

The Gang of Five

Role Play => Random Role Play => Topic started by: Serris on August 09, 2015, 08:41:26 PM

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 09, 2015, 08:41:26 PM**

Soren sat on the tattered couch with a bottle of soda in hand. He wrinkled his nose; despite the copious amount of air freshener and the spices from Uziel's cooking, the sharp ozone-tobacco odor of chemical auto-cigs hung in the air. On the scavenged coffee table were the remains of lunch ó some plastic bowls of take-out ramen and some algae chips.

The program that was being played was some cheesy Spanish language *telenova* that Uziel happened to be a fan of. Speaking of which, Uziel was in the kitchen directly behind Soren.

"What's for dinner?" Soren asked.

Uziel tossed some onions onto the hot skillet. "Rice and beans with catfish filets in tomato salsa."

"Whatever, as long as it gives me energy for work tomorrow." Soren threw his empty bottle of soda into the recycling bin without even getting up from the couch. "I'm going to work on my stuff."

The Human got up and walked back to his room. Doctor Schatten's room was clearly marked by his diplomas on the door. Soren rolled his eyes; he may have been proud of his cyberneticist license but he didn't flaunt it like Doctor Schatten did.

Soren went to his room and closed the door. His room; the one element of Lanthae he kept. Sure Lanthae was a corrupt, crime-ridden hellhole but it was *home*. His bed lay in one corner of the room with his personal belongings stored in a dresser at the foot of his bed and in the closet. The space remaining was occupied by a workbench covered with all sorts of electronic bits and bobs.

He looked at the industrial-duty class-1 prosthesis on his workbench. It was pretty banged up but he was certain it was salvageable. Of course, he needed some parts.

Exiting the room, he knocked on Doctor Schatten's door. The door opened to reveal a rather gruff looking Rhesus Macaque. "What do you want?" It was then Soren noticed that Doctor Schatten hadn't changed out of his work uniform. His electrified baton and pistol were still clearly visible in holsters on his belt.

"Andyó"

"*Doctor Schatten.*"

"*Doctor Schatten.*" Soren emphasized the Rhesus Macaque's title. "Do you have any spare electroactive polymer actuators for the wrist assembly of an industrial duty class-1 prosthesis? Model number CGE-631?"

Doctor Schatten scowled. "Quit being a brick and find your own fucking parts!" The door was closed in Soren's face.

Soren sighed. "Well, time to check out the junkyard." He disappeared back into his room where he retrieved his pistol from his safe and tucked it inside his pocket. The other item in his safe, a souvenir from his escapade inside a Purifier base: a stolen M-19 select-fire rifle Unlike Lanthae, it was relatively easy to get a pistol permit. All he had to do was pass a class and background check. In Lanthae, he had to personally bribe a precinct chief.

He looked at the cell phone on its charger. Picking up his phone, he decided to give Axel a call to see if he had any spare parts he could use.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 10, 2015, 01:48:02 AM**

It was clear amber skies and warm breezes when Ashley Kinc came home from work at 5:00 pm on the dot. He never worked overtime. As far as he was concerned, he served his time when he was one of the groveling salesmen scrambling for sits and leads from the higher-ups.

Setting his hat on the hook by the door, Ashley tapped a few buttons on his phone and his autostove began pre-heating. He had some leftovers from his date last night with the shy woman from the gym. She wasn't anything special, but the ribs at the steakhouse had been the perfect level of moistness, just the way he liked it.

While waiting for the oven to beep, he slipped his virtual reality headset and sensor shoes on and played a few rounds of *Arena of Glory*. He'd recently unlocked the poisoned bayonet for his assault rifle and wanted to see some new death animations.

But he'd only just connected to a server when a different notification from his integrated house system popped up. It wasn't the oven; his guest was stirring. Ashley felt a twinge of annoyance, but he turned the console off and quickly got in character. This was his favorite part of a date. Mustn't let video games distract him from the real pleasures in life.

As the heavy door to his cellar slid open, the warm light from his living room revealed a shackled human woman strapped to the wall. The drugs were finally wearing off, and as she looked around the room her confusion was slowly being replaced with terror.

"Hello again," he greeted, smiling warmly and causing her to jump. "Did you sleep well?"

