useful one day.

"I guess so." Vasily said "Hopefully internet knows that, as it knew everything I've found out before..."

"Knows what?", Alessa asked keeping her eyes, though barely adjusted fixed on the sleeping couple.

"How to escape the ropes, of course" Vasily answered, being quite surprised that Alessa asked this question.

"Ah right...I'm just getting tired is all, dang those two are deep sleepers...How long do we have to wait?", she hastily said.

"I have no idea." Vasily said "Probably we would have to wake them up..."

"Exposing yourself to striking distance of both of them once they realize what you did...it may be best just to stay back" Alessa said.

=====The Dreams of a Crazy Person=====

Kit's dreams were always very strange places. And this time was no different. As per usual, it was set in darkness, a void. But there was a world in it. A field of flowers was where the starting setting was. A field of flowers with giant petals drifting around. Well, it was better than that frozen wasteland of a city that had followed him around for a couple years. Anyway, it would have been fine if it wasn't for the flying sheep trying to eat those petals. Which, sadly, were common at the start of most of his dreams. It stemmed from his common attempt to count sheep. Something always happened to those sheep. Sometimes he ended up hunting them, other times they spontaneously exploded or grew capes like the bombs in worms. Other times turned into anthros...

But this time they grew fluffy wings like swallows and chased the petals around. Kit shrugged and lay with his back on the flower field. It made him think of Shelly for some reason. And left with a warm fuzzy feeling. He didn't know how long he lay there, but eventually, he looked up, and realized that the night's dreamscape had more or less finished loading.

What do you get when you cross grasslands, savannahs, a forest, a flower field and a park covered in snow? To be fair, he didn't know what it was either, but it was whatever it was. Trees and grass grew out of patches of snow and ice, warm wind blew over fields that were patchworks of snow, frozen earth, lush grass, dried grass, and flowers. It really should have looked odd, but it formed a unified whole.

Kit sat up. Okay... this was... well, it was no stranger than any other dream he had. Which... didn't really say much in the way of good things about him... Above him, the little... he had no really way to describe them. He could say they were tendrils, but he could just as accurately describe them as bubbles. He knew what they were. They were trains of thoughts and ideas. He generally couldn't reach or touch them, but on the few instances that he did touch one, they tended to completely change his dream. So, not important.

Just then, the breeze picked up. He could smell water, cold, crushed grass, goats, sheep, Big Brother, Damsel, Seashell... hold up... That was different... He sniffed again. Yep, he could smell them. He didn't even know what they were supposed to smell like... That was freaky. His tail and ears twitched uncertainly.

Cue epiphany #2. He glanced down and realized he had paws, and was on all fours. So it was one



of *those* dreams. He did a feline grin and charged across the plain. Goats and deer scattered before him, and the dream logic that tended to prevail in these situations meant that he woke up right as he pounced on one of them.

Go figure.

=====

Michael, while who-knows-what was happening, was happily breaking the 4th wall and using pocket dimensions in a chat room he's usually on with his laptop when the power decided it wanted to go to sleep, "...Whoops, I think I broke something."

He laughs at the thought and turns off the laptop to ensure the battery was being saved should this power outage last longer than we'd like it to. He then proceeds to search for his backpack...

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3826141/> [search, natural 1... \*cries\*]

...and managed to bump his head on something rather hard. He rubs his head in pain and was glad no one was around to watch that and searched again for his backpack.

[take 10]

Really, you think it would be easier to find your own stuff in the dark. Well, he finally found it and felt around for a long cylinder. That is taken out when he found it and then he turns it on, it was a flashlight. Happy that he brought it along in the first place, he grabs his cellphone and, due to playing too many horror games recently, he also takes his baseball bat before making his way out the room.

=====

"..." Shaen paused his work as the lights died on him and the house drowned in darkness. Annoyed he reached over and flicked the switch a few times, but to no avail. It seemed that the entire house had lost power, though a quick look to the window revealed his assumption was false. With a sigh Shaen slid his seat backwards over the wooden floor and picked himself up. A quick look outside showed the entire street had lost power, street lights turned off and homes completely dark.

Shaen pulled his head back into the room and made his way over to the bedside and his bag. A quick rummage around his daypack and Shaen pulled out the flashlight. He gave it a test and shone the light around the room. Pausing Shaen thought he heard something, but apparently it was a trick of the mind. (Listen Roll: 5 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3826788/>)

Slowly Shaen opened the door, a small creak sounded through the second floor of the house as he did so. With a look around, his flashlight shining down the hallway Shaen noticed another flashlight from Micheal and Darren's room. He closed the door behind before making his way down the hall slowly, wooden flooring creaking underneath each of his steps. "Yoh. Micheal?" he called out, unsure of whom it was.

Michael lowers his flashlight when he noticed someone ahead calling his name, "Yeah, it's me. Power outage huh?" He shrugs before waving his light towards the steps, "Think everyone is downstairs already?"

Walking over, Shaen nodded towards Micheal. "Guess so... and probably I guess," he said with a shrug as he glanced around the second floor. Yawning he turned towards the stairs and prepared to head downstairs but paused. "So anything interesting happen while I was out?" he asked before taking the first step down.

"Besides me walking in on Shell's and Kit's little date? nothing much on my end." Michael said with a slightly amused face before making his way downstairs behind Shaen. Oh, and before we forget: flashlight is in Michael's left hand while the baseball bat is in his right, he's also wearing his jacket, which holds a baseball in each of the 4 pockets. So yeah, he's ready should this power outage be the result of anything hostile; it never hurts to be safe!

=====

"I see..." Shaen muttered with a shrug as he headed down the stairs towards to the first floor. He flicked the flashlight off, slightly confused as his vision actually improved once the bright light vanished. How odd, he thought to himself. He paused as he rounded the corner though, raising an eye at Alessa and Vasily who were sitting at the stair's base. They seemed to be having a lively conversation and with a small sigh, Shaen hopped over the stair's railing landing on the first floor with barely a whisper. (Move Silently Roll = 18 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3827455/>)

His next steps could have benefited from the same stealth at which he hopped over the railing. (Move Silently Roll = 3 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3827456/>) His first step caused the wooden flooring to creak, the sound echoing throughout the entire floor. With a small sigh and smile on his face Shaen strolled past the couple nonchalantly and down the stairs into the basement.

[Listen: 7](#) - Vasily hears nothing.

=====

Kit blinked slowly then did a motionless stretch, something like a clench of all his muscles in turn. He yawned slowly once, then twice, then thrice in total. He chewed nothing then tried to get up. The smell of Seashell's shampoo slowly processed and he remembered that he and his new mate fell asleep on the couch. He tried to shift, but found himself restrained somehow. He looked down, and saw what looked like ropes. He looked around, but didn't see any around. Maybe he should go back to sleep. For another... few minutes. If he could see a clock, he'd check what time it was...

He yawned a fourth time and squirmed around a bit.

Shelly made another strange noise in her sleep meanwhile. A cross between a cough and a yipping noise while she dreamed.

Kit wriggled a bit, then settled, then wriggled again ([Balance=16](#)). He did his living dead groan and tried poking Shelly. The only place he could poke was her tushie and her mammaries. (Both

of which were very soft, something he would eventually note down ((when his brain booted up)) for future reference.) [Taking ten on the poke: 13]

Shelly grunted and was awakened. "Uhhh? morning already...?" She said slowly lifting her head up, yawning. "still dark..." She flopped back down, thinking her alarmclock went off to early.

Shels conked Kit in the nose when she dropped her head back and he yelped. *Discordia Expressions, Avatar Pro version Emergency Boot up initiated. Living Dead Mode disengaged. Rapid System status and memory compilation: Green. Wake Master.* After that initial outburst, his next comment was rather bland. "Ow?" he questioned her.

"Gyh!?" Shelly yelled, bolting awake. "huh? what? I'm up! I'm up! I didn't fall asleep!" She realized where she was. "Huh...? Power's still out?"

"Is that the only thing you noticed," Kit asked, trying to flex his face muscles since he couldn't exactly rub the injury.

"Gimmie a sec..." She said yawning again. "Did you have a good nap?" rubbing her eyes, she moved off of Kit some. or she would have, had she been ble to move. "huh...?" she said starting to become more aware of everything. "how'd this happen?" She said and began to squirm against the bonds.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3827585/> 21

"Four options," Kit said seriously. "A case of Spontaneous Constriction; were a freak flux in the spatial dimensions generate binds set on one loci, Rope fairies; magical beings related to brownings who tie people sleeping in unprotected areas together, the strings of love; though it should be a thread on the finger, or Big Brother." Kit said in a conspiratorial tone. "My bet is rope fairies."

"Maybe a gang of BDSM enthusiasts came through and swooped down on us. Though i like the idea of rope faries more." Shelly said. "So... wanna get out or pretend these don't exist?"

"We could go back to sleep," Kit said, nibbling her ear.

Shelly grinned. "is that tasty for ya?" She asked. "But we could, yeah. I was having a nice dream."

"What did you dream about?" Kit asked as he tried to find a knot. The fact that with was tied over the blanket was not helping.

"I was back home. A forest just outside my old place. I didn't want to wake myself up so I didn't take a look at what I was. I'm pretty sure i was some kind of animal. Still, it was fun to explore the woods around my old house again." Cthulhu roared

"Do you often dream that you are an animal?" Kit asked, a bit of his readings into psychoanalysis kicking in.

"Sometimes, yeah. At least I think so. I'm learning lucid dreaming and I find that if I look down to see myself, the... I dunno. Shock I guess, wakes me up." Cthulhu said

"Is the setting different each time? Or is it the same place?" Kit continued

"Different places. But they're always places I've been to. Usually back home since I've lived there more. Last week, I dreamed of the forest here. That was the only time though. Not always in a forest either. Sometimes it's a city too." Cthulhu said.

Kit 'hmmed' thoughtfully. "And how did that make you feel?"

"Well Mr Frued, I was pretty happy there. I like being in those animal forms when I get them. Usually, I spend the time running around like a madwoman or digging if I get something that burrows. There's no food or water so i don't need to worry. I can just enjoy myself." Shelly admitted.

"So... you chase your tail?" Kit asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Nah. Like I said, if I see myself, I might wake myself up by accident. Nah, I just go jogging or stuff like that." Shelly replied.

"Sure..." Kit grinned. "Jogging."

"Well, you can think whatever you want. Doesn't mean you're right." Shelly teased. "What about you? If you don't mind be asking."

"What about me?" Kit countered.

"What are your dreams like? Any suspicious things I might like to know? Or just more insight into your crazy mind." Shelly tried to move her left hand but found it bound. "Damn... I can't do anything to touch your forehead..." she muttered.

"There, there? And the crazy mind part is right." Kit said thoughtfully. "Anyway, I rarely remember dreams fully. Something about a field of flowers, sheep with swablu wings, goats, snow and grass..." He had a vague memory of what it felt like to have a tail. In the dreams he had tails, he could never dredge up the memory when he woke.

"That's... weird." Shelly said. "But oh well. Who am I to judge when I dream I'm an animal?" She shrugged. "Still, sounds like a nice place. Well... except for the snow."

"Hey, I love snow!" Kit protested.

"And where I come from, we basically never get it." Shelly said. "I've never seen it before in my life."

"You poor child you," Kit said with a soft expression. "Never seeing snow before... There, there."

"While you were dealing with snow, I was having a whale of a time with scuba lessons in the Great Barrier Reef." Shelly teased, sticking her tongue out at him. It was partly true. She had gone there a grand total of once for a winter vacation.

"You do remember I'm a born Jamaican, right?" Kit teased. "I had rivers and waterfalls to climb." It was true; he climbed Dunns River Falls once.

"I remember. Still, you can't go swimming in those up here." Shelly pointed out.

"Yes you can," Kit countered. "It's only extremely uncomfortable certain times of the year."

"Well you're free to go swimming in the ice. I'll stay here with some chocoa and be under blankets. With the heat cranked up REALLY high." Shelly added in that last part. "Well, I'll see how it is once it comes to that. I'm still worried that this will be happening during summer."

"You know it can reach in the thirties in the summer, right?" Kit needled. "If you have blankets, it's only because I'd have the AC down really low."

"Winter I mean. Winter. These seasons are always gonna trip me up." Shelly muttered. "but oh well."

Kit looked up at the roof. At least, as much of the roof as he could see. "Um... are we reacting as two people tied up should? There might be an entire school of etiquette to this that we are ignoring..."

Shelly shrugged. "Meh. Who cares? The only way i can etiquette I can think of is that we should be screaming for help while some mafia mook muhahahas over his kidnapping. Wanna do that?"

"The first part of that sentence makes no sense..." Kit blinked.

Shelly didn't seem to think there was. "So... Screaming contest to see if anyone's gonna speed to our rescue?"

"What about the Batman Solution? Or the CasKett Response?" Kit asked.

"CasKett Response?" Shelly asked. "Can't say i've heard of that one. And batman solution? you mean you got a utility belt I dunno about?"

"From the show Castle. Richard Castle, Kate Beckett." Kit didn't know if they showed Castle in Australia. "Anyway, the Bat's didn't always need his belt."

"I never watched that show." Shelly admitted. "Sorry. But you got any ideas for getting this off of us? Or should we just say balls to it and go back to sleep?"

"I have it on my computer, I'll show you later," Kit offered. "Anyway, we can try standing up for starters."

"All righty." Shelly said and tried shifting her weight a little... but would up falling off the sofa with her back to the floor. She grunted then looked into Kitler's face. "Hi!"

Balance: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828082/> 6

Shelly's less than graceful attempt wound up with the two of them tumbling off the couch and crashing to the ground. Kit wound up on top this time, and he winced. "Sorry," he said, mostly since if he was on top, it meant he landed on Seashell.

"It's ok. You had to get on top sometime." Shelly smirked. "No harm done. So... Now what?"

"Ha... funny," Kit grunted. He tried to figure out a why for them to get upright. "The grounds not much of an improvement, but... Maybe we can use the chair to get up...." he tried squirming up the side of the couch, trying to use it as a crouch to get upright.

[Strength \(1d20+2=18\)](#)

"Whoa, easy... easy..." Shelly said, moving with Kitler. "All right... So... Kangaroo time?"

"Slow dance," Kit corrected. "Kangaroo style would be somewhat... risky. High falling percentile."

"Fair enough. Take the lead then." Shelly said, ready to move with him.

"In the words of Earl Basset; 'Step, and Step, and Step'" Kit said, chanting each and step in time with that actual movement.

Shelly did the same, managing to start moving in the right ways. "All righty..." It was a little tricky to get her motions just right. Stairs were going to be a provlem. "So... Which room are we going to? kitchen to get a knife? upstairs?"

"No Stairs!" Kit said quickly. The thought of tumbling down stairs was not fun. Not fun at all.

"Kitchen. Where The Sharp Things Are."

"Good enough for me. So... this way." Shelly said, walking as best she could.

