

Tasha's Bright and Shiny Morning

Tasha went home in a much better mood last night. She had only picked out maybe a few new outfits and a new bonnet to hide the vine hair, but she was feeling much more confident about her herfound mutations. Although it did seem odd that the flower display near the the table they sat at the food court was bigger after they left. No matter it was probably nothing. Heidi had called in the morning when she was getting toast, but seemed she wanted to get one of her roommate's to come along too. Tasha was fine with that, she picked out a nice dress that complemented her now light green skin and tied her bonnet on to avoid the hair getting everywhere. It seemed the vines would move on thier own. Alas she'd worry about that later. Today was a day for relaxing.

Tasha was waiting in her small apartment, working on a drawing while she waited.

Heidi and Jezelle made there way up to Tasha's place. Taking the stairs. Because Heidi wanted to annoying Jezelle and slow things down some. And it was good exercise.

"-so yeah I can't describe 'em or name names for anonymity's sake, but there's a guy who can make magic boxes and we really did fly home in a box," Jezelle explained casually.

"Just how much trouble do you get into when you go hang out with those guys?" Heidi laughed.

"It's more me getting dragged into it than anything," Jezelle commented a little grumpily, folding her arms in not-so-fond reminiscence.

"You sound like you did sorta enjoy yourself, though," Heidi said. "It's like you guys are a different class of meta."

"Enjoying in perhaps the sense of enjoying a rollercoaster ride the first time..." Jezelle said with a small grimace of mixed feelings, "It's hard to be *completely* terrified of something when you have the inexplicable ability to get the heck out of dodge in the blink of an eye -still terrifying though..."

The 'different class of meta' did catch Jezelle's attention for a moment, but she got distracted when the train of thought hit that meta classification thing Henry and Trev sort of mentioned.

"The first time?" Heidi asked, rapping on the door. "What about the second and third times?"

"That's what she said," Jezelle sniggered as she leaned on the wall next to the door.

Hiedi tried to hold out, and managed to last a whole seven seconds, giving Jezelle a look that all but stated outright 'maternal disappointment' in her. Then she ruined with when she started giggling too. Crude humour was still humour.

Tasha heard the rapping on the door. Heidi was here...She wrapped the bonnet on her head to hide the majority of the vine hair but still some leaves and flowers poked out. Regardless she

swung open the door and greeted Heidi and her friend. "Good Morning...wazzup.", Tasha said to them.

"I'm pretty sure bonnets aren't back in fashion," Heidi said appraisingly. "Haven't been in a decade or eight."

"What else do you expect me to do? It's either the ugly bonnet or looking like a mulberry bush.", Tasha protested.

"Try a bandanna, those are eternal," Jezelle suggested with half a smile, giving a small wave, " 'Sup, I'm Jezelle."

"Yep; she's Jezelle," Heidi smiled, making those swooping arm motions game show girls used when revealing the prize.

Jezelle immediately struck a glamorous pose in response.

Tasha giggled a little to herself, "Did you two rehearse that? Anyway, bandana I'll consider it...or...maybe since I'm in such good company, looking like a mulberry bush won't be such a problem.", she said to them.

"Heh, so I'm guessing you aren't just wearing a heck of a lot of flowers and things in your hair," Jezelle prompted.

Tasha could smell that familiar flowery aroma, shock, surprise, embarrassment, acknowledging she had green skin. It would take some getting used to but it happened again. "As if the green skin didn't give it away.", she teased Jezelle, "Still I'm feeling much better today."

"Come on then, it's time to hit the town!" Heidi said with a happy grin, physically hauling Tasha out of her doorway, grabbing her hand and hanking her out.

Tasha was about to protest something, but thought it best not to, though the air around them did smell like an air purifier. Which Tasha figured was a good thing. She also hastily removed the bonnet with her one free hand. "So where we headed?", she asked.

"Shopping, of course!" Heidi said with exuberance. "Every new meta needs a new wardrobe! And the Meta Appreciation Club is having a meeting today. Well... a party tonight, actually. I got invites! Plus, we might as well take you done to the government office..." she added the last bit more somberly.

"Figure I should stop worrying about looking like a mulberry bush, Meta Appreciation you say...sounds like fun...as for the government thing...we'll see how things go.", Tasha said enthusiastically. She brushed the vines out of her eyes, she could feel the vine trellis hair moving as if it was a head full of snakes, or tentacles. It didn't hurt her, and today she wanted to see how it would be if she had it uncovered. She was depressed the previous days. Maybe sunlight would help.

"I was just thinkin' the other day that I might try joining that club," Jezelle mused thoughtfully as she went along, "Providing they don't do anything weird like pressure me into showing my meta power stuffs."

"What is your meta power anyway? And I figure havng the club as support wouldn't be a bad thing.", Tasha asked Jez, then gave a general comment.

"Oh... stepped in that one, didn't I..." Jezelle said a touch sheepishly, scratching the back of her head, "Let's just say I'm some kind of... spatial... glitch?"

"Still doesn't explain the cosmetic side of it," Heidi pointed out.

"Well that -um.. geh..." Jezelle stumbled in her words a little grumpily, unsure of how to explain it, "The shaping part is spatial-y, the colour part is hard to put into words, as it more feels like a rolling sensation... arg..."

She tried digging into the reserves of physics from half-remembered stargate episodes and science lessons, really having trouble finding a proper situation to relate this to.

"You know how colours are just light reflections... I think... well, it feels like I'm turning something around to make it reflect differently maybe?" Jezelle pretty much gave up afterward, "I shoulda paid more attention in science..."

"It's okay, I'm gonna need a good botanist to explain to me what the heck happened to me...you at least have some idea what's going on with you.", Tasha said trying to keep the viney tentacle hair out of her face, brushing it aside with her hands. "I had the bonnet because these vines seem to have a mind of their own or something...", Tasha said.

"Your could hit the library too," Heidi said. "Botanists write books. Also; you left your door open."

Tasha sheepishly closed her door, by this point she was suffused with the flowery aroma given off by her vine hair.

"If I look like I have an idea of what's going on, then I'm faking it," Jezelle said with a sigh, "You two have something to work off, mine's ambiguous as hell -and speaking of, I trust you already went to good Dr. Cain?"

"I did," Heidi nodded. "Didn't I tell you? I have abnormal keratin and some others I don't remember, levels."

"Doctor Cain? The researcher? Not yet no...but I guess, shopping, club, then maybe I'll hit the books.", Tasha said to them.

"Why haven't you pestered Tasha into going to the doctor?" Jezelle asked Heidi, poking her a little accusatively, "My pessimistic/realistic senses tingle when real-life mutation is involved."

"I did! I tell her to go every time. I even snuck one of his business cards in her purse," Heidi pouted, looking cute and innocent again.

Tasha found the card, but put it back quickly.