The woman gasped. Or tried to; a muffle was preventing her from opening her jaw or fully using her windpipe. Her eyes widened as the gravity of her situation dawned on her.

Ashley helped himself to her body. He let his fingers run along her dark brown skin, tasted the fear in her sweat. The woman began crying (they always did at this point) but the muffle kept her quiet enough. Ashley played with his toy for hours...they always fought so hard at first, then slowly the hours wore them down. Ashley always felt disappointed when their inner strength finally gave out and they slumped, broken and unresponsive to his touch.

When that happened to this one, he granted her a second wind through application of a multi-tailed whip. His current date cried herself hoarse as he flogged her mercilessly, slicing open her skin in a hundred different places. Then he graduated to knives. Then meat hooks.

Finally, as the sun finished setting on the outside commune, Ashley took a deep breath and observed the shredded remains of his handiwork. This one had lasted longer than any guest before; he'd had to bring out almost every tool in his chamber. It was his best date yet. The emotional release was palpable, and he savored the satisfying feeling. He wouldn't have to kill again for at least a month.

Then Emilena shot him in the back with a silenced submachine gun. "Ashley Kinc," she announced, as he spasmed in pain and fright, recoiling at the sudden intruder's emergence from the shadows. "Your crimes are recorded, and your punishment is left to the mercy of the Seryet Police Department."

With a cold look, Emilena locked eyes with the terrified Andalusian Horse and emptied her clip into his chest.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: bushwacked on August 10, 2015, 01:10:51 PM**

The fading light of the day managed to poke its way, here and there, through small patches on the window where the grime and grease was slightly less dense. From somewhere outside, the high, mechanical scream of a passing train rose to a piercing screech, and the paper thin glass rattled in its frame. After a while, the train's cries faded away and the dull, distance moan of traffic replaced it, accompanied by the more immediate sound of metallic squeaking and the occasional grunt.

What little light that did make it through was able to, just about, push back the gloom that shrouded the room, its glow thin and hesitant as if unwilling to permeate any further into the tiny apartment. Just below the window, a clunky, cheap TV was perched precariously on a small stand that was struggling to take its weight. A frayed cable wound its way down and snaked across the dusty, stained grey carpet, swerving out of the way to avoid the occasional crumpled beer can or takeaway carton. The cable jammed itself into a socket next to a small, dull yellow fridge. The door hung slightly ajar, revealing a few more cans of cheap, budget-priced beer and a carton of milk that was slowly warming its way to room temperature. Adjacent to the fridge, a doorway led into another room and, as the light peered inside it was able to illuminate a tiny bathroom that was only just able to fit a narrow shower, toilet and sink – and maybe a person, if they squeezed in.

The sound of grunting and heavy breaths became quicker.

Opposite the bathroom doorway, a thin set of drawers hugged the wall, on which a small cell phone was lying. Above the drawers, a metal rail had been hammered into the wall, which was being used as a place to hang t-shirts, jeans and other worn looking clothes. A few had fallen off the hangers and lay crumpled on the floor. Next to these, a rickety metallic bed was shoved into the corner of the room. The loose, wearing springs screeched rhythmically as the two shapes writhed on the threadbare mattress and thin sheets, one straddling the other. The rate of their movements increased, the shape on top pushing down harder and faster.

Finally, the thin figure below gave a last groan, bucked once, twice, three times, then lay back still. For a moment, the only sound drifting through the small apartment was the sound of the breathing. From the streets below came the light, distant sound of a car honking its horn, the vague sounds of an argument.

The shape on top gave a sigh and rolled off, clambering off the bed, moving closer to the light and revealing it to be a woman, her blond hair slightly straggly, the make-up she wore making it hard to say how old she was. The dim light cast a sheen to the curves of her body as she looked down, and then over her shoulder at the person still in the bed.

"I need to clean up."

The figure in bed shrugged, the bed springs giving another squeak as he sat up, leaning back against the wall. As the woman drifted into the bathroom, the shape in bed leaned over and pulled open the first set of drawers, pulling out a small carton and a lighter then resuming his slumped position against the wall as the sound of water splashing and toilet paper tearing came from the other room. A click, and the flash of flame as he lit the cigarette briefly showed a thin white rat, his messy hair falling over his blue eyes. Then it was gone and his features were once again concealed by gloom, the glowing end of the cigarette seeming to hover in front of his silhouette.