Michael allows Shaen to do whatever he was planning on doing and started to sneak his way downstairs *after* Shaen went towards the basement... He was a bloody ninja tonight.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3827796/> Move Silently: 17+8=25

Creeping his way down the stairs and towards where people might be with his flashlight off, he hears a certain lovely couple on a couch talking about stuff in the dark... Like Shelly's dream, those are always fun.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3827811/> Listen : 18+2=20

Michael soon gets tired about that little story and crept up behind them with nary a sound.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828305/> Move Silently : 14+8=22

He was about to stand up and shine his flashlight in their faces, but then they tried to stand up and hit the ground. Unsure what they're up too, he decides to hide behind the couch instead.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828359/> Hide : 15+8=23

=====

The stairs creaked underneath his weight as Shaen headed into the basement. The dust in the air gave off a musty smell and he coughed at the thick atmosphere. Thankfully his eyes seemed to have adjusted to the darkness, almost unnaturally so and Shaen had little difficulty in seeing in the dark. Two doors were close upon arriving at the bottom of the stairs so Shaen decided to check them first. One swung open to reveal what looked like a gym while a lounge was behind the other. He made his way further into the basement and opening another door, revealed the mechanical room.

The circuit box was on the far wall of the room, but even with his seemingly improved night vision, the lack of any light made it impossible for Shaen to see anything in the room. With a flick, Shaen turned on the flashlight and shining the light about he made his way towards the circuit box, careful about avoiding the other machinery and devices. Cracking open the box, Shaen examined the various fuses and connections in the box, trying to see if it was something wrong with the house or the power grid.

After examining the circuitry and connections for a few minutes, Shaen couldn't find anything that was wrong or broken. (Take 20 on Spot) "Guess it's the power grid after all..." he muttered to himself, recalling the turned off streetlights outside. Closing the lid back onto the circuit box, Shaen left the mechanical room and closed the door behind him. Once out, he turned off the flash light, allowing his eyes to adjust to the darkness before proceeding forward again.

"Well there's nothing wrong with the circuit box," Shaen muttered, coming up the stairs from the basement.

=====

Vasily sat on the stairs, with a bored expression on his face. He felt himself like a villain that spent lots of time on a damn awesome death trap and the heroes that got into it just don't give a single duck. There were funny moments though - when both of them fell, but even then there weren't much of the reaction from both of them. But he'll wait. Sometimes even the most patient (or Too Dumb To Live) characters loose the patience... Unfortunately, he wasn't a part of fiction (or so he believed) and thus couldn't think in terms of tropes. And thus, he didn't know what exactly to expect from the pair... Mostly nothing, that's it. Maybe they'll cut the rope... Wait, cut the rope... NO WAY. "Gotta prevent rope damage..." Vasily muttered to Alessa.

Vasily sprang up, knowing that his property was in danger and ran to the kitchen, not bothering about not being heard. He couldn't be seen anyway, those two can barely see in darkness. However, he can be heard...

"RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!" he yelled, running as fast as possible, while trying to change his voice to some other. While it beared some similarities, it could be mistaken for something else.

[Acting: 18](#)

"Um... who was that?" Kit said, a bit concerned. Safety time. He took a breath, then let lose an evil laugh. "Hahahahahaha! Run? Who am I to run?"

[Bluff and Acting \(1d20+9=14, 1d20+3=13\)](#)

"The fuck?" Shaen muttered as he stepped onto the first floor, brushing some dust off of himself. The voice had sounded familiar, but at the same time slightly different. Another voice and laugh, apparently Kit's echoed through the first floor shortly after. A look into the hallway showed no one, but seeing as Vasily was no longer in the stair well, he assumed the kid had booked it. "Strange," he muttered to himself before he stepped into the hallway.

Vasily ran on into the kitchen and...

[Balance: 16](#)

...Without any further problems managed to get to it. He started searching for a knife himself, listening for the sounds that the pair can make, to track their movements. If he is making this a horror movie, he shouldn't stop now.

He could hear Kit laughing and saying something about not being afraid of running. Well, this gives Vasily more problems in scaring him, so he should get some more creepy things to scare this guy.

"Oi! Were you the one that put this on us!?" Shelly demanded, pretending to sound utterly indignant. "Get this off us!" She said.

Bluff: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828370/> 13

Michael wasn't entirely sure what that 'run for your lives!' bit was about, but he kept to his hiding place while keeping an eye on the pair who seemed to be dancing for some odd reason. Shelly said something about stuff being on them, but he wasn't able to see what they're talking about without shining a light on them, so he didn't since his night vision was kicking in... Now that he thinks about it, his vision seems to be slightly better then usual in the dark, interesting...

Hide DC(?): 23

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828310/> Spot : 3+2=5

"Can someone help us out of this?" Shelly asked, complaining that no one was helping. "Kit, let's go and see what sharp things there are."

Michael squinted his eyes to spot whatever she's talking about in the dark to no avail.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828409/> Spot : 3+2=5 (AGAIN?!)

"Hold up, Seashell," Kit said, listening out. (you loved since!) "Someone's nearby. I think."



//I HEAR ALL! [1d20+1=19](#) ish.

Michael could be quiet and stay in his hiding spot, he could make a spooky sound, heck he could do something to scare the tar out of them, but he decides to be nice this one time and turns his flashlight on to shine at their feet, "Hello again!"

He stands up and shines the light below their face to see what Shelly was going on about; they were tied up, "...Why are you two tied up together?"

//I HEAR ALL! [1d20+1=19](#) ish.

"You want to tell him or should I?" Shelly asked, already thinking of something rather devious to say.

"Literally and psychologically," Kit piped in. "We could do to lose the physical bonds though. You up for a little knot loosening?"

"Bondage attempt gone wrong." Shelly added. "Turns out, you really DO need one person to be unbound. Live and learn, it seems."

Michael couldn't help but smirk, "Wow Shells, I didn't know you two were into kinky stuff! You might want to look away..." He chuckles before carefully setting the flashlight on the couch. He makes sure it's pointed in their direction and carefully lays the bat down.

Shelly's night vision was ruined as the light passed over her eyes and shut them, tightly. "Oi! watch where you're pointing that!"

He shrugs; he did told them to look away, "Well, how am I supposed to work when I can't see? Now, where's that knot?"

"Touch? Kit suggested.

"True, but then you two will be tied up longer. Take your pick." Michael said with an amused smile as he eventually finds the knot.

[Spot: take 10]

"You found a knot. Hurray. I would throw you a feast, but I'm still a bit tied up at the moment," Kit said blandly.

"Just waiting for you to say something mildly amusing, and since you did, I guess I'll untie you now."

With that, he easily unties the love birds with hardly any difficulty, "...Okay, either I suddenly got really good at removing knots, or someone sucks at making these. Either way, the birds are free!"

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828432/> Dex : 18+3=21

//Heh ^^

"You know me," Kit commented as the ropes loosened. "Smart Assed Comments, allows at dirt cheap prices." He shrugged off the blanket and tried to throw it on Mikey, but he missed, and it hit the ground instead. [Blanket attack \(1d20+3=7\)](#)

"All hail the King of Smartassery!" He hides a smug look on his face as he went to his flashlight and got its bright light off of them and pointed it at a point on the floor that was in the general direction of the kitchen, "But really, why were you two tied up?"

"Rope fairies," Kit said seriously. Then he made a strange face and pointed behind Mikey. "Um... Mikey-boy, what's that?" [Acting \(1d20+3=20\)](#), [Bluff \(1d20+9=13\)](#)

Michael's right hand twitched slightly and he carefully went for his baseball bat, "Dare I even ask?" Once he grabs it, he shines his light behind him in a vain attempt to figure out what Kit was pointing at.

As soon as Mikey's attention was elsewhere, Kit reached out and quickly kissed Seashell, not that she wasn't tied against him and in a position to... well... feel if he got a little too excited.

Shelly gave a yelp then smiled. "mmmm..." She said, pulling Kit close.

"Not the best of times seashells," Kit whispered as he grinned warningly. "Remember person screaming."

Shelly frowned a little, then nodded, pulling apart from him and giggled. "later" she mouthed.

"We should do a bit of investigating," Kit said quietly. He headed over to the window and took down the curtain rod, slipping the curtain off. "I don't know what's really going on, but it's better armed than victimized. Seashell?"

"Indeed. Lets take this thing with us, just so it doesn't fall into evil hands." Shelly said, wrapping the rope several times around her arm, not bothering to tie it. As such, the two ends just fell limp. "Well, the good news is we're close to the armoury for any household." She said and began to make her way to the kitchen. "Since you're already armed, you can take point, Michael. I suppose I can take the middle. Got a spare torch on you, Mikey-boy?"

Michael shrugs as he was now under the impression he was a victim of one of Kit's jokes yet again and turns around to see Kit arming himself with a curtain rod. He suddenly feels a lot better about carrying his bat around this dark house. Course, we all heard that scream moments ago, so his reason has more merit. Michael nods at her idea of taking point even though he was more for the 'scout' role, but he shrugs when she asked if he has another flashlight, "...Well, I suppose my smartphone counts. Here, you can borrow the flashlight then." Michael hands Shelly the flashlight and equips his smartphone with the flashlight app.

Kit gave the curtain rod a few swings, before nodding in satisfaction. He would have preferred his broomstick, but that was all the way upstairs. "The garage?" Kit said in response to Seashell.

"Well that's the second armoury. The first one is the kitchen. Knives and pointy things live there." Shelly said.

"Considering the fact that strange people might be in the house," Kit said in a soft bland tone, leaning on his appropriated staff casually, "perhaps loud voices and announcing our location with waving light isn't the best of ideas?"

"Well there is a chance we can blind the strange people." Shelly said. "Dark house, bright light. We won't be as effected." She said, passing the phone to Kit. "Or should we jsut go upstairs and barricade the three of us in Michael's room?"

Kit rolled his eyes but waved the phone off.

Thinking about what Kit said, he decides to turn the app off and repockets his phone. This would save the batteries, and provide more strength to his bat should he need to crack a few skulls despite the fact he's better off throwing a baseball in someone's face instead... actually. he soon decides to grab a baseball from the pocket that he would have the hardest time getting into with his left hand, "Well, maybe if we're lucky, we'll spot them first."

"You're gonna break a window with that," Kit sighed. "Shall we sneak to the kitchen. Emphasis on the sneak?"

"Completely worth it if uninvited people are in here... and my thoughts exactly." Michael had no problems with agreeing on what Kit said and carefully scouted ahead while not going too far from the group.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828483/> move silently :  $12+8=20$

"Maybe we could get Dr Paranoid Recluse out here with her taser too." Shelly offered.

"How many times have you seen her outside of the testing periods?" Kit asked with a smile. He did pause by her door and rapped on it, just to see if she was in.

[Move Silently=16](#)

"None. Still, we can poke her." Shelly said. "Dr Raine?" Shelly whispered, also knocking. louder then what Kit did. Slightly so, but still.

The door eased open slowly and Raine poked head around the door, a flashlight in her hand aimed at the ground to issue enough light to see but not glare into faces. She appeared rather tired and unsurprised, though still neat enough.

"Hmmm...?" Raine queried.

Shelly kept her mouth shut, at least until she made sure that the taser was nowhere in her other hand. "We're getting everyone together. Something creepy might be in here. and you're the most

heavily armed out of all of us."

"...Creepy..." Raine queried, an expression of extreme disbelief and sort of suspicious of a prank.

"Not my doing," Kit said softly. He raised a hand, palm out. "Scouts honor."

"So you... weren't the one that knocked out the power?" Shelly asked, now a little worried. Blackouts were really rare and she had the sinking suspicion that someone else was in here. "Is your taser charged? Just in case."

"I'm reading by a flashlight here, Shelly, why would I knock out the power?" Raine asked rhetorically, partially disappearing for a moment before returning with her tazer and stungun, pocketing both, "So what exactly is everyone doing? Not just waiting for the power to return, I presume."

"I dunno. To many things in one socket... But now that I think about it, that wouldn't make sense since it would just bring down power in YOUR room only and you'd be the one complaining... Oh well." She giggled. "Anyways, like I said, we're just moving around, getting everyone into one group. thinking of where to barricade ourselves in until morning."

"...Okay then..." Raine said as though half paying attention, disappearing again for a moment to collect a stack of paper and exiting her room, "Well lead the way."

"So, any idea where we should go? Could we use your room for barricading purposes? Or should we use one of ours?" Shelly asked, looking down the darkened hallways. "Well, we'd better keep going. Gotta get the others after all."

"If it helps you to believe her, I found them tied up and no one knows who did it." Michael said after Shelly failed to let Raine know what's really going on. Michael was now hugging the wall and peering down the hall. If they kept this up, then he's going to start remembering lines from Metal Gear Solid.

"BDSM gremlins." Shelly insisted. "Nothing to worry about."

"-Don't... want to know..." Raine said immediately, "You're not using my room for anything either."

"Sheesh. all right, all right." Shelly said, putting her hands up defensively. "Don't have puppies. It was just an idea. Quite a change from the usual ray of sunshine you are."

"Forgive me for not wanting to know the intricacies of one's preferences in the bedroom," Raine said airily with half a smirk, "And reading via flashlight is annoying."

"But it's so traditional," Kit pointed out quietly.

"Who said anything about reading?" Shelly asked confused. "Were you in the middle of

something?"

"Aren't I always?" Raine asked mostly rhetorically.

"I don't know. That's why I asked you if you were in the middle of something." Shelly said, shrugging. "Anyways, we'd better get moving. Vasily and Alessa are... somewhere. Not sure where though."

"As I said, lead the way," Raine said with a shrug.

"Indeed!" Shelly said and turned around. "Let's get going i suppose." She poked Michael in the back to get him to start moving. "Poke, poke." She teased.

Michael rolled his eyes before moving forward down the hall. He made sure he has enough room to swing his bat should he need to.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828501/> move silently : 16+8=24

"So were exactly are we going?" Kit asked with a wry smirk.

"To pick up Alessa and Vasily first. Then to see if we can find Shaen." Shelly said. "Then we'll go to Micheal's room to wait out the night."

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Vasily could hear stuff happening.

(Taking 20 on Listen, since Vasily was listening carefully to the enviroment as he was searching for the knife.)

The people were talking loudly. As Vasily judged from the conversation, his initial planning has failed; people managed to get rid of the ropes quickly. And he was nearly spotted as someone proposed to go to kitchen. However, the episode of "screamrun" worked damn well. No one could guess that it was him - Vasily... The idea works in the other way, unexpected, but damn amusing. Vasily finally spotted what he was searching for - a knife, good enough to defend himself. Now he should convince people that he was not responsible for the stuff that happened. As of now, Vasily waited till people would come to him, as he started faking a search for the knife he found long time ago. A "legend" appeared in his head, but now he had to get Alessa involved in his plans... He typed up a message on his PDA to Alessa's mobile phone that said "Play along. Remove the message upon reading, the fun starts now." And hoped that Alessa had the mobile phone with her. She was the only withness, and hopefully, a colleague in his scenario.

