

# When Bugs Attack....

**Sunday, March 17th** *Weather: Partially Cloudy, 6 degrees*

**When Bugs Attack**

*Time: Around 9*

Okay, Trevor did... something. Part yell, yelp and cat sound. He blinked, standing back and staring at it, and the goop that was oozing out from one edge. (He forgot he was naked again.) "The table? The floor?" his eye twitched. "I'm not cleaning this up alone!"

Jezelle groaned a little as she staggered and attempted to recover from the blows, meanwhile Four just looked at Trevor and sighed a little on the inside.

"Oh relax, you're far, *far* from alone," Four said exasperatedly, "Now the bugs are squished, everything's alright... sort of... I'm a little worried about Three..."

"I'm sure five of me can whip this place back into order," Jezelle mumbled a little as she went to scrape the goo off herself.

Trevor inched over and crouched so he could poke at the goo. Nasty buggers, they were. They stinked too. Sorta like cockroaches. God he hoped it wouldn't stain the wood. That would be fun to explain. "Next question... what do we do with the goo and bodies?"

"Sell it on Ebay?" Jezelle suggested dryly, "I dunno, chuck it in the trash, down the sink, whatever gets rid of it, get some bleach in here."

Four gingerly reached down to teleport the table back into place and went to shut that damn window in the kitchen.

"I probably could have moved that..." Trevor muttered under his breath. Yep. Six squished bugs. And just when he thought they couldn't get any uglier. Dead bugs were worse than live ones. On the other hand, they smelled even worse. "I wonder if you can eat these..."

"...Eat..." Jezelle echoed incredulously, before furiously shaking her head, more than determined to banish that thought from her head right away, instead deciding to throw the conversation on a tangent with an airy reminder: "Four wishes that I *don't* remind you that you are still lacking clothes."

"You can eat locust," Trevor said sheepishly, dropping his head a little. Okay, so it was a random... Right... Naked... Cue tail and hands covering the objectionable parts [aka goods] (even if fur and sheath and such helped). "Ah... Um..."

Jezelle sort of stood there semi-awkwardly half looking at Trevor, partly out of confusion why he wasn't moving and partly because female peripheral vision made it pointless to look away.

"...Do I... need to teleport you to your room..." Jezelle asked, a little unsure.

Trevor just nodded quickly, the inside of his ears reddening ever so slightly, his version of a blush. But then he took off, running on all fours, not trusting the Jez's not to take liberty with his person at the moment. (It was their [Her?] fault, after all).

"Mind you don't step on the other three of me in the basement!" Jezelle called after Trevor suddenly when he bolted.

The poor cat didn't hear... and managed to trip over them when he went down... Damn you murphy...

"Ow..." Jezelle said empathetically rubbing her stomach before shaking her head and going off to help Four raid the cleaning supplies. She *was* worried about the other three but the third Jezelle was still conscious -if a little ill- so she was keeping an eye on them.

That strange fragility of her copies was starting to get annoying, as was the burst of pain she received through Five...

In his room, Trevor slumped against the door, thoroughly embarrassed. Honestly... he could think of anything more embarrassing than that. And there were five of them... all over the house. Oi... Also... he needed to get to the bathroom to try and wash the gunk out of his fur. Snagging his towel, he wrapped it around his waist and tried to sneak past the Jez's outside to the bathroom.

With Two and Five still snoozing and Three still looking rather wrecked, they weren't really in any condition to quip or peep. As much as Four, in the kitchen, was thinking of a few things after Three spotted Trev in her peripherals.

For the time being the two fit Jezelles focused on cleaning and scraping bug bits into bags and readying it to trash it, as well as attempting to scrub the guts off the floor and table, and wherever else it got to in the craziness.

Aha! The safety of the bathroom! Another island of solitude. Cleaning up too time. Full body shampooing, lots of fur to get through, lots of soap to use too... Oi... And he was itchy. He drew the line get a pet shampoo and hadn't suggested it to anyone. And he wasn't trying the licking thing again. So... rubba dub dub, in the tub... He started singing to pass the time.

Four idly looked over to Jezelle whom was scrubbing at the floor, glancing at the marks on the table she was buffing out in thought.

"Hey, would it be awkward if-"

"Yes. Yes it would be awkward," Jezelle interrupted without hesitation.

"We really need to sit down and think about this clone hivemind thing some day..." Four said with a sigh.

"What's there to talk about? We know everything each of us does and thinks, and we all look identical, whatever *you* do, in essence, *I'm* doing it too," Jezelle said with mild exasperation.

"Existing in two places at once?" Four more or less surmised, "Still not sure how that works... aren't we... sort of... different people? Maybe I'm just getting confused..."

"You're *not* a fake," Jezelle sat up and said all of a sudden, though if one was a mind-reader or a part of the JezCollective it would have made sense.

"Easy for the original to say," Four sighed, "Does sorta make sense in a way I suppose... literally the only defining factor so far is the order of our creation, I guess I kinda wanted more... we're the you that took a option you didn't, so maybe there's an option where-"

"Still awkward!" Jezelle right on cue.

Still mostly damp, but clean, if still itchy, Trevor emerged from the bathroom, wearing some pants, the towel over his shoulders and scratching behind his ear. Since the shower was running, he wasn't sure if the Jez's had headed upstairs, or if the ones the bugs got had even woken up, so he looked around as he got out.

Passive Notice: 17

Alas all three Jezelles had vacated the basement, an extra pair of feet could be heard above, Two and Five had went to rest in the guest bedroom while Three was back with One and Four trying to clean things a little, though One had disappeared for a while to wash.

Since hiding would only make things more suspicious, he grabbed a pair of gloves, the mop and bucket before heading upstairs to help with the cleaning effort.

There was a squeak of surprise from one of the Jezelle's before a bit of a crash.

"Ow! You did that on purpose!" Jezelle objected grumpily.

"I did not! That crap is sticky!" Four returned.

Unfortunately one of those typical incidents where something stubborn suddenly releases at the worst moment, Four being the instigator and Jezelle being the unfortunate bystander that she landed on.

Trevor walked in on that rather... interesting scene. "Um... what's going on here?"

One and Four paused to look at Trevor, glancing at each other for a moment before Four decided to add her piece.

"Uh... Fanservice?" Four offered, too spontaneous for her to put any suggestive gusto into it.

"Oh seriously? Suggestive isn't enough, you gotta pull the bi-curious angle too?" Jezelle said exasperatedly, wrestling Four off her and throwing her aside.

"We don't do things half-assed!" Four declared defiantly from the floor, a digit raised high.

"I see..." Trevor put his hand in his pocket as they spoke, then whipped out his phone and took a few pictures.

Naturally, Three suddenly appeared behind Trevor with her arms folded, eyes narrow as she stared at him, giving a polite cough to make sure he knew she was there.

"It wasn't me!" Trevor said quickly, pocketing the phone. "Blame Fourth. Speaking of... was that a fifth I noticed?"

"We were being attacked by giant super bugs!" Three pointed out emphatically, "I figured a Fifth wouldn't hurt!"

"He changed the subject!" Jezelle reminded accusingly.

"Hey! There is solid evidence that Fifth's tend to be the dangerous ones in a group," Trevor said defensively.

"What's the number got to do with it? She's still *me* in essence," Three asked, a little puzzled and confronting.

"He's still avoiding it!!!" Jezelle said more insistently.

"So is Fourth, and First," Trevor commented, blithely ignoring First. "And one is way more of a stick in the mud."

"Well... but... fair... but why would I be all evil or whatever?" Three attempted, floundering on the subject.

"See? He likes me better," Four said with a large grin and in an aggravating manner to Jezelle, causing the original to snap a little.

"WE'RE THE SAME PERSON!" Jezelle raged, throttling the air in Four's direction.

"I don't know... maybe it's an amplification of personality traits?" Trevor suggested. "Each one of you is the same, but different in outlook?"

"I already explained this, they're just trying to annoy me," Jezelle insisted, only Four went over to use her shoulder as a leaning post with her elbow.

"Iunno, the annoying part was kinda just a bonus," Four debated, "You never thought it'd be fun to be like me?"

Jezelle sort of went distant for a moment, torn between whether she should be mad again or if this was actually a really good question for the sake of figuring this clone thing out.

"I... I don't know... that question is too deep," Jezelle grumped with a small pout, turning away to go and try and distract herself with cleaning the sticky crap off the floor that Four had been working on.

*Who's running away now?* Trevor grinned to himself, scratching at his ear again. Damn itch. Anyway. "Never pass up a chance to annoy someone, I say."

"Reeeeeeallly...?" Four said with mischief in her eyes and her grin broadening, before her expression went to one of slight evilness as she instantly stretched out a hand toward Trevor and rapidly advanced on him.

"Hey! No trolling the kitty!" Trevor said, backing up and walking into Third. "No Troll Kitty. Bad. Bad Fourth!" He was grinning though. And no, it had nothing to do with soft resistance. You should be ashamed you had that thought.

"Waugh!" Three said with rather placated surprise, bouncing backwards and catching herself quickly, "Guess I shoulda saw that coming..."

Three disappeared back into the kitchen with One while Four was having trouble not laughing as she attempted to pout.

"Awww..." Four sulked -having issues with sincerity.

"Stop trying to take Trev's clothes off and get back to cleaning!" Jezelle called a little grumpily - hearing the other clones thoughts... well... 'distracting' wasn't quite a strong enough word, "I doubt Mr. and Mrs. Greyson will be pleased at these turn of events..."

"She was thinking of taking my clothes off?" Trevor asked First incredulously. "You were thinking of taking my clothes off?" He asked Fourth. He paused, then turned back to First. "Wait, that means *you* considered it too!" Trevor was grinning widely. "And I'm a grown guy... cat? I can make my own decisions! I can let a hot girl strip me if I want!"

"*She* considered it and infected my mind, I..." Jezelle spoke adamantly before she'd actually properly registered what Trevor said, suddenly pausing and blushing, quickly going back to scrubbing at the goo, "...And yeah, she stripped you last time, so go figure."

"Wasn't my intention but I'm sure not complaining," Four said with a casual grin, leaning back a little with her arms folded, "Teleporting is pretty handy."

Trevor's ears reddened slightly. "Yeah... Um... Handy but weird. The whole world being thing that happens... sorta disorienting."

"Being in multiple places at once kinda helps get over it," Three pointed out, "Knowing that Two is pacing in the guestroom makes the world a little skewed..."

"Nah it's cool, I can be really lazy! Or do fun stuff like this-" Four said cheerily, though her eyes flashed mischievously as her image shook a moment and disappeared, her clothes left behind and fell to the floor.

Jezelle froze for a second, blushing and raging all at once.

"FOOOOOUR! THAT CROSSES THE LINE!" Jezelle yelled out at the house, urgently diving for the pile of clothes and disappearing upon grabbing them.

Three meekly walked over to peer at Trevor curiously, not looking all that phased about what just happened.

"...How's that brain of yours going...?" Three asked quite normally.

"... Where did she just go?" Trevor said after a moment, his ears searching around subconsciously for the footfalls of First and Fourth.

"First requests I don't tell you," Three said officially with a digit raised to look formal, "As she is unsure whether you'll take the opportunity to peek... She also wishes I had of phrased that better."

"First off, It would be fair play. Turnabout and all that," Trevor grinned teasingly. "Secondly, do you always do what First tells you?" He paused. This was one strange conversation. "And now you've got me curious..."

"Firstly, our personalities do seem to deviate a little but our bodies are identical and she prefers privacy like most women," Three answered in order, "Secondly, I assume you mean specifically; generally, yes, it's not like she asks anything she wouldn't do herself, they're easy enough and I'm okay with it."

She gave an idle shrug to show her nonchalance.

"Wait... where does that leave Fourth?" Trevor asked, raising an eyebrow. Um... light grey coloured arc of fur over his orbit?

"I dunno, same place? We all do what we want, just like a normal person," Three replied, "We're just all based on the same template I suppose."

"She just left her close behind," Trevor pointed out. Then he sighed. "Anyway, if First is the Stick in the Mud, and Fourth is the Tease, what does that make you?"

"First says she only looks like a prude compared to Fourth," Three clarified first with a digit raised again, folding her arms again afterward, "And I dunno, placated? Complacent?"

"I guess so," Trevor said. He wasn't sure about seconded though. "Anyway, I'll be right back," Trevor said.

"Uh... okay, Four's already got her underwear back on though," Three said with a shrug, going back to deal with the goo on the kitchen floor.

"Damn..." Trevor muttered. "I mean, is that so?"

"I do wear cute underwear though I suppose," Three offered absently, jolting a little afterward, "Hmm... apparently I shouldn't have said that..."

"Um... how are you guys working the wardrobe thing?" Trevor asked. "Did you have to do some more shopping or something?"

"Has its challenges," Three admitted, "Haven't bought anything yet, trying to save every scrap of money at this point; have to wash clothes a lot more though."

Trevor immediately thought of a way for them to use their duplication to take care of that problem, three, maybe four really, but he didn't say anything since they were not quite on the legal side of things. "And here I thought my sewing expedition was bad," Trevor commented. "I have extra shirts if you want them."

"Four says yes to the shirts," Three responded fairly promptly, though still the same placatedness, "First doesn't seem to be sure..."

"No ulterior motives," Trevor interjected. "It's just that with the fur, tight clothes really doesn't work. I stick to loose tees and shirts, if I wear anything at all." He paused. The he did his ear reddening blushing thing. "Shirts. *Shirts*. So I have some extras."

"Fur is kind of its own clothing, isn't it?" Three mused rhetorically, "I think Four had ulterior motives, but when *doesn't* she. Either way, until we figure out a source of money I think we're going to have to take everything we can get. Sounds rather shameless. Maybe that doctor can help..."

"Fur and clothes make a strange mix..." Trevor admitted. "But I can't just not where clothes either..." He sighed. "I'm considering checking if I can get some from-home work somewhere."

He decided... not to comment on the shameless part.

"If you find anything, let us know," Three said idly, "Five of us now, slightly worse for budget..."

"So... about that shameless part..." Trevor asked. His tail swished nervously behind him. "Just... just what *was* Fourth thinking that got First all in a huff?"

"Hmm...? The shameless was in reference to the likelihood of inevitably becoming desperate when our funds dwindle -Four's just exercising her imagination and First probably still hasn't gotten used to all the complications this cloning thing has made," Three explained.

"Um... what about you? I know that First things of you all as one and the same, but do you?" Trevor asked. "I mean... argh... how to phrase this..." He scratched his head. "Okay. Do you see yourself as Third, another Jez, or just another *part* of Jez on a whole?"

"First is just anxious after our rather severe bout of depression, but to be perfectly honest I'm not entirely sure myself; I feel like I'm Jezelle, just third in line," Three said with a shrug, "I experience everything the others do and react more or less the same to it. In some ways it feels like we're all just extensions, since we're all learning from each other simultaneously, we've got this one big pool of knowledge in the middle somewhere, it's not like any one of us can lay any more claim to it than the other."

"The... identity part, is probably what still trips us up..." Three said with a small frown, "So used to seeing other people as other people, like um... not sure how to describe it, but it's like each body is supposed to have their own name and history and uniqueness, but we don't have any of that between us... it's complicated."

"So it's back to the borg hive mind thing?" Trevor asked. He got tired of standing and found a perch on the counter top. "I guess it's easier for me than for you... You all look alike, yes, but you've started to smell a bit different, and you act differently from either other too." He idly scratched his shoulder as he thought. "Maybe your personality is your identity, rather than your memory."

"More or less the conclusion we've come to -intentionally or otherwise, our personality quirks are how we differentiate ourselves other than the order of our creation," Three said, still absently scrubbing at the goop, "But personality isn't exactly a solid identity when everything else is the same, I could just as easily start acting like Four and you wouldn't be able to tell the difference."

"The nose knows," Trevor said, tapping the organ in question. "But personality is solid. To me anyway. I determines how you work things out and look at them and stuff." He shrugged. He hopped off the counter and decided to give Third a hand with the cleaning.

Three let out a short breath of laughter through her nose and shook her head.

"Scent doesn't count," Three said with a melancholic grin of sorts, "All our experiences are the same so personality is kind of a choice for us -that's the true difference, that defining moment when one of us took a choice the original didn't."

"Really? Personally seems a bit more important to me, but..." Trevor mused thoughtfully. "You mind if I run a quick experiment?"

"Uh, okay?" Three said with a careless shrug, "First wants me to threaten you but meh."

"That's the first part of the experiment," Trevor grinned. "Would you mind standing up for me?"

A little lost but otherwise didn't seem bothered; Three just stood up and almost went to fidget.

"Wait... to keep the rest for getting the Third's eye view, mind shutting them for me?" Trevor said after a moments contemplation.

Three blink a few times, looking a bit more lost.

"First is ambivalent..." Three updated, but just sighed and closed her eyes.

"You love your big words, don't you?" Trevor said after a breif moment of checking his mental dictionary. "You're academic Jez..."

"I... suppose? We share our knowledge, I guess I just use it more..." Three said, fidgeting a little, doing her best not to open her eyes out of curiosity or restlessness.

Trevor braced himself, inadvertently triggering his forcefield, the strips in his fur slowing slightly, then he kissed her.

Three immediately jerked backwards out of instinct as she felt the whiskers and fur brush against her lips, her eyes snapping open unfocused as she stared at Trevor in surprise, more than lost for what to do. Except the surprise was a bit much that she didn't pay much attention to balance, as such she slowly tipped over backwards, stock stiff with her arms held up against her protectively. The other four had somewhat similar reactions, as there was a thud in the guestroom and one in the basement.

"Jez! You okay?" Trevor asked, a bit hesitant. He sorta forgot about the whiskers. But judging from the triple beat he heard, he took anothers by surprise as well.

"Y-you..." Three began with a lack of anything really, absently bringing up a few fingers to touch her lips, "W-what do I..."

Her eyes were miles away as her mind churned away, five sets of thoughts flying around in her head weren't helping her in trying to figure out what to do right now.

"Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap..." Trevor said, panicking. Did he break Jez? He crouched beside Third, ears flat, tail bristling with fear. Hesitantly, he put a hand on her shoulder and shook her gently. "Um... are you okay?"

"I...I.... uh...um..." Three just floundered, eyes darting every now and then as she looked to Trevor, to the hand on her shoulder and off into space a few times.



Fortunately, Four reappeared back in the kitchen and immediately leaned on a bench.  
"That was intense," Four remarked, "I think we're still trying to figure out how to respond."

Trevor looked between Fourth and Third, confused. "You're taking it well, considering..." Trevor wasn't sure how to deal with this though. "Um... should I do anything about Third?"

"Upside of being 'The Tease' I suppose," Four explained, air quoting appropriately, "Just don't kiss her again, it's a damn hurricane up in here."

She tapped her temple to indicate the hivemind thing they had.

"We've got five times the emotions getting all knotted up and confused along with a hundred other little issues that come with this clone thing, we probably weren't ready," Four explained with a certain grimness, doing a few gestures and interlacing her fingers to help visualize some issues, "I think if you just give her a couple of minutes it'll work itself out. -Go hide in the guestroom, Three."