Jezelle stared at Heidi a little blandly at first in response to the cuteness, but she didn't hold out for long before she had to pull Heidi into a diminutive hug like she was hugging a plushie.

"Stop being so cute!" Jezelle protested all the while.

"Noo..." Heidi said, dropping her head slightly, fluttering her eyes and letting her lower lip tremble.

"Now you've done it," Jezelle said flatly, picking Heidi up and hoisting her over her shoulder, "Now I have to add you to my collection."

Heidi giggled happily. "Oh, No~"

"Collection? Do I want to know what this is or is it just teasing...either way, sounds fun...enjoy Heidi.", Tasha said to them in glee. it was good to hang out with friends again.

"I have a collection of cute things locked away in an underground vault," Jezelle bullshitted in a matter-of-fact way, an affirming nod, "Heidi has achieved the level of cuteness required. That or I feel a little payback is warranted every now and then..."

"But what if I want to enjoy you?" Heidi asked, sounding hurt.

Jezelle flicked Heidi up and around to catch her with both arms, putting her in a pseudo-wrestling move across her shoulders as though attempting to bend her.

"I think you've enjoyed enough, thank you very much; the bathroom door seems to mean little to you," Jezelle grumbled.

"Now this is a story I gotta hear...preferably at a cafe somewhere, though Jez, I have yet to get a good opinion, whatcha think of my new hairdo...well...the shifting vines prevent any hairstyle changes from sticking but still, I'd like a good opinion.", Tasha said rambling a bit as she posed for Jezelle. Her hair settling into two tendrils on either side of her head.

"Eh? Hair?" Jezelle said, a little offbalance from the topic change but obliging either way -if only to seem perfectly normal to have Heidi pinned, "Vine hair seems kinda cool, almost like dreads in a way, but hair and stuff is Heidi's forte; I've rarely done more with my hair than a pony tail to keep it out of my face in sports and stuff."

"It moves as if it has a mind of it's own...I feel like Doc Oock or Medusa, well maybe not medusa, but you catch my drift...and isn't heidi driving.?"

"I dunno... Jez; do you have a liscense?" Heidi asked all innocent like.

"Yeah, but I'm not driving," Jezelle replied, "Otherwise I might've done worse on you." She eventually resolved to putting Heidi back down when they reached the car.

"Surviving a car ride with friends will be the first test I guess then...Figure green skin is probably the least odd thing you guys have seen in the last few days...", Tasha said.

"Ever been to a cosplay convention?" Jezelle said rhetorically with a smirk.

"I've done a little cosplay myself, usually characters out of my webcomic for fun, the last convention though...that's when I turned into a giant houseplant...it hurt...a lot...but no matter...we've got excursions to plan.", Tasha said explaining to Jez what happened.

"No, no, you're missing the point, green skin is pretty tame compared to stuff at cosplay conventions -to say nothing of other metas I've seen," Jezelle said a little awkwardly.

"Story time?" Heidi asked hopefully.

"Story time!", natasha said happily, "What other meta's Heidi mentioned you had a group of superfriends or something...I'd love to hear about them."

"What? No, no stories," Jezelle said a little reclusively, folding her arms, "I was just trying to make a point."

"Nope!" Heidi said, manually unfolding Jezelle's arms. "No weaseling out of this! Sharing is caring!"

"What stories? We just react to stuff," Jezelle complained, "Like superbug attacks, or kidnapping of friends, or terrorist attacks on convention centres; those aren't really stories."

"Terrorist attacks on convention centers, you mean you know Force? I heard he was there fending them off. And those are all great stories to be told, heck, if I had the time, it'd make a great subject for a comic...", Tasha said happily, ""

"Wouldn't you need permission? He might sue you," Heidi said, fishing her keys from her purse.

"Yeeaah and I'm not comfortable talking about that incident... for a lot of reasons..." Jezelle said, growing distant for a moment.

"Eh true, he would sue me for all my meager artist money...maybe Jez can help me get his permission.", Tasha said.

"I don't know the guy, I just hear about him in the news. He sounds like a hunk, though," Heidi mused, pulling away from the curb with a minor squeal of tires.

"Well he *is* practically Superman," Jezelle commented with a smirk as she looked out the window.

"Ooo! Does he have laser vision?" Heidi asked, totally taking her eyes off the road to look eagerly at Jezelle.

"No," Jezelle replied bluntly as she reflexively lunged for the steering wheel, eyes locked on the road in the interests of safety, "He flies, he tosses cars, he's almost bulletproof, he's a Superman."

"We have a superman!" Heidi squeed, finally paying attention to the road again, though she did swear and someone hit their horn. Must be an American. "Tash? Forget the lawsuit. You should totally make this a webcomic! So, we have superman..." She frowned. "The others don't really show up in the news much. I hear there's a furry one, one of those beast type metas... And a girl that turned up at the con... and the first big thing people theorize Dorce was at... The forums have the team at three or four people."

"I'd love to but having Superman sue you is going to be a dealbreaker for me...and whatever publisher I can find.", Tasha said.

"So there's a whole team now," Jezelle commented dryly, going to stare mindlessly out the window again.

"And they go around fighting crime!" Heidi said happily. "So... do you hang out with them?"

"Wha...? I'm not a superhero," Jezelle said, jerking a little in surprise at the question, "I'm a 'supercivillian' at best; the extent of my crime-fighting is defending immediate friends and family and otherwise calling the police."

"That's how they always start," Heidi nodded. "Batman looked for vengeance. Superman just helped people. Static was just having fun. New plan! We are going to get Jezelle a proper costume!"

"Nope." Jezelle said flatly, half tempted to get out of the car even with it in motion to enunciate her point, but she didn't want to cause an incident -or an accident.

"Super 'civillian'; anyone would defend their friends and family best they could, and call the police for everything else, 'heroes' are the dumb ones that go looking for the trouble or trying to solve everything."

"We should totally get you a costume!", Tasha chimed in.

"Then we will get you a proper super civilian outfit. Like Peter Parker. Something to keep under your blouse incase something happens," Heidi said. "Maybe a tank top... We could stitch on a logo... A tank top with a thin facemask attached?"

"Oh my god..." Jezelle grumbled, covering her face with a palm and sighing, "A pretty tank top ain't gonna deflect bullets or lasers or fireballs."

"You want to stop fireballs and block bullets? That's crazy," Heidi said, far more somber than she was moments before.

"Hey! Don't you try and suddenly pretend to be the normal one here!" Jezelle objected, "Metas throw all kinds of crazy crap, I gotta expect fireballs and bullet-like things at the very least!"

"So why not a full on costume, complete with battle armor?", Tasha suggested.

"Really? I haven't met any who could. Maybe you have bad luck," Heidi shrugged. "I mean... that terrorist group did attack that one time you were at the con... Did you get cursed? Are you safe to be around?"

"Prob'bly not," Jezelle said gloomily.