"Fuck this shit..." Shaen muttered to himself from the stair well as he caught snippets of conversation drifting out from the hall. He spotted a few people down near the Great Room probably Michael, Kit, Shelly and another one he didn't recognise. (Poor Doctor Recluse ^^) (Taking 20 on Listen (+4) and Spot (+3)) Regardless it didn't seem like the darkness was a real bother to the others, and from the conversation Shaen had managed to catch, well he wasn't very interested in what was happening.

Shaen didn't really bother trying to hide his presence from the others. If they wanted to go on some strange expedition of the house, trying to find a burglar or robber that probably didn't exist, who was he to interfere? At the very least he'd rather be in his room working, than getting caught by an over enthusiastic Kit. Getting shanked or bashed over the head wasn't exactly Shaen's idea of fun after all.

Kit turned quickly as he heard someone coming up the stairs. He quickly mimed a zipper being pulled over his mouth as she slunk over to the staircase. [Move silently \(1d20+5=25\)](#)

Shelly nodded quickly and followed suit. She wasn't nearly as silent as Kit, but she was trying. the floor creaked as she went along, but she tried to avoid it.

move silently: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3828815/> 11

He slowly extended his curtain rod over the edge of the staircase, where the shadows would hide it. He lifted it just as the person, whoever it was, started to step up onto the first floor proper.

[Melee Trip attempt \(verses touch AC\) \(1d20+3=21\)](#)

[Melee Trip attempt Dex check \(1d20+3=22\)](#) <-- DC you need to beat

"Oh what the fuck?" Shaen muttered as he felt something prod him in the legs. Stumbling as he tripped over the rod, Shaen turned around quickly to glare at whichever idiot did that.

"Oh... Um... Hey Shaen... 'Sup?" Kit asked with a slightly embarrassed smile.

"Well... That's good I suppose." Shelly said. "We're looking to get everyone together then barricade ourselves in a room."

Shaen grumbled as he picked himself up off the staircase. "Getting tripped I suppose," was his reply to Kit, annoyance slightly apparent in his voice. He bent over to pick up his dropped flashlight before turning to Shelly and shrugging. "Uh yeah... I'm just going to go back to my room..." he muttered before heading back up the stairs. Hopefully not being tripped by anyone this time.

"You're just gonna leave? Just like that?" Kit asked, though not too loudly. You know; stealth and all.

"Uh... yeah? Is there something I'm supposed to do before?" Shaen turned the question back onto Kit with a raised eye.

"Didst thou not hearst the cry of terror?" Kit questioned in in archaic tongue. "We fear there beest interlopers within our realm."

"No I did. I also heard someone laughing like they're insane." Shaen said tilting his head to the side to stare at Kit.

"Well... um... yeah, the laugh was me. Only because I didn't what the other person coming my way." He glanced over at Seashell. "We were... sorta tied up at the time."

"I see.... but I really don't want to know." Shaen shrugged as he begun to walk up the stairs again. "Besides if there is an "interloper" I'll be nice and safe in my room whilst you wander around the house," he said.

"I tried. Seashell? You wanna shot at this?" Kit asked with a shrug.

"Well..." Shelly said. "If you want to get picked off by some crazed killer in a hocky mask, be my guest. We're just trying to keep everyone together so someone doesn't sneak in and axe us a question. I suppose you could just go to your room. We'll be along shortly. I think we just need Alessa and Vasily to be accounted for."

"Yeah sure thing." Shaen gave a little hand wave to Shelly and the others before disappearing behind the next flight of stairs. What was this? A horror movie where the loner gets picked off? He wasn't black now, if anything Kit had to be the first die. He sighed to himself as he stepped onto the second floor and saw nothing in the halls. Moving quietly down towards his room, Shaen felt a nagging paranoia at the back of his head. "Great, now I can't stop thinking about getting jumped..." he muttered absentmindedly. (Listen Check =15 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829096/>)

=====Shaen's Encounter=====

A form slipped out of the shadows and came up behind Shaen. In a quick motion, the person grabbed Shaen's hand and tried to press a hand over his mouth.

[1d20+5=13](#)

//You do get an AOO for this

(Melee Attack Roll=4 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829164/>) "Wh-" Shaen tried to call out, but his assailant had already managed to cover his mouth. Feeling the wet cloth pressed on his face, Shaen held his breath tightly. He'd watched enough movies and shows to have an idea of what was going on. (Con Roll=16 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829165/>) Evidently he wasn't quick enough though and he could feel his arms and legs going numb already, his vision fading. (Spot Roll=17 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829175/>)

Int he last fleeting moments of consciousness, you managed to see the face of your attacker. Well, you would have, but they were wearing what seemed to be a mask over their jaw and nose, and a set of eye wear. There clothes was unremarkable; dark, but seemed like regular street wear.

[[Chloroform Inhaled17 Unconsciousness - 1d3 hours]] [1d3=2](#)

His assailant quickly and quietly ([27](#)) dragged Shaen into his room, dropped him on his bed ([13](#)), arranging him so he appeared to be asleep. That done, they slipped out of the room, closing the door behind them, and took the up post were they could watch for the others.

=====

"I don't think he's ever seen a horror movie before. And apparently, Reverse Psychology doesn't work. He's so gonna die." Shelly sighed. "Well, we really have to find Alessa now. and Vasily."

"Wait... are we going by horror movie rule?" Kit asked suddenly. "Cause their are three rules that applies to first kills: Never go alone, Black Guy always dies first and Funny Guy goes first. I qualify for two of those..."

"But," Shelly said. "He violated the first one. which is always the most important one. And the way I see it, and heard it described best was from Cabin in the Woods. The 'whore' archetype goes first. not sure who what would be among us though..." She began to fo through the tropes in that movie. "Let's see... there's the philosopher, the athlete, the virgin, and the fool. Virgin is the one to survive. or die the last."

"..." Kit's mouth was slightly agape. He had no idea how to react to them.

Shelly looked at Kit a little, then shrugged. "I have to getyou to see that movie I think."

"It sounds like a whole new kinda awkward," Kit admitted, shaking his head slowly.

"It's a good movie." Shelly said. "Kind of a deconstruction of horror movies in general. To use tropes. By the way... has anyone called the cops yet with Mikey-boy's cell?"

"Still not sure if someone broke in," Kit pointed out softly. He looked at the curtain rod contemplatively. It was a bit... awkward to manage.

"True. But do you want to take the chance?" Shelly replied, a little nervous.

"We don't really have evidence of a break in," Kit said at the same volume.

"So you don't want to do it, huh?" Shelly said, looking at the phone, thinking that they should. Just in case.

Alessa watched the unfolding events with great interest, she followed downstairs as Kit and Shelly worked the bonds. She got a sense of sadistic pleasure watching them undo Vasily's work. She got Vasily's message and wondered what he had in mind.

Eventually Alessa caught up with the small gang of scooby doo wannabees. "What's going on with you folks?", she said, hiding any involvement with Vasily's earlier plan.  
//tentative post

"Shhhh." Shelly said, finger moving over her mouth. "Someone broke in. Maybe. Good, you're safe though. We're getting everyone together then we'll barricade ourselves in a room."

"Where did Vasily run off to?", she whispered.



"All we heard was someone strange scream run away," Kit said, rolling his eyes (though it was likely it would be missed in the darkness.) "Could be a trick. Citation; Rope Fairies. You wouldn't happen to know any rope fairies, would you?"

"Rope faeries..oh I might...but not personally.", Alessa said, knowing she was a bad liar. "You two lovebirds must have had fun though...", she finished.

"Are you quite sure, Miss Chen?" Kit said, putting on a faux british accent.

"Quite sure, Mr. Insert Last Name Here, what did they do to you two?" Alessa asked.

"Wait... you don't remember my last name?" Kit looked like he would cry.

"Did you ever mention it...I only recently learned your first name after all...Well, no matter...where to next commander, we should probably find Vasily.", Alessa said giving a faux curtsy.

"If you dare suggest splitting up, I will bite you," Kit warned.

"No, but we should still make sure everyone's safe.", Alessa suggested.

"That's what Rohan here is for," Kit said, heaving his curtain rod.

"I suppose now is a good time to mention I know kung fu.", Alessa whispered in a matter of fact tone.

"So, I have my new partner Rohan, Mikey-boy has his baseball bat, Alessa realized this was as good a time as any to reveal her martial arts trained character face... wait... *you* know martial arts?" Kit realized, making a very disbelieving face.

"Is that so surprising?", Alessa asked.

"Yes," Kit said, nodding with certainty. "Yesterday, you tripped over the hardwood flooring."

"And today, but that's not the point right now.", Alessa said motioning for the group to venture forth.

With the chatterboxes quieting down a little, he proceeds slowly down the hall towards their first idea of where to go; the kitchen where they can get pointy objects of mass destruction.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829356/> Move Silently: 25

The group piles into the Kitchen, Alessa kept a lookout for Vasily, which staying close by the others so she doesn't trip or anything. "You here Vas?", Alessa asked softly.

Vasily was slightly surprised by Alessa's question and even nearly jumped. However, he then regained his calmness and, holding a knife in his hand replied "Yeah, in kitchen. Stocking on

weapons, cause, you know, it becomes creepy there, with those running guys."

"Running Guy?" Kit echoed skeptically, bring up the flank.

"Weapons?", Alessa said, "Suppose that would help us out...Is our plan just to barricade ourselves in here?"

Michael kept as quiet as possible while still ensuring that Vasily can hear him, "Running guys? So wait... we *do* have intruders? ...Lovely." Once that statement was made, he looks around for a few knives that could be used as a sharp, throwing weapon.

"I hope we don't." Vasily said concerned "And don't ask too much questions at one time, I can't reply to all!"

"And were were you, when this running ran past?" Kit asked, checking the fridge in an unconcerned manner. "Right... no light," he commented under his breath.

"Stairs." Vasily said "Alessa was with me. I went to grab some knives, for me and her, just in case."

Michael pockets the baseball he was holding and grabs a few choice knives that were light, yet sharp. He soon realizes that he couldn't realistically hold a few knives in one hand and expect to put them to effective use with a baseball bat in his other hand, so he lays four of the knives he found on the counter while carefully holding another one as he figures how to go about this should we end up fighting an intruder or two.

Kit grabbed a tomato from the hanging baskets beside the fidge and sniffed it thoughtfully. "Strange then that She didn't know were you where," Kit commented.

"You sure we need knives...seems kinda excessive.", Alessa said.

"Of course she won't, I didn't tell her anything." Vasily said "She would tell me that it's useless if I did."

"Did you really think we'd be needing those?" Shelly asked, seeing the knives that Mikey-Boy had. "I mean, we got knives in the kitchen..."

"Well, if we do have intruders in the house, then chances are they'll have something a lot worse then pointy knives, so no, these are not excessive." Michael shrugs with worry.

"So, which stair case were you by?" Kit asked innocently.

"The one that overlooks Great room." Vasily replied "You came from it's direction, could have guessed it."

"Where to next folks?", Alessa said before turning to Shelly, "We've got ourselves quite a

problem here."

"And you didn't see this 'Running Guy'? You would have had a perfect view of the hall from their," Kit pointed out.

"I am not a cat." Vasily said, hinting on the tiny flaw in Kit's logic... "I can't see in darkness. But yes, I've seen him partially - just a figure."

Michael soon shrugs again as he keeps one knife and kept his hold on his bat. We weren't dealing with zombies or anything that'd ignore pain, so one good throw and mob rush should be able to suppress an intruder.

[obtains: 1 kitchen knife. Held in left hand.]

"Really? Which way did he come from?" Kit had hopped the previous question would poke a big enough hole, but...

"This one." Vasily pointed to the way to the basement "And then in general direction of Great room/Kitchen. I've thought it were you, actually, trying to prank someone."

"Strange, since you were in the room with me and Seashell when we took our nap," Kit pointed out with all the confidence of Conan/Shinichi breaking a case. "Care to revise that, Mr. Running Guy? Or should I call you; Rope Fairy?"

"Rope Fairy?" Vasily questioned "You know, I haven't tied up anyone for this time, and everyone already came up with a nickname for my kink. And yes, I've left your room with Alessa to have a talk."

"Then I don't suppose you realize that Shaen was in the basement," Kit grinned. "Oh, and it's no problem that Mikey used his pocket knife to shred the rope, since he couldn't figure out the knots."

"You don't suppose it might be Shaen then? Where this guy now is?" Vasily said, staying calm (trying to) "And what rope are you talking about? The one that's in package, upstairs in my room?"

"Whatever rope I'd say...we need to get more rope if we hope to have a successful saturday RP, right now we need to focus", Alessa said to Kit and Vasily.

"Talk to the rope fairy," Kit shrugged.

"Ah screw you, accusing me of what I haven't done." Vasily said, knowing his plan ultimately fails. "Check the basement, if you don't trust me. I am going up and I'll lock myself in my room, in case someone attacks. "

"No Vasily, if someone did break in, then I refuse to have this turn into a bad horror movie. You're staying with us." Michael quietly said with a firm tone.

"Nothing happens to the villians in those movies that they didn't deserve," Kit said cheerfully eating his tomato.

"Indeed." Shelly added in. "Although unlike a bad horror movie, we're actually smart. Mostly. I still think we should call the cops."

"We should stick together at least.", Alessa remarked.

"Stop thinking in the terms of tropes." Vasily said, arming himself with a knife and whispered "If one jumps at me, I'll just cut him and scream, so you would know."

"Nevar!" Shelly whisper-yelled.

"Can't cut what you don't notice Vas. We should assume that they know how to hide in dark places." Michael simply said. As the guy who plays Metal Gear Solid and also as a guy who seen a few horror movies, he's not going to underestimate the intruder; it's always better to overestimate their abilities while keeping your head on straight.

"You know, these tomatoes are really good," Kit remarked thoughtfully.

Vasily couldn't do anything but grin. He wasn't enjoying the prank right now, since Kit's ruining it, but he can enjoy telling the people that he was behind it "Guys, Kit's the only one with a brain." Vasily hinted, before dropping the knife on the table and heading up the stairs...

"And yet he doesn't wanna call the cops." Shelly said. "Seriously, am I the only one that's thinking we should? Just in case?"

"Just to make sure; you guys did get the confession from that, right?" Kit said, starting on a second tomato. "Hmm... wonder how these would taste in tomatoes and eggs..."

The unamused Michael decides to keep his newly obtained knife just in case. He'll just put the knife back in the morning. If it does turn out something was happening, well, he was prepared, "I'll keep the knife, just in case."

Shelly sighed, seeing no one was paying attention to her. "So, you guys don't think anyone besides us is in the house, huh?"

"At this point? No, but I rather be prepared then surprised." Michael said, showing off the 'throwing' knife, "Call me paranoid if you want, but I play it safe when possible."

"Well I'm gonna go to bed. If you hear a loud stomp, that's my indication for 'I told you so'." She yawned. "See ya in the morning then." Shelly said and began heading upstairs, turning on some of the lights so that when the power came back on, she'd be woken up by the light.