Three barely managed a nod before disappearing in plain sight, and Four went to take over cleaning.

"Sorry, just wanted to.. test something," Trevor said. He looked up to the general direction of the guest room. "You sure they are ok?"

"Just confused at the moment, but they haven't figured out if they should be mad at you yet so there's hope for you," Four said in slightly mock encouragement with an overdone smile, reaching over to slap Trevor on the shoulder.

"So... that's them... what about you?" Trevor asked, giving her a hand with the clean up.

"Eh... probably about as confused but easier to handle since I think about pranks like that anyway, expecting stuff and such," Four said, looking a little concerned for once, "Being five of us... no one knows what precisely to do since what one does the others know everything about, and has to deal with any consequences..."

That got him thinking. What if... um... something... happened to one of the them. Would it transfer over to the others? That was an... interesting line of thought. "How's Fifth? She's new to the hive mind thing."

"Huh...? She's fine, same as the rest of us; First isn't new to the hive mind thing so Fifth wouldn't be either..." Four said, a little confused at first since it seemed so common knowledge for her.

"Hey, I'm outside the collective," Trevor said defensively. "You can ask all the questions you want about what it's like being a cat."

"What *is* it like being a cat? I didn't know how to approach the topic," Four said in a relenting fashion, turning more of her attention to Trevor.

"Yeah... I kinda walked right into that one, didn't I?" Trevor admitted bashfully, his ears

twitching. He nibbled gingerly at his lip and thought how to word it. "I'm getting used to it... It's still weird, but at least I don't jump when I see my reflection anymore."

"Having all that fur and different anatomy, and sharper senses must give the whole world a different light," Four said thoughtfully, "I honestly have no idea though, nothing 'changed' about me really, there's just *more*, so I can't really relate."

"It's... confusing," Trevor said. Words eluded him for a while again. "It took some getting use to, and I think I'm... subconsciously blocking some of my new skills or something," He admitted.

"What, you got even *more*? The jumping, the strength and the finger cannon wasn't enough?" Four said with some surprise, glancing at Trevor, "How do you know? And how would we find out?"

"When this just started, All that happened was that I could smell a bit better, and hear better too," Trevor said. "Now, I can close my eyes and tell who many people are in a room just by smelling them, and hear where you are as if I were seeing you. And the whole super strength and finger cannon thing showing up suddenly..."

Four let out an apprehensive breath, thinking about things for a moment and making the odd face at her own conclusions.

"So... more surprises to be had? We really need to work out a system for this, especially after that little predatory-chase stunt," Four said contemplatively, "You know, we probably should have checked to see what you were actually going to do -I just panicked and ran and resulted in you not catching me."

"Yeah... not the best time for me," Trevor sighed. The world had... just gone faint and all he could focus on was the running Jez. It wasn't even a thought on his mind at the time. He had intended to let them see the speed Jez had. He shook his head slowly. "I'm sorta glad you did. I don't know what I was thinking."

"Well yeah, but I mean, we should figure it out in case it happens again -I don't think Erin has super speed or teleporting powers, for example," Four said, leaving the dots to be connected.

"Your confidence in me is astounding," Trevor muttered, tail curling with discouragement..

"Then *maybe* you should inspire me," Four said matter-of-factly, sitting down properly and facing Trevor with a somewhat challenging expression, "It hasn't happened again since then has it?"

Trevor did say anything, he just didn't make her eyes.[d]

"Then we don't really know any more than what's already happened," Four reasoned, "If you wanna control it, we need to figure it out."

"I don't even know what I'm trying to control," Trevor sighed. "Powers? Instinct? Some weird

twisted genetic memory?"

"Would you like me to run around again so you can find out?" Four said with half a grin.

"Um... no, lets not," Trevor said blandly. He sighed. "It might just be impulse control. I think I say a similar thing with curtains."

"Heh, alright then, I guess I just gotta hang around to tackle you when it happens again," Four said with a smirk, finally getting up from the clean floor, "When's your parents get home anyway? Should we even tell them we were attacked by bugs?"

"Couple days," Trevor admitted. "Dad's wrapping up his business."

Suddenly, the phone began ringing!

"Bah..." Trevor muttered.

[Convo down below]

Trevor facepaw[ed]. "Your girlfriends got themselves into trouble," he commented to Jez.

"Oh joy," Four sighed, "Should I rally the hive?"

"Might as well..." Trevor sighed. "Marina... honestly, I don't know. Erin doesn't communicate well under pressure. They are at the mall and apparently Marina melted again. They want a pick up. Hmm... should grab some cash... And garabage bags..."

"Arg! Do we even have something that can transport 90 pounds of water?" Four grumbled, grabbing her head with slight frustration, already mentally coordinating the others.

"Hence the plastic bags. And the money," Trevor said, heading downstairs to get a shirt and coat. He paused. "Are all of you back on track? Or still just you?"

"Yeah we're more or less settled, I think we just partly covered the issue up a little as opposed to properly dealing with it. It's kinda confusing having to compensate for multiple people, even more so when they're identical to yourself," Four said, standing up, "One, Two and Myself should be all set."

"Sorry again..." Trevor said before he vanished down the stairs to get his wardrobe to Outing standards. He supposed it really was a stupid thing to do. In retrospect. Then, it didn't seem all that dumb. Thanks again Epithemeus. Since he had practice now, it didn't take long to toss on his typical cat hiding affair (He actually practiced) and he was back up in five. With some garbage bags.

One, Two and Four were all set as promised, standing at the ready in the main hall, Three and Five taking a break.

"All set," Jezelle said with a nod.

"Thing this rescue mission is a go, I suppose." Trevor sighed.

Gogo Team First-Second-Fourth-Trevor!

## **Hang Out at Marina's Place and Going Shopping**

And then a catboy arrived to their place, hoping that he won't draw attention to himself in his overclothed state. Alex rang in the bell and waited for a response...

Marina opened the door, "Alex, so glad you could come, Erin's already inside."

Erin perked up when she heard a knock on the door but let Marina get it and waved. "Hey Alex. How are you?"

Alex hastily walked in and quickly removed his hat, mask, googles and coat, revealing his jeans, T-Shirt and a bloodstained wrap on his left arm. "Hey there too." he replied a bit sadly.

Erin saw the wrap on his arm and frowned. "You all right?"

"Good to see you...What happened to your arm?", Marina asked.

Alex sighed, looked at his arm and shook his head "Nothing... That happened sometimes before, really not much of a problem." he replied a bit embarrassed.

"Well if you're sure... Anyway, me and Marina were about to talk about plans and ideas for the convention in a couple of weeks." Erin said. "You planning to come?"

"As if I have a choice." Alex replied.

Erin tilted her head. "If your dad's forcing you to go, you have the best. Dad. Ever." She said trying to lighten her own mood too.

"I have to agree with Erin on this one, but hey, you get to hang out with us so there's that.", Marina smiled.

Alex stared at Erin, then stared at Marina. "What? I meant that in other form..." he replied in confusion

"What other form? Of course you have a choice." Erin asked, now a little confused.

"Aaaah... I mean... In other meaning, damnit. Some stuff makes no sense when translated directly so it seems." Alex replied and added "Let's get over with that."

*la le lu le lo* Erin thought, the example coming to mind. "Well, on the plus side for the convention, you'll have an awesome costume. Same with halloween."

"And every other time in between, at best everyone will think you're a dedicated furry.", Marina said to him.

"Remind me the point of these conventions..." Alex said, searching for a place to sit on.

"To have fun?" Erin smiled.

"Having fun isn't that easy in a big crowd of weirdos. Also, let me remind you that I still didn't watch a single episode of any anime. Aside from few random ones long ago, but that doesn't count." Alex replied.

"Pretty sure it's a general con for all things geeky. anime, video games, comics, movies..." Erin pointed out.

Alex sighed "I am also living in a cave." he added as a counter.

"So.... you're NOT coming then?" Erin asked, hoping for a little clarification.

"I am. Because I have nothing else to do since my internet went down and my laptop exploded." Alex replied. "Might as well hang out with you, I guess."

"So we already know your costume, Erin, you and I still need to decide upon stuff.", Marina said.

"I thought you said you were going to be a vapoureon?" Erin commented. "as for me, I was playing a bit of Deus Ex. The new one. I was thinking a cyborg from there."

Finally Alex has found himself a good position to seat in and took it, wrapping his tail around himself and closing his eyes.

"I did say vaporeon, but since I don't have any proficiency with a sewing machine, I'm going to have to morph my costume...so interested in helping me experiment?", Marina said.

"Should I be worried?" Erin chuckled nervously, wondering just what this 'experiment' would be.

"Nothing much, just practicing for the costume, you know I'm going to have to maintain the morph for the whole convention.", Marina said with a laugh.

"That I do. So what do you need our help for?" Erin asked.

"To know whether I morphed correctly...and perhaps comment on it...unless you had a better idea for us to do together.", Marina said.

Erin shrugged. "Fair enough. Let's go then. Meanwhile, would you mind if I went on your computer? Need to get some picture references for cyborg limbs."

"So it seems I am not needed here..." Alex said melancholically, curling up on his spot, using his

flexibility.

"What would you like to do Alex?" Marina asked.

"Sleep." he replied from his curled up state.

"Was the trip here that tiresome?", Marina wondered.

"No..." Alex replied, trying to have his ears flip and close, but instead managing just to slightly move them around. "Just in general big meh."

"What happened?" Erin asked, frowning.

Marina sighed, "Well if ya gotta, seems we're out of options for stuff to to together."

"Nothing..." Alex replied to Erin.

"Doesn't sound like nothing." Erin said.

Alex took out his head and stared at Erin with his weary kitty eyes. "Meh." he said after a three second long dramatic silence and his head fell back into his lap shortly afterwards. "Nasty headache." he replied not really convincibly.

"Nothing we can do about it, well Erin got some more powers you want to test?", Marina wondered aloud. "Eh I might as well try out if I can make myself a costume."

And with that Marina focused on morphing, her skin turned a light blue shade as frills grew on the side of her face. She felt a fish tail grow, she deliberately tried to make it look just like fabric. In time she managed to get the face shape and body right.

Taking 20 on Power Check for Morphing.

Marina walked back out of the bathroom looking like a humanoid vaporeon. "Hey Erin, how's this look?", she asked.

"Looks pretty good," Erin said. "Really good." She smiled. "I think we're going to have the best costumes there."

"Too good perhaps...ideally it should still look like fabric, any more thoughts?", Marina asked turning a complete circle.

"Nah. If people get jelous for it being to realistic looking that's their problem," Erin smiled.

"Have you found a costume yet?", Marina asked, "Or you could go as a trainer with a vaporeon, I'd be fine with that."

"A cyborg pokemon trainer? Well... I don't see why it WOULDN'T work..." Erin said, puzzling over the idea.

"Now that you mention it, it does sound kind of fun, but it's up to you...how did you plan to make your cyborg costume anyway?", Marina asked.

"Well with the Deus Ex style, I would need paint or something. Their augments, the good ones, are pretty much the same size or smaller than the limbs they were based on. So a costume wouldn't be practical. Probably some bodypaint to look like augmentations, some futuristic looking clothes and call it a day."

"I guess so then...", Marina said, "And I presume you already know how to do all that."

"Well I suppose Alex could help with the artistic stuff for that. I could try my hand at it, but I think it'd be best to get a second opinion on it." Erin replied.

Alex's head perked up again and he looked at Erin "What did I do wrong again--" he said, clearly missing the entire sentence.

"You didn't do anything wrong... Geez, you're paranoid today. I was saying, I was going to paint up my arms and legs to make them look like augmentations from Deus Ex and I was going to ask for your opinion as I do that and find picture references." Erin said.

"Whatever." Alex said and placed his head back into his lap again.

"So... is that a yes for you help me?" Erin asked.

Marina crawled back to Erin and Alex looking like a humanoid vaporeon. "I'm happy this costume didn't take too long.", she smiled.

"Yeah" he replied.

"Great!" Erin smiled. "So, let's get started. Out of curiosity, you wouldn't know where I'd get body paint, do you?"

"I just had the dumbest idea...so it's best I just keep it to myself.", Marina said a little embarrassed, "Anyway, you two have fun...if there's anything I can help with."

"Will do," Erin said and went onto Marina's computer. After booting it up, she began pulling images of cybernetic limbs up. Specifically the sleek and thin ones. Ones that could easily be mistaken for real limbs at a distance and a quick glance. "Any idea on where to get some body paint, Alex?"

(examples available on request)

"I live in a cave, and I have no idea. But I bet google does." Alex replied.

Novelty contact lenses (to give her eyes a 'robotic' looking feel. [Because Yellow eyes aren't unique enough ^^;])

Sunglasses

body paint

tube top/t-shirt

hair dye (purple/blue possible. will look into this)

combat boots

Hair gel (?)

Other things to be added as needed.

Memorizing the designs that she found, Erin turned off the computer with a thought. "All right. So, Marina? Alex? Shall we go shopping?" she offered.

"Sure I guess...you and Alex need to get costume supplies?", Marina asked.

"I don't know about Alex," Erin replied. "But I do. Not a whole lot, I would imagine, but still."

"Don't need anything, maybe just a loin cloth and stuff for tribal look if I'll really want to get a costume." Alex replied

"Sounds good, though I never got what was so great about shopping.", Marina said.

"Me neither," Erin admitted. "Anyways, shall we get moving?" She looked to Alex wondering if he wanted to come along.

"I guess so..", Marina said, "Hey maybe we can go to Trevor's again."

"Maybe on the way back." Erin shrugged.

'Yeah', Marina said.

"Let's do it." Alex said, slowly getting up.

"So..." Erin asked looking at Alex. "Know where anyone can find some body paint?"

"No." Alex replied, being fairly certain he had replied on that some time ago.

"Huh... Oh well." Erin shrugged and went to the door. "Is everyone ready?"

"Sure, where are we going?", Marina asked, "Hang on a moment, I have to get dressed." She then melted into a fleshy puddle before slinking away to her room. She returned in a turquoise tank top with white pleated skirt. "Ready now...", she said upon her return.

Erin got her coat on again and exited. Waiting outside, she leaned against the wall, taking out her bus pass as well. As usual, her mind went through the options available at the malls to think of what would be the best one.



Marina waited for Alex to leave the house before locking up. "It's your shopping trip Erin, where are we headed?", Marina asked.

"The downtown mall. I suppose that'll be the best spot." Erin said. "Seems to be the best one that should have everything I need." The bus came by as it usually did, and Erin got onto it.

Marina followed, "Can't you wait for the rest of us?", she asked.

"Buses wait for no one. Sorry." Erin said. "Thought you were right behind me." The trip to the mall didn't take very long (ten minutes) and Erin disembarked, going to look through some clothing stores with a clear idea in her mind for the things she would be getting. The first stop was an arts and crafts store where Erin looked over the available paints. Non toxic ones, obviously. Taking a look, she got a selection of a few good ones. Greys, blacks, skin tones, and a little bit of blue for some electronic areas that could possibly show in the 'joint' areas.

Marina followed along after telling Alex he could wait for them or tag along. "So Erin, found your paints yet?"

And Alex tagged along.

Erin nodded, showing the display of hues she had. "This should be enough. Next stop, some novelty contact lenses if they sell them here. Failing that, sunglasses." She explained and paid for the colours including several brushes. One for fine detail, one for medium, and a last big one for just slathering paint everywhere it needed to go. "Hmmm... You know where some of those might be? The contacts I mean."

"Designer contacts, not sure, maybe a costume store.", Marina said.

"All righty." Erin said. "I know no one will probably see them underneath the sunglasses, but it'll still be a nice touch. Kinda going the deus ex route. Everyone wears shades there. I think it's because normal people would be weirded out because of the robo eyes."

"Probably, if you keep the shades on you don't need to get contacts", Marina said.

"Probably not. But it's just in case. And to complete the effect." Erin said. "Or do you think my eyes are freaky enough to warrant them already?"

"More like the costume doesn't need to be super detailed.", Marina said.

"Says the girl going as an ultra detailed and realistic vapourpunk." Erin countered, watching her words.

"I can't do fine detail...just make it look decent, which would be good enough", Marina said.

"I thought it looked really good when you showed it off. Besides, why not have some fun with

it? there could be some contest for the best costumes."

"You know if I had the time I could mimic a vaporeon exactly, everything but it's abilities, but not in public, too risky...also people might realize it isn't a costume.", Marina said cheerfully.

"I think suspension of belief would kick in." Alex added

"Tis your call. Personally for cons and halloween I think are the perfect times for people like us to come out and play without needing to hide."

"And then we're exposed, well in this case me, though would be nice to try...", Marina said, "Perhaps we can try when we get back."

"We'll talk more later," Erin said as she spotted a sunglasses kiosk. She looked over the various pairs. "I'm thinking of some pretty simple designs, but also one that look cool."

"Only you would know.", Marina said.

"Any in particular that you think would look good on me?" Erin asked, holding a pair that could be a dead ringer for Albert Wesker's shades.

"That pair looks nice," Marina said.

She put it on, checking to see how it looked on her. "You think so?"

"Unless you plan to try every pair in the kiosk, that's the one.", Marina said.

Erin laughed and paid for the sunglasses. "Let's see, some other things I had in mind would be a tube top, some hair dye, a pair of combat boots and maybe some hair gel." She said. "You have any funky colours in mind?"

"Just pick something out of crayola, or just test it out later.", Marina said, "After all, you have the paint."

"Just eat some funky mushrooms and anything would be funky." Alex muttered.

"Or that, but mushrooms can lead to other problems", Marina said.

"All right, purple it is," Erin said, changing the topic. Next stop was the pharmacy it seemed. (Don't know about you guys, but that's where someone can get dye in my neck of the woods)

"Purple hair?", Marina asked, "Interesting choice."

"Thanks. I was thinking of blue or green too, but ah well." Erin replied.

"I kinda got that covered...", Marina said.

"And purple is used sometimes in cyberpunk things." Erin added.

"Sure...don't see why not.", Marina said, "Though I imagine putting this all together will take a while."

"The paint and the dye. in that order." Erin said. "The rest is just clothes."

"The con isn't for weeks, and you expect to do complex body paint yourself?" Marina asked.

"We'll see how things go." Erin countered.

"Should we get going, I think Alex is getting bored.", Marina said.

"I am automatically bored at shops." Alex replied "And who is going to do body paint on you? Paying to someone?"

"Would you if I gave you an offer?" Erin asked. In truth, she was planning to do it herself in front of a mirror when she would begin.

"I am not that good at body paint you know..." Alex replied.

"Neither are the rest of us.", Marina said.

Erin shrugged. "Ah well. I'll have to do it myself I suppose." She said, paying for the hair dye. "Well, before I bore your brains out of your skulls, we should probbaly head back. Unless you guys want to have something to eat, see a movie?"

"Maybe some food, and if you want I could try to help with the painting.", Marina asked.

"Thanks," Erin said as she went to the food court.

Marina followed Erin to the food court, "So wanna hit the arcade later?", she asked Erin.

Going to a pizza vendor, Erin took one look at the food on display. "Three slices of pepperoni, please." She said. "And a drink."

