

THE ADVENTURES OF

MW

What could be worse than  
paranormal criminals?

The  
Super Criminals

REXFORD RICH

Mark Wills:  
Mark Wills:

The

Super Criminals

Rexford Rich

# Part 1: Rise of the Superpowered Villains

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## Two Years Later: Present Day

It feels like it was just yesterday when it happened. But it has been a year. I look down at my left hand and smile to myself. It was such a happy moment for ourselves. There on my left hand, ring finger is a wedding ring. For our wedding we had invited everyone's family, unfortunately that only meant my family, Rachel's and Bruce's. We also invited workers from our jobs, but only a few could actually make it.

I laugh, remembering back to when we were officially married. We came home after our honeymoon and ditched our beds. We used to have two beds in our room, but we got rid of them. I used my matter creating power and materialized a king size bed for the two of us.

I think back to when Rachel proposed to me. She used a ring from a gumball machine. I said yes to her proposal and used the money that the new director of the FBI gave to me to buy an engagement ring for Rachel. Then we bought the wedding rings, dress and tuxedo. We were really excited then and began to get nervous.

Every day when I wake up, I look down at my left hand and admire my ring. I look over at Rachel and smile at her. Today I wake up before her. She is sleeping soundly, and peacefully. I softly stroke her hair and look at her left hand, and I admire her ring too. Rachel moans as I stroke her hair, feeling my hands.

I take a big whiff and smell pancakes, bacon and eggs. Ahh, it never gets old. Breakfast is that sort of meal that can be the same every day and still be enjoyable. I smile, already knowing who is cooking breakfast; Alex. He loves to cook and I never stop him. He is such a good cook.

I think back to our wedding day. We were so nervous and excited at the same time. We didn't want a big wedding and we went through with having just a small one, consisting on just our families and some friends. I remember how beautiful Rachel looked. She was blushing, but she also wore red makeup on her cheeks. She was so beautiful that day and still is. That day couldn't have been any better. I have been thinking about that day ever since it happened. Maybe that is why it feels like yesterday.

Rachel starts to wake up. She sits up and stretches. She blinks and rubs the sleep out of her eyes. She looks at me to see that I was already looking at her.

"Watching me sleep?" she asks.

"Yes, I was," I reply. "Is there a problem with that?"

"Maybe, pervert."

She punches me hard in the shoulder, just about knocking me off of the bed. I have to grab the bed frame to keep from falling off. Rachel has grew stronger with her enhanced physical powers. Her strength is now a lot stronger than it once was when she first got her powers. Now she can *almost* knock me off of the bed. She's not afraid to punch me, to hurt me, because she knows that even if she does that I'll only heal from the pain a second later.

I chuckle and she laughs back. She closes her eyes and smells the air.

"Ahh ... pancakes," Rachel says.

"Yup." I lean towards her, getting ready to kiss her, but she stops me.

"Don't kiss me with that morning breath of yours."

“Oh okay, princess,” I say, pulling back from her. I smile at her and jump out of bed. I walk to the bathroom and wash up.

After a half hour, both Rachel and I are finished with getting ready for the day. We walk out into the kitchen. We see Alex flipping pancakes and the moment. I smile, seeing how he is enjoying himself, as always.

Nick, Grace, and Mara are already up. Brandon and Bruce are still asleep. Today is a Sunday, so none of us have work. Our work schedules have changed in two years. We give ourselves Sundays and Wednesdays to be all together at home. Most of us work now, and some of us changed jobs.

I still work at *Stanley's Building Company*. I originally started at seven-fifty an hour, but now I get eleven-eighty an hour. I worked so hard and very well so the boss gave me a raise every once in a while. I work two days a week; Mondays and Fridays.

Alex works at the bakery still, but now only working on Mondays; working with nine-twenty an hour. Bruce now works at a bank as a teller. He works only on Thursdays, getting eight-ninety-six an hour. Grace works at the assisted living home and works on Mondays and Thursdays at ten-twenty-seven an hour.

Nick started working at a computer store about a year ago. He works on Saturdays; the day no one else wants to work at that store. He gets seven-eighty-two an hour. Brandon works on Tuesdays at a pizza place. He normally is the one to deliver the pizzas, so he gets around a lot. He gets eight bucks an hour; he actually gets an even wage, which is rare to have.

Rachel and Mara are the ones that don't work and they don't need to. We make enough money in a week to support ourselves, considering too that we don't have cars, so we don't have to pay for gas, nor do we have insurance because we don't have cars to have the insurance; although we could have life insurance, but we don't. Working

altogether we make enough money for ourselves to enjoy, being about a week's paycheck leftover of all of our work combined by the end of the month. We were doing great, considering living in New York. The biggest reason is because we live simply and don't use cars. Let me tell you something, cars are expensive. If you don't have one, you can save money from not having to pay for it every month, nor its insurance, nor its gas. If we signed up for food stamps we would definitely not qualify. If we were to get a car, then that's there would all of our extra money go.

Anyhow ... Sundays and Wednesdays are nice days for us to enjoy with each other. We usually spend that time talking, playing games, or just watching TV. Alex is usually out every other day, spending time with Andrea at her house. Occasionally Andrea will visit us. I think that Andrea has gotten pretty cool and is very fun to hang out with.

All of us gather at the kitchen table to enjoy breakfast. Alex is still flipping the pancakes and still making more. We sure ate a lot, because we made enough to keep ourselves fed good. Usually in a family only one person in the household worked. But as for us, six of us worked and it would equal out to be eight days in a week, although there's only seven; a couple of us worked at the same day, and we had higher wages, having worked hard and after a long period of time. It's so nice to enjoy having a lot of food. Sorry if I'm making you drool.

But I will admit; it wasn't easy for all of us to find work. It took quite a while for each of us that are working to find out work. Most of us it took about a year or longer to find the work. But we chose good paying work. And to let you in on a little secret, the FBI gets most of the credit for how much we make, because they explained whatever they explained to our bosses. So we have to give them some praise. They helped us make this much every month.

Brandon and Bruce finally wake up and walk down the hallway, walking like zombies. All of us are eating at the table and Alex starts to finish making the pancakes. Brandon and Bruce join us at the table. Bruce

sits next to Mara. She gives him a kiss on the cheek, but somehow avoids putting syrup all over his face.

Rachel and I look at each other, knowing what each other are thinking. We smile at each other and continue eating. We don't kiss, but we will save that for later when our mouths are clean.

We finished breakfast and now are sitting on the couches in the living room. The living room is still our most popular place in the house. We spend most of our team here, and our bedrooms would be where we would be if we weren't here. As for the basement, we only go down there to train by ourselves. We finished training with each other, because Bruce and I taught us all well.

I look at Bruce and see that he is sitting with Mara. Mara is leaning against Bruce's chest, sitting comfortably. As these two years past, Bruce and Mara have gotten closer. Rachel and I have wondered to ourselves when they would get married. But maybe they are not as worried as Rachel was.

Rachel was worried that things would get too hectic and chaotic so that we would never have a chance to get married, so she wanted to do it as soon as possible. So we got married about a year ago. Now I look at Bruce and Mara, wondering if they will get married sometime soon.

We have the TV on, playing some stupid cartoon. Bruce is the one that put it on the channel. He's the one that wants to watch this show. Rachel thinks it's stupid, as she's mentioned before, but she doesn't say anything now.

We don't worry much about have the news on anymore, because we rely a lot on Rachel and Nick for them to use their super hearing; or for Nick to replicate Rachel's super hearing. We also rely on our police scanners. We have made a good reputation with the police now, having been cleared with the FBI; we made a good name for ourselves. When we asked for police scanners that they we can prepare ourselves to fight crime, the police gladly and generously gave us them.

I am expecting the police scanner to go off, because most of the time by this time of the day a crime happens. Well ... basically crime happens all day, but we can't stop everything. I was also waiting for Rachel or Nick to perk their heads. But so far nothing is happening. Today is a good start of a day.

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### Astoria, NY

Dawn sits at her table, finishing up her breakfast made up of scrambled eggs, toast and bacon; her and her son's favorite. She feels so peaceful this morning, just as most mornings.

Stuart had already finished breakfast and is now sitting at the couch with Tristan in the living room. They are watching some dumb cartoon on the TV. Tristan had moved in about seven months ago. He had never felt so close with anyone else and he had always visited Dawn and Stuart. He decided that he would move here, and it was completely okay with Dawn.

Dawn is a lot more happy now. She doesn't mind having Tristan living with them, because now she doesn't have the fear of disintegrating him. Not anymore. Because now she is powerless. She had begged for Hank to strip herself of her curse, or her destruction ability. Hank had promised to work on creating a serum to help her and he did. He created a power negating serum and injected it into Dawn. The effect was almost immediate. The minute afterwards Dawn had tried to destroy something with her touch but she couldn't, her both was gone.

Every day since then, Dawn has tried to see if she can destroy things with her touch, but that curse is gone.

Tristan and Stuart laugh, grabbing her attention. She looks over at the TV to see that they are laughing at the cartoon. She smiles and chuckles a little. She is happy as long as Stuart is having fun and is happy himself. Tristan moving in was the best thing that has ever happened for

Stuart and for her as well. Tristan has been so kind, loving, caring, and fun to have around. You would think that he may get into fights, but he doesn't. He is so mild.

Dawn finishes her breakfast and takes her plate to the dishwasher. She puts it in and closes it. Stuart and Tristan had already put their plates in it, waiting on Dawn's dish before starting it. So Dawn presses a button and starts it herself. Tristan had already put soap in it to be ready for now.

Dawn walks into the living room and takes a seat on a chair. She looks at Stuart and Tristan to see that their eyes are glued to the TV. She decides to see what the show is all about. She takes a few minutes to watch the show. She laughs softly to herself because all that is happening in the show is childish nonsense. She chuckles, thinking about how Stuart is not a young child, but is now a teenager. As for Tristan, well ... we is nowhere near being a child.

"What is this show?" Dawn asks.

Stuart doesn't even look away from the TV and he replies, "We watch this every day, mom."

"Oh, okay." Dawn scoffs and shakes her head to herself, not that Tristan nor Stuart would see, because they are too focused on the TV. He didn't really answer her question, but she doesn't want to bother him while he's having fun enjoying the show with Tristan.

Tristan has sort of become like a father to Stuart, but also at the same time like a brother. Tristan treats Stuart like a son, but plays with him like a brother. Dawn likes that about Tristan and always enjoys having him here. To Dawn, Tristan feels sort of like a son to her, but not quite, because he is only ten to fifteen years younger than her. Dawn is in her mid-thirties and Tristan is in his mid-twenties.

Dawn gets up from the couch and walks back into the kitchen. She opens the cupboard, pulls out a coffee cup and sets it down on the

counter. She grabs the coffee pot and pours herself a cup. She puts the pot back and reaches for her cup again. She grabs her coffee cup and it disintegrates with the touch of her fingertips. The coffee immediately spills out of the cup that is no longer there and spills about on the countertop. Dawn's smile immediately leaves her face. Her eyes grow big and her mouth hangs open. She holds back from gasping. All of her fear that she had gotten rid of is now coming back to her. Her curse, her destructive power is back. And now she starts fearing that she'll hurt Stuart ... or Tristan.

She immediately runs to her room and grabs her gloves from her dresser drawer, fortunately not disintegrating anything. She puts the gloves on and grabs the phone from her dresser. She immediately dials Hank's number.

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Manhattan, NY.

We sit at our couch, just having finished breakfast. Alex is watching some show on TV. I just sit there and stare into space, thinking about how life has changed for us. I think about how things started for me. I wasn't asked if I wanted to get into this sort of business, or way of life. This was all put into our lives because of my father. If he would have worked alongside with Intex, then I wouldn't even have been on Earth. But since I am, Bart decided that he would make me finish Intex, and now I have.

I can feel Rachel's eyes looking upon me so I snap out of my haze and look over at her. She smiles when we meet our eyes. She laughs.

"I was wondering if you were still here," she says. "I have been looking at you for ten minutes, wondering if you would ever notice."

"Has it really been that long?" I ask.

"Just about."

"Hmm ..." I say.

I look around the room and see that everyone is here. It's amazing how all of us can fit in this living room all at once, considering that there are eight of us altogether. Most of us are watching TV. Mara changes the channels without even a change of movement from herself. She has improved dramatically with her technopathy. The TV is now on a nature channel, showing some cats. Household cats. Mara relaxes as she enjoys the show.

“Now this is TV,” Mara says. “I don't know what you were thinking that you were watching, Alex.”

Alex scoffs. “You and your animal shows,” he replies.

Mara shakes her head. “Alex,” Bruce backs Mara up. “This is a more realistic kind of show. In fact its one-hundred percent real.”

Alex shakes his head, knowing that Bruce and Mara both will take their turns with defending themselves; they are in love.

Grace is combing her hands through her long, blonde, soft hair. Her hands slide right through it, because it is so well brushed. Grace takes good care of her hair and I have to say that it is beautiful. I look at Rachel's hair. It is just as beautiful, but instead is brown, and most of the time wavy, so Rachel has to straighten it. Right now, Rachel let her hair go for a little bit so it is starting to get wavy again.

I look at Brandon to see that he's enjoying the show. But it makes me wonder. Since Brandon has wolf DNA inside of him, wouldn't that make him despise cats or want to hurt them? I watch Brandon as he watches the show. He seems to be enjoying it, but not like he's desiring to harm the cats, but like the way Mara enjoys it; he's smiling, loving how the cats are so cute.

I look at the TV, wondering what this show's episode is really about. Why are they talking about household cats? Well, I don't know, but it looks like they are just talking about how they act and respond to certain things, what they expressions and body movements mean.

Suddenly Rachel perks her head up, hearing something. Nick looks at her immediately, knowing that she is hearing something. He tunes his hearing, cocking his head, to see if he can hear it too, whatever Rachel is hearing. I wait for the police scanner to start talking to us.

Rachel jumps to her feet and we all know that something needs done. We need to head out to save someone, to stop a crime.

“It’s loud,” Rachel says. We all wait for Rachel to explain herself. “It sounds like a plane. No ... a helicopter. Oh no! One of the propellers is failing! Mark! It’s in Times Square! It’s a news copter!”

I immediately run into the hallway. I open the closet door and grab my suit. This one is different than our older ones. Its cooler. In fact, I made it with my own matter manipulation power.

“No time for that!” Rachel yells.

I let go of the suit and materialize my suit right on top of me, and my green matter creating energy glows in the air as I create the suit, leaving my other suit fall to the ground. I jump up and fly straight towards the ceiling’s skylight, that I myself have installed, or created. The skylight was already opened so I could squeeze through it.

I am already soaring fast, heading right towards Times Square. I am the fastest flyer and still the strongest of us all. I am the one for this job.

With just a thought of it, I trigger my suit to extend its wings. The wings start flapping every five seconds, like they are programmed to do. They are fake wings, obviously, because I don't have wings. They almost look completely real; if you looked closely you could tell that they are fake, but everyone already knows that I don't have wings. This is just to give my name as Avian more meaning, especially being the leader of the team: The Avians. The wings don't really do anything but just look good, because I do the actual flying myself.

I make it to Time Square within two more seconds. The news helicopter is falling towards the ground fast. There is a very large crowd below, all panicking. The copter’s propellers are moving very awkwardly, wobbling around. I tuck in my fake wings and swoop down under the helicopter.

I hear someone shout, “Its Avian!”

A split second later the helicopter hits my outstretched hands. I try to slow it down, but I have nothing to push off of with my feet being in the air. I try flying upwards and managed to slow down the fall. With just a few seconds later the copter brings me down with it to the ground. I grip it firmly and push off with my feet to slow it down. Now the helicopter has completely stopped, and I am holding it in the air. I slowly bring it down and sit it on its legs.

The news reporters in the copter are panicked, but now are looking to feel relieved. Now that they see that they are safely on the ground they calm down.

Everyone around me on the ground cheers. They are all very thankful for me to have saved them. As always I allow them to take care of the rest of the situation. It is not my job to help clean this mess up, but only to save them and make sure no one gets hurt.

I look at the center of the crowd to see a stage set up. On the stage is a band. Today everyone is gathered to listen to this band. I have no reason to stay any longer and I don't want to stay and listen to the band. I trigger for my wings to extend to their full lengths again and I shoot straight into the air and fast, leaving all of the eyes gawking on me below.

I fly fast back towards my house. I zigzag around different blocks and streets, slowing working my way towards my house. I think that I have confused everyone where I am going and I fly directly over my house, right over the skylight and I stop flying and let myself drop. My wings go back into the suit and I fall right through the skylight. I am about to land hard on the floor, but I levitate a foot above it right before I would land. I let myself drop the foot and land on my feet.

I look at everyone to see that they had put the TV on the news. I see a reporter talking about me just saving everyone there. They show recaps of the footage of me saving the copter. They had the whole thing recorded, already being there for the band.

I explain to everyone about how I just experienced all of it. It had all happened so fast. I feel bad for not have staying longer; people may have wanted autographs or something. Maybe that's why I left so quickly, maybe because I don't really like all of that attention. But Alex loves it. He always gladly gives out autographs. He's a show off.

With just the thought of it, I make my suit deteriorate off of me so I'm back down to my regular clothes. I sit back down at the couch and sigh, trying to relax.

"I thought that you may have been hearing a crime in the works," I tell Rachel. "But instead it's a disaster happening, one of those that need saving at that very second."

"That's why we have you, Mark, or Avian," Rachel says. "Because you're our fastest flyer, you can handle those situations."

"But I'm the fastest runner," Alex says.

I chuckle. "Well can you stop a falling helicopter?" I ask him.

He doesn't say anything and just shakes his head. Then he mumbles, "That's why we have you."

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Mount Vernon, NY.

Hank whistles to himself, feeling great. He's working on several different projects by himself. Since he had left the FBI, they haven't bugged him once. He feels at peace to be able to work by himself.

Now he can work, using all of the time in the world. As he is working, he works fast as if everything else is moving slowly. If he ever needs a minute to think he can do it at any time of the day and give himself that amount of time just by the thought of it. That is his power.

He knew that he has a super ability, because he is infected with the radiation that gives people superpowers. Hank got infected with it from the remains of the machine that dispersed the radiation that spread by means of a gas.

He remembers back to when it had happened. He reached and touched the pile of metal shards. Immediately he had fallen backwards and got back up to try to stay awake, because he did not want to die or pass out. But he couldn't stop himself and he passed out. So he knew that he had gotten a power from it, but he didn't know what and didn't have the time to figure it out.

He spent a year trying to figure out his power, because there was never a time that it trigger, or maybe it didn't develop until then. But now he's been using it. His ability is to control time, and in any which way. He has been using it ever since he discovered it.

Now Hank is running his own experiments and projects, giving himself plenty of time to work with, despite not having an actual timetable. He is slowly down time. Just for the fun of it, Hank looks at his

clock on the wall. He watches it as the second hand moves slowly. It looks like five actual seconds pass as it only moves one second. He slowly down time more and the second hand is barely noticeably moving.

Since he has gotten his power, Hank is able to slow down time, and speed it up. He is trying to be able to completely stop or freeze time, but is still having difficulty. At times he thought that he had done it, but when he looked back at the clock he realized that he had only slowed down time a lot longer than before, but not completely stopping it.

Hank isn't too concerned about trying to figure out how to stop time completely because slowing down time is good enough to have. He can slow down time enough and give himself enough *time* to do whatever he needs to do.

Hank decides to have some fun. He grabs a glass off of the counter and throws it at the wall as hard as he can. He tilts his head and everything slows down. The glass bottle flies through the air and slowly is moving through it now. Hank walks up to it and grabs it, having to use a little more force than normal to pull it away from its soaring momentum, going through the air.

Hank returns time back to normal with just a thought and slightly tilting his head. He smiles and sees that the glass has no damage to it at all. He thinks about what it would have looked like to anyone else. He chuckles. Anyone else who could have been in the room would see Hank moving super-fast, but really Hank just slows down time, so it appears that he's moving fast.

It makes Hank think of Whirlwind of the Avians. He's the one with super speed, and pyrokinesis, and of course wings; all of them have wings, except for Avian and Tyke, they have fake, attachable wings to their suits. If anyone were to see Hank use his power to slow down time, they would think that he has super speed like Whirlwind, but in reality he is only slowing down time.

Hank has much fun using his power. He uses it every day, trying to master it. He uses it at any time when he needs more time in the day. He uses it only at home, so no one else knows about it; he uses it discreetly. Although, he did tell his power to Dawn, and he is certain that she kept his secret to herself, not even telling Stuart nor Tristan.

Suddenly, Hank hears his phone ring. He looks to see that it is sitting on the table clear across the room. He slows down time so he can quickly get to it before it stops ringing. It rings a second time, but this time it rings so slowly, because Hank is slowing down time. Hank smiles, because he sounds funny being slower.

Hank walks up to the table and grabs the phone. He returns time back to its normal state and opens his phone. He sees that its Dawn's number and he answers it, "Hello?"

"Hank!" Dawn exclaims. She sounds very worried, this makes Hank feel sick, because it can only mean one thing. "My curse; its back!" She is crying. Hank can hear it in her voice.

Hank sighs and rests his eyes for a second, wishing that she hadn't just said that. "I don't understand," Hank replies. "That shouldn't be possible. I gave you that power negating serum ... it should have went away for good."

"Well it did, but now it's back. I need you to take it away again, because I don't want to ... hurt ... St-Stuart." She shudders, worrying that she might hurt her only family left.

"The only thing that I can think of," Hank explains, "it's that your body has created an immunity to the serum. In that case ..." Hank stops himself; he doesn't want Dawn to lose hope. "I'll need you to come in so that I can re-inject you with the serum. And I will have to run some tests."

"Okay," Dawn pauses. "Are you ready now?" Dawn sounds serious to get this resolved.

“Dawn,” Hank says as comforting as possible. “Remember my power? I have all of the time in the world. Of course you can come over right now.”

“Okay ... I see you in a few ... I just ... I-I have ... have to explain Stuart that I ... that I will be out.” Hank can tell that she doesn’t want to tell Stuart what is really going on; she doesn’t want Stuart to worry.

“Okay then, I’ll see you.”

“Okay.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

Hank sighs and flips his phone shut. He never expected a call like that, not ever again. Ever since Hank gave the power negating serum to Dawn, she has never been so happy. But now the power came back; or the curse as she calls it.

Hank has to figure out why and how it came back. He can only think of one reason why it came back for now; her immunity fought it off. Hank knows now that he has to create a serum that will have a permanent effect. He start by slowly down time as much as he can and starts right away with writing new formulas.

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Manhattan, NY.

I open the fridge to look inside for any food to eat. We ate breakfast about an hour ago and I'm already hungry. Maybe it is because I already burned some of my energy by flying super-fast and stopping a helicopter. Anyhow, I pull out a bagel from its bag and grab the cream cheese container.

I set the container on the counter and put the bagel on a plate from the cupboard. I separate the bagel and two. I open the drawer and pull out a knife and open the container and am already spreading the cream cheese onto the bagel. Before I know it, I am already eating the bagel, while at the same time I am recalling back to the helicopter falling.

I put the cream cheese back in the refrigerator. I take another bite of one of my bagel slices. The news crew inside of the helicopter looked so panicked. It had all happened very quickly. They were panicked and then I stopped the helicopter and gently set it down, then they looked puzzled and then relived to see me. All of the commotion happening Times Square stopped when they saw the helicopter and then me stop it. I left without saying a word and they all watched me fly off into the sky.

Everyone is used to having us around, but they still stare at us in awe. Maybe it's because they desire to be like us, to have powers. Surely they watch us in awe because it's cool to see someone do something extraordinary.

"Your husband is in la-la land again," I hear Grace tell Rachel.

I smile and realize that I stopped chewing. I finish chewing my bite of the bagel and look at Rachel and Grace in the living room. I smile at

them and they smile back. Rachel scoffs at me and smiles in her flirtatious way that she does. Grace looks back to the TV, watching the nature channel that Mara put back on.

“Well!” Alex jumps from the couch. “I think I'm going to get some fresh air!”

“And do what?” I ask. “Look for trouble?”

“Yeah.”

I shake my head and laugh. Alex loves using his powers and he actually goes out and looks for trouble, but the good thing is that he is helping people.

“Okay,” I say, giving permission to him even though he's old enough to decide for himself.

In just a few seconds, Alex is out of the living room, in the hallway already having his suit on, running out the backdoor, and out of sight. It was all just on blur, first of the dark colors of his casual clothes to the color of reddish-orange of his suit.

“I think I need some air too,” Nick says.

I lay out my hand towards the door, letting him go if he wants to. I throw the last bite of my first slice of my bagel into my mouth. Nick gets up from the couch, taking his time; unlike Alex.

He goes to into his room and comes back out wearing his suit, but is also wearing his casual clothes otop. He walks through the kitchen and exits through our back door. He waves and his wings seep their way out of his back, through the slits in his suit, and extends to their full length. He starts flapping his wings and jumps into the air, flapping hard. Gradually he takes off and flies out of sight.

I sit on the couch and think. I do this a lot and the rest of my team make fun of me, all except for Rachel. Rachel will just stare at me and

enjoy the view of my face. I start thinking about our advancement in these two years.

In these two years we had strengthened people's hope in this city. We gradually became more frequent in our saving of the city's people. People started to recognize us; started to notice us. The news spread and everyone in New York knew about the Avians. Gradually, people in all of New York have learned about us. Then the news spread to all of the United States.

People wondered how we were allowed to save people of New York, how we were allowed to fight crime, just like vigilantes. The FBI resolved those people's wonders and explained that we were already given the right to do so. Never again could we be arrested for vigilantism, because we were already tried for that, even though not being in the court room.

The next thing people wondered about, or what they wondered first, was how did we have powers. People came to learn about Intex. Many people in New York City learned about Intex by means of the Frequent Journal. The reporter Kara Sanford wrote several articles about him. Later the FBI released the information to all of the public. They explained everything that they knew, except anything about any aliens or Rextonians. I didn't worry about that and I still don't. People don't need to know anyway; at least they understand who Intex was.

People know now what Intex would've done if Avian — I — wouldn't have stopped him. He would've killed millions or billions and would have altered millions of people's DNA to create human-hybrids. He was obsessed with wanting power, wanting control, and wanting to create. We despised humans, so he wanted to change them, to alter their DNA. That hatred, to this day, I really don't know where it came from.

As a team, we all invented names for ourselves; based on our powers. We all designed suits for ourselves. Bruce and Mara helped out a lot in designing the suits for all of us. I have become strong with matter

creating ability, so I used my power to create the suits; and whenever I do not have the time to throw on my suit I create it over top of me. To give my name meaning and being the leader of the Avians, I have gave myself wings. I can already fly, without using any wings, but I created wings to fit in. They really don't do anything but flap and look good.

As for Brandon, or Tyke, I created wings for him that actually enables him to fly. For a while it had become a hassle to carry him around, so I created some wings for him. They act just like my wings do; they open up and extend with the very thought of it. I created them to open up with the will of the wearer. His wings extend from a pack attached to the back of his suit. They are very powerful and can lift ten times his weight. Whenever Brandon turns into his wolf form he becomes twice his weight, because of him changing his body structure to something bulkier.

You may wonder what people think of Tyke. Since he is a werewolf, or more like a lupus-human hybrid (wolf-human hybrid), most people feared him. But as time went along, they saw that he was working alongside with the rest of us, saving their lives and fighting crime. People respected him, just as the rest of us. Those of us who are the most respected are myself, Tyke and Psych. Vortex, Nick, would be the next most respected. He is sort of dark and keeps quiet, but people don't fear him that much, so they don't respect him as much. Vortex can mimic any of our powers, but only when he is in close range, at least five-hundred feet.

At times when we are out on missions saving people or other things, we get far apart and need some sort of communication. We sometimes are on different missions at the same time, so we needed some kind of communication. So I got us all very small cell phone-like devices to put inside of our ears. They fit right in our ear canals, but they are small enough to allow sound to pass by, and through. We have very small buttons placed behind our ears that we lightly tap to activate the

phones. They will remain on for half hour and then turn off, and then we will have to press the buttons again to activate them.

Being heroes, we need to blend in, so we have to live about our lives as normal people. We still live in our same house and we try to come and go without anyone noticing that we are living here, that the Avians are living here. I have planted trees in the backyard that block the view of the whole backyard so we can take off and land without being seen.

We are known as our secret identities at our places of work. So when we are heroes, people could recognize our voices and match them with us so we needed a way to alter our voices. At first we started by pitching our voices differently. Next, I looked into voice distorters and I studied them to see how they work. I learned enough and created our own to use for ourselves. All of us boys' voices are pitched down, and the girls' voices are made raspy and have a ring of a lower voice, but still have their high pitch girl voices.

I start to come back to reality, feeling the eyes of Rachel set on me. I look in her direction and we look eye to eye. I smile at her and she is already smiling.

“Are you back?” she asks me.

I give a little nod. “I think so,” I reply. “I ... just got to thinking.”

“Really?” Grace asks, scoffing. “It's seems to me that you got to dreaming. It was like you weren't even in this world.”

I nod at her. “I was reflecting on these years past, thinking back to how we have progressed.”

Grace nods, understanding. “Yeah ... we've come a long way, huh?”

I nod and Rachel does as well. I see that Bruce and Mara are leaning against themselves, watching the nature channel that is one the TV. Brandon is watching it as well with a blank face; he is thinking about something as well, but I don't know what. I could read his mind and find out but I choose not to. I respect everyone's right to keep their thoughts to themselves.

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Upper Manhattan. Drake Williams.

Drake finally gets home after a his long morning jog that he take periodically. He is hoping that he package in the mail came in while he was one his jog. He has ordered a new tablet for himself with the one day shipping.

He opens his front door and smiles, immediately seeing the box sitting in front of him. They had dropped it off already. He quickly throws his shoes off, grabs the box and runs into his living room and sits on the couch. His fingers are already working at the box, opening it up. He pulls out the tablet itself, which is encased with soft packing cushions and inside a soft foam-like bag.

He know that it'll take some time to figure it out and to set it up. But nothing is stopping him. He pulls all of the foam and packing cushions off, opens the bag and pulls the tablet out. He immediately turns it on. Once it completely boots, he sees that everything is set to factory settings. He tries to figure out where to start. He slides the menus around and the screens.

Drake pulls the manual out of the box and opens to the first page. Without really reading it he starts to understand what it is covering. He flips to several pages, looking at one page at a time, looking at the pictures and not really reading anything. Just then, he starts to visualize what the manual is explaining. He flips the page and immediately is already visualizing what it is explaining and he realizes that this page has no pictures, but he is already understand what it is explaining.

He stops for a second to think about what he was seeing in his head. He realizes that he hasn't read anything really. He looks back at the

book and is already visualizing the same thing that he just saw in his head. He shakes his head, not believing what's happening. He flips to a random page towards the back and is already visualizing what it is explaining. He realizes, too, that this page has no pictures in it either.

He wonders how he is able to understand what the manual is talking about without even reading it. He skims through the whole manual within three minutes, visualizing the whole book without reading. He finds it so strange just having done all of that. Throughout the whole manual there were few pictures, but yet he had visualized all of it.

Drake goes back to the tablet and starts trying to figure out the whole tablet. He navigates through every app and setting and is already learning how to use it. Drake is surprised with himself at how quickly he is about to learn everything with the tablet. He now has gone through the whole tablet in this little time after just getting it and now understands it all.

There is only one thing that he is confused about, and it is about how he could possibly have learned how to use the tablet in under five minutes. He had just gotten it and now he understands how it works. He shakes his head in disbelief and sets the tablet down on the coffee table to think for a minute.

He looks away from the tablet and at the rest of the room. Things suddenly are looking differently to him. He looks at the TV and starts to see electricity flowing through wires inside of it and into the screen, but then it disappears and all he can see is the outside case of the TV. He blinks, wondering what that was that he just saw. Drake looks back up at the TV and he starts seeing the insides of the TV again, as if he can see through it. He starts seeing how and where the electricity flows through it. He sees how the electricity is made from the outlet and used throughout the rest of the TV.

Again, Drake shakes his head and looks away. He gets up and walks into his kitchen. He gets a glass cup from the cupboard and gets

some water. He drinks three cups of water before putting the cup in the sink to wash later. He looks at the counter and can start to see how the electricity runs from the outlet and into the microwave and how it powers it. He blinks and stops seeing it.

He is puzzled as to what is going on. Turning around, he looks at the counter beside him, a smaller one. On it is the coffee pot. Suddenly, Drake starts to see how the water goes into the top, into the back of the pot and heats up, and then comes back up, through the coffee filters and into the pot. It all looks like there was actually water flowing through there, but he blinks and it all disappears and there was no water; he was just visualizing how it worked.

He walks back into the living room and let's himself fall backwards onto the couch. He sighs and closes his eyes. He inhales and exhales. Drake doesn't understand what is going on to him, but he knows that it shouldn't be happening. He leans forward after opening his eyes and grabs the newspaper off of the coffee table in front of him.

Drake takes a look at the front page of the newspaper. He only starts to read it and suddenly it comes to life in a vision. He starts to see New York City and the Avians. The main article is about the heroes, and now he is seeing the story happening in his head, but it looks like a vision coming directly from the paper, hovering just over top of it.

Putting the paper down, Drake looks away and the visions stop. The view of the rest of his house comes back to him, no longer clouded by the vision of the story in the paper.

Drake tries and thinks about what this means, about what is happening. He wants an explanation and he tries to give himself one. Everything that he has read recently has come to life, so he can envision what he is reading. But it is more than that. He could see how the TV, the electrical outlets, and the microwave are powered. He could see how the coffee machine makes coffee.

Drake can't quite figure it out. He's not sure what is happening. He looks back at the paper for just a second. He sees the word: *Avians*. He knows about the Avians and how they have powers. Everyone knows that. But more recently the government released information about all that there is to know about Intex. Intex is responsible for all of the metahuman; for all of the people who have powers. It's because of a machine that projected a gas into New York, which is known to spread.

Drake thinks about that in terms with himself. It is likely that he got infected with that radiation, but ... what would he call this ... power? Drake thinks about what this could be, but this is something new to him; he has no idea what this power is.

### White Plains State Penitentiary

“Here you go, sir,” a fellow inmate says, setting down his muffin on Richard’s plate. He backs away slowly with his head down, showing Richard respect.

Next to Richard are two of his closest friends, or his own personal bodyguards, although he doesn’t need protection, even the guards know it.

Richard looks down at his plate to see that he has mashed potatoes, green beans, corn, salad, a muffin, and now this other muffin. Richard looks up at the inmate that gave him the muffin and he give a slight nod, showing thanks, but he keeps his cool, giving his jeering look, looking fierce.

The inmate backs away and sits at his table with his friends. No one is brave enough to make direct eye contact with Richard. Everyone fears and respects him. Even the biggest inmates fear him, because they can't even touch him. Whenever someone bothers Richard, or tries to bully him, or pester him, Richard electrocutes him. Everyone knows about it, even the guards. Some of the guards even depend on Richard to keep them in line, but they also fear him at the same time, not wanting to be demanding.

Richard is hungry for food and he has become selfish ever since being in this prison. You may think that being in a prison would humble you, but it does not for Richard. Even he thought that it would, but not now, not because of his powers. He has used them to his advantage and became selfish. The inmate starts to pass, having a full plate of food, just walking back from the line.

Richard raises his hand and gives him a small jolt. The man immediately stops in his tracks and turns.

“I would like to have your muffin please,” Richard tells the man.

The inmate puts his head down, not making any eye contact and nervously hands Richard his muffin. Richard grabs the muffin and the inmate walks to his table. Richard starts eating, saving his muffins to eat for later.