Kit shrugged, but followed, tossing the curtain rod into the Great Room as he passed. He would

deal with putting the curtain back up in the morning. He wasn't precisely all that sleepy, considering the nap, but with the power out, there was no reason to hang around downstairs.

Michael shrugs and heads towards the other set of stairs that Vasily didn't take, not really bothering with stealth until he got to the steps.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829545/> move silently : 9 (WHAT? ...) )

Arriving at his set of stairs, he proceeds to actually BE stealthy as he goes up them while preparing to throw the knife should something attempt to jump at him. You know, just in case.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829549/> Move Silently : 26 (huzzah!!)

Vasily went on through hall, amused. Kit person was a smart guy... Next time Vasily would take it into account. Or at least he thought so. Vasily ascended on the second floor using the stairs, deeply inside his thoughts, plans, ideas...

Alessa ascended alongside Vasily, holding his hand so she didn't trip again. She assumed the others followed. "Seems like this wasn't part of your plans huh...", she said slinking up next to him.

Shelly yawned, heading up the stairs. She was a little on the tired side. "Well, night everyone." She said and made her way to her room. She thought she'd give Kit a surprise as well. Alessa was there, but she was talking with Vasly so she didn't want to interrupt.

There were a few soft clinks as two metal canisters were thrown down from the stairs leading from the third floor. Moments later, both burst into clouds of thick white smoke, engulfing the general area around the stair well in a choking cloud. (DC 18 fort)

Alessa tried holding her breath when the smoke began spreading. This couldn't be part of the plan...She flailed her arms around to try and brush away the smoke.

Fort Save: [1d20+5=12](#)

But failed on both accounts as she fell to the ground to try and get the smoke out of her eyes and lungs. "What's going on she said,before collapsing.", she said.

[Vas' Fort save \(1d20+1=4\)](#)

Over at the other stairwell, the same person that took out Shaen was waiting. She lined up her pistol, and shot Michael in the shoulder, her weapon making a soft pop as the tranquilizer dart was fired (DC 18 fort). She quickly holstered her gun, and threw a second grenade at the larger group for good measure. ([Pistol Attack=24](#), [Grenade=12](#))

Shelly wasted no time and stomped on the floor as loudly as she could. Then she screamed. The scream was short lived when she had to take a breath, which soon sent her into a coughing fit. She dropped to the floor, knowing that smoke generally raised and staying low was where the air was cleaner. Relatively speaking at least. she pulled out Mikey-boy's phone and fumbled with it, not able to see how anything worked. "How does this bloody thing work!?" She yelled, not feeling the buttons.

Fort save: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829577/> damn... both fail.

Re roll attempt for the day: USED.

Initiative: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829609/> 17

Kit was climbing up after Seashell, and was basically right on top of one of the canisters when it when it blew. He started coughing heavily, and tried backing away, and ended up falling off the edge of the stairs, tumbling wildly until he cashed into something. Hard. Probably was the wall. Either way; Ow.

[lost the link to my roll... :12]

[Fall Damage = 5](#)

**[Dex Damage: Micheal \(4\), Shelly \(2\), Kit \(1\), Alessa \(2\), Vas \(3\)](#)**

**Conditions on the 'Great Room Side': 100% Concealment**

**Mikey, you are in the clear air area for now. But 4 Dex damage**

Alessa could barely move, but she continued crawling up the stairs. "Where is everyone?", she shouted.

Current Dexterity Score: 4

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829606/>

"ah SHIT!" Michael felt something enter his left shoulder and held onto his knife as tight as possible. He felt something seep through him and quickly dropped his bat to hold the knife in his right hand. [SON OF A B\*\*\*H! What hit me?!]

He judges where he got shot and turned around to see someone tossing something down the hall. He brought the knife up as he fought to stay awake and threw it at the unknown intruder, hoping it'll hit.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829596/> Range attack = 16 (really hoping my recent lag didn't put any false hope in that)

Hit or miss, he'll pick up his baseball bat again and stumble a little up the steps while grabbing a baseball out of his pocket.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829597/> Slight of Hand = 12

[taking ten on balance if allowed]

The knife either went wide, or the lady dodged. Either way. It missed. She considered her arsenal, but decided that since the child was already shot, it would be unnecessary to use more ordinances on him, so she switched to her rubber rounds loaded gun and shot him again.

[AR=20, DR=6 non-lethal](#)

"BLOODY HELLFIRE!!" Shelly yelled, throwing the phone into the smoke cloud, hoping that it would somehow hit the person who threw the smoke bombs.

attack: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829614/> 8

Damage (to phone): <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829617/> 6

phone out of hand, Shelly began to slink away. Low to the floor, she started moving to the stairs. The phone, however, exploded into fragments upon impact. She had chucked it pretty hard. If only she had aimed. She then tumbled down the stairs, collapsing in a heap on top of her

boyfriend.

reflex: nat 1 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829624/>

damage: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829631/> 3

Kit make a sound that started with an 'oof' and ended up somewhere between a grunt, yelp and squeak when Someone crashed into him. From the voice and the hair, he recognized it as Seashell. Groaning, he managed a comment, ever true to form. "Hey honey... nice of you to drop in..."

[And the heavens opened up and God said, Kit, it's time for you to have a bad day. \(1d6=3\) \[at least it's non-lethal this time...](#)

"Now's not really the time," she complained. "Get going! Get out of here!"

"But this landing is so comfortable..." Kit groaned.

Shelly grunted and got to her feet, taking Kit by the hand. "we gotta get out of here! come on!"

Shelly struggled as much as she could, but she looked at Kit. "Run..." She said before falling asleep. It was over. She would be killed soon. She never got to tell her parents she found love...

Kit was already fading, and his eyes heavy, and it didn't take much more for him to fall into the dark, somewhat blissful void of unconsciousness. And his head still hurt.

Whoever he was charging at points a gun at him. He attempted to dodge wherever the person was about to fire at, but it still got him. Michael was only able to let out a simple swear as he kept stumbling up to her as fast as possible, "God damn them to hell!"

He wasn't close enough to take a swing with his bat, so he throws the baseball he got out as hard as possible at the intruder. Hopefully something would go right and it'll hit, otherwise he has more of a problem then he cared to have.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829634/> ranged attack: 17

This one was really getting annoying. His attack missed again, and she closed the distance, moving in close and attempting to kick his legs out from under him.

[Trip attempt: Melee touch attack and Strength check \(1d20+5=19, 1d20+3=16\)](#)

Mike attempts to swing the bat at the intruder, now a she, and missed, what a surprise...

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829683/> melee strike : 16

She takes advantage of this by attempting to trip him, but he managed to keep on his feet with little to no difficulty and was about to take another swing at her...

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829685/> str = 20. Dex = 17+1=18

however he was soon starting to lose it thanks to the first thing he was shot with; it had to be a tranquilizer, it couldn't be anything else that's making him feel like this...right?

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829711/> fort save: 3

He felt like sleeping...but he couldn't! He had too... help them... other side... of house. If he could just... just... He attempts a swing at her one last time. Whether the Gods deemed that swing to hit or once again miss, that would drop from his hand; this would be quickly followed

by his body as he tumbles down the steps. Thankfully, whatever Gods that were watching this one-sided fight spared Michael serious injuries from the tumble down the stairs, however it was clear that he was out like a light bulb at this point with his only really important thought being that his crazy friends were okay. He doubted it at this point, but... that thought was there.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/3829719/> tumble :  $15 + 6 = 21$

Vasily was quite surprised by the attack. Either he was lucky, or the one that threw the grenade was unlucky, Vasily had enough time to hold his breath and realise why should he do so (despite this, he still got some of the smoke in his lungs, letting the toxin inside). Looking at Alessa's terrible condition, Vasily quickly ran in the only direction he felt safe - to the stairs.

Unfortunately, his initial ability to get over the unexpected obstacles wasn't great. Probably the smoke was actually dangerous... Vasily couldn't hold his balance and fell down, landing on a pair of nearly unconscious people he didn't have time to recognise. Not that if this meant right now for him. Vasily could organise his body at the last moment, avoiding damage. And the pair that he stomped did help as well.

(Vasily Balance (GM Roll): 2)

(Vasily Reflex Save (GM ROLL): 17)

[Fall damage to Kit and Shelly \(4 non-lethal\)](#)

Alessa could only crawl away as her joints stiffened and her lungs burned from smoke inhalation. Needless to say she did not get far...

=====For the Good Doctor; A Visitor=====

The soft retorts of the air powered tranq gun were not loud enough to translate to Raine's room, but Shelly's screams certainly were, even if the cause was easy enough to overlook. The heavy rumble of Kit taking his fall could be felt as much as it was heard, and the somewhat frenzied, though faint beat of footsteps were more than enough that one could conclude something was very wrong. A direct contrast to the rabble originating on the floor above was the heavy, though controlled and measured, knock on her door.

Raine let out a prolonged groan as the little interruptions all over the place were quickly adding up, from not being able to use a computer to reading via a flashlight to have insecure wards come knocking -only to dismiss it all and *now they were knocking again?*

She rubbed a temple as she picked up her tazer and walked over the door, half wondering if this was going to be another prank or another insecurity -either one she was probably going to deliver electric punishment to.

She opened the door enough for somewhat comfortable conversation, her flashlight hooked to her belt aiming at the floor for a simple source of light.

"Doctor Catherine Raine," he said in greeting. He was... impressive to say the least. Not overly tall, but topping out at about six feet. But he was almost half that at his shoulder. He was dressed as if out for a jog; dark sweats and a comfortable hooded sweater. But he accessorized for combat. His boots, for that's what they were, screamed army. A belt hung over his shoulder held



numerous pockets containing who knew what, and another slung around his waist hung with two pistols, clearly defined in the reflected light.

His face... neither fierce nor welcoming, though it had the potential to go either way. At the moment, it was more leaning towards welcoming, though his eyes didn't seem in the mood for nonsense, even as shaded as they were in the darkness. "We represent one of your employer's rivals. At the moment, my subordinates are retrieving both the subjects, as well as the research data collected so far and the Serum to be used. Our instructions include your retrieval as well, but were not specific beyond alive and in reasonably good health."

Surprise was the least one could say about Raine's condition at the moment, as she'd fully been expecting another whiny teenager, and as things transpired her expectations kept getting shot down as this military-style man was being rather formal.

"Oh..." Raine remarked, still a little off balance, "Well, thank you... I suppose? Good to know who we're getting kidnapped by and that this house apparently lacks a security system -or at least one that isn't tied into the power grid, Grant is sure going to have something coming to him." Her options right now were both convoluted and expansive, as surely they wouldn't be able to cover their tracks well enough so technically they would get rescued at some point.

"As I understand it, the technological aspect isn't my forte, there is a slight delay between switching over from external to internal generators in the case of an overload. That delay was used to circumvent a few of the protocols. Like I said, not my forte," the soldier said.

"Makes sense I guess... I should really write all that down..." Raine mused, still wondering how to proceed.

"It was always know to be a one time solution," he said with the slightest shrug. "Will you surrender willingly Dr. Raine, or will I have to suppress you to proceed with the next phase?"

Raine had a face of thought for a moment, gazing off to one side as the cogs in her mind clicked around.

"How good are the facilities of this rival? I kind of like the setup I have here," Raine asked, actually looking rather earnest in her interest, "If it's bad I might be reluctant to come along, things are very efficient with this experiment at the moment."

He considered, then tapped his ear piece. "Charlie, what is the conditions of our contractee's facilities in comparison?" He nodded a few times, then thanked Charlie. "Equipment wise, it should be somewhat better than what you employer provided for this building, but in terms of amenities, it will be lacking, considering it was build as a research facility and not as a 'home' for the subjects. It was hinted that the quarters prepared for you would be better than those the subjects will be housed in."

"Hmm..." Raine murmured with definite interest, though a bit of concern crossed her face as other things came to light, "Eugh, the psychological implications are going to be a migraine... you guys just had to force this situation on me didn't you. A home environment was ideal for half

the experiment, a lab environment is going to be messy psychologically-wise, maybe more efficient chemical-wise I suppose... god this is inconvenient..."

There was second loud rumble on the stairs as someone else fell down it, then an awkward sounding clumping, like a hippo on dry land during a drought, as someone headed down the stairs.

These sounds were produced by Vasily. His confusion was slowly disappearing, as he finally started to get the idea of what was happening. He decided to crawl away silently, but his first attempt at movement was way too loud. Realising this, he stopped, but it was probably too late - whoever was trying to get them would be fully aware of Vasily's state.

He was trying to regain his breath as he listened to the situation around him. He managed to pick up a conversation between Raine and unknown person - and from this conversation Vasily quickly figured out who was hostile towards him.

[Vasily Move Silently = 3](#)

[Listen \(1d20+1=18\)](#)

[Spot \(1d20=20\)](#)

"It seemed as if one of them is attempted to get away. Take your time considering Dr. Raine." He moved a few steps back so he had a clear line of fire to the base of the stairs, then drew one of his pistols. [ready action: shot who moves]

[Spot \(1d20=10\)](#)

"Hey, you better not be going to shoot one of my kids, if you're gonna use anything use my damn tazer," Raine said grumpily, tossing the tazer at the soldier, meanwhile her left side that was concealed by the door was awkwardly drawing the CZ 100 out of its holster under her left shoulder.

Somehow, his gun went off, burying a dart in the floorboards when the Tazer flew.

[1d20+5=11, 2d6=4](#)

[Vasily Listen=18](#)

[Bravo Move silently \(1d20+12-5=17, 1d20+12-5=14\)](#)

[Fortitude save: 2](#)

Getting trapped in the stairs, Vasily could do nothing but sit and listen. And his ears could catch the sound of someone moving upstairs - just before a cylinder fell down the ladders next to Vasily. Quick realisation of what the hell this device was didn't save Vasily much - the "flashbang" grenade was thrown with a delay, and as Vasily tried to turn around and run, it exploded, stunning and blinding him...

Raine switched her pistol to her right hand and switched on the illuminator at the same time, aiming at the soldier the moment his gun went off. She hadn't heard the telltale noise of gunpowder -silenced or otherwise- so his gun wouldn't go through the door which made it viable cover at the moment.

"You can drop the gun now, kind sir," Raine said tiredly, making sure to aim the light of the gun in the man's face so he would be blinded.

He lightly tossed the gun in the general direction of the stairs. "So, now what?"

"Honestly, I'm not sure, from my theoretical situations these scenarios never work out properly," Raine said with a slight frown in her voice, "Who is Charlie anyway and why do they know about the equipment of this other place?"  
She airily plucked the flashlight off her belt and prepped it for use on anyone else.

"Charlie is my subordinate, technical specialist. By now he has most likely finished collecting all that our contractor asked for from the labs upstairs. What we know is what was provided," he said with a faint dismissive shrug.

"So is there like a priority listing for this mission? Primary and secondary? By the way, lie down, I'm getting nervous," Raine said, fidgeting a little as her mind kept playing nasty scenarios in her head, "And kick my tazer over while you're at it."