The young man at the register rang it up before grabbing a plate and tongs, pulling out the slices. "What drink would you like?"

Marina followed close behind. She really didn't care too much what brand of fast food she had today. Heck she didn't even seem sure how her water form has affected her metabolism, though her mom assured her things would be fine.

"Red frutopia, please." Erin said, seeing it on the drinks stand that was there so customers could pick what ones they liked. (I just call it that lol.)

"That will be nine, twenty, please," he said after he filled the cup.

Erin produced her debit card, inserted it in via the chip and, using her new abilities, got the PIN number from it and made the purchase. Taking her meal, she smiled. "Thanks." That done, she went to one of the many tables and frowned, getting too hot wearing her hood and touque. Against her better judgement, she took them both off, opening her jacket as well.

After Erin payed for her meal. Marina walked forward to order her food. "Hello I'll take three slices of spinach alfredo.", she said, "And a drink."

"Ten fifteen is your total," the attendant said after he ran the slices through the warming oven. "And what flavour would you like?"

"Hm...", Marina said scanning the drink stand, "Ah..Electric Blue Boogaloo...that sounds good, I'll take that.", she finally said.

"That's a movie," the attendant said. "You're looking at the wrong row. There's a promotion. You can win classic movies if you get the specially marked cup."

"Ah darn...still I think I'll take the blue drink, doubt I'll win but should still be fun.", Marina said pulling out her debit card and made the purchase. She took her pizza and special blue drink, part of the Electric Blue Boogaloo promotion and went to find Erin.

[1d100=8](#) Nope

Erin meanwhile was halfway done her first slice while Marina decided what she wanted.

Marina began wolfing down her pizza. "Had to try the blue drink, Big blue, Hope my fortitude save can handle this drink.", she said to Erin.

Erin laughed, accidentally coughing a half chewed peice of pizza up. Swollowing again, she cleared her throat. "What do you think it is now?" She asked.

"You can never be sure of half the stuff in these drinks.", Marina said to Erin.

"Or with food in general," Erin replied. "When's the last time you saw anything prounouncible on the side of a box of corn flakes?"

Marina took a sip. She continued eating her pizza. "Not bad, can't really pin down the flavor.", Marina said taking another bite of pizza.

"You mean you've never had that kind before?" Erin asked.

"Usually I just get a sprite, but I was feeling adventurous.", Marina said, her face rippling as if fluid as she spoke.

Erin frowned. "Ummm... Marina? How do you feel?"

"Just fine, this stuff is actually pretty good, little mint, little tart, likely 1% juice if I'm lucky.", Marina said. She continued eating.

"And how...stable do you feel?" Erin asked, watching her friend's face and wondering if she was just seeing things.

"I'm fine, Erin.", Marina said. Halfway through her second slice of pizza, the rippling stopped.

Alex sat, eating nothing with a blank expression, thinking about something.

"Whatcha thinking about?", Marina asked Alex.

"Nothing in particular" Alex replied.

[Alex Bluff: 17](#)

Marina's face rippled again after she was close to finishing her food. "Ah, that was good!", she exclaimed.

"Masha\*... Your face..." Alex said, being brought out from his little world and aware of surroundings.

\*Note: Masha is used in Russian language in place of "Marina" in non-formal situations.

"What about my face?", Marina asked in surprise.

"It liquidates." Alex said, forgetting the proper word for that.

"What....now?!", Marina said in alarm, "Why?". her neck began rippling as well before the effect spread slowly to her shoulders.

Erin grabbed Marina by the coat. "Bathroom. Now." She said simply and got up, hoping that they'd be able to commendeer it before the situation got out of hand.

Alex looked around, hoping that no one would give them a lot of looks... Which is impossible, if you think of it.

"Ack...", Marina said as the rippling began spreading to her arms, "Yeah...b-b-bathroom.", she managed to mumble out, following Erin into the women's restroom, her hair was starting to turn a familiar shade of green.

"All right!" Erin said as commanding as possible. "Everyone out of here right now! We have an emergency and there's something wrong with the plumbing! So everyone get out of here and we'll sort this out ourselves!"

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4047239/> 5 (was hoping I wouldn't need to)

Alex followed the pair with his glance and then sighed, considering following them.

Marina hugged Erin, "I think there was something in the drink.", she said as her arms began rippling, the effect now spreading to her torso. "If the worst happens, fetch a bucket, I don't mind.", she whispered to Erin.

The women in the bathroom didn't believe her for a second. Some of them ignored her completely, a couple laughed it off.

Erin paled a little. "All right..." She said and looked to Marina's deteriorating condition. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

"I think something's going to happen, can you get a bucket Erin?", Marina asked, the rippling now spread to her abdomen, she frantically tried to hold herself together unsuccessfully.

"What's happening to your friend?" a woman who had just washed her hands asked.

"You don't want to know. That's why I said everyone out now. Since that's impossible now, you, get a bucket. From somewhere. Don't care where." Erin said. "I have to make sure she doesn't go down the drain."

"Or something, whatever works, I don't know how long I can hold myself together...", Marina said. And then her legs gave out. "Ack, thought I had it under control.", she said. Her legs formed into a pudding-like substance with her torso and upper body forming out of the blob that had once been her legs. "I kinda feel like pudding this time.", Marina joked to Erin.

Charles Ramsey the lady was not. She screamed when Marina melted and bolted. Still screaming, mind you.

Erin sighed. No help at all. Going into one of the unoccupied stalls, she took multiple handfuls of toilet paper and used that to block off the drains that were closest to Marina. "If you're not going to help, get out of here!" Erin yelled.

Marina continued dripping, as she formed into flesh colored pudding in a pile of her clothes. She tried flowing, but found that she could barely move. "Yup, girl flavored pudding...well green...but close enough, can't move, damn it.", Marina sighed, before collapsing completely.

"Is this a joke," one of the women asked. "Because you are doing a poor joke of selling it."

"I don't see anyone laughing...if you're not going to help, get out!", the Marina-pudding said in anger.

Erin was getting frustrated. "HELP! LEAVE! PICK ONE, DO IT!" She yelled, absolutely livid still blocking drains.

Alex stared at the woman running out of the bathroom. Marina melted, it was obvious and these two couldn't prevent it. "Seriously..." he muttered. He decided against intervention right now, because he would do more harm than assistance right now.

The weirdness of the situation was getting to them, and more of the women left. Some screamed. One did linger though.

"Good! you're here to help!" Erin said, volunteering the final woman. "Get some tissue, finish blocking the drains. Ok? Good. Once we're done, we'll get a bucket or dam then get my friend solid again somehow."

"Not sure if I'll still fit in a bucket...", Marina said finally. She felt fortunate that whatever was happening stopped at pudding constitution rather than pure water. "Actually it's not bad being jello", Marina joked, trying avoid t.

"How the hell are you taking this so lightly!?" The woman yelled, confused.

"I just lost most of my surface tension that's all, think it was that Big Blue I drank...unless I somehow got allergic to spinach. You would too if you had to deal with this.", Marina said, her pudding body jiggled a little, but she could still barely move, "Name's Marina, and you?", Marina said.

"Just lost... surface tension?" The woman was incredulous.

Seeing that the woman didn't what Erin asked, she kept up the pace of making sure all the drains were blocked off. "Phew... all right. I think that should be most of them. Don't be afraid to get your hands dirty since we don't have a dam."

"We haven't addressed how I'm getting out of here.", Marina noted, she was now completely green. "Or how I'm pulling myself together or....or...", she panicked.

"One thing at a time, Marina," Erin said.

"Yeah...at least you can collect my clothes.", Marina said to Erin.

"Not having you accidentally fall down a drain FIRST, everything else SECOND." Erin said firmly.

"I think it's stopped at jello consistency, so I think we should be okay for now.", Marina said, she did her best to form into a smooth blob of pudding, holding herself together. She was concerned but not as freaked out as the first time this happened. Though she was afraid, something had affected her surface tension. "Hopefully someone can find out how to fix this.", she said with fear in her voice.

"By the way, I trust that you won't tell anyone about this, right?" Erin pulled out her cell phone and began to call people. First up was Trevor again. She'd keep going through the list of her

friends until one could be reached.

"Argh!", Marina screamed as she lost all solidity. She couldn't even pull herself back together. The green puddle bubbled, "Damn it, thought I could hold it together.", Marina exclaimed, "Good thinking Erin...now we're going to need a mop."

Strange lady backed away.

"Shush!" Erin whispered as the phone rang.

"Sorry, we're going to need a mop.", Marina said softly before going silent. Though there wasn't really a point, she was already discovered.

\*Hello?\* Trevor's slightly hollow voice said.

"Trevor? Ah good. Ummm... you busy, by chance?"

\*Aside from cleaning up the worse bug infestation I've seen?\* Trevor muttered.

"I suppose it's a bad time to tell you that Marina had a bit of an accident, huh?" Erin said.

Marina busied herself trying to pull herself back together. It was going well for the moment, but it would take time.

\*Um... if I say 'Yes', would it make a difference?\* Trevor sighed.

"That's up to you," Erin replied. "I'll try someone else I suppose. Sorry to bug you. By the way, if you see something called 'Electric Blue Boogaloo' don't drink it. Just in case."

\*Um... what?\* Trevor said with an unseen blink. \*It's that a dance of something?\*

"That was just the movie promotion, not the name of the drink.", Marina chimed in.

\*Movie... Promotion..?\* Trevor's ears where good. Didn't mean what he was hearing made any more sense.

"Hang on a sec," Erin said, then looked to the goo girl. "So what was the name of the drink?"

"Big Blue, it was actually pretty good.", Marina said.

"Oh right. Big Blue. Don't drink it. Just in case." Erin said, tlking to Trevor again.

\*You two are out drinking?\* Trevor said, incredulous. \*At this hour?\*

"It's not alcoholic.", Marina said.



"It was a drink to go along with the pizza." Erin said, as though that would explain everything.

\*...\* Trevor's silence when on for a while before there was a faint audible and dull repetitive beat faintly carried over to line. Bonk, bonk, bonk...

"Don't smash your brains out over there..." Erin mumbled. "Anyways,

"Aren't you... forgetting something important?" The lady said, sticking to the wall so that the expanding puddle of Marina, which was pooling by the closest tissue clogged drain, wasn't underfoot. Said tissue was getting sodden.

"Make sure that doesn't collapse, or dissolve" Erin said to her.

\*Um... who's that?\* Trevor said, pausing in his head-cupboarding.

"Don't ask." Erin replied.

\*...\* Trevor made an unamused face. Here he was, having broken 4/5ths of the collecting and having a breakthrough and Erin calls him for idle chatter. \*Hanging up now...\*

Marina tried again to pull herself together, which led to her pooling up away from the drain. She continued trying to force her body towards the other wall. It wasn't working too well, but at least she wasn't circling the drain. "Little help here...", Marina said.

"Sorry. Look, Maria drank some new thing and she melted in the ladies' bathroom. I was hoping you could bring some containers or I dunno, some of those water absorbing things. Basically, if we want to keep this whole superpower thing a secret," Erin shot a glance at the woman and mouthed 'trusting you, here.' "then we're going to need more help in getting Marina out of here. Or at least someone to help us lock down the ladies bathroom so no one can come in until Marina pulls herself back together."

\*... What?\* Trevor said, fur bristling slightly, eye (and ear) twitching.

Erin facepalmed. "Marina drank something. Marina melted. We need help. Can you give us help, please?" She said, simplifying the situation.

\*... ... What?\* Trevor said again.

"What am I suppose to do?" the lady said, panicking.

"Keep me away from the drain...I'll try to hold myself together.", Marina said frantically trying to solidify. In time she formed into a pile of green play-doh. "Yeah, that's the best I can do", Marina said sadly.

Erin facepalmed again and sighed. "Five word or less, huh? All right... Marina melted. Help us please."

\*You haven't told me where you are!\* Trevor yelled at her. \*And who's that with you?\*

"The mall," Erin said. "Thought I mentioned that. Lot on my mind right now, just FYI. Anyways this is..." She looked to the woman. "What's your name? Sorry. Mine's Erin, that's Marina."

"Uh, B-Becca," she said.

\*Wait... you using names around a stranger you just met?\* Trevor said, exasperated. The repetitive beat started up again. \*ow...\*

"Look," Erin said, stressed out. "I've got a lot on my mind right now and I'm kinda freaking out here. Just tell me, are you going to come over here with a lot of buckets and help me or not?"

\*It's gonna take at least ten minutes to get their. Maybe more,\* Trevor said, rubbing his forehead (Probably fending off comments from the Jez Collective)

"So you are. Good. Thank you. I owe you one." Erin sighed.

\*You already did. From the police incident And in the forest,\* Trevor said blandly.

"Well then that's tree." Erin said flatly, somewhat irritated. "See you then. Bye."

\*... Um... yeah..?\* Trevor said before hanging up.

Erin hung up and put the phone back in her pocket. "All right. That settles that. I'll be back in a little bit. I'll have to see if I can shut this place off. Janitor's closet to block this place off."

"Who was that?" Becca asked.

"Friend of mine." Erin replied. "Best not to ask. This stuff gets weird."

"You're talking to a talking hunk of playdoh, Erin, wierd is starting to get lost on me.", Marina said as her body started liquifying again.

"Would you prefer batshit crazy?" Erin asked, searching for a janitoreal closet.

"That can work...", Marina said, trying to solidify again.

Not seeing anything immediatly in the area, Erin settled for just guarding door to the bathroom, shooping away anyone that came in.

Becca looked somewhat fearfully at Marina. "You are... Marina?"

"Um...yeah....well now I'm goo, but yeah.", Marina said embarassed, "I'm managed to stay semi-solid, but I still can't move."

"This is not good for my mental state," Becca said, wringing her hands.

"Erin any more bright ideas?", Marina asked.

"And sorry you have to deal with that...maybe we can hang out after I get back to normal.", she said to Becca.

Erin didn't answer, not wanting to look away or take a break since she had to guard the door. distraction might open a gap that someone could use to slip in.

"Ah, maybe?" Becca said uncertainly.

"We're glad you decided to stay, and to think everyone was laughing when Erin said something bad was about to happen, why did you stay by the way?", Marina said, she was currently an immobile pile of green mud.

"Because... she asked for help," Becca said slowly.

"Thank you, now what...I can still barely move.", Marina said. "I need to speak with Erin, "

"She's outside," Becca said.

"Oh, guess we're stuck in here, no sense in letting the whole mall know I can't keep myself solid.", Marina said, "Could you please tell Erin to get in here, and then properly jam the door?"

Becca nodded and hurriedly did so.

"Hey Becca," Erin said hearing the footsteps. "You don't have to stick around if you don't want to. Sorry you had to get caught up in this."

"It is certainly..." she shot a glance back towards the bathroom where the immobilized girl puddle thing was laying, "interesting."

"That it is." Erin said. "This might seem a bit... weird. er, but have you been experiencing anything out of the ordinary lately?"

"Aside from seeing a potential agent of death and a melting girl? No," Becca said.

"Agent of death?" Erin asked. "What do you mean?"

"White hair, yellow eyes, pale skin..." Becca said.

"Ha ha, very funny." Erin said flatly. "I don't look that scary, do I?"

"Again; silver white hair and yellow eyes. It is very unsettling," Becca commented.

["You just might scare little children with the right expression" is what Trevor would add]  
[Trevor will use this the next time you tease his catness]

It was then Erin got a terrible, terrible idea. "Well I guess that means I should..." She put on the sunglasses. "Get settled."

<http://instantrimshot.com/index.php?sound=csi>

"I'm... sorry, I don't understand," Becca admitted.

"CSI Miami, they had a character there that would make absolutely terrible puns or statements while he put on his sunglasses. then it would cut to The Who's 'we won't get fooled again'. The way they had remixed the song, they had that scream in as the first part for the theme song. That was my own terrible attempt at one of those."

"I suppose so..." Becca said, wondering about the girl's thought processes and mental health.  
"Oh, I forgot. Ah... Marina wants you to jam the door and talk to her."

"All right. Do you want to stick around though?" Erin asked while she looked to lock the door.

"At least until this 'Trevor' person shows up," Becca said.

Marina was still mostly immobile, she waited for Becca or Erin to return. It was getting boring in here. She was worried, though if it really was the drink, she just had to wait until it was flushed out of her system...however that was supposed to work with her as play-doh.

"All righty." Erin said and locked the door. Her eyes glowed as she did so, then tested them. When they didn't move, she went back into the bathroom. "All right... that's one problem solved at least."

"Still don;t know how I'm getting out of here...think I should be able to move soon.", Marina said to Erin, "Can we talk?"

"What about?" Erin asked leaning against a wall.

"Firstly, I had ideas on how I was getting back home...second, I needed someone to talk too, I'm worried about this...", Marina said sadly, her play-doh form barely shuddering as she inexplicably spoke, "Stay here please."

"So am I," Erin replied. "Still pretty stressed out to boot. Think you're going to be all right?"

"Hopefully, don't think this lack of movement should last that long", Marina said  
, "I was thinking, I should still be able to morph, so perhaps you can just roll me up into a ball and then roll me out of here...not sure how we'd explain that to the bus driver...argh dang it....it made so much more sense in my...er...you know what I mean."

"Ummm... Well if you want to." Erin said and made a face. Poking the side of Marina, she

wondered what the consistency was like. Noting that she was somewhat similar to play dough or wet clay, she shrugged and began to gather up the parts that were dangerously close to the drains.

Becca stood back and shook her head. This was not how she anticipated spending her evening.

"If nothing else, it would be better than just being a blob on the bathroom floor, and while you're at it, can someone get my clothes?", Marina sighed, immobile and wholly dependent on Erin to move, she felt like she was about to cry.

"Is that really what you should be focused on?" Becca asked after a moment.

Erin frowned. "Hey... It's going to be all right." She said as she finished making sure her friend wouldn't go down the drain. That done, she got up and brought the clothes to Marina's side.

"No Becca, but this is kinda a different situation...", Marina sighed. "Who did you call by the way Erin?"

"Trevor." Erin replied. "Said he should be over in 10 minutes. Anyways, do you need anything? something to keep you comfy? I dunno."

"Not sure how comfy I can get as a blob of goo, but perhaps mold me into something more natural....I dunno...humanoid perhaps, whatever you do with clay...", Marina said slowly.

"I'll see what I can do." Erin said and started to roll Marina up into a ball, uncomfortable with, essentially, touching her friend's naked body.

Marina stayed silent as she was moved resisting the urge to burst out laughing this was like being tickled, trying not to make it any more awkward than it already was. Marina was decidedly embarrassed to even ask Erin for this in the first place. Even more concerned that her body was just a large living blob of clay to be molded.

Erin made a face as she continued, rolling up Marina into something similar to a tube. Then she'd work on getting the ball going. "This is so weird..." She said.

Marina giggled and moaned as she was rolled into a tube, "Sorry, sorry, this is the best massage I've ever had.", she apologized. Despite the awkwardness, it was helping Marina to cheer up, massages really were good stress relief.

*'This is so weird,'* Becca thought, watching.