“Hey!” someone gets up, yelling at Richard. Richard doesn’t look up; he doesn’t even flinch at the loud voice. “You can't just take his muffin!”

Richard slowly looks up at the inmate that is yelling at him. He gives him his normal jeering look. Richard looks at him right in the eyes. The man looks nervous, but has it in him to try to stand up to Richard.

“We-we are tired of you bullying us!” he yells.

“You know, I didn’t take his muffin. I said that I would like to have it and he gave it to me,” Richard says. “Another person gave me his muffin without me even asking. So I don't see what the problem is.”

“If you weren’t so mean, we wouldn’t feel the need to please you all of the time.”

Richard slowly gets up to his feet. Everyone slides down on their seats, backing away. Richard stares the man down. He starts to break and looks so nervous.

“So, are you saying that I should be generous instead?” Richard asks.

“Y-yes,” the man says.

“Okay, then. How about you have my muffin?” Richard sets it in front of his food tray on the table. “Here ... come, take it.”

The inmate doesn't move at first. Then he slowly walks toward the table Richard is at.

"Go on, take my muffin."

The man walks all of the way up to Richard's table, looking at Richard in the eyes. He reaches his hand out to grab the muffin. Richard flicks his finger just to see what would happen. The man flinches. Richard suppresses a laugh.

"What? Do you not want my muffin?" Richard asks.

The man doesn't say a word. He looks so nervous now. But then he slowly extends his arm out to grab the muffin. His hand is now inches from the muffin.

Suddenly Richard throws his hand out and electrocutes the man for about three long seconds. The man shakes in place and then falls backwards, knocked out, but not dead.

"I didn't think so," Richard says, grabbing the muffin and taking a bite of it.

Everyone flinches and makes sure to keep their distance from Richard, except for his bodyguards. Everyone looks at the man, but none of them help him, but they all look away and make sure to not make eye contact with Richard.

Richard continues eating and slowly so does the rest of the inmates, but nervously. A guard stands at his post in the cafeteria, having watched it all happen. He just stands there and doesn't do anything. He wants the inmates to be able to handle themselves, but at the same time he fears that if he tries to stop Richard, he could get killed.

There was one incident where a guard tried to stop Richard from electrocuting other inmates, but it resulted in his death. Other guards tried to take him into solitary confinement, but he electrocuted all of them too. They wanted to put Richard to death for his actions, but

Richard shocked them too. So they came to a decision that they would leave Richard alone and put him in charge of controlling the inmates. Since then, there hasn't been a prison riot in so long. Richard stopped any from happening.

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Manhattan, NY

This next morning I am waken up by the sound of clattering dishes and pans. I know immediately that it is Alex, making breakfast. Why he gets up early before all of us, I don't know.

I turn my head to look at Rachel; she is already awake. Of course with that hearing of hers she can hear Alex's rapid heartbeat. She has probably been awake ever since Alex was. Rachel looks over at me and smiles, tiredly. I smile back and give her a quick kiss. I sit up and roll my feet over the side of the bed and get up.

I have work today so I have to get it going. Grace is the only other one that has work today as well. I work with Stanley's Building CO and Grace works at an assistant living home.

I get ready and go into the kitchen, sitting at the table in a random seat. Just a second after I sit, the table is set with plates and forks. I look at Alex and see that he is running around, doing things very fast. Suddenly there is a plate of pancakes on the table and a second later there is scrambled eggs, then bacon, and then the syrup bottle.

I help myself and fill my plate, as Alex makes more food for the rest of us still waking up. Grace is the next person to enter the kitchen. She takes a sit and gets right to filling her plate with food. She looks a bit tired but is trying to wake up.

"How are you doing this fine morning?" Grace asks me.

I smile. "Just dandy," I say.

“That’s great,” she chuckles. She gives a pause. “I’m just trying to get in the mood for work.”

“I see.” I nod.

She does work at an assistant living home after all, so she has to be friendly. Alex clatters some dishes and a plate falls off of the counter. He is currently washing a spatula in the sink and in just a split second he turns around and grabs the plate before it hits the ground. He sets it back on the counter, away from the edge, and continues washing the spatula.

Alex looks at me and I smile at him.

“Thanks for breakfast,” I tell Alex.

“No problem,” he says.

“Now, Alex, I may be imagining things, or speculating, but it seems that you are moving faster than normal this morning. Am I right, or are you moving as fast as you normally do?”

Alex pauses from cleaning the spatula, it’s the only thing that he does slower; washing dishes; he wants to make sure that they get thoroughly clean. He smiles and looks at me. I know what they smile means.

“Ah. I see. You have a date today, huh?” I ask.

Alex nods. “Yes, sir.”

I scoff quietly to myself. Alex likes to give us titles sometimes, trying to be funny.

“Is it that obvious?” Alex asks.

I laugh. “Yes, it is Alex. But I also know you well now ... so I can sort of read you, but I don’t mean by reading your mind, just your expressions and movements. I can tell that, boy, you are in *love*.”

Alex just smiles at that and continues washing the spatula, finishing it. He rinses it off thoroughly and puts it in the dish tray to dry. He works at a restaurant, or a bakery, so he knows how to wash dishes well.

I finish up my breakfast and am about to wash my own plate, but it quickly ends up into Alex's hands and into the sink. He is already beginning to wash it.

"I'll take care of it," Alex says.

"Thank you," I tell Alex.

I am already dressed and ready to go, so I just throw on my shoes and walk out of the front door. We rarely use the front door, but I decide that we should use it more often. We use the back door for going out on missions or we'll use the skylight.

I walk down the sidewalk towards my work, avoiding bumping into anyone. Today the traffic is busier than normal. It's the beginning of the work week. But I manage to not bump into anyone. If I allow even one person to bump into me, I can get pick pocketed. Now, most people don't pick pocket, but I have had it happen. When it happened, I immediately grabbed the man's arm, stopping him. I must've developed that quickness or agility from our training.

I arrive at our worksite that we are scheduled at this week. I see that I am the fourth person there, and we should have about twenty workers total. I look at my watch; I am ten minutes early, maybe because Alex washed my plate for me.

"Hey, Mark!" a worker says to me. "It's good to see you."

"It's good to see you too, Earl," I tell him. "So ... how's life treating you?"

"Just fine. How about yourself?"

“Great.”

Another worker comes up to me and we shake hands.

“Mark.” He nods at me.

“Good morning, Clint,” I say to him.

I look at the jobsite; we have the foundation set up, made up of posts in all of corners and on the sides. There are a few unfinished walls put in, but it still has an open sky. The trusses are sitting on the ground next to the foundation.

“Well, it looks like we are going to set up the trusses today,” Clint says.

“Looks that way,” I reply.

Usually we get right to business when we get the parts in. We must've gotten the trusses yesterday, the day that no one works for this company.

I see that Stanley is at his desk that he has set up on the jobsite. He takes it to every jobsite. Right now we have three different sites that we are going to, doing a week at a time at each. Stanley has just enough desks to have at each. Right now he is doing some paperwork; probably some paperwork on the trusses.

More workers arrive and they all greet me. There's a few workers that have been working here longer than I have, but most of the workers treat me as if I have been working as long as they have. I have become experienced in this field of work. I started out with just installing the drywall, then I worked on putting in the foundation of the walls, and then to the actual foundation; consisting of digging the holes, leveling them and putting in the posts, filling it with cement, while keeping it level, and putting the trusses up.

Today we were going to just that; put up the trusses. I suppress a smile to myself. To everyone here, putting up the trusses are very difficult, because they are heavy and you have to lift them up. Of course, we have the help of a machine to lift it, but you have to hammer the in, making sure that they are level. I act like the rest of the workers, like it is heavy. It is, but it is not to me. With my strength, these trusses are nothing.

In just a couple of minutes, the rest of the workers show up. Everyone is here. Stanley finishes his paperwork and is now instructing us today's duties; putting up the trusses, bracing everything, and putting up the rest of the walls. When we get the rest of the walls up, we can remove the braces; the building will be sturdy to get rid of them.

Today's work sounds easy enough, for me. But for the rest of the workers, it requires endurance, strength, patience, and consistent awareness. We need to all be conscious of everything that we are doing; we have to do it right, no mistakes. Buildings have to be perfect, which is difficult to do, because we are imperfect, but we have to try.

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Astoria, NY

Dawn is sitting at her couch, wearing her gloves. She had just sent Stuart off to school. The fear that has took two years to relieve is now back. Tristan is sitting in a chair in the living room, watching the TV.

Dawn is looking at the TV, but staring right through it. She is so nervous. Tristan turns his attention to Dawn.

“When’s the last time it happened?” he asks, looking at the gloves.

Dawn still looks through the TV, not looking at Tristan. “When I made that coffee yesterday.”

Tristan curls his lower lip then bites down on it. He sighs, just hoping for the best.

“Well, have you tried to use it since then?”

“No,” Dawn replies, wondering why Tristan would ask such a question.

“Well maybe if you can't do again at this time, then maybe it won't ... strike as often.”

“But I can't risk hurting Stuart ... or you.” She looks at Tristan now. A tear rolls down her cheek. “I don't want to lose my only family left. I can't lose my son. I need this ... curse gone!” She lets the tears roll down her cheeks freely now.

Tristan has become strong with his power of pyrokinesis. He has been able to use it willingly, having no outbreaks with it. He wants to tell

Dawn that she needs to learn to control it, but now is not the time. She just got the power back; or the curse as she refers to it as. She's not ready to hear anything like that, because all she can think about is getting rid of it. She's a nervous wreck.

Tristan slowly turns his attention back to the TV or his head, because he is not actually listening to the TV. He feels so badly for Dawn, hating to see her go through this again. Hank helped her in getting rid of it and it took her a while to overcome that fear of hurting Stuart. It was gone and she was at peace, but now it had come back, bringing all of that fear and pain back. The cure was temporary, even if it was just two years. Dawn didn't deserve this pain.

Yesterday she had visited Hank. He re-injected Dawn with the power negating serum, taking blood samples from her before and after re-injecting her with the serum. Even since then she hasn't felt any calmness. She is still on the edge, feeling nervous all of the time.

Tristan is hoping that the serum is working for her again, and so is Dawn. But Tristan isn't sure that it will, because it stopped working for her since yesterday, but it has been two years since. Either that the serum ran out of its use in two years, or Dawn's immunity fought it off. Tristan hope that it was just the serum wearing off and not Dawn's immunity fighting it off, because Hank would have to somehow get past her immunity, which Tristan figures is difficult.

"Dawn," Tristan asks. "Would you like for me to take the day off?"

Dawn doesn't answer for a minute. "No," she shudders, holding back sobs. "We need the money. You need ... to-to work."

"Okay." Tristan nods. He gets up. "I'll go get dressed."

Tristan has moved into this house with Dawn and Stuart. Dawn used to take unemployment, but since Tristan moved in she stopped getting that. So now Tristan had to support them. When he first moved in he still worked at *Sickles' Quick American Burgers* but now he is working

in Astoria at a fast food place still. A restaurant that is called *Delicious Duos* because they sell both American and Mexican food. He works on the line in the back. He grills and fries most of the food, and sometimes chops of some vegetables.

He gets dressed and waves to Dawn goodbye. "Hang in there, Dawn," he tells her. "And don't worry ... Hank will straighten this out."

"How can you be sure?" Dawn asks.

Tristan sighs softly to himself. "Hank has done it once, he can do it again. He *will* figure this out. He will get rid of the curse. Don't you worry too much, okay?"

Dawn sighs. "Thanks Tristan."

"Okay, well I will see you later. I have to get going; I'm running late."

"Okay, see you when you get home."

"See ya." Tristan steps outside, closing the door behind him. He sighs as he walks to his car. He runs his hand through his hair, thinking about Dawn. He really feels for her and wants the best for her. If she has this power, she cannot ... live. She is miserable. He hopes that Hank will figure this out. He must.

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#### Manhattan, NY: Andrea Vorce's Residence

Sofia and Tabatha are sitting at the counter drinking some ginger ale. Andrea starts making some breakfast for them, sort of a late breakfast. Andrea had overslept and they had woke up Andrea using the doorbell.

They just seemed to be visiting. But this was normal, and Andrea gladly let them in. The two of them were curious if Alex would come over today.

“So, will your hot boyfriend be here?” Tabatha asked.

“He's planning on it,” Andrea says. “And he usually keeps his promises, unless ... he's busy.” Andrea thinks of Whirlwind. That is who Alex is when he's part of the Avians. If he's out on a mission to stop a crime or save someone, he will not come.

“I've seen a recent picture of him,” Sofia says. “He looks hot with his new haircut. I like his hair a little shorter like it is.”

“Girls,” Andrea scoffs. “He's my boyfriend and you can't have him. All you can do is dream.”

“Oh, come on!” Tabatha exclaims.

They laugh and Andrea joins them. She shakes her head, thinking about how much fun her friends can be. It has been about three weeks since she has gone out with her friends, so they decided that today they would come here. And now they are here. At least just the two of them; Tabatha and Sofia.

Andrea starts mixing up some pancake mix and it makes her think of Alex. He is a great cook and loves to cook with her, and she loves it too. She slows down her mixing speed with her hand and thinks about him.

Tabatha and Sofia take a look at Andrea and smile.

“That pancake batter isn't going to mix itself,” Tabatha says.

“Oh!” Andrea shakes her head to focus on mixing the batter, but just after a few seconds she starts slowly down again.

Tabatha and Sofia look at each other and laugh.

“Girl,” Sofia says. “You’re love-struck.”

Andrea looks at Sofia, blinks and then looks down at her pancake batter. She laughs at herself, sounding embarrassed. She finishes mixing the batter and sets down the bowl. She pulls out her griddle and plugs it in, now waiting for it to warm up.

“There we go,” Andrea mumbles to herself.

“So, are you back?” Tabatha asks Andrea.

Andrea looks up at the two of them. She nods. “Yeah, I’m here.” She pauses for a minute. “Do you guys not have boyfriends?”

“Yeah, we have boyfriends,” Sofia says.

“No. I mean a boyfriend. Like, one boy. The boyfriend.”

“Oh,” Tabatha says. “Not like you, no.”

“Then that’s why you don’t understand.”

“Andrea,” Sofia says. “I used to have a boyfriend in high school. We were really good with each other. I was head over heels in love with him, but then he stabbed me in the back. He left for another girl, without even telling me that he wanted to break up; he just left me.” Sofia pauses. “I was so depressed and broken hearted, but then I realized that he wasn’t that great. I watched how he acted with his new girlfriend and I realized that I was acting as stupid as her. He wasn’t a good guy. But you, Andrea; you got yourself a man! He is great and hot!”

Andrea smiles. “Yes, he is.”

“Speaking of Alex ...” Tabatha says.

Suddenly the doorbell rings. Andrea looks through the window and sees Alex. She quickly walks over to the door and opens it fast.

“Hey,” Alex says. The two of them kiss and Andrea lets Alex in.

Alex steps into the house and realizes that Sofia and Tabatha are here.

“Hello,” Alex says.

“Hi,” Sofia says, waving flirtatiously.

Alex doesn't wave, but just walks around the counter besides Andrea.

“So,” Andrea starts. “Anything new happen?”

Alex nods and smiles. “Yes, yesterday I took a catnap while watching a cooking show.” Alex is speaking in code with Andrea; catnap means kidnap.

Sofia bursts out in laughter at how ridiculous that sounds.

“Oh. A restaurant?”

“Yes.” The cooking show means that Alex was at a restaurant where he stopped the kidnapping.

“Wait,” Tabatha says. “Are you guys speaking in code?”

Andrea and Alex look at each other and back at Tabatha and nod.

“Well, did you like the show?” Andrea asks. She's asking if things went well.

“Yup, it was delightful. It made me want to go to the store and bring the food home.” Alex says, which means that he turned the kidnapper in to the cops.

Tabatha laughs. “You guys are cute,” she says. “You know each other well enough to speak in code.” She shakes her head. “Whatever you want to say you can say in front of us, right Andrea?”

“Certain things,” Andrea replies. “But not this.”

“Wait!” Sofia says. “Are you guys —”

“No!” Andrea exclaims quickly, stopping Sofia from finishing her sentence, practically yelling. “We are only dating.”

“Oh, okay.”

“But,” Alex starts speaking again. “I saw the price of the food and it was high up.” That meant that he discovered the kidnapping from standing up high from on top of a building.

Andrea nods, understanding. She wants to tell Alex that he has great eyesight to see from that far. Instead she says, “Well it’s not cheap, huh? But you do have a good eye for food, though, although it is high priced.”

Alex nods understanding.

“Are you guys done?” Sofia asks.

They nod to each other, indicating that nothing else has happened recently.

“Yeah, we’re done,” Andrea says.

“So, what were you saying?” Tabatha asks.

“If we wanted you to know we wouldn’t have spoken in code.”

Tabatha sighs, disappointed. She is obviously jealous of their relationship. She wants to be able to have the same thing they have; the ability to share secrets with someone, to speak like that, and to understand each other so clearly.

“So, how are things with you guys?” Sofia asks.

“We great,” Alex replies, putting his arm around Andrea. “Always getting better.”

“You guys are sweethearts.”

“Yeah,” Tabatha says. “I wish I had someone and I wished that I could be like you two.”

“Ask and you shall receive,” Alex says.

“Okay. Alex will you be my boyfriend?”

“Not me!” They all laugh. “I meant someone else.”

“I know. I'm just messing with ya.”

Alex nods. Things are a bit different when Andrea's friends are over. He can't speak freely with her when it comes to things about superheroes and powers. All of her friends seemed to have forgotten that day at the park when they first met; about that incident when Alex first discovered with pyrokinesis. They didn't know about either Alex or Andrea having powers.

It's funny that they have opposite powers. Andrea has cryokinesis. But opposites attract.

“Griddle's warm,” Sofia says.

“Oh,” Andrea says. She grabs the pancake batter and starts pouring in five different spots on her griddle.

“Making breakfast, huh?” Alex states. “Kind of late. Sleep in?”

“Yea.”

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Manhattan, NY

Drake is sitting on the couch, drinking his coffee and playing with his new tablet. Even though he has just gotten it he knows how to use it well. He doesn't quite understand how or why, but it has been like this with other things. He has just started to see how things ... work.

His brother is back home for the week. Yesterday he was on his way back home from his own personal vacation. He is just waking up, stretching. He walks over and plops down on the couch, besides Drake.

"Hey Stan," Drake says to his brother. "You awake yet?"

"No," Stan replies. "Long night."

"Yeah?" Drake laughs. "Need a vacation from you vacation?"

"Heh. Yeah." Stan looks up at the atomic clock above the TV; it is eleven-thirty. "Yeah I had plenty of sleep," he mumbles to himself. He looks at Drake who is playing on his tablet. "Hey you finally got that tablet you've been debating on getting."

"Yep, I got it now."

"Still figuring things out with it?"

Drake doesn't want to tell that he already knows how to use it already, because he shouldn't this fast. He has never used a tablet like this before, but he already knows how to run every little thing on it. "Yeah, I'm learning." He looks up at Stan. He looks extremely tired. "You look like you could use some coffee."

"Yeah, that sounds great."

Stan slowly gets up from the couch and walks into the kitchen and to the coffee pot. He grabs a cup and pours himself coffee into it. He opens the refrigerator and grabs the creamer and pours some into his cup and returns it to the fridge. He takes a spoon and stirs it.

“Hey,” Stan says. “By the way ... my window stopped working on my car.” He pauses and takes a sip of his coffee. Drake looks up at him. “I was wondering if you could help me to see if we can fix it.”

“I don't know anything about cars.”

“Well neither do I. That's why we can help each other.”

“Okay, maybe we can do that later today.”

Then it starts happening again. Drake is looking at his tablet and he starts to see a flow of energy going through the CPU, the RAM, and the LED screen. He sees it all coming from the battery. He hasn't seen this from his tablet before, but he has seen it from his TV, electrical outlets, and microwave. He blinks, hoping to see normally but it doesn't go away.

Drake looks up at Stan, who doesn't seem to be awake yet, so he's not noticing Drake's weird look on his face. Drake can start see a flow going through Stan's whole body, being pumped from his heart. He can see the electrical impulses from his brain. He blinks and shakes his head and his vision returns to normal.

“What?” Stan asks.

“Nothing,” Drake replies.

“Nothing? You shook your head at me.”

“I was ... just thinking about something.”

“Oh.” Stan takes a sip of his coffee, and then he returns back to his seat on the couch. “So ... you like your new tablet?”

“Yeah,” Drake says. “It's pretty fun to use.”

“Have you’ve done more than just play games on it?”

“Well, yeah. I transferred some of my documents onto and added all of my contacts on it. I set up my video chat and stuff like that. I arranged all of the icons the way I want them ... for now. I'm working on putting all of my music on it.”

“Hmm.” Stan pauses. “So you like it. That’s good. Did you use your credit card?”

“Yes, Stan. I used *my* credit card, don't you worry.”

“Okay, just making sure. Last time —”

“Stan,” Drake interrupts. “I thought that we were over that. I made up for it. Just drop it.”

“Okay.” He pauses and takes a sip of his coffee. “Say ... do you think you have a minute to take a look at my car right now?”

Drake sighs. He is enjoying his new tablet, but is trying to figure out what is going on with him. He decides that it may be good to take a break. “Sure, not that I would know what I'm doing, though,” Drake says.

Drake follows Stan into the garage to his car. Stan points at the driver door.

“That’s the window, the only window that I use,” Stan says.

Drake nods and walks up to it. He opens the door and looks to see how it would need to be taken off. Suddenly he starts to see how it is attached and can be removed. He finds himself walking up to a table and grabbing the right size wrenches. Immediately he starts unscrewing the bolts out of the door and within a minute he has the whole door off, and disconnects the wires.

Stan watches Drake, wondering if he really can figure something out, but he is always stunned at how fast Drake took the door off.

Drake is seeing how the mechanics work inside of the car door, not sure how it is possible to see it. It's like he's seeing through it, but it isn't like x-ray vision or anything like that. It's more like he can see how it works. His eyes follow all of the components around.

"Why are you looking at the plastic?" Stan asks, referring to the inside of the door, which is no part of the insides.

"I umm ... just seeing how I can take it off."

"Oh, duh." Stan shrugs his shoulders.

Drake sees how the door comes together and he knows how to take it apart just by studying it. Suddenly he finds himself that he is taking the door apart already. Now they can see the inside of it. Drake takes a look at the motor, the wires, and the belt. He sees that the belt has slipped off.

Drake takes the belt and pulls it and manages to put it back on the motor, even though it is fairly tight. He starts putting the door back together, already working away with the wrenches, grabbing the right sizes without really looking at them. He attaches the door back to the car in very little time at all.

He holds his hand for Stan's keys and Stan pulls them out of his pocket and gives them to Drake. He takes the keys and puts it in the ignition, turning it back. He holds down the switch and the window rolls down.

Stan jaw drops. "Wow," he says. "You fixed it. And I thought that you said that you don't know anything about cars!"

"I don't," Drake replies.

"Then what's that?"

Drake shrugs, asking himself the same question. He is unsure of what is happening to him, but he knows that it is not normal. He

shouldn't know how to do things without learning how to do them first. He can only figure that he has developed a super ability. Everyone that lives either in New York at least New York City know about the Avians, and how Intex released a gas that'll give abilities. Drake assumes that he has developed an abilities, but he is not sure what this actually is.

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Mark's Residence

Bruce and Mara sit at the couch watching Mara's favorite TV channel. Rachel watches the show with them, but will also watch them as well, thinking about how good they are with each other.

The two of them have been together officially for about a year and not once have they gotten in fights. Rachel has only seen them get into small disagreements, but nothing serious. She looks down at her left hand and smiles; she sees her wedding ring. She thinks back to their wedding. She was so nervous, but she was glad that they kept it small.

Suddenly Rachel thinks she is hearing something. She tilts her head to listen. She is hearing a high pitched sound. She listens closely and is determined that it sounds like an alarm. Just then the police scanner goes off, reporting about a bank robbery in progress. The cops are already there and have it surrounded they the robber takes them hostage inside.

Everyone that is home — Rachel, Bruce, Mara, Nick, and Brandon — gets up and run into the living room. The police scanner is always loud enough to be heard from anywhere in the house. Brandon and Nick already have their suits on. Bruce, Rachel and Mara quickly take their clothes off, revealing their suits underneath. Everyone puts on their hoods and masks or glasses that look like sunglasses.

One by one, everyone jumps into the air, flying up through the open skylight. They all immediately fly towards the bank. They arrive, landing in front of the cops, in between them and the bank.

All of the cops are standing behind their cop car doors with their guns out. They lower them once they see the Avians. They all seem to calm down, not being so tense. One of the officers actually sighs and smiles.

Within seconds all of the Avians disperse. They are unsure if the robber inside has seen them yet. If he has, he may try to harm the hostages. Nick, as Vortex, flies above the bank to the roof. Mara, as Shift, waits close to the front entrance, but against the wall out of sight of the glass doors. Bruce, as Psych, goes to the opposite side of the bank. Brandon, as Tyke, stands next to Shift. Rachel, as Angel, goes in with Bruce.

Psych darts into the bank, knocking down the glass door telekinetically. The robber immediately shoots at a hostage that he already had his gun aimed at. Psych already stopped the bullet in the air. The robber turns the gun at Psych, but he is already a foot away from him.

Psych knocks the gun out of his hand and it flies through the air. While the gun is flying through air, Vortex jumps through a skylight from the roof of the bank. He lands tucks his wings in and replicates Psych's power to telekinetically through the gun through the front entrance to the cops' feet.

Shift and Tyke run into the bank. Tyke is already transformed into a lupus-human and Shift is transformed into a bear; both of their suits were made by Mark, or Avian, and they are made to stretch perfectly when they transform. Angel just steps closer to the robber.

The robber is frightened to see them all, but doesn't seem to want to give up just yet. He quickly pulls something out of his back pocket and throws it at Tyke's face. Tyke quickly throw his hand up and grabs it before it touches his face. It is a knife and it wouldn't stabbed him, but he stopped it in time. Psych and Vortex would have stopped it too, but they knew that Tyke could move fast enough.

Vortex walks up to the robber from behind about to grab his hands to stop him from doing anything. But the robber can see him coming and quickly runs out of the way, to the side. He throws his hands out, aiming them at Vortex. Suddenly his hands are bright; they are emitting light.

Vortex throws his hands in front of his face, being blinded. But a second later he can see just fine, after having finished replicating his power.

Suddenly the robber creates a bright light that blinds everyone in the whole room. The whole room in the bank is blinding. Everyone shields and closes their eyes. Vortex and Shift are the only ones that can see.

Shift transforms back into a human. She walks up to the robber and he is puzzled as to how she is not affected. He knows that Vortex can replicate any power, but he doesn't know that Shift has Nucleokinesis. Most people only know that Shift has animal powers.

"Is that all you can do?" Shift asks the robber; her voice changing pitch because of her voice distorter.

The robber holds his hands out, shining them directly at Shift's face. She laughs at him and holds her hands out, showing him that hers glow as well. But she makes her glow even brighter, shining directly at his eyes. She makes his hands diminish. His eyebrow hairs, his eyelashes, and his bangs start sizzling.

"This is the power of the sun," Shift tells him. "But all you can do is emit light, huh?"

Suddenly the room darkens, losing all of the extra light and going back to normal. Shift is still shining her light at the robber. Now the robber is blinded and he shields his eyes. He cowers down; closing his eyes and holds his hands up.

“Okay!” he exclaims. “I surrender!”

As if on cue, all of the officers charge into the bank. A couple officers run up to the robber, cuffing. Shifts hands diminish their nuclear energy. The cops nod at Shift and they take the robber to their police cruiser.

Other officers run into the bank, checking on the hostages. Many of the hostages already bolted out once the glass doors broke and the Avians pursued the robber. Some of the bolted out once he was cuffed. Now the rest of them are leaving now. The cops, Angel and Shift are tending to the bank tellers. They are panicked and they have to calm them down.

A few officers meet Psych, Vortex, and Tyke.

“Thank you guys for your support,” an officer says.

“You're welcome,” Psych says. “That’s what we are here for.” His voice distorter makes his voice pitched lower and it wavers between a few different low pitches, so it is not all one pitch.

The cops smile. They know that they have to go, because the Avians normally take off quick after their savings. It’s not that they have to go, but their duty is to save and fight crimes, but not to associate. They give the city hope and a sense of security.

Psych and Vortex spread their wings out. The officers’ jaws drop just like they do every time. They can't help but admire how beautiful they are and how they move so bird-like. Angel and Shift are finished with calming the tellers down and let the officers do the rest. Angel’s wings extend from her back so beautifully. Shifts come out of her arms, seeping through her suit, which is made to separate for her wings, but stays intact.

Tyke is the last one to extend his wings and does so with a thought. A device registers and extends his wings to come out. They don't

move much at all, because they are real, so they don't have the bird-like movement.

The Avians all jump into the air, flapping their wings and take off all at once. They fly off out of sight, heading back home. They do their normal routine of confusing any onlookers to where they are going, disappear from sight, and make it home without anyone knowing where they went.

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Brooklyn, NY. Victor Raines

Victor wears a hoodie, to protect himself from any onlookers. He has been on the run. He scowls, angry. Every day he thinks of his former workmate. He killed his daughter and essentially his wife. Victor grew so depressed that later his wife left him. So now he was all alone.

Victor stands, propping himself against a corner of two buildings in an alley. He thinks back to the day that it happened. It was about a year ago.

He worked in the engineering field. He loved designing things. He went out to different jobsites where they built the buildings. He drove their with his family; his daughter and wife. There was a crane operator. He greeted Victor; they knew each other for a while. Victor gave him a small wave back. They never really got along.

Victor's anger only got stronger every time he thought back to that day. The crane operator and himself got into an argument. Victor complained with him that he wasn't following the blueprints right. The crane operator became angry and ran quickly into his crane. The crane was on the ground at the moment and all in just a few seconds he had spun it around, hitting Victor's daughter, throwing her into the side of the building. She was killed the moment the crane hit her.

The crane operator felt guilty the moment he did it. He didn't even see her; he was just so angry at Victor that he had not checked his surroundings before turning the crane around.

Victor thinks back ... he ran up to his daughter hoping to wake her. He didn't bothering worrying if people saw him use his power. He create

electricity in his hands and sent a bolt into his daughter's heart, hoping to jump start it. But nothing. He tried blowing into her mouth and tried to jolt her awake again but failed.

His wife had panicked. She was torn apart and frightened as ever. "Save her!!!" She yelled.

"I'm trying!" Victor exclaimed.

But it was no use. She was dead the moment that it happened. The crane operator stood twenty feet back. Victor jumped to his feet, backing away from his daughter. He spun on his heels and stared the worker down.

"YOU!!!" Victor yelled at the crane operator. "YOU killed her!!! Now I'm going to kill you!!!" Victor was furious and was not joking around. The man had just took his daughter's life.

Victor's wife didn't say anything and didn't do anything to stop him. Victor wasn't worried about using his powers; no one had known that he had powers until that day, except for his wife and daughter. Just then the Avians showed up; about half of them.

But before they could make a sense of what happened around there Victor had already electrocuted the worker to death. Suddenly Victor couldn't move from where he was. Psych was there, trapping him in a telekinetic field.

Victor was angry as ever and didn't want anyone stopping him. He still wasn't satisfied with killing the worker. He used his other power and created a hole in the air above the dead worker; a vortex, which had a small gravitational pull to it. It was like a portal and it sucked the dead worker right into it and he disappeared from anyone's sight and the vortex closed.

Victor turned and looked at the Avians. They were stunned and looked so dumb. Victor created a vortex above Psych's head. He was

suddenly being pulled towards it and let go of his telekinetic grip on Victor. Instead he gripped on the crane giving himself enough weight to keep him here. His feet were in the air, being pulled towards the vortex.

Victor suddenly ran up to his wife really quickly; super-fast. He grabbed her and sped off out of sight. Fortunately for Victor, whirlwind wasn't there; even though he could beat him with his electric fast speed.

Victor comes back to reality, still standing against the corner in the alley. A tear runs down his cheek, but he is still angry. He wishes that the idiotic worker was dead before that day. He caused nothing but pain to Victor. He lost his daughter that day and later lost his wife. Victor's wife couldn't stand him after that; he was so discouraging and reckless and careless.

Victor became so depressed. He wipes away his tear drop on his cheek and snuffles. What angers Victor even more is that he can see inside the world within the vortex. He has an ability to create a vortex or portal to an unknown world. Victor can only assume that he is the only one with access to the world, because he can only see what he's put in it. Anything he no longer wanted he's put there. But that also includes his daughter's murderer. His dead body is within the vortex on the unknown world. Victor can see his body, deteriorating, but he doesn't find any comfort in seeing it; his daughter is still dead and his wife has still left him.

Since everyone knows that he killed him, he's a wanted criminal; so he is on the run. He's in hiding all of the time. He doesn't worry about being caught, because so many times he has escaped; he using his powers to help him. His daughter's murderer is obviously presumed dead, but is also missing because no one can find his body and they never will, because Victor is the only one with access to it.

*"Save her!!!"* Victor's wife's voice echoes in his head. He squints; closing his eyes and shakes his head. He wants it gone. He wants the memory gone and his family back, but he knows that it'll never happen.

He can't get his family back. He's all alone. Every day all he can ever think about is his daughter being hit and thrown into the side of the building. His daughter being killed ... all because of a careless crane operator.

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Mark's Residence

Sitting at the famous couch in the living room are all of us except Alex and Brandon. They are working. Before leaving, though, Alex made us all breakfast, obviously. He always is on the ball every morning; always making breakfast. Most of the time its pancakes.

Rachel and I are sitting together. We would like to spend this day with ourselves but were fortunate to get days like that. Usually something comes up; maybe someone needs help or is in trouble or some sort of crime is in the works that we have to stop. But today, Rachel has to go shopping. She usually is the that'll do all of the shopping. But I decide something different today.

“Hey, babe,” I say to Rachel. “I’ll go with you today.”

Rachel looks at me and smiles. “Sounds like a plan, *babe*,” Rachel replies.

Nick scoffs at us, but not even looking at us. He takes a sip of his glass of water and continues watching the TV. He suddenly gets up and goes to his room. I decide not to ask what he is doing. It’s none of my business anyway. We are all old enough now to go about doing our own things.

Rachel gets up and walks to our room. She comes back in a minute and now has her purse over her shoulder.

“Ready?” she asks me.

“Right now?” I ask.

“Yeah, let's get this over with ... that way we can have the rest of the day to ourselves.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I say.

I go to my room and quickly change clothes and walk back to the kitchen. Rachel already has her shoes on and next I put mine on and the two of us are out of the door.

I am about to close the door and it is stopped by Nick. He steps outside all dressed, his hair nicely combed and looks sharp.

“What's the occasion?” I ask.

“Going to the mall,” Nick says.

“Ah.”

Lately Nick has been going to mall to hang out with some friends that he has made over the past year. Brandon would go with Nick as well, to hang out with his friends at the mall, but he's working today.

I wave to Nick and Rachel and I head the opposite direction towards the grocery store that we generally shop at. We normally will get most of our stuff from there, but will get some other things and food from other stores as well, because we can't get everything for a good price all at one store.

Bruce and Mara sit next to each other on the couch. They are now alone with Grace. Grace doesn't mind them; she is still really close with Mara and she likes Bruce, but not like Mara does. Mara has grown to love Bruce and they are always together.

Grace grabs the TV remote and flips through the channels. Whenever Mara wants to watch something, with just the thought of it

the TV will turn to the channel that she wants; she puts her technopathy to good works.