"Of course, there always is," Alpha said, his belts and the other holstered gun making quite the racket as he dropped to a cross legged sitting position.

=Meanwhile=

[1d20+12-5=25](#)

Bravo quickly moved down the stairs, making little to no noise as she passed the to passed out on the first turn and made her way to the fallen youth. The had guts, this one. Still, it was a doomed attempt. She draw out another dosed pad and pressed it over his nose, watching his chest to make sure he inhaled it, joining his friends in dreamland.

[Fort vs chloro \(1d20+1=5\)](#)

Swearing loudly (thaknfully he did this in Russian, no one could actually understand him), Vasily could do nothing but stay at the stairs, waiting for his fate. Confused, stunned and full of anger that could not find it's exit, Vasily's mind was in terrible state right now. White flash and loud noise left him unaware of his enviroment and he did not even realise what were the unknown person doing to him as he felt some strange pad over his face with sweet odor. Without any ability to hold his breath, Vasily simply breathed in and lost his final bits of consciousness as he drifted into a chloroform-induced sleep, being as disappointed at his failure as he was grateful for a chance to rest.

That done, she slunk over the doorway between the stairwell and the main hall, the conversation between the two doing much to cover any noise she might have made. She readied her gun, then leaned out just enough to fire a shot at the woman holding her commander at gun point. The gun cracked, the suppressor muffling the sound to it's minimum level, the bullet hitting Dr Raine in the chest.

[Hide, move silently \(15, 14\)](#)

[AR, DR \(21, 5 non lethal\)](#)

As though in response to getting shot, Raine's gun went off wildly and the woman jerked backward in recoil.

"AH WHAT THE HELL!?" Raine blurted loudly in objection, kicking the door further shut but not quite all the way.

[AR, DR \(10, 5\)](#)

"Are you guys crazy? I have a loaded gun!" Raine called out incredulously.

Alpha moved quickly, rolling the the point beside her doorway the moment she was distracted.

[Tumble \(1d20+3=21\)](#)

He pulled a grenade from his belt and passed it through the gap she left in the doorway [within one range increment, no attack roll needed], the cylinder rolling across the ground before clattering to a stop behind her before popping and releasing a cloud of smoke (DC 18) [[Where it rolled to: \(1d4=3\)](#)]

Lady Bravo checked herself, then readied her pistol to fire if Dr Raine attempted to leave the room.

"Alright, alright! Sheesh!" Raine said exasperatedly, making sure she didn't breathe in as she tossed her gun out the door, "You guys are insane; I'm coming quietly."

She slowly opened the door again and went to make her way out away from the smoke.

Alpha thanked her and slapped a pair of restrains on her. They then when around ~~danced naked in the moonlight~~ and secured the subjects. As Alpha and Charlie secured them and moved them downstairs, Lady Bravo retrieved the transport, a converted five ton truck, with restraints ready inside, and the name of a generic mover on the side.

**[b]::Some time later....:[/b]**

What started out as just another morning before whatever plans were started took a turn for the strange when a bright sizzling started up on corner of the wall in their rooms. The little sizzling turned into a bright, very bright, sizzling square.

The searing heat of the magnesium combo made a mockery of the glass beneath it, regardless of measures put in place for possible rampaging Therians, and in mere seconds a nice square hole was burnt out of the observation window, the pane falling to the floor beneath with quite the crash.

The rope ladder was kicked down afterward to provide a nice and easy escape point.

"So," Raine began, leaning forward and calling into the room, "Who votes we go back to the house?"

She figured the question was rhetorical so she was already digging into her magic dufflebag again for a stack of named vials ready for an injector gun -which followed immediately after, and a glass bottle filled with potent acid with a convenient decanting nozzle.

Shelly instantly bolted, dropping what she was doing. "Wait, what? You're serious?" Her eyes were full of hope. They were leaving? "Are we... All trained up, I guess? We're free to go?"

"Free is an... interesting word..." Raine said with some trepidation, "And I just burnt a hole in their observation window, I don't think I get more serious than that..."

"What about-- Nevermind, let's go!" Shelly said, practically jumping at the chance.

"Aaaaaaah, you [i]are[/i] letting us out?" Vasily said, stopping nuzzling Alessa that happened to be with him as these events happened.

Alessa hugged Vasily, "We can finally go back to the house!...wait...Raine...what about college?"

"No more trepidation?" Kit asked, half at Shelly, half at Raine. He had to admit though, burning through the wall did have a bit more permanency to it than the other stunts Faith and Eli had pulled. "And I'd wait to worry about that sort of thing... You know... later."

Vasily hugged back at Alessa, although his expression wasn't that much happy. Murphy's law. Even if Raine would succeed at her actions, she won't be doing them for good. Probably they are returning to the Geiz, and Geiz would be the same as whatever this company may be.

Or he was just too paranoid. Time will show. Now they shall act.

"Hey, if we're getting out of here, I don't care!" Shelly said, genuinely happy.

"And what about becoming master and your giant interest in the trainers here?" Vasily remarked with a grin.

"Even better if we get to go back to the house...that's for later...heck maybe they'd be willing to move in.", Alessa said, it had been a while since she was in a good mood.

"Psst, they are from other company." Vasily whispered, breaking the embrace and starting to move towards the escape route.

"Just trying to stay optimistic.", Alessa said to him.

"Okay, more movie... less talkie, please," Kit said, trying to shoo them towards the rope ladder. He didn't really think this sort of thing came with an open ended time limit. "We can discuss life goals and aspirations later."

Michael's derped brain snaps out of it after a few moments and he quickly picks his jaw up, "Kit's right people! I'd bet a hundred dollars that this is a breakout if I had money on me!"

Shelly bolted to the ladder, not needing to be told thrice. Testing it by pulling down a little, she got on and began to climb up. Unlike the first little 'fitness' test, Shelly was feeling really good about this. Freedom was close now.

Climb:  $9-1=8$

"After you" Vasily said looking at Alessa and making an inviting gesture.

"Well, guess I'll get going then.", Alessa said to him. She placed her hands on the rope and began climbing. She was always a better swimmer than rock climber. She was still in human form to avoid cutting the rope by accident. It was about time they left this facility, but she didn't think it would be Raine who suggested it.

Climb: Taking 10 for 8

"Cuffs out when you get up here, we're kinda on the clock," Raine said, dragging another bottle out of the duffle bag -base this time, as acid spillage wasn't impossible unfortunately.

Alessa held her hands out with her wrists exposed so Raine could do something about the cuffs. "Get up here Vas, we don't want to be late.", Alessa called down to him.

"On it" Vasily replied, hoping that Alessa won't be that vocal next time. Climbing up was easy as pie to him; whatever did these instincts in his mind do, they did well.

Raine more or less drew zigzags over the cuffs each in turn with the crazily strong acid, in a minute or so the cuffs wouldn't be very structurally sound at all.

"Careful with this, if it gets on you it'll burn a hole in you in about 12 seconds, use the stuff in the second bottle if it gets on you," Raine explained as she freed each person as they came up.

Shelly presented her wrists, and wondered how Raine would intend to get these off. When she started putting the acid on she froze and remained as still as she could. After Raine stopped with the acid, Shelly held her arms out way from her body as much as she could comfortably get away with. "Thanks..." She said softly.

Michael grabs onto the rope ladder after Vas and climbed up at a decent pace. Arriving at the top, he pulls himself up and carefully held his hands out for the acid stuff after moving away from the hole, if possible. His mind was swarming with thoughts and questions, but thought it best to keep quiet unless he is able to form a question that wasn't completely stupid or could've been asked later.

Alessa waited until the cuffs had been melted through and the acid dispersed to remove them. She then waited with the others.

"Don't crowd the top," Kit complained. With all these people huddling by the hole, he really didn't know how they expected him to get in.

Shelly then went to press her back against a nearby wall. "Sorry," She whispered, not sure what kind of surveillance measures were here. Just in case.

"Now for the... 'fun' part..." Raine said with mixed anxiety and intrigue as she collected the injector after the cuffs had all been broken. There were vials named for each of the subjects, and Raine used them in turn for the corresponding person.

Being the last up, Kit was the last de-cuffed, and he quirked an eyebrow (the only part of him that did move [though Nate made a fuss] during the acid test) as Raine worked. "And I was just starting to like these too. Very fashionable." Then came the injector. "So... what's in -ow- that thing this time?"

Finally free of the cuffs herself, Shelly rubbed her wrists thankful to be free of them.

"We're finally getting back to the house.", she said to Shelly, hugging the Australian girl.

Shelly returned the hug, suprisingly tightly and smiling brightly.

"Hey, you two, I might get jelaous." Vasily replied with a smirk, obviously joking.

"You too...", Alessa said yanking him into her group hug.

"Specifically?" Raine began in response to Kit, "Couldn't be bothered explaining. But, it'll knock your socks off."

"Coles notes?" he offered.

"Adrenaline, serum boosters, immuno-boosters, super-drugs," Raine attempted, "You're pretty much the main way of getting out of here; doped up therians kicking the jailor's asses."

//+4 Str/Dex/Con, -2 int,cha , +2 fort (stacks)

//Last 10min-original con mod. starting then, lose one point per minute. Exhaustion after

Michael blinks at Raine and chuckles nervously. Sure, he put up the most fight when they got kidnapped, but still, "Talk about going All In..."

Alessa broke the hug to just stare at Raine. "You didn't think this through did you?", Alessa protested.

"I have explosives and tear gas grenades wired throughout the building on timers, but I can't guarantee that is going to stop all encounters with people trying to stop us," Raine said, finishing up the injections and pulling back her left sleeve to reveal the 15 watches again, checking the next one in line.

The next line of mini-explosives had already taken out a bunch of other cameras about the building, but that wouldn't be noticeable really, though the tear gas grenades were coming close so that meant she'd need to get moving.

"Yeah... I think its safe to say she thought this through," Kit said, staring wide eyed at the watches, feeling the buzz of the drugs. [S/D/C: 20/23/17]

"Wait, we are going to fight our way out of here?" Vasily wondered, building a conspiracy theory in his head. [night post]

"Ideally this is merely precautionary -if we get in a fight, I don't want to lose; no second chances after something like this," Raine replied.

Michael's jaw decided that it wanted to talk to the floor once he seen all the watches on her left arm; they left reality and entered a movie/video game a long time ago it seems, "...Holy crap." Raine explains the drugs as well and it made a crapload of sense, "If we get a second chance after the stunt you pulled, then security here sucks." With that, he holds out his right arm. He wouldn't want to admit it, but he was smirking, "Let's get this party started."

Once everyone was dosed, Raine hit the button on the door, grabbing her bag.

Shelly grunted as she was injected again. "Ouch..." She muttered, her mood dropping a little, but she was still quite happy to be getting out of here. She'd have to ask about the others here some other time. Once they got out.

"Alright we got about a minute to get to the next room," Raine said, walking into the corridor, opening the duffle bag, "Take a gas mask, the room up the hall will be filled with tear gas by the time you reach it -probably a lot of people in there too... we're just bullrushing through."

"Um... you did remember that some of use have keen ears and noses, right?" Kit said, wondering how to fit a gas mask over his muzzle.

"Well I didn't build any flashbangs, and we got masks," Raine explained with a shrug, putting her own mask ready on her head as she lead the way to the door at the end of the hall.

Shelly put one of the gas masks on and following as close as she dared to Raine. Arm's reach, really.

Vasily took the mask, wondering if it will get on his muzzle properly.

Alessa shifted and slipped her gas mask on, so Raine was being serious when she said that. "Dang it, why do we have to make this literal.", Alessa asked.

Add Shift rolls here I think

Michael quickly grabs a mask and puts it on in a VERY fluid motion Whatever she injected him with made his reflexes a lot better and he wasn't going to waste it, "Reason Alessa? No second chances."

There already sounded like quite a commotion going on behind the door, lots of voices and scrambled movement.



"Remember, we're charging through, though you might wanna flatten anyone with a weapon on the way," Raine said, pushing her mask down and opening the door, "Straight across the room!"

Her plan was through the little common room and then through the adjoining mess room into the main corridor to the front door, more or less -bold plans were often unexpected after all.

The gas from Raine's bombs was filling the room, blocking the light and turning the people inside into shadowy shapes. They were all making the sounds of confusion and coughing as they choked on the gas.

Shelly bolted. When she was a human, she typically could only run in very short bursts. After that, she got exhausted for a long while. Though with the drugs in her system and the new therian biology she had, she could go faster and for longer. So far as she knew, the people without gas masks in here wouldn't be a threat. They'd be too busy coughing up their lungs and experiencing a hell of a lot of pain to be any danger.

Michael runs in while doing his best to stay in the middle of the group as he felt that he could easily run ahead of them if he wanted to. Attempting to stick to the plan as much as possible, he kept an eye on everything around them for anything that could be a potential threat despite how clearly difficult that would honestly be. Raine clearly worked too hard on this for them to screw this up and honestly, he liked the house more than this place.

Forced to roll on Chatzy.  $9+6(\text{Spot})=15$

With concealment, you can't make out weapons. You do see the nine people though

Vasily finally put on the mask and followed the escaping group, right through the gas. Whatever this injection did... Vasily felt like he was able to do more than he used to be able to do before. Strange. Anyway, time to escape! Vasily ran through the room, looking around and searching for anyone who could look as threat, as much as he could with this gasmask on.

Alessa rushed through the room as best she could considering the added weight of the scales. She was tempted to roll through the room, but decided against it...though that might come in handy later.

Considering the point of this was to get out and not to stop and get caught up with other people, Kit barreled straight through without stopping, though he did bounce into a chair and one point.

With any luck the mess hall ahead would be more or less empty what with the blanket bombing of laxatives combined with the commotion in the common room, but honestly it was a shortcut with a lot of entrances, and the room was pretty big.

Raine just attempted to be ready and did her best to keep up with the therians, shouldering her dufflebag for awhile and digging a dagger-size shard of metal from its depths.

On one hand, the idea that the mess hall would be empty was true. Raine's cooking was sure to send anyone running to the bathroom. Yes, it's that bad. Never eat Raine's cooking. Anyway, those that remained were the ones that either hadn't eaten yet, had stomachs of steel, extremely

skewed tastes or weren't eating in. As such, there wasn't much of them. But they were all heading to see what the trouble was. AKA; towards the door the group was trying to leave through.

Shelly froze when she saw people approaching the group's position. She had no idea what to do now. This was all happening too fast and the danger was so great. She stopped stright in her tracks.

"What the hell is going on!?" The first of the approaching group demanded. [Grapple attempt to grab Shelly's hand <http://orokos.com/roll/103483> 14]

Shelly screamed when her hand was grabbed and she tried to struggle away. "Don't you touch me you asshole!" She yelled as she attempted to strike out at him. "You fucking asshole! LET ME GO! HELP ME!"