Erin yelped, stopping as she heard Marina moan. "Oh god! I... I don't think I can go on with this." She said and went to wash her hands.

"Sorry, could ya at least finish the ball shape, feels odd being a large tube.", Marina said.

"Maybe I should... leave you two alone..." Becca said. "I'm not really sure this needs an audience..."

"I apologize, you've done a lot for me already, thank you.", Marina said to Becca.

"That'd... be nice." Erin said as she finished washing her hands. "Lemmie get the door." She said and went to let Becca out of the bathroom. "Sorry you had to get caught up in this."

"Please, don't mention it." *Please*, Becca added mentally.

Erin unlocked the door and let Becca out, mumbleing something under her breath.

And Becca departed.

[Contact lost. Shoulda given her your number 🙄]

"Sorry, sorry again, I don't know what happened...", Marina said, "But this is still cheering me up...thank you for trying...if you want... can we continue?, I'll stay silent.." Marina couldn't really express herself as a marine tube.

"You promise?" Erin asked, having closed and locked the door. Sighing, she went back to molding Marina.

"Promise...Shame about Becca...nice lady...we just wierded her out...", Marina said as Erin started molding again.

"Yeah. We'll see her around, more then likely. And if she doesn't run away screaming, we've made a good impresion." Erin went silent as she continued to work.

"I'm just happy she didn't run away screaming to begin with...sorry...sorry.", Marina gave her last comment before falling silent. If Erin was alright with it, Marina considered getting a massage again later.

It didn't take to long before Erin was finished, the Marina tube was now Marinasphere "All right.. That should be easier to transport. Now we just need Trevor to show up."

"Thank you for helping me, just one question how long do you think I'm stuck as play-doh?", Marina asked, "Still can't move...Reminds me of Alessa in a way, except she wasn't green."

"Best I can do really." Erin said apologetically.

"That doesn't answer my question...", Marina said.

**Look, the Calvary! If a cat and 3/5ths of a legion count as such.**

"This is a bad idea, this is a bad idea," Trevor muttered as he got out of the car. He glanced over at Fourth. "I want this recorded; this is a bad idea."

"Consider it recorded," Four said a little flatly.

Bad idea or not, they headed in, after one last check of his cover. On the way, a lady caught his attention, mostly cause she sorta smelled like the girls in question. Even though Erin has neglected to actually tell him where she was, aside from 'the mall', he figured the food court was the best best. And swish, he was right.

"Yo, Albie!" he called out as if this were just another prepared meeting at the mall. Just another set of young people, meeting at the mall. Nothing to see here.

Alex nearly jumped up as his trance was violated. "Ah, hello." he replied, turning to Trevor. What was he doing here? Probably they've decided to call more people and the people came. "Wazzup?" Alex asked.

"I... actually don't know," Trevor admitted. "All I heard was that Marina... had an *accident*," he emphasized the word, "and they wanted a ride. So, I brought the... triplets." He tipped his head in the Jezs Assorted Platter's direction.

Alex nodded and pointed in the direction of the restroom. "She's there." he said and returned to his trance.

"Come on then, you are coming with," Trevor said, subconsciously looking futilely around.

Alex looked around and with a sigh got up and followed Trevor. He didn't really want to go there, but...

"Suck it up," Trevor said, affording Albie a grin. "Aren't you a big boy? Which man doesn't want to see inside the forbidden land?"

Alex glared at Trevor and replied "I've seen these forbidden lands already. Not that fun as you may think."

"Spoil the romance of it, why don't you," Trevor muttered. With one last look around, he moved quickly to the door and shoved. Which was locked. "Oh come on... you sure they are in there?" he asked Albie.

"If it's locked, then they are totally there. Confidentiality and stuff..." Alex replied.

Trevor rolled his eyes. Of course... call them to the mall, don't tell them where they are and hide behind a locked door. Lovely. He rapped on it. "Eight seconds before I try breaking this," he called.

Marina had spent the last 10 minutes in a corner after having been rolled into a green goo-girl

ball about 2ish ft around. The last 10 minutes were boring, but that was the least of her worries. Then she heard a rapping and a voice. "Someone's here Erin.", she said.

Erin heard the cat finally arrive and got to her feet. "Trevor? Great!" She said and went to the door, unlocking it. "Glad you could come. She's in here." She said and guided Trevor in. "Got any ideas?"

"Um...Hello Trev...I can explain more later, can't really move right now.", Marina said nervously.

Jezelle slipped in through the door, only just catching up, taking a steady breath as she reviewed the situation.

"Soz, had to figure out a game plan with the other two," Jezelle apologized offhandedly as she looked at the mass of play-doh that was obviously Marina, "You really think she'll fit in a garbage bag, Trev? I might be able to teleport her somewhere but I think my maximum distance I've managed in one jump in experimenting so far is about 100 feet -kinda hard to tell."

"And I suppose that there is some reason she can't, you know, get up and go on her own?" Trevor asked. To Jez, he added, "Meh, better to carry her. Don't want you stripping people again..."

"Don't tempt me," Jezelle said with narrow eyes at Trevor.

"Trust me, I tried.", Marina said slowly.

"I'm not sure either. She was drinking some sort of new energy drink of some sort. Not sure what happened after that. I guess some sort of allergic reaction? Anyways, thanks for comming by the way."

"It wasn't really an energy drink, but that's probably why I lost most of my surface tension...wow that was odd to say.", Marina said.

"We haven't said a normal thing in about a week," Trevor muttered, sniffing. Now... was it due to the janitors that this place was actually sorta clean or because it was the female side?

"Are you sure she would like to be in a big black con--" Alex started, coughed and went on "--bag that is used for waste?"

"No idea, Trevor." Erin replied, starting to remove some of the tissue paper from the far drains. "Right... Well, that's one problem solved. You think you can carry Marina?" She asked.

"I don't exactly keep barrels hanging around," Trevor commented to Albie. "And I should be able to. I might not be able to match Henry, but I can lift a rock!" Trevor said dramatically. Then his eyes dropped. "Yeah... that sounded much cooler in my head."

"Agreed on that count, and a garbage bag...really?!", Marina said in shock and annoyance. Not that she could express it well, human bowling balls didn't have very much body language to



work with.d

"I think you mean 'boulder'." Erin teased. "Anyways, good. that's another problem solved. And Marina, would you rather be left here or attract even more attention with us rolling you out of here?"

"Well, if I must...", Marina mused. "Do be gentle..", she said finally after a pause.

Alex chuckled. "We won't be rough... Hehe..." he muttered.

Erin looked at the two cats. "If you don't need me for anything, I'll be going I think. I've had a rather long day..."

"No, don't leave me.", Marina said, "Stay and help."

"You've had a long day? You've been shopping..." Trevor muttered, doubling up two of the bags. The commercial's said they were super strong, but still...

"I blame this whole situation," Erin countered. "Probbaly not as long a... whatever happened with you though."

"Bah. Need to stock up on raid..." Trevor muttered, wondering how best to pick up Marinorb[mon?]. "By the way... I passed a lady that seemed to have hung out with you guys..."

"Oh yeah. Becca." Erin said. "You heard her on the phone, I'm pretty sure."

"Oh, right," Trevor said, snapping his fingers. "That reminds me," He turned and dope slapped Erin.

"Ow!" Erin yelled. "What was that for? I said thank you for showing up!" Knowing he'd likely continue to hurt her, she backed off and protected her head with her hands.

"Don't talk secret things in front of strange people! Conspiracy 101! Yeesh!" Trevor scowled. "Names and everything... you're as bad as Shelly. Did you at least find out who she was?"

"Hey, Shelly would only tell her folks about what happened to her." Erin countered. "And not exactly. She said she didn't see anything weird until today. In this bathroom to boot so Becca's probably pretty normal. I was a little preoccupied with keeping people out of here, getting really embarrassed, and molding Marina."

Trevor continued his muttering. "Albie, can you hold the bag open please."

Alex opened up the bag and stared at Trevor "Go on."

Erin continued cleaning up the bathroom of the tissue paper while Trevor worked, wondering how she could get him back for all the dope slaps she had endured over her years of friendship

with the catman in question... And then the evil thoughts began to enter her mind, making her smirk. "Well... Seeing as how you got this under control, I'll be going." She said, pretending she was thinking of a really funny joke to explain the smirk.

"If you must, Erin, thank you for your help, wish you could have stayed longer.", Marina croaked out. "Into the bag I guess...you cannot imagine how odd this is for me.", she sighed. And resigned to her fate.

"So, time to wrap this up?" Erin asked, heading to the door to unlock it.

"Before I get wrapped up, I must know...who's house are we going to mine or yours?", Marina asked.

"Does it really matter?" Trevor asked, sticking a few finger into the Marinorb to see if it would hold.

"I think it matters, but if you want to keep it a secret that's your choice...ooh...", Marina said just before she was poked, "You had to do that huh...", Marina said to him.

"Uhhh... Don't poke her. Or handle her. If you can avoid touching her, do it." Erin blushed.

"Hey...Don't listen to her, Trevor.", Marina said to him, "If I'm stuck like this for a short time, I might as well enjoy it." Plus it would get really boring if she had to just sit around until it was over...Hopefully this problem wouldn't last long.

"Weren't you leaving?" Trevor said, irritable. "How else am I supposed to move her? Talking objects again... Oi..."

"Sorry about that...having a vietnam talking coat moment Trevor?", Marina said, considering whether she actually gave him PTSD that time.

"Opening the door now." Erin said, unlocking it and opening it, leaving it wide for the other mall patrons who might be pouring in to use the facilities. That done, she headed to the pet store to get some equilzers in her Cold War with Trevor.

Trevor's ear twitched, and he cocked his head in the direction of the door. "... she just left the door open, didn't she? Oi... baka ka'sanaeda yta so..."

"Thought it was locked...well, let's get going!", Marina said panicking.

"Eh, just attempt to act natural and people will make up their own stories at seeing the weirdness," Jezelle said with a shrug.

Marina knew to stay silent, but she had to say one last thing, "You three handle it, I gotta do a bowling ball impression now." And with that she lapsed back into silence.

"Yeah... you do that..." Trevor said. Without anyway fanfare, or warning, and probably with a bit less care than he should have, he scooped and dropped the Marinorb into the bag

"I didn't mean literally.", Marina protested, grunting in pain. Well, at least she was getting back home.

"Jumbo ball more like it," Trevor smirked.

"You calling me fat?", Marina whispered.

"For a bowling ball, yes," Trevor laughed. "Jez, anyone coming?"

Marina had no good response, "Gee thanks...As long as you don't try to go bowling", she whispered to Trevor. Marina couldn't see, frankly her vision had been murky ever since she lost control.

"I dunno... you look pretty suss... all covered up and carrying a giant bag full of something..." Jezelle said with mock suspicion, eyeing Trevor carefully before a grin grew on her face, "Yeah I'm coming."

"Yep... two guys all covered up sneaking out of a woman's bathroom with a black bag large enough to carry a body. Nothing suspicious about that," Trevor commented blandly as he picked it up, holding it to his chest. "Damn... should have brought a carrying case or something..."

"I could get the other two to teleport the lot of us out, but you don't seem to trust my teleporting prowess..." Jezelle said with a slightly insincere sigh, examining her nails to emphasize the drama.

"You messed up every time you tried it on someone else," Trevor pointed out, motioning Albie to follow as they moved to the door.

"Did not, I teleported my unconscious selves into the basement without stripping them!" Jezelle said defensively.

"You don't count!" Trevor countered. "You have a hive mind! You just triggered it remotely!"

"I'd like to stay in one piece please.", Marina whispered.

"I can't teleport unconsciously!" Jezelle returned, "The hive mind blanks out a little when one is knocked out!"

Trevor gave the bag a warning jostle. "Yeah, I already have one warning from the police because of you people, I'd rather not get another," he said to Marinorb. "It's still you. That's what you told me!"

Marina grunted a little as the bag was jostled. "Please don't do that...it's not easy being green.",

she whispered. She then went silent once more.

The way was mostly clear, as clear as you could get in a mall during it's hours. No one was really watching, so they did manage to sneak out of the restroom (only two or three people saw.) Trevor rolled his eyes. "Wait... you're kermit now?"

Marina felt the bag move and saw no need to respond to that. At least until she was given a signal they were out of the mall and she could speak safely. She was scared, but in a position where she couldn't express it.

Jez and Trevor had there bicker (I suppose?) until the gang cleared the food court and the mall itself and was safe in the parking lot. Which is when Trevor spotted another issue. "Welp... this is a conundrum..."

Marina felt a number of bumps and felt the bag shake as she presumed they moved. She couldn't see a dang thing. But she stayed silent, not safe to talk at the moment. Then Trevor spoke up, a conundrum. "Er...Are we safe to talk...", she whispered to Trevor.

"Ah, not quite," Trevor said. He caught Jez's attention and mouthed out quiet instructions to her, pointing at the section in question. *Open the trunk.*

Jezelle face-palmed and went over to the car and gently opened the trunk, shaking her head nonsensically.

"I could just hang around at the mall I suppose..." Jezelle partly offered.

"What was that noise?", Marina asked softly, hearing the sound of something opening...It was probably just the car.

"Just something opening," Trevor said. He set the bag clad Marinorbmon in the trunk and shifted it her so that she was in the corner and quickly wedged the blanket, kept in case of emergencies, around her so she didn't roll. "There; nice and comfy."

"I feel like a loaf of bread Trevor, wait...where am I...", Marina yelped as she was squished into the corner of somewhere. She couldn't move to begin with, but this made her feel like groceries...She wasn't amused.

Trevor slowly lowered the lid. "Think she'll be mad?"

"It's not very dignified but I don't think she could be 'uncomfortable' in that form," Jezelle reasoned, "That was *my* main issue with it last time when this problem arose."

"Bah. Albie did it. He's fine," Trevor muttered.

"Second time you've done this, you're gettin' pretty shady," Jezelle jabbed with a dry smirk.

"Just remember, you are an accomplice," Trevor said. He paused before he closed the trunk.

"You have a phone?"

"Course, what ya need it for?" Jezelle asked, pulling her phone out of her pocket like it was obvious.

"Wait... do you all have a phone? Or is it still one?" Trevor asked, side tracked. (Yeah, he got side tracked a lot.)

Jezelle instantly zoned out a little at the realization, totally forgetting little details like those. The other two instantly dug into their pockets, Two going a little pale when realized she lacked a phone -mainly the sensation of forgetting to bring something- and Four extracted a phone looking a little puzzled.

"... Does mine even work...?" Four wondered aloud ponderously.

"I have three identical phones now..." Jezelle said, a little spacy, "Four and Five have one too..."

"I guess it might work like cloned phones..?" Trevor ventured. His knowledge was mainly from television. "Though... wait... Fifth? How far do that hive mind work?"

"How the heck should I know? I just know Five immediately checked for a phone when you asked about it and she found one," Jezelle said with a helpless shrug.

"I have another question... how many wallets, (purses?) do you have?" Trevor asked after a pregnant pause.

"... You know, this stuff should have occurred to me earlier..." Jezelle said, spacing out a little again as she dug into a pocket and extracted her wallet, Four and Five coming up with the same results, all checking and finding a twenty in the notes. Cue spacing out again.

"...Somehow... just somehow I don't think it'd be legal... or morally right for my copies to use their money..." Jezelle said, her eyes miles away.

"But you'll solve your money issues," Trevor said half seriously. "Congrats though; you're a counterfeiter. But don't worry about it, not everyone is 'shady'," he said jokingly, "and we didn't come with instruction manuals. I'm working on mine though. Up to 23."

"Instruction manual huh... that's... well it could be a good idea..." Jezelle said, still a little spaced out as her mind was churning furiously examining all the angles. She stuffed her wallet away and glanced at the phone in her hand.

"Wait... why did I need my phone out?" Jezelle asked.

"Leave one in the trunk so Marinorb can have conversation," Trevor said, realizing his train of thought had been completely derailed. Switched tracks entirely. Now... was he that air-headed before?

"Er, alright, so I'm ringing your phone?" Jezelle asked for clarification, sliding her phone open to open the contacts list.

"Flame-O, hotman," Trevor nodded.

She just shrugged and dialled it up, tossing her phone into the trunk beside the bagged Marinaorb. "Off we go then," Jezelle said apprehensively.

"Thanks you guys, but I still feel like groceries...", Marina said.

"Off to drop one inert girl... mass at her parents," Trevor sighed, closing the trunk. If he remembered right... there was parking outside of her home's line of sight. "All aboard the Grey Cat express."

Trevor was backing up when he realized something. "Wait... I didn't see any clothes for her..."

"You forgot what!?", Marina made a muffled shout.

"Clothes seem to be becoming a problem lately..." Jezelle said with a troubled tone, "Should we go back or just go with that Marina has clothes at her house."

"To hell with clothes" Alex said, despite being full of clothing himself.

"Just call me the Mariloaf, since that's all people seem to remember.", Marina said in alarm.

"Oi... We need to stock extra clothes for everyone in different places..." Trevor sighed. He made a face and put his phone on speaker. "And would you stop yelling! Do you want me to get arrested or something?"

"Well not really...", Marina said sarcastically but much quieter now. "How suspicious do you think it would be if Jez went back for my clothes?", she whispered.

"Can we just go before something else happens?" Four asked, rubbing her temples.

"Out of my nonexistent hands.", Marina commented, "Just wait till my mom finds out about this..."

"Okay..." Trevor said as they hit the road. "Who votes we leave her on the doorstep, ring the bell and run?" Trevor asked.

"Hey!", Marina protested.

"Hah, we should at least see her inside," Jezelle said with a smirk.

"And how do we explain the ball of girl-mass?" Trevor grumped.

"Her parents know she turns into water right? Self-explanatory," Jezelle said, "I could just teleport her inside and *then* we run."

"Not inspiring much confidence guys.", Marina said.

"Ooo, let's go with that plan," Trevor nodded. "Three Jez's, two cat's and girlmass. This will work. Wait... did you tell your folks about us?"

"They know somewhat...", Marina said after a little thought, "Please don't just leave me on the doorstep and hope they find me."

"Why not?" Trevor asked, looking both ways at the intersection before turning. "It's poetic."

"Poetic how?", Marina sighed.

"Changeling," Trevor said. "Albie, keep your head down, you're blocking my view.."

Alex got a bit lower and... Fell asleep.

"Those were placed in bedrooms...not doorsteps...", Marina told him.

The rattling of the car going over a pothole drowned that one out. "Hmm? What was that?"

"Nevermind, so dropping me off at my house then?", Marina asked.

"In the driveway," Trevor said, smirking since she couldn't see him.

"Not even telling my mom I've returned...come to think of it they may not be home yet.", Marina said.

"I'll tell the super, don't worry," Trevor said reassuringly. As long as all you heard was his voice. His face... he was grinning widely and holding back laughter.

[Bluff=16](#) (if you want to roll against it...)

Marina would have rolled her eyes at that last one. "Could you please not lie this time...I'm already having to ride in the trunk, don't make the worse on me.", she said.

Sense Motive: [1d20-1=19](#)

"But it's so fun," Trevor said, laughing this time.

"For me to sit in a bag until my folks get off from work?", Marina sighed, "That's just cruel."