"Which is why we should get you a costume and/or armor as soon as possible.", Tasha said.

"I already have a kev..." Jezelle began dryly until her mind caught up and she came to a metaphorical screeching halt, eyes widening slightly in a bit of a panic as she realized she couldn't twist that sentence into something inconspicuous.

"Wow, just what kinda crazy metas have your team been running into...forget Force...a webcomic about just the rest of you would be just as interesting I figure.", Tasha suggested.

Heidi squeed and clapped her hands excitedly. No, don't panic; she was already at a stop light this time, so no danger of careening off the roads. "I knew you weren't just hanging out with that guy for sex! You're off saving the city for danger! Or at least people in the city."

"Wha-! I... you said you didn't believe... I... Argh!" Jezelle choked amongst her stutterings, her mind doing flips trying to keep up and deal with all the new thoughts being provoked. In the end her mind did a hard reset and replaced the chaos with ultimate frustration.

"I am not talking any more -not until we get to the mall," Jezelle said firmly with a fierce pout, folding her arms and turning her head away, staring hard out the window with a tinge of red in her cheeks.

"Was the sex any good?" Heidi asked after a moment.

Jezelle's stare hardened but her stubbornness won through, her lips tightening even further as she refused to be sassed out of her assertion.

"Should we take that as a yes, Tash?" Heidi asked.

"Sure, although I find it more strange that Jez isn't denying any of this.", Tasha said.

"She hid out at his house for two weeks," Heidi said in a singsong voice. "There's no denying it~"

Jezelle puffed her cheeks as she held back comments, adamant that she wouldn't be manipulated. Nope. She was staying silent until the mall, easiest way to ensure she didn't step in anything else for the time being.

"Whoah really? What's he like? Tell us.", Tasha said.

Naught but sweet silence from the resident grumpy athlete.

"I authorize tickling," Heidi called back to Tash.

"You're better at it than me....and I can't because someone has to stop you from committing vehicular homicide.", Tasha teased.

"Well, you have to do the tickling since I can't exactly tickle and drive at the same time," Heidi responded. "Though that would be a cool power."

"Again, stopping vehicular homicide is important too.", Tasha said.

Why Date When You Can Fly?

"Ok, let's start with something simple show me how fast you can go up." Henry said getting a little off the ground. Just about an inch.

"Up as in straight up, right?" Trevor said, swiping a hand over his face, forming a flight helmet, more or less, to keep the force of the wind out of his face. He did that mental shift to start up the invisible plane of force he rode. It was thin. Just a single surface under his feet, enough to hold him up and more or less in place. People could still knock him off, but he could stay on through most things he tried. So far, it was easiest to steer it with hand motions.

So he did; motioning as if he were trying to snag a fly buzzing around chest level, shooting upwards rapidly.

[Dynamic PP allocation: 6 to box, 5 to 1/per flight]

Henry followed Trevor up in the air. He was fast and was pulling away from him. He had no clue that Trevor could fly this fast.

Trevor was yelling. Partially in panic. Partially in shock. Partially in exuberance. Knowing superman was hanging around made him subconsciously let loose, and he was going faster than he through he could.

"I had no clue you could go that fast! I can't Keep up!" Henry tried to yell.

The wind might not have been in his face, thanks to the helmet box he made, but it still made hearing difficult. But he did notice that Henry wasn't in the immediate vicinity. And that the clouds were getting too close. Panic took over and he frantically tossed both hands in front of

him to arrest his ascent, tossing up a much larger box to sprawl out on, even making it opaque so he didn't have to see just how high he actually got. "Oh crapohcrapohcrapohcrapohcrap..."

Henry could still see Trevor going up and getting smaller as he widen the gap between them. For being new at this flight thing he sure had the speed down. He then saw what looked like a giant spot in the sky. He didn't know what it was but kept following until he could catch him.

Trevor chuckled to himself, though it was more the chuckle of a broken person than one of humour. Just stay here on your personal floating island in the sky. Nothing bad can happen on this little personal retreat. Yep. Safe. He didn't peak over the edge yet. "Okay... I really should have thought this through..."

Henry made his way to the flying platform in the sky. "Hey man. You can really move! I couldn't even keep up with you. If would have know how fast you were I would have told you to slow down. If you go to high it gets really hard to breath." Henry said remembering his first time.

"But I made a helmet thing... Oh! You mean altitude and oxygen levels.... right," Trevor swallowed nervously. "I didn't know I could fly that fast. And I don't know if I want to... unlike you, I can't actually fly... I'm just on something that flies... Maybe I should make a fill box and ride in it..." That actually sounded a lot safer. Harder to control, but practice?

"We can work on that if you want. Now that we know you have speed we work on using that in the forest. Tree dodging. Might seem easy but I learned the hard way that it is not. And since you put boxes around you you shopuld be pretty safe while we do this." Henry said nodding to himself.

"Haha.... I don't know if I want to move from this spot right now..." Trevor said, huddling on the box he was hiding on. "How far away is the ground anyway?"

"I have no clue. pretty far down. I don't really now how to tell. But it is far enough that if you feel you would die. Don't know if that helps but you are going to have to get used to being up this high at some point." Henry pointed out.

"Hehe..." Trevor laughed nervously. "I almost fell of a roof... three times already... I didn't want to upgrade to falling out of the sky..." He looked over to the edge of his box. "Maybe there's an altitude meter app or something..."

"Those are on planes. Let's just call this high enough. Now we need to work on going down. It is a lot like going up but jus the other way. Or you can just drop and kick your flying back on before you hit the ground." Henry instructed.

"Let's not right now..." Trevor said, giving Henry a look that stated plainly what he though about the idea of jumping to try and start flying part way down and instead lowered the box he was sitting on. It was far slower than his ascent, and was also halting as he tried to balance dropping the box without actually dropping it (those were heart stopping moments when lowering turned

into falling). "Um... when you say 'dodging trees', you meant flying through them and not you tossing stuff at me, right?"

"With how fast you are going, it will be dodging trees. They will be coming at you as fast as you can think. It will be hard but when it comes down to it you need to know how fast you can go and still avoid things." Henry explained.

"Ah-haha.... that... doesn't answer the question," Trevor said with the nervous expression that decided to stay around even longer. He just wanted to know if he was going to run at trees, or if Henry was going to be pelting him with them. Though, to be fair, neither sounded like something... appealing.

"I am not going to destroy a forest just so you can learn how to fly. But at the speed you will be going at it would be as if I was throwing them. Once you get that down then you won't have to worry about flying in town ever. No amount of power lines or banners will bother you." Henry explained again.

"It sounds like it would hurt... a lot, actually," Trevor said, thinking about how many times he'd gotten stuck in trees so far. He wasn't keen on repeating those events.

"Good motivation for not messing around or up. Can figure out how to stop and turn faster. Then you will be more comfortable with it. Other wise you will need to concentrate more on it. It is like walking. You can do it without having to think. Flight needs to get to that point as well." Henry replied.