The woman padded back into the room, moved to the foot of the bed and started to pull her dress back on as the rat watched her in silence. When she finished, she stood up and cocked her head at him.

"So?"

The rat waved an arm to the drawer. "Same place as before."

She crossed to the drawers and pulled one open and fished out a wallet, pulling out a handful of notes. She counted it, then nodded to herself and slipped it away. Heading for the door, she turned back to briefly look at the shadow leaning on the bed. "Same time next week?" From the tone of her voice, it was clear that it was a question she was used to asking.

A small pause. "Maybe."

The woman snorted, as if in expectation of his answer. "At least clean your windows next time, I can't see shit in here." Rolling her eyes, she swung open the door, her shoes clicking as she stepped onto the wooden floor of the grimy hallway beyond, then pulled it shut after her, leaving the rat alone.

Axel sat in silence, staring at the door. As he dragged on the cigarette, his eyes started to wander around the room. He reached up and flicked a switch on the wall to his left. A solitary, bare bulb overhead flickered into life, casting a dusty glow on the state of where he was living. A muscle in his scarred cheek tightened, and he quickly switched the light off again.

The cell phone on the drawers suddenly chirped to life, and Axel jolted, recoiling against the far side of the bed, his shoulder knocking against the wall before his eyes narrowed on the small device vibrating on the wood. Axel's expression darkened. "For fuck's sake..." Taking a deep breath, he slid off the bed and picked up the phone, wandering closer to the window as he flipped it open and saw Soren's ID on the screen. His expression grew slightly distant, his metallic hand moving slowly up the device to hit the RESPOND button. "Soren," Axel said, his voice dull as he heard the human's voice on the other end. Reaching the glass, Axel rubbed an arm across the surface, sweeping the grime away and revealing more of the sprawling city of Seryet far below him. The daylight, though fading as the sun sunk lower into the horizon, now poured in with renewed strength, revealing Axel's lanky body.

His ribs jutted out prominently, and here and there dark bruises were just beginning to fade. The blue glow of his eyes penetrated the lank white hair that hung over them. They were lined with dark bags, combining with the faint scars crossing his thin features to give his stare a slightly threatening look. His tail hung limp to the floor, and the rat's left hand compulsively tightened into a fist and loosened again. Tightened, loosened. His originally young face had grown drawn in, gaunt. In the year since Lanthae, his face had grown to look like someone much older than 22.

He shook his head to himself as Soren's voice continued. His left ear, a long white mark along its base showing where it had been crudely sewn back, hung at an odd angle and twitched when he moved. "Actuators... No. No, I don't think so. Sorry." Axel muttered, looking around him. If he could feel another bout of anxiety creeping closer, burying himself in augmentation work could keep it at bay, and scattered around the apartment lay random assortments of augmentation parts he'd assembled in an effort to keep the panic attacks away... sometimes it worked. So in all likelihood Axel *did* have some of the parts Soren needed - but he couldn't face seeing him again so soon. Only last week Axel had gone up to see him, and the anxiety for the next couple of days had been particularly bad. What triggered it seemed utterly random to Axel; phrases, sounds, smells. Small things that brought back memories of what he'd been through...

Axel took another deep breath, bringing his mind back to the present as he realised he hadn't said anything for a while. "See you later Soren," he said and abruptly hung up. Glancing at the time on the screen, he saw it was getting on for 6 PM - almost time to get to work. Bending, the rat picked up his ruffled clothes from the floor and started to tug them on, his body bent as if under immense pressure.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 10, 2015, 02:19:47 PM**

marita took a swig from a soda can sitting on the desk her face illuminated from the glow of a computer screen. she sighed, her eyes tired from staring at the screen from so long, a small

window looked out from the room, her small flat was on the 6th floor of a 10 story apartment complex ' the flat was smaller than the one she had in lanthae, and the rent was more expensive. but there was one small consolation. Marita wasnt living by herself.