AoO: <http://orokos.com/roll/103490> 7

Oppose Grapple: <http://orokos.com/roll/103489> 7

Michael was the next one out of the room and wasted no momentum at closing the distance to Shelly, "LET HER GO!" To make his 'point' VERY clear, his claws tense up and he runs at the one who grabbed Shelly in a full sprint. As soon as he got to him, he brought his claws to bare and uses his momentum and strength to tear as much as he can off of the guard in one fluid motion. A side of him hoped that they'll flee after that (if the one he attacked is still alive) as he kinda didn't want to outright kill them (even though his attack said otherwise), but he was sure as hell going to go all out if they decide to stick around.

Attack roll #1: <http://orokos.com/roll/103512> 25

Attack roll #2: <http://orokos.com/roll/103516> 21

Damage Roll: <http://orokos.com/roll/103518> 8 + 6 = 14

Inititive: <http://orokos.com/roll/103519> 18

Mook count: 5

<http://orokos.com/roll/103520> Init 19

<http://orokos.com/roll/103526> Attack Roll: 16, 26, DR: 6, 10

Kit went into badass mode, leaving the one that grabbed Shelly to Mikey boy, and going for the guy behind him. Nate slipping out a bit, and claws flashes, blood splashed, and a low growl rumbled from the Cheeguar.

Shelly spat in the man's face and struggled with strength she didn't know she had, fighting furiously to break free. It was no good though, and she screamed again as loudly as she could right in his ear.

Oppose Grapple: <http://orokos.com/roll/103527> 20

Opposed: <http://orokos.com/roll/103528> 22

"What the hell- Oh God! They've gone Wild!" one[3] of the ~~{s}mooks{/s}~~ men realized as Mikey and Kit attacked. One[4] of them pulled out a baton and swung it at Kit, another[5] struck at Mikey, and the Third[3] ran off. The one holding Shelly let go from the surprise[1], and Kit's [2]victim stumbled as he fumbled for his weapon

<http://orokos.com/roll/103780> vs Kit: AR 10, DR 8 // vs Mikey AR 10, DR 8 [anyone else sees this as suspect?]

(continued from attack rolls) "Wild my ass! Just get the bloody fuck out of our way!" Michael yelled out as he easily went through the grappler's clothing and sliced across the arm he was holding Shelly with. He felt something wet hit his face, but quite frankly, he wasn't going to care right now. Blame the combat drugs.

Alessa barged into the room and then realized she had forgotten to shift into therian form before she arrived. "Damn it", she thought, "Well boys it's up to you now."

**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13 -2 = 11 Initiative

Alessa sighed, "Don't panic." She then charged. Alessa charged the guard grappling Shelly, she proceeded to try and jump kick him.

**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 7 +2 bab + 4 (new str mod) + 2 charging= 15 to hit +2? flanking

**mew77** rolled a die with 4 sides. The die showed: 1 +4 = 5 damage

[Hit.]

Bloody animals! Even with adrenaline in his blood, Vasily could feel a bit of disgust at the feral way of combat his friends performed. But hey, he had to get out too. After some time he ran towards one of the guards struck him with both of his claws, trying not to deal any nasty wounds (HOW? MAGIC!). [Um... which one are you attacking?]

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103546>] Vasily Initiative: 4[/url]

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103550>] Vasily NL Claw attacks: 17, 17[/url]

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103552>] Vasily NL Claw damage (d4): 3, 5[/url]

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103554>] Vasily NL Claw damage (d6): 7, 6[/url]

//My sheet says that my claws deal d4 damage, but somehow everyone there deals d6 damage, so I've rolled both.

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103556>] Vasily Sneak Attack (If applicable): 3[/url]

:: AOO (with two other guards attack out of grapple, Vas does provoke one)

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103787>][u]1d20+4[/u] [b]6[/b] [u]1d6+2[/u] [b]4[/b] (Missed)

### Initiative order

Shelly: <http://orokos.com/roll/103522> 22

Kit: <http://orokos.com/roll/103520> Init 19

Mikey Boy: <http://orokos.com/roll/103519> 18

Guards: <http://orokos.com/roll/103775> 18

Alessa: **mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 13 -2 = 11 Initiative

Vasily: <http://orokos.com/roll/103546>] 4

Not wanting the guard that tried to stop her to get away with that, and seeing that everyone else was attacking, she threw a punch at his back. Sensing that she didn't do anything, she took off, barely dodging a pair of attacks aimed for her and went next to Raine, hoping for something else that could help. "Got anything else there!?" She asked in a panic.

attack: <http://orokos.com/roll/103794> 12 miss

Move: Flee!

Provoke AoO from Mooks 1 and 2...

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103803>[/url]: AR: 14, 10 // DR: 3, 5 (DC 15 fort save if one connects) (D'oh he missed. Both. Defence 15)

"Maybe, but I was kinda hoping you guys would pull your weight," Raine said airily with a sigh, glancing into her magic dufflebag.

Okay, Nate was definately at the forefront. One injured and pulling back. He could catch him later. The one that swung the stick at him was a most immediate concern. He lashed out, his first swipe missig, but the second connecting and doing a fair bit of damage.

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/103799>[/url]: AR: 10, 16 // DR: 6, 11 (miss, hit)

Michael followed his current momentum with a spin and brought his claws to bear in an attempt to effective rip the guy's stomach out... but then he noticed the blood on his claws, [i]...oh shit.[/i] He didn't stop his attack though, but instead he made it so his claws would barely do anything besides leave a few puncture wounds with the real hurt coming from the impact itself.

<http://orokos.com/roll/103817> 17 / 7 (one missed due to nonlethal method)

<http://orokos.com/roll/103818> nat 6 + 2 = 8 points of nonlethal damage

[Mook 1 down. Bleeding. Looks Pale. Sad.]

Mook 2: AR 15, DR 6 <http://orokos.com/roll/104012> Miss, Kinate [Nakit? Nite? Nit? Kat? Kate? Need to work on this... Kinate. Sounds like Kincade. Like Ivy's protector in Dresden Verse? That to. (also the name of an old Scottish caretaker in Skyfall. Who never misses a shot in the film.) knocked the arm away as his first victim tried for revenge.

Mook 4: AR: 16, DR: 8 <http://orokos.com/roll/104014> This one did a bit better, but [insert name here]'s second aggressor did no better.

Mook 5: He hadn't been attached, and assaulted the one that took out his ally and friend and life partner? ... [Well crap...] AR 22 (crit potential), DR: 6+3 [9] <http://orokos.com/roll/104015>

Crit con: <http://orokos.com/roll/104018>

Alessa stepped forward and yelled something incomprehensible as she threw a punch at Mook2. She had only basic kung fu lessons, but watched a few movies in the past. Needless to say this was a bad idea.

**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 3 +2 bab + 4 (new str mod) + 2 = 11 most likely a miss

Aoo for moving in 5's threat range <http://orokos.com/roll/105099> AR: 19, DR: 3

Vasily contributed to combat further, throwing another pair of claw strikes at his foe, still avoiding going graphic... Although Michael's assault did look nasty and poked something in Vasily's mind that shouldn't really be poked in all circumstances.

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/104509>] Vasily NL Claw attacks: 2, 16[/url]

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/104511>] Vasily NL Claw damage: 5[/url]

Shelly, not getting anything from Raine to use as a weapon charged the guard that Kit was attacking. "YOU LEAVE HIM ALONE!" She screamed and punched him hard in the stomach.

Attack On 4: <http://orokos.com/roll/104528> 18 (BAB 4, +2 charging)

Damage NL: <http://orokos.com/roll/104529> 4

<http://orokos.com/roll/104794>

AR: 15, DR: 9

AR: 28 (poss.crit.), DR: 7

<http://orokos.com/roll/104800> Crit Confirmation: Score ^^

"Back!" Kinate snapped at Shelly. She was a weakness at the moment. Because of her distraction, his first swipe missed. He made it up with the second though, the strike knocking the man off his feet.

Michael staggers from getting hit HARD in the head and felt a certain cage breaking apart. Luckily for everyone here, that cage wasn't broken, but he was still pissed as all hell. Michael launched a full attack against mook 5 and held nothing back since a little feral got out. Frankly, the mook was lucky that nothing got sliced in half; Michael was actually going for it that time. But to say that there wasn't blood flying everywhere would be a lie.

<http://orokos.com/roll/104567> Will check against Wild Rage, 20. DC 17.

<http://orokos.com/roll/104573> , 29 (threat, lethal) 18 (lethal)

<http://orokos.com/roll/104803> 19 Crit Check wins. one damage roll is doubled.

<http://orokos.com/roll/104578> 5 each. 10+5 lethal damage.

<http://orokos.com/roll/104807>

Mook 2 VS Kit: AR: 6, DR: 7

Mook 5 VS Mikey: AR: 21, DR 3

Alessa proceeded to beat the crap out of Mook2, slugging him in the stomach.

Attack roll

**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 8 +2 bab + 4 (new str mod) = 14 to hit

Miss

**mew77** rolled a die with 4 sides. The die showed: 4 +4 8 damage

//roll me a fort please

**mew77** rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 +7 = 23 fort save

//Pass

Vasily launched another two claw attacks at the enemies and these two both missed. Well, this leopax-boy can't hit all the time, yes?

[url=<http://orokos.com/roll/104971>]Vasily Attack (Non-Lethal): 7, 7[/url]

Shelly looked at Kit as she heard his demands and paused for a moment. Just enough to take the stun baton he had and then backed off, letting Kit and the others deal with the attackers. She headed back to Raine and looked down the hallway, readying herself in case some of the people in there had recovered and attempted a pincer move of some sort. "Hey doc!" She asked. "How do you work this thing?"

actions taken

Acquire stun baton! Woo!

Weight is: 1

"It's a baton, smack them across the face with it," Raine replied airily to Shelly.

She was gone. Good. He stuck again. A diversionary sweep at the face before ripping into the gut. He fell. Passed out before the scream could truly develop, blood leaking to mingle with the other fallen ones.

<http://orokos.com/roll/105170> AR/DR: 14, 9; AR/DR: 22/10

Michael was somewhat relieved that he didn't outright kill him, at least until the mook swung at him again. He got lucky the first time when he nearly bashed his head in, but in the mook's weakened state, it was a simple matter to dodge his attack, "Idiot..." With that insult on the mook's intelligence in place, he attacks once again, this time holding back. While he seems to have no problems leaving nasty wounds, he was against outright killing them. Due to the mook's current health, a good hit in the solar plexus should knock him down, at least long enough for them to get out of here before things get worse. So, he proceeds to punch the guy in the general area of said plexus while his other arm went for the mook's head.

<http://orokos.com/roll/105346> nat 20, 18

//...yeah, I doubt even I get THIS lucky :P

<http://orokos.com/roll/105347> crit roll = 15

<http://orokos.com/roll/105348> 3, 5 = 8 non-lethal damage

The last guard fell from the blow, and the group had only lost about half a minute on the fight.

Shelly heard the last guard go down and looked in the direction they were going. "Is that the last of them? Come on, let's go!" She went to the back of the group and waited for everyone to get moving.

Michael examines his claws. A part of him that was somewhat suppressed by combat drugs and adrenaline was sickened by the sight, but physically he appeared fine. Still, he'd like to keep anymore blood from getting on his claws (Doesn't notice the blood on his face or torso), so he quickly searches the guard in front of him for something like a Stun Baton before running with the group.

<http://orokos.com/roll/105381> search check = 16

Raine pulled back her sleeve again to check the watches, making an unreadable face before merely shrugging. At least all the cameras were definitely gone by now, but the next distraction was about to set off elsewhere in the building.

It wasn't that important so Raine just kept silent and made sure to try and keep up with the therians.

Shelly, feeling more confident in herself now that she had a weapon and with the adreniline clouding her judgement, she took the lead and hoped that the others would be along behind her. "Come on! We're so close guys!" She said, wanting to just get out of this place and go home.

Michael was not amused as he grabs a Stun Baton from the body he searched, "Shelly, get your human self back here!" He was forced to run after her before something horrible happens to the ditzy one.

"We're right there!" Shelly said, stopping and turning around, pointing the baton in the direction of the exit. "We can finally leave this hellhole!"

"Not if we don't stay together we won't! What if another group of guards were to ambush you at the exit?!" Michael yells, catching up with her.

"Then tell everyone to get the lead out!" Shelly countered, wanting to just get running and not look back. "We're on time limit here!"

"You barely gave us a second." Michael deadpanned, "Shouldn't you be waiting for your boyfriend?"

The battle rush was fading, and with it, the singular focus that let the two personalities actually cooperate for once was rapidly fading. And the two sides, Nate's aggression and Kit's trepidation caused gears to grind. The body staggered as the ill-formed mindscape, fragments drifting around and accompanied by glimpses of the memories of the fight, staged the conflict. It wasn't always a physical fight like the first time. Sometimes it was just intimidation attempts. Or one mind overwhelming the other. As it was in this case. The memories and concepts were torn between the two, then fell towards Nate and the darkness took Kit. Not without a fight, mind you, but still.

//I hate you... <http://orokos.com/roll/105433> 7vs 7

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4019934/>]Kit=19, Nate=22[/url]

Shelly looked to Kit and waved to him. "Kit! Get over here! Everyone! We're wasting time and we have to get out of here NOW!"

Alessa took a stun baton and silently wishing she had remembered to shift the night before [or in the morning], she followed Shelly into the next room. The extra adrenaline was helping some, but claws would have helped more.

Vasily did pick up the baton too and his mind couldn't resist a pun that appeared in his head due to the knowledge of two languages... Giggling didn't happen just because of gory sight in front of him and the drugs, so instead Vasily simply walked on, eager to escape.

Michael turns around to watch everyone, which in turn gives them a spotter for their six o'clock in case anyone shows up through the gas filled room. However, instead of seeing guards, he sees a Kit, just standing there, "Oi! Kit! Come on already!" Michael glances at the exit and, provided nothing came at them from that direction, proceeds to close the gap between him and Kit in case the blood got to him. Blood... That was all over him now as well, isn't it?

Nate turned and snapped at Mikey with a snarl. It was an interesting conundrum. Kit liked Mikey. And didn't want to hurt him in anything more than play. Nate... didn't. Toss in the fact that his definition of play didn't quite draw the line at spilling a few drops of blood... Still, it was just a snap.

Michael was just barely close enough to help Kit with whatever is bothering him before he was suddenly snapped at. He quickly brings his arm back as he jumps backwards from the attack, avoiding it, "Kit, what the..." Kit would never do that, "...You're Nate. God damnit, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!" He takes a few quick steps back and positions himself between Nate and those in their human forms. He wasn't entirely sure what to do now considering everything that's happening, "grr... Raine? Little help here?"

At first rather perplexed and exasperated, Raine quickly connected the dots and her eyes narrowed; Kit wouldn't be doing stupid things with the situation this serious... at least, not that kind of stupid...

She reached into her pocket and withdrew her stungun.

" 'Nate', if you slow us down, we're going to have issues," Raine said with a passive threat in her voice, raising the stungun to eye level and sparking it for an instant to get her point across, "Carve a path if you like, just keep heading forward and we'll have no issues."