Grace thinks about how long Mara and Bruce have been together. Officially it has been about a year and a half, but really they have been together longer. They denied that they were dating before that. She thinks about Mark and Rachel; they were together all of their lives, pretty much. They grew up together as friends but now decided that they liked each other and got married. Grace could see Mara and Bruce getting married sometime soon.

Just at this moment Grace thinks of something. The only ones that are home are Mara, Bruce and herself. Alex and Brandon are working, Mark and Rachel are going shopping, and Nick is going to the mall. Bruce and Mara seemed to be enjoying themselves, but they were being proper, not going too far. They never do. They only do as much as kiss, hug and put their arms around each other.

Grace watches them and looks back to the TV. She is not really getting into the show, because she is thinking. The one thought hits her again. They are alone, just the three of them. What if something were to happen? It would just be the three of them.

“Hey Mara, Bruce?” Grace asks.

“Yes,” Mara says. “Grace we are all alone, right?”

“How'd you know that I was thinking that? I wasn't allow you into my mind and I didn't send any thoughts to you.”

“Grace, I don't need to communicate to you with our minds to know what you are thinking. I know you very well Grace and it's kind of obvious, too, that we are alone.”

“Oh, well yeah.” Grace nods. “Well ... what if something happens?”

“Then you have me to protect you guys,” Bruce says.

“Sure do,” Mara says, smiling at him. Mara kisses Bruce, which seemed like the right time. “We have someone strong like you to protect us.”

Grace smiles at them. She shakes her head, thinking about how good they are with each other.

By now, Nick has made it to the mall. The mall is packed with tons of people. There are people standing together in groups and people busy walking about. Nick knows where he is going.

Every time Nick goes to the mall, all of his friends hang out in the same general place. Nick walks past the tons of people and heads to the group where his friends are at. They are here today, like always. Nick and a few others are the ones that don't go to the mall too often.

A few of them greet Nick when they see him, giving him some nods and others give him a handshake. Nick walks up to a girl and gives her a good hug.

“I missed you, Reye,” Nick says.

“Me too,” Reye says, still hugging each other. “Even though it has been a week.”

They let go of each other and Nick places his hands on Reye's cheeks and strokes her hair behind her ear. They lean forward and kiss for a second. Reye sighs and smiles at Nick.

“So ...” Reye starts, talking quietly, making sure no one is listening. “Anything happen recently that you want to tell me about?”

Nick told her his secret that he's Vortex. Mark does not know and Nick is glad that Mark respects his privacy and right to his own thoughts,

otherwise he would know already. Mark knows that Andrea, Alex's girlfriend, knows, but not Nick's girlfriend, Reye.

Nick makes sure that no one is listening before he replies. "We stopped a bank robber who has luminescence," Nick says. "You know with projecting light."

"Ah. Let me guess ... he tried blinding you?" Nick nods. "But you just replicated his power and was good, right?"

"Yup."

Reye smiles and looks at him in the eye. "You're ..." she trails off.

"I'm what?"

"You're ... a superhero," she whispers. "But you're more ... you're hot; a hot superhero."

"Not as hot as you," Nick says. He strokes her dark hair and kiss her on the top of her head then kisses her on the lips.

"You guys are like lovebirds," one of the friends say. Some of the other friends laugh at them.

Nick and Reye ignore them and kiss for a few more seconds.

"I want to ask you something," Nick says. Now they got the friends attention. "But not in front of everyone."

"Okay," Reye says.

The two of them distance themselves from the group and get closer together, not that they weren't already.

"Reye? Do you love me any more than you did when you didn't know my secret?"

"Oh, Nick. I've always loved you. Form the moment I saw you, I knew that you were different from the other boys. I noticed that you

were a bit shy at first and didn't talk much, but I could see that you are a nice guy. You're not like the rest of them; you don't like to draw attention to yourself like that do. You're modest and humble and I like that."

Nick smiled. "Thanks, I appreciate that."

"Now, Nick. What about me?"

"What?"

"Why have you liked me?"

"Because Reye, all of the other girls are all stuck up and want attention all of the time. Reye, you are different too. You don't draw attention to yourself are ask for it. You are caring ... sweet and ... nice ... and you-you like to take things ... easy and slow. You don't want to jump into doing anything stupid. You're smart."

"And so are you, Nick, because you chose me over the other girls."

Nick nods and smiles at her. "I would never want to be with anyone else but you."

They kiss one last time and sigh. For a while they just stand there hugging and not saying anything. There are no words that need spoken at the time.

Finally, Reye breaks the silence, even though the mall is a loud place.

"Nick? Are you wearing your suit underneath?"

Nick smiles and nods. "Yes I am. I'm always prepared."

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Astoria, NY.

Dawn wanders around in circles, walking around the kitchen counter. Tristan sighs, sitting at the couch in the living room. Stuart is next to him. They are trying to think good thoughts while watching a silly cartoon on TV, but they are not focused on it.

Stuart's mother is paranoid now that her *curse* is back. Dawn is getting very worried now and depressed, and Stuart does not like seeing his mom like that. Hank is supposed to be here at ten and it is nine-thirty right now. Dawn can't wait is and wishing that he will be here sooner.

Hank gave her another power negating serum and so far it must be working. She has not had any problems since Hank injected her with another serum, but it is still not comforting Dawn enough, because her body fought it off and it can do it again. It's only a matter of time before it fights it off again.

Suddenly the doorbell rings. Dawn rushes to the door and opens it with gloves on her hands, just in case. The gloves don't disintegrate. Hank is standing at the doorway.

"Come in," Dawn says anxiously.

Hank steps inside and sets his briefcase on the table and closes the door behind him, "I have good news for you Dawn," Hank says.

"I want it now," Dawn says without any patience.

"Okay, let's get right to business then." Hank opens up his briefcase. As he pulls out the serum he explains. "I was able to alter the serum so now it will work with ninety percent more efficiency."

He pulls out the needle and Dawn already has her sleeve rolled up. Dawn hands Hank a glove, just in case. He puts it on then grabs her arm. He slowly injects the needle into her arm and pushes the serum into her. Once he's done he pulls the needle out.

Finally Dawn calms down.

“Now ... are you sure that this will work permanently?” Dawn asks.

“I am ninety-eight percent sure that it will. That’s a lot better than my first serum,” Hank replies. “I spent about what seemed like weeks to me but was only hours on it. What took the longest was waiting on the computers and machines to work with me. I'm sure that his will work for you now Dawn. Just have faith, that’ll help as well.”

Dawn sighs and smiles. “Thank you so much Hank.”

“No problem.”

Tristan sighs in relief now that Dawn has calmed down. She has been fretting until now. He gets up and Stuart stays at the couch to watch the cartoon, now in the mood.

“Thank you for coming a little earlier,” Tristan tells Hank.

“You're welcome. I thought that maybe I might be held up by traffic, but I managed to get here sooner.”

“Well thank you, because Dawn was really worried and it was effecting us all.”

“Sorry,” Dawn says.

“It’s alright, Dawn.”

“I'm glad that I could help you Dawn,” Hank says.

“Thank you very much, Hank,” Dawn says.

“Now Dawn, do you feel alright now. Any different?”

“Umm ...” Dawn tries to see if she does feel anything else. “I feel ... normal. I ... I don't know how else to put it. Even with that last serum you gave me — the one I fought off before — I still felt some sort of energy. I can't describe it. But now it's gone — completely.”

“That's good.”

Dawn looks down at her hands, which still have her gloves on. She tries as hard as she can to disintegrate the gloves. She tries for a good minute, struggling to see if she could destroy them, but she can't. She laughs and cries.

“It's gone,” Dawn sobs with happiness and relief. “Oh, thank you, Hank. Thank you so much!” She embraces Hank in a bear hug.

Hank is temporary dumbfounded by the sudden hug but then hugs her back. “You're welcome,” he says.

They hug for a minute and Dawn finally releases Hank. “Hank stay over for lunch, please.”

“Sure,” Hank says. “That sounds fine.”

“It's the least I can do for all that you have done for me.”

Hank smiles and Dawn wipes away her tears. Tristan looks at Dawn and she reaches out for him. She gives him a hug.

“Thank you Tristan for not giving up on me and for being there for me,” Dawn tells Tristan.

“You're welcome,” he replies, hugging her back.

Dawn looks at Stuart, who is sitting at the couch watching his cartoon. Dawn walks over and sits down on the couch next to him. She sighs and stroke's Stuart's hair. Normally Stuart wouldn't like it, but right now is an exception. Stuart hugs his mother forgetting about the TV show

and pushing aside the stroke of his hair. Stuart fights back some tears, but cannot hold back them all.

They release and just look at each other. They smile and never felt so relieved.

Even when Dawn took that negating serum a year back, she didn't feel safe or relief. She still felt worried, because the energy of her power still felt within her. But now, she cannot feel anything. She searches for the energy inside of her and cannot find it. At last she frees free.

"Now ..." Dawn says to herself. "Let's make some lunch."

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Manhattan Mall.

Nick and Reye stand apart from the rest of the group, away from their other friends. They are slowly walking together towards the food court.

On their way they pass by jewelry stores. Nick can now only think of what would look good on Reye. All of it. Anything will make Reye look great, not that she isn't already.

Reye looks at Nick and catches him eyeing the jewelry stores, catching him off guard.

“Huh? What?” Nick stammers.

Reye smiles at him and bites her lip. “How about we go check them out?” Reye asks.

Nick sighs and smiles. “Well it wouldn't hurt to look, would it?”

Nick and Reye walk towards the jewelry store in front of them when suddenly everyone is screaming. Nick and Reye spin around on their heels to look at the commotion.

At one of the jewelry stores across from them, there is a man whose hands are glowing with electricity. He looks angry, irritated and depressed. The man is trying to steal a gold watch.

Nick recognizes the man right away. He was the man with the crane incident. Someone killed his daughter. His name is Victor. Poor guy. But he killed the crane operator and escaped from the Avians. Now he is terrorizing people at the mall and is stealing.

Reye looks at Nick waiting for him to change into his suit. Nick runs away, trying to match the crowd and Reye follows. Nick waves at Reye, saying that he'll be back. Nick takes a quick turn to the restrooms and enters one. He returns with his full suit and hood and sunglasses on for identity protection.

Nick, as Vortex, extends his wings out of his back and soars over everyone's heads and towards the man with electricity; Victor. He is just now leaving the jewelry store with his hands still electrifying. Vortex lands directly in front of him and closes his wings, stunning Victor.

Victor grins at Vortex. "Well!" he exclaims, suddenly his face is beaming. "If it isn't Vortex! How about I show you the true meaning of Vortex? Perhaps we could have ourselves a real fight!"

Suddenly Victor throws his hands out and creates a vortex or portal above Vortex's head. Victor punches Vortex and at the same time Vortex is being pulled into the portal. Vortex is helpless, but just for a second. He replicates Victor's power at the last second and closes the portal, but is stunned.

Victor smiles at him, knowing what the stun look on Vortex's face means.

"You saw inside my world, didn't you?" Victor asks Vortex and he slowly nods. "Such a sight to see, huh?"

Vortex comes to his senses and punches Victor in his side. Victor about falls over, but catches himself now down to his knees. Vortex kicks him in the face, sending Victor backwards. Vortex grabs Victor by his collar of his shirt and yanks him to his feet.

"It's time you meet the police," Vortex says.

The mall security are already here, just waiting on Vortex.

"I don't agree with you, *Vortex*," Victor says.

Victor throws another portal up in the air and it sucks in a stand and the vendor into it. Next it grabs the security guards.

“NO!!” Vortex yells and he replicates the power and closes the portal, not realizing that he just let go of Victor. He turns around and Victor is gone.

Vortex spins around in a circle, expecting to see Victor anywhere, but he is long gone. He sighs, disappointed in himself. He looks back in the air at where the portal just was and looks below at where the stand and vendor were at. They are now gone, but at least not dead, just stranded in Victor’s world within the vortex; wherever that may be.

Vortex tries to replicate the power again and see inside the portal, but gets zilch. He tries to create a portal, but with no luck. He looks around and sees all of the faces of the people around him, they are all dumbfounded, worried and concerned for the welfare of the poor vendor.

“I’m sorry, everyone,” Vortex says. “I couldn’t save him, but he is not dead. That vendor is merely on another world. That was a portal that he went through. I will ensure his return and we will bring an end to that villain, Victor.” Vortex doesn’t know his last name, but he has a feeling that he will. He’ll be on the front page for sure.

With that Vortex extends his wings from his back and flies overhead everyone and out an open window above the exit doors, which were made specifically for the Avians. Vortex lands in an alley quickly and takes his suit off, revealing a t-shirt and skinny jeans underneath. He finds an empty garbage bag and puts his suit in it.

Nick walks out of the alley and back into the mall, taking the bag with him. He finds Reye waiting for him at the hallway where the restrooms are at, the ones where he went to change into the Vortex.

Reye smiles at him, afraid to say anything at first. Nick smiles at her and gives her a one second sign with his finger. He rushes into the men’s restroom and puts on the clothes he took off, but puts his suit on

underneath. Now he is wearing his jacket and his regular jeans. His skinny jeans are thin and stretchy so that they are comfortable underneath.

He exits the bathroom, meeting Reye outside. She smiles at him, not sure what to say at first.

“Nick, I’m proud of you,” Reye says. “You tried. I don’t think you were meant to stop him today, but you will some other day.”

Nick nods. “Thanks,” he says, sighing. “I feel sorry for that vendor.”

“Will he really be alright?”

“Yeah, I wasn’t lying to everyone. That portal really is a gateway to another planet, but it is Victor’s planet. I not really sure how it works, but his vortex leads to some other world. I just hope that the vendor can survive there.”

“That’s so strange and weird.”

“Yeah. It’s got me.” Nick pauses to think for a second. “Reye, for a second I could see inside of the world within his vortex or portal, that’s why I was stunned for a brief moment. It caught me off guard. I saw the crane operator inside the world, he was dead.”

“Who’s the crane operator?”

“Oh, sorry. That man’s name is Victor. His daughter was killed by his former workmate who was not being careful enough, he was the crane operator. He accidentally killed Victor’s daughter with a crane and Victor killed him then sucked him into the vortex. I saw him inside of the vortex world, along with other junk and stolen, unwanted stuff of Victor’s. The place looks like a place that Victor uses of all of the things that he doesn’t want anymore, but the thing is he can still see inside it, because I could when I replicated his power.”

Reye processed all of that and sighed. "It seems really complicated, but don't worry, Nick ... you will stop him. Don't worry; I have faith in you and your team. You guys are a great group of superheroes; you will stop him."

"Yeah ... we will," Nick says, but not really sounding sure of himself. They could really use Alex for this guy; he has incredible speed.

"But in the meantime, Nick, let's enjoy each other's company, shall we?"

Nick sighs and smiles, trying to forget about what just happened and enjoy the rest of this day. "That's sounds like a great idea."

### White Plains State Penitentiary

Richard sits in his cell on his bed. Above him is his cellmate, but he doesn't say a word or speak to Richard unless he is addressed by Richard. Richard loves being the most well respected and feared inmate at this prison, but it makes him wonder.

He is sentenced for ten to fifteen years in this place. He thinks about the possibility of early parole; he will not get it if he keeps up this attitude with the rest of the inmates. He sighs, but knows that he's already messed it up for that, because he doesn't think that he will easily be able to change that.

Suddenly a guard is walking up to his cell and unlocking it. The guard looks Richard in the eye.

"You have a visitor," he says.

Richard is puzzled. Who would visit him; he knows no one else in the outside world. His family is dead; his parents were murdered. Richard gets up from his cot and follows the guard out to the visitation center. All of the inmates he pass be careful not to look at him in any strange way or even to look at him in the eye. The guards know how respected Richard is, but they don't fear him because they can immobilize him easily.

The guard takes him to the table and stops dead in his tracks. Sitting at the table is his mother. His mother was killed by a man named Clarence Chilton. Richard killed him and his wife because of it. Clarence killed both of his parents because he was desperate.

The guard looks at Richard strangely. He wonders why Richard stopped. "Richard, this woman says that she is your consultant. Now I

leave you two alone.” With that, the guard left and stood in the distance to watch.

Richard is still shocked and his heart is pounding in his chest. Slowly he sits at the table across from his mother.

“You're supposed to be dead,” he whispers, not believing.

His mother just smiles at him. “Yes, Richard,” she says. “I should be, but I'm not. Hon, I'm immortal.”

“Wha ...” Richard exhales. His jaw drops. “That’s not possible. You were dead and ... you never came *back*.”

She continues to smile at him. “I'm sorry that I never came back to you. But I knew that you killed Clarence and I didn't approve of that at first, that's why I didn't come back.”

“What?! I didn't kill him right away. Why didn't you come back sooner than that?”

“I ... I'm sorry, I was just depressed and overwhelmed to lose Brock; your father. I needed some time.”

“Why didn't you tell me that you were alive?”

“Well, I didn't come back to ... life at first. I woke up in the morgue. They had done an autopsy on me and stitched me up. After that I woke up and I left.”

“But I went to your funeral!”

“They didn't want to admit having lost my body so they buried an empty casket.” She pauses. “But ... I didn't come back after that because I ... somewhere inside of me I wanted the killer dead and I wanted to kill him myself, but you did that for me.”

“What?” Richard never thought his mother was that kind of person. “You wanted him dead?”

“Death can change a person.”

“But ... I regret killing him and his wife. I feel guilty.”

“Don't. Because I would've killed him if you didn't.”

“Even his wife?”

“No, not at first. I would have tortured her then killed her then him.” She looked angry for a second. “But no point now; they're already dead.”

Richard is stunned to see that his mother has changed. She never displayed actions like this or even her thoughts. She has definitely changed. She's a completely different person.

“Now, Richie,” she says. Richard doesn't like being called that, but he's just happy to see his mother so he doesn't say anything. “You're sentenced for ten to fifteen years right.”

“Yeah.”

“I can't wait that long.” She pauses and looks around her to make sure that no guard or anyone else is listening in on their conversation. “Escape. I know you can.”

“I can't escape.”

“Yes you can. I know you can. I know about your electrokinesis. Use it with any means necessary. I will be waiting outside. Leave ten minutes after I leave.”

“What? Seriously?”

“Yes, Richard. You can't stay here. I need you. I'm ... all alone now. Please come with me.” She sighs. “Don't worry about trying to be on your best behavior here, just get out of here.”

“About my behavior ...”

His mother scoffs. "I don't care if you were the biggest bully here or if you were the kindest person, just escape and meet me outside in ten minutes. Okay?"

Richard doesn't say anything. After about a half minute he nods, but still not really sure if he wants to do it. A guard walks up to them.

"Okay," he says. "Time's up."

"Alright," his mother says, getting to her feet.

Richard gets up and watches his mother walk out the doors, through a hallway and out through another set of doors, out of sight. A guard takes Richard back to his cell. Richard forgets about his posture when walking back to his cell and the other inmates see him differently, but they still don't say anything, because they still fear him.

Richard sits back on his cot and the guard locks his cell back up and walks away. For two years he has been getting over feeling guilty for killing Clarence Chilton, but the guilt is coming back now. He missed his parents and is happy to see that his mother is still alive, but she is a different person. It's almost as if she is not his mother, but she is. She looks exactly the same.

Richard considers the thought that she might be a shapeshifter. It would make sense because of her suddenly appearing back from the dead. But who could possibly want to mislead Richard. He knows no one else. He was very lonely. But then he pushes the thought aside. She is his mother; she called him Richie. No one else would know to call him that, especially not in the way that his mother did — does.

He comes to realize that he does want to escape. He knows that he doesn't want to stay here eight more years. Even though his mother may have changed completely, he has no other opportunity.

Richard decides that he's going to do it. So he thinks of a plan in his head. He looks at the clock outside of the cell on the wall and sees that ten minutes has already passed. It's time.

“He's going to shank me!” Richard suddenly yells, making the inmate above him jump.

Richard jumps off of his cot and grabs the inmate above him, throwing him to the floor. Richard pulls out a shank from underneath his mattress and puts it in the inmate's hand.

“Help!!!” Richard yelled. “AHH!!!”

Richard falls down; acting in pain and the inmate looks scared and looks at the shank in his hand.

“Sell it or you're dead!” Richard whispers.

The inmate suddenly looks furiously acting like he's about to shank Richard. A guard runs up to the cell and sees that Richard is the one on the ground. The guard scoffs at him.

“Is this a joke, Richard?” The guard asks. “Just shock him and settle this.”

Suddenly Richard jumps to his feet and throws his hands at the guard. He startles, but before he can do anything Richard shocks him instead and knocks him out. Richard reaches through the cell bars and pulls out his keys.

Another guard runs up to his cell with his gun ready. He would normally use his Taser, but not in this situation. Not with the electric prisoner. Richard shocks him before he gets a chance to do anything with the gun.

With the keys, Richard unlocks his cell and leaves it open for the other inmate.

“See ya!” he tells the inmate. “And that’s for your help.”

Richard runs toward the exit. Guards are already running after him. A guard runs in front of him and Richard throws a bolt of electricity at him. He shakes and falls over either unconscious or dead. Right now Richard does not worry.

A few guards shoot at Richard, but they miss. Richard spins on his heels, electrocuting them all and turns back to the exit. He reaches the doors, which are obviously locked. An alarm suddenly starts blaring.

They are a set of double doors and are easily penetrable. Inmates are suddenly cheering and roaring. Richard holds out his hands at the double doors and starts shocking them with all of the electricity that he's got. He's not worried about any guards at the moment, because they are all on the other side of the doors.

No luck. So ... plan b. Richard uses the keys and tries each other until he gets the right one and unlocks the first door. For the next one it is a different key.

The guards on the other side of the door have their weapons ready.

“Inmate!” a guard yells. “Stop at once! Return to you cell!”

Richard just smiles at him and shakes his head. He looks for the right key and lights on the other side of the door. He sees a row of lights on the ceiling above the guards. He focuses on it and suddenly bolts of electricity steam out of them and hit all of the guards, knocking them unconscious.

Finally he finds the right key and unlocks the door. He steps on the other side with his hands already electrifying. Behind him all of the inmates are roaring and yelling as loud as they can. Richard looks at a chair that is in front of the control panel that can open all of the cells at once. He looks at the inmates behind him.

Richard thinks for a second, *if this is going to be a prison break, let's make it the biggest prison break in history!* Richard holds his hands out and electrocutes the control panel. Suddenly all of the locks click on the cells. Inmates are already shoving the doors open.

“Let's get out of here!” Richard exclaims.

All of the inmates run out of their cells, cheering, yelling and screaming. Richard runs towards the visitation center, which is one of the ways to get out of here. Several guards appear around the corner of the hallway and shoot at him.

Bullets swish past Richard and one hits his shirt sleeve. Another rushes past his nose, just barely missing him. An inmate being him falls over, dead. Richard doesn't let another gun go off because then he electrocutes the guards, maybe killing them; right now he's not concerned. Right now he's starting to feel awesome and like the biggest, baddest inmate ever.

He runs around the corner, already electrocuting any guards who may be there, and he knocks some out who were actually there. More guards run around the corner at the far on the hallway and Richard electrocutes them using the lights above them.

He continues down the hallway and finally makes it to the visitation center. Most of the inmates are right behind him. Some guards in the center are stunned and don't even shoot at all. Foolish, because then Richard knocks them all out with one bolt of electricity to their chests.

Richard runs to the door of the entrance to the visitation center. He runs to the second set of doors and opens them. After those doors he's runs through another hallway and electrocutes guards that are in the way. He reaches a hallway that splits in two directions. He goes right and runs down a short hallway, opens the doors and finds another set of doors at the end of the hallway. He can see daylight seeping through the

windows. He runs towards the doors, but can see that there are a ton of guards waiting for him outside. He knows that he won't be able to stop them all at once. So he opens the door and lets the inmates following him rush past him, oblivious to their mistake. The first wave of inmate rush out and Richard runs out after them.

The inmates in front are all shot down and Richard electrocutes all of the guards, picking them off one at a time. Most of the inmates they ran out at first were shot, but now with the remaining inmates there are more. The rest all come rushing out of the prison.

Richard runs towards the gate, still holding the keys. But he throws them down, forgetting them. He stands there and lets the other inmates try to knock the fence down. Richard electrocutes his whole body and any inmates surrounding him back away. Suddenly his clothes are getting hot and steaming. Still inmates fight with breaking down the fence, but they could try at that all day.

Richard walks past all of them, electrocuting his body still. He walks up to the fence and leans against it. The fence gets hot and suddenly Richard releases all of his energy against the fence. The whole area of the fence that Richard was leaning against turns black. He kicks at it several times and some other inmates start helping. In a few more seconds, the fence gives way and a hole breaks. With that size of the hole, only one inmate can escape at a time, so they are going to have a problem.

Richard runs through it first, forgetting about the rest of the inmates, who are now going to be fugitives again, like himself. He makes a run for it, sprinting.

Suddenly his mother meets up with him, coming out of nowhere. Suddenly police appear. They come in every direction.

“Shock them!!” Richard’s mother exclaims.

Richard electrocutes the police cruisers and make them drive out of control and crash. His mother leads him to her car and they hop inside. It's already started and they are already driving off, but a cop follows them.

"Took you long enough," she says. "Now take out that cop."

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Manhattan, NY

Using his new tablet, Drake starts his afternoon off with playing a relaxing game. He sips on his coffee and enjoys the silence. But then his brother, Stan, starts making ruckus in the basement.

Drake tries to ignore it at first, but he continues. Out of lack of patience Drake gets up, walks to the kitchen and sets his tablet on the counter, closing the cover. He heads downstairs as Stan makes more noise.

He turns around the corner to see Stan trying to move some furniture.

“What are you doing?” Drake asks.

Stan looks up at Drake. “Oh, good morning to you too.”

“It’s afternoon now.”

“I’m rearranging this furniture.”

“Really? We never use those.”

“I wanted to see if I can’t turn this dump basement into a room to live in, say we want a spare room or something.”

Drake raised an eyebrow. “Okay? Are you planning on doing this for something else?”

“What do you mean?”

“Are you inviting someone else to live here?”

Stan looks up, puzzled. Then he laughs. “Oh, no. No, not that at all. I just came here to do my laundry and saw how boring this basement looks. I would like to change it up.”

“How about an entertainment room?”

Stan stops what he is doing. He considers it. “Hey, now that’s an idea! Yeah! Let’s make an entertainment room down here. Great idea, Drake!”

“Yeah, no problem.”

Drake walks back upstairs to leave Stan by himself with his business. He walks into the kitchen back towards his tablet. On his way, he accidentally bumps into the toaster and it falls off the counter and onto the floor. But it does more than just fall; it actually brakes.

“Aw crud!” Drake exclaims. He is half expecting Stan to ask what he broke, but Stan says nothing.

Drake bends down and picks up the toaster. He sets all of the pieces on the counter and sighs. He’ll have to get another toaster. But Drake comes to think about this thing that has been happening to him lately. He concentrates on the toaster and sure enough within a second he can see how it will all piece together.

Within minutes, Drake puts it all back together and tightens a wire inside of it. He plugs it back in and puts the lever down and it is already heating up then he puts it back up. It works perfectly.

He exhales and smiles to himself. Drake just fixed it; that’s saves buying another one. But he couldn’t have done it without this ... whatever this was. His ability. Drake knows that something is happening to him. Just like many people that live in New York. He must be getting a super ability ... but what?

Drake thinks about all of the things that he has done with it. He knew how his tablet worked and how to use it with ease right when he first got it. He could understand newspapers and books without reading them. He fixed Stan's car door with ease and now he easily fixed the toaster. All of these things that Drake did, he did without learning how to do it first.

Drake figures it out. His power has something to do with understanding how things work without having to learn or train first. He just ... knows. Something like intuition. An intuitive power that enables him to do things with ease and skill without any thought or learning.

Drake decides to do something testing with this ... ability. He finally grabs his tablet off of the counter. He flips the cover over, opening it up. He walks back to the living room and sits at the couch. He opens up the web browser on the tablet. He decides that he's going to try to look up some complex formulas or something to see if he can figure it out.

Drake searches complicated math formulas. He studies them and waits for this ability of his to work. He waits but nothing happens and he still doesn't understand how to solve the formulas. He tries another mat formula, but still no luck. This time he tries to see if his ability will tell him how an simple algebraic equation is solved, but it doesn't tell him a thing.

Drake decides to try something a little different. This time he searches schematics. He looks up a schematic for a simple light circuit. He hopes for his new ability to show him something, to help him understand how it works, but it doesn't do a thing. He tries to concentrate on it, looking hard at it. Suddenly something clicks in his brain and he starts to see how something works, but it's not the light circuit schematic. Instead it's the tablet; he starts to see how it works again and how it lights up the screen so that he can see the image it shows.

Now Drake tries to go at it a different angle. He searches up actually objects and electronics themselves instead of their diagrams and

schematics. He looks up a picture of a lamp. He examines it and concentrates on it, but yet again all he can see is how his tablet works.

Maybe he can only understand how tangible things that he can see in front of him. He is trying to look at things on the internet, but he can't see past the tablet. Drake looks up at a lamp that he has next to the coffee table. He concentrates on it and this time he can see how it works. He sees a flow of energy travelling through it; the electricity. At last he has got it to do something that he wanted.

Stan walks upstairs and meets Drake in the living room.

“Hey, Drake,” Stan says, “Umm ... I'll be down the road at Shawn's house. See ya.” Stan walks to the door, throws on his shoes and walks out.

*That stuck up, good-for-nothing guy?* Drake thinks to himself. He's never liked Shawn and he doesn't show much interest to Drake either. Shawn likes hanging out with Stan, but he never comes to Drake's house; Stan always goes to his house.

Shawn has a decent house in New York and he doesn't mind boasting about it at all. That's one of the reasons that Drake doesn't like him. He has a huge backyard — huge for being in New York — and it is protected by tall fences. Shawn lives all alone, just like Drake and Stan do, but Shawn has only himself. So occasionally Stan will visit him.

Drake always wonders what Stan sees in Shawn; all Shawn ever does is try to draw attention to himself and gloat about his house. Drake would love to see it burn down to the ground someday. Drake imagines that and the very thought pleases him, although he knows that it shouldn't.

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Mark's Residence

Grace gets tired of watching Bruce and Mara hugging each other and focusing on only themselves. She tries to ignore them and watch the TV, but she can't easily.

Mara realizes this, even though not reading her thoughts, because she can't unless Grace opens up herself to her. Mara lifts her head off of Bruce's shoulder. Bruce gives her a quick kiss and she accepts it, but looks to the TV.

"What?" Bruce asks.

"Oh, nothing," Mara says. She meets Grace's eyes and she smiles at her.

Grace is watching the news at the moment, getting ready for any possible terrorist or criminals. Mara turns her attention to the news, preparing just as well. Bruce realizes why Mara turned her attention away from him; she wants to respect Grace. Grace sees enough of Mara and Bruce being all over each other.

Suddenly the police scanner starts blaring, but the news of TV doesn't show the same thing; they are not as fast. The police are reporting a kidnapping that had just happened and they are following the kidnapping by car and he is speeding down Broadway; of all of the streets. He just past by Times Square, heading north.

Suddenly Bruce, Mara and Grace are all throwing their suits on and flying through the skylight. The three of them fly towards the kidnapper as Psych, Shift and Swift. This would be a good job for

Whirlwind (Alex). They are flying as fast as they can to reach the kidnapper.

It takes them about three minutes before they finally reach him. The kidnapper left quite the mess behind him. He is not giving up his high speed chase with the police. Suddenly Shift swoops down towards him, looking furious; she gets very touchy when it comes to animals and children.

Shift lands down on top of the hood of the kidnapper's car, which is going seventy miles per hour at least. She stays on the hood of the car without much of a struggle. Her fingers have claws extended from them, like that of a bear, which she is using to hold on. She stares into the kidnappers eyes, telling him to pull over.

Now the kidnapper can't really see with Shift blocking his view. Even now, he tries to get away. He swerves his car to try to shake Shift off, but she is not going anywhere.

Shift looks inside the car and can see the poor girl sitting in the back seat the one who he kidnapped. Suddenly Mara really felt for her. She looked so scared and frightened, but seems to calm down now seeing Shift. Everyone knows how Shift is. She is very caring.

Suddenly, Shift transforms her arm into a bear arm and whacks at the windshield at the driver's side, aiming for the kidnapper. The window breaks and she claws at the kidnapper's face. He swerve and slams on the gas pedal, going faster.

Flying above, Swift sees the traffic below. Shift whacked the kidnapper in the car, but instead of slowing down, he sped up. Now he's about to run down some people and other cars. Shift looks up ahead and looks at Shift to make sure that she has a firm grip on the car and she does. So using her metal manipulation, she unleashes her power to control its magnetism.

"Psych!" Swift yells. "Catch the girl!"

Psych suddenly gets ready for whatever Swift is about to do, flying right beside her.

“Rip her seatbelt first!”

“What?” Psych exclaims. “That’s crazy! See how fast that car is moving?!”

“Just do it!”

Psych telekinetically rips her seatbelt and the girl shrieks, panicking. The windshield is broken and she can feel the wind brushing against her. She is terrified, but feels some comfort with the Avians here.

Swift quickly grabs the car magnetically and slows it down fast. The kidnapper whiplashes and the girl flies through the open windshield. Shift screams as the girl soars through the air past her. Psych catches her with his telekinesis and brings her closer and into his arms. Suddenly, the poor girl feels safe, being in Psych’s arms. He smiles at her.

“It’ll be alright now,” he tells the girl, who looks like she may be about seven years old. “You’re safe now.”

The young girl starts to calm down already. Psych lands on a sidewalk away from the kidnapper. Swift lands in between Psych and the stopped car. Shift jumps off of the car’s hood and rips the kidnapper’s driver door off of his car, using some strength she summons from an animal. She rips the seatbelt and yanks the kidnapper out of the car. She shoves him to the ground.

“How dare you!” Shift yells at the kidnapper. “Kidnapping a young girl! That’s just awful! She belongs with her family.” She kicks him hard in the face and lets him roll around on the ground in pain.

Bystanders watch from the sidewalks. The police are stopped behind the kidnapper’s car. Several officers walk up to the girl and the rest run up to the kidnapper. They thank Shift, Swift and Psych for their

help. None of them say anything about what Shift did to the kidnapper, because she really was only caring for the young girl; she despises kidnappers and the police respected her. So they didn't say a thing about that.

The Avians let the police take it from there and they took off into the air, flying away. Everyone below watched in awe as they flew off, admiring their wings and how beautiful they are. The police took care of the girl and got her back with her family. They took the kidnapper to jail.

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Astoria, NY

Hank just thanked Dawn for the nice meal and took off. Dawn could not thank him enough for negating her power — permanently. Now Tristan, Dawn and Stuart are sitting on the couches in the living room, enjoying watching Stuart's silly cartoons. Even though Stuart is about fourteen years old now, he still enjoys those cartoons.

Dawn doesn't care about the cartoon at this moment, because she is so relieved to not have to worry about her curse anymore. It is gone. Finally. She sighs and wraps her arm around Stuart. For this moment Stuart lets her, knowing that she deserves it, having not been able to do it in a while.

Tristan looks away from the TV for a moment to look at Dawn and Stuart. He smiles at them, loving to see that Dawn is happy again. It has been a long time since she seemed that happy. Even in the past year something didn't feel right with her and she was still paranoid, but now she feels free. Free of her curse. She is cured.

Tristan loves his pyrokinesis, but he knows that Dawn's power was a bad power to have when she couldn't control it well. He couldn't blame her, but now they have no need to worry any longer.

Tristan's attention is drawn towards the back door. He jerks his head to see a man standing outside, wearing a long black trench coat, a dark baseball cap and a sword. The cap is worn down so Tristan cannot see the man's face. He jumps up and takes another look at the man's sword.