"You aren't thinking of starting a flight school, are you?" Trevor said, rolling his eyes. He was watching the horizon. It was still a bit of the way down to the ground.

Henry flew over closer to the platform. "You wanted to learn how to fly and this is how it is done. Think of birds and how they do it. They are tossed or jump out of the nest and it flight time. They better learn how to do it or they are doomed." Henry thought about that for a moment. This whole meta thing is pretty much summed up by that. They were thrown in and pretty much had a sink or float deal sealed on them. You are either going to survive with these powers or perish with them.

"Now we need to go down. I am going to be honest with you. This is the part that might make you a bit sick." Henry said with a chuckle.

"I'm a cat, not a bird," Trevor muttered stubbornly. "Cats learn to hunt on crippled prey."

"Well then. This is not safety town and we are here to learn. So it is time to learn. So let's get a move on it." Henry said and would have tapped his foot but he had nothing to tap it on.

Trevor groaned, but changed the nature of the box acting as his impromptu elevator so he could see through it. At least, a portion of it. On the bright side, there were only, maybe, a couple stories in the air. On the down side, that was still a pretty long way down.

"Allonz y..." Trevor gulped, dismissing the box. For a gut wrenching few moments, he was falling. But then he got the right mental switch and it stopped, and he was bobbing in a slightly unstable fashion on his flighly board thing. He took a shuddering breath. "I... c-could have done that better..."

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11 10:51 PM

"Yeah but you didn't fall and hit the ground which is what we are going for here. How fast can you make those boxes any way? I feel that those might become the weak point here. I know that there is no way around it but if someone takes those out. . ." Henry let that trail off as he chased Trevor down toward the earth.

"A moment," Trevor said. He thought about how to explain it better, all while balancing on empty air. It was just a bit distracting. He focused his eyes instead on Henry. Made it look so easy, the superman-wannabe. "Pretty much right away, but not immediately. I have to actively do it, so... Like tossing a rock. Just mentally. And it's not a rock. It's more imagining a box forming at the right place in the right way."

"Well then. You ready to work on maneuverability?" Henry asked and looked deeping into the wooded area ahead of them.

"Quite resigned to it, thank's for asking," Trevor said with a chipper act. Whizzing about through tree branches. Fun. It was really the sort of daredevil things he loved doing. Actually, considering the last few weeks... it was pretty tame.

Henry followed Trevor through the trees. He had to take it slow at first since it was a tricky thing to do. Like riding a motorcycle through the woods. It is easy at first but once you ramp up the speed it is a whole hell of a lot harder.

"Try speeding up. We need to find out what your make speed will be in places like this." Henry yelled.

"Yay..." Trevor sighed. This was so going to be a poor attempt at suicide. Far from enough to kill a guy, more than enough for pain. Lots, and lots of pain. Still, he steeled his resolve and followed Henry, despite the cruel branches that sought to strike him down. He did the majority of his steering split between mind and body, mind moving the platform, body directing it, and he at least found he could bob and weave his way through for the most part.

ἀπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11+8 [Speed rank 2 at the moment]

Henry was flying around trees with practice. . . not grace but with accuracy. It was a lot like the drills he had done in high school just a lot faster. He and Jen had spent a number of days doing this much deeper in the woods. From the sounds of it they might make it that far as he didn't hear Trevor running. . . flying. . . into anything. Seems like this new flyer had been working on this in his of time. At this point he had knocked a tree down when he first started.

Trevor was starting to get a bit more confident since his reactions and skills were up to the challenge of ducking and darting around without getting himself clothes lined. He might have even gotten a bit... proud. Of course, the universe couldn't have that, now could it?

Seeing that he was falling a bit, well, a good bit behind Henry, Trevor pushed his speed up a bit more, and promptly crashed into a branch, snapping it even. Since he was rather new to flying, he lost that too and fell. Hard, yes, but none the worse for wear. He did bounce once and ended up with a mouth and face full of dirt, grass and other forest detritus. He didn't bother getting up, just lay there for a while. "Ow..."

ἰπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 6+8 [speed rank 3, DC16]

ἰπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 Tree Branch toughness. Poor thing.

ἰπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 Trevor toughness. Like a Champ.

ἰπάθεια rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 16 Trevor Falls damage. Like a Champ.

Henry looked back to see a bouncing giant cat on the forest floor. Henry slowed down and looped back to Trevor.

"Well seems like we are find out how fast you ca go. You alright?" Henry asked Trevor.

"Can't we do this somewhere else..." Trevor complained as he sat up (and after he spat out the grass. Nasty, nasty grass and dirt.) "Like... on a highway. Or a parking lot. Were there aren't trees to run into." He picked up the branch he snapped. "In fact, I think the trees would agree with me."

"Sure we can go to the highway where there are light poles and if you hit one of them you can go bouncing into a car full of children. And I am sure parking lots don't have cars or, you know, people around." Henry pointed out. "This place keeps everyone safe. You heard what happened to Marina right? She is in trouble with the law because something went wrong. Think of the speeds we are going at. He land on someone and they could die. The trees can take it."

"Your logic sucks," Trevor muttered. To get up or not. Something told him Henry might pick him up if he didn't get up on his own, so he got up on his own. He did still mutter about it though. "I need body armour, that's what I need..."

"Body armor is good for guns and knives. Not for trees. Or, metas that blast yellow light beams at you. Any way. You ready to try again?" Henry asked thankful that Trevor was able to get up.

Instead of answering, Trevor responded by firing up his roundabout method of flying, putting a few feet of space between his feet and the ground. "I might not... enjoy it, but I did ask for your advice," Trevor admitted with a shrug, wincing ever so slightly. "I made my bed, so I get to lay in it."

"Let's go a little slower until you are sure you can do all the maneuvering that you will need. After that we can slowly up the speed. This is what Jen and I did. It tooks us about a week to get me able to do what I can do. You don't have to try and do it all at once." Henry coached as he started to follow Trevor this time.

"Hai, Henry-sensei," Trevor said with a slight smirk before going for a second run through the trees. Yes, it was ridiculous to be dashing back into harms way, but pain was a motivator, right? Right? Wow, he sucked at self motivation. At least he wove his way around the first few branches relatively fine, even if he was just going at walking pace, and it was mostly ducking around them and such.

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 9+8

"Do you have a game plan past flying around and through increasingly dense foliage?" Trevor called over to Henry. "Not that I'm complaining, this is tricky as it is."

"Not really. If you can fly through this then you can handle pretty much any where that we will be. The city has far less stuff to run in to so we will be fine there. Just have to get you to the point where you are able to take turns and dead stop. Which is a lot harder then you might think. Also hurts a little." Henry said holding up his fingers to show how much it hurts. He was showed only a little even though it was a lot more. All that forward movement stopping all at once. Like hitting a tree while driving. At least Trevor was getting around the trees much easier now.