Shelly looked to Nate, honestly a little scared of him as well. "Nate, come on. Please. For me?" She asked, reaching her free hand out to take his, hoping that would get him to come to her side so the team could get moving. She saw Mikey boy doing something stupid and growled. "Guys! Escape FIRST! Fight LATER!"

Nate looked from Raine to Michael, then growled. Who knows, maybe it was supposed to be a scowl. Either way... He didn't want to move. To back down, but Kit's influence was nagging that it wasn't that way for humans. So he spun and stalked ahead of the group, flexing digits, sliding claws in and out. Hey, at least he hadn't licked the blood.

Michael suppressed the urge to growl as Nate moved forward. As much as he wants to shove Nate out of the way and get Kit back in control, they simply do NOT have time for any of this bullshit Nate caused. The best he can do right now is follow about 20 feet behind with a look of utter hatred on his face.

Shelly, seeing that things were finally moving, kept pace with Kit, though staying just out of arm's reach of his tail. She shot a glare back at Mikey Boy, giving him a look that said "We're talking about this later." before looking back ahead as she got closer to freedom.

Michael shoots back a glare of his own. Fun fact about life it seems; wanna lose friends? Have someone possess own of your own friends and let the events roll.

Nate was a fast walker. and pulled ahead of group, following the scent cues that Kit would have over looked. The paths heavily traveled, he could read them as if they were game trails.  
Passives: 17 scent, 21 listen

"Well that's convenient..." Raine remarked thoughtfully as she watched Nate take the lead -even in the right direction as they left the mess hall, "Follow Mr. Feral -and ignore the explosion behind us."



On cue, the roof of the hall behind them exploded and one of the fire-system pipes was blasted open, causing water to flood the hall behind them -but more importantly the water was curiously [i]soapy[/i]. Indeed, Raine had put a dozen bottles of detergent in the fire reserve tanks.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sqz5db5zmo>

Shelly yelped in fear as the whole place seemed to explode from her perspective. not wanting to get caught up in the blast, she ran forward to just get out of the building before everything came down on her head.

//Adreniline. Before you comment on that. The drugs.

"And I even warned her..." Raine sighed, "Someone catch her before she runs into trouble."

And arm bar counted as catching right? Well, Nate swung his arm out to block progress.

Again, Shelly yelped and was pretty much clotheslined. She hit the arm and fell to the ground. "What was that for!?" She yelled.

"Shut up," Nate growled, not really paying attention to Shelly, but his head cocked and ears twitching as he picked up sounds coming from a far. "Listen."

DC: 18

Michael paid no attention to the explosion for the sole reason of keeping Nate in his sights at all times. The problem with this? He was focusing so much with his eyesight, that he wasn't able to hear whatever it was that Nate apparently heard, [i]Great, I hate Nate so much it is affecting my hearing, so much for my DJ career[/i]. He avoids saying anything since the venom in his voice might cause something bad to happen.

Listen: <http://invisiblecastle.com/campaign/view/30144/> 7 (nat 1...)

Shelly looked at Nate, but closed her eyes to try and sense what he was hearing. "What is it?" She mouthed, her heart pounding in her head. They were wasting too much time here! when were they going to get free already!?

Listen: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021165/> 17

Vasily's ears twitched and the sound was caught perfectly.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4023468/>] Vasily listen: 30 (Might have got the mod wrong...)[/url]

"Feet. People coming. Lots." Nate; ever the curt one. He looked at Raine. "Another way?"

Raine sighed in mild frustration at the turn of events and pulled back her sleeve again, checking the next watch before pulling the roughly-drawn map out of her pocket.

"Yeah maybe..." Raine said, trailing off as she went over to one of the doors and slapped a small explosive on the handle, something sounded like it broken she did so and she fled a few steps.

A pop and a small boom and the door flew open to allow access to one of the service passages that ran around the various testing rooms. It wouldn't lead to a true exit, since they were isolated for that very reason, but it would allow them to cut around a good portion of the direct path.

She sighed as she watched the next timepiece hit twelve and another explosive went off further down the hall they had been planned to travel though -she had timed it so the explosives would systematically follow them, let the water follow them out in other words.

"Everyone in, we're doing things improv for a moment so we have even less leniency," Raine ushered, digging a tear gas grenade out of her bag as she waited.

Shelly sprung to her feet. "How much further?" She asked, going into the newly opened passage. She looked down the hallway, getting her weapon ready. If she saw anyone, she'd make sure that they'd remember her.

spot: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4021226/> 16

Michael growls at their luck and quickly moves to the newly opened door while ensuring Nate was some distance in front of him. Anyone who bothered to look can tell he was angry and stressed. He wanted to say a crapload of things but they're on the clock, so he's going to have to put up with the possessed Kit for a bit longer.

Vasily followed the group, feeling that everything was like a blur.

Alessa followed along quietly. Seemed like Raine had been planning this for a long time coming. Regardless, Alessa silently wished she had remembered to shift that morning, yet the adrenaline kept her mind from focusing too hard on the matter.

"Move!" Nate growled, pushing Alessa, who wasn't going quite fast enough for his taste, into the passage and pulling the door shut, as best he could, behind them.

...Nate wasn't exactly earning any friendly points with Michael, was he? Shutting a door in his face and all, "F\*\*king piece of..." Replacing the rest of what he wanted to say with a rather angry growl, he opens the door, walks through it and closes it behind him... so long as no other furry was behind him.

Shelly heard Nate and didn't need to be told twice, going forward quickly as she looked around rapidly. She stopped at a T junction and looked around the corners to make sure the coast was clear. She didn't see anything in the low lights and waved the others to catch up.

spot: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4023082/> 10

Michael of course, was carefully following. Nate is lucky that Michael has self control, otherwise he would've knocked Nate right out of the pilot seat right about now.

Raine casually pulled the pin on the tear gas grenade after everyone was through and the door was shut, dropping it next to the door and walking at a brisk pace after her amped up therians, taking the role of discouraging flanking attacks on their little group.

She was a bit unhappy they were going off the heavily-rigged path she'd set, but all the tear gas and explosions could never guarantee complete shepherding of the people -the fact she'd worked so hard to build some crazy boosters for her guinea pigs said she was well aware of how quickly the plan could go south.

"Raine!" Shelly whispered, desperately wanting to get moving. "Which way do we go now?!"

Alessa followed along, she was worried about the plan. Fortunately so far everything was going smoothly.

"Right then left -follow your nose -or Nate, I suppose," Raine said with a bit of shrug as she looked at the rough map, unfortunately this section was a little blurry due to how little access she had, often throwing a glance over her shoulder, "We should try and get back into the main corridor when we can, direct paths aren't always expected and they're quicker."

Shelly nodded once and headed down those corridors, her limited sense of smell helping her as she went. Keeping her eyes open as well, she searched for any threats along her path, fully intent to charge them and knock them down with the trusty baton.

Spot: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4037275/> 16. There really isn't much to see in these service corridors. A few access panels, flush with wall.

Scent: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4037276/> 12. Musty, not often used.

Nate growled and yanked Shelly back, shoving her behind him. He didn't say anything to her, but snarled at her before taking the lead again. He was going to have to bite her if she kept putting herself in the way like that.

Shelly yelped and gave Nate a look. "We have to move, Nate! Stop doing that, please!"

Michael growled at the force he used against Shelly, "A simple 'stay behind us' would've sufficed, Nate!" On an unrelated note, Michael managed to prick his skin a little from balling up his hands in his typical hostile self against Nate. The palm of his right hand is now bleeding slightly thanks to his claws and anger level.

"Was," Nate snarled back without turning. He ignored the panels on the walls. They had nothing to do with him. And they weren't the right size to fit through. [[Next door is about 50ms down. So a bit more convo]]

Shelly sighed and looked at the walls, seeing a panel then disregarded it. "Don't suppose you have a key for this, wouldja, Raine?" Shelly asked, annoyed that they weren't moving any faster. "And what is taking so long? When can we get running already?"

"Well, I have explosives... trying to be sparing with them though..." Raine said, throwing a small frown at her bag, "Not too many left after all the setting up."

"Not worth it." Shelly said. "Just wondering what was behind those things. Probably something sensitive or something." She shrugged and glanced to Nate, keeping pace with him with a brisk walk.

Alessa walked in front, she kept a lookout for danger, but really she just wasn't ready for the breakout. Alas, nothing to do about it.

Nate grabbed Alessa and shoved her back too, snarling at her as well. "Stay. there." Both of them. Not a bit of sense between them.

"By all means then, mate." Shelly said, making an 'after you' gesture to the chegaur.

Alessa didn't protest. Kit she could deal with, Nate was a whole other story. Sadly if Nate got killed due to his stupidity then Kit would as well. It was unfortunate. "Go right ahead Nate.", Alessa said.

Nate scowled, Kit's influence supporting the exasperation. The door was there. He didn't have patience. Took three kicks, but the door eventually decided yielding was the best course of action. The good hung from broken hinges and bolts, granting access to one of the corridors. Oh, a fun fact, if anyone thought to check, the door wasn't locked from the inside.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4037458/>]1d20+5=6[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4037465/>]1d20+5=14[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4037466/>]1d20+5=17[/url]

[i]That was a bit unnecessary, wasn't it?[/i] Shelly thought but waited for Kit to get through the door. "Now what?" She asked, turning to see Raine and readied her baton again.

Raine sighed a little but figured it was fine, idly glancing over her shoulder and back at Nate, with another quick glance to her map and watches.

"Nate seems to be able to smell the fresh air so we just keep following him and pray we don't run into anything organized," Raine said, grimacing a little at her watches, sort of going on a bit of a ramble, "This place doesn't exactly make a habit of employing idiots so they might figure this out... not sure how desperate they'll get though, a lot of angles and not enough time."

Shelly looked at Nate and considered pushing him to get him moving faster. "All the more reason to get moving, Nate!" She nagged. "Come on! Let's go!"

That was about the last bit of the trail Nate was following. This area was well traveled, so there wasn't much in terms of what he could follow definitely. On the bright side, he got them back to one of the main corridors that Raine could follow to the lift. Her access got her in, and it was able to take them swiftly up to the main level. Where the guard post was likely manned.

Vasily kept following from behind, figuring that it's better not to futz with wild Kit. Next time he would have a chance though, he'll buy him an electric collar. Why? BDSM and safety measures. Of course safety was the first thing that came to his mind, but the BDSM idea arrived just few milliseconds later. "Are we there yet?" Vasily said unhesitantly, albeit quietly, in case someone might be close.

Shelly, somewhat tired of waiting around, went right behind Kit and started to follow him. If he wouldn't let her pass him, she'd stay right on his heels to hopefully clue him in that he was moving too slowly. Getting into the elevator, Shelly paced back and forth impatiently as the lift rose, painfully slowly for her liking. "Come on, come on, come on..." She muttered.

"Calm down Shelly, you're going to jinx us." Michael simply said while avoiding eye contact with Nate for the sake of keeping anger levels low...mostly his own.

"Easier said than done with all this stuff pumping through us." Shelly replied, settling for just tapping her foot in irritation.

Meanwhile, Raine rummaged through her bag, throwing the odd glance at her watches before extracting the most ragtag explosive ever, as it was literally just a bunch of vials duct taped to an explosive. Sort of a contingency, sort of planned since they had to run into at least one group of people, and bombs had a variety of uses. Though this one was more 'set the place on fire' variety... probably wasn't that dangerous otherwise.

The question now was what precisely to use it on, considering there were elevators and staircases in which people could chase through, as well as at least one guard post. Would they leave their confidence in their guard post? Or would desperation/aggravation have them put up more safety measures?

The doors slide open, and the two people that were waiting were rather surprised to see it occupied. Nate pounced. Hair trigger instinct and all. He lunged and his claws flashed, drawing blood with a twined strike, dropping one of them.

Full attack (five foot step out of elevator

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4040113/>] (1d20+8=27, 1d4+5=7)[/url]

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4040120/>] (1d20+8=24, 1d4+5=7)[/url]

Shelly followed suit, running to the guard's side and swung her stun baton right at his stupid head. She felt the impact in her arm, and that was about the only thing she felt. Her need to get out and the anger, fear, humiliation and all the other things she felt here went into that one strike. "GET OUT OF OUR WAY!" She yelled.

Attack: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4040343/> 19

Damage: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4040347/> 4

Other: DC 14 Fort save or be stunned for <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4040348/> 3 rounds.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4041320/>]1d20+2=14[/url] Safe.

"Graiden!" The man yelled out before Shelly swung the baton at him. "What the hell?"

"GET OUT OF OUR WAY AND YOU'LL LIVE!" Shelly screamed into his ear. "LAST WARNING!"

"Just run them over!" Raine said in exasperation, mashing every single button on the elevator and standing in the door to wait for the rest of them to exit. The way she had it figured, that'd occupy the elevator long enough and she could ditch the fire bomb in the main corridor from the stairs to buy more time to put distance between any potential pursuit.

Michael, not wanting to waste any time at all, while also wanting to avoid having more blood then needed on his hands, lunged at the other guy, "No time Shells!" He quickly preforms an

uppercut with the stun baton and slams the guard down to the ground with his opened left hand; effectively knocking him out, "Be thankful that I'm just knocking you out unlike Nate!"  
<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4042287/> 20, 24 (or 20 if off-hand penalty applies)  
<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4042291/> 7, 6 (nonlethal. 8 if no off-hand penalty)  
DC 17 Fort save or be stunned for <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4042294/> 3 rounds.

Vasily jumped out from the elevator. Not wishing to contribute to the violent solution, he instead attempted to safely avoid the combat, tumbling behind one of the guards.  
[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4041637/>]Vasily Tumble: 16[/url]

Alessa covered Vasily as they rushed ahead.

//Just running through

//hm...are we in initiative order?

"Told you," Shelly said, shrugging. "Your own damn fault." After spitting on the guard that she attempted to stun and kicking him in the ribs, she started to run forward, sniffing the air to smell the fresh air tht was probbaly right around the corner, only to get nothing. "Dammit, now where?"

Scent: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4042503/> 5...

"You do realize that I gave him no time at all to react, right?" Michael stated flatly at Shelly's reaction to the guard hitting the floor while he pressed onward, "And kicking him in the ribs took a few seconds to execute, the same seconds we were using to escape... Everyone move forward while I still have my issues with Nate suppressed!"

"Still his own fault for getting in our way after seeing his buddy get killed. And working here." Shelly shrugged, more concered with getting out of this hell hole first. THEN she'd worry about the moral problems.

"Okay, Raidan..." Michael oh so helpfully pointed out the same flaw a video game character had towards his enemies that bit him HARD somewhere in the middle of the game.

//the 'and working here' bit.

"Escape first, bickering later!" Shelly snapped, and ran forward, hoping to blow past the guard post and get out to... wherever this would lead to.

"That's what I SAID a moment ago! And GET BACK HERE BEFORE YOU GET ATTACKED AGAIN!" Michael snapped back as the combat drugs pressed past his mental barrier for a moment. Michael's ears twitched slightly as he attempts to hear anything up ahead while attempting to keep up with Shelly.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043551/> Listen check: 16

[The hum of the ventilation, movement of the others.]