"Well I could take you out of the bag if you'd like when we get there, but I'm not sure how we're supposed to help," Jezelle offered with half a smirk.

"At least make sure someone's home before you drop me off...or even better, perhaps I can just crash with you guys at Trevor's place."

"I can drop you, no problem," Trevor said. "From how high?"

"PLEASE NO JOKES!, I've had a hard enough time as it is!", Marina screamed.

"What did I say about the yelling?" Trevor groaned, hoping that no one was close enough to hear that racket.

"Argh! Just give it to me straight...where are we going.", Marina said calming down a little.

"Your house, it's safest for you," Jezelle said in mild exasperation, as though she only telling half the story.

"So that was just Trevor being Trevor?", Marina asked, "But you really plan to leave me on the doorstep and hope my parents are home? They may not be back before 10."

"Yes and Yes," Trevor said, grinning. On the other hand, he was beginning to regret putting the phone in the trunk.

"No, what if they aren't home...I'll be stuck outside for hours...", Marina said on the verge of crying.

"I *said* I could teleport you inside," Jezelle said with a sigh, "World's a difference place in my eyes."

"Don't trust her! She's can't control it!" Trevor warned.

"I don't trust you either Trevor...you threatened to drop me...And have yet to give me a straight answer", Marina protested, she sounded sad, whimpering almost.

"You can't help but trust me. I have the only car," Trevor grinned.

"I reckon I could have Four teleport Trev out of the car without his clothes on, and then teleport into the driver's seat all about in the span of 2-3 seconds," Jezelle plotted aloud.

"See if you can try that at the next stoplight.", Marina said, "And Trevor...could you guys at least make sure my parents are home..."

"Egh, just relax Marina, and concentrate on pulling your body back together or whatever," Jezelle said tiredly.

"Jez... did we ever decide what to do with the bugs?" Trevor asked, pulling into the complex.

"Not really? I shoved em in a plastic bag in the bin," Jezelle said with a shrug.

"Still wanna try cooking one... It's a waste of good meat," Trevor grumbled.



"They're *BUGS*!" Jezelle said exasperatedly with appropriate hand gestures.

"Oi! Mind the hat!" Trevor said, dipping his head as he parked. "All that means is that they are high in protein and low in cholesterol. A perfect meal!"

Alex's eyes slowly opened as Trevor started parking. Blinking a few times he looked around and took off the sunglasses that were really annoying.

"One does not simply 'eat' a super mutant bug," Jezelle said with yet another appropriate hand gesture, "You'll probably get super-aids or something... I dunno."

Trevor popped the hood. "Bugs can't carry AIDS," Trevor countered as he climbed out and headed around to grab the complainorb. "And I'm a super mutant cat. What makes you think I can't eat a bug?"

[mewpost]"Are we there yet?", Marina asked. [/mewpost]

Alex meanwhile got out, not saying anything to the people.

"The point stands that you'll probably catch something and turn into a bug-cat-man," Jezelle persisted defiantly, raising a digit pointedly after getting out.

"Yeah, it worked out for Sheppard, didn't it?" Trevor grinned. "Yo, time to pull a doorstep child thing. You're dad better not yell at us."

"Sheppard nearly died," Jezelle said flatly, hands on her hips.

"And we know where the nest is! We can get all the embryo's we need!" Trevor grinned back.

"Oh and Erin's gonna cook up a good ole cure for you every time you decide to chow on super-mutant-bugmeat?" Jezelle returned.

[mp]"I don't even know if he's home, but he's been known to shoo away door to door salesmen", Marina said. [/mp]

"You think she would?" Trevor said with painfully hopeful and optimistic tones. Seriously. It was so sweet it would send a diabetic into shock. The kitty eyes didn't help either.

"Urge to teleport... rising..." Jezelle said with a face of barely contained fury, one hand shakily reaching for Trevor's throat -though he was out of range unless she took a step.

"Nah, nah," Trevor laughed and gathered up Marina. "Don't worry Marina. We've got a lovely sale on First Borns. I don't think he'll pass it up."

[mp]Marina laughed...she was still upset over the ordeal but they had been true to their word. "Hey, top quality goo talking over here", she tried to joke.[/mp]

"That's the spirit! Show the worth of our products!" Trevor nodded with approval.

[mp]"Ring the doorbell first...and I still cant move, you do the product demonstration hah", she said, hoping to the eldritch gods that her parents were home.[/mp]

To the doorbell he went, to ring it he did. Sadly... no one was home...

"Dammit, I hope mom isn't working late...", Marina said after sensing that no one answered the doorbell.

"The eaves should keep the rain off," Trevor said contemplatively, eying the distance and angles.

"Wait, you're being serious...or are you?", Marina said.

"Aren't I always?" Trevor said. He sighed the continued thoughtfully. "Yep... fully covered up dude holding a huge sack in front of a ritzy house. Nothing suspicious here at all..."

"That makes no sense...and how suspicious do you plan to look, talking to a sack?", Marina asked.

"You sure you don't want me to leave you here?" Trevor muttered to her. "Don't you have a house key?"

"You guys did remember my handbag right?", Marina said to Trevor.

"... you had a hand bag?" Trevor said in surprise.

"What? My wallet was in there.", Marina replied.

"Hey... you're gonna have to talk to Erin about that," Trevor sighed, heading back to the car. "Yo! Albie!"

"AH" Alex said, jumping up. Again in trance, again caught and taken out. He had a nice dream about roasting something, and he had just realised how hungry he was.

"Erin better have my stuff...", Marina said, "And don't leave me here alone..."

"Get in. You and the backseaters are pulling lap duty," Trevor said. "Hop to it."

"Lap duty?" Alex wondered.

"Just get in the cat before someone reports a pair of suspicious people in the street," Trevor complained.

"I can't get inside the cat, I am too big..." Alex replied in confusion.

"The car. CAR." Trevor growled. "One of these days I really am going to get the hang of this..."

"We going back to the mall?", Marina asked, from her sack.

"Meh." Alex said and got back into the car.

"You are never letting the talking objects thing go, are you? Where's your mouth anyway?" Trevor muttered, shoving the bag in after Albie and the Jezs. Lapduty: being forces to keep the heavy forever talking question ball by the tyrannical car owner our their laps. Then off he went to make a phone call.

To Call Erin  
Go Go Gadget Speed Dail! And... no one was home. It seems Erin wasn't back yet.

"So Little Cat, how's life...me, I'm a talking pile of play-doh...and you?", Marina said once she felt herself stuffed into the car.

"Living on. Not dead. I think that's enough." Alex replied, trying to keep his answer as incomprehensible as possible.

"How dull, Try being play-doh sometime, getting squished is an interesting feeling.", Marina said trying to cheer herself up.

Alex glared at Marina, now his eyes weren't obscured by the glasses. "So funny."

"Seat belts everyone!" Trevor annoucned, jumping in the car. "Time for a field trip!"  
//Magic Chaos school bus cat car

"Where exactly are we going?" Alex wondered, fastening the seatbelt

"Why does everyone ask me that?" Trevor complained, shifting the car into reverse. "It like you people don't trust me..."

"I don't know about everyone else, but this is just my feline curiosity." Alex replied, tapping his short tail on the seat.

"At least I'm not in the trunk this time...", Marina said.

"And you'd better hope we don't crash or anything," Trevor said cheerfully.

"YAY, UNSAFE DRIVING!" Alex yelled in an enthusiastic tone "Always wanted to die in an epic ride. What are we waiting for?"

"All I'm saying; she isn't excatly in a safe seat. Or have a seat belt," Trevor said as he drove off. "I suppose Jez is in charge of keeping her safe..."

"Maybe I can come out of the bag now?", Marina said, "Suppose for safety, just squish me in tight here."

"That's why you were in the trunk," Trevor said, looking both ways before heading into traffic. "The backseat holds three. Two of the Hive and a cat. And if you didn't notice, I don't have tinted windows..."

"Alright then, carry on then.", Marina said. She was able to wriggle in between people in the backseat, but could still barely move an inch. Whatever had caused her to lose control still wasn't out of her system yet or something.

There are two kinds of passengers that were sorta annoying to the driver. The ones that constantly asked questions, and the kind that refused to say anything. Trevor had the misfortune of having both. The trip to Erin's place was very long...

Erin finally made it back to her place. Breathing a sigh of relief, she put the things she had bought on the nearest chair, Marina's stuff that she had recovered to dry by hanging it up as best she could and flopped onto the couch, staring at an off TV screen. She needed a nap. Or a hot shower. Or a nap in a hot shower. "What a day..." she muttered under her breath, feeling another headache coming on. She seemed to be getting them a lot lately. She started to close her eyes to take a nap.

It took a couple stop lights, stop signs, and other such traffic control and routes but Trevor eventually got them to the place Erin went to sleep and shower. "So... do we knock or just go in?"

"Eh, let's knock, but if there's no answer I'm seriously teleporting in and unlocking it from inside this time," Jezelle said a little tiredly.

"Kick the door out, rush in, doing it Spetsnaz way." Vasily said "Or SWAT. Depending on country."

"Hmm... are you confident in your teleporting this time?" Trevor asked.

"My teleporting is fine," Jezelle said with a slight huff, folding her arms.

"That's what you said last time..." Trevor muttered. "Anyway, can't we skip the knocking part?"

"Bleh, fine, I was just trying to be courteous but I'm tired," Jezelle said with a shrug, putting her hand on the Marinorb bag and both promptly disappearing over next to the house's window for a moment, and then another jump inside as Jezelle gently put the Marinorb in the lounge room.

//Now you can roll a notice Yellow

Alex blinked, staring at the place where Jez used to be some time ago and said "Oh." That was interesting.

"Hmm..." Trevor mused after she vanished. "Probably should have called first..." He pulled out his phone and hit the speed dial again. "Or at least sent a note..."

Notice: 10 <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4050445/>

Erin pulled a blanket over her body and yawned, getting her neck comfortable too. Of course it would be an hour or more before she actually fell asleep.

"You're in the lounge room of Erin's place, you be good now," Jezelle said airily, patting the Marinorb and disappearing outside again next to Trevor.

"Oh." Alex said again, staring at reappearing Jez. "I think I've missed something." he muttered.

Erin groaned hearing the phone. "Now what...?" she muttered under her breath and picked up the phone which was right next to her head. "Hello?" She said, hiding some of her stress.

"Wait, you're actually there?" Trevor said, having not expected an answer.

"Hello to you Trevor. I'm fine, just got back home. How are you?" Erin said, flatly.

"Yeah, yeah, Miss O'Neill, pull the ascended routine," Trevor said dismissively. "Hello Erin, How are you, how was your trip, etc, etc. Anyway, tag, you're it."

"Good like I said, pretty boring. Anyways, what? What do you mean i'm it?" She asked confused.

Alex grinned at this point, but this couldn't be seen through his mask, and so he remained looking grumpy and annoyed.

"Jez just left you a magic talking blob in your... Where did you put her?" Trevor asked.

"Lounge room," Jezelle said with a slight sigh.

"Lounge room. Have fun," Trevor finished.

Erin rubbed her temples. "Oi... This is going to be an even longer day." she smacked her head against the wall. "Owww..."

"You're Head-Wall fu is weak," Trevor grinned. "At least you don't have an evening of goop cleaning ahead of you."

"We got most of it done," Jezelle interjected.

"How'd you even get in here?" Erin called to Jezelle.

"Magic," Jezelle replied, leaning closer to the phone, "How am I supposed to know how my teleporting works?"

"You could have just knocked..." Erin complained.

"Eh, we already tried Marina's, now I'm tired," Jezelle said with a shrug, stepping clear and looking at the car.

Erin muttered something and sighed. "All right..." She sighed and went to the lounge to see how big of a mess she was in.

"And that's our good deed for the day," Trevor said with satisfaction. "Well... we still have Abie to drop off..."

"See ya later then..." Erin said, ready to hang up.

"Yeah, later," Trevor said, hanging up. "Jez, you've earned a new name; Fairy God Mother. And I think I've ruined someone else's day. So... bonus."

Erin hung up, tossed the phone onto the couch and looked at the two. "Hey Marina..." She said, rubbing her temples again. "God I need a friggen drink."

"Yeah... let's just drop Alex off and get home before things can get any worse... today isn't a very good day..." Jezelle said tiredly, slumping a little as she walked back to get in the car.

"Hey...err...sorry to bother you like this...my parents aren't home yet, well at least now I get to meet your roommate...we can scare off another innocent bystander today... You do have my clothes right?", Marina said to Erin.

Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh. Shadows of the Evening, steal across the sky.

**::When Bugs Attack::**

+1 Point Jezelle

Achievement Unlocked

:: Stripper [Of Others]

:: Table Flip

:: Five's a Crowd

:: Counterfeiter

:: Blue Screen of Death

:: Fairy God Mother

+1 Point Trevor

Achievement Unlocked

:: Hive Mind Bane

:: Gooped Fur

:: Binding Magnet

:: Ruiner of Day

:: Jerk Award +3

:: Shady Cat // Shady as \*\*\*\*

:: People in His Trunk

**::Girls Day out with a tagalong::**

+1 Point Marina

Achievement Unlocked

:: Complication: Soda?

:: Ultimate Toy

:: Instant Weirdness? Just Add Marina

:: Talking Object

+1 PP (Limited: Skills, Feat, Equipment) Erin (spent on notice)

Achievement Unlocked

:: Appearance: Agent of Death

:: Sleepwalker

:: Can't Keep a Secret (minor)

:: Can't Pass on Information (minor)

:: Blocker of Drains

:: 6 Second Toilet Paper

+1 PP (Limited: Skills, Feat, Equipment) Albie

Achievement Unlocked

:: Silent Passenger

:: Mall Mule

:: Drowning in Estrogen?

:: Suspicious Fellow (minor)

Contact Lost: Becca

**::A Day with the Mason::**

Achievement Unlocked

:: Pull's His Punches

:: Can't Land A Hit

:: Hit's Like A Train

:: Psychology Muscle

:: Gentle Giant

:: Plan's Ahead

Contact Gained: Davis Nelson

## **Marina Fischer and Erin O'Neill are; The Skin Sisters**

**Part One: Migrane and a Blob**

New Achievement: I Kissed a Girl and I Liked it.

Erin had a hard time falling asleep. The headache from the day hadn't gone away. It built. Pressing against her temples, rapidly becoming unbearable. The lights were off, the computer

was off, the blinds were drawn, and Erin had buried her head underneath a small mountain of pillows and blankets. Teeth tightly clenched, she prayed that the headache from hell would go die in a fire. It didn't seem to be as bad as her mother's YET, but she was sure it was only a matter of time.

Marina rested on the floor in Erin's room. Where else was a girl turned semi-inert ball of play-doh supposed to do. She had trouble sleeping, flitting in and out of first level sleep, then again she had a lot on her mind, wherever her mind went. Firstly was why had she not reverted yet? She had tried several times to return to normal with no success. The only good thing was that she had some of her movement back by late evening. She was still stuck in her ball shape though. "You asleep Erin?", Marina asked.

"No..." Erin moaned. Even with the low voice of her friend, it still seemed to Erin like Marina was screaming at the top of her lungs. "Quiet... To noisy..."

"Sorry...", Marina whispered, "Just wondering..."

Erin didn't answer, tossing and turning as her brain felt like it was going to explode or squeeze out of her skull.

"Need a stress ball?", Marina whispered with a giggle.

"Stop. Talking. Please. Thank you." Erin hissed, not in the mood for anything.

With that Marina shut up real quick. She proceeded to focus on figuring out how to roll with minimal success. When that failed she simply lay still. There was nothing she could do for Erin now. And then came the part of the morning where Marina discovered bouncing. In time Marina was bouncing like a bouncy ball. And just like that Marina landed with nary a thud on Erin's bed. Marina figured she could at least be there for her friend.

Normal 12 ft. leap distance

[1d20+11 -15=13](#)

+ 15 from acrobatics / 4 for high jump = 6ft. Marina leaped a bit less than that to land on the bed.

Erin tried to ignore Marina, or what she assumed was Marina, and tried to will the pain out of her head. Not that that worked in the slightest.

Marina lay still, it was best to avoid upsetting Erin further. Though Marina was sad that there was nothing she could do to help her friend. And so Marina rolled her way off the bed and towards the door. Door...well that was going to be a problem. Looks like she was stuck. Hopefully one of Erin's roommates would open the door, Marina could do nothing but wait. After a couple minutes of sitting in the dark. Marina called out, maybe one of her roommates could help. "Can someone get the door!", Marina called out, muffling her voice a little so as not to wake Erin.

Whether intentional or not, the building was built with decent sound proofing. Which came in



very handy when roommate brought home... partners. As such, Marina's muffled calls didn't reach the others who were doing the group breakfast thing.

When nothing happened, Marina stopped and remained near the door. Perhaps she could hear something...or rather whatever was going on.

Taking 20 on Listen Check for 19 to listen for what's going on out there.

[While she can't make out words, she does hear voices. Faintly. And what might be pots clanking.

Marina could hear faint voices and pots clanking. They must be eating, or something, which means Marina was stuck in here until they were done at least. Though someone might have wondered why Erin wasn't out yet. Marina tried squishing her way under the door, failing miserably. By which point she opted to wait until after breakfast.

Marina then began ramming the door, lightly at first, but she was getting extremely bored. She was sorry about Erin though.

Suddenly, Erin bolted awake, or at least into motion again and stepped into (ow...) Marina, throwing the door open and sprinting to the bathroom. She wasn't able to make it to the bathroom since Marina had caught her foot in her goo and didn't let go. before the food in her stomach decided it didn't want to stay in her stomach anymore and evacuated her body through her mouth, right onto the floor in front her her. With her sinuses and throat burning, her mouth revolting in the taste, more vomit came up until finally her stomach was empty.

Dex: <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4052402/> 5

Marina felt a foot in her back, she expected pain but it felt normal, then again she didn't feel pain when being molded before. And then came the rest of her. Marina was flattened, squished under Erin's weight. And then she heard her puke. Marina could barely see where it went, and tried to slink away from it hoped none of it landed on her.

Marina Reflex: [1d20+6=26](#)

Phil was the first on the scene. "Ugh... you okay Erin?"

Erin kicked her foot, hoping to free it and get out of Marina. Slowly, she got to all fours.

Looking up at Phil, she shook her head. "No... Aspirin please?" She rasped.

"Didn't expect to be a pancake today...", Marina complained. She tried getting up which amounted to nothing and was barely able to inch across the floor like a worm, she did her best to avoid the warm spew. "Um...hello Phil...er...what's up", Marina said to him.

Phil paled a bit. His world view did not include talking puddles. "Let me go get that aspirin," he said, backing tracking quickly.

Erin grunted, getting up. She winced as she tried to swallow or breath through her nose, but she kept doing it to hopefully help herself recover some. Slowly, she got to her feet and began to follow Phil, sidestepping around her own puddle which she'd clean up later.