"Henry... I'm pretty sure I saw you get hit with half dozen laser blasts from those sun people and keep going..." Trevor said, slowing and eventually stopping. He was having second, wait, no, eight and ninth thoughts about this. "I got hit once and almost got knocked out..."

"Yes, those stung a bit and they took me out of that fight for the most part. Even I can't withstand that much punishment. But this is part of flight training. You need to know your limits. Because if we are in your box and you are flying other some place that would be a crappy time to figure out that you can't turn very well. Or if you have to stop because something pops up in the way. Better to know now what you can and mostly can not do. That is a lesson I had to learn the hard way." Henry said looking away at the last part.

"Let's... just get this going..." Trevor sighed. He even did well, for a while. Then he started making mistakes and crashing into things. He was pretty beat by the hour mark or so and decided to call it for a while, collapsing at the base of a tree for a bit of rest.

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 10 11:01 PM

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 18 11:01 PM

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 17 11:01 PM

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 9 11:01 PM

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 4 11:01 PM

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 5 11:01 PM

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: 11

Fate didn't want him to get much rest, because there was movement. [roll notice... nevermind...]

Greykit rolled a die with 20 sides for NPC stealth. The die showed: 20

Trevor rolled a die with 20 sides for notice. The die showed: 11+7

They surrounded them, having slinked through the forest with silence and stealth that would make army rangers jealous. Half a dozen people, all of the beast form meta. All glaring at the pair.

Henry was proud of Trevor's progress with the flying. He had gone a good distance before he started making some mistakes. Henry remembered that at this point in his training he had downed a tree already. Trevor seemed to have more grace then he did.

Once Trevor landed at a tree for a break Henry landed next to him as well. Give them time to go over what he has done.

"Nice flying back there. You are getting the hang of it seems. I was doing way worst then you at this point. You sure you have been practicing this more?" Henry asked and they saw a number of people emerge from the woods.

intel check rolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $16 - 1 = 15$

Henry was a little startled that these people all came out at once. It was a little creepy in all honesty. But there was something about these folks. He remembered them from some place before. It was dark and in the open when he was flying one night.

"Aren't you all that pack from the park?" Henry asked.

"You're that flying guy," one of them responded. He looked canid. The group was pretty mixed. The one to speak had orange fur and a pointed muzzle, there was one who looked mostly human, pretty furless on his head, but had heavy looking scales, each one at least five centimeters at the smallest, with hits that the ones under his baggy top were bigger. The porcupine looking one that Henry met before as well was hanging back, his quills raising and falling.

There was a cat in the group as well, tawny fur, but resembling Trevor and Alex, in morphology anyway, and one guy that looked somewhat like a super sayien four, but with blue fur for some reason and wilder facial features. The last one had a pair of horns curled around her head.

"Hi... I'm the box guy," Trevor said, waving, trying not to freak out too much at being surrounded, ready to toss up a box in case things turned violent. "So.... friends of yours, He... er... Flying Guy?"

"I met them once when I was flying over town. They did not seem pleased at that time." Henry replied.

"Kinda still don't..." Trevor commented.

"We were around. Heard someone making a lot of noise in the area, came to check it out," the porcupine guy commented.

"We didn't expect to see you two here," the girl added. The way she said 'you two' made it sound like they were known in some sense.

"We didn't think that there would be anyone in here. Figured this would be a safe spot for him to learn how to fly." Henry said pointing his thumb at Trevor. "So. . . you all meeting here now instead of the park?"

"He can fly?" Scale guy asked.

"It sorta sounds childish when he puts it that way," Super sayian guy muttered [DC18 notice] noticerolled a die with 20 sides. The die showed: $17 + 1 = 18$ (*my god*)
Trevor rolled a die with 20 sides for notice. The die showed: 18+7

"That's me. Flying Box Guy. Er... cat," Trevor said, grinning at the blue guy's comment.

"We meet in the park at nights, if we are getting together. The forest if we have time to practice," the first guy, the orange fur one, said, shooting a glare at the super sayian one.

Henry gave a small laugh at what the blue fury one said. Seems like this area was turning into teh practice grounds for all metas.

"What are you all working on?" Henry asked.

"Just... stuff..." blue fur shrugged. "Practice. Hanging out were people don't mutter behind your back."

"Stuff? What kind of stuff. We might be able to help. We have been dealing with a bunch of stuff and have even figured a small percentage of it out." Henry said excitedly. "And you are right. The forest is a great place to train. We thought we were the only ones to think about it."

"I did tell you that I've been smelling other people around every now and again," Trevor pointed out.

The group was silent for a while, then the girl tensed. "Sorry... we aren't really used to talking to... others about things."

"It's been worse since the convention attack," the leader canid guy said bitterly. "Half the time we come out her to just... let loose, hang out. Other times..."

Henry turned to Trevor. "Your nose takes funny turns when it works and when it doesn't. Should ask one them if they can teach you how to use it the right way. Could track your stalker down much easier." Henry said then turned back to the pack.

"I know how it can be when you meet a new meta. You don't know how they are going to react or if they are safe. Even more so since the attacks. But things are not going to get better for us if we don't reach out and talk to each other. So you all come out here to practice and what else?" Henry asked sincerely.

"What makes you think they are any better than me..." Trevor muttered under his breath. At least he could smell people. He's like to see Henry do that.

"Fishing for information?" the plate scale guy scowled.

"Adam, simmer down," the canid guy said. He did gave Henry a level look though. "Relax."

Henry shook his head. The break down in meta communication was getting worst. He had Trevor on one side of him muttering something when he was just trying to help him out. Who else better to learn the more animal side of yourself then from other meta animals.

"I was just asking what you were doing here. You did kind of sneak up and surround us. Just asking what you were up to." Henry said taking a step back from the group.

"Sorry, that was my idea," the female said. "We've seen your friend in the forest a few times, and some of the time he was... well... Last time we saw him he was this big cat creature lurking around."

"Well, sorry that... wait... how'd you see that?" Trevor said suddenly. "I made sure no one was around when I tried that!"

"On of ours had good eyes. Very good," the leader said. "Sorry, we never introduced ourself. I'm Douglas."

"Ah, so you have changed into the big cat again I see. Trying to control it out here away from people." Henry said thinking for a moment. "That is a smart idea."

Turning his attention back to the people in front of him. Seems that they were more concerned about Trevor then him. Which would be an accurate thought. He listen as the person introduced himself as Douglas. Henry saw no need to go to far here. "Nice to meet you Douglas. I am Force." He said sticking his hand out to shake.

Trevor groaned and rolled his eyes at Henry as Douglas shoke. Always with that. Introductions did go around despite that. Douglas was the canid one. Paul was the one that looked like a blue furred super saiyan. Gustav was the one with the plates, Angela the girl with the horns. William (pronounced the french way) the porcupine and Laguerre the cat were actually brothers. Trevor was less suspicious than Henry and gave them his name.