she had reconnected with an old girlfriend - Rose, who was currently on her way home from theater rehearsal. Rose was currently going through the very difficult process of biproxytol detoxification, which was extremely expensive and painful, the longer you had been hooked on it the longer it took to clean you out from the drug. marita had undergone the process herself after graduating from college. it had not been fun, but - for her at least- it worked completely. her other roommate marie had been a co-worker of Rose at a strip club called the electric sheep. she had been a waitress thee, servong drinks in a skimpy bikiini. after the club had been destroyed, she had latched on with rose and Marita, surviving the pulse emp and settling down in Seryet city. marie now worked as a grocer , bagging groceries. it wasnt much, but at least she wasnt oogled and fondled at this job. between Maritas computer gig (she cleaned out computers of junk spyware, porn sites malware, keyloggers, the list was just about endless), Roses theater roles and Maries credits from her job, the 3 made enough to pay the rent, just barely. every extra credit went to Roses detox, they had set up a payment plan that would require every extra credit they could scrap together for roughly 20 years. but it was working, roses teeth were returning to the bright white color they had been, her face was losing the large bags under the eyes associated with biproxytol use, she had more energy and pep, and- most importantly to marita- her breath was getting better so that she and marita kissed it didnt smell or feel like she was kissing an ashtray.

the door opened and close and Marita heard Marie call to her ' Hey! I'm home' the light flickered on in the kitchen, and Marie put a large pile of groceries on the table ' bought these off the half -off rack. still fresh, they were just made yesterday' marie said as she went into the entryway top the kitchen. Marita turned and saw a very fetching golden retriever, wearing a apron and green outfit, a large nametag hung above her right breast, spelling out her name ' hows your new boss? Toors? right? " right hes a boa constrictor. nice chap on the whole.

things are going well, hes cutting down on inefficiencies, and sales are up month to month, so the extra money trickles down to the cashiers and grocers. not much mind you, but an extra 250 creds over a month means a lot to us.'

he gets most of that I take it? Marita said. ' yeah a lot, but hes responsible for the whole store. anyway hes better than that macaw that was there when i first started . Penny. what a bitch she was. short -tempered and anal. next a good combo. anyway, how goes the computer business?

- working on cleaning a series of computers from a local business, its taking longer than i thought. all sorts of viruses and malware on there.. i've been whacking at it since 7 this morning and i;m still only 80% done.' but i might as well take a break and grb something to eat. ' i'm been living up a few cabns of pop . marita said. '

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on August 10, 2015, 06:37:21 PM**

"Thanks for trying bud." Soren hung up the phone and headed out of his room. It looked like he'd have to go to Egeson Street.

He groaned as he heard Doctor Schatten and Uziel argue about who has to sacrifice what to pay the rent this time. Soren knew all too well about this; he had resorted to selling the six-pack of moziafil for 1,000 creds he had bought two months ago to pay last month's rent -- a fraction of the actual price it was worth on the street but haggling with a shady street vendor who may or may not be armed was *not* a smart move. Despite their poverty, their furniture was actually rather nice.

Soren looked at the real sealskin footstool was in front of the flat-screen TV. Of course, they hadn't bought it; they had stolen it. It wasn't easy to come up with the 20,000 creds it took to bribe the bellhop to let them into the apartment building where a rich biotech executive had committed suicide but they managed to haul away some rather nice electronics and furnishings for their own use.

He shut the door and stepped out into the street. Unlike Lanthae, the houses at the edges of Seryet City were on elevated concrete platforms like much of the buildings in the core of Lanthae. That said, below him were numerous pipes and other infrastructure, including pedestrian walkways.

A gentle rain, illuminated by the cold white light of LED streetlights drummed against the grimy sidewalks. The air carried the distinct swampy-ocean odor of vertical farms.

Flipping the hood on his windbreaker up, Soren headed over to a call station and pressed the button. As he awaited the automated repulsortaxi, he wondered how his friends were doing.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 10, 2015, 09:12:56 PM**

Flashes of red, flashes of light, flashes of pain... the presence of sensation let her know her brain must be repaired. Her optics were getting there. Lily realized she was almost back.

She couldn't groan, she couldn't breathe...the first hour was always the hardest, as her body returned to a state approaching the most generous definition of intact. Finally, once the majority of her nervous system was in place, her body began pumping out the needed adrenaline to deafen the thudding reflexive aches coursing through her body.