“What is it?” Dawn asks studying the concerned, worried look on Tristan’s face.

Suddenly the man with the sword standing outside throws his sword through the door and it hits Tristan’s shirt above his shoulder, shoving him backwards into the wall. The sword pins him against the wall by his shirt. The man darts into the house and into the living room.

Dawn screams the moment she sees the sword and screams even more when she sees the sword man. The man pulls out another sword and threatens Dawn with it, aiming it at her.

“Don't kill me!” Dawn exclaims.

“How about your son?” the man asks.

“No!!” Tristan and Dawn yell in unison. “You! Don't lay a finger on my son!” Dawn exclaims.

Dawn’s lip quivers. The man brings his free hand in front of Dawn’s face. Suddenly it starts to glow purple and he brings it to Dawn’s head and stops. He tilts his head and looks stunned.

“What happened?” the man asks. He is looking at Dawn’s head and is puzzled. “Where is it? What happened to your power?”

“My *power*?” Dawn asks. “How-how ... do ... you know about that?”

“I’ve known about you for some time. I could sense you. I could sense your awesome destructive power and now I finally found you; but now it’s ... gone.”

“What do you want from me?” Dawn demands but sounds nervous.

“I wanted your power, but it’s gone.”

Tristan yanks the sword out of the wall and from his shirt, and he holds it firmly, ready to use it against the sword man if needed.

“So ...” the man says. “Instead I’ll take your power.” He turns and faces Tristan. “You still have a ... destructive power, but nothing compared to disintegration, but pyrokinesis will have to do.”

“How do you know that?” Tristan asks.

“I can sense it. I can see it inside your head, but now I want it.”

Tristan is puzzled. “But you can't just take it.”

“Yes I can.”

The man raises his hand and it glows purple again. He holds it close to Tristan’s head, but Tristan backs away. The man thrusts his sword as Tristan, but at the last possible second Tristan jerks out of the way. Tristan creates a ball of fire in his hand and throws it at the sword man’s coat. It ignites into flames and he panics.

The man tries to take his coat off, but Tristan throws another ball of fire at his hat and it bursts into flames. The man runs off, leaving the house and also leaving behind the one sword in Tristan’s hand. He drops it.

Tristan, Dawn and Stuart are all very frightened and confused.

“Who ... was that?” Stuart finally says.

“I don’t know,” Tristan says.

“We need to call the police!” Dawn exclaims.

“Yeah we do.” He runs to the phone and dials nine-one-one.

“*Nine-one-one, what's your emergency?*” The operator asks.

“We were just attacked by some crazy man with a sword and a baseball cap and a black trench coat. He broke into our house and tried

to kill us, but we managed to defend ourselves and he ran off, but we ... he may come back. Please ... help us."

*"This is not a prank is it? We don't tolerate prank calls."*

"No, this is not a prank!" Tristan yells. "We almost got killed!"

*"Okay, we'll be there shortly, please stay on the line, we will track your location."*

"Okay."

*"Can you describe the man to me again and what he was trying to do?"*

"The man was wearing a long black trench coat, a baseball cap that was too low for us to see his face and he had swords. He threw one at me and pinned me against the wall. Then he tried to kill my ... guardian." Tristan didn't know what to call Dawn, but she was older than him. "Well, she's my ... housemate. I am helping her take care of her fourteen year old son. But he tried to kill me next with his sword."

*"Is he still there, or did he run off?"*

"He ran off, but I'm afraid that he'll be back or is still in the area."

*"Did he just run off, just like that?"*

"Well, we had to protect ourselves and he fought him and I used ... a torch and caught his coat on fire and that's when he ran off."

*"A torch?"*

"Yes." Tristan looks at Stuart and Dawn and they know that he used his pyrokinesis, but he can't just tell that to the police. He would like to keep his power a secret, even though it's not illegal to have a superpower; he can't help it, but he will rather not tell.

*"What kind of torch?"*

"It's a ... propane torch."

*"And you just had that on you?"*

"No, it was in my cupboard at I managed to grab it."

*"Okay. We have units that are just a minute away,"* Tristan listens and he can hear the sirens. *"Just hang in there we will be there to assist you in a minute. Please sit tight, thank you. And please give us a call if we aren't there in a few seconds."*

"Okay, thank you." Tristan hangs up the phone before she can say anything more. He looks at Dawn and Stuart. "Okay. I told them that I used a propane torch, so they are going to need to see it. And I told them that I got it from the cupboard so there will need to be signs of struggle from here to the cupboard. So makes some wreckage in the kitchen, Stuart. I don't want to have to tell them that I actually have pyrokinesis. Quick!" Tristan exclaims.

Stuart runs into the kitchen and knocks some things off of the counter and stove onto the floor. He spills dry oatmeal onto the floor, pots, bowls, plates and silverware.

Tristan runs into the basement down to the old wood stove. He looks around and finds a propane torch. He quickly runs back up the stairs, the sirens getting louder. He sets the torch onto the counter.

In just a few seconds the police arrive.

"This is the police!" they yell from outside. "We have the place surrounded."

Tristan runs to the door, which is broken. "Come in!" he exclaims.

The police have their guns out and ready, but they hold them down. Dawn and Stuart get closer to each other. Tristan looks at them and can see that they are still shaken up and so is he. They were almost

killed by someone with swords who wanted to take their power ... somehow. But he had just lied to the police about how it happened.

The police enter the house. Some officers search the place for any signs of the man with the swords and long trench coat. Tristan explains the story to them just as it happened, except he explains that there was a struggle into the kitchen to get the torch and use it to set the man on fire, or just at least his coat.

The police find it a little bit hard to believe, but they tell Tristan that they'll keep on the lookout for him. Two officers stand at the doorway outside their house for the rest of the day.

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Mark's Residence

Rachel and I get home and start putting the groceries away, filling the refrigerator, cupboards, and shelves. I look at Bruce, Mara and Grace and see that they seem hyped up about something.

“Did something happen?” I ask them as I put groceries away with Rachel.

“Yes,” Mara says quickly. “There was a kidnapper who kidnapped a young girl and drove off with her. We went after him and stopped him. He was speeding and I pounced on his car, Grace stopped his car with her magnetism and Bruce caught her with his telekinesis. I threw the awful, idiotic kidnapper out of the car and beat him up.”

“Hmm,” I thought. Mara beat the kidnapper up. I know how Mara is; she is so caring with animals and people. So when she knows that this man kidnaps a young girl she is furious, so she beats him up.

“The police were there,” Grace says. “And we let them handle the rest of the situation.”

“Okay,” Rachel says, putting the milk, eggs and bacon into the fridge, followed by the coffee creamer. “The police just let you beat that guy up?” she asks Mara.

“Well, yeah. I mean he kidnapped the poor young girl,” Mara replies in a sweet voice. I look at Bruce and sees that he's infatuated with her tone. “I wasn't going to let him have it easy.”

“How about letting the police handle it?”

“The police would just cuff him; that wouldn’t teach him anything.”

“Okay,” I say. “Nice job stopping the kidnapper guys.”

My attention is suddenly drawn towards the TV. They still have the news on. They are showing a report of a prison break in Harrison at White Plains State Penitentiary. Almost all of the prison inmates escape.

“Aw crap,” I say when I see the report. The rest of us look at the news report. “We didn’t stop them.”

I watch on and learn more about it. There was one inmate in particular that was responsible. They showed footage of him helping them escape. He has projecting electricity from his hands and shocking guards with that, knocking them out or killing them. He controlled the electricity from the lights and used it to his advantage. The prisoner had an electrical ability.

“A metahuman,” Bruce says. “He helped them all escape.”

The report shows the picture of the fugitive responsible. His name is Richard Ruth and his is responsible for the death of Clarence and Ashley Chilton. Clarence killed Richard’s parents and fled from the police and was on the run. Richard found him and killed him, along with his wife. They were found with Richard held responsible. So he was sentenced to ten to fifteen years in prison, but he escaped ... along with the rest of the prisoners.

“Wow,” Grace says.

“Yeah,” I agree. “Now all of those prisoners are on the loose. Who knows what they are going to do. I hope we can stop them all along with the help of the police.”

“But hopefully,” Bruce starts, “prison taught them something and they changed their ways so that they won't continue their villainous acts.”

“Well I hope so, but I know that Richard Ruth hasn't changed. He helped all of the escape ... by using his powers of ... electricity. Man ... Intex left us a mess. There are more and more metahumans as time goes on.”

“Yeah it makes you wonder ...” Grace says. “Will there be a day when everyone in New York will have superpowers?”

“I hope not, because people will use their powers unwisely and for their personal gain.”

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### Brooklyn, NY

Victor sits on his bed in his little alley that he calls home. He is furious and angry and depressed. He isn't sure what he was hoping to achieve at the mall. He wanted the gold watch just to have. Now he is wearing it on his wrist. He doesn't know why he wanted it, but he doesn't know what else to do with his life.

He sits there looking at the watch and wondering why he wanted it. It sure looks nice, but he doesn't have a need for a watch.

Another homeless man walks up to Victor and checks out his watch.

“Thanks a pretty watch,” the man says. Victor just nods. “That looks like it could get you meals until next year, if that's real gold.”

“Yeah, it's real,” Victor replies. Victor considers how much the watch is worth. It definitely is worth a lot of meals. He has been easily stealing food from places, but this homeless man can hardly get by. “You

know ... here," Victor hands the watch to the homeless man, "use it for food. I don't need it, I can manage."

The homeless man looks at the watch, tilting it to reflect the sunlight off of it. "Real gold, huh?"

"Yup. One-hundred percent."

"Wow, thanks a lot. Wow. Thank you so much."

"It's no problem. You need it more than I do."

The homeless man smiles and waves to Victor as he walks off to return to his place that he sleeps at. The man got what he wanted. Victor knows that that homeless man didn't walk up to Victor just to talk; he wanted to see the watch, but Victor did more than that for him, he gave it to him.

Victor sighs and slouches down the building wall that he is leaning against. He sits down onto the ground. He wonders what to do. He thinks about his wife and daughter. He loved them so much and wishes that killing that worker would have relieved his pain, but it hasn't. Victor wishes that his wife did not leave him, but she has.

His wife left him when she couldn't stand him anymore. She was angry along with Victor about their daughter being killed. She knew that Victor killed the crane operator, their daughter's murderer, but that is not what caused her to leave. She hated seeing Victor always so depressed and never being anything fun anymore. Ever since that day of their daughter's death, Victor has not done one thing enjoyable. All he has ever done is grieve since that day. So she left him.

Now Victor is only grieving more now that his wife left him. He looks down at his hand to see that it is generating electricity in it. He brings his hands up to his eyes and looks at the ball of electricity in his palm closely. He brings it to his head and lays his hands down, not feeling

a thing. He intensifies the electricity, but it does not do a thing to his head. His power cannot harm himself.

He closes his eyes and looks inside his vortex's world. He sees all of the junk that he has thrown into it. He sees the vendor that he threw in there from the mall today. Then he looks at the dead worker who killed his daughter. He is deteriorating now, but it doesn't bring him any happiness to seem him dead; his daughter is still gone. He decides that he ought to suck some food into the vortex for the vendor, to keep him alive and to save for later for himself. Or ...

He decides that the vendor doesn't deserve to be trapped inside the vortex all alone, only with one other body, which is dead. He opens his eyes and holds out his hand. A portal to the vortex opens up in the air in front of him in the alley. The vendor falls out of it and lands in the alley.

The vendor jumps to his feet and looks around. He sees Victor immediately, knowing that he is the man responsible for taking him into the vortex.

Victor smiles at him for a second. "You're fine now," Victor tells him. "Now go on. You're in Brooklyn."

The man doesn't hesitate and runs away from Victor, exiting the alley. Victor sighs and decides that he's hungry, so he gets up, ready to go steal some food from some place.

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### Mark's Residence

I sit on my bed in my room, laying down staring at the ceiling. Everyone else is in the living room, even Rachel. We had just finished putting all of the groceries away. Bruce is already excited to eat something, but at least he helps in paying for the food, because he helps in providing and support this ... household; I would say family, but we are all related. But we do consider ourselves a family sometimes.

I am still thinking about that Richard Ruth. We just now learned about him. First off, his parents were killed; we weren't there to stop it. Then he killed his parents' murderer and his wife; we weren't there to stop that. And now just today he escaped from prison and helped all of the rest of the inmates loose; we weren't there to stop that either. There are many things that we don't stop, because we can't be everywhere at once. But I wish that we knew about this one before it happened, because now there are about a hundred fugitives on the loose; murderers, kidnapers, thieves, muggers, rapists, terrorists, drug dealers ... you name it; now they are all on the loose. Thanks to this Richard Ruth; he escaped and let them all loose.

He used his power of some sort of electricity. The news showed some of the video footage from inside of the prison. He projected electricity from his hands, but also was able to make electricity jolt out of lights. Richard used his power to escape. It makes me wonder how long he has had this power. Did he get it while inside prison? If not, why did it take him this long to escape? He was in prison for two years, but only now decided to escape. Maybe his power got stronger while in prison. Well that has to be obvious, because Intex has only projected that gas into Manhattan about three years ago.

Then there's Intex. He's to blame for all of these metahumans, all of these people with super abilities. Now he's created super criminals. Criminals with superheroes ... it does not end well; that's with either us or the criminals. Either the criminals end up in prison, or we end up losing to a fight.

Just then I hear commotion from the living room. I jump from my bed and walk fast down the hallway and into the living room. I take a look at what everyone is getting excited about. Their attention is drawn towards the news on the TV. Then I understand. Speaking of criminals and us losing to some fights ... I see that the report is about the one and only Victor Raines. He was sighted in the mall and he sucked a vendor into his vortex. Nick was there at the mall; he tried to stop him, but he failed. And where is Nick right now? He's still at the mall and he hasn't even told us about Victor yet.

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### Interstate 287 West

Richard sits in the passenger seat of the car with his mother driving on the freeway. He looks at his mother, seeing that she seems calm. All of this time he has thought that his parents were dead, and now he is looking at his mother.

He is still upset that his mother did not tell him that she was still alive, because he killed her murderer, and here she is alive. It is just so hard for him to even believe it.

"Mom," Richard says. "How do I know that you're not a shapeshifter?"

His mother looks over at him and scoffs. "Richie," she says.

"I told you never to call me that! Oh ... I guess you can't be a shapeshifter. Only my mom calls me Richie."

“Well, there you go.”

“Unless you were stalking us and knew that my mother would call me Richie.”

“Why would a shapeshifter even want for you to escape? Why even consider that Richard? You're free now. Why does it matter?”

Richard sighs. He looks at the speedometer; his mother is going seventy-five, not too fast, but she could still get pulled over, but not as likely.

“Where are we even going?”

“Ohio,” she replies. “I have a warehouse there. It’s a place that we can stay at.”

“So it’s safe?”

“Yes, it’s been abandoned for a long time.”

“How do you know about it?”

“Well, Richard, I have been dead for about four years now ... I have been around.”

Richard looks out the window just as his mom drives towards a split in the freeway and she keeps right and goes onto I-87.

“Mom?” Richard says.

His mother waits for him to continue, but he doesn’t say anything more. “What?” she asks.

“Nothing. Never mind.”

She shakes her head. “You know, Richard. I have been used being called mom in a while. It’s been too long. I have missed you ... that’s why I wanted to come back to you, for us to be together.”

“Really? Why couldn’t you have done that sooner? Instead you let me kill you murderer and then let me sit in prison for two years.”

“Hon, I can't really give you any good reason right now, okay? I'm ... sorry that I didn’t meet you sooner. I wish I did. I just ... I just miss Brock, I miss your father. I was so depressed and I didn’t want you to see me like that.”

“So you decided not to be with me at all?”

“I guess.”

“I wouldn’t have cared to see you depressed. It’s better than not seeing you at all.”

She sighs, disappointed with herself. Richard and his mother stay silent for a few more minutes. Then she turns or merges onto I-287 South.

“Mom?” Richard says, trying to say what he wanted to before.

“Yes?” she replies, hoping that Richard will spit it out this time.

“Umm ... ever since I saw you at the prison ... I noticed ... you ... you're different. You're not like what you used to be. You are ... different; you're darker.”

She laughs. “That sounds evil.”

“Well, yeah it is, mom. Because you allowed me to kill someone; I would say that that’s evil. Plus, you said that you would have done the same thing.”

“Yeah, Richard, I am different. I feel different. But you're different too.”

Richard looks over at his mother and they meet eye to eye. He realizes it now; he is different than he was.

“I guess you're right mom. I am different, just like you. You know ... it's just like you said, 'death can change a person.' But your death changed me too.”

They are silent for a little bit again, then his mother brings reality back to them.

“It'll be about twenty minutes until we get onto interstate eighty,” she says. “That's where we will be on for about six hours.”

“Sounds fun,” Richard replies.

His mother sighs. “Richard, you won't mind Ohio. It's a lot more peaceful than New York, trust me.”

“Yeah, it'll be nothing compared to life in a prison.”

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Astoria, NY

Dawn rocks back and forth on the couch in the living room as Tristan paces. Dawn is worrying sick, despite there being two officers standing outside the door. She was almost killed, but so was Tristan.

This time, Stuart is really scared. He realizes how much he loves his mother and Tristan. He would hate having to lose them, it would be devastating.

“I have a feeling that he’ll come back,” Dawn says for the hundredth time. “We have to leave.”

“But where?” Tristan asks. “Where are we going to go? Besides, this guy could find us, because he can sense our powers; he’ll be able to find us again.”

Tristan just realizes that he wasn’t helping the situation. Now Dawn is even more nervous.

“I’m sorry, but we can’t just up and leave; we have nowhere to go.”

“What about your old house?” Stuart asks Tristan.

“We can’t go there; I already sold that house and I moved in here. I can’t go back to it.”

“The police ...” Dawn starts. “I’m afraid that they won’t be able to stop him. We ... we need the Avians. We need the superheroes to help us.”

“Yeah!” Stuart suddenly agrees, perking up. “They can stop him!”

“Okay ... but how do we contact them?”

“Scream ‘help’?”

“If we do that, the police right out of the door will come first.”

“Then we’ll explain to them that we need the Avians,” Dawn says.

“What if the police can contact the Avians?” Stuart asks.

“I don't know,” Tristan replies.

“It’s worth a shot,” Dawn says, getting up.

“What now?”

“Yeah.” Dawn nods. She walks past Tristan towards the door.

Tristan and Stuart follow.

Dawn opens the door and invites the cops inside. She realizes that it’s a little cold outside and is surprised that they didn’t complain about it.

“I ... uh, you know we are still scared,” Dawn begins, “and we’re afraid that you guys may not be enough for us. No offense. But can you guys contact the Avians?”

They shook their heads. “Most of the time the Avians find the trouble,” one of the officers say. “They are always on the lookout for trouble and crime, but they can't stop everything. Just like what happened here; they didn’t see this coming and plus we are certain that they live in Manhattan, because most of their ... saves and rescues occur there.”

“Uh,” Tristan says. “That’s just across the water and they can fly.”

“Yeah, you're right.”

Dawn and Tristan are puzzled why the cop made that sort of remark, because Manhattan is not far away at all.

“But don't worry; we'll be here to protect you.”

Dawn isn't comforted, because she doesn't trust the cops will be able to stand up against the man with the sword; the sword man. Tristan waves at the cops and lets them back outside, closing the door.

“Somehow we have to get the heroes,” Dawn says, sounding worried again.

“Don't worry ...” Tristan tells Dawn. “In the meantime, we have the cops and we have me. Remember, I'm the one that fought against him and scared him off.”

“But, maybe we won't be so lucky next time. You just caught him off guard, that's all.”

Tristan sighs. Sometimes Dawn is just so paranoid, but you have to give her credit for now, because she was almost killed.

“Tristan, we have to get out of here,” Dawn continues. “He'll kill us all and we won't stand a chance.”

She sounds so dark, but Tristan believes her. He doesn't want to, but he has a feeling that she's right; that sword man must have more up his sleeve. He mentioned that he could take Tristan power. He had come for Dawn's power, and he sure looked disappointed to find out that she doesn't have it anymore. So he said that instead he would take Tristan's. Tristan figures this out. That man can take powers, but he looked like he wanted to kill Dawn or Tristan, so that could only mean that he would have to kill to obtain the power. But hopefully that is not the case.

“Tristan,” Dawn says with no sense of calmness in her voice. “We have to get out of here and get the heroes. I'll go with Stuart and myself and leave you here alone if I have to. But I'm going!”

“Dawn!” Tristan exclaims. “You're not thinking straight! If we leave we are vulnerable. We will lose the protection of the cops and we

will be out there where that man can easily find us and kill us. We can't leave, not just yet."

Dawn realizes that he's right. If they leave, they will be an open target, vulnerable to the sword man. "So, what do we do?"

"We do what you last said. We find the heroes."

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### Manhattan, NY

Drake takes a look at his watch. Stan has been at Shawn's house all day. He wonders what they could be doing. Playing video games all day? Drake starts to get angry. He never liked Shawn and that's not going to change any time soon.

At this moment it is about five-thirty in the evening. Stan didn't even come home for lunch. Drake just got through cleaning his clothes, but yet Stan has a pile on his bed that Drake put there. Stan is usually good at getting home to help out with his share of doing house cleaning. Under this roof they both agree to be fair with the cleaning. But Stan has not helped all day.

Suddenly he finds himself jumping to his feet, off of the couch. He pulls out his cell phone and calls Stan. He waits for an answer, letting it ring until it goes to voicemail. But there is no answer. He walks to the door quickly and puts on his shoes. He opens the door and slams it shut behind him, walking down the street to Shawn's house.

Drake walks up to the door and pounds on it. He waits for about a minute and no one comes to the door. *What? Could they be out somewhere else? Watching a game or something?* Drake thinks to himself.

Suddenly he hears someone fumbling around in the house and sobbing. He quickly throws the door open inward and closes it behind

him. He immediately sees the sight inside. Shawn is sobbing, standing over Stan. Stan is lying on the floor, motionless. His face is burnt. He is dead. Shawn looks up at Drake, tears running down his face. He gasps when he sees Drake.

“What did you do?!” Drake yells at him. He runs up to Shawn and shoves him away. “Stan!!!” Drake yells, shaking his body. His eyes are closed. “Wake up!!”

He tries to get him to wake up, shaking him over and over, but he's dead. He cannot be woke up. Drake gets up and grabs Shawn by his collar. He shakes him, furious.

“You-you killed him!” Drake yells. “Why? Why ... why is he burnt? What did you do?!”

“It was an accident,” Shawn says. “I didn’t mean for ... it to happen.” “I just-I just. I'm sorry, Drake. I'm sorry.”

“*Sorry?* You're sorry?! Shawn!! He's dead, you killed him. He was the only family I have!!” Drake can't stop the tears from running down his face.

Drake picks Shawn up into the air by his collar. He pins him against the wall. He lets go and punches him in the nose. Shawn takes the hit and doesn’t lift his head back up; he is too ashamed to look at Drake.

Drake doesn’t stop. He shoves his knee into Shawn’s stomach. He elbows him in his temple and kicks him in the stomach again. Shawn falls down, groaning.

“Stop,” Shawn says.

Drake lands on top of Shawn and punches him in the face over and over. Shawn tries to shield himself, trying to block Drake’s blows.

“Please stop!”

“No!! You killed Stan! I'm going to kill you!” Drake yells.

“Please! I'm sorry!”

“No you're not!”

Drake punches Shawn over and over. He is furious and start sweating. But suddenly he starts to get hot, way more than normal. But then he realizes that the heat is not coming from him. It's coming from Shawn's body. He's about to hit Shawn again, but then the heat becomes too much and he has to jump off of Shawn.

Suddenly, Shawn is steaming from heat. His hands are shaking and he looks so nervous.

“Oh no, not again,” Shawn says, panicking.

Drake isn't sure what's happening, but he still wants to kill Shawn. He throws up his hands to punch Shawn again, but then suddenly Shawn's hand ignite in flames. His hands are on fire.

Shawn is panting and shaking, being so nervous, but he is not burning. Drake realizes that he has a power, just like one of Whirlwind's powers. He has pyrokinesis, or at least just the ability to create fire. Drake looks down at Stan on the floor and sees his burnt face.

“You!” Drake exclaims. “You burnt his face!”

“I'm sorry,” Shawn says with his voice sounding as shaky as his hands are. “I can't control it.”

Even with the amazement from Shawn's power, Drake's feeling of hatred for him does not leave. Drake lifts his hands, ready to hit Shawn, but he is concerned about getting himself burnt.

“Please leave me alone.”

“NO!!”

Drake clenches his jaw and stares right into Shawn's eyes.

“You know, I’ve never liked you. And now you can see why. You killed my brother, my only family, and now I'm going to kill you.”

Just then, Drake can see something inside Shawn’s head. It’s his power that Drake is developing. He starts to see how his brain works. He's about to shrug it off, but then something stands out. Shawn’s brain looks different than the one time he saw Stan’s brain. He can see a part of his brain that glows red. He suddenly knows what it is; it's Shawn’s part of his brain that generates his power. He understands how it works.

Something shimmering catches Drake’s attention. He jerks his head and sees a knife on the counter. He quickly reaches out and grabs it. He points the knife at Shawn.

“Turn around!” Drake yells.

Shawn doesn’t want to, because he knows that Drake wants him dead.

“Turn around!!”

Shawn gives in and turns. Drake walks up to Shawn, ready to stab him, but suddenly the part of his brain that gives him his fire ability glows at him. It glows blue. He suddenly can see how it works again. But he starts to see more, he can see how he could replicate it and make his brain the same way.

Drake stares at the back of Shawn’s head, examining that part of his brain. He concentrates and starts to make his brain the same way. Shawn whimpers with anxiousness because of Drake standing behind him. He knows what's going to happen and is afraid to die.

Drake can start to feel his brain changing, matching Shawn’s. He cannot understand just this one thing: how he is able to change his brain to replicate Shawn’s, but he is doing it. Suddenly he has done it.

Shawn shakes with anxiousness and spins around. Drake thrusts his hand out at Shawn, readying to stab him with the knife, but Shawn grabs his wrist, with his hand that is still on fire. Shawn expects Drake to scream out in pain with his wrist burning, but Drake doesn't break.

At first, Shawn thinks that Drake is tough or is ignoring the pain, but he looks down to see that Drake's wrist is not burning at all.

Suddenly, Drake mimics Shawn's power, and his hands burst into flames.

"What?" Shawn asks.

Drake gets a determined look on his face and his hands roar with fire. Shawn is dumbfounded and backs up. Suddenly the flame flows up Drake's arm and it isn't until then that the heat bothers him. He realizes that his hands can only stand the heat and parts of his arms. His neck, chest, which are the closest to his flaming arms, are in pain from the heat. He realizes that the rest of his body is vulnerable to the heat, which would mean that Shawn is the same way, and which also means that the power is not pyrokinesis.

"Shawn as of now, you're dead!"

Drake screams and throws fire at Shawn's chest. Shawn screams and falls onto his back. He rolls around and tries to put the fire out. Suddenly he starts screaming at the top of his lungs, in so much pain. Drake can smell his flesh burning. Drake aims his palms out at Shawn's face. He thrusts all he's got at Shawn and fire shoots out of his palms, melting Shawn's face.

He watches Shawn burn, screaming, and on fire everywhere now. Shawn screams at the top of his lungs and then suddenly stops. Drake watches Shawn burn. He looks back at Stan. He is dead, and he can do anything to save him; he can't bring him back.

Drake looks around at the mess. He looks at Stan and at Shawn, both are dead, and both are burned. He starts to burn the whole house, igniting everything into flames. So it would look like they died inside a house fire.

Drake runs out the back door to see the huge backyard and the tall fences. He sobs and falls to his hands and knees. He rolls onto his back and does not hold anything back from letting the tears come flowing from his eyes.

Drake gets up and runs down the sidewalk back to his house. He ignored the people around staring at the burning house; they are not paying attention to him.

Drake knows that he's going to hear about this again, from the police. They are going to tell him that his brother is dead, because he died from a house fire. But Drake knows what really happened. He was killed by Shawn and Drake killed Shawn, by replicating his power.

Drake runs to his couch and drops himself down. He sobs and sobs, soaking up the cushions. He doesn't care. He thinks about what he just did. He killed Shawn, using his power against him. He could see Shawn's brain, a part of it that enable his powers and he was able to replicate it into his own brain, because he could understand how it worked. Drake replicated his power ... and it felt good. All because of this power of his to understand how things work. Suddenly the name of the power just came to him; intuitive aptitude.

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Mount Vernon, NY

Hank sighs, thinking about Dawn. He just gave her relief. It is what she has wanted ever since she got her power, but she referred to it as her curse. Hank gave her a permanent power negating serum. Now Hank is relieved.

It makes him think about the radiation that infected many people in Manhattan. It is a gas that can infect people and give them super abilities. Everyone in New York has learned about it. The FBI had learned about it, with the help of Hank's research and a reporter at the Frequent Journal made it known throughout the state. Hank is curious to see if it has spread to the rest of the state.

Hank scoots on his chair over to his computer. The FBI gave him a lot of resources. One involves his whole satellite for his research. One task it does is read the signature of the radiation. Now he and most of the people in New York know that the gas is made to spread. Hank opens up the to take a look at the map of the US to see where it has spread. He is expecting to see at least most of New York filled with the radiation, but what he sees shocks him.

The gas is spreading faster now. It has spread from all of New York to New Jersey, parts of Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, a part of Massachusetts, Maryland, and just a little part of Delaware and Virginia. Hank is so surprised at this finding. He studies it, trying to determine a pattern, but really can only see that the radiation has spread out in a big circle. It has no pattern, it is just spreading. Martin Intex has created this virus, this radiation and has planned for it to infect the whole world. At this rate the whole world will be infected with it within a decade at least, unless it excels.

Hank has only looked at this image from the satellite for about a few minutes now and he can see the gas spreading. He can actually see that the radiation or virus is spreading. His jaw drops. He examines it, sure that the gas must at least be traveling at three-hundred miles per hour. And all of the sudden.

The gas had only infected most of New York in the past two years, but now it has gone far. The last time Hank has looked at this was about a month ago and not even all of New York was infected yet. Now it has gone about two-hundred to three-hundred miles in every direction from Manhattan.

Hank shakes his head in disbelief. He double checks everything with the program, but everything is running correctly. There are no errors with the program; it is not lying. The virus is spreading — fast. Soon Intex's plan to infect the whole with this virus and to give everyone super abilities will take effect.

## Part 2: The Downfall

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Mark's Residence

Nick finally makes it back home from the mall. It is about seven in the evening now. Alex and Brandon have already made it back from work. Everyone is already here. I sit on the couch and wait for Nick to come back from his room. I am upset because he has been at the mall all day. Something more drastic could have happened elsewhere, but he would have be oblivious to it; they don't have the news or police scanners there, but of course we could call him.

Nick leaves his room and enters the living room. He collapses on the couch and sighs, smiling, obviously he's thinking about his girlfriend, because he is too happy.

“So?” I ask Nick. “Did anything —”

“Yes, Mark,” Nick says, interrupting me. “Something did happen today. I met that one man who killed his former coworker, a crane operator, because of the man having killed his daughter. I ran into him and tried to stop him, but I didn’t have any of you guys as back up. He has a power of electrokinesis and some sort of portal creation, or vortex creation. I replicated that power and I could see that his portals or vortexes are gateways to a whole another world. A world inside the vortex. He has tons of junk and other things inside there, along with a vendor from the mall today. He took off with incredible speed, by using his electric power.” He pauses and looks at Alex. “I don't think that even you can run that fast. He ran as fast as electric, which is as fast as light.”

“Whoa,” Alex says. “That is fast; I definitely can't go that fast. So how would we *ever* catch this guy?”

“Nick?” I ask. “How come you didn’t come home sooner?”

“Why?” Nick asks in reply. “What good would it have done? The man was already long gone; returning here would not help me catch him.”

“But it would help you catch other criminals. The mall does not have any police scanners.”

Nick sighs and nods.

“You see my point?” I ask Nick. “We should limit our recreation and focus on saving the world, okay?”

“But we’re only saving New York.”

“Yeah for now, but that virus that Intex dispersed here in Manhattan is made to spread. Now it is likely to not spread to the rest of the world until another decade or so, but for now we focus on where it is spread; here, and most of the rest of New York.”

“Okay, I’m sorry Mark. But maybe you should talk with Alex as well.”

“Nick, I’ve already had a talk with Alex numerous times. He has gotten better. Now the only places he goes to is work and Andrea’s, but only for a couple hours, then he returns here, ready for any alerts from the police scanners or the news. But you ... you spent *all* day at the mall.”

“You could have called me to ask me to return back home.”

“Nick. I shouldn’t have to.”

Nick sighs, not happy with being disciplined, but he accepts and nods. He turns his attention to the TV. The news is on at the moment. All of us are in the living room. We have enough couches for us all to sit on. We are all home now, which makes me think about tomorrow. It will be Wednesday and we will all be home tomorrow. None of us have work. We usually try to make it a time for all of us to spend time with each

other, while being prepared for anything. But lately, people like Nick have been sneaking out. Alex has been known to do that as well.

With Alex, he would use his super speed to leave. Nick would replicate Alex's super speed power to leave the house and get as far as he can, until he is out of range of replicating Alex's power. Nick has to be within a certain distance to replicate anyone's powers. His power of juxtakinesis started with a range of about one-hundred feet, but now I would have to say that it's about a half mile and its increasing, but not too fast.

"Argh! That's gross!" Rachel suddenly exclaims and sticks out her tongue and holds her nose.

"What?" I ask. "What is it?"

"I just ... pick up a scent from something outside; it smells ferocious. Trust me; you do not want to know what it is." Rachel chuckles. "Sometimes these enhanced sense do not come in handy at all."

I smile. "Oh." I can only imagine what she smelled from outside. But I decide not to think about it.

I start to think about how our communication goes when we are outside on our missions, or rescues and crime fighting. We use our Bluetooth devices, but they are pretty big and bulky. At some points they would get knocked off of our ears and get damages. Then I have an idea; I'm going to experiment.

I get up and go to my room. Rachel watches me leave the living room and a few seconds later she gets up and follows me. I sit down on my bed after grabbing my Bluetooth earpiece off of my dresser. Rachel meets me and sits down next to me.

"What are you doing?" Rachel asks.

“You know how these things can be a pain to wear?” I ask Rachel, referring to the earpiece.

“Yeah and they are annoying to keep on, because they always fall off.”

“They’re supposed to stay attached good, but that’s if the most you do is go out for a jog, but we do more than that.”

“Yeah.” Rachel laughs.

I clear my throat. I look back down at the Bluetooth device in my hand. I let my matter manipulation go to work and I pull it apart to see inside. I start creating another Bluetooth earpiece, materializing it out of the air. But this time I make it small; really small, about the a quarter of the size of a pea. The green matter-creating energy comes from my hands and creates it. Then I create a soft silicone rubber coating around it.

I take the small earpiece and stick it in my ear. I bring the old, bigger Bluetooth earpiece up to my mouth.

“Testing,” I say and I hear my voice from the small earpiece in my ear. “It works.”

“Wow, that’s great,” Rachel says. “That will be a lot more comfortable.”

“Yeah.” I wiggle my jaw to see how it feels in my ear. It sees that it would be just a little irritating after a while. I pull it out of my ear. “I need to adjust it a little.”

I hold the small earpiece in my hand and I alter its shape, creating the green matter-creating energy. I change its shape so that it’s not as circular, but fits better in the ear. I put it back into my ear and wiggle my jaw again to see how it feels. This time I can barely feel it. It fits perfectly.

“It’s just right now,” I tell Rachel.

“Good,” Rachel replies.