"You know not giving your name makes you more suspicious?" Angela observed.

"I know, but I give the same name each time I wear this." Henry said pointing at the little mask. "Been working with one group for a number of weeks under the same name. It is just something that I do. Anyway, it is nice to meet you all."

"Like when you drop from the sky in the middle of the night?" William said, raising an eyebrow.

"I fly. How else am I supposed to get down and see what is going on. I saw a bunch of metas and came down to see what was going on. I know some metas but not many so I took a chance to meet some more. Not like I tried to sneak up on you all. I am really not built for stealth." Henry said looking down at himself.

"He leaves a weird impression everywhere he goes," Trevor said, getting up from the ground and brushing off the seat of his pants and starting to pick the worse of the forest detritus from his tail. It occurred to him that he might try a specific box for that. Maybe later.

"I keep trying to get him to change his costume, something less 'Dark Knight meets Superman' but he doesn't listen to me." Trevor went on, complaining slightly, waving a hand vaguely. Then he pointed at Henry, "And, for the record, your flying is pretty stealthy. Especially at night with your getup."

"Do you know a lot of metas?" Gustav asked.

"Know of ten through various meetings. I have run into many more in not so fun meetings. There are a bunch out there and many from before the explosion." Henry said recalling all the metas he had met so far. "How did all of you find each other if you don't mind me asking."

"Different places, really," Douglas said. "Some of us knew each other before, others we met. There are only so many places you can think about to sulk at times."

"I knew half of the metas I know before the accident. Weird how that works out. I wonder if there is a link some how. Maybe our doctor friend will find a link. He seems like the kind that would look into something like that." Henry replied.

They didn't seem sure about how to react to that one. Trevor just rolled his eyes at Henry finding yet another project for Cain to work on.

"So... how strong are you?" Gustav asked Henry.

"I really don't know. I haven't figured out a way to test it yet. I have picked up a car before without any problem. But I don't know how much more I could do." Henry said honestly.

"Damn.. that's more than I can do," he sounded a bit depressed.

"From what I have seen each meta can do something much better than the next. I might be able to lift more than the next guy, but he" Henry said pointing at Trevor. "Can do crazy stuff that he didn't know he could do. We just found out today that he is way faster than I am in the flying department. So I am sure there are loads more that you can do."

"The hard part is figuring out all the quirks that come with a new body," Trevor sighed. "After years with the old one, a month with the new one isn't enough to learn everything."

"There is a lot of learning..." Douglas agreed.

"What do you guess do? I mean, since the who thing happened. Have you just gone on like live never changed?" Paul asked cautiously.

"Let's see. I lost my job to start things off. Then we have been falling into worst situations left and right." Henry said and then started count on his fingers. "Got in a fight at the hospital, stopped some criminals from robbing and dealing some pretty nasty stuff. There was a bug attack on some apartments that we stopped. We got stuck in the middle of a terrorist attack and then fought the bugs some more. Then we played exterminator in the sewers. It has honestly been a blur keeping up with the stuff that keeps happening."

Silence followed that response. Even Trevor scratched at his hair line awkwardly, not sure what to say to that one.

Henry ran a hand through his hair and pickled out some pine needles that were in there.

"So.... what's flying like?" Laguerre asked, breaking the awkward silence.

"Terrifying. Absolutely terrifying," Trevor said, deadpan. "I'm learning it because it's something I can do, but damn it's terrifying."

"It isn't that bad. It feels like you are jumping with out the falling part. The tricky part is the turning in mid air and coming to a full stop. That is why we came out here. Less buildings and power lines to run into." Henry explained.

"Superman school of flight," Trevor said, pointing at Henry, before pointing back to himself, "Silver Surfer school of flight. Actually, Static Shock. The surfer was glued to his board. I don't like falling. I've fallen and almost fallen enough."

"You two mind if we hang around and watch you practice?" Paul asked.

"Don't suppose it would hurt anything. Although you might need to move if you want to watch the whole thing. He moves pretty damn fast." Henry said pointing at Trevor.

"It can double as training for us as well," Paul said. "We can even be a bit more direct, sparring buddies."

"You are going to spar with each other or you wanted to spar with us?" Henry asked as the one called Paul made it unclear. "Or we can throw rocks to see if he can dodge them in flight." Henry said this and got a grin on his face. "I promise that I will use small rocks."

Trevor's eyes widened and he tried to signal for them to say no.

"Sure," Paul said. He ran his tongue over his teeth as he paused. "Two times someone tried to grab members of our group, and both times we barely managed to get away because some of us either got more, or learned more about what they got than the others."

"Hold up a second! Some one tried to grab a member? You don't happen to know what these people look like? I was looking for certain kidnappers but that trail ran cold pretty darn fast." Henry said hoping that maybe they could lead him to the people that kidnapped Trevor.

"No, sorry," Paul responded. "I want to get my hands on them too..."

"It was generally too much of a rush to focus on that," Douglas said, looking less than pleased. "We managed to put a dent in one of their vans once, but they still got away. They haven't turned up since then."

"I totaled one of their vans and caught the people in it. But they seemed low in the group. They seem to be part of a larger group that do god knows what to metas. But it sounds like they go for ones that have animal changes. Wonder if it was the same people?" Henry said trying to work thing out loud.

"I don't know. We talked with another group from the other side of town, and they mentioned seeing a van like the we did." Douglas said.

"Not much to go on, when there are dozens of vans like that in the city," Gustav muttered.

"Better cautious than in danger," Angela muttered back.

"That is a good plan. Plus when you are together it makes it less likely that you are going to be targeted. Safety in numbers."

"How did those groups form, if you don't mind me asking," Trevor asked, more interested in moving away from that awkward (from his perspective) topic than pursuing it. "I know another... therein meta and neither of us met any of you guys."

"Mostly just people gravitating together. Finding the same spots to hid from others, following scent trails when wandering at night," Laguerre responded. "I've actually seen you around once. Jumping rooftops."

Henry perked up at hearing about following scent trails and looked at Trevor "See they can use their nose better than you." Then a thought popped in Henry's head. "Have you all ever been approached by a lone cat lady? He is being stalked by one and we are trying to stop that." Henry asked taking a shot in the dark.

"I'm a cat! Scent is a secondary thing for felines," Trevor muttered.

"A lone cat? You know anything about that, Laguerre?" Douglas asked.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "Not that I've heard of."

"And how many cats do you know that can create invisible boxes?" Henry countered.

"How many guys can fly?" Trevor countered.

"So you are being stalked by another meta? A catwoman?" Angela asked.

Trevor groaned and rolled his eyes. "Left a creepy comic, money and an invitation to a dinner date... Fifth weirdest thing to happen to me this month. No... Sixth."