Another hour, and she was a fully-repaired body laying in a pool of her own blood.

"That doesn't get any easier to watch," Emilena informed her as she got to her feet with a grimace. The vixen was sitting on the cellar stairs and gnawing on barbecue ribs.

"Thank god you didn't lose your appetite or anything." Lily regarded their latest quarry. "Jesus, Emi, did you kill him?"

"He'll live. I missed all the vital organs." Emilena offered Lily the rubs, but the human knelt down and placed her hand on the unconscious horse's body. "Hey now, what are you doing?" Emilena sat up. "You better not be healing that scumbag!"

"I'm not," Lily assured her grimly. "I'm flooding his system with tryptophan and reducing oxygen to the brain. Just want to make sure he stays out until the police get here. You know that if you always leave them looking like this, they're never going to accept you back onto the force."

"Yes they will!" Emilena's eyes flared, but she didn't press the issue. Lily had made it quite clear who was the alpha female in their business ventures.

"We bring a tranq gun for the next one," Lily decided. She tried to push the cellar door open but her body wasn't strong enough yet. "And lets try to get a more expedient killer, at least for this next one. Whoever's targeting prostitutes near the Warren lots doesn't appear to hold victims overnight. I'll pose there next."

"Whatever you say." Emilena knew it wasn't worth debating. "You know...if you want it to go quicker, you could let me nab them *before* they kill you. We always get plenty of incriminating footage anyway."

Lily shook her head and her gaze hardened. "No. They have to be caught in the act. The whole act..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **August 11, 2015, 03:03:29 PM**

Dressed in a ruffled green hooded top and jeans, Axel emerged from the dingy lobby of his apartment building and stepped out into the streets, feeling a cold prickling sensation run

along his skin as the cold air hit him. Winter was rapidly approaching, and already the temperature was dropping – although Axel couldn't remember many days in Seryat when there *hadn't* been a frosty bite to the air. The architecture didn't help; in the city's centre for the most part the buildings were stark, grey giants, looming coldly over the city's inhabitants. Here and there the odd proprietor had attempted to add a splash more colour to their place of business, but these were few and far between and always seemed in danger of vanishing altogether.

The street lights had been turned on a few minutes ago as the sun continued its descent, casting a dim glow on those passing beneath them. Turning his head, Axel eyed the nearby autotaxi stand, but decided against it – he needed the air. Pulling his top tighter around his neck to try to stave off the cold, he set off, turning right. As he did so, Axel felt another, different chill run down his spine, and he quickly looked over his shoulder. Apart from the other pedestrians making their own way along the sidewalk, wrapped up in their own private worlds, he couldn't make out anyone suspicious, nobody looking as if they might be following him. *Doesn't mean they aren't there...* Angrily, the rat shook his head and forced himself to keep looking in front, resuming his brisk pace. "Stop it... stop it..." he muttered to himself. A couple Axel was approaching heard him and eyed each other, backing away from the rat as he passed.

Axel crossed the road and took a left, cutting through a dank alleyway and emerging on Bookard Street. He took another quick look over his shoulder, cursed to himself, and made another right, heading for Stuchen Avenue which would take about another 20 minutes. As he passed a café, a waiter pouring coffee for an elderly couple sat outside, the headline of the newspaper the man was reading caught his eye and Axel swallowed, his mouth suddenly bone dry.

REMEMBER LANTHAE

Axel's head suddenly went fuzzy, growing dizzy. Other words printed on the front page seemed to scream out at him;

Two weeks until the anniversary of the bomb's detonation ...

Countless lives lost in the savage slaughter...

Terrorist group, The Purifiers, still ruling through fear...

Drops of rain began to fall from the sky. The old man muttered under his breath, folded the newspaper up and said something quietly to his wife. The two retreated further inside the café, leaving Axel standing outside, shaken. After a moment, he blinked and raised the hood of his top then slowly continued on his way, his face ashen.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 11, 2015, 09:22:55 PM**

marita and Marie were toasting bread in the toaster when the door opened and a Great Dane dressed in a Victorian era dress strode in. ' hi girls! Rose said ' sorry I'm late, but i had to fit into this dress. I'm going to understudy for one of the roles in Great expectations! so not only do I have to wear this costume but i have to memorize my lines. Mr Fong was so nice!' rose said as she took a seat.' my next detox test is next week ' she added her face becoming more sober ' I'm nearly halfway though all the tests, or so my doctors says. if only we had more creds, so we wouldnt have to scrape by on day-old food. No offense Marie, of course."