I hold out my hands, palms up, and the green matter-creating energy forms. I materialize six more of the earpieces. I hand one to Rachel and she puts it into her ear.

Rachel smiles, pleasant with its comfort and feel. “Testing,” she says.

“Testing,” I say after hearing Rachel’s voice in my ear.

“Yup, it works.” She pauses. “So ... will we always here our voices, or do we have to press a button to enable it and disable it?”

I smile. “Its hands free. All you have to do is just think and it will be enabled.”

“How do you do that? You can create all sorts of things that are enabled by thought. How is it possible?”

“Well ... it’s a bit complicated, but since I understand our thoughts work, because of having telepathy, I can use it to help me creating devices, or suits like the ones with the wings, to work by thought. I don't know how else to explain it to you for you to understand.”

“Hmm. Okay.”

“I'm just trying to use simple words for you. But really it’s a lot more complicated than that, but I understand how to do it.”

“Really? Are you kidding me?” Rachel narrows her eyebrows at me.

“Okay, maybe I have a little help with understanding how to do it.”

“Mara?”

“Yeah. She helps me with that mind and will powering technology.”

Suddenly Rachel looks stunned. “Whoa, just for a second there I forgot that this earpiece was still in my ear. That’s how comfortable this is!”

“Yeah I do a pretty good job don't I?”

“Sure do.”

Rachel and I lean close to each other and kiss for a few seconds. We release from each other, smiling and sigh.

“Now,” Rachel says. “How about we give this to the rest of the team.” She looks down at the rest of the earpieces that I lay down on the bed.

“Yeah, let’s.”

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Brooklyn, NY

Victor gets up from sitting on a couch cushion that he has found. He is in an alley, one of the ones he stays in most of the time. He is angry, a night's sleep did not help him calm down from terrorizing at the Manhattan Mall yesterday. He realizes that when he terrorizes he doesn't feel any better.

He decides that today he will try something different. He leaves the alley and walks down the sidewalk, avoiding bumping into anyone. He walks past a few stalls and stands. It reminds him of the vendor he sucked into his vortex, but he already released him. He walks up to a clothing stand and as he walks past he snatches a leather jacket with a hood. The vendor doesn't seem to notice, because Victor did it discreetly.

Victor puts it on over top the hoodie he's wearing at the moment. He walks up to another alley and walks into it. He takes off the leather jacket and takes off the hoodie that he is wearing at the moment and puts the leather jacket back on. He throws the hoodie into a trash can, leaves the alley, and walks back on the sidewalk.

He heads towards Manhattan. He's not sure what he wants to do there yet, but he doesn't want to stay here and do nothing. Today, the crowd is a little bigger than usual. A few people have already bumped into him while walking past. He gets frustrated with it and just walks through everyone that goes past him, literally. He phases his body through them.

Only a few people actually realize it, because they're puzzled that they didn't feel their shoulders being brushed against. Some people took a double look at Victor, because of him phasing through them. But

strangely, most people don't even notice. What people do notice is Victor suddenly flying. He jumps straight up and takes off in flight towards Manhattan. He is flying without anything to help him fly, so no wings.

People suddenly stop walking and look up to see the man fly off. A man with a hooded leather jacket. Most people's first thought is Avian, but he wears a suit now, no longer using a jacket like that. Although Avian didn't even have a leather jacket. No this is Victor, not Avian.

Victor soars through the air flying right over the Wallabout Bay and into Manhattan. The hood on his jacket is stiff enough to stay on, considering that it's leather. Victor's still not sure what he wants to do, but he wanted to at least get out of Brooklyn.

He knows that it was just yesterday that he went to the mall and terrorized people, trying to steal jewelry that he just gave away to another homeless man, but he's thinking about going back to the mall.

Victor flies overhead, passing over First, Second, and Third Avenue and then goes down West Thirty-Third Street and swoops down fast, landing down in the middle of the parking lot. He doesn't care if people see him, and sure enough people do. There are about thirty people around him that notice him land from the sky.

Everyone slows down and watches Victor walk towards one of the entrances of the mall. Right now Victor does not care about the people staring at the back of his head, but he surely doesn't want them mistaking him for one of the Avians. Actually, he comes to think of it, all of the Avians have wings, except for two who have attachable ones. And only one of those two can actually fly without the fake wings; Avian himself.

Victor steers himself off the direction towards the entrance and towards a car. He walks right to it and phasing through it. He crotches down so that he cannot be seen from the outside of the car. Then he runs

at the speed of light into the mall, leaving all of the onlookers still watching the car.

Victor walks around the mall, looking at all of the people laughing, smiling, holding hands, distancing themselves from others, grouping up, disciplining their children, eating, singing and dancing. He walks past all of the restaurants and towards the center of the mall. He walks directly under the skylight and looks around. He's considering terrorizing everyone. He can't stand the way he's living right now.

He looks around at all of the people. Everyone, for the most part, seems happy. They are all with their families, friends and colleagues. Victor gets angry and clenches his fist. That is what Victor should be having; a nice family to spend time at the mall with, but he is not. That idiot crane operator killed his daughter and essentially his wife, because she later left him. Victor wants to terrorize everyone right at this moment, but he's not sure why. His fists start to produce some electricity.

Victor looks up at a group of girls about twenty to thirty years old; about his age. They are laughing, smiling, and walking together, having a good time. The electricity stops in his hands. He doesn't care if someone even did notice. Then he notices all of the security around. They have added more on duty since what he did yesterday, but mostly everyone seems oblivious to what happened.

Victor turns his attention back to the girls. It reminds him of his wife. He thinks about her, imagining her face in his mind. She was beautiful and loving. She was Victor's life. But ever since they lost their daughter, Victor lost it. He lost his respect for himself and his wife could not stand it; she left. Victor wishes that she never left. He wishes now that he was more supportive with his wife and took better care of her, but it's too late now; she already gone.

Looking at the girls, he only feels worse. He has no idea where his wife went off to, but she must've planned it and had a place to go away

from Victor. He feels sad, but it changes to anger. He wishes that he was a better husband, but it is already too late. He clenches his fist again and they start to electrify.

“What are you doing?” a woman’s voice asks from behind him.

Victor is not sure that the question was directed at him, so he doesn’t turn around. He keeps his fist electrifying.

“Victor?” the woman asks again.

Victor eyes widened. He recognizes the voice and turns around. He takes a good look at the woman and sees that she looks distressed. He sees the woman’s face; it is his wife.

“Tasha?” Victor asks to make sure that it’s his wife.

“Victor.”

“How’d you find me?” He stops producing the electricity in his fists and opens them.

“I heard about what happened yesterday ... I knew it was you. And since I know you ... I had a feeling that you would come back some day, but I didn’t think that it would be this soon.”

“Tasha ... I,” Victor starts, but he doesn’t know what he wants to say. He feels bad for what he’s done recently. “I ... I’m sorry ... I ...”

“Victor ... don't apologize,” Tasha says. She looks serious. “I didn’t come here to reunite with you, because you are still unstable with yourself. I came here to tell you to stop using your powers for destructiveness. Please ... do not hurt anyone again.” Her voice starts to break. “I don't want to see you do that again.”

“I'm sorry ...” Victor shakes his head. “I don't know what to do ... you're right; I'm unstable, messed up. I'm no good. But ... I-I don't know. I don't know what to do with myself.”

“Pull yourself together; that's what you do. Victor...” His wife, Tasha sighs. “Whatever happened with you? I miss the old you. I want you back, but not like this. You have to get over our daughter’s death.”

“What?!” Victor exclaims, raising his voice for a second, and then he brings it back down. “I can't, Tasha. Annetta meant everything to me! I can't just forget about her.”

“I'm not saying that, Victor, but ... you are losing yourself, no, you already lost yourself and it's because you never stopped grieving.”

“What and you have?”

“I ... no not exactly, but Victor we can't stop living our lives. I miss Annetta too, but we have to move on. We can't live like this.”

“I can't ... I can't move on.” A few tears roll down Victor’s cheeks. “I will not forget about Annetta.”

“I'm not saying that. I'm just saying let's move on.”

“You go ahead and move on! I'm going to ...”

“To what, Victor? You're not doing anything good. You're not moving on, you're not living! You ... you're dead to me!”

Victor looks up at Tasha. That’s why she left him; because he became so depressed and displayed no happiness.

“Tasha,” Victor says. “I ... I wanted you to grieve with me, I wanted us to move on together, but you left.”

“Victor, I did grieve with you, but all you ever did was grieve and you still haven’t stopped. And you never tried to move on. I couldn’t stand it anymore. I would like to be back with you Victor, but not like this. I don't want this Victor; I want my old Victor back.” Tasha pauses and looks down at the floor. “Please ... don't hurt anymore people. Think about how our daughter would feel.”

Tasha doesn't even look back up him and she walks away.

"Wait," Victor says, holding up his hand.

Tasha keeps walking, fast and she does not stop. He could easily run up to her, able to at the speed of light, but he doesn't; he doesn't want to. He still lost his wife and he's not getting her back unless he can change. Unless he can move on from his daughter's death.

Victor thinks back to the times he had with his daughter; the days they spent in the park, the times he pushed her on swings, went down slides with her, picked flowers with her, told stories together, read stories, sung, danced, played dress up, watched TV, and played games. He cries without sobbing, though, and misses her. He thinks of those fond memories; he cannot let them go, he cannot move on. He loved his daughter so much, more so than his wife, Tasha did.

He thinks about what that means. If he can't move on from his daughter's death and change back to the way he is, he can't get back with his wife. He can't be happy. He thinks about the day his daughter was killed. He reimagines him killing the crane operator; he wishes that it would give him satisfaction, but it doesn't; his daughter's still gone.

*"Save her!!"* Victor hears his wife's voice echo in his head from the day of his daughter's death.

*"I'm trying!"* He had replied, now reliving the memory. He tried to do anything to bring her back, but she was gone. Dead. He turned to the crane operator. *"YOU!! You killed her! Now I'm going to kill you!"*

Victor cries, wishing that he had remembered his lunch that day. If he would have, then his wife wouldn't have brought their daughter with her and his lunch. They would have stayed home. She would still be alive. But she isn't, she's gone. She's dead.

“Rahhh!!!” Victor yells, grabbing everyone’s attention. He thrusts his arm out, throwing a lightning bolt at the ceiling, creating a black strike on it.

Tasha spins around; she was just a few seconds from the exit. She looks at Victor. “No,” she says to herself. Victor is not looking at her, he is looking down.

Now everyone around looks at Victor, terrified. They recognize him from yesterday; either have been at the mall or having seen him on TV.

Victor sobs and throws a bolt of electricity at the ground, creating a black burnt mark in the floor. He suddenly flies straight upwards and through the ceiling very fast, breaking a hole straight through the high ceiling of the mall. Debris falls from the hole in the ceiling, but now Victor is gone; out of sight.

Victor flies off, sobbing. He lets the tears flow, running down his cheeks and down his neck and he flies fast through the sky.

Suddenly Whirlwind appears next to him, flying by his side in the air.

“You made a good size hole back there,” Whirlwind tells him.

Victor tries to ignore Whirlwind and his sudden appearance and fly away. Whirlwind tries to keep up.

“Wait up!” Whirlwind exclaims. “You don't expect to get away with it ... do you, Victor?”

The Avians have known about Victor for some time; knowing that they had failed to stop him from killing his daughter’s murderer. But Victor continues to surprise them. Each time they see him, he seems more and more depressed.

“Just ... leave me alone,” Victor says. He flies off, suddenly so fast leaving Whirlwind alone in the open sky. Victor is nowhere to be seen.

“Whoa,” Whirlwind says. “Nick was right ... he *is* fast.” He coughs. “Excuse me, I mean Vortex. Not that anyone can hear me ... because I'm by myself, flying in the sky.”

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Youngstown, Ohio

Richard and his mother arrived at the warehouse last night. Richard had slept on the way and got a good night's sleep. Richard's mother, Tara is arranging some things for Richard. She sets up a place for Richard to treat as his room.

Richard sits on an old chair. He looks at his mother to see how calm she is. She looks like she knows her way around. She has been here around three years after all.

"So, what now?" Richard asks Tara.

Tara looks up from arranging the clutter. "What now?" she repeats. "We move on and live our lives."

"Here?"

"It's been working for me for three years now. So, we will continue to stay here."

"Does this place have any electricity?"

"No, I have been stealing fresh food to survive, eating immediately. But now that you're here, we can get a fridge and you can power it."

"Wait a second," Richard comes to a realization with himself. "Is that why you wanted me to escape? You wanted me to help you with keeping a whole bunch of food by giving electricity? You could have contacted me much, much sooner, but you didn't until now."

Tara smiles. "No, Richie, that is not why."

He pounds the chair armrest. "Don't call me Richie, mom!"

"Okay. But I missed you and I was so nervous to go in to meet you. If I went in too soon, people would have that fresh image of me in their minds."

"But, I hadn't killed Clarence then. How come you didn't come back to me four years ago?" He pauses and she doesn't reply at first. "Mom. Come on!"

"I can't give a good reason."

"Why not? You didn't love me enough?"

She looks up at him. "No ... I-I don't know why. I wanted some time alone."

"Whatever, mom. You must have not loved me enough because you allowed me to kill Clarence and his wife."

"Well I wanted them dead and I couldn't do it, but I knew that you could."

"So you waited for me to kill them?"

"I guess."

"That's not being a mother; allowing your son to commit murder."

"No ... it was justice."

"No ... it was as cold as it sounds ... it was murder."

Richard sighs and shakes his head. He looks around the warehouse, seeing lights on the ceiling, but they are not lit; there is not any electricity. Tara continues to clean up the place. Richard looks at her and scoffs; it's not like he cares if this place looks nice, it's an abandoned warehouse.

Richard looks down the walls and see the light switches. He concentrates and the lights flicker on; the light switches are in the off position, but that doesn't matter.

Tara looks up at the lights, looks at Richard and smiles, and then she goes back to cleaning. Richard allows the light to use up all of the temporary electrical energy that he put into it and he dims and turns off.

Richard gets up and walks to the room in the back of the warehouse. This room looks just as bad as the rest of the warehouse, but it's the room with the breaker box. Richard walks up to the box and opens it up. He creates a ball of electricity in his hands with the right amount of voltage. He sees the wire at the top that goes to the power lines. It's already disconnected from the light posts outside. Richard places the ball of electricity onto the main wire and it gives power to the whole breaker box.

Some lights are already lighting up, having been that some of the light switches were already on. Richard walks back to the main room with his mother and turns on the switch and the room lights up.

"There, you happy?" Richard asks his mother.

"Yes, I am. Thank you," Tara replies and continues cleaning, while smiling the whole time.

Richard shakes his head at how excited Tara seems. She's happy to have electricity now and he believes that it's one of the main reasons that she wanted Richard with her and out of prison.

"Care to help me clean, Richard?" Tara asks him.

"I'm sorry," Richard begins, "I can't. I forgot how to clean because I have been in prison for too long."

Tara scoffs and shakes her head. "What you doing clean or wash anything?"

“Not me; other prisoners had those jobs. Besides everyone worked for me, they feared and respected me. Everyone was afraid to let me down, so they cleaned for me.”

“Wow.” She laughs. “You were some tough guy ... I wish I could be like that.”

“No, your worse.”

“What?” Tara exclaims. “How am I worse?”

“I shouldn’t have to explain that to you, but I will anyway. You're worse because you left your son and allowed him to murder someone. Now you're homeless and steal food to survive and broke your son out of prison to bring him with you.”

“Hey, you're the one that broke out, I didn’t help you.”

“You helped me escape. You drove me away. So you broke me out of prison. What kind of mother does that?”

“I miss you, that’s all.”

“Whatever.” Richard sighs. “I thought that I was the one that missed you but I do not miss you now. You're not the same mother I had before.”

“Richard!” She suddenly grew angry. “I'm getting tired of you complaining. You need to let it go!”

Richard scowls at her and his hand electrifies. Without much thought, he throws a bolt of electricity at Tara, shocking her. She jumps and screams for a second, stunned.

“Hey!” she yells.

Richard doesn’t regret it. “Shut up ... Tara,” Richard says. “You have failed to be my mother, so don't try to make up for it now. It’s too late for that.”

“It does not have to be.”

“Not my fault. You could have come back to me once you came back to life, which was four years ago. Instead you wait for me to murder two people and then get thrown in prison for two years.”

Tara sighs. “Just ... help me clean.”

“Dad is not here anymore, so that makes me the head. So I call the shots now.”

“I am your mother! It doesn’t matter how old you are, I am always above you!”

Richard throws another bolt of electricity at her and she shrieks and falls backwards but catches herself.

“My mother died four years ago,” Richard says. “So now, I will decide what to do for myself.”

Manhattan, NY.

“Another, please,” Drake says.

He sits at the counter at a bar. He just finished his third beer and asks for one more. He doesn't feel drunk yet, but he will. Drake mourns about his brother's death, but he is also mad at Shawn, but he's already dead. He *killed* him.

Drake never thought he would kill someone, but he already hated Shawn and him killing Stan made him hate him more, so he killed him. But he used a power that Shawn had. He had a fire creating power, but he was vulnerable to it at the same time, so he could have had pyrokinesis. So that was just it, a fire creating power. But Drake had replicated it. He could see how Shawn's brain worked. It worked differently than Stan's he could see how it worked to enable him a super ability. But he saw more than that. He saw how to replicate his brain to act the same way.

It felt good, the feeling of replicating Shawn's power. Even now it felt good. His body felt more powerful, after all his brain had changed. He loves the feeling, but hates the feeling of losing his brother. He is gone — forever.

The bartender pours him another glass of beer. He takes a big sip of it and puts it back down. Drake sighs so upset with losing Stan. His only family that he has around here and now he's gone. His father died when he was very young. He does not remember him and his mother got into a lot of trouble and they were taken away, sent to foster homes. Drake and Stan got older and moved out together. They managed to find a decent place both got jobs. They got by.

But now with Stan gone, Drake knew that he wouldn't be able to support himself. They both helped out with the needs and keeping the roof over their head. But he wasn't going to be able to do it now, especially with a new bill of paying for his tablet.

Drake really hates Shawn now, but he's dead now, so it doesn't do any good. Drake is just wishing that having killed Shawn he would feel relieve, but he does not. Stan is still gone. He always knew that Shawn was no good, but it is too late to try to tell Stan that.

Drake takes another big sip of his beer. He cringes with the sour taste, but it's the effects that it has that's refreshing, not the taste. He starts to feel the effects of the alcohol now, feeling the wooziness. He sets the beer down and takes a big breath. He can smell his breath, it reeks of beer.

"Hey man," the man sitting next to him says to Drake. Drake looks over at him. Moving his head makes him a bit dizzy. "What you been in here for?" He slurs his speech.

Drake scoffs. "My brother died."

"Oh ... a death in the family. Sorry about that. That is never good ... that ... is ..." he pauses, moving his head around funny; he is definitely drunk. "I forget what I was saying. Oh well."

Drake chuckles. "Oh well." He sighs. Stan is gone and he can't bring him back. His murderer, Shawn is dead now. Oh well. "He was killed."

"Huh, what?" the man asks, bouncing his head around.

Drake turns his head towards the man again, definitely feeling the effects of the alcohol. He is becoming drunk. "My brother was killed; he didn't just die."

"Oh. Why? Was he in trouble?"

“No ... he was hanging out with some idiot who ... left the oven on and lit the house on fire, killing them both.”

“Oh ... what an idiot.”

“Yeah, so now my brother and his killer are both dead.”

“Huh.” The man wobbles his head and looks at his beer.

“So,” Drake asks the man. “Why are you here?”

The man turns his head and Drake and smiles. He suddenly laughs. “Me? Oh, I just ... I'm an alcoholic and ... I uh ... what? Oh, family ... problems. Whoo! I'm so buzzed!” He widens his eyes, wobbling his head around.

“Uh ... no you're drunk.”

“Same ... difference. Haven't you seen those ... TV commercials?”

“Yeah, I guess.” Drake exhales, starting to feel drunk now. He takes a big gulp of his beer, almost finishing it. Then he drinks down the rest.

“Whoo! Yeah that's the spirit!”

Drake laughs; this guy is crazy. The man drinks down the rest of his beer next. “Here's to life!” he holds up his beer glass, which is empty. He looks at it and realizes that it's empty. “I need another!” he yells to the bartender.

“How many have you had?” Drake asks.

“I uhh ... I don't ... know. I lost count.” He coughs.

The bartender pour more beer for him into his glass from the bottle. The man immediately takes a big sip of the beer. Normally Drake would think that he that someone who would drink like that is messed

up, but now Drake is doing it himself. He understands why people who drink feel the way they do. He lost his brother and killed his murderer.

Drake spends the rest of the afternoon at the bar with the drunk man next to him. After a few hours Drake has already lost count of how many beers he's had and is drunk.

The drunk man and Drake talk about the craziest random things and other nonsense. They spit out whatever's on their minds. Drake loses his control to talk about his power.

"You know what?" Drake asks the man and he starts laughing already before Drake even finishes. "I have ... fire!"

Drake holds out his hand in front of him and it ignites in flames.

"Whoa!" the drunk man exclaims. "That's ... messed up!" he slurs his speech. Then he laughs. "Man is this going ... to be the worst ... hang-over of my life!" he laughs and Drake laughs along with him, putting the fire out of his hand.

The bartender's eyes are widened. He is surprised to actually see someone with powers right in front of him. But he fears that Drake will make chaos with it, because of being drunk.

"You know what?" Drake asks the man. "It wasn't even about the oven ... that guy ... he had this fire power," Drake demonstrates, creating the fire in his hands. "He had this power ... and ... I replicated it ... into my head ... and I ... uh ... I killed him with it."

Then drunk man stops laughing for a few seconds and then continues laughing again, apparently thinking that Drake must be joking. The bartender doesn't think that Drake was joking, because drunk people speak their mind, they are too drunk to make up a lie. The bartender grabs the phone and calls the police.

Drake and the man laugh and joke around for a few minutes until the cops arrive. They bust into the door and immediately lay their eyes on Drake.

The police aim their guns at Drake. "Put your hands up!" they yell.

Drake laughs and throws his hands up, lighting them on fire.

"Put the fire out!" they know that he has a fire ability. "Or we will shoot!"

Drake smiles and puts the fire out, wobbling his head around. The police walk up to Drake slowly.

"Drake Williams," the police say. "You are under arrest for the murder of Shawn McGuire and Stan Williams."

"What?!" Drake exclaims, jumping to his feet. The cops get their guns more ready than ever. "I did NOT kill my brother! Shawn did and ... I killed Shawn."

"All of the evidence points to you, but we can discuss this later. Right now you're under arrest for killing at least one of these guys."

"No!" Drake exclaims and he suddenly thrusts fire out of his hands, creating a huge flame that engulfs all of the cops. Drake makes a run for it, stumbling because he's so drunk. The cops scream and drop their guns and roll around on the floor, burning. Drake bolts out of the door and runs down the sidewalk.

He is angry. The cops think that he killed his own brother. He only killed Shawn and he doesn't want to go to jail for it. Suddenly Avian appears. He lands right in front of him, stopping him in his tracks.

"Where do you think you are running off to?" I asks the man that is named Drake Williams, according to the police scanners.

“Not to jail!” Drake exclaims, with his voice sounding slurred. I can already smell his breath; he is drunk. He came from the bar, which has the cops’ cars in front of it.

Whirlwind runs inside the bar to take care of the cops on fire. With his pyrokinesis he can absorb the fire.

“Whoa!” Drake exclaims, looking at my head. “Your ... brain. It ... looks ... wow! It looks different than ... Shawn’s. Yours looks more powerful! It ... looks ... out of this world!”

I’m not sure what he is talking about, but he is definitely crazy. Whatever he’s saying, I am out of this world.

“Alright,” I tell him. “You are going to need to go with the police. Now surrender.”

“Ooh, I so want that!” he says, continuing to look at my head.

Suddenly his irises glow blue and his pupils widen then contract. Just then he takes flight, going straight up into the sky. I wasn’t expecting that, because I thought that he only had a fire power. But maybe he’s like that Victor Raines who has multiple powers.

“Thanks for that!” Drake exclaims, not flying in a straight path.

I jump into the air and fly after him. *Thanks for what?* I wonder. Drake flies just as fast as me. I try to gain on him, but I get nowhere, only keeping the same distance. Drake ignites his hands on fire and throws it at me. I dodge the flames, flying around them, but they just extinguish within the next second anyway, not having anything to burn.

Drake flies lower to the ground and whips around buildings.

“Whoa!” he exclaims. “That makes me dizzy!”

“Stop at once!” I yell at him.

Drake continues to fly and then he starts to spin as he flies forward, not losing any speed nor altitude.

“Thank you so much for this power, Avian!” Drake exclaims. “This feels so good. This ... feels so great!”

“Power?” I ask to myself. Then I ask Drake, “What, did you ... absorb my power?”

“I replicated the ... part of your brain!” Drake slurs. “This power feels great, except for the fact that I'm drunk!” He laughs, but continues to fly and I don't gain anything on him.

I continue after him, hoping that he'll slow down because of being so drunk. Down below something catches my attention. I see a blur of red and orange and it follows up a building. Then he clears up and I see that its Whirlwind.

He stands on the building that we are flying right towards. He jumps off when we get close, flying towards Drake. Drake and I fly towards Whirlwind and at the last moment Drake whips around Whirlwind, missing him. Whirlwind tries to grab him, but it's no use.

He tries to fly on after him, but his speed of flight is no match for ours. He is only faster by the ground and it doesn't do any good when we are in the air.

Drake and I leave Whirlwind behind. The rest of the team are still at home, because they expected that we could handle this, but it doesn't do any good when Drake flies at the same speed I do. He says that he replicated my brain, or part of my brain. He must be talking about a part of it that I get my powers from. Somehow he could ... see my brain, I think.

“For the love of Pete!” I yell at him. “Stop at once!”

Drake laughs and continues flying. Now he flies higher, going above all of the buildings.

“Wow!” he exclaims. “What a nice view! I can see my house from here ... just kidding ... everything looks like a blur! I'm soo drunk!” Drake laughs again. “Wow. What happened to me?” He stops laughing but only for a few seconds and he starts back up again.

“Stop!” I yell again.

I decide to try using a different method. I materialize a long baseball bat in my hands. Its long enough to reach Drake.

“Stop now or I will use force!” I yell at him.

Drake laughs and I swing the bat at him, hitting him in the back. He descends, stunned. He realizes what happened and sees the bat I hit him with. He flies back up to the same level as me and I swing the bat at him again. He dodges it this time lowering himself in the sky.

I fly lower to get at the same level with him. I swing the bat at him and this time he throws fire at me and at the bat. The bat engulfs in flames. The fire he throws at me misses and disperses. The wind puts the fire out on the bat. But now the bat is black.

I hit him with the bat again in the back. A chip of the bat breaks, now weakened. Suddenly something wet hits my face. I looks in front at me and see that Drake is crying. I flew into some of his tears. He was laughing and now he's crying. He's definitely drunk, or I hit him hard enough.

I swing the bat at him again and this time he suddenly stops in the air and I fly right into him, dropping the bat to the ground. I grab Drake's arms, holding him still. He groans because I am squeezing his arms hard.

“I would like that too!” Drake yells. He looks at my head again and his eyes glow blue and his pupils get bigger and then back to their normal size.

Suddenly he breaks free of my powerful grip and hits me hard in the face. I am dumbfounded and back away from him, still levitating in the air. I blink and open my eyes and see that he took off in flight. I see that he's long gone now.

Drake flies towards the ground and I try to fly after him, but he swoops around so many buildings that I lose track of him. I fly around building after building, trying to find him, but he is nowhere to be found. I can't believe how he just got away like that. It's sort of like the way we fly to lose the sight of onlookers so that we can arrive back at home without anyone knowing where we went to. Now Drake did it to me.

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Astoria, NY

“It’s not safe,” Dawn tells Tristan for the one-millionth time. “I’m telling you, he may attack us again.”

Tristan sighs, sitting on the couch across from Dawn and Stuart. He loves the two of them, but both of them have their quirks. Stuart can be obnoxious at times, but he's not too bad. Dawn tends to fret and worry all of the time; she's always paranoid. Tristan thought that losing her power would solve that, but this sword man stopped that from happening.

“I was thinking that we could see if we can hold it here for a little bit,” Tristan starts and sighs. “But I have to agree with you Dawn; the sword man may appear again to attack, but he's made it clear that he won't attack you, but would attack me.”

“What difference does that make?”

“I’m ... just try to get you to not worry as much.”

“Tristan ... hon, I care about you as much as Stuart. I would be devastated if you were taken from our lives. Tristan ...” her voice starts to break. “You’ve done so much for us. I’m sorry ... I know that I can be a handful at times, but you bear with me ... Thank you ... for taking care of us. It’s nice to have you here to support us.”

Tristan smiles. “You're welcome, but you don't have to thank me. I always have wanted to be here. I saw how loving you guys are and I wanted to be a part of it.”

“It’s amazing how you became a part of our lives.”

“Maybe its destiny,” Stuart says. “Maybe you were supposed to be with us ... to protect us from ... things.”

“Yeah maybe,” Tristan says.

“Stuart ...” Dawn says. “I don't know about that.”

“Maybe he's right ...” Tristan continues. “Maybe I am meant to help protect you guys. And maybe we do need to leave, but think about what they man said ... he could sense us ... which means he can track us anywhere.”

“So there you are again, standing on the fence between moving and not.”

“Because ... we may never get away from this sword man. We could move and we would find us just as he would here ... or he may never come back at all.”

“You guys never asked me what I think,” Stuart says, crossing his arms.

“I'm sorry,” Dawn says. “I have been just so worried ... what do you want Stuart?”

Stuart inhales then exhales. “I ... I don't know. I like our house here and I have been here most of my life, but ... whatever happens I don't mind ... I guess ... as long as we are all together.”

“I agree with that,” Tristan says.

“Well ...” Dawn starts up then sighs. She rubs her temples. “Should we move or not?”

“I am for it and against it,” Tristan says. “I am for it to be safe, but against it because it will be tough to find another house.”

“I don't care,” Stuart says. “As long as we are together.”

“Can I cut in?” another voice enters into the conversation.

Tristan, Stuart and Dawn look over towards the direction that the voice came from. They all jump and Dawn shrieks as they see who it is. It’s the sword man; he came back.

“I think ...” the sword man says. “Maybe it’s best that you guys move, for your safety ... from me.”

“Get back!” Tristan yells. Jumping to his feet, preparing himself and acting tough for his *family*, or what he entitles his family. “Leave them alone! It’s me you want, right?”

Tristan edges towards him.

“Yes,” the sword man says, keeping his head down to allow his cap to cover his face. “I want your power.”

“Well I will not go down easy.”

The sword man laughs hysterically. “You? You're going to be a piece of cake!”

The man pulls out a sword from behind and threatens Tristan with it. Tristan prepares for the worst, and Stuart and Dawn tuck each other close and stand away. They fear that Tristan will die today. The man slashes his sword at Tristan, but he backs up and strikes the air in front of him.

Tristan throws his hands out and throws fire at the man. The man backs up, but his shirt catches on fire anyway. He doesn’t seem to panic as his shirt gets engulfed in flames. Tristan doesn’t wait for the man to make his next move. He throws a fire punch at the man, throwing fire in his face.

The sword man backs up, astonished and tries to protect his face, lowering his head; that much heat ought to have burned him. He lifts his head back up and they all see that it is blue; ice cold. He has a power of

cryokinesis. That's why he wasn't worried about his shirt catching himself on fire, although the shirt is still engulfed in flames.

Suddenly the man creates a layer of dirt over top of him, around his shirt and the fire goes out. He looks like a statue made out of dirt. Just as soon as the dirt appears the dirt disappears. The man strikes the sword at Tristan again, Dawn gasps, but at the last possible moment Tristan backs away. Tristan suddenly throws a large amount of heat at the man's sword and it shrivels up.

The man looks at his sword and sees how useless it is and tosses it to the floor. Tristan creates balls of fire in his palms and the man turns his body completely into ice. Tristan throws his hands out at the man and shoots beams of fire onto the man, but he fights back, shooting ice.

Tristan can feel it's coolness, but he heats himself up hotter, continuing to shoot the ray of fire at the man. The man throws dirt in Tristan's face, from his hands. Dirt gets into his eyes and he backs off, shielding his eyes, letting his guard down and stops his emission of fire.

"Tristan!" Dawn yells.

The man runs at Tristan and socks him in the face and knees him in the stomach. Tristan loses his breath and quickly blinks away the dirt. He immerses his whole body into flames, throwing the man off of him. The man has already protected himself, turning himself into ice.

"You don't think I can't handle a little fire?" the man asks Tristan.

Tristan gasps for air, still being knocked out of breath and he rubs his nose. "A *little*?" Tristan replies. "Let's see about that!"

"Yeah let's!"

The man throws a beam of ice at Tristan, but he is already immersed in flames and the ice doesn't do anything. Tristan grows hotter, making the flames turn blue.

The carpet in the living room start to burn, even though Tristan tries to keep the fire from going to his feet. He kicks fire up at the man's face, throwing him backwards, as if wind knocked him backwards.

Tristan's clothes are burning. His is down to his tee shirt and boxers. He stops the fire from immersing his whole body and keeps it at his hands. The man charges at Tristan, creating a long spear of solid ice. He thrusts it towards Tristan.

Tristan expects the ice, so he produces much heat to try to melt it. But the ice is so cold that it does not melt at that second. The man stabs Tristan with his ice spear into his side about an inch before it melts away.

Tristan yells out in pain and both Stuart and Dawn scream. The man creates a sword out of ice and thrusts it at Tristan, but then time Tristan grabs his wrist, stopping him. The man makes the sword longer, building ice onto it, but Tristan makes his fire hotter from his hands, melting the sword.

The man twists his hands around and grabs Tristan's wrists and squeezes very powerfully with unnatural strength. Tristan yells in pain and stops making fire. His wrists suddenly hurt from the coldness. Tristan focuses his eyes on the man's forehead and shoots beams of fire from them onto his head. The man releases Tristan's wrists and grabs his head. Tristan immediately takes this second to kick the man hard in the gut, despite the harsh pain in his wrists.

Tristan runs forward at the man and throws his fist into the man's nose, and then he hits him in the stomach, trying to knock the breath out of him. The man gasps, but he quickly recovers and grabs Tristan's wrists again, creating his ice. Tristan thrusts fire from his feet, propelling himself into the air, and he jumps over top the man's head, lands behind him; the man is forced to let go of Tristan's hands. From behind, Tristan grabs the man's neck, squeezes and makes his hands super-hot.

Then man starts to choke and the ice stops. He now seems vulnerable. Tristan doesn't stop and he can start to smell his flesh burning. The man tries to create ice to stop himself from burning. He tries to pull Tristan's hands off, but Tristan knees him hard in the back. The man loses his strength to pull off Tristan's hands and tries again to create ice instead.

Tristan creates fire with his hands, burning the man's neck even more. The man lets out a suppressed yell of pain, being that he's choking. Dawn and Stuart watch Tristan choke and burn the man, but they do not feel any pity for him.

Suddenly the air gets moving around and it starts to get very windy. The man is trying another one of his powers to create wind. He tries to blow Tristan down, but Tristan takes him with him. Tristan uses the fall to his advantage and shoves the man's head into the floor.

Suddenly the man breaks free from Tristan's grip, jumping off with his feet. He grabs Tristan by his arms and throws him into a wall. Tristan lands in pain. The man takes a second to recover from the pain and breathes heavily. He feels his neck; it is raw and it stings. Now he is more angrier than ever.

"Tristan!" Stuart yells. "Get up!!"