"Sixth?" Douglas said, raising an eyebrow, wondering what kind of month put crazy stalker at sixth place.

"You are the third one that I have met. Well. . . one of those is a girl so I don't think that counts. Any how I thought it might be worth a try. That is." Henry turned to the group. "Anyone here knows how to find a stalker. She is taking it a little too far. "

"We could try tracking her, but we would need something to track her with," Douglas said. "And it's likely that the trail's gone too cold by now."

"We have the book that she wrote. wouldn't that have her scent on it. Plus the money and the restaurant that she was at. Though I think the restaurant would not be very helpful. Then again I have no clue how that all works so I will leave it to the people that know these things." Henry said all confused.

"Sure, we might get her scent off those stuff, but that's like getting a picture of someone and saying 'go find them in the city' without any other clue," Douglas explained. "True, we might stumble across her, but it's like looking for a needle in ten haystacks."

"Sorry. Like I said before. I don't know how these things work. Perhaps we can get it to you later so that you can tell if you ever run across her. Who knows how many people she is stalking." Henry said knowing now that he was way out of his comfort zone when it came to trying to figure out smelling and what all you can do with it. his cartoon knowledge on the topic was not helping in this case.

"Well. . . now what?" Henry asked.

Radiant Kitty wakes up as well. Might have been better off staying in bed...

It was a good idea not to tell Alex' father about his headache. Even though he was told by doctors about Alex's state already, several times. A long discussion that costed Alex's father a hour or two being late at work ended up with a relatively good term - Alex still can hang out,

only if he's not going to put himself under the danger of getting hurt, or killed. Seems acceptable. He meanwhile managed to brag about his microwaves and light shows, on which the father replied with a bunch of snark and a (joking) suggestion to give Alex to FSB for science.

Then he left, and Alex was left alone again. Microwaved tea and some light shows done, and Alex got bored again. Yay. And that's about it. He managed to get some confidence in himself and do computer stuff, but he didn't have enough confidence in his claws yet, so this time when he had to do dat stuff, he did it in gloves. Not the best, but at least no lacerations.

There wasn't much warning. Something like a faint yell and scream mix coming from outside. And a faint roar. Then come the massive sound of something crashing into his room through the window.

"Wh--?" Alex nearly started saying, while realising that this might as well be a bug, and he could have at least try a parody of stealth to help himself out of the room. He turned around to see what the hell landed into his room, ready to pounce on it and tear it down with lasers. Or bail. Most likely bail. Or explore, if it's just a projectile. Unless it's an explosive. Then he runs (poor computer though).

[reflex: 10, toughness 2]

Alex didn't quite manage to clear the area when the primatic shape rocketed through his window, hit his floor and crashed and tumbled, impacting his table and precious computer (and other belongings) with distressing crunching sounds. Including the crunch from his leg. And the shooting pain. Look! The soothing embrace of unconsciousness, ah, your old friend.

Alex wouldn't know how long he was out for. Only that the first thing he was aware of again was the screaming pain in his right leg. The rest of consciousness came around in response to that call as well. He could also hear someone's voice. And that was about it.

[roll notice, and con for that matter]

[Insert groan here. Roll second con] He didn't wake again for a while. This time he was in an ambulance, it's siren's running.

"Uuuuuuuuuuh..." Alex muttered, looking around. Ambulance. Fourth time. Wait, no, ambulance is not fourth. Hospita-- What is he thinking about? What the HELL happened? He would have considered himself shot by a rocket if not the fact that there were no burns and the only thing that suffers from hellish pain is his leg, "...what. Where did you pick me from? What happened?"

"Easy, easy," the EMT cautioned the confused youth. To his credit, he didn't seem concerned about the fact that said youth was an anthropomorphic feline, though whether that was open mindedness, acceptance or just professionalism wasn't clear. "Your leg has been broken. We are taking you to the hospital."

"...well, that explains the pain," Alex muttered, trying not to move too much, "Hey, you guys have some sort of "favourite client" status in the hospital? I think I might reach that one soon,"

he added, with a short lived grin, "And how did I get my leg broken? Where was I lying? What hit me?"

"From what we were told, another meta crashed into your room. She was the one who called for the ambulance," the EMT said, checking readings and jotting them down on his clipboard.

"Oh great..." Alex muttered, "...Looks like I got lucky that she didn't hit something else, eh?"

The EMT didn't hear that last comment, and kept working. "Jason, ETA?"

"Three minutes," the driver called back.

The EMT nodded. "Do you have health insurance?" he asked Alex, since he was conscious and surprisingly lucid.

"...I probably should," Alex replied, "Certainly remember it was compulsive... Or was it compulsive back at home... Either way, should probably have it, yeah. Maybe should call my dad for details..."

The leg was in peachy condition. Just awesome. The pain was at manageable levels; Alex honestly thought that it was normal for a fracture. Well; it was; if you still had adrenaline and anesthetics. But these aren't forever and the pain started to increase at an alarming pace
"...uuuh... Shit, doc, leg hurts more now, is it normal?" Alex said, bearing a futile hope that the pain won't increase further.

"The anesthetics have likely worn off," the EMT responded. "Unfortunately, we can't give you another dose until we get to the hospital."

Shiver went down to Alex's spine; he really didn't want to endure more pain. Or worse pain. Especially if this was both at once. And it would be embarrassing, now that he'd be screaming like a childbirthing woman if it'd get too painful. "...su...perb..." he muttered and started to stare at the ceiling, "And how much is till the hospital?"

"Not much longer," the EMT said gently. He could empathize with the child's pain and distress.

"I hope you don't tell me sweet lies," Alex said, gritting his teeth. Saying "ouch" in this situation could have been an underestimation...

"No, I wouldn't," he said, getting his blood pressure.

Irbynx rolled a die with 20 sides to identify the location and distance to hospital. The die showed: 18

Alex struggled for a moment and in a fit of curiosity and desperation decided to confirm the words of the medical specialist and looked out in windows, trying to see if he was indeed close to the hospital (unfortunately, he was close to it fairly often recently...)

And he couldn't see anyway. No windows, nothing. Oh well. Another while of knowing nothing while lying down in pain! Awesome.

It wasn't much later before the ambulance turned somewhere and starting moving up a ramp. The EMT with him quickly locked down equipment and put the paperwork away. There were a few confusing jolts and jerks as the ambulance moved about. The next sound was the engine cutting out and the cabin door opening then slamming shut.

Alex's EMT (Carl was on his jacket) had his leg strapped down and ready to be yanked out by the time the rear doors opened. "Let's get him moving," the former driver said.

"Fun times ahead," Alex muttered. He could have joked about being strapped down to be a little kinky, but he figured that doctors won't appreciate the joke.

Things went a bit quickly at this point, between carting him around and the doctor getting to him. The less said about the setting of the bone, the better. At least he was sedated for it. When he did wake, he already had a cast and his father in a chair in the corner of his room.