If Shelly heard Mikey Boy, she didn't answer, already going ahead, taking the lead and sniffing, hoping to catch a whiff of fresh air. "How much further?" she called back. "PLEASE tell me we're close! I just want to go home!" No fresh air... Not yet at least. But it had to be close by, right?

Scent: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043285/> 16

[You don't really smell anything out of place. The ventilation system is good here. Not even much traces of people who would have moved through.]

Despite the frequent warnings [b]not[/b] to move ahead, Shelly did it again. Despite Raine mentioning them being near the guard station and exit, Shelly didn't exhibit any caution. At all. As such, she walk straight into the line of sight of the guards watching the exit. Who didn't hesitate to open fire with the somewhat bulky weapons they held, a series of crack like pops launching projectiles at her.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043415/>]

1d20+4=22, 2d3=5,

1d20+4=13, 2d3=2, miss

1d20+4=13, 2d3=5, miss

1d20+4=17, 2d3=3,

1d20+4=16, 2d3=5,

1d20+4=15, 2d3=6[/url] meets AC. 19 damage. down to 19 HP

Fort save: 15 or paralyzed for 1d6 rounds.

Fort: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043456/> 24

Fort 2, 3, and 4: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043459/> fail one.

paralyzed for: [url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043479/>]1d6=6[/url] (DM prerogative)

When Shelly rounded a corner, she was set upon by more of the evil faceless goons and screamed in pain as she was shot at and hit several times, going down after she had taken another hit from the Sticky Shockers. Her body felt numb and was screaming in pain.

Initiative: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043431/> 20

Paralyzed for 6 rounds

Initiative for Michael: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043771/> 1d20+7=26

Michael gasps when Shelly was SHOT at, "Shelly, you stupid dense idiot!" With that lovely choice of words out of the way, Michael rounds the corner and runs forward, being completely prepared to dodge whatever the heck they got around the corner.

Actions: move toward enemies. Total Defense: +4 dodge bonus.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043885/> 16 Spot check

[The Guard station is manned by four men inside it, guns held ready, and another four armed as well. Behind then was another set of closed doors.]

[Readied action: Shot (One): [url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043887/>]1d20+4=10, 2d3=5[/url]]

//<http://img163.imageshack.us/img163/9427/mappish.png>

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043792/>]1d20+6=24[/url]



The idiot. The complete idiot. Nate moved over to the wall and peered around the corner, even as Micheal moved. Then he grabbed a leg and pulled Shelly a bit more into the shelter of the corner [half cover] (Technically, since she's fallen over, she'd get prone status, right? and the... +4 i think it is, bonus to defence?)

//Hmm... is dragging Non-lethal damage?

//I don't think so. it's a reverse push.

//well you don't take non-lethal damage for falling over...

//actually wait there was a dragging combat maneuver in Pathfinder... no damage occurred in it

Oh what the hell.

Vasily stared at Shelly with an urge to make a facepalm - seriously, she did that? At least they now know what are their foes armed with... "Any alternative ways?" Vasily asked quietly.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4044154/>] Vasily Initiative: 8[url]

"Ah crap," Raine just had to sigh in frustration, a little annoyed her drugs hadn't compensated well enough but in her defense it was probably a few more darts than normal. Maybe she should produce something out of her bag of tricks this time.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043900/>]Initiative: 7[url]

Initiative:

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4043547/>]1d20-2=5[url]

Alessa heard a scream come from around the corner. Shelly! Alessa moved to cover Shelly, shielding the damaged girl with her own body. "Don't you know, you never split the party.", Alessa sighed.

Move to where shelly is

Michael only got about 15 feet in when he counted how many soldiers there where, "...Son of a-" After some rational thinking managed to worm it's way past the drugs and into his head, he quickly ran for cover while making himself a very hard target to hit with the latter being the bigger priority, "I swear, Shelly is going to get us killed! These drugs are starting to affect my brain as well if I charged into THAT mess!" Getting into cover, he yells at Raine, "Any bright ideas?? ...And how much longer is this stuff going to last?"

Actions: movement, to nearest cover. Total Defense.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4045166/> Wisdom check: 17

Nate wanted to charge in and rip into them, no holds barred. He just started to take the first step when he froze, his eyes dialating. Inside that space he called a head, the two occupants were having a conflict of interest. Nate was as gunho as always, and wanted to leap in, hit one, then slink back out. Kit was no less gunho, but at least wanted backup before the charge turned into a repeat of Shelly's encounter. For once, Kit won, his mental pressure swelling against Nate and side lining him.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4046169/>]Mental Battle (Full Round Action) Kit=15, Nate=14[url]



The Guard commander had been hoping to get a few more in the shooting gallery, but they missed the second one, and the first was pulled back into cover... "Load and hold ready. Shoot them if they stick their heads out. We just have to wait them out." [Listen 12]

//<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4046244/> 1 Shelly

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4046248/>]Raine Listen: 3[/url](...WHAAAT? CAN'T HEAR!)

//Kit/Nate; Passive listen: 23

//Michael Passive Listen: 14

//how does passive listen work anyways? just like taking 10?

//That's my guess.

//Vasily's got +11 mod. He passes automatically

Vasily stood near the wall, thinking (even though it wasn't that easy with the fun stuff Raine injected into him). So these bastards decided to camp, huh? And apparently, by the lack of any answer from his comrades, there weren't any alternative ways either. "Doc, you have a flashbang or something that can make something like that? I want to make a comeback on these bastards." Vasily said, remembering the flashbang that was used to blind him back in the house.

"Uh, no, I'm kind of out of tricks -kind of," Raine said with a slight frown as she looked at the prone Shelly. That was quite a few shots, and even took down a drugged up Therian which was quite concerning -they'd only have to pull the same trick a few times to completely halt this escape, she wasn't so sure if she wanted to take those chances. If she was a person of chance she wouldn't have built the damn boosters in the first place.

She slung off the bag and dumped it aside, reaching into her coat and extracting a loaded syringe, staring at it hesitantly.

"I'm still not sure this thing was a good idea..." Raine said with a troubled expression, "Just wait a bit, everyone, and clear some space for me at the corner."

Raine took the cover off the needle and pushed her coat aside a little, running two fingers of her left hand over her left upper chest about where her heart was, locating her ribs and quite bluntly stabbing the syringe into her chest and pushing down the plunger before it got unbearable.

The moment the syringe was empty she flung it out of her and finally coughed at the bit of pain and obscurity such an action had.

She swallowed hard to distract herself as her heart rapidly pumped the drug through her system, pulling back her left sleeve again and pressing the button on the last watch which happened to be the only digital one, setting a two minute timer.

"You boys take them out, I'll tend to Shells", Alessa shouted. She then covered Shelly's paralyzed form with her own body. Without claws, the best she could do was defend her friends from harm.

Interposing Alessa between guards and Shelly

Aid Another: +2 to Shelly's Defense

And while she was at it Alessa winced, closing her eyes before giving up and licking Shelly, hopefully the healing saliva still worked. She tried hard not to think about it.

Shelly gets 1d4+1 of healing saliva

healing: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048257/> 4

Shelly was still numb, her mind racing she thought of everything and was panicing mentally.

Paralyzed for: 5 more rounds

Total defence: 22=+2 class +4 half cover+4 prone +2 Aid another-3 dex

HP: 23/38 (due to drugs)

//great yellow you get your healing! And alessa gets to look like a creepy person

"Alessa! NO!" Vasily whispered, albeit loudly, facepalming. Did Shelly bite Alessa or something? "That tongue is only for me!", was something that Vasily thought of as well, but decided not to share, and bit his lip instead. No time for kinky thoughts! (Actually, it always is.)

Michael looks at Raine, "What are you doing? Just give us something; a smoke screen, a flashbang, something that would allow us to get in close and we'll be out of this mess!" And just to make the situation somewhat awkward, Alessa started to lick Shelly like an animal tending to someone's wounds (at least he hoped that was the case). Unsure of how to react to that or what to do now, he is forced to sit back and wait for something, anything to happen.

Action: Delay until further notice.

Kit was antsy. The weird mix that Raine gave them, the rush of the situation, and the pressure from Nate... Holding still was very hard. Claws slid in and out of his fingers. "Waiting... not the best idea," Kit hissed out between clenched teeth. "They are waiting for us to either show up, or for the rest of them to."

[Reluctantly Waits. Nate imagines charging and feasting on their flesh and bones, reveling in the tribute shower of blood as he rips open their jugulars]

[Guards have their readied action.]

"You might as well give up! There's no point to this! You too Dr. Raine! The Supervisor is willing to let this slide if you have an explanation!"

"Alright, I am going out, don't shoot!" Vasily yelled and grinned. He was going out of this complex after all, right? Right? Right now. But didn't move from his place. Fuck these campers.

After doing a mental back flip from what Vas said -and discovering he hadn't moved- Raine for the most part was attempting to concentrate on not buckling under pain and slight nausea as her body was reacting to the injection, tightly clutching her chest as she ambled over to the corner. "Can't fight these guys on their own terms," Raine muttered to herself, "Force is... acceleration... atoms... molecules... hmm."

She rubbed her head a little and shook herself, bringing her hands up before her as though clutching an invisible orb.

"No point to this? Tired of running around in a little box," Raine said, an eye twitching as her mind was flitting all over the place.

The air between Raine's hands starting rippling and wavering, drawing into its center and building in strength, turning into a spherical ball of violently shaking force.

"You expect me to be CONTAINED?" Raine yelled as she lobbed the ball around the corner. She knew where the guardpost was, everything was all nice and ready.

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048343/>]Damage: 23[/url](Meep O.o)

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048348/>]1d20+4=22, 1d20+4=19, 1d20+4=21, 1d20+4=14, 1d20+4=23, 1d20+4=15, 1d20+4=7[/url] Guard 1, 3, 5 take half damage.

Hurl damage... Hmm... wall hardness 20... Guards 2, 4, 6 and 7 down.

1, 3, 5 are dazed.

The rippling wavering 'orb' that Raine hurled expanded rapidly with a subdued whomp that they could feel in their bones as much as hear. The shockwave it caused bodily hurled four unfortunate guards into the unyielding wall. They went down. The other three were a bit more lucky, but they were still dazed.

[Due to the doped nature, 3 points non-lethal damage to Raine (10% feedback)]

Alessa peeked out from behind cover to see Raine fling some kind of ball of force at the collection of guards that were enclosing. "Magic...science...whatever the heck it was...Why couldn't they be taught how to do that, wait what!?", Alessa thought, and then she exclaimed, "What the heck just happened!! What was that...wow!" Alessa stood slack-jawed before remembering she was in a warzone, and the guards were dazed. She ducked out from behind the wall and rushed a dazed guard.

Move to Dazed Guard

Smack Guard upside the head:

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048421/>]1d20+6=14[/url]

Damage:

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048426/>]1d6+4=7 stun damage[/url]

DC 18 or stunned for 3 rounds

[url=<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048447/>]1d4=3[/url]

HP: 34/37

Michael stared at Raine. At first he was about to help her out, but then she started to talk about force and stuff. And then, she brings her hands in front of her as if she was holding some sort of ball. All Michael was willing to say was the R in her name; Raine was doing something and he didn't want to screw it up for everyone. As she continued to talk, this time to the guards, something... something was happening, the very air around her seemed to move and suddenly, a ball... some sort of sphere appeared in her hands. Michael's eyes went wide when he seen this; this object in her hands is something that should only happen in the movies or video games, he soon whispers quietly to himself, "Is that... magic?" as he continues to watch.

After yelling about them expecting her to be contained, Raine suddenly throws the ball of energy around the corner, and right at the seven or so guards, "R-Raine... what... what the heck was-"

There was suddenly some kind of sound; A sonic boom or something from dubstep, he wasn't sure. What she did made no sense as there shouldn't be any such thing as REAL magic. Magic wasn't real, it's just a fantasy element used to make video games more awesome... and that's the reason why they should strike now, "...They have to be confused just like we are now, only they're the ones who got hit. Nate? Forward, let's go."

With that, He moves forward just out enough to get a quick look at what the heck just happened. If he was right, then he's charging in full force. This is their chance to take them out and from the way Raine looked prior to doing whatever she did, this might be their last chance. He closes in on the nearest guard and thought of something... This IS their last chance, so he focuses on what he was holding back and lets it out, "It's about time we finished this!" His vision turns red right before he hits the nearest guard in the head as hard as he could.

Actions: Move towards nearest guard, attack with stun baton

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048360/> Spot check: 16

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048382/> Attack check with stun baton.  $19 + 9 = 28$

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048392/> Nonlethal damage: 8

DC 18 or stunned for <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4048393/> 2 rounds

Shelly was flat out panicking now, though in her present state, she was completely unable to move. What the hell was Raine doing? Her mind was in chaos. The fear she had been feeling throughout her time in this hellhole was amplified by the terrifying sight that Raine had become. The fact that she couldn't even move or scream just made it worse.

Paralyzed for: 4 more rounds

[Night Post]

Vasily's grin disappeared as Raine did her... Stuff. Amazing, awesome, impossible - these were the words that came to Vasily's mind as he witnessed the most amazing thing in his life. "Wow." he said and stared at Raine. He didn't charge in as others did - he was a poor fighter anyway. "How?" he said instead, believing that he won't comprehend the answer

[Guards: 1, 3 and 5]

Kit and Mikey's targets fell, the former's target in a much more bloody manner. Alessa missed. Still, that guard was the last one left, and his weapon was jammed. Faced with two Therians, one with the blood of his partner dripping for his claws, he did the smart thing. He dropped his weapon and kicked it away from himself in a gesture of submission. They didn't pay him to be stupid.

Vasily turned to the guard and looked at Kinate,

W

### **Initiative order**

guards: 16 (oh wow, I was right for their position.)

Vasily 8

Raine 7

Mikey Boy 26 -> 6

Nate 24 -> 6

Alessa 5

Shelly (paralyzed for 4 turns) 20 [set to zero](well it has a 0 in it.)

=====

+4 Str, +4 Dex, +4 Con, -4 Int, -4 Cha, +4 Fort

//wow. Woulda liked to know we had all this sooner lol.

//eh, sidetrackedness and distractions and confusions, just gotta roll with the blows X.X

//I blame Grey. He just had

//+4 Str/Dex/Con, -2 int,cha , +2 fort (stacks)

//hmm... that works too, I still wasn't 100% sure on the details, all I knew is that this was a super-drug built by someone who knew they weren't gonna get a second chance at this

I like yours better though :(

//actually I seem to remember talking to Grey a little bit... maybe Wisdom wasn't included coz of its attachments to instincts, smell and hearing and such... can't remember the negatives but I wasn't entirely concerned about how severe they were, just knew they'd be present. The reflex might have come from Adrenaline, but that could have been covered by the Dex boost... as could the Con boost... but I saw a deliberate boost to fort to reduce the chance of tranqs and tazes