Tristan tries to quickly jump to his feet, but the man kicks him in the stomach, knocking the breath out of him. He grabs Tristan with his shirt collar and turns his hands into ice. Tristan creates fire, but the man punches him in the nose and grabs his hands and pins them down with one hand, while still holding his collar with the other.

"Now," the man says. "You shall see how I steal your power."

The man lets go of his collar and keeps Tristan pinned against the wall. He creates an ice sword in his hand and puts it against Tristan's forehead. He presses down, starting to cut Tristan's head.

“All I need to do is penetrate your skull to allow me to have access to your brain.”

The man’s eyes start to glow purple, along with his hands. He presses the ice sword down harder and Tristan yells loudly. All it would take is a thrust with the man’s strength and he could cut through Tristan’s head, but suddenly he is knocked out by a metal pan. He falls to the ground and Tristan sees Stuart hit the man in the head a couple times more.

Tristan strokes his forehead with his hands, trying to relieve the pain. He looks at the carpet to see that it is still burning. He holds out his hands and absorbs the fire from it. Stuart hits the man a few more times before dropping the metal pan.

“We have to tie him up,” Tristan says with his voice sounding as strong as he could muster.

Tristan and Stuart drag the man downstairs and strap him to a chair. They use chains to hold him down. Dawn is shaking, more than Tristan is.

Dawn gives Tristan a great big huge, squeezing him. “I love you,” she says. “I ... I don't know what to say ... I'm glad you're alive.”

“Me too,” Tristan says, hugging her back. Stuart joins in, hugging Tristan.

They are all pretty shaken up. Tristan is a tough guy and holds back from breaking out in tears, but Dawn doesn’t and neither does Stuart. He feels his head again, no scared of how he could have just died. He has never gotten that close to dying, or being killed. Tristan pulls the baseball cap off of the man’s head and looks at his face.

Tristan gasps. “I've seen him before!” he exclaims.

“Where?!” Dawn exclaims.

Dawn and Stuart look at the man's face. They can't figure it out.

"I remember him from somewhere," Tristan says. "But where?" He thinks about it, and then the name comes to him. "Ah! He was on the news as a missing person about three years ago. Its name is ... Matthew ... that's not it. Oliver ... Oliver Matthews. That's it's; that's his name."

"Well, he's not missing now," Stuart says.

Dawn looks at the man, Oliver, sitting unconscious in the chair. She looks at the chains. "Is that going to hold him?" she asks.

Tristan looks at them and thinks about the strength he displayed. He feels his wrists, they are still sore. He looks down at them and can already see that they are starting to bruise up.

"No," Tristan says. "I don't think those are going to hold."

"We need to call the police," Stuart says.

"Yes, but we need them to contact the Avians first. I'm sure they lied about them contacting the Avians. How else do the Avians know about crimes that happen at the same time the police do?"

"They must have police scanners!"

"Probably."

Tristan gets out his cell phone and dials nine-one-one.

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Mount Vernon, NY

Hank works fast in his lab. He has double checked all of his results and his computers; they are all behaving properly. The results that it gave him are true. The virus is spreading faster.

He is working at making replicates of his power negating serum. He's put in all of the chemicals into the serum creating machine and has already set it up to use up all of the chemicals and make the serums until it runs out; Hank figures that it'll make about two-hundred serums.

In the meantime, he comes across another idea. He could inject people with a negating serum, or he could use it by other means; drinks, gases, or just by a touch. He considers the possibility of transforming his formula into a drinkable serum and into a gas to be breathed in. The idea of the gas frightens him, because if it accidentally were to be dispersed then anyone in the area with powers, including him, would be powerless. He decides that if he works on the gas, he'll make it a temporary power suppresser.

He wants to get a hold of Mark to let him know about the virus spreading. He is the leader of the Avians, he is the Avian; he deserves to know what he's in for. Hank has known that he is Mark Wills since the incident at the FBI building, where the director was mistaken about Mark. He is entrusted to keep his identity a secret and Hank has to this day.

Hank simply cannot just call up Mark, but he wishes that he had gotten his number when he had the chance, but that thought never occurred to them. The only other time that they have met was at the FBI building. If only he could find a means to contact him.

Manhattan, NY

Feeling down and depressed, Victor takes another sip of his fifth beer. He sits at the counter at a bar; but not the same one that Drake just went to. He thinks about his wife, Tasha.

He misses her, just as much as his daughter. Tasha still does not want to be with him, not when he's depressed like this; he still is not over his daughter's death.

Victor wears his leather jacket with the hood up, covering his face well. He told the bartender that he had lost his wallet and the bartender doesn't worry, because he can tell that Victor's well over twenty-one.

Suddenly the door busts open quickly. A man who is already drunk comes running.

"I thought I'd kick it in here!" the man exclaims; it is Drake. "I was kicked out of that other one," he mumbles.

Drake sits down at the stool next to Victor. The two of them take a look at each other for a few seconds, judging each other, like people do.

"What's up?" Drake asks, slurring his voice.

Victor turns his head away and looks at his beer, ignoring Drake.

"Hey!" Drake exclaims. "I was talking to you!"

"Yeah? So?" Victor replies.

"You're going to be like that, huh?" Drake pauses. "So be it, I can take you on!"

Drake stands up next to Victor. Victor doesn't even move an inch, but takes another sip of his beer.

"You couldn't take me on, even when I'm drunk," Victor says.

"Oh, you're very mistaken; I can soo take you."

Victor still doesn't lift his head. "No you can't."

"I'll prove it. Get up!" Drake yells at Victor.

Victor lifts his head at Drake and scoffs. "You're just as drunk as me," he mutters.

Victor gets up from his seat and stands up to Drake. Drake throws a punch at Victor and he lets him have, but the punch sends Victor clear across the room. Astonished, Victor jumps to his feet, stumbling because of how drunk he is.

"See?" Drake asks.

"Well ..." Victor says, walking back towards Drake. "I didn't realize that you are a metahuman too."

"Too?"

Drake runs towards Victor, but Victor has already ran around behind him with his electric super speed. Victor sends a bolt of electricity at Drake, knocking him forward onto his stomach. Drake shakes and takes a second to recover. He finally does and gets up to his feet.

"Whoa," Drake says.

Victor just looks him down. "I suggest you back off, before I do anything more to you."

Drake laughs. He looks at Victor and continues smiling. "I'm ... just messing with you man ... I ... I don't know what I'm doing, but ... I-I don't ... I can take you on."

"What? Seriously?" Victor scoffs.

Victor throws a small vortex above Drake's head. Drake is suddenly being pulled to it, but Victor grabs his hand to stop him from being pulled in. People's drinks, napkins and other things get pulled in. Drake panics and Victor closes the vortex and lets Drake fall back down.

“You have no idea what I am capable of,” Victor tells Drake.

Drake is a little shaken up, and he returns to his seat.

“Could you guys please escort yourselves from my bar?” the bartender asks.

“Sure, no problem,” Victor says.

Victor gets up and leaves without any incentive. Drake gets up and rushes on after Victor.

“Hey man wait up!” Drake exclaims, following him outside.

Victor walks down the sidewalk, brushing past people. He is still upset about his wife and now has Drake pestering him. “Did I not do anything to scare you yet?”

“No ... I was scared. That is amazing what you can do-do. I would love to have a power like that.” Drake pauses and tries to walk as straight as Victor is. “Can we stop so I can take a look at your head?”

“Take a look at my head?”

“Yeah.”

“Uh, no. I don't know who you are, but I suggest you leave me alone. You don't want to piss me off more than you already have.”

Victor continues walking, trying to leave Drake behind, but he stubbornly presses on.

“How can you ... walk straight?” Drake asks. “Aren't you drunk?”

“Yes, but probably not as bad as you. Now leave me alone!”

“Sorry, but I ... I feel like ... I crave your power. I want it.”

“Well you can't simply just take it.”

“No, but if you hold still, I can replicate it. I ... figured out a way to.”

“You can replicate powers?”

Drake practically trips but Victor keeps walking.

“Yes, but I have to change my brain ... to match you-yours.”

“Well ...” Victor says. “I’m not going to stop and simply let you replicate my powers. So, you better leave me alone.”

“You don't understand,” Drake continues. “I *need* it!”

“No you don't.”

Drake doesn't understand what's happening to him, but ever since he replicated Shawn's power, he has felt the need to replicate more power. He can't get enough; it's sort of like money. But he's only starting.

“You do-don't understand, man! I killed a person yesterday!” That got Victor's attention, making him stop in his tracks. Drake stops along with him.

“Then I definitely won't give in to you.”

“The man had a fire power and now I have it,” Drake creates a ball of fire in his palm, grabbing people's attention around. They back away in panic, afraid that the drunk pedestrian might do something crazy. “But it's not enough. Need to replicate your power; it won't hurt.”

“But I thought you said you killed him.”

“I did; he killed my brother, so I had to kill him.” His voice suddenly starts to break.

“He killed your brother?” Victor asks Drake, reminding himself that he killed his daughter's murderer.

“Yes.”

Pedestrians nearby are overhearing their conversations about killing. One of them pulls out their cell phones and calls the police. Having been on the run for some time, Victor knows what's about to go down, and this would be when he bolts. Victor grabs Drake and takes off into the air.

Victor flies Drake over the bay and into Brooklyn. He lands in the alley that he usually stays at. He drops Drake, who is smiling.

"I already have *that* power," Drake says. "I got that flying power from Avian."

"Avian?"

"Yeah."

"Wow, that's ... actually amazing that you pulled it off." Victor pauses. "So how exactly does that work?"

"I ... just ... whoa," Drake stops and grabs his head. "You made me dizzy ... taking me through the ... air that fast." He pauses and recovers. "I just ... concentrate on the part of your brain that you have ... get your powers from and I can ... alter my brain to match, but I know how to keep my other powers."

"Interesting."

"But to tell you what ... the Avian's brain is ... something; it's amazing, remarkable. He is definitely something else."

"That's great. Now you told me that you killed your brother's murderer yesterday. How long ago was your brother killed?"

"Yesterday."

"Oh ... well ... we actually have something in common, because my daughter was killed and I killed her murderer, just like you with your brother."

Drake and Victor tell each other their stories, suddenly getting serious; even though Victor was serious from the start. Drake and Victor are both drunk, but even though Drake was acting crazy, he tells his story seriously.

The two of them catch up with each other.

“So ...” Victor starts up again. “I couldn’t go with you to move into your house; the police would catch us.”

“Yeah,” Drake scoffs. “Now they know that I killed Shawn, but ... they think that I killed my brother as well.” He shakes his head. “I wish Stan never hung out with Shawn, I always thought that he was trouble.”

“I hear you.” Victor thinks about the crane operator. “I don't take it back.”

“Take what back? Killing that crane operator?”

Victor nods.

“Well, I don't take back killing Shawn.” He pauses. “It sure feels great to have his power, though.” Drake creates a flame in his hand, holding it far enough away from Victor. “It feels great to have these powers now. It’s amazing how I started. I started with understanding things that I shouldn’t ... then it went to understanding people’s brains. Now I can ... under-understand how to ... replicate people’s powers by rewriting my brain.”

Victor shakes his head, amazed at how he is able to do that. “How is that possible? How can you rewrite your brain without any tools or machines?”

“It’s ... well ... it’s hard to explain. Anyone could do it, but it’s impossible to learn how, but me? I have this power that enables me to know how to do things without learning first. I now know how to control my brain cells. It’s impossible to try to teach you —”

“Couldn’t you just know how to teach it, without learning how to?” Victor interrupts.

“It’s not that simple. Anyhow ... it involves creating more sulcus in my brain, or wrinkles, which makes my brain ... more compacted without making it bigger. This means, I can replicate an many powers as I want to. And it feels great, too. I love the feeling.”

Drake starts levitating; using the power that he replicated from the Avian. Drake continues to talk about the complexity of his brain altering, but Victor zones out and thinks about his daughter. He thinks about what great things he did with her, and what things he didn’t. He wishes that he could take back all of the bad things he said to her. He wishes that she didn’t die. He feels that he should visit her; her grave.

“I ... need to go somewhere,” Victor says.

“Where? Where *do* you go?” Drake scratches his head. “You must be miserable.”

“You will be just like me, just give it time.” Victor says flatly.

Victor takes off, flying into the air. Drake flies on after him. Victor heads towards his daughter’s cemetery. He lands right in front of her grave. Drake lands a few seconds later.

“Oh,” Drake says.

Victor crouches down before the grave. He starts to think about what to say, but cries instead. He can’t bring himself to say any words to her.

“I’m sorry,” is all Victor can say. “I’m sorry I couldn’t save you.”

“Victor,” Drake says. “My condolences, but ... she's died; she can't hear you.”

“Drake. Be careful how you speak. Or I will end you.” Victor sighs. “You don't feel it yet? The pain of losing your brother?”

Drake sighs. “I do, but I'm ... I don't know what I'm feeling. I'm drunk.”

Victor returns to his daughter's grave, looking away from Drake.

“You know,” Drake says. “Do you think your daughter would appreciate you killing her murderer if she somehow lived?”

Victor closes his eyes, aggravated with Drake and shakes his head. “What about you with killing your brother's murderer?”

“Oh. I don't think so ... Shawn was his friend.” Suddenly he starts crying. “I'm so confused!”

Victor scoffs. He thought that he could stay with Drake because they have so much in common, but now ... He is irritated with Drake, but he hopes that Drake will calm down when he's sober. He looks back at his daughter's grave. He doesn't cry. He can't, not at this moment; Drake ruined it for him. Suddenly he jumps to his feet.

“Drake!” Victor yells. “Why did you have to enter that bar?”

“What?” Drake asks.

“You ruined this moment for me. I wanted to visit my daughter in peace!”

He throws a lightning bolt at Drake, sending him through the air. He lands about thirty feet away, knocked out. Victor exhales deeply.

“I'm sorry,” he tells his daughter's grave, looking away from Drake. “I ... haven't been a good man since ... you left. I ... I don't ... I can't

live on without you. I loved you too much. Your mother loved you too, but she's moved on and I just simply can't. I will never forget you. Never.”

Victor sits back down on the ground for a few minutes. He just thinks about his daughter and his life before. He starts to cry, missing it all. Drake gasps and sits up. He looks at Victor, who is ignoring him, sitting before the grave.

Drake rubs his head, feeling a headache already. It's either from the shock or from being drunk. Or both. He just sits there for a few seconds, watching Victor sit miserably. Finally he gets up, walks over to Victor and sits down next to him.

Victor notices Drake sit down next to him, but he ignores him.

“Victor,” Drake says. “I'm sorry for being ... an idiot. I'm not normally like this.”

“Can I have peace and quiet, please?” Victor asks.

“Yes, sorry.” Drake bites his lip and puts his head down.

He suddenly thinks about his brother. It pains him to know that he is gone; more than gone. Stan is dead, was killed, and his body destroyed. He doesn't have to be cremated; he already is. That may be funny, but it's not right now and Drake doesn't think that it ever will be.

The pain starts to hit Drake hard now. He wasn't feeling much of it before, because he got himself drunk. He looks to Victor; he is muttering to himself and shaking his head, crying. He has his eyes closed, trying to block out everything else. Drake gives it a try, closing his eyes. The pain of losing his brother gets worse. He misses him more now.

Drake quickly opens his eyes and looks around him. He can't believe that Victor can stand to close his eyes. Maybe it's so he can see his daughter as vivid as he can, in the only place that he can; his mind; in his memories.

As soon as Drake closes his eyes again, he sees Stan dead on the floor. He sees Shawn panicking and trying to act innocent. Drake feels angry again. He shakes his head, trying to push that memory away. Now he sees Stan walking into the living room. He is sitting on the couch and Stan tells a stupid joke and Drake scoffs at it. Drake misses that, even though he never would've thought he would ... not until it's gone; not until Stan's gone.

Drake wishes that Stan could be back. He wishes that he could have been there to save him, or at least someone else to save him ... or the Avians.

"Victor," Drake says, getting an idea. "Do you ever wish that the Avians were there to save your daughter?"

Victor takes a second to respond and lifts his head. He looks over at Drake then at the ground. He nods. "Yeah, I wish they were there," Victor replies.

"Well they should've been."

"Yeah ... you're right! They should've been! They *should've!*" Victor suddenly gets angry. "This is part of their fault, and now they are trying to stop me from living. I steal for food and they try to stop me. But no more. I have to stop them."

"Stop them?" Drake didn't realize that the comment that he made would cause this. "Why? They just didn't know about you. After all, didn't that situation all happen within seconds?"

"Yeah, but what about Whirlwind? He couldn't make it?"

"Uh, I guess not."

"No, he didn't. They could have saved her, could have stopped that idiotic crane operator, but they didn't. Now they are trying to bring

me down, making me more miserable. I will not tolerate it! I'm going to bring them down."

"Uh oh," Drake says to himself. He doesn't realize what he's done. "Uh, Victor. Umm ... it's not their fault, they just didn't know."

"Yeah, but couldn't they just cut me some slack right now? Can't they just leave me alone?!"

"Well, you are a fugitive ... like I am now. They don't tolerate criminals, especially ones like you."

"*Like me?*" Victor scoffs.

"Well ... you killed someone and you go on, trying to live your life like you didn't do anything wrong."

"I didn't!" Victor blows steam. "Besides, you've done the same thing!"

"Oh, boy. I didn't intend for you to hate the Avians like this."

"You didn't. I already hate the Avians. They do nothing but pester me. But enough is enough. The next time they pester me, they'll regret it."

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Mark's Residence

"That guy reminds me of Victor," Alex says. We are talking about Drake. "He has multiple powers, which is rare."

"Yeah," I say. "But it seems that it wasn't like that before. He ... built onto his powers. He ... replicated my power of flight and he demonstrated strength like mine ... by looking at my ... brain. I ... I don't understand how he does it, but he can do it and he not choosing an appropriate course of action."

"More and more people are getting powers," Nick says. "Just think about how bad this could get."

"I don't even want to," Bruce says. "We have to stop these guys, but if the number of them keeps growing, I don't see how we can." Bruce shakes his head, afraid that he's right.

"The number is growing ... and it's been a short period of time," I say. "More criminals are appearing with powers. We have to stop them. Victor Raines, and now this Drake Williams. Oh yeah, and that person behind that huge prison break; Richard Ruth." I exhaled loudly. "Just think about all of those prisoners who have escaped ..."

"The police had stopped most of them," Brandon says.

"But there are still a lot of them out there, on the run." I sigh and think about it for a minute. "We haven't heard about any of the wanted criminals, so hopefully they won't go back to their olds ways." I scoff. "Which I doubt will happen for all of them."

Rachel smiles and strokes my hair. “We sure do have our hands full don't we?”

I look at her and kiss her forehead. “We sure do,” I tell her.

“Hey, Mark,” Brandon says, feeling the silicone Bluetooth device in his ear that I made for him. “This new Bluetooth earpiece is pretty awesome, thank you. This is going to be great for all of us to communicate to each other.”

“The plus side is that it activates by thought.”

Brandon shakes his head in disbelief. “That’s just awesome.”

“It’ll work within five-hundred miles I’d say at the least, so as long as we are not a different state we should be able to hear. Otherwise ... just use our cellphones.”

“Alright. Say something,” Brandon says.

“Like what?”

Brandon nods. “It works perfectly. I can hear you. It turned on with just the thought of it; that’s amazing.” He chuckles, so astonished with it.

“You're welcome.”

“You need to make more stuff like this!” Alex exclaims.

“Yeah!” Brandon adds on.

I nod at them. It’s nice to have these devices and new technology to help us in our missions out to save lives. But ... right now I'm feeling that they are not being put to good use.

“How about we test them out?” I ask. “Just so recently, the super criminals in this city have gone crazy. Things have gone hectic and haywire. I think right now we need to be out, patrolling the city. I already

have the police scanners patched through the earpieces as well; that can be activated by thought too. Let's go."

I concentrate for a second and create my super suit right over top of me, materializing it out of air. Everyone else gets up all at different times, and sort of slowly.

"Everyone," I say. "I am very serious right now. It seems that something is happening. For some strange reason, many criminals are getting crazy right now. So ... we need to get out there right now to stop them. Now I'm outta here, and I expect the rest of you to be on the lookout; let's use our earpieces for communication."

I don't hesitate for a second. I walk underneath the skylight and I take flight straight upwards towards it. I open it up and fly through, taking off to look around the city for people who need help or saving.

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### Astoria, NY

"The police are on their way," Tristan tells Dawn and Stuart.

They look to the sword man, Oliver, who is sitting in the chair chained up. He is knocked out, looking so vulnerable, but they know what he's capable of. Or they don't. They are sure that he has more up his sleeve. Dawn and Stuart are both surprised how Tristan was able to fight him for as long as he did.

"So, you're bringing me some more fun?" Oliver suddenly asks, slowly lifting his head, now obviously conscious.

"Fun?" Tristan asks, his voice trembling.

"Yeah, after I take you down, I will take the police down, giving me something fun to do. I haven't had much of a good fight in a long time. I have to say Tristan, you did well. But I was going easy on you." He makes sure to look at Tristan in the eyes. "But, you don't know how easy

it really is for me to kill you. You've made a great mistake to keep me alive."

Suddenly, Oliver forces his hands apart, breaking the chains, making it seem so easy.

"See? That was easy," Oliver says.

Oliver gets to his feet, and Tristan doesn't wait for something to happen. He charges at Tristan and blows a big punch at his face. This time, Oliver lets Tristan sock him in the nose, but he doesn't even budge. Oliver smirks at him and a second later he throws his hands out and a burst of invisible kinetic energy hits Tristan with the same amount of force that he exerted on Oliver. Tristan rubs his jaw, trying to relieve the pain.

"Essentially, you did that to yourself," Oliver says. "You see, I absorbed the force you tried to use against me; that kinetic energy. And I just returned it back to you; so essentially you hit yourself."

Tristan takes advantage of Oliver's monologuing and threw a blast of fire at him. He causes the fire to explode in Oliver's face. Oliver throws his hands up as if to shield himself from the blast. His face ripples and returns back to normal without any damage.

"That energy I absorbed too." Oliver smirks at Tristan. "You cannot stop me, so why bother?"

"Uh ... so I don't get killed?" Tristan scoffs. "I value my life and my family's!"

Oliver continues to smile at Tristan. Oliver raises his hands to do something and Tristan flinches, preparing himself. Oliver laughs and jerks his hands quickly, startling Tristan.

"Wow, aren't you scared?"

Tristan scowls, not admitting that he really is scared not only for his life, but also for Dawn and Stuart's. It seems that Oliver is only after Tristan, because Dawn and Stuart do not have any powers as of now. Oliver throws his hands at Tristan and a mysterious wind comes out nowhere from this basement, causing Tristan to be knocked away from his feet.

Tristan quickly works on getting back to his feet, but Oliver is already over top of him. He pulls a knife out of his back pocket, getting ready to cutting into the back of Tristan's neck. Dawn screams and Stuart gasps. Tristan sets Oliver's shirt on fire without even touching him.

Oliver doesn't flinch at first, still ready to shove the knife into him. He doesn't seem to acknowledge that his shirt is on fire. Oliver thrusts his hand towards Tristan's head with the knife. Tristan rolls over, kicking Oliver off of him. Oliver keeps a firm grip on his knife, but misses Tristan. Tristan gets to his feet and blasts fire at Oliver, adding to the fire that engulfed his shirt already.

Oliver only now realizes that he's on fire. He may have been so determined to ignore his shirt. Now he tries to extinguish the fire, but Tristan only adds more to it, shooting a ray of fire at Oliver. Oliver's face looks like it is burning, melting. It starts to ripple like before and Tristan stops shooting his fire. Oliver rolls onto the floor, putting the fire out of his shirt, which is mostly gone, burnt away. Oliver's skin finishes rippling and he seems just fine.

"I absorbed that energy too," Oliver says. "You don't stand a chance." Oliver shakes his head.

Tristan scowls, getting serious. He is determined not to die before the cops get here. Oliver holds his knife out, ready to cut out Tristan's head.

"I am not going to die today," Tristan says.

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In the Skies; Manhattan, NY

I flew around through Manhattan, actually looking for danger. It's important that I do, because they are still many criminals out there.

I have already stopped a mugging. I hear the sound of sirens. They are close. No doubt Rachel can already hear them, with her advanced hearing. We are all separated right now, trying to cover everywhere. I fly towards the sounds and I spot the police cars down below.

With just the thought of it, I activate the police scanner function on my earpiece. I hear the radio in my ear. They are headed to a person's house. The man there is in danger with someone who had threatened their lives the day before and has returned. This requires my assistance right now.

I see that the cop cars are heading out of Manhattan, going east. I fly fast, passing the cops and go over the bridge. I enter Astoria. I look around and see more cops cars, seeming to head in the same direction. I wish that I could have super hearing, just like Rachel; I could use it now to help me know where to go.

I see Rachel fly through here, heading past the cop cars. I fly super-fast, getting right beside her.

"Where are they headed?" I ask her.

She notices me next to her, but is not startled by my sudden appearance. "There is a man and his household in danger. Someone broke in and is trying to kill the man who lives there. When the cops called he was knocked unconscious, but ..." Rachel pitches her hearing. "He's in trouble right now. The man's awake."

“Where?! I can get there faster!”

Rachel points straight at a house a few blocks away. It seems that she's pointing at a house with a few trees surrounding it. “You see that house with the trees? It’s the house to the right of it.”

“Okay!” I say and I zip right towards it, landing right at the front door.

I quickly open the door and barge into the house. I hear clattering, grunting and screaming coming from the basement. I run down the stairs quickly and I see a man on top of the other man with a knife, about ready to cut the man’s head open. There is a woman and a teenage boy with her; they are holding each other close, frightened.

The man on the bottom shoots fire from his hands, hitting the man on top of him; the man with the knife. The knife man’s skin ripples and he doesn’t seem to feel any pain.

I bolt towards the man with the knife and kick him off. I push both of the men away from each other and try to determine which one is the bad guy. One man looks frightened and the other one looks angry. I grab both of his wrists of the angry man’s and squeeze them.

“Tristan!” the woman yells. The frightened man runs towards her and they embrace in a hug. They look like a family.

The man’s face was just rippling from the man who I assume is the father, who had projected fire at him. Now the knife man’s face returns to normal, undamaged. Suddenly the man looks familiar to me.

“Who are you?” I ask, fiercely.

The man smiles, despite me squeezing his wrists very hard.

“I am Oliver Matthews,” the man says.

Now I remembered the man. He was in a news report a while back, declared as a missing person. Maybe he just went into hiding. The man, Oliver, smiles at me.

“I guess that this is supposed to hurt?” Oliver asks, looking down at me clenching his wrists. He is still holding the knife in his dominant hand. “Well, it doesn’t. I can absorb energy, and your strength doesn’t hurt me.”

Suddenly he thrusts his palms at me, sends kinetic energy at me. I am thrown into the cement block wall behind me. I quickly get back to my feet and he is already to attack again.

“I think I’ll just kill for your power instead,” Oliver says.

This man is like Drake Williams, apparently, being able to replicate powers by that way it sounds.

“So, you’re one of them,” I say. I look at the man the woman called Tristan. “You intended to kill him for his ... pyrokinesis?”

“Of course, but I’d rather have your power now.” He pauses and smirks at me and chuckles. “Or should I say *powers*, plural.” He rubs his hands together.

“How do you do it anyway?”

“All I need to do is penetrate your skull to get access to your brain. Then it’s easy from there and I steal it from you.”

“Sounds cheesy when you say it like that.”

Oliver scowls at me. “Don’t mock me; I can kill you.”

“No you can’t. You won’t be able to penetrate my head.”

“Let us see about that.”

I hold my hands out and wave for him to strike. He runs towards me and throws dirt in my eyes from his hands. I have to blink the dirt away, unable to see. He grabs my neck, trying to spin me around. I can tell he's strong, but I am skilled in combat.

I jump into the air and climb over him, pounding him in the back. I still am working on blinking the dirt out of my eyes. Oliver spins around to face me and comes at me with the knife. I throw my hand out, grabbing his wrist and stop him. With his other hand he tries to hit me in the face, but I easily dodge it and shove my knee into his gut. His body seems to warble and then return back into shape; he doesn't feel any pain. He can absorb any kinetic energy, so this will be a challenge.

I would tend to punch his face at this moment, but I am going to have to go around with this differently; since he can absorb my kinetic energy. I completely blink the dirt out of my eyes now. I quickly throw my hand out and wrap it around his neck. I pull his head down and shove it into my knee. Yet again he seems to absorb the energy; I wonder if he has to be focused on it to absorb the energy or if it just comes naturally.

I keep my hand wrapped around his neck and my other on his wrist. He tries to break his wrist free, but fails. I spin him around, forcing his back to face me. I tighten my arm around his neck and start to choke him. Suddenly the air moves around in here, as if the wind picked up, but we are inside. Oliver must have some sort of wind ability.

Oliver struggles to break free; using his other hand to try to pull my arm off of his neck, but my strength is more powerful than his. I squeeze his wrist tighter, while choking him still. He still keeps a grip of his knife in the hand of which that I am squeezing his wrist. I twist his wrist around, pointing it at his chest, which is actually in line with my chest, because I have him pinned to me.

Heat starts to leave me and Oliver feels really cold all of the sudden. He actually turns to ice. I don't lessen my grip on him at all and keep hold of him. If anything, I strengthen my grip on him, despite how

much the coldness hurts me; I know I can heal within a flash. My accelerated healing seems to have progressed and is quicker.

Oliver chokes now, trying to get air into his lungs. I keep my arm wrapped around his neck and bring his hand with the knife closer to him. He somehow tosses the knife to his other hand. He quickly tries to stab me by thrusting his hand over his shoulder.

Within milliseconds I let go of his wrist, keep a hold of his neck still, and with my one free hand I stop his hand from stabbing me. I grabbed the knife out of his hand and toss it aside to the floor.

Oliver uses both of his hands now to try to free himself of my grip around his neck. I lock my arm around his neck and use my other arm to support it. Oliver tries hitting me, but his strength is growing weak. No doubt he is starting to get lightheaded now.

I look Tristan with his supposed wife and son. They seem to be relieved that I am here to save them. They don't seem to feel sorry for Oliver at all, but they are still frightened.

*Calm down*, I send a thought in Oliver's mind. *Stop this madness.*

Oliver still struggles to break free and he doesn't seem to have heard me at all. Suddenly he throws one hand over his shoulder at my face and shoots a blast of energy at me, sending me through the air and into the wall behind me.

I quickly jump to my feet, ignoring the pain in my back, which is relieved a second later. Oliver gasps for air, but is not fully recovered yet. I charge at him and kick him in the jaw. This time his body doesn't ripple, and does not absorb the energy. So, he must have to be focused to absorb the energy; this makes it better for me, because now he is worrying about getting oxygen to his brain and is not focused on absorbing the kinetic energy I exert.

I punch him in his face several times. He tries to block my punches but fails miserably. He gasps for more air and I kick my foot out and trip him. He falls down and I stomp a foot down into his gut. That knocks the breath out of him, making it impossible to get more air to his brain. He should pass out any time now if I keep this up.

A sound of stomping comes down the staircase and Rachel appears. Ahem, I mean Angel, because she is suited up. Angel sees Oliver laying on the ground, me beating the crap out of him, and the three holding each other close together in the corner nearest to the staircase. A few seconds later I hear the police upstairs.

I stomp my foot down into his gut again. Oliver tries to take a breath for air, but it is impossible to. He sits up trying to make it easier. I kick him hard in the nose, sending him towards a wall, sliding on his bottom. He hits the wall and his body falls clumsily to the floor. He doesn't get back up. He has passed out.

The cops now run down the stairs and take a look at the whole situation.

"Oliver Matthews," an officer says, recognizing the man. He makes eye contact with Tristan; they've met before. "Tristan? This is the same man that attacked you yesterday?"

"Yes," Tristan nods.

The officer turns towards me and nods at me. "Thanks for your help, but we can take it from here."

"I don't think so," I tell him, shaking my head. "This man is a metahuman. I was only capable of stopping him because of my skills in combat, but, no offense, you guys won't stand a chance when he wakes. You need something to suppress his powers. Do you have anything like that?"

The officers think through what I just told them. “Uh, no. We don't have anything.”

“I know someone who can get rid of powers,” the woman says. “Hank McDonald.”

“You know Hank?” I ask her.

“Umm ... yeah. I uh ...” She starts to get embarrassed. “I had a ... power, but I didn't want it and he gave me a serum that suppressed it. I have his number, I can call him and he can get here in no time.”

“No time?” I ask. “Are you sure that he can get here that fast?”

“Yes, as long as I can reach him right now. He has ... I don't know if he would want me to tell. But he has a power too; he can control time. So if he slows down time, he can get here in a second.”

“Wow. I see.” I pause. “I didn't know that he had a power.”

“What's your name?” an officer asks the woman.

“Dawn,” she replies.

“Well, Dawn, who is this Hank?” the officer asks, demanding. “And how is it that he can make these serums without it being illegal?”

Dawn looks like she's about to speak, but I take over. “Hank is a licensed scientist and works for the government. I met him before. Trust me; he is a reliable, qualified man. I'd say he's the man for this job.” I pause and think for a minute. “Maybe he can help you cops with locking up metahuman criminals at your police departments.”

“Alright,” one of the officer's says. I see that his uniform says that he's the sheriff. “Give him a call,” he tells Dawn.

Tristan pulls out his cell phones and hands it to Dawn. She immediately dials the number and as if right on cue, Oliver wakes up, gasping for air. Dawn jumps, frightened. I get ready to take action and the

cops draw their weapons. Oliver looks around and sees what he's up against, but then suddenly he disappears. We all look around the room, but he is nowhere to be seen.

“Teleportation,” I say.

The cell phone continues ringing and Hank answers on the other end. “*Hello?*”

“Uh,” Dawn says to Hank over the phone.

“Yes, Dawn?” Hank asks. *“Is there something wrong?”*

“Yeah, Hank.” Dawn looks around at everyone in the room, the basement; her son, Stuart, me, Angel, Tristan and the police officers. “Yeah there umm ... was this man who was just here who tried to kill Tristan and he tried to fight him off and he —” Dawn jumps just as we did when Hank suddenly appears in the room. Dawn chuckles. “I told you he could be hear in a flash.”

“What's going on?” Hank looks around at everyone.

“You didn’t teleport did you?” a cop asked.

“No, I walked here. Or I fast walked ... sort of jogged, but I slowed down ... time. If you know what I mean.”

“Oh.”

“What happened?” He looks at me and Angel. “You're here.”

“I am,” I reply. “A man came here to attack ... Tristan.”

“This man’s name is Oliver Matthews,” Tristan says, addressing Hank. “Yesterday he came here to attack Dawn, coming at her with swords. I fought him off and he fled. We called the police and they stayed at our doorstep for the rest of the day. He returned and this time came after me. Now Avian is here and he fought him off and knocked him out. But once he woke he teleported.”

Hank nods, processing all of this. “Okay,” he says. “Now ... why does his name sound familiar?”

“He was reported as a missing person a few years back,” the sheriff says.

“Oh, maybe I heard about him ... but that can't be. I didn't listen to Manhattan news. He was missing from Manhattan right?”

“Yes, that is correct. But now he's not missing ... he's a criminal.”

“But I feel that I know him some other way ... I'm not sure how, though.” He pauses and shakes his head, returning back to this situation. “So, Dawn, Tristan, Avian, Angel, officers ...” Hank pulls out some sort of devices from his pockets. “I have been working on create a gas dispenser that can suppress super abilities. I have been studying the ... well call it what you want, but I refer to it as a virus, because that's how it acts.”

“A virus?” the sheriff asks.