Alex woke up and looked around, "admiring" the cast on his leg for a moment. Yeah, now he can't walk for months. Awesome. Then he spotted his father and figured that he did promise not to get hurt just this morning. Oh joy.

Both of them had a discussion related to Alex's injury and a promise to avoid such things; Alex explained that he stayed at home all the time. And even said that there might be proof of that; his father didn't want to spend the time at home and check it and instead went straight to the hospital, which had a disadvantage of not having information on what is the state of stuff at Alex's home. Then the discussion drifted a bit, Alex's father decided to believe him on that part, but he was noticeably concerned. After a while the discussion ended...

There came a point where someone knocked on the door and a nurse came in. "Sorry to bother you, but there is someone here who would like to visit with you."

"Uh... Sure?" Alex said, blinking. Trevor? Might have called out on the catmanism. Jez? Maybe...

She nodded and headed out. It took her a little while to get back, around a minute. And she brought in a stranger with her. A young female, looking very embarrassed, cheeks red, about 5'3 in height, her hair about half that.

"...Hi?" Alex said, not entirely sure what could she be embarrassed about. Crush is entirely out of options, so she might have called a wrong name and thus got into a wrong room maybe...
"Something wrong?"

"I'm so, *SO* sorry!" she yelped out. "I didn't mean to!"

Alex's ear twitched and his eyebrow rose. He was confused there for a moment. And then he figured it out; or at least, got a theory on it. "...were you the one that got me into hospital?" he asked, just to make sure.

Alex's father remained silent for a moment, the question that was needed to be asked to clear the confusion clearly asked at the moment.

"I'm sorry!" she said again, running her words together. "I didn't know what to do SO I called an ambulance and zezeze then they said I couldn't go to and, and..."

Alex glanced at his father, his father glanced at Alex, then both looked back at the nervous lady. "Hey, you can barely come up with words in that state!" Alex stated, "You don't need to be that nervous, just breathe in and out and explain everything a bit more... coherently. Like... How the hell did you manage to break my leg in the first place?"

"Sorry!" She said again, making the typical apologetic motions, hands pressed together as if she were praying. "I.. I was trying to control it... I mean, I was in the empty lot beside the park down from your apartment and and... I'm not very good at control yet, it's why I was at the lot, practicing, and when the wing picked up I tried to balance and I messed up and it made, everything just got worse and I sorta crashed into your room and broke your stuff and your leg..."

"...his stuff?" Alex's father asked, clearly not liking the implications.

"Control it? What is it? I haven't even realised what hit me; are you a human cannonball?" Alex asked.

She found the adults question far more concerning at the moment. "I sorry sir! So sorry! I tried to stay away from buildings but I still crashed... I crashed through your son's window... and broke his computer desk and computer... I... I don't earn a lot, but I promise I'll pay for the damages. Sir."

Seems like Alex's father wasn't concerned about the damages as much as was his son. And his son's expression was clearly far below "big no" grade of expressions. His father looked more like... "Not again..." But neither of them were amused by the fact. "...Alright," was Alex's father reply. "Computer or screen?" was Alex's question, with a lot more concern in it.

"Um... both..." the last word was barely audible.

Alex's father contained a chuckle behind a fist and patted Alex on his shoulder with another hand, "I hope there is something to salvage from there at least," he said to his saddened son.

"...Good thing I use Dropbox..." Alex muttered, "Oh well... It could have been worse though, couldn't it? One meter higher and you wouldn't even have anyone to apologise to" he added, smirking, "But seriously, what was that?"

"Um... right..." she looked confused, as if she wasn't sure how to word things. "I'm a... meta," again the last word was on the lower side of audible. "I can do this... glowing.. thing. Found out it lets me fly. Just... not well."

"There definitely should be training ground for metas... So they won't hurt others and themselves..." Alex said, recalling Trevor's training session. If it were in a controlled environment where sedatives could have been applied... But then again, they wouldn't have luckily found a queen. It was pure luck there, "That's quite an interesting explanation," Alex added with a neutral tone.

"Sorry," she said again, beet red.

Alex just sighed, not really having anything else to say.

The awkward silence continued for a while, since neither the girl, Alex or his father seemed to have anything more to say.

Alex's father decided to speak up first, "I guess that's it on this... topic," he said, intending to break up the silence and get a definite end to that particular discussion.

"So... you're not mad?" She asked.

"Used to. Still quite frustrated at the moment, but it seems that you've provided..." Alex's father said, waited for a moment, apparently considering some words and went on, "...plausible explanation."

"I shouldn't have been practicing so close to buildings..."

Felicia made her way back home, full on food but low on company. She entered her house again, stroked and fed her cat decided that she needed something to take her mind off things. Maybe he just didn't check his mail at the time. She might need to send a follow-up letter to arrange a meeting at a later time instead of relying on luck.

Deciding to just go to sleep, Felicia woke up the next morning and began doing some of her stretches. She had to keep nice and flexible. Never knew when she'd need to slip into some tight spaces, after all. With her muscles nice and loose, she went through her morning routine. Feed her cat, shower, then plan the rest of her day. She had a rather large function to go to, along with spending some time at the country club. No way to weasel out of either of them... Well at least she could slip into her element after dark. If she felt up for it. Those social functions were so draining...

Still, no time like the present. She got dressed for her day, made sure she had no feline features poking out, then got into her car and drove to the country club. Arriving some time later, she got

out and let the valet park her car. Walking up to the club, she entered and headed to the gathering she was supposed to be.

(On hold until Grey helps me move on here too)

(There's not much to do. She's at a country club.)

(mind if I move her along? I honestly thought there would be some social stuff to do.)

(Moving her along is what got her into this limbo she's in right now...)

The gathering was average. People from the higher income bracket mingling and chatting about little things like the latest gossip, men their recent golf games and minor shifts in the stock market, women the latest fashions and jewelry and trips. Waiters and staff had little saucers of things to nibble on and small cups of things to sip.

Felicia smiled, taking her usual seat, chatting with the people she normally sat with. "Hello everyone," She said sweetly as she listened for some of the gossip. She paid priority on rumours about the new superheros the town seemed to be developing as well as any jewelry from people she didn't recognize. No sense in sense stealing from people she knew, after all.

Notice (hearing) <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4640148/> 20, not natural

[no rumours of that sort. Some talk about the stock market.]

Felicia picked up some tips for the stock market to help with her own investments sometime later. She mingled as well, asking some of her friends about thier days. It seemed so far that the people seemed to share her viewpoints. Or at least her public ones. These self-proclaimed 'heros' and 'villians' were just a bunch of kids playing around. Things would go back to normal when everyone realized how silly they looked. Of course, her privite ones were that until someone could stop them, why shouldn't the benefactors enjoy their new gifts? Not that she'd ever admit that to anyone of course.