— none taken Marie said as she pulled out a trio of plates and put slices of toast covered with jam on them. ' could be worse, could be living in the street.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 12, 2015, 11:50:15 PM**

The repulsortaxi that carefully landed in the designated spot. The door opened and Soren got inside. The inside stank of autocig smoke, alcohol and what smelled vaguely of vomit. He edged away from a suspicious looking dark stain on the seat and shut the door.

"Where to?" the voice of the "driver" was scratchy and harsh, reminiscent of a chain-smoker.

"Egeson Street," Soren said. "And don't try pulling shit on me by taking the long way around." He was aware that some less than reputable taxi companies would program their taxis to take long circuitous routes to inflate the fare.

The taxi's door shut and the engine spooled up with a low hum. The vehicle lurched slightly as it rose into the rainy sky.

Soren fiddled with the radio in the blank wall in front of him. There was a card reader for paying the fare, a button that would allow the rider to speak to a live representative and a radio that played music.

Soon, the soothing undulating beat of an electronic ambient track wafted around the dank space.

Soren looked out the window. By now, the sun was low in the sky and the lights of the concrete and steel monoliths of Seryet City began to twinkle to life. He barely caught sight of a news display broadcasting a story about the attack on Lanthae.

"Don't fucking remind me," he muttered.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 14, 2015, 08:26:41 PM**

So How is the computer cleanup coming along?' Rose asked as she started munching on the toast ' ok I suppose, I'm been at it since early this morning. those computers are linked and once one is cleaned the next one comes online and theres all sorts of stuff on each one. viruses spyware, malware, you name it, I swear Rose people dont use any cleaning software to get rid of the stuff. means work for me, but much of it is stuff the average bloke could handle, or should. ' Marita sighed ' well at least things are looking up for you. ' that dress fits you nicely, and you're going to understudy ' which means .. what exactly?' I fill in for the main actress playing the role in some performances. if shes sick, or needs a day to rest. I fill in. the job is so much better then grinding on a sleazy dance pole, showing my goods to all and sundry." Rose said." At least in theater theres a camaraderie, in strip clubs in every girl for herself."

Now, Rose thats not entirely true. remember the waitresses and showgirls support each other. I loaned you money on more than one occasion.. and you loaned me stuff in return.' Marie said '

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 14, 2015, 11:37:46 PM**

"And what law is there that says I need to repay you?" The dark gold monitor lizard cocked one eyebrow behind his silver-rimmed designer glasses. "This is show business, not a charity."

Two livid twin jaguars were standing in front of his desk. Lourve, the elder by twelve seconds, let out a strangled cry of frustration.

"We were your *first act!*" snapped Bastille, the younger, balling her fists. "We gave you your big break, Bailey!"

"Yes you did, and thanks for that." Nigel Bailey tapped his fingers together in frustration. "And ever since that first gig, people have found you less and less funny. So now you're fired."

Louvre slammed her fist on his desk, almost tipping his small glass of liquor and spilling it on his fashionable cream suit. "Come on, it's just a little stand-up! An opener! We're not asking for much, Nigel, just let us do our routine like always...even for just one last concert, and then--"

--And then once you've put everyone to sleep, Xyler can come on and work uphill to whip everything back into another critical success!" Bailey grabbed yesterday's newspaper out of his trash and dropped it on Louvre's fist, it was already open to the Entertainment section. "Everyone said your opener was the weakest part of Chancellorsville, and Xyler's complained that she had to prematurely pop her best song right at the beginning to save the show! Speaking of which, tonight's begins in *thirty seconds* so get out of my office!" He pressed a button and the exit door slid open invitingly.

Louvre's eyes bulged. Biting her lip, she grabbed her younger sister's hand and marched to the door. "You'd still be a *nobody* if it hadn't been for us!" she spat over her shoulder.