Marina continued trying to move, without much success. Regardless, at least she got some semblance of motion back. She attempted to move any part of her clay form, squish it, turn it...In time she had managed to roll up into a taquito. Sort of progress...but not really. "Um...guys...", Marina said to them. She spent time to attempt to pull herself together, barely managing to reform the ball shape, before tiring. She could still only make basic motions. Whatever it was that had destabilized her body wasn't going to go away.

*Following Phil-----*

Phil's breathing returned to a more normal rate when there was some distance between him and Marina. "Huh..."

"Ugggh..." Erin grunted as she swallowed again, wincing from the pain. Entering the bathroom, she rummaged through the medicine cabinet and took out some aspirin and got herself a glass of water. Taking both, painfully and slowly, she closed her eyes and hoped the pain would go away.

"That Marina... is a special person, isn't she?" Phil said.

"In more ways than one," Erin rasped, and coughed, lapsing into a coughing fit as she poured herself some more water. She could only hope that the medicine would start to work quickly. "Sore throat fix?" She asked. "Non drug?" It hurt to talk, so she didn't want to spend longer than necessary on it.

"Ginger," the response didn't come from Phil, but from Diana, the nutritionist to be. The night's she volunteered to cook were to be dreaded.

"We have some?" Came another rasp from Erin.

"Will need to make it into a tea," Diana said thoughtfully. She didn't explain why she was even at the bathroom.

Marina had only managed to roll over to the living room table by this point. She could feel a ton of dust and grime sticking to her clay body. She would need a long shower, probably with a sponge before she would feel comfortable again. She attempted to reform her normal body, and....nothing. Was it the soda? She focused on molding herself now, she hoped this would work. And nothing...She managed to make little stubby limbs that were useless. She then just decided to roll. She heard the others by the bathroom. She then rolled over to the open bathroom door where Diana was standing. "Erin, you alright...sorry about earlier.", Marina said. She could see two others in the bathroom with her. Marina couldn't make out the faces that well. "Oh...er...sorry, am I interrupting something?", she said timidly.

"Thanks," Erin rasped again then sighed spitting out whatever was left inside her mouth into the sink. Looking to the towel rack, she took hers, going to use it to wipe up her mess.

"I should... go get started on your ginger," Dianna said, slipping away. Phil... was trapped, but he suddenly found the a patch of dirt on the wall very interesting. "I've been meaning to wash that,"

he commented.

Erin meanwhile made her way out and began to clean up her mess with her towel. She spotted Marina by the door. "Scuse me," She rasped, stepping around the blobgirl. Getting on her hands and knees, she laid the towel over the mess. Liquids soaked into the towel before she began to move it, collecting whatever solids were mixed in. Eventually, she held the towel away from her as she went to the washing machine. The towel and Marina's clothes went in, and she started the laundry. That done, she went to change her own clothes.

Marina could see Erin rush back to her room. Phil was engrossed by a spot on the wall, clearly a way he didn't have to deal with the talking pile of goo. Diana had a legitimate excuse. In any case Marina saw no reason to push the issue. However, she was concerned about the amount of dust she had been collecting. She tried her best to reform a humanshape with little success. And so she decided she might as well practice bouncing later. She bounced her way over to the couch.

Erin came out of her room a little while later, deliberately avoiding the spot she vomited on just in case she hadn't cleaned it all the way and laid down on the couch with a pillow over her eyes as she waited for the pain to die in a fire and for the ginger tea. Whichever came first.

"Hell! My exam starts in thirty minutes!" Phil said suddenly. There was a good amount of clomping as he raced about to grab his bag and coat before he headed for the door.

Phil was out the door before Erin could wish him good luck and held the pillow over her face tighter around it as a surge of pain went through her head. "GodDAMN now I know how my mom feels!" She yelled.

"What happened to your mom", Marina asked, somewhat rhetorically. Her bouncing slowed, until she stopped landing on the living room floor. She felt like a basketball, though she hoped she would be able to pull herself together eventually.

"She gets migraines too." Erin replied, rasping still. more attempts to swallow just brought up more pain.

"Oh.", Marina said, "You alright...I wish I could help...alas I'm a basketball...given what's been happening to us, maybe something new has awakened within you, like it has for me."

"Achievement unlocked: Brain melting migranes..." Erin muttered.

"Achievement unlocked: Armless, legless, bouncy ball girl...", Marina retorted.  
"You're not alone."

Erin muttered something incomprehensible as the pain continued to throb through her skull. She clenched her teeth tightly and rolled to the side so that her face was touching the back of the sofa.

Diana came back and stopped at the doorway when she saw Marina. Why didn't that... girl stay in one place?

Erin heard the footfalls of someone else, Diana from the sounds of it.

Marina didn't even notice Diana walk in. Something about murky vision while she was a basketball, hopefully that wouldn't always be the case.

"Hey Diana," Erin said, not bothering to use the nickname she normally called her by. She wasn't in the mood.

"Oh Diana's back?", Marina asked.

*Hell...* Diana thought. "I brought your tea. I added a few things to help with the headache."

"Thanks..." Erin said, rolling around and taking the tea in both hands carefully, feeling the warmth through the cup. She looked down into it and took a sniff, hoping for a lovely, soothing scent.

It had the sharp tang of ginger, as well as the softer tones of mint, honey and something else.

"Mmmm... Smells good." She said and took her first sip of it, careful not to burn herself.

"Indeed, how's it taste?", Marina whispered. She was getting the feeling, that Erin's roommates didn't like her very much. Or was it the mutant powers, probably just the mutant powers, they didn't react in this way to her before.

Erin sipped some more, enjoying the taste then swallowed it. At first, the lingering pain from the vomit made it sting, but the soothing power of the tea lessened that. She gave a satisfied coo as her throat became happy again. "Mmmm... It's good. Thanks, Diana."

And now Erin was ignoring her, which again was understandable. Marina only hoped she'd regain her limbs soon.

For the next little while, Erin sipped at her tea happy that her throat was happy with her. When she was finally done, she relaxed on the couch. "Well, I feel a little better." She said, her head still pounding. She wondered when the aspirin would start to kick in.

"You doing alright...", Marina said bouncing onto the couch.

"I've been better. Head still feel like it's going to explode."

"Least you still got a head...and arms", Marina said to Erin.

"If it means not having to deal with this, I'll take your situation." Erin replied.

"You'd rather be a sentient beachball?", Marina asked, "Must be some pain you're in..."

"Imagine something trying to burst out of your head. Now imagine that something can't but it's trying to fight to get out of your head in any way that it can and mauling your brain to bits in the process. That's what I'm feeling right now." She said simply.

"Oh wow, I can scarcely imagine...compared to that my situation is nothing.", Marina replied.

"Yeah. Migranes suck. A lot. Hard. I'm hoping this one will piss off and die soon." Erin sighed, pressing the still warm mug to her temple.

Marina rolled up closer to Erin. "Nothing I can do besides be here for you...hope you recover soon.", she said.

"You and me both..." Erin complained, clenching her fists tightly as a wave of pain hit her.

"You alright?", Marina asked.

"No..." Erin complained, laying back on the sofa and putting her mug down since it had cooled down.

Marina found herself rolled to one side as Erin lay down. "I'm here if you need anything...", Marina said.

"Once it dies off, I'll think of something. Owwww!" She complained, hiding her eyes from the light.

It was hard for Marina to see her friend in such pain. Marina remained still, Erin needed her rest. "What!? You okay?", she asked.

"No... Head is killing me... Still. Throbbing pain. Lots of it." Erin muttered.

"Need help?", Marina asked, "Not sure what I can really do as a beachball." Marina rolled onto to Erin's belly. "Sorry...", Marina said.

Erin grunted as she was spooned by playdohgirl and rubbed her temple again.

"Sorry about that...need me to get off?", Marina said in an embarrassed tone.

"Whatever you want... I'm not in the mood really..." Erin sighed, and grunted some, pushing up against Marina to get comfortable again. All that really wound up doing was making holes in Marina before she gave up and attempted to try and get some sleep.

"You're kinda comfy...hope you and I get better soon.", Marina said, "And now I got holes..."

"Me too... Like I said before." Erin sighed.

"Maybe there's something more cheerful to discuss...all this talk of pain is getting me down.",

Marina said.

"Any ideas?" Erin asked.

"I'm basically clay, perhaps I have the properties of clay...you were able to mold me into a ball yesterday...That was interesting.", Marina said to Erin.

Not one to be rude, Erin didn't tell Marina to go away despite how much she wanted to. Instead, she grunted something non committal and rolled onto her side. Her teeth clenched again.

Marina could see Erin didn't feel like talking. The pain was likely really bad. Marina did her best to flatten herself out. At least this time when she pancaked, Erin didn't fall on her. Marina draped herself over Erin's semi-sleeping body.

Unable to get to sleep, Erin felt something with a suspiciously Marina like texture being draped over her. She looked up and saw the green that was her friend and thought for a moment over current events and her life. This was the first time in a long time that she had a sleepover. Not counting her time at Trevor's place but that didn't really count towards her current line of thinking. Having Marina in her room, even if she was a blob was... different. She'd need to think more on this. Instead, she looked at the Marina blanket, somewhat puzzled.

Marina was thinking, she had taken this whole mutation thing rather well all things considered. It had turned into a sort of game for her. Now the real world dawned on her. Fun and games would be fewer. She hoped Erin didn't mind. Marina could see Erin was giving her quizzical looks, "I was just seeing if I could...I'll change back if you'd prefer to be alone." Marina whispered.

Erin wasn't sure how to react to this situation. There were some things that one simply couldn't plan for and this was one of them. "I'd... Like some time alone." She said tentatively. "If that's all right."

Marina slithered off of Erin collecting in a blob on the floor. She rolled around a little until she reformed the ball shape. "Until I'm human again, this shape feels the most natural.", she muttered. Too soon...too soon...Marina thought as she bounced away.

Erin meanwhile looked to see that Marina was off her and far enough away. She was then left alone with her thoughts. She had dated before, but each of her three relationships ended in heartbreak. At the time, she blamed it on several things. Different interests, not enough similarities, and assorted things. Having Marina in her room though was... different. She couldn't put her finger on what exactly it was though.

Marina bounced away to Erin's room. She needed time alone, the events of the last week or so, especially yesterday where Erin went out of her way to keep her safe. Marina remembered when she first melted, Erin was the one who cared most then too. She had only dated a little in high school, but in the end those people went to college and never returned her calls. She was awkward, fun loving. Wasn't into all the same things as other girls her age. She had a clear career path, she would likely work at the aquarium forever.

*Come on, Erin... She thought. Think of this rationally. Why haven't you had these thoughts before?*

***Because I haven't seen myself like this until now Erin... How should I know what's going on?***

*[i]you know, there should have been signs before this...[i]*

***Well... maybe there has been. We just didn't see it until now...***

*If you're talking about some of my farioute games, I like them for the story and gameplay...*

***Oh please! you use the level skip cheats every time you get to one you don't like. and need I mention your prefferentil treatments?***

*That's because they're good at what they do!*

***You're a terrible liar. Espicailly to yourself.***

*\*Sigh... \* you really think so?*

***I'm you, ya big dope! I know me!***

*So... what do I do?*

***Be honest. With me and yourself. Times have changed you know.***

*Yeah... Yeah, they have... So now I have to...?*

***Yep. Don't worry. I'm sure everyone will accept it.***

Marina paused by the door to Erin's room. She turned to see Erin resting on the couch. She just found herself staring. Not in a creepy sort of way, but with admiration. She was suffering right now, and Marina felt that she should try to do something...but failed. She did care for Erin, but it took becoming a blob of play-doh for her to realize just how much.

After Erin finished talking with her nighttime self, or at least what she thought was her nighttime self, she lifted herself up, hugging her knees. The migraine was still there, but she had something to do. "Hey Diana...? Marina?" Erin called. "Can you come here for a minute?"

Marina heard Erin call out something. Marina cautiously bounced her way out of Erin's room and then rolled over to the couch. Once she arrived, Marina bounced up onto the couch.

Diana reluctantly returned, thought she hovered near the door. "What is it Erin? I might not have early classes like Phil and Greg today, but I do have to head out."

"Well..." Erin said slowly, biting the inside of her lip. With the words of Diana, she knew she couldn't do chrades like she had planned. Intead she just had to come out and say it. "I.... I think I'm into girls." Erin said softly. "I guess you could call this my coming out of the closet."

--- Updated ---

Act One: Elderly Matchmakers and Agile Fighters

The ceiling as a nice white color and textured with tiny little spikes. It had taken someone a long time to paint it and then do the sponge thing to make it that way. Henry never had the time before to look at something like his ceiling before but this night he just could not fall asleep.

The clock read 5:30 when he figured it was time to give up on the whole sleep thing. He got up and felt just fine. He wasn't sore from the day before not did he feel that dragging feeling that

came after a night of no sleep. He didn't feel tired or anything. He found this just odd as he went into the bathroom to start his day. After showering and a fast shave he was ready for the day. But what was he going to do this day? That was the burning question that was going through his mind as he went to the kitchen and made breakfast.

The gym he was now going to would be open and he did have a daily time spot with the trainers. He would need to keep it or else they might give that slot away. He was also expecting a few packages this afternoon which would eat up a lot of his time. He was going to enjoy that part of the day.

Before that he wanted to look into something that had been on the news and the only way to get more information would be to watch the news more and the only TV he had was at the gym. He day would need to start there. Henry grabbed his gym bag and dumped the old work out clothes and put in new ones. He slung the bag over his shoulder and grabbed the hamper that was full. He headed down his stairs and opened a small set of double doors. They were right in front of the door and they held his washing machine and dryer. They were on the ground level which was good but when you first came in it was the thing that you saw first. Which wasn't bad at times since it reminded him to clean his clothes. He dumped about half the hamper into the machine put the soap in and let it do its thing.

Henry got out of the apartment and locked his newly fixed door and walked down the path to his truck. He felt that today was going to be a good day.

One of his neighbours, a pleasant elderly man by the name of Nigel Reids, was just getting in from his morning jog. Ever since his stroke scare couple months before, he had been steadily changing his lifestyle to one more fitness centered. His wife loved the new him, that was for sure, and had applied her considerable cooking skills to coming up with healthy dishes for him. He was sweating and had a towel over his shoulder, looking a good five years shy of his 62. "Good Morning Henry," he called. "Back to work already?"

"Not yet Mr. Reids. The plant is most likely still under investigation. I will have a while until they call me back in. I am off to the gym to try and get in better shape. I can't have you being the best looking man around here. I need to catch up." Henry said with a smile.

Reids had a good laugh over that. "Don't push yourself too hard, Henry. I wouldn't mind being on top for a few more weeks. The Missis wants to know if you'd like to come over for dinner next Sunday. Our daughter is visiting and we consider you part of the family.

"That sounds like a fun time. Your wife also makes such great meals. I am glad to see you bouncing back from your...illness? I don't think I have ever met your daughter. Does she know that she is going to be meeting a master of the custodial arts?" Henry said jokingly.

"A custodial was where I started as well," Mr. Reid said. "Besides, we didn't raise her to be shallow."

"No disrespect sir just I have met a number of people who have a hard time seeing past my job.



Also I did not know we shared the same line of work. That's pretty cool."

"Yeah. Eventually got into landscaping. She helps run the business now that I'm retired. Of course, that's over in Scarborough. I suppose it's due time we started up a branch here," he said contemplatively.

"That would be a good idea to branch out. What do you all do in the winter time?"

"Still landscaping. The same private clients, and corporate ones, who want us to clear their lawns and trim hedges and plants hire our workers to clear driveways and walk ways," He chuckled.

"Ah so you all do snow removal then. Got a truck that could have a plow on it for a start up. If you ever need any help I am more than willing to aid." Henry added in.

"Nice to see you so enthused. It would be a start up project," Mr. Reid warned.

"Sorry that is right. This is why I am not a business man but a blue collar worker." Henry explained.

"I'm just saying, we would need more than one employee, and the pay will not be much at the start either, not without having a strong clientele and reputation," he continued. "Finding appropriate working alone would take time."

"Hmmm. I might know just the people that could help. Well I know some people who are in college that could most likely use some money. Also know some guys from work as well. We will definitely need to sit down soon if you are going ahead with this soon." Henry thought about how Jez could do the job of many people but would she want to. He would need to ask her.

"Really? Those friends of your's, I suppose?" Reid chuckled. "That's decent of you, looking out for them. Tell you what, I'll talk to my girl, and I'll see what we can work out."

"Excellent I will give them all a call and see if they are willing. This could work out nicely for everyone." Henry did not know if the ladies would go for this. The guys might have but with them turning into cat people that might be a turn off for people.

"Let me not hold you up anymore," Reid said, whipping the sweat that was pooling on his bushy brow. "Maybe if you get some CVs from your friends, just to do this officially."

"Yeah, I will see if I can get those. Either bring them over next Sunday or sooner if you want." Henry said. "Keep up the good work Mr. Reid because I am hitting the gym to catch up to you."

Henry waved good-bye to Mr. Reid and hopped into his truck. He would need to remember to get out his nice clothes for this dinner. He did not want to show up a slob or anything. And with that he fired up the truck and set out to the gym. He had a work out to do.

[Trip to the Gym is uneventful. ((Not gonna pull out the car accident. Yet. 🤔)]

"Morning Henry," the woman at the front called as he stepped in.

"Good morning!" Henry said with an enthusiastic smile. He then headed back to the locker room to put his bag away. Locking it up he went out to the floor and started to work with the free weights. He didn't know what his trainer would have him do this day but he was feeling good and would be ready for what ever.

It was a while, but Jason showed up after a few minutes. "Hey, Henry. You're early today."

Henry looked at the clock on the wall. He did not remember what time he got there the other day but he figured that it must have been later.

"Yeah, I had some trouble sleeping last night. Thought I could get some work done early." Henry explained.

"That I see," Jason said. "I suppose you'll be wanting another session?"

"I can do what ever. You are the expert so you tell me what is going to get me better the best way."

"I'll put off sparring for now. Or at least get you a different partner. To often with me and you'll just learn how to fight me." He chuckled "That and I might still be sore from yesterday. Anyway, lifting weights is a good start. I'd suggest running through four or five of the machines."

"Sounds good. A training partner could be cool. Are there any others here that would be willing to meet at this time or is there a time that I should be coming in?" Henry asked as he moved over to the first machine.

Henry started off doing leg lifts to help him put more power into his punches and kicks.

"Just do a couple sets on the leg press, bicep and tricep curls, and the crunch machines. I have a few rounds to run," Jason said. "I will see if I can find you a sparing partner."

Henry did as he was instructed at each machine. the machines were not that hard until he got to the ab machine. Crunches always brought a wince to his face when he did them. He knew they were good for building muscle but they always hurt for days afterwards. He did them any way while Jason went from person to person. Henry did not know that there were some many people here doing the same thing as him.

As Henry worked out he watched the news to get the latest bug attack information.

News were interesting things. They often have so much other information. The bug attacks did come up relatively early, with a repeated warning of caution if and when the bugs were sighted and sharing the number to call. They followed it up with a map where the last sightings were seen. It included a spot around where Trevor lived.

There were other interesting stories too. The Government had taken the first step and dubbed those affected by the gas or whatever it was across the GTA as Metahuman. There were now a few wanted people with the powers as well, two having killed people. In more pressing matters, a group was forming, demanding some sort of control for metahumans. They went by the name MAMA; Mothers[Members?] Against Metahuman [will insert an 'a' word meaning malcontent/uncontrolled or whatever later].

Henry watched the news with interest as they brought up the bugs again. He thought that they would have said that they had taken care of the issue. Seems that it was on going. The map they showed did not seem to have a pattern but it did have a dot on the map near Trevor's. He would need to remember to ask him about.

As the show went on he saw the metahumans..he would need to get used to that.. that were wanted for killings. He was also surprised to find that a group of moms were up in arms about them. He wondered how many of them would have children with these powers. He felt like he got kicked in the teeth when they asked for control of people like him. Humans have been killing each other for their whole history. Now they just had better tools that were not very well understood. Perhaps they would get over it. Most likely not.

Henry made a mental note to try and get a copy of the map from some where after his work out. As he was switching machines he made by the front desk.

"Hello. I know this is a weird question but do you all have a computer with a printer? I was wondering if I could get a copy of the map about the bug sightings so I know where they are." Henry asked while trying to look as nice as any sweaty man could.

"Sure," Mary, the receptionist said. She had been watching the news too. She turned and cleared the screen saver with a waggle of the mouse. A few clicks and several taps on the keyboard later, she was on the station's website, and she did some tech magic and vanished into the back room, coming back with a print out. "You want me to hold on to this until you are ready to leave?"

"If you wouldn't mind. I don't want to stuff all over it. Thank you very much." Henry said and went back to work. He wanted to be in pretty good shape for when he had to go and fix this problem. Oh if MAMA knew what he was doing to protect them from the really bad people.

Jason was waiting for Henry when he got back, with another gym goer. Someone from the martial arts side with an asian tint to his feature. "Hey Henry, found you a partner that hits about as hard as you do!"

Henry swallowed hard. This guy seemed to know what he was doing where as Henry had only a few days worth of training. But this would allow him to try to put his skills to the test.

"Henry, right? I'm Richard. Nice to meet you," he said with a friendly smile.

"Hello Richard. this should be interesting." Henry said and offered his hand.

"All righty, let's try this." Henry responded

Jason herded them to a free ring, and took up position as referee. He glanced at both combatants.

"Begin!"

[Richard Init: =20](#)

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4057807/> henry init = 3...woot

Richard opened with a sharp kick, spending too much energy on fluff and flair.

[1d20+3=6](#)

Henry saw the kick coming and managed to side step a bit for it to miss. He did not know what this guy was doing but Henry had to bring his A game or he would lose this. He threw a straight jab at Richard.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4057824/> punch = 17 damage = 20 (str 4 + strike 1)

That was a good hit. Even Jason winced, since he was on the receiving end of one the day before. Richard staggered back a few steps, woozy.

[Toughness Save=9](#) Stunned and Staggered.

"Yeah, that's a clean hit," Jason said, slightly disappointed. He was hoping that Richard would have given Henry more of a challenge. "Let's give him a breather before round two."

Henry backed off and stretched out a little. He got in a lucky punch and did not know what he was going to have to deal with next. He felt that Richard was going to be more defensive in the upcoming round.

Richard rubbed at his jaw, resting on the ground. "Damn man... I mean damn... I though Jason was exaggerating..."

"I have always been a heavy hitter. Sorry about that. I can hold some back if it is needed." Henry offered.

"Nah, it's all good," Richard said. "You mind if I go rinse out my mouth before the next round?"

"Nah, go right ahead." Henry said while getting ready for the round.

"Don't go anywhere. I'll be back to beat you in a bit," Richard said. He laughed and headed off to the mans wash room. When he came back, his hair was damp, and he seemed to have his second wind.

"Glad that your shower went well. Now let's see how round two goes." Henry joked

"You two are ready for the next round?" Jason said, taking back his post. "Start when you are ready!"

"Sure," Richard said, taking his position. [Init=11](#)

"I'm ready." Henry said and held up his fists.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4057919/> = 7

Richard tried the same kick again. You think he would have learned the first time.

[1d20+3=9](#)

Henry watched as Richard set himself up and started off with a kick again. This must be this guys opening attack each time because it was the same deal. Henry moved in close and threw a jab just like last time.

attack <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058122/> = 20 damage= 20

Damn this guy can punch... At least his inner strength training was working out. He responed with a punch of his own. He was going to get so much hell for this if it got out...

[Toughness=20](#)

[Attack=6](#)

Henry hit a solid blow but the man seemed to shake this one off. Henry started to circlce the man when a punch was thrown his way. Henry had his hands up and took the hit. While Richard was pulling his arm back from the punch Henry followed in with a left swing.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058658/> attack =

This time Richard gave a sharp left straight after taking a half step to put a slight bit of distance between himself and Henry, the distance he used to deliver a proper hit.

[1d20+3=20](#) Toughness DC: 18

Henry tried to move out of the way of the next kick and got caught with a punch right to the side of the head. The blow should ahve caused his vision to blur but it seemed like it was a tap. Was Richard messing with him? Henry responded with a right hook.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058699/> toughness = 29

attack <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058703/> = 14 toughness DC= 20

Richard bobbed and ducked beneath the hook, and instead countered with a short and sharp jab to Henry's gut.

[1d20+3=17](#) Toughness DC

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058725/> toughness = 27

Henry took the punch to the guy and felt his muscles resist the force. He was ready for the effect this time and punched and hard right at the man's chest.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058728/> attack = 5

The punch went wide, and Richard tried a low kick to knock Henry off balance, maybe force him to the mat.

[1d20+3=17+4 \(improved trip\)](#)

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058754/> =25 acrobatic

Henry jumped the kick as it came in. He did it better then he thought and as he landed he spun around and launched a kick at Richard. This one was not ment to trip since he really did not know how to do that all that well.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058766/> attack = 20 toughness DC = 20

//ninja kick

Well, that failed. Still, it was better than nothing. And Henry finally landed a good hit. Richard wouldn't have minded for the bad luck to go on... He used his step back to set up a left straight. Fast and smooth.

[Toughness \(1d20+4=18\)](#)

[Attack =21](#) Toughness DC 18

Henry was impressed with his kick a little to much and caught the punch square on the chin. He saw some stars from this attack. He kept his hands up but could not do much more then that. The pain on his chin started to go away after a second. It seemed that even though Henry did not know what hit him his body was on the defense.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058766/> toughness = 10 (bruised and stunned)

recovery check (regen 3) <http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058799/> 16 (no longer bruised)

Richard used the chance to try and trip him again, twisting his upper body as he snapped his leg out to strike Henry's shin.

[Trip melee \(1d20+3=10\)](#) (No dodge bonus, -2 def to Henry due to stunned status)

[Trip check \(1d20+3+4=10\)](#)

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058825/> Acrobatics! = 13

Henry drunkenly stumbled around and felt pain shoot up his leg as Richard nailed him in the shin. Henry hopped back and favored that leg for a moment. The pain got Henry's head back in the game. This guy sure was tough. If this kept going on he was going to get him. He need to land some hits on this guy.

Henry stepped in and threw another punch at Richard. It might not have the finesse of Richard but it had some raw hurting power behinding.

<http://invisiblecastle.com/roller/view/4058828/> attack (crit) 23 toughness DC=25

[1d20+4=11](#) Staggered and stunned.

Lookit the pretty stars... Richard stumbled back.

"Call!" Jason annouceed. Maybe Richard would go for 3 out of 5... "You okay Richard?"

"Ask me in a minute," Richard gasped, hunching over.

Henry walked over to Richard and helped the man off to the side of the ring.

## Alex and the Day of Average Adventures

Prince Albert Alex and the Day of Average Adventures

Act One: To Repair, or Not to Repair, that is the Question

When Alex said he blew up his computer, he could have just as well said he burned it out. Would have been just as accurate a description of what happened. Still, you always hold out hope for your computer until told it's a goner. And thus, Albie awakened.

Dirty minded catboy woke up with the same thought in his mind as he had before, and so he had to take care of that (and apparently failed to control his claws. Ouch). Avoiding awkward situations, he suddenly remembered that today was the day when he could get his laptop back, or at least he was promised to get it back at this day (what kind of precision do these repairman have).

So his thoughts could wait. Grabbing a cup of tea rather quickly he clothed up and went to the street, but before he asked his father to give him some money on transportation and repair services and warned him of his departure (but the time was so early that he had to spend some time waking his dad up.)

But the problem was - he couldn't show up without getting a lot of stares anywhere, with his look (overclothed with strange facial shape and awkward way of walking - even hiding his feline features won't help him a lot), so he decided to have a walk - and damnit, it wasn't that short trip.

But in the end, he got to the needed place, got in and walked up to the man-in-the-window-who-took-his-laptop-some-days-ago (that's helluva name). "Eh, sir, I am here about my laptop"

"Oh, I see," well, it wasn't the same man on shift, since they had several workers and not everyone worked all the time. Still, this guy was weird looking... Sorta suspicious, shades and a mask... "Ah, your name?"

"Alexander Nochin." Alex replied.

[Sense Motive: 8](#) Nothing

"Just a moment," the man, his name tag said Shane, headed further in and scanned the shelves. It didn't take him long to find the laptop in question, and he was scanning the attached write up as he headed back. "Well, it doesn't look good."

"Eh, what happened?" Alex wondered. Apparently this thing isn't repaired...

"Well, from what I see, I don't think it was cost effective to repair it," Shane said. He set the report on the table. "What ever happened pretty much killed it. The hard drive has been scrambled and the disk ruined in places, several parts of the motherboard are burned out, as are some of the connectors for the memory." Shane took out the battery after a bit of struggle, and pointed to a corroded contact. "The cells seem ruptured and leaking in this as well, and the processor doesn't seem to have fared well either. The screen is burnt out also. It seems like a major surge hit this. You are better off getting a new laptop than replacing components for this one."

Alex stared at the broken computer and rubbed his chin through the facial cover he had. Woah. That's totally not dust-induced overheating. "We didn't have power surges at that time..." he muttered. "Eh, what else could it be?" Alex wondered

"Any you know of, apparently," Shane said. He pried off the covering for the screen easily and pointed to the connector that was barely visible. "See that, there? It were the wiring overheated and caused the insulator to warp. There aren't many things that cause that really. Do you use a power pad?"

Alex shook his head and replied "No, I don't."

"Then I can't tell you the cause. Just the result," Shane said. "If you want to try and repair it, we can pull together a price list, but I can tell you, it might just be more economical to replace the system."

Alex sighed and said "Can I have the laptop back then? Maybe I'll find a use for that dead scrap later..."

That wasn't an issue. Aside from the ten dollar service charge. In due time, Shane was ringing up the purchase on his register. "We do sell computers here as well, if you would like to check them."

Thankfully Alex had wallet with him and even got some local money in there, so the payment was done, but shook his head on the suggestion about computers. "No, thanks." He would rather choose something back at home so he would know the specifics and options.

"Have a good day then," the Shane said.

Alex nodded, thanked Shane and left the building. That was an interesting problem for sure... And with a thought like that, he embarked on his journey to back home.

Someone was waiting for him. Waiting near the bus stop. A fat man. Worn clothes hanging surprising loose, considering his frame. Strange facial features, small eyes, large nose and mouth. "Hi hi!"

Alex ignored the man, thinking that it wasn't to him. No one wanted to talk to him anyway, so that guy probably was talking to himself. And he was a weirdo, so Alex didn't want to waste time trying to talk with him. Creepy.

"He is ignoring!" The fat man fumed. "He isn't paying attention!"

The attack literally came from nowhere. Maybe a glint of light being the only warning in retrospect, but that might only have been the mind compensating. In any case, there was just a surge of pain, even though the fat man did nothing.

[Attack=11](#) (Surprise attack; -2 to Albie's defense)



Damage DC: 25

Swearing loudly in Russian, Alex jumped up a bit and looked at the man "WHAT THE HELL'S WITH YOU?" he yelled, backing off from him

"I didn't do it!" the man said skipping happily after Alex. "You didn't want to talk to me!"

Alex continued retreating, having no idea what to do. He had a feeling of panic. But well, that dude said that he didn't do it, so he DID do it. And Alex had no idea how to react on that. "It's my right to talk or not to talk, I don't even fucking know you!" he replied, forgetting that it's better not to antagonise strangers

A second surge.

[1d20+3=8](#) DC: 25 toughness

Seriously Castle! Have you no respect for drama! (Still, with a minus 2 to defense, it still hits. But seriously. Castle!)

[Alex toughness: 10](#)

And so, Alex yelled loudly out of pain and fell on the ground. The thing surged him pretty well...

## Trevor and Jezelle star in: Aftermaths

Trevor and Jezelle star in: Aftermaths  
Act One: Of feasting and Cleaning

Trevor woke early in the morning suddenly. There was a beast growling in his room, and it wasn't him. Well, it was him, just not his throat. His stomach growled again in fierce want and demand. He was starving. He added a groan to the sounds in the room and crawled out of his little nest of blankets and pillows. It was after 5. Yeesh... normally it took something like a flight or bus ticket to wake him up that early.

*Kitchen, kitchen, kitchen, kitchen, kitchen...* Look, there was a mantra in his head. It didn't stop when he reached the room in question either. It was like background music. With his stomach on base, his claws clicking on the tiles. It was a regular orchestra. He muttered to himself and checked the fridge. Hmm... milk... You know what that would go well with? Chicken. Or some other meat. White maybe...

Wait... he glanced over at the bag of bugs. Bugs were white meat. And good for you... And could be had with minimal preparation... He headed off to it, his tail accidentally knocking some dishes in the drainer, cause a clatter.

The recent encounter with bugs had probably left the JezLegion a little high-strung, as such, a bump in the night was something that was condemned. All five snapped awake at the disturbance like dominos, one Jez passed a cricket bat to the original before she disappeared straight into the kitchen, brandishing the bat high ready to clobber something.

Trevor's ears were good enough to pick up movement upstairs, but he was still caught off guard

when the population of the room suddenly doubled, and took cover behind the counter, hissing softly.

When Jezelle finally registered the only thing moving in the room was a Trevor, she let out a breath of relief.

"Oh phew, it's just you," Jezelle said, lowering the bat, "What the heck you doing up so early?"

"... Hungry," Trevor said, catching his breath. "Can you not do that in a dark kitchen?"

"We were attacked by super bugs yesterday, forgive me for being a little on-edge," Jezelle grumbled, resting the bat on a shoulder.

"I didn't get to eat anything better the bugs and Marina..." Trevor muttered. When he got back in the evening he ended up having to clean the walls outside (damn bugs started making a nest or something).

"Bleh, I'm going back to sleep then," Jezelle grumbled, disappearing again to retreat under the blankets once more.

He still wasn't used to that. The way she appeared and disappeared to three of his senses at a time. Here on moment, gone the next. He shook his head. Back to the matter at hand... True... Jez's trick with the table had crushed a good number of them, but the ones taken out with the broomstick and her kicks were still whole. He picked on and, after a moments consideration, tossed it in the oven on high heat to toast.

Four wormed a little out of the covers, propping herself up on her elbows with her chin resting on her fingers interlaced, looking at Jezelle in query.

"I want more sleep," Jezelle half-complained to the unspoken question, rolling over.

"I am so boring sometimes..." Four sighed.

Well... toasting mutant bug had an interesting smell. (Or was that related to the fact that it had been out for almost a full day now?) Something sharp... no, distinctive. Like a cross between green apples, something fishy and walnuts. With another scent that sorta snuck around when you tied to pin it down. Interesting. He sat on the floor and watched the bug intently as it roasted.

A most peculiar scent eventually wafted up to the JezLegion, giving something to think about as they attempted to get back to sleep.

"What the hell is that cat cooking?" Four said, a little perplexed at the aroma. One thought led to another at very fast speed in the Jez Collective after the bugs came back to mind.

"He couldn't be cooking one of..." Jezelle said, trailing off, shaking her head a little, "No I'm sure it's paranoia -I really need to give the paranoia thing a rest..."

"...You know he was pretty insistent on trying to eat one of those things, and we can't identify the smell..." Three pointed out, to which Jezelle answered with a groan.

"...We're not going back to sleep, are we...?" Three asked rhetorically after a bit of a flurry in the hivemind.

"No thanks to you," Jezelle said with a sigh, climbing out of bed again, "I don't think I could be

bothered trying to dissuade that crazy catman any more, let's just have a shower and get this day going."

Well... he wasn't sure if it was done or not, but hell, he was hungry. Yes. Hunger. He has transcended hungry, till the hunger was all consuming. It was his state of being. He was Hunger. Hunger was him. He would eat until he was sated. *Yeesss....*

Damn... he was getting trippy. He pulled the trayed bug out. A nursed finger later after a failed first attempt, he took a metal mallet to it and cracked open a claw. That's where people started on lobsters, right? That or the tail. Either way, the meat was brownish on the outside, probably burning, and whitish yellow, or was that yellowish white, in the center.

"Hmm.... actually tastes like turkey..." Okay, that wasn't quite true, but it was close enough. It has a gumminess to it that wasn't all together off putting. Not that chewing was something he did a lot of... New dentation was more keyed towards cutting and swallowing. Funny... years of being told to take your time and eat...

The sound of water running in the drain and the shower running were secondary to him at the moment. His attention was on the bug. One of the benefits of fur was that even sitting cross legged on the cold tile with nothing but his newly and aforementioned God-given coat on, the cold didn't bother him. The claws done, he moved on the body.

The JezLegion's arrival at the shower was most spontaneous and jarring, as all five popped out of thin air in a variety of stretching poses and yawns, Five already starting up the shower while Three hit the lock on the door.

"This still kinda weirds me out..." Jezelle mumbled, staring at the mirror at her 'reflections'. Like seeing other people and yourself at the same time, but also sort of seeing from their perspective in a foggy kind of way through their memories and thoughts.

Like how Four was trying her signature teleport-stripping technique on herself and Five at the same time, Jezelle could almost swear it was she herself doing it and part of her was embarrassed -conceptually at least, as she was also in Five's mind who couldn't care any less, not even flinching as she focused on adjusting the water temperature and the angle of the shower head. Stripping... herself, as... herself, who was like someone else at the same time... it really was a headache trying to bend her mind around it sometimes... it was easier to just not think about it, and then it somehow seemed normal. Like having the knowledge of how cold the water was currently whilst still standing before the mirror with her arms folded quizzically.

A moment later she snapped back to reality and discovered she'd evidently fallen too deeply in a reverie, as Four had stolen her clothes and Two was playing with her hair.

"...I *can* undress myself..." Jezelle stated flatly, staring at Four's reflection in the mirror before attempting to move her head away from Two.

"This is all awfully convenient though," Two chirped, still parting and moving Jezelle's hair about with a thoughtful expression, "Doing our hair is going to be so much easier."

"Still gives me a headache doing my own hair through someone else's hands..." Jezelle said with a sigh, resigning to Two.

"-Which are your own hands!" Two added cheerily, evoking another light groan from Jezelle.

Trevor decided to leave some of the bug for Jez to try. She did help take them down, after all. In the very least, he was full, and the annoying voice in his gut was silenced, too busy dealing with meat. On the other hand... he was a mess. Bugs weren't exactly finger food at this size, and this one was juicy. Fur didn't whip off easily. Since the shower was still running upstairs, he decided he might as well too. He got up, pausing to stretch, and headed down to make use of the basement facilities.

Trevor hesitated in front of the mirror. He didn't flinch. He hadn't for a few days now, but it still gave him pause. He might acknowledge that it was him, but there was still the slight delay between connecting the reflection with his self image. He, at a subconscious level, expect to see his old self. Dark skin, eyes a brown so deep it was almost black, hair keep cut short for easier care, a faint scare under one eye from a biking accident. Average build over all, not overly athletic, but good enough. Nothing all the more spectacular really.

Now... Fur was pretty spectacular. As were the twitching ears (seriously... he needed to figure out how to get those things under control...) And the tail (something else he needed to get under control). He liked to fancy himself that he could see a ghost of the old his in there, but really... the slight muzzle that resulted from and in changes to the jawline, the yellow eyes; slitted in the bright light of the bathroom, the leather of the nose. The eyebrows were the same. Black arches amidst the dark and light grey fur. His hair was really just slightly longer fur, somewhere between black and dark grey. He lifted a lip to look at the fangs again. All glistening with saliva and pointed as the last time he checked them. There was also a little

With a sigh, he shook his head and stepped into the shower. Showers were annoying. Mostly because of the work it entailed. Working up the soap into a lather, getting it into his fur, getting his tail under control long enough to wash it. It was hard coordinating five limb. Sud covered fur made him look ridiculous, he knew, and soap in the ears was even worse now than when he was just a cute and dry human type person. At the moment, his eyes were shut to keep the soap and it's rather painful tendency to burn at bay.

There was no better place than the shower to appreciate anatomy. Mostly by spatial memory, he got the shower started and finally rinsed his eyes to safety before working his ways down, the wash of water chasing the waves of suds out and off his fur with a little help from deftly working fingers.

When Five felt the water temperature was hot enough, all five Jezelles stepped in at the same time without a word needing to be spoken, preparing for the dance that was a shower that involved five people whose minds were connected.

As much as part of Jezelle might have preferred individual showers to reduce awkwardness and headaches, it all rapidly spiraled back down to efficiency, as she didn't want to impose any more than necessary -a giant water bill being one of them.

It was all a constant -albeit slow- motion as they moved about the shower in a methodical pattern, passing the shampoo and soap like condiments at a dining table.

"I don't get it," Four began, rather blatantly examining Five as they both massaged the shampoo through their hair.

"Of course *you* don't get it," Jezelle interjected seamlessly -might've sounded harsh if not for the

mental chatter.

"We work our asses off for these bodies, why have you never tried to show it off?" Four asked, looking a little let-down at Jezelle, nodding in Five's direction who was barely paying attention.

"I don't work my ass off because I want to flaunt," Jezelle reminded, "I'd actually like to seem tactful and respectable."

"Psh, you can do both," Four said bluntly, not even really considering that she might be wrong.

"I think sex appeal should be approached with caution," Jezelle said seriously, staring at Four,

"Respect and tact is less volatile."

"Volatile is *why* it's awesome," Four insisted, "And I think we owe it to ourselves to at least try - use them if you've got em, yeah? And *we've got them*."

Almost as if to emphasize her point, Four had shifted partially behind Five to catch both of

Five's assets in her hands, Four bearing an expression of exasperation at Jezelle.

Jezelle covered her face with a palm, bowing her head forward and closing her eyes.

"Would you please not do that... this honestly can't be psychologically healthy..." Jezelle said with a bit of tiredness in her voice. Four had to pause and think about that for a moment, as she'd actually managed that feat with a surprising degree of innocence.

"Well... it can't be that bad..." Four said thoughtfully, still not moving as she partly looked at Five who still had yet to respond -still showering normally like nothing had happened.

"Narcissistic perhaps, but theoretically harmless," Three offered airily as she helped Two with her hair.

"Stop taking her side," Jezelle grumbled.

"Sorry, I was merely attempting to provide illumination on the issue," Three apologized -albeit seeming to lack proper sincerity...

"This hivemind thing is a migraine waiting to happen," Jezelle sighed, "I still can't properly grasp things, like how is it possible-" she moved over and clamped a hand around Four's left bicep,

"That this is my arm as well as not my arm..."

"...You're giving me a headache," Four complained, pushing Five into Jezelle in rebellion, turning to the shower head and continuing like normal even as though the two of them nearly fell over from the collision, "I mean is it really that important to figure it out? It's working fine so far."

" 'So far', " Jezelle echoed, a little grumpy as she and Five swayed about to regain their balance.

"Yeah, 'so far', we can just roll with it until something comes up," Four said with a shrug, looking back at them -to discover Jezelle propelling Five at her in retaliation.

"Like Trevor's latest stunt?" Three offered vacantly, scrubbing Two's back. Four had to pause and pout at that, pushing Five back onto her own feet and then folding her arms.

"We all got the memory of it but he really only kissed Three," Four pointed out defiantly, "I think that counts for something..."

"And if you had of flashed him he would have known what we *all* look like naked, I think that demands some responsibility..." Jezelle said sternly.

"That's a little unfair though," Four returned grumpily.

"Be that as it may, there's no real way to solve that issue..." Jezelle said, somehow a degree of sympathy had crept into her demeanor. As much as she could scarcely figure out why she was sympathetic towards someone who couldn't be an exhibitionist because of clone-privacy-responsibilities...

Trevor didn't have cloning blues to worry about. Just the ethical complications. He mused on

them as he got himself clean, letting the stream run over his head, spilling over his shoulders to flow down his chest and his back. Water alone wouldn't get the soap out fully (the first time, his fur dried odd and smelled funny), so he ran his hands over his chest and limbs slowly, lost in thought. It was starting to warm up. What would he do then? Clothes over fur was annoying as it was in this temperature. Clothes were to cover up objectionable parts anyway. Fur did a pretty good job of that. Even his... assets had their own little sheath to hide in. What was the point of it? He sighed and worked on his tail, counting vertebrae as he did. Damn. Instinct vs Intellect. He'd been doing a good job, he thought, at it so far, but he had... lapses. Like chasing Fourth. Even impulse control...

He sighed and finished his shower, just standing under the stream for a minute or so more before he cut the flow. He gave himself a good shake to clear as much of the water as he could before stepping out and grabbing a towel.

Two, Three and Five eventually went over to attack Four with a few loofahs since Jezelle and Four were too busy arguing to make much progress on the showering front.

"But you know, that means if he sees one of us naked once, it'd be okay then right? In front of him at least?" Four said thoughtfully with narrow eyes off into space.

"Oh my god..." Jezelle groaned, her posture slumping at the severity. She still found it slightly difficult to believe that Four was a viable possibility for her personality, but it was probably strangeness of seeing three of herself cleaning the fourth that sent her world for a loop.

Jezelle slapped a hand over her eyes and took a few breaths.

"...If you pass out now can I use that as-" "-No. Stop Talking. And thinking, you're hurting my brain..." Jezelle interrupted Four before attempting to go back to showering.

Things continued to attempt to go downhill when Four was all clean in under a minute from the concerted effort, and the four Jezelles went to advance on the original to speed things along -and in turn the original constantly having to fend off the Fourth.

"But you know it's *technically*-" "Shut up," Jezelle interrupted Four again flatly.

"I mean think about it," "No."

"You're not curious?" "No."

"Isn't that a little boring?" "No."

"It's not weird?" "No. -wait..." Jezelle tripped up at last, and the resulting scuffle had Four in a headlock.

After a moment, Four spoke up again in a way that seemed to defy her current characterization and further blur the lines: "This really is kind of messed up," Four said wistfully as she stared off into space, disregarding the fact she was in a bit of a headlock -though Jezelle released her upon that remark.

"We're existing in five places at once, and our minds are all tangled up together..." Four said, fixing her hair and still staring off into space, "If we weren't always so confused and lost by this, this is actually something we could really take advantage of, ya know?"

Somehow, Jezelle kind of wished Four had of kept being lewd and suggestive, as right now she had yet another identity crisis after seeing Four act so much like her it was uncanny.

"Yeah... maybe..." Jezelle said, being sent into her own reverie of thoughts at the new topic.

She'd been far too occupied with so many other issues that realizing the true potential of her little mutation thing had mostly been sidelined. If something had been convenient, she had treated it

rather trivially at the time...

"...This is sending my head for a loop, must restore order!" Four said with mock-officialness, diving at Jezelle lecherously all of a sudden, shattering the mood.

Three and Five eventually managed to separate them and Two was merrily bobbing over to turn off the shower and start retrieving towels.

"Persona restored!" Four said triumphantly with her fists in the air, even as Five held her in a full nelson.

"I hate myself I hate myself I hate myself," Jezelle chanted furiously with red cheeks, covering her assets protectively as she hurried out and grabbed a towel.

After that point it only took a few moments to dry off and re-clothe herself before teleporting out of the bathroom, each Jezelle appearing a few seconds after the next in the same manner as they advanced on the kitchen.

After a long appointment with a fluffly towel, Trevor checked his handy work before he actually pulled on the pants. He wasn't good at sewing. Buttons were pretty much where his confidence ended. So he was forever concerned that the hemming he did at the back of his various pants to accommodate his tail would come undone. This one seemed fine, so he pulled it on without further issue.

Well, one... since he finally realized that he had headed up without clothes the first time... at least Jez hadn't seemed to notice.

To think he used to hate having to head out, and now he found the house to be so confining... He mused to himself as he headed back upstairs, his laptop in it's sleeve underhand. Freedom of, he supposed. Choosing not to leave while knowing you could was different from knowing you couldn't without some significant logistics...

"Morning hive mind," he called into the kitchen.

"You ate the friggin bug..." was the first and immediate response from Jezelle as she stared at the counter, the other Jezelles already going about getting breakfast ready.

"Huh?" Trevor blinked and looked at the counter. "Um... yes?"

Jezelle facepalmed and grumbled.

"You're insane..." Jezelle sighed, "If you get iratus bug cancer or even indigestion you'll get no sympathy from me."

Trevor looked down and poked his stomach (he did pants, but it was his house, so shirts were optional). "I don't feel anyway... I was pretty good, though. Wanna try some?"

"How about no," Jezelle replied easily, shifting the bug away slightly as she went to join the JezLegion in getting breakfast.

"It would make a nice omelette! It's sorta light turkey breast. But gummy. Maybe turkey gristle?"

Trevor said adamantly, following Jez, his tail swishing behind him. "You aren't even giving it a chance..."

"It's-" "-A-" "-Mutant-" "-Bug!", said the JezLegion, a word for each of the first four, each in turn with flawless orchestration for maximum drama, before going back to organize oats or something.

"... please don't hurt me?" Trevor said, shrinking before them, his ears flat and eyes wide.

Five just walked up beside Trevor and patted him absently on the very top of his head with false sympathy, offering a big smile but it looked sort of insincere like maybe she didn't entirely know what was going on.

Along with the natural speed boost, the JezLegion had started to reflexively use teleporting every now and then, making the kitchen an awfully confusing place to watch as they went about their work. There was just something about how they viewed space and distance that made it easier to appear here and there when they needed something across the kitchen.

Trevor gave Jez a narrow glare. Muttering under his breath, he retreated from the kitchen. Keeping track of the Jez's was giving him a headache anyway. With them jumping around the place like that... he was starting to get fits...

It didn't appear that they were going to give Trevor a break, as a couple of seconds later Jezelle had appeared on one of the lounges happily chowing down on a bowl of cereal with a slightly thoughtful expression.

Trevor scowled without looking up, booting up his computer. "You do that on purpose, don't you?"

"Sorta?" Jezelle said with a helpless shrug, "This teleporting and cloning screws with my perception, seems natural to just take a step toward the lounge room from the kitchen and start sitting down already."

"But what's the plans for today? I still need to track down some jobs, myself," Jezelle queried airily.

"Meh... I'm just going to do the usual 'hide from the prying eyes of society' thing," Trevor sighed. Damn that itching... he scratched at his ear. "Probably look for some 'work from home' job or something. Maybe submit some short stories and see if I can get paid for them..." He looked at his fingers. A few of his laptop's keys had little gouges in them from claw accidents while typing. To be honest? He was just glad that those accidents happened to something that wasn't fleshy and delicate. Like nostrils. (Get your mind out of the gutter you.)(Thou art a bastart)(\*grins evilly\*)

"Fair enough I suppose; an uneventful day is a good day in the land of mutants," Jezelle said with a mite of philosophy in her tone, eating her cereal with few worries. One of her could go out and look for jobs and another could investigate alternative methods, and another could look into



their little hivemind cloning thing and... well... the point was made that having multiples of oneself really did have the odd advantage.  
Still quite a few frustrations though... Jezelle was still weighing the pros and cons...

Trevor drew his feet up so he was sitting cross legged and cocked his head at Jez. "You do realize what you just did, right?"

"Yes. Which means it won't happen. Which means it will. Etcetera, ultimately it's not my fault," Jezelle attempted to explain but went back to her cereal. The others soon arrived, appearing about the lounge room each with a different type of breakfast.  
"Reverse psychology only works to a point," Jezelle assured.

Trevor sniffed, tried to identify what the different Jez's were all eating by scent along, without relying on sight. "You've been using a whole lot of reverse psychology reasoning of late," Trevor said slowly. He sighed. "We already got attacked yesterday and ended up running back and forth playing taxi... I shudder to think of what will happen today..."

[Scent Check=25](#)

[Tuna Sammich! Porridge/Rolled Oats! Omelette? Toast!]

"Okay, now, you see, *that* kind of statement just provokes Fate, *my* one was subtle," Jezelle objected, "Reverse Psychology is a nice way to stay sane, expecting stuff seems to blunt the impact if it happens."

"Meh. I just call it pessimistic optimism," Trevor yawned. He scratch at his tail this time. "Or is it optimistic pessimism? Huh... Anyway, I have three questions. 1) What's with the fancy Dinner? 2) Did you all shower at the same time and 3) Why didn't you fix me anything?"

Jezelle grumbled, partly eyeing Trevor's tail at first as she chomped down a mouthful of cereal quickly and recomposed herself.

"Okay: 1) I can't stand all of us eating the same thing, 2) Of course I did, it saves water, and 3) You already had your bug and iratus cancer," Jezelle replied formally.

"But I left you some..." Trevor whined. "Do the flavour... signals..? Whatever mix when you all eat? Like... if you all take a bite at the same time, does it taste like you took a spoonful of everything mixed together?"

"Then *you* eat the rest of the bug instead of complaining that the woman didn't fix you a sammich," Jezelle countered, before dropping the mood and going back to her cereal, "Nah the signals don't mix. It's just if we all eat the same thing, it quickly becomes like you've been eating that for like, a whole week straight or whatever."

Trevor just raised an eyebrow at the quintet, thoughtfully and absently scratching at his right shoulder as he did. "You know... this hive mind thing gets weirder by the hour."

"Hah, you're not even part of the hivemind and you think it's weird," Jezelle said dryly, "I gotta put up with four other trains of thought streaming through my head: Two wanting to pat you,

Three thinking of a maid cafe, Four... not going there, and Five is *miles* away."

She threw another glance at Trevor as he scratched again.

"And would you stop scratching? It's starting to bother *me*," Jezelle said with small frown.

"You want to pat me?" Trevor asked, surprised. Oddly enough, it wasn't all that unwelcome an idea. "And a maid cafe? Yeesh... it's grand central station in there, isn't it?" He was curious about Fourth's idea. Fourth always had the fun ideas. On the other hand, Jez wasn't blushing this time.

Trevor blinked when Jez mentioned the scratching. "I can't help it... I'm itchy... and is that you you, or you You?" he made a vague waving all encompassing hand movement.

"*Two* wants to pat you, and the maid... egh, nevermind," Jezelle said, waving it off, "And what the hell do you mean? You just said the same word four times."

"Maybe he's got fleas?" Two said innocently with that same cheery undertone.

"Fleas? No," Jezelle returned immediately.

"Fleas?" Trevor said, a look of horror on his face. "You think I have fleas? How the hell would I have fleas?"

"Calm down, Two's just being silly because she thinks you're a big cute cat and wants to pet you," Jezelle said plainly, causing Two to shrink and blush slightly as she attempted to hide behind her toast, "It's probably just your fur making you itchy, I don't think people are supposed to have that much hair on their bodies."

Trevor groaned. "Keeping up with You is gonna give me a head ache." He massaged his temple, then paused. "You think I'm cute?"

"*Two* thinks you're cute because you're a cat," Jezelle grumbled dramatically, grabbing her head and gripping fistfuls of hair, "This cloning crap is going to drive me crazy someday..."

"I'm probably get there first," Trevor said, trying to hide a smirk, and the twitching tip of his tail. Not to mention the flicking ears. Seriously... this transpecist thing came with so many complications. But... it seemed that two of the five Jez's so far thought positive things of him.

"But the fur hasn't been bothering me before..."

"Maybe it's the iratus bug cancer," Jezelle said airily, still being rather diehard on that subject.

"Or the bug goop? You did get hit a few times..." Four offered.

"I guess it makes sense..." Trevor said slowly. He smirked and cocked an eyebrow at Jez. Maybe it could be a reaction to dimension travel?"

"Yes. You have teleport cancer now, I'm so sorry," Jezelle said sardonically as she went back to finishing her cereal.

"But he *is* a cat you know..." Two meandered a little, shyly still attempting to hide behind the rest of her toast. Jezelle just shook her head nonsensically.

Trevor was confused and somewhat annoyed. Mostly because Jez keep tossing the "C" word around like it was candy. Honestly... Bug C, Teleport C... To Two, he just tipped his head to one side and gave a questioning look. So... Jez liked cats?

Two seemed to shrink under the attention, while JezPrime continued undeterred. "Eh, either way, maybe the doctor can help -get it checked out just to be safe?" Jezelle said with a hint of proper seriousness, "I should probably get another appointment too..."

"Just to clarify..." Trevor said, giving Second a break. He actually hadn't really spoken to her for any length of time since the first few days. "Am I asking about the fur, or the 'C' word?"

Jezelle sighed first, putting her empty bowl aside and rubbing her forehead a little. Pessimism and paranoia wasn't a very fun combo...

"I *was* going to say the fur," Jezelle said, "But honestly? How in the hell are we 'okay' or 'healthy'? And there's five of me, who can teleport, and apparently move faster... common sense and pessimism is telling me something clearly has to go wrong..."

"Paranoia is having a field day up here too," Trevor said, tapping his temple. "I've been following the science-y stuff about the explosion. No one can explain how it works."

"Ugh... at any rate I'm still going to check with the doctor, if not for a check-up then to help investigate on why the clones are sorta... fragile..." Jezelle said, casting the subject aside due to the pointlessness, "What the heck am I gonna do with Four while I'm out and about..." It was kind of a serious problem for Jezelle, as she rubbed a hand over her face and had a grim expression set in.

Trevor did a double take, mostly because of how it sounded, knowing the