“Yes, the superhero virus. I believe all of you have heard of the article from the Frequent Journal. They revealed accurate information about Martin Intex and about him releasing a gas from the top of his building, the Creative Works building. That gas is essentially a virus that infects people and gives them super abilities.”

“Why?”

“That's a question for Avian.”

“Intex intended to create a world with super-powered beings to rule for himself, but he got himself killed —”

“By you.”

“Well yes, but he left a device that trigger a machine to release the gas when he was deemed dead. So now he left us this mess to clean up.” I turn to Hank. “So you have a device that can disperse a gas to suppress powers?”

“Yes, but as long as they are trapped inside a room, because the gas will spread out and can only work in a contained area.”

“Hmm, it reminds me of Intex. He had devices just like that at Creative Works.”

“Really?”

“Yep.”

“Well ... Avian, about that *mess* ... umm its spreading.”

I nod. “I know it is.”

“No, I don't think you understand the rate at which it is spreading. It is spreading fast.”

“How fast?”

“It's nothing compared to how fast it traveled before. It has already infected all of the surrounding states of New York and is spreading from there. I'd say that within a half of a year it will infect the whole US.”

“That's not good,” the sheriff says.

“No, it's not. But in the meantime,” Hank looks down at the gas dispensers. “I suggest that you take these and place them in all of the corners of your holding cells, jails and prisons; you can use them against super criminals.”

“Okay.” The sheriff grabs them from Hank.

Hank looks to me and hands me that last one he has. “I am currently working on creating a whole bunch more and creating more power negating serums,” Hank says. “So I will distribute them to as many police departments and penitentiaries as I can. We are going to need them for what's to come.”

“Alright,” the sheriff says. “I’ll make sure that these get installed, because we do in fact have a few super-powered criminals in our jails, so we will need these. Thank you doctor.”

“You're welcome.” Hank turns to me. “Mar — Avian.” He stops himself from saying my name. He remembers it from the FBI agency. “I have been meaning to talk to you about this, but I have no way of contacting you.”

“Well, you’ve told me now. Allow me to give you a means of contact so that you can update me on the situation.” I tell him my cell phone number by thought, sending it to his mind. “Can you remember that?”

He repeats it in his head. “Yes I can.”

“What just happened?” the son, Stuart asks. “Did you guys communicate by mind?”

“Yes I did,” I tell the boy.

“That’s awesome.”

“Well,” the sheriff says. “I think that I will keep some cops here for the rest of the week for your safety.”

“Thank you,” Tristan says, still panting. “I appreciate it.” He turns to me. “Thank you Avian for saving me.”

I nod to have. “That’s what I am here for.”

“I was hoping that you would arrive.”

“Well, you can thank Angel for that; she used her super hearing.” I gesture to her.

Angel nods at Tristan and he thanks her. I think about all that has been happening these past few days. It has been quite hectic. There's the problem with Victor Raines, then Drake Williams, now this Oliver

Matthews and now I learn about how the virus that Intex released is spreading faster. We are going to get into a lot of trouble. I know that things are only going to get more chaotic from this moment on. This will be a downfall.

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Three Weeks Later; Youngstown, Ohio.

“Can you go fetch me some subs from the store?” Richard’s mother, Tara, asks him.

“Fetch or steal for you?” Richard asks. He is sitting on the couch at their warehouse. His mother sits on the only other piece of furniture they have; one of the two beds.

“What do you think Richie? We have been living without any jobs, so we cannot buy anything; so steal it.”

“Why don't you? And I am not Richie! I'm getting tired of you telling me that!”

“Well don't forget what I did for you.”

“Mom, you did not do anything for me.” Tara looks at Richard, disapproving of that remark. “I could have broken out of prison by myself; I didn’t need you for that. You just wanted me out so that you would have electricity. You leave me to think that you were dead and let me kill two people.”

“So? They deserved it.”

“Tara!” Richard exclaims, irritated. “Plus you would have preferred me to make them suffer. How cruel are you? You're ... so cold.”

“You need me, Richard, and you know it.”

“I don't need you.”

“Yeah you do.”

“No, not you. I have lived without you for a few years and I can still do it now. However, I could use a real mother to be with; you are no longer like one. My mother died four years ago.”

“Quit saying that!”

“I won't. You have changed —”

“And so have you!”

Richard exhales deeply. “You know what ... Tara? Forget it! Go get your food yourself! I'm done with you!”

Richard jumps up from the couch and storms out of the door. He yells out his anger, not afraid of anyone hearing, because they are in the middle of nowhere; there aren't many people around for a few miles.

Richard grows furious and his body electrifies. He finds a new profound energy within himself. He starts running without his body electrifying. He feels the wind hit his face. It feels heavy, as if it's not moving, but only he is. He stops and the winds picks back up. He takes off again, running towards the city. He looks around at trees that he uses for landmarks and notices how quickly he passes them.

He is running with extreme speed. He notices this even more once he enters the city. He passes cars on the streets, then on the freeways. He is running extremely fast. He sees a traffic light changing. The lights are taking forever to switch from green to yellow. The green light turns off, but still is emitting light past it. The yellow light illuminates forever later. Richard realizes that he is moving at the speed of light ... or electricity, which is the same.

Looking down at his hands, Richard sees that they are electrified. Lighting jumps from his body, sparking. Sparks jump to nearby metal, shocking it.

Richard decides that he wants to go back to New York. His mother has not been a very supportive person, not to mention even being a mother. She has changed into a different person, a cruel person. She is no longer like a mother to Richard and he is done with her.

Running back towards New York, Richard's attention is caught by a TV displaying a news station through the window of a store. He stops to take a look at the reporter. A reporter who is currently in New York is reporting about the rise in super power criminals. The Avians have zealously been out stopping them, turning them in and saving lives. The reporter talks about two big villains who there to watch out for. There is Oliver Matthews and Victor Raines. Oliver has reported missing a few years back, but is now a super powered serial killer. Victor is a depressed criminal who is reckless and only cares about himself.

The reporter talks about both of the two villains or criminals, explaining their whole stories. Richard thinks about Victor. He has a lot in common with him. They both have lost someone and had killed the person held responsible. Now they are both depressed. Richard wonders if he could somehow meet him. Another thing they have in common is there electricity. Richard figures that his may be stronger than Victor's, because Victor has other abilities to use, but Victor may be more experienced than Richard.

Richard takes a minute to think about it and decides to meet Victor Raines. He electrifies his body again and starts taking off at a great speed, heading towards Manhattan; the last known spotting of Victor Raines.

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### Mark's Residence

I take a bite of my pancake from my plate. Alex had made breakfast and right now all of us are sitting at the table, eating. This is

one of the times of the day they we are quiet; it's morning and we have food stuffing our faces so we can't talk.

Every day since the incidence at Dawn's house I have gone there to make sure that they are all doing fine. The three of them — Dawn, Stuart, and Tristan — were all shaken up; terrified of their lives. I would be too it I was close to dying. I really feel for them; they are nice people.

It was a good thing that we were out that day; otherwise they could have been in great trouble. It's a good thing that Rachel has super hearing; she can point out where the trouble is at.

"So," Rachel says between chews. "Mark, are you still going to go to Dawn's house?"

I smile at her. "I think I will. It has sort have become a habit."

"Mark," Alex says. "I think that they'll be alright. Oliver hasn't bothered them since you beat him up."

"No he hasn't, you're right. But the moment I let my guard down he could take charge. I don't want to risk that. The moment the police left their house Oliver went back. But Oliver's not toning it down. He's striking anywhere else."

Everyone nods. They all know about what he has done recently. Oliver has been hunting down other metahumans. We have learned that he steals their powers by splitting their heads open; that's why he always has a sword with him. He has been entitled with the name: sword man; pretty generic, right?

We have tried our best to track him down and have stopped him a few occasions, thanks to the police and for Rachel's hearing. However, in the last few weeks we have let him get away with two different murders. We are certain that they were super-powered; otherwise Oliver wouldn't have just killed them.

“I just fear that Oliver will try to kill Tristan any one of these days,” I say. “I don't want that to happen.”

“We know,” Grace says. “Tristan seems like a nice guy. He's very mild and modest. He deserves our help.”

“You got that right.”

“What about that Victor?” Bruce mentions.

“Victor,” I say, thinking about him. I shake my head. “He's pretty messed up. It's sad really. He lost his daughter, killed her murderer, lost his wife and is still grieving. But that does not justify his actions now. He's out harming people just to take care of himself.”

“Couldn't he get better care in a prison?” Nick asks. “He should turn himself in; he'll have a place to sleep and food to eat. Right?”

I chuckle. “If only he would do that for us.”

Alex frowns. “I think we've pissed him off, though.” He pauses and takes three quick bites from his stack of three pancakes, chewing with super speed. “Remember what happened last time?”

“Yeah,” I reply. “He was spotted on Thirty-Ninth Street and we headed that way. He saw us coming and tried to take us down as soon as we gone there. We didn't get a chance to even say hi.”

“Yeah. He seems angry with us.”

“Wouldn't you be?” Brandon asks.

“I wouldn't be so careless and reckless,” I reply.

“Yeah, but you still do have something in common with him.” I don't reply to that, because I know what he is talking about. “You killed a man.”

I sigh. “Yeah, but I wouldn’t consider him a man; he’s from Rexton and he was a lunatic. I couldn’t let him go about with his plan to wipe out the planet.”

Several of us nod. We all agree that Intex was insane, but I know that I should not have killed him. I only did because of a voice in my head that told me; it was my father’s voice. He had somehow left a message for me to hear when I touched my ship. He wanted me to kill Intex because of it being his fault that we are separated. I wish now that I had not listened. There are other ways to bring someone to justice; not kill them.

We all finish up our plates of food and go about with our day. Today is the day of the week that none of us work; it’s not the weekend, because some of us actually use the weekends to work.

Lately we have been out and about, saving people, stopping crimes; robberies, muggings, speeders, stealing gas, vandalisms, and drug dealers. We have saved people from car crashes that were caused from sleeping people, drinking and driving, texting, and using their phones. A few times I went out and helped some homeless people; I made them a few shelters, clothing and materialized a month’s worth of food for them, also throwing in a fridge to put the food in.

There was a case of animals getting loose from Central Park. Mara and Brandon worked together on that one to return them back. Mara spoke to the animals to calm them down. The truth is that the animals were curious to explore the city and got frightened from all of the running people. Mara calmed them down.

Mainly there were quite a few people who have been stealing and robbing stores. But they aren’t just normal people doing these crimes, they are metahumans. We still get a few crimes here and there from *regular* people, but lately metahumans have been out and about.

All of us get out suits on and take flight, going through our skylight window. We all fly out in different directions, looking for crimes to stop and people to save. We keep our earpieces on, listening to the police scanners and to each other.

I head out towards the center of town; towards Times Square, Central Park and the Manhattan Mall; that whole area. I fly around, circling, looking below for any dangers. I notice a few people look up and see me; see Avian, the leader of the Avians.

I think that it has become a habit for the people to look up to the skies. They are getting used to see the Avians flying around town. That's either a good thing or a bad thing. Hopefully its good so they are not taking us for granted. We give a lot of our time and energy to this city. I hope that they realize that.

I look out in the distance and see everyone else out flying, looking out for danger. Alex swoops down to the streets in the area that he's at. It's a nice sight to see; the team flapping their wings so beautifully. Their wings are like an angel's, but Angel's — Rachel's — wings are the most prettiest to me, maybe because I'm married to her; so she seems the most beautiful. But all of their wings are beautiful just being there and with the way they move.

Tyke's — Brandon's — wings and my wings do not move the same way as the rest of the team's; they just flap every three seconds when we are in the air. I programmed them that way; I made them myself, materializing them. It's the best I could do, besides having Intex inject bird DNA into us; but he's dead, so he couldn't.

Alex — Whirlwind — soars back into the sky with no signs of a struggle or harm; he has taken care of whatever needed help down below. Then I notice that he is licking his fingers; he didn't go down to stop a crime or anything, he went down for food! Figures. He always has an appetite; he burns so many calories.

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Astoria, NY

Dawn sighs and watches Tristan and Stuart eat their scrambled eggs and bacon. She smiles, glad to have them both. Things have calmed down just a little bit, but they are all still scared. Oliver Matthews is still on the loose. He already killed two more people, even though the Avians were there to stop him from killing more people.

They are very thankful for Avian. He came by just at the right time to save them. Dawn will never forget what he did for them, but she still cannot get over it. She won't until Oliver is locked up for good, or dead.

Tristan looks up at Dawn and smiled at her. Stuart turns his attention away from the TV in the living room and looks at his mother and Tristan. He smiles for a second, looks at his plate of food and returns his attention to the TV. He knows what's on everyone's mind; Oliver Matthews.

"Avian is coming today, right?" Dawn asks Tristan.

"I believe so," Tristan says. "He promised he would every day until Oliver is gone."

Dawn nods. "Okay. I just ... wish that he could be gone for good right now. I'm so ... worried about you Tristan. You mean a lot to us and I wouldn't want to lose you."

"Neither would I," Stuart adds.

Tristan nods, not smiling any longer. "You guys are everything to me as well. I wouldn't want to leave you guys nor losing myself. If Oliver

comes back when Avian is not here, I will fight with all I have. I will not let him win.”

“What if he came at night?” Dawn asks. “Avian doesn’t come here at night. I guess he goes home to sleep. What if Oliver comes at night?”

“Maybe Oliver wants his sleep too.”

“What if we call Hank?” Stuart asks. “Whenever Oliver comes, we can call him. He can get here in a heartbeat ... or sooner. He just freezes time and gets here in no time.”

“What would he do?” Tristan asks.

“I don't know ... tie up Oliver?”

“Last time Oliver broke out of my chains. He has super strength.”

“But his is nothing compared to Avian’s super strength.”

“You're right. “ Tristan remembers back to how Avian knocked out Oliver. He choked him and Oliver couldn’t budge or break free. Avian is definitely stronger than Oliver.

Suddenly Dawn jumps in her chair at the table. The floor creaks. They start to panic, afraid that the sword man — Oliver — is here. A quick motion grabs their attention to the back door. They see through the window that it is Avian. He rings the doorbell.

“Come in!” Tristan exclaims.

Avian walks in and they calm down. They must've heard him coming, not Oliver. They look around the rooms and do not see Oliver.

I enter Dawn’s house and smile at them. They are all sitting at the table, eating. Although they look nervous, looking all around as if Oliver is here.

“Is everything alright?” I ask, concerned.

“Umm ... yeah we’re fine,” Tristan says. “I think we are hearing things.”

“All of you? At the same time?”

“We heard the floor creak just before you got here. We were thinking ...” Tristan pauses; he doesn’t want to finish the sentence.

“Avian, come and have a seat.”

Tristan forces a smile and pulls out a chair from the table. I gladly take the seat and sit down. They start to calm down now that I am closer to them.

“You guys do not need to be afraid now, for I am with you; Oliver can do no harm to you.”

I start to hear the floors creak now. Dawn looks around, jerking her head. Even with my presence she is still scared. I look around too, just to see. I wonder if the creaking is coming from the sound of any of us shifting our weight in our seats.

“Maybe I can do them harm, if I just take their advice,” Oliver’s voice says, coming from nowhere specific.

Dawn jumps and shrieks. She jerks her head around, looking for him. Tristan and Stuart look as panicked as Dawn, but are trying to contain themselves.

I stand to my feet, ready to face Oliver; wherever he is.

“What do you mean?” I ask Oliver’s voice.

I suddenly see Oliver as he walks away from the fridge. He was standing there the whole time, but we did not see him. It was as if he blended right into it.

“They suggested that I should attack them at night,” Oliver says.

“You won't,” I say. “Because I am going to bring you down.”

“Sounds like fun. But I wasn't going to bother these guys anymore. I just wanted to lure you. Looks like it worked.”

I scoff. *Lure me?* “What do you want with me?”

“Your powers of course.”

Suddenly Oliver appears directly in front of me and Dawn shrieks. The three of them jump back, get up from the table, and hold each other close. Oliver draws a sword very quickly and already thrusts it at my head, prepared for me to block his attempt.

I throw my hand out to stop his blow, but he teleports behind me, still thrusting the sword. I quickly duck and feel the sword graze my scalp. My head feels warm and tingly. I start to feel blood drip down my forehead. As quickly as it happened, my head is already healed.

Oliver throws his hand at me, I block it as if it were intended to be a punch, but it wasn't. He shoots a blast of energy at me, sending me flying into the fridge behind me. I surely put a dent in it and fall to my knees. Oliver teleports, standing over top of me and I am already prepared for his sword.

I somersault between Oliver's legs, hitting his crotch with my feet as I rolled underneath him. He groans and throws down the tip of his sword to the floor. From behind, I quickly grab both of his wrists and squeeze as hard as I can.

Oliver lets out a cry and drops his sword; it clatters on the floor. I pull him to me and start to choke him as I did before. This time, Oliver jumps up and flips himself over top of me, landing behind me. Now he has his hands around my neck instead of visa versa. I gag and try to get air.

I try to put my chin down to get under his arms, but he has a strong grip. So instead, I elbow him in the gut as hard as I can. But he doesn't budge. I know the blow to his gut hurt, but he refuses to let go of my neck. I still can't breathe, but I still have a lot of energy, running off of my adrenaline.

I take flight, quickly spin myself in the air, and face my head towards the floor. I soar directly at the floor and aim Oliver's head right towards it. Just as his head is about to hit the floor, he teleports and my head hits it instead. I immediately groan in pain, grabbing my head.

I see a whole bunch of stars and groan loudly. I immobilized myself. Oliver takes this chance for himself and kicks my gut, over and over. Then he plays it dirty and kicks my throat as hard as he can. I thought my head hurt, but now all I can feel is the pain in my neck. I can already feel it bruising and I can't breathe at all. The pain in my head goes away, already healing.

I cough trying to breathe, but it is impossible. Oliver smirks at me, thinking that he's beat me. His eyes glow purple as well as his hands. He grabs his sword from the floor as I lay there helpless.

"Avian!" Tristan yells.

Tristan leaves Dawn and Stuart and throws fire at Oliver. He teleports at the last moment and the fire hits the fridge, missing him. Oliver throws the sword towards Tristan.

"NOO!!!" I suddenly yell, finding my voice.

I jump to my feet, suddenly being able to breath. The only thing I can do fast enough is fly. I fly towards the sword, but I know that within these few milliseconds I cannot stop it. But I cannot let them down. I fly right towards Tristan and knock him to the floor, saving him, but not myself.

I push Tristan out of the way, but the sword pierces me instead, stabbing me all of the way through me from my back. Oliver chuckles and I fall to my knees. Tristan, Dawn and Stuart all stare at me in horror.

Once again I cannot breathe. My head has already healed, then my neck, but now I have a sword going straight through me. I slowly get to me feet and turn around to face Oliver. It takes all of the strength that I have, because it has not healed yet; unable to when the sword is still there.

Oliver is still smiling at me. "You look great," he tells me. "That's a good look on you."

I tug on the sword and stop. The pain is so excruciating that I cannot pull on it without feeling it slice every part of my insides.

"You are still trying to win?"

"What?" I barely am able to ask. I have to take short breaths. The sword goes through my lungs, spine and stomach. I can feel my stomach acid eating away inside of me. I cannot began to explain the pain. Tears flow down my face. "Do ... you ... think this is a game?"

"Yeah I do. And it's fun!"

Oliver pulls out a knife from his back pocket. He holds it out, readying to slice open my head. His hands and eyes are still glowing purple. He is as ready as can be to steal my powers; I seem so helpless.

Tristan tries to help me again and throws a ball of fire at Oliver. He lets it hit him this time and it absorbs into his skin. He absorbs its energy.

My legs start to wobble and I am about to fall down. I cannot keep standing. The sword is paralyzing me. I cannot be anymore helpless than this.

"Thank you, Tristan. I needed that."

Oliver runs towards me, holding the knife out at my head. I throw one of my hands out, but ridiculously only swat it at him; I have no control over my limbs. I start to fall, but Oliver grabs a hold of my neck and with his other hand he starts to cut my forehead with the knife.

I have an idea, even though my head is about to be destroyed. I concentrate on the sword and at the same time on the knife; my green mater-creating energy appears and I destroy both weapons. Still exerting his strength upon my head, Oliver hits my forehead, the knife gone.

“What the?” Oliver exclaims.

The stab wound that goes all of the way through me heals within seconds, then so does the cut on my forehead. Oliver loosens his grip around my neck.

“Where's my knife and ... what happened to the sword?” Oliver asks.

“I destroyed it,” I tell him. “Der dah der.” I shake my head at him.

I thrust my forehead at him and head butt him. The energy throws him backwards, since he was not ready to absorb the energy. I throw a punch at him, but this time it does nothing as he absorbs the kinetic energy; he face just ripples.

Oliver throws his fist towards me and I easily dodge and return one at him. Oliver tries throwing punches at me, so many right after another. I dodge and block them all.

“Your combat is no match to mine,” I tell Oliver.

I hear Tristan chuckle. I dare a glance at them and they still seem nervous, but are happy that I made a comeback. I quickly dodge my head as Oliver throws a punch over me. I kick him in the gut as hard as I can. Since he was not expecting it, the blow knocked him down and he groans in pain. I lift my foot and stomp on the floor; I would've crushed his head,

but he disappeared. I looked around the whole room, but he is nowhere to be seen. He teleported, leaving the house.

“Coward,” I say to myself.

Dawn, Tristan and Stuart jerk their heads around in search of Oliver, but he is long gone.

I look at them and smile. They are even more nervous than before.

“I guess I’ll stay here, just in case,” I tell them.

They all nod, too afraid to talk.

“Uhh ... that was ... close,” Tristan stammers.

I nod and smile at him. “Nothing I can't handle.”

“I'm ... surprised you ... could.”

I scoff. “I am a master in combat training. No one can beat me with that. Take away what they are good at, leave it to hand-to-hand combat and they are hopeless.”

“It’s a good thing that you can heal like that,” Stuart says.

“I guess so. But maybe if I couldn’t heal like that I would be more careful.”

“I hope so,” Dawn manages to say, but her voice is shaky.

“Don't worry about me,” I tell them. “I will stop him. He will not harm you guys; it’s me he wants.”

“But we don't want anything to happen to you,” Tristan says.

“I understand,” I tell them. “But I promise you, I will stop him.”

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Manhattan, NY

Richard finds himself in Times Square. He looks around at all of the traffic. Just a second earlier they were all practically frozen; he was running that fast. He has found another use for his electricity.

It makes him think about Victor Raines; he has electricity similar to Richard's. He is known for quickly escaping, using his electric-speed. Richard smirks to himself, knowing that he can now do the same.

He thinks about how much they have in common. They both have been through the same things. Now he is in a quest to find Victor Raines. He runs around all of Manhattan and stops when he gets to the mall. He knows that many of Victor's attacks occur here, so he stays. He seats himself at a bench, sitting in front of so many different stores.

Drake comes to his mind. He has heard of Drake Williams as well. His brother was killed and he killed the person responsible. He is in the same situation, but Richard somehow feels more connected to Victor. He hopes to find him.

He thinks about the name he's made for himself. Richard Ruth: responsible for the biggest prison break in New York. He broke out of prison, because of his mother's request. So he thought it to be cool to break everyone out. He doesn't regret breaking out, but regrets returning back to his mother; she is no longer as loving. She only wanted Richard's power. Richard scoffs just thinking about her.

Richard looks around at all of the stores. He isn't sure that he'll find Victor here. He sees that there are many security guards here. They may have hired more guards or put more on duty because of Victor.

Everywhere he looks he sees security guards. He smiles, knowing that if he were to do something violent, he could easily escape; thanks to his newly discovered speed.

Someone catches his eye. Richard jerks his head to look at the person. It is definitely a manly figure. The man is wearing a hooded jacket. As soon as he discovered him the security guards corner him. They ask him to remove his hood and he does so without any problem; he is not Victor. The guards thank him and let him go. They may be on the lookout for Victor as well.

Richard suddenly wonders if they would recognize him. He's not from Manhattan, but he nearby New York City; from Harrison. Surely they must've seen the report about his famous jail break. Richard leans forward and puts his head down into his hands, pointing his face towards the floor so no one can easily identify him.

Richard begins to wonder if Victor will really show. He knows that he wouldn't just walk in here. If he were to come in here, he would probably be trying to steal something. Richard knows that he's a very depressed person. Nevertheless, Richard waits, hoping he'll show. Or maybe Drake will. He waits.

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### Astoria, NY

“Avian?” Tristan asks me. He is sitting with the rest of his “family” on the couch. Really he's just close friends, but they are so close that I consider them family. I am sitting across from them, overlooking the area inside. “How are those ... one devices coming along? Those gas dispersers?”

“They getting along well,” I reply. “I have already learned how I can replicate them, using my matter manipulation. I have made some for the fun of it when I am bored. I gave many of them to the police stations and departments. I am sure that they'll come in handy. In fact they

should be already. We have caught a few metahumans and turned them in. Some of them don't have abilities strong enough to help them escape or anything, but now that they have the power negating gas dispensers it shouldn't be a problem whatsoever."

"That's good to hear," Dawn says.

Dawn starts to look worried. I don't have to read minds to know what she's thinking about. Obviously she's hoping that we can stop Oliver and put him in jail where he'll have the power negating gas to stop him. He will be powerless and hopeless against it.

I wish I can comfort Dawn more, but she is always a nervous person. I got to know them and Tristan's told me that she was good once she lost her power, but the appearance of Oliver shook her up. She claims that she'll be good once he's gone. Now she's even more panicked with Oliver confronting me today. Some kind of confrontation, right?

"Don't you guys worry too much, okay?" I tell them, but mainly Dawn. Tristan even looks at Dawn, he probably figures that I am directing to her. "I promise you, we will stop Oliver Matthews once and for all. He will be locked up in prison by his next appearance."

"Really?" Dawn asks.

"Yes, really."

"Wow," Dawn says, almost not believing. "How can you be so sure?"

"Because we will gang up on him. I will call for backup; my team."

Dawn smiles. Many of the citizens in Manhattan trust us when we give promises, because we strive to live up to them. I will strive to bring an end to Oliver. He must be stopped. With that promise, Dawn is already relieved. I have made a good reputation for the people of New York.

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### Manhattan Mall

Richard gets up from the bench and takes a walk around. He's starting to doubt that either Victor or Drake will show. He is looking forward to see Victor rather than Drake however. He takes a stroll down the aisles, walking between the different stores.

Walking around the stores near the main entrances, Richard hopes that he'll be able to spot Victor. Richard looks down at his wrist at his watch. It is about noon. Maybe Victor will come for some lunch.

To his surprise he notices him enter the mall. Richard stops in his tracks and looks at the figure who is wearing a hooded leather jacket. He is sure that it's Victor. He watches the man walk further into the mall. He walks in a sits at a table and a man sits down next to him, wearing a hoodie. The second man looks determined.

Richard squints his eyes at him and walks closer to him. For a brief moment the man lifts his head and Richard sees that it is in fact Victor Raines. Richard controls himself and continues walking a moderate pace towards the table. He reaches it, pulls a chair and sits down.

Victor and the other man take a look at Richard. Victor doesn't change his expression; he just stares at Richard.

Richard smiles at him. "I know you, Victor," Richard says excitedly.

"And you are?" Victor asks Richard.

"I'm Richard Ruth. You may have heard about me; the one who break everyone out of White Plains State Penitentiary."

Victor narrows his brows. "So ... what do you want?"

"I was hoping that we could ... I don't know ... um get together. I know about your history and I wanted to tell you that we have so much in common; my parents were killed," Richard makes sure to talk quietly. "I hunted down my parents' murderer and then I killed him and his wife." He leaves the part out of his mother coming back.

"Hmm," Victor grunts. "Drake here is the same; his brother was killed and he killed the murderer." Richard looks at Drake, the man sitting next to Victor.

"Nice to meet you," Richard says and Drake nods.

"Great," Victor says. "The more the merrier."

"What?" Richard questions.

"Things are about to get exiting here."

"How do you mean?"

"We are here, planning on taking the Avians down. We are going to create chaos and summon the Avians here. Once they arrive, we'll take them down. Now we have another set of hands to help us."

"Uh ... but I don't want to take down the Avians." Richard frowns.

"If you're not with us you're against us."

"Okay ... but why would I want to take them down?"

"Because they do nothing but annoy us," Drake exclaims. "We try to life and be free, but they try to stop us and turn us in. So we are fed up with them; we're going to kill them."

"*Kill* them?"

"Do you want to go back to prison?" Victor asks Richard, not changing the expression on his face.

Richard thinks about that. He allowed himself to be taken into prison. He broke out of prison because some part of him wanted out. Now he felt somewhat free, to be outside, to enjoy ... life.

“No, I don't want to go back to prison,” Richard finally says.

“Then you will help us take the Avians down.”

“If you don't,” Drake says, “they'll continue to try to turn you in. *Bring you to Justice.*” Drake scoffs. “We are innocent; we just killed the people who took our lives away. But to the Avians, we are all the same; we are all criminals. So they will not rest until we are brought to justice. So that means that we must bring them to justice first.”

“What kind of justice is that?”

“What they deserve for trying to stop us; death.”

Richard thinks about this and is actually surprised with himself that he's even giving it thought. He wanted to join with Victor, but he didn't realize that this is what was going to happen.

“I don't know ...” Richard says. “I don't want the Avians to take me back to prison, but I don't want to kill them either.”

“It's the only way; otherwise they'll turn you in.”

“So,” Victor says. “What's it going to be: prison or death to the Avians?”

Richard ponders for a moment. “I think I'll just sit this one out.”

Victor and Drake both shake their heads. Victor mumbles, “If you're not with us you're against us.” He speaks normally, “So be it.”

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Astoria, NY

I sit with Tristan on the couch, across from Dawn and Stuart. They are leaning into each other, happy to still have each other and to be alive. I hope that I can live up to my promise.

Tristan has the TV on, showing the news. He's a little bit paranoid about this rise of the super criminals, so he's on the watch for them. Dawn has been wanting to move, but they cannot find a place to go to. They've had a for sale sign out front for about two weeks, but they haven't got one call. Their retailer hasn't been much help either, just like anyone's. They are hoping to get away from Oliver; the sword man.

Suddenly I jump to my feet, startling everyone. My earpiece tunes in and I hear Alex's voice. *There's trouble at the mall; I believe it's Victor.*

"I'm sorry," I say. "I have to go to the mall. Victor Raines is there."

"What if Oliver shows?" Dawn fears.

"He won't," I say. "He wants me, not any of you."

"What about me?" Tristan asks.

I shake my head. "I don't think he will. I gotta go, bye."

I run towards the back door and at the same time I hear the news being brought live to the mall. I see the image of Victor and Drake. There definitely is trouble; they are harming people, terrorizing them and vandalizing the stores and restaurants. *"We want the Avians!"* they shout.

I open the door, jump out and close it behind me. I jump into the air and take flight, soaring towards Manhattan, towards the mall. I extend my attachable wings from my suit by thought.

*Hurry up everyone*, Alex's voice says in the earpiece, he sounds panicked. *I can't fight him alone. He's ...* Alex makes some grunting noises and is short of breath. *He's being difficult and is terrorizing everyone. Stand down!* He obviously yells that last part at Victor, not us.

I determine myself to fly faster. I make it to the mall within a few more minutes. I rush inside the mall and immediately see the wreckage. I see Victor and Drake laughing as if they're having fun. There are a few people cowering away, hiding under tables. I see one person wearing a hoodie who is hiding, but doesn't look as nervous. I can't get a good look on his face, though.

I direct my attention to Victor and Drake again. Nick, Rachel and Bruce are already here, along with Alex of course; or rather Vortex, Angel, Psych and Whirlwind are here. Whirlwind swings a punch at Victor, but Victor moves with lightning speed and dodges it, punching Whirlwind; sending him to the floor.

Whirlwind quickly gets up and gets electrocuted by Victor. I run up to him and throw a fist at his face to stop him. Victor is dumbfounded by my sudden appearance, but quickly recovers and tries to punch me back. I block it and he throws another punch. I throw my arm up to block it but he quickly maneuvers his fist around my arm and hits my face. I am now dumbfounded and take a few steps back to keep myself from falling over.

Vortex is trying to take Drake on, but Drake is surprisingly holding on well. He ignites his hands in flames, whiling punching at Vortex. Drake throws a flame of fire at Vortex's face, expecting him to catch fire. Vortex backs up to protect himself from the fire. He replicates Drake's power of fire, but it does not protect him from the heat; the fire is not the same as the power of pyrokinesis.

Whirlwind groans. I turn my head to look at him. He slowly gets to his feet and Psych runs to help him up. I take a look at all of us here. Whirlwind is down and Vortex is shielding his face, trying to protect himself. I have a bad feeling that this will end badly.

Whirlwind nods at Psych, letting him know that he's alright, just a little shaken up by the electricity. Psych leaves Whirlwind and runs up to Drake. He telekinetically shoves Drake into the wall behind him. Drake is forced to stop shooting fire at Vortex and groans upon being hit into the wall.

Vortex stands straight, taking his hands away from his face. He seems alright, not badly burned. He focuses on something and his face seems to heal. With his vasokinesis he can heal wounds and control blood. He healed the burns, but not all of the pain. He cannot control the nerves, only the blood.

Drake jumps off of the wall, practically flying towards Psych. He about lands on top of him, but Psych holds his position, standing still; Drake stops in midair, just above Psych; Psych telekinetically stopped him in midair. Drake struggles to move, but fails. Psych throws him towards the high ceiling and lets him fall towards the ground. Drake stops himself, levitating above the ground about ten feet.

Drake charges at Psych after landing and throws a few punches. Psych blocks his attempts and fights back. He groans when Drake's strikes hit his arms once he blocks him; Drake's strikes are hard and is leaving bruises upon his arms. Psych continues to use his telekinesis to help him.

Angel runs towards Drake to help Psych. She uses her strength against Drake, fighting him back. Drake doesn't show any remorse with hitting a girl. Angel knows how to protect herself well, and she blocks most of Drake's attempts, but also has Psych by her side for help.

Victor throws a vortex portal above me. I start getting pulled to it. I immediately start flying towards to floor, trying to keep myself here.

Some tables get pulled into the vortex. Things start to get windy, caused from the vortex sucking in air. Trays, napkins, food and trash cans get pulled into the vortex. Victor smiles.

“I think I’ll save that food for later,” Victor laughs.

I fly faster towards the floor, fighting the vortex. The vortex doesn’t seem to increase its strength, so I am getting further away. I fly towards a brick pillar and gradually pull myself towards the floor.

“Stop at once!” I yell at Victor and he only laughs more. “Stop right now! This is madness. Surrender!”

“To you? Never!”

Victor raises a hand aimed at me and throws electricity at me. He shocks me and I struggle to hang on. I can hardly hold on as the electricity shocks me; my arms start to shake. I am forced to let go of the pillar and am pulled towards the vortex.

A hairy figure suddenly jumps into the air, grabs me, pulls me away from the vortex and back to the pillar. It is Tyke. Tyke holds the brick pillar firmly, crushing his claws into it.

From behind Victor, Swift kicks his head. Victor is stunned for a moment and the vortex closes. All of the gravitational force towards it stops. Tyke jumps down from the pillar, taking me with him. We land and Tyke lets me go.

I runs towards Victor and kick him in the guts. Swift hits him again from behind. He jerks himself around and doesn’t see Swift. She has ran around to his front very quickly and swiftly. Victor turns back to face Swift, Tyke and I.

Shift appears, shaped as a bear. She runs towards Drake, just threatening him mainly. Drake finally looks nervous, at first wondering

where the bear came from and then realizes that Shift has the power to shapeshift into any kind of animal.

Victor looks at the three of us; myself, Tyke and Swift.