"You're right, I know." Bailey rolled his eyes. "That and a quarter will get you a gumball."

At the central amphitheater, the lights dimmed and he heard the crowd start cheering; the concert was about to begin.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **August 16, 2015, 07:11:39 PM**

The rain intensified as Axel approached 43 Farson Place, the sound of the water striking the sidewalk become a serpentine hissing in his ears. The occasional pedestrian skirted past him, clutching umbrellas or huddled beneath rain coats, but most people had already scurried inside for protection against the sudden downpour. Axel shivered, drawing the hood of his increasingly sodden top tighter, and picked up his pace as he passed beneath the white glow of a giant plasma billboard. His eyes briefly flicked up to it as he recognised the company name that had been plastered everywhere for the last couple of months:

Brennan Synthetics - Thousands Have Stepped Towards The Future. Receive Your Discounted Augmentations, And Join Them Now!

Finally, the rat slowed outside a low, squat looking building, unremarkable aside from the red neon lettering above the doorway; *Thompson's Brightsmile Bakery*'. The severe appearance of the building and the remaining confections in the display window, misshapen and blackened, promised anything but a bright smile. He could see two shaped moving around inside through the rain streaked window. Axel gave an irritated hiss, then pushed the gold handle down and skulked in.

Within was a small bakery. A small, middle-aged man with skin that had already started to look like leather was handing over a paper bag to an elderly woman from behind the counter. "An excellent choice madam. The chocolate chips you so keenly perceived truly add a distinct flavour," the man was saying, his head bobbing eagerly. The corner of Axel's eye twitched. They weren't chocolate chips.

The man looked past the old woman at Axel and his expression briefly changed before he turned back to the customer, all smiles again. "I'm sorry madam, I really must be closing now. My... cleaner has arrived." He swept past the counter and started ushering the old woman out. "I hope you enjoy your doughnuts! Please come again!" He pushed her out into the rain, gently closed the door and flipped the little sign hanging in the window from OPEN to CLOSED. Then he turned to Axel, who was standing silently to one side. "You stupid motherfucker!" he hissed. "You know nobody's supposed to see you come in!"

Axel stared down at the little man irritably. "You were meant to be closed, Thompson."

"The old bag wouldn't make up her damn mind," Thompson huffed. He snarled at Axel, looking

more rat-like that the rat himself, then jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Just get down there. We got a new delivery."

Shaking his head, Axel moved across the room, his wet shoes squeaking on the floor as he moved behind the counter. Bending, he pried open a hatch set into the floor and exposing a metallic set of stairs that led down. Pulling his hood down, Axel descended, pulling the hatch closed behind him, and emerged into a brightly lit cellar. A workbench was placed in the middle of the room, with tools arranged over it, while around the room shelves were set into the walls on which were stacked a huge number of whole and stripped augment parts.

An augmented leg, two eyes and a hand were arranged on the workbench. Axel's own hand clenched into a fist. *David's been busy.* With a sigh, Axel sat at the bench and slid an eye towards him.

Once stripped, individual augmentation parts could be sold for hundreds of credits to the right buyer, but the act of stripping them was difficult - you had to be precise, and know exactly what you were doing, or risk damaging them and plummeting their value to almost nothing. Luckily for Thompson and his illegal chop shop operation, Axel knew exactly what he was doing, and once he'd heard about it through the seedier residents of his apartment block, he'd wasted no time in proving it. Subconsciously Axel winced, his bruised rib panging. Proving he wasn't a cop had been a lot harder.

As he picked up a screw-driver and bent in close to start working on the eye, he noticed a smear of blood that hadn't quite been cleaned off. Of course, most of the parts had to be stolen, and a lot of the time the owner wasn't too happy about it. *Especialy if the part was still attached to them...* His face hard, eyes cold, Axel spat on the blood spot and wiped it off, then got to work.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 16, 2015, 09:58:59 PM**

"27 Egeson Street. The fare comes to 100 creds."

The repulsortaxi lurched as it slowly landed in the pad. Soren could hear the drumming of the rain against the vehicle's outer hull. Saying nothing, he swiped his credit chit in the reader and opened the door. He flipped up his windbreaker's hood as he looked around.

Egeson