“There no stopping us, Victor,” I tell him. “So give it up before you embarrass yourself.”

Victor scoffs. “You obviously do not know what I am capable of.” He looks at Swift. “How can you stop me when you're too busy stopping Swift?”

I am puzzled by what that means. Swift looks at me and raises an eyebrow. Suddenly Victor’s body transforms and becomes translucent. He turns into a misty-like form and floats through the air. He soars towards Swift. She tries to move out of the way, but he still reaches her. Surprisingly his body actually goes inside of Swift and she stops trying to escape him. Now Victor is actually inside of Swift.

“Swift, are you ...” I ask, not sure what to ask.

“I'm fine, Avian,” Swift answers mockingly.

She runs towards me and starts hitting me. I don't block her first hits, but block the rest.

“What are you doing, Swift?” I demand.

“Actually, I think you mean Victor,” Swift says. “I am Victor, taking over Swift’s body.” Victor took over Swift’s whole body. She is no longer in control. He completely took possession of her.

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Astoria, NY

Dawn, Tristan and Stuart are watching the news. They are seeing everything that is happening at the Manhattan Mall. They are showing live from the cameras in the mall. All of the security guards are nowhere to be seen.

She is still nervous; not for herself, but for the Avians. She seems certain that Oliver will not show; Avian seemed sure as well. Tristan was hoping things will not go bad.

“Look at all of them,” Stuart says. “I think ... I uh ... the Avians should be able to fight them off. Its eight against two.”

“Yeah,” Tristan adds on. “They’ll stop them.”

“The super criminals,” Dawn mutters. “This is was that Intex has caused. He has brought this upon us.” She shakes her head. “What a mess he's made.”

Tristan looks at her and nods to himself. “Yes, a mess,” he mumbles to himself.

Suddenly Hank appears in their living room.

“Hank!” Dawn exclaims, jumping from her seat.

“I've been thinking about what's been happening to you guys,” Hank says, pulling a few devices from behind his back. “These are those power negating gas dispensers. I been making a whole bunch and I would like for you guys to have them. I made these ones remote activated it. If Oliver ever comes here, just turn the one and he's done for.”

“Wow, thank you,” Dawn says.

Tristan gets up, grabs them and keeps them in his hands. He drifts his attention back to the TV. Dawn and Stuart direct their attention there as well.

Hank turns to the TV. “What's going on?” he asks once he sees it.

“You haven’t heard about this yet?” Tristan asks.

“No.”

“Those are metahumans that challenged the Avians to a fight.”

“What on Earth for?”

“Who knows? Maybe they don't like them.”

“My word.” Hank watches. “They certainly are putting up a good fight.” Hank stops to count them. “Two to eight. Wow.”

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### Manhattan Mall

Richard watches Victor and Drake fight the Avians from underneath the table he's at. All of the Avians seem determined to stop them. They’ve already warned them to stop, but they didn’t so now the Avians are fighting them.

He sees now what they meant. The Avians will not rest until they are brought to justice. They have been at it for a half hour. Richard lifts his head, hearing police sirens outside. They crowd the main entrance, carrying weapons.

Avian meets his eyes with the police and throws his hand at them to leave. The cops willingly obey. Apparently Avian doesn’t want the police involved ... for whatever reason. Maybe he doesn’t want them to get hurt.

Richard wonders if getting out from the table will do him any good. Avian would most definitely recognize him. He wouldn't let him get away. Richard figures whatever happens; he will not get out of here unless it's going back to prison. He decides it's either prison or defeating the Avians.

---

Victor punches me in the face, using Swift's body. Victor's actually body is nowhere to be seen, he went completely inside Swift. I allowed Whirlwind to try fighting her/him. We don't want to hurt her.

I concentrate on her, trying to find her mind. I easily find Victor's, but then deep inside I find Grace's. She is panicked, knowing she's not in control. She can see what's happening but cannot do anything. *Help me, Mark!* She exclaims.

Victor doesn't seem to notice how panicked she is inside. He probably cannot even feel her, but just takes over her body. Victor, as Swift, electrocutes Whirlwind again. Whirlwind tries to avoid it, jumping away, but his speed is no match for electricity. His speed and momentum take him to the ground. He falls down and shakes on the floor. He groans, unable to get up.

Tyke faces Swift, but is too afraid to hit her; he cannot control his strength that well. Victor starts punching and kicking Tyke in Swift's body.

I find Victor's mind and tell him, *Get out! Leave Swift's body.*

Swift freezes momentarily. She just stands there, as if puzzled. Victor is puzzled. I try again.

*Leave her body, return to yours.*

Victor's misty form escapes from Swift's body and he returns back into his physical form. Shift fumbles forward and takes control of her body again, taking a few steps to save herself from falling.

Shift immediately looks at me. *Thank you*, she thinks. I nod to her.

*You're welcome*, I tell her, sending the thought.

Victor actually doesn't seem puzzled now, probably not even wondering why he left Shifts body, because I forced him to. He has no recollection of wanting to or not, but he's knows that he did it himself, so he lets it go. He returns to fighting us, throwing electricity from his hands at us.

Swift manages to jump out of the way a few times, missing his electricity. Tyke takes a few bolts, shaking his arms loosely. He charges at Victor, tackling him to the ground.

Tyke already has his claws extended and he start punching Victor, scratching and clawing at his face. He keeps his legs pinning Victor to the ground. Victor takes a few blows to the face and lets his body phase through Tyke, getting up as if Tyke isn't there. Tyke gets up from the floor and faces Victor.

Victor's face electrifies and the cuts start to heal. They stop and do not fully close, still gushing out blood. Victor raises his hands towards the ceiling. Electricity shoots from the lights above and into his hands. The cuts on his face continue healing, regenerating through the electricity. The lights burn out.

---

Shift faces Drake, potentially threatening him in her bear form. She bolts towards him and pounces. Drake ends up underneath her and she growls in his face, snarling. Drake, for once, looks scared. She opens her mouth and grabs his arm. She clenches her jaw just enough to keep his arm from going anywhere.

Drake struggles to break free. Shift is surprised with his profound strength and has to clench her jaw tighter to keep him from going anywhere. He lets out a cry and punches her head with his free arm. She

roars, letting go of his arm. Drake backs away and levitates into the air about five feet from the floor.

Psych pulls Drake towards him, forcing him to the floor. He punches Drake in the face immediately. Drake backtracks himself, stunned. Psych grabs a hold of his throat and holds him about a foot in the air, all without using any hands.

Drake chokes, holding his throat as if to relieve himself. Drake stares at Psych, meeting eye to eye. Psych squeezes his throat harder. Blood rushes to Drake's face. His irises start to become bluer than before. His eyes start to actually glow. He continues to stare at Psych. Psych starts to figure out what he's doing; he getting ready to replicate his power.

Psych drops Drake and lets him fall to the floor. He runs towards him and kicks his foot at Drake, attempting to hit him in the gut, but he is thrown through the air by an invisible force. It's too late; Drake has already replicated Psych's power of telekinesis.

Drake strokes his neck with his good arm. His other arm dangles at his side. He's afraid to move it, not wanting to cause any more pain than he is already feeling.

Psych almost hits the ceiling and start falling towards the floor. He throws his wings out and flaps them to stop his fall. He soars down diagonally and lands.

Shift's hands start to glow brightly. She walks towards Drake and holds her hands out towards him. She shines her hands at his face, blinding him. She makes heat with her hands and starts sizzling his hairs. Drake yells in pain from the heat. Shift throws a blast of nuclear energy at him, hitting his chest. She lets that do its work and returns her hands to normal.

Drake falls onto his back and groans. The pain in his chest is almost unbearable. He clenches his jaw, holding back from screaming. He

struggles to open his eyes and looks at Shift in the eyes. He sees something and gasps as if there's something he desperately wants. Shift looks away, hoping that it'll stop him from trying to replicate her power.

Angel darts towards Drake and kicks him in the guts several times. Drake groans and rolls over in pain, only causing more pain resulting from his burning chest. Angel grabs Drake by his collar and pulls him up into the air, dangling his feet above the floor. Drake starts to heat his hands and grabs her wrists. She screams from the heat and throws Drake to the nearest wall.

Angel strokes her burnt wrists for a second and lets them go. They are burnt so there's no relieving it; rubbing them will only make them hurt worse later.

Shift runs towards Drake who is lying on the floor next to the wall, groaning. Suddenly she is forced to a halt and held in the air. Angel runs towards Drake and she is held into the air as well.

Vortex looks at Victor then back at Drake. He replicates Victor's electricity and shocks Drake. Drake groans even more, but still holds Angel and Shift in the air telekinetically. He rolls onto his back to get a better look around him. He shakes a little from the electricity. He is losing his strength to hold on from all of the pain. Now he grabs a hold of Vortex, holding him in the air next to Angel and Shift.

Psych runs towards Drake and throws him up against the wall. Still Drake stubbornly holds the other three in the air. Bruce starts to choke Drake again, but this time tighter.

Drake's vision starts to blur as he sees stars. He jerks his eyes to Shift, who is starting to slowly fall to the floor, as with Angel and Vortex; he's losing his control on holding them. He stares directly at Shift's brain and his eyes glow blue once again.

Psych doesn't let go of Drake's neck until his head turns purple. He lets Drake fall to the ground. Surprisingly, Drake has enough in him to

actually fall on his hands and knees instead of falling flat. His sizzled hair starts to fix itself, the bite wounds on his one arm heals, his burnt skin and chest heals, and the bruises on his neck heals; all taking about a few minutes to heal. None of the Avians did anything, thinking that he was still in such great pain. He smiles and jumps to his feet.

“Thank you for that Shift,” Drake says.

The Avians see that he is no longer actually in pain. He stands tall and straight, with all of his wounds healed.

“I like that accelerated healing, Shift. That will always come in handy. Thanks again.”

Shift scowls at him; she didn't even realize that he just replicated that power of hers. Drake flies straight upwards, which is impossible for the four of these Avians, since all of them have to sort of run and jump to take flight.

From above Drake examines Swift's brain over by Victor. He locates the part of her brain in which her powers are in. Psych starts tugging at his feet, pulling Drake towards the floor. Drake fights it, flying in place. His eyes glow blue once again and he lets himself be pulled to the floor by Psych's telekinesis, only to realize that it was really Vortex's doing.

Angel runs towards him and starts kicking and punching at him, but now he quickly dodges all of the blows. Angel raises a brow, looks at Swift and understands; Drake just replicated Swifts quickness or agility.

“You guys may think me the weaker one,” Drake says, “but the longer you fight me, the stronger I get.”

What makes Angel angry is that Swift is oblivious that her power of agility was just replicated.

Tyke zips towards Victor, about to tackle him, but Victor flies straight upwards. Tyke runs past the spot where Victor recently stood.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see the guy in the hoodie crawl out from underneath the table. I saw him when I first came in, but I ignored him because I was more worried about Victor and Drake. I take a quick look at Drake and see that he's quickly moving around, dodging and punching Vortex and Angel at once.

Victor notices the man in the hoodie as well and smiles. I turn my head and see the man as he pulls down his hood. I recognize him right away.

"You're Richard Ruth," I say. "You're responsible for that prison break."

The man with the hoodie, Richard, nods. "That's me," he says firmly.

"You should turn yourself in; the police are standing right outside," I tell him.

Richard looks at Victor and then back at me. He shakes his head.

"I'm not going back to prison. So that means I'm fighting you."

Richard throws a bolt of electricity at me, causing me to shake a little. I recover only to get shocked again.

Tyke jumps into the air, grabs Victor and pulls him down to the floor. He claws away at his face again. Richard throws a ball of electricity at me as I dart at him. I fall to my knees, suddenly unable to keep myself up. Victor face start bleeding and Richard shocks him. Victor absorbs the

electricity and his face heals. Victor actually starts to glow, now having more energy.

Victor's body starts to heat and Tyke jumps off of him. Swift looks around for something to use as a weapon. Victor throws lightning at Tyke, but he swerves, lurching himself out of the way. The electricity sparks when it hits the floor. Swift finds a metal sign used for directions within the mall. She stretches her hand out and magnetically draws the sign towards her.

Swift throws the sign through the air, aiming it at Richard. The sign almost reaches Richard, about to hit him straight on, but he holds out his hands and it stops in the air in front of him.

"How'd you do that?" Both Victor and Swift ask in unison.

"That's a good question," Richard says, unsure himself.

*Electromagnetism*, I think to myself.

Richard stupidly hurls the sign back at Swift and she easily stops it. Whirlwind sits up from the floor, frustrated with himself. Every time he has tried to fight Victor he has gotten electrocuted. Victor looks at Whirlwind, seeing him sitting there and laughs at him.

Whirlwind squints his eyes at Victor, furious with him. Victor continues laughing and Whirlwind throws a ball of fire at him. Victor is too busy laughing to notice the fire until it hits him in the face. The sudden heat stuns him, but his face already regenerates, still having enough electricity to regenerate.

Whirlwind gets up in an instant, running behind Victor. He creates flames in both of his hands and wraps his arms around Victor's neck. Victor's neck continues to heal, regenerating from the powerful electricity, but only for a few more seconds. Victor's neck starts to burn. He chokes and tries to yell from the pain of his skin sizzling, but can't breathe.

Victor creates a vortex above Whirlwind's head. Whirlwind gasps from the sudden gravitational pull on him, while breathing in some of the fumes. The heat in his lungs does not harm him, since he is a true pyrogenic. Victor stays on the floor, while Whirlwind keeps a hold of his neck, still on fire and choking him.

Victor tries to shake Whirlwind off, in so much pain. His hair starts burning away. He starts to phase his skin, but Whirlwind is pressed so tightly against him that it doesn't work the way he intends. He starts to partially phase through Whirlwind's arms but then stops when he cannot stand the heat. Whirlwind's arms seep back out of Victor's skin, but almost getting stuck in it from a result of him stop phasing.

"If I go into the vortex," Whirlwind says. "You're coming with me!"

Victor grunts and Richard electrocutes him, giving him intense new energy. Victor phases his body through Whirlwind's arms and releases himself. His skin regenerates and he gasps for air. Whirlwind is suddenly pulled towards the vortex.

I jump through the air, about ready to grab Whirlwind, but suddenly he stops in the middle of the air. His belt buckle is pulling him down. I notice that Swift is focusing her power on his belt, using her magnetism. Since I'm already in the air, I glide straight towards Victor fast. I kick my foot into his nose, throwing him to the ground. Victor falls flat onto his back and the vortex closes.

Swift sets Whirlwind down and he breathes heavily, recovering from almost leaving this world. No one really knows where Victor's vortex leads to, only Victor himself. I assume that it leads to an isolated place, only capable of entering through the vortex. It's not like any other portal; it only opens to one location.

Richard looks at me and creates a ball of electricity in his hands, ready to shoot me. I can tell that he's not all for this; bringing us to the ground is not exactly what he would like, but he'd rather not go to prison.

I take a look away from Richard and at everyone else. I can't believe how well Victor and Drake have put up with us. I take a look at Drake and see that he's already better at fighting than before; he has already replicated some of our powers. It makes me angry that he has; the more powers he replicates, the harder it becomes to stop him.

Richard throws the ball of electricity at me and I step out of the way. Richard follows me now shooting a ray of electricity at me. He finally hits me and I shake helplessly. I try to stop myself from shaking and move, but I can't. Whirlwind runs behind Richard and whacks him across the head.

Richard falls to the ground, rolling in pain. He reaches for his head as if to ease the pain somewhat. Swift runs towards Victor, jumping over and zipping around tables. Victor sees her coming and shoots electricity at her, but she throws her shoulder back, tilting her body out of the way and misses it. She jumps straight at Victor and throws her foot out, kicking him in the nose.

Still with enough electrical energy within himself, Victor doesn't seem to feel anything from the blow to his nose. I materialize a metal rod out of thin air, just in case that Swift can use it.

From behind me Psych is thrown through the air. I spin to see that Drake had kicked him. Shift transforms into a cat, runs around to the back of Drake, and returns back into herself and throws a ball of nuclear energy at him. He groans, falling forward. Psych flies back to the ground.

Victor spins on his heels to face Swift. She sees my metal rod that I had just created and draws it towards her; it rushes through the air. She swings it around in her hands. Victor dodges his head to avoid being hit and in an instant appears behind her; running at the speed of lightning. He grabs her neck and squeezes, locking his arms around her. She gags and drops her metal rod.

Tyke runs towards Victor with his claws out and ready. Victor runs around quickly, appearing twenty feet away from Tyke in the opposite direction. Tyke again runs at him and Victor appears back behind him, across the floor. I run across from Tyke, standing twenty feet from him and Victor runs in front of us both so that the three of us make a triangle.

Whirlwind zips past us and runs towards Victor. At the last possible second, Victor darts out of the way and Whirlwind misses him. Whirlwind stands behind Victor so now he is standing in the middle of the three of us, but I know that none of us can stand a chance with his speed.

*Let her go!* I yell into Victor's mind.

Victor doesn't seem to acknowledge my voice so I repeat myself. Again Victor doesn't obey. I am puzzled as to why it didn't work. Tyke runs towards Victor and abruptly Victor shows directly in front of him, throwing Swift at him. I gasp when I see what just happened so quickly. Swift is now in Tyke's arms but since he had his claws out and ready to cut Victor if need be, his claws are now in Swift's sides.

Things precipitously seem to go downhill from here. Behind me, Drake is thrown into a wall by Psych, but he quickly jumps off of it, throwing Psych clear across the floor to the opposite wall. Vortex charges at Drake, throwing electricity at him. Drake moves nimbly, avoiding the lightning and throws a ball of fire at him in return. Vortex shields his face and Drake runs to him, grabs him and hurls him straight towards the ceiling.

Whirlwind runs at Victor and he zips around to Whirlwind's back and phases his hands into him. He pulls out his hands, grabbing some muscles from Whirlwind's back. Whirlwind cries out extremely loud and falls to the ground limply, passing out.

I run towards Victor and he bolts around in an instant. I get hit from behind, cracking something in my back. I almost fall forward but I

control my footing. I turn around to face Victor and get thumped in the face by his fist.

Psych gets back to his feet, trying to keep his back straight; obviously it is in pain so he tries not to move it much. He runs back towards Drake and sees Whirlwind and Swift lying on the ground. He sees Vortex falling from the ceiling; his body drooping. Drake flies back down, towards Angel.

Psych catches Vortex with his telekinesis and sets him down. Drake hit his head right into the ceiling, knocking him out. Psych puts Vortex aside and looks to see Drake throw fire in Shift's face.

Shift cries out and I look at her, she is shielding her face from fire. Drake kicks her in the stomach. He readies to kick her again, but she darts out of the way. He throws his arms and feet around, trying to hit her, but she moves out of the way, although not looking at him, still shielding her face; she uses her bent vision.

Angel charges at Drake and kicks at him. He throws his hand out, shoving her foot out of the way. She throws her body towards him and punches him in the face. Drake quickly recuperates, blocks Angel's next attacks, kicks her and punches her six different times. She groans, crying out in pain.

I let out a battle cry, furious with how everything is turning out and seeing Rachel — Angel — get hurt. Victor throws a fist at me, but I hastily block it and do a drum roll on his face. Victor runs around behind me and I already prepare myself for behind attacked. I jump straight up and flip myself backwards, overtop of Victor, who just threw electricity past me.

Just before I land I grab Victor and hurl him into the wall as hard as I can. I cause him to put a dent in the wall and he falls to the ground, rolling in agony.

The front doors of the mall are banged open and the police storm in. They throw their weapons up. They were too impatient with us or thought we may need help since ... Whirlwind, Vortex and Swift are down. Psych is pulling them away from the danger zone.

The police run towards me and Victor, but Richard unexpectedly gets up and starts to electrocute them. I quickly run and grab Victor and fling him at Richard. Victor crashes in Richard, sending him down to the floor. I hear a loud crack and Richard groans louder than ever. He doesn't move, but lays immobilized, still conscious though.

Victor gets up slowly. I run towards Drake who is still fighting Angel. Shift takes her hands down from her face to look around and I see that her face is brunt badly, but it is starting to heal already. Drake heats his fists up, about to throw fire in Angel's face, but I charge at him and kick his back. He fumbles forward and Angels kicks him in the face.

I continue running at him and throw my foot out to trip him. He falls forward to the floor and I kick his face on the way down, so he has my strength added with the gravity's force exerted on him. He rolls onto his back. His nose is bleeding and his face already bruising, turning red. Drake gets ready to get up, but I stomp down on his stomach and kick him in the gut as hard as I can over and over again.

Victor throws his hands up to shoot electricity at me but Tyke runs at his sides and plows him to the floor.

The police edge forward, wondering how to cuff Victor and Drake when they are still fighting us. The police grab Richard and cuff him. Psych helps them with maintaining him, but he doesn't fight.

Victor and Tyke roll over each other on the floor. Tyke shoves his claws into Victor's sides and he holds in his outcries, but I can tell that it hurts. Drake struggles to get to his feet, but I keep him down, kicking him. I quickly snatch Drake up and hold him tightly so that he can't move at all, not even his arms. Drake fights me, using my own strength that he

replicated from me against me. But I have trained myself and worked out more than Drake may have, so I can keep a hold of him.

A group of officers get closer to Victor and Drake with Tyke, myself, Angel, and Shift around them. They prepare to shoot either one of them.

Drake abruptly flies upward, taking me with him. I try fighting against him, using my flight to try shoving him into the ceiling instead of myself. The two of us wobble through the air. I shove Drake towards the ceiling, letting him go. He stops himself just before it and flies towards me.

I materialize hard rock, dirt, and clay around my hands, creating big fists. I create a board and whack Drake across his head. He falls thirty feet before stopping himself in the air. I fly straight towards him and avoid a ball of fire that he throws at me. Gunfire rushing past us and an officer lowers his gun afraid that he may have hit me.

I smash my fist in Drake's face and then yank him down to the floor with me, grabbing his foot as I soar towards the floor. I throw his body down hard on the floor onto his back. I hear it crack and I pound a fist into his face, driving his head into the floor, knocking him out. I kick him across the floor, towards the cops.

I turn to Victor who just shocks Tyke. He starts to transform his body into his misty form and I instantly know that he's planning on taking over Tyke's body.

I create a rope or a lasso out of thin air and pull Tyke towards me, away from Victor's misty form. Angel stands beside me readying herself. I am unsure what to do when Victor's in this form. He is intangible like this and can take possession of anyone's body.

Suddenly I see doctor Hank McDonald appear, running through the front door, practically at lightning speed. He stops the officers taking Richard. He talks with them and shows them some devices; the power

negating gas dispensers. A few cops cuff and pull Drake and Hank meets them as well, showing them the devices. They nod at him and Hank walks out with them.

Victor flies towards me in his misty form. Suddenly I see the sword man appear, Oliver Matthews. He stands looking at everything, drawing it all in.

Victor rushing right into me and I can no longer control my body. I feel it moving and see myself hitting Shift in the side, making her fall limply to the floor. She groans and I feel myself kicking her in the gut. Angel kicks at my feet, sending me over onto my back. She is obviously not afraid to hurt me, knowing that I can tolerate it. That may be some anger she's been waiting to get out on me ... who knows?

Victor uses me and fights Angel back, jumping to my feet.

"Now this is a party!" Oliver shoats.

A few police officers raise their weapons at him.

"I thought I could smell superpowers! I guess I was right. All of the metahumans that I want are here! How convenient!" He draws out his sword.

A few officers shoot at Oliver and he teleports out of the way, appearing behind them. He slices an officer's back. Oliver teleports in front of me, puzzled as to way I'm fighting Angel. He shoves Angel aside with a kinetic blast. She almost tumbles over, but catches herself, sliding back on her feet.

Oliver grabs my wrists quickly, squeezing them and freezing his hands. I instantly feel the coolness burning me. Victor leaves my body and Oliver understand it now. Victor lands, returning to his normal form. Now I have control over my own body. Oliver keep his grip on me and looks between me and Victor, deciding which one of us he wants to kill for our powers.



I don't wait for Oliver to decide between the two of us. I kick Oliver's groin and he stumbles forward. I shove my knee into his nose, snatch a grip of him and throw his head into Victor's gut. Victor bends forward making a "oof" sound.

From behind Oliver and Victor, the officers and Tyke close in. Tyke slashes his claws at Victor's back and he roars in pain. Victor no longer has the extra electricity inside of him to regenerate himself and Richard is already being took into the police department so he cannot help him. Hank has gone with them, having plenty of power negating gas dispensers for them.

Oliver throws a kinetic blast at Victor, shoving him off of him. He smiles at Victor, seeing the stunned look on his face.

"I think I'll choose you," Oliver tells Victor.

Oliver grabs Victor's throat, choking him. He teleports next to a wall and pins Victor up against it. He pulls a knife out of his back pocket and gets ready to slice open Victor's head. Oliver's hand seeps through Victor and he falls back onto his feet and rhinos his knee into Oliver's face.

I run towards the two of them and grab both of their collars. I quickly shove both of their heads into each other. They were two busy with each other to see me coming. I head-butt their heads again, as hard as I can this time. Without warning it gets windy in here, caused by Oliver.

I throw my knee into Victor's face several times and then toss him to the floor. His body falls motionless to the floor and he doesn't get up; I

knocked him out. Oliver teleports behind me and stabs the knife into my back. Angel screams at him and runs towards us.

An officer starts shooting at us and Oliver stops moving. Five gunfire shots go off. Oliver lets go off me and falls to the ground. I turn and face the officer that shot Oliver; he still has his gun raised, competently holding it. Oliver lays on the ground, blood already pouring onto the floor. I pull the knife out of my back and drop it to the floor. Oliver looks at me and suddenly disappears. I jerk myself around, looking all over for him, but he has vanished, absent from these premises. I wonder how he can live with five bullets going into his back.

Suddenly I feel a sharp pain in my stomach. I look down to see that it is bleeding. I groan and I realize that one of the bullets went through Oliver and into me. The bullet pops out of my stomach and onto the floor. In a few more seconds and it heals, closing up the wound.

The officer looks relieved that he didn't cause permanent harm to me.

"I'm sorry," the officer tells me.

"No it's fine," I tell him. "Don't worry. We just have to be on the lookout for Oliver." I look around once again and still don't see him. "Although I don't think he'll reappear anytime soon. He may have just teleported off somewhere to die."

A few officers run up to Victor and cuff him. I think of the gas dispensing device and close my eyes concentrating. I create the device in my hands and I hand it to one of the officers with Victor.

"Here, this is a power negating gas dispenser," I tell him. "It'll negate Victor's powers when he wakes up, as long as he's trap in an enclosed space. Hopefully he don't wake up until he's in a cell."

I look at the pool of Oliver's blood. It would have been larger if he didn't teleport away. I look at Tyke. He runs up to Whirlwind, Vortex and

Swift. Vortex is just waking up and he takes a look at what's happened. He gets ready to fight.

“The fights over,” Tyke tells Vortex. “We stopped them. Except for Oliver, an officer shot him and he teleported away.”

“Oliver?” Vortex asks.

“Oh. He came and went.”

I exhale deeply, actually taking a little time to calm down. Things got really hectic around here. The only ones of us who are still in good shape are myself, Angel, Psych, Tyke, and Shift. But all of us have cuts, bruise, and other injuries. Angel’s wrists are burnt. Shift’s face has healed now, but the rest of us who can't heal that quickly still have their injuries. Me? I feel fine and actually feel kind of guilty for not being hurt. Although I could be dead if it weren’t for my power.

The sheriff walks up to me. “What a battle that went down, huh?” he asks me.

I nod. It’s not funny, though.

“I want to thank you very much for bringing these guys down. Don't worry too much about Oliver, he don't seem like he's in a good state to strike anytime soon.”

“No, not at all.”

The sheriffs looks around at all of us. “Looks like you guys need to take a visit to the hospital. We have ambulances waiting outside.”

“Thank you.” I pause. “I just want to let you know to take good use of those power negating gas dispenser that doctor Hank McDonald gave to you guys. You will need them for when those villains wake up.”

The sheriff nods. “We will, don't you worry about that.” He smiles at me for a second. “About a week ago we have installed rubber cells in

our prisons, preparing to lock up Victor or anyone like him. Looks like we will have great use for them; for Victor and Richard ... Ruth I think is his last name.”

I nod at him. “That was a smart idea. I wasn’t even thinking about using rubber.”

“Yeah.”

“Well you shouldn’t have to worry about their electricity because they’ll be powerless with those devices.” I pause for a brief moment. “I have to get back to my team, if you don't mind.”

The sheriff nods at me to go. All of us gather up. Tyke, Nick and I help in carrying Swift and Whirlwind out to the ambulances outside the mall. We all ride in the ambulances to head to the hospital. Psych joins us after settling things with the police taking Richard.

## Epilogue

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### Mark's Residence

Several months later it is May. All of are at home resting. Alex and Grace are still recovering from their injuries. They both had stiches. Grace already had them removed, but Alex still has his. He is complaining all of the time about the pain. Still he jokes, and he tells us that we suck at cooking. We all laugh. We all have gotten used to him cooking, but he hasn't for this little while.

I sit on the bed in my room, while Rachel lays down, staring at the ceiling. It is morning. Everyone else are in their rooms, except for Bruce and Mara, who are cooking up breakfast. I can hear the clattering of frying pans being set on the stove.

Hank and I, as Avian, have helped out the police departments very much with the power negating gas dispensers. We are calling them VAS:

Villain Abilities Suppressers. We have VAS set up in all of the surrounding police department and prisons.

As for Richard, Drake and Victor they all were pronounced guilty right inside the police department in Manhattan, since it was too difficult to keep them inside a closed area and risking letting their powers go to work if they left to go to court.

I help the police department in adding onto their cells, creating more and making them more securer. I went there and materialized everything that I added, obviously going in as Avian. The police were very thankful for having Hank's resources; the VAS.

We definitely did not go to our workplaces the next day after the big fight at the mall. We weren't even sure what to explain to them. The FBI actually gave them all calls, excusing us. We didn't even have to ask. The FBI are definitely grateful for having us stop three super villains.

Today is a Sunday. Now we have changed our work schedules so we have four days where we are all home together; which means that a few of us work on the same days.

The doorbell suddenly rings. I am sort of getting used to hearing it. I am sure that its Andrea, here to visit Alex. I get out of bed, leave my room, walk down the hall and enter the kitchen. My eyes confirm to me that it is Andrea at the door. Bruce is opening it for her and lets her inside.

"Hello," she says to me.

"Hello, Andrea," I say to her. "Good morning."

"Good morning everyone." She takes off her shoes, sets them on the rug and closes the door. She walks off, headed to the end of the hall to Alex's room.

Rachel walks out from the hallway, wearing some fresh clothes, different than what she wore to bed. She smiles at me and sits at the table. I walk over and sit down next to her. Bruce and Mara continue gathering up the dishes to make breakfast. They pull some food out of the fridge.

There's a newspaper on the table and Rachel puts it out in front of her. She looks up at me and smiles. She gives me a quick kiss.

"You know ... I've been thinking," Rachel says to me. "I think it was cool when you used a lasso of some kind to pull Brandon when he was Tyke."

"When?" I ask.

"At the mall. Victor was about to take over his body and you pulled him with lasso."

"Oh yeah. I forgot I did that."

"I thought that was neat. I wonder if I could add that to my suit or something."

I chuckle. "You really want a lasso hanging at your side?"

"Who knows? It could come in handy like the way you used it."

I curl my lip and nod. "Maybe."

Nick and Brandon walk through the kitchen and collapse onto the couches in the living room. They are most definitely not morning people.

"Hey, Nick?" I ask him. "How's the pain in your face been?"

"Oh ... it's alright. It actually has been gone for the past few weeks."

"That's good."

Nick's face was burnt and he healed up the wounds, but he couldn't heal the nerves; so he had to live with the pain for a while. Now it sounds like it has healed well.

Bruce and Mara start cracking eggs and whipping them together in a bowl. They are preparing to make scrambled eggs. Bruce pulls bacon strips from the plastic and puts them in the frying pan. They immediately start sizzling.

Grace slowly walks out from the hallway, taking her time, keeping her back straight. She is still in pain from the eight stab wounds in her sides; caused from Brandon's claws on his fingers. He hadn't stab her with the claws on his thumbs. Grace walks to the table, pulls a chair and sit. I would have pulled the chair out for her, but she would've yelled at me. She has been telling us that she doesn't want us to help her too much.

Grace groans and I look up at her. "The pain seems to be the worst in the morning," she says.

I nod to her, wishing I could relate to her. I hear distant giggling and Rachel scoffs. Andrea and Alex are talking amongst each other in Alex's room at the end of the hall. I suppose Alex would like for us to bring him his breakfast today. Unless today will be one of the days that Andrea brings it to him. Alex has not gotten around much. He's always complaining about his pain in his back. He has to regrow all of those muscles in his back, Victor completely tore them out. Sometimes Alex says he needs a back massager, which would also help their backs with being sore from flying.

I look down at Rachel's wrists. They are tan colored a bit, healed from the burns that Drake gave her. At least now the pain is completely gone.

Bruce flips the bacon strips with a pair of tongs and Mara pours the whipped eggs into another hot frying pan. The two of them don't

mind cooking, as long as they're helping each other. They work well together, since they are a couple; a lovely couple.

Lately, the crime has not been too bad, not since the incident at the mall. Brandon, Angel, Nick, Bruce, Mara and I have been the ones to go out to stop crimes and save people. Alex and Grace have always stayed home. The public knows that they are still recovering.

“You hear that?” Rachel suddenly asks. She perks her head up. “I hear a low rumbling sound.”

I try listening, but I do not hear a thing.

“Is it a train?” Brandon asks, joking around.

“No! Of course not,” Rachel replies. “No it ... sounds sort of like an airplane, but no motor sound. I can only hear the wind rippling. But it sounds like a plane coming down.”

“Is it out of control, crashing down?” I ask.

“I ... I don't know.” She looks at the ceiling and focuses her hearing. “It's getting close to us, though.”

I start to hear the low pitch sound now.

“It's definitely coming towards us, that's for sure!”

Rachel jumps up from the table and runs to the door. She opens it and steps out onto the deck. I bolt on after her. Soon everyone is out on the deck, except for Alex and Andrea.

We all look up and see it. It is definitely not a plane, but it's something that flies. It seems to head straight towards us. With another couple minutes it starts to take shape and we all see that it actually looks like a spaceship. It's sort of pointy, triangular shaped, but curves around for the wings.

It gets really close to us now and we still can't hear the engine, only the wind.

"Is the engine dead?" I ask Rachel.

Rachel listens as it gets within a mile from us. "No," she replies. "I can actually hear it now. It's powered by electric, not gas."

The ship gets within a half mile, coming right for us. I fly straight towards it, preparing to grab it. Whoever's in it may need help. The ship starts to drift off a little, so that it would land in our back yard, away from the house and deck.

I am seconds from grabbing the ship and I stop in midair and don't. My eyes get wide and I let the ship fall to the ground. It hits with a big crash. I fly to the ground and everyone figures out why I didn't stop it; I noticed a writing on the ship. Everyone looks at the writing too, seeing that it is definitely foreign. I see the writing and know exactly what it says.

"Guys," I say. My heart starts racing. "Those words are written in Rextonian. It says *Martin Intex*."

Everyone freezes and gasps. We all back a bit away from the ship, waiting.

The ship hisses and a door opens up. A muscular man walks out. There is no mistaking that the man is Intex, although he looks different. He looks younger ... a lot younger. He looks like he's just a few years older than us.

"Hello, Anthony," Intex says. "Long time no see." Intex smiles at me.

"You-you you're ... alive," I say point blank.

Intex smiles and nods. "Yes I am. Indeed I am. I am very much alive."

To Be Continued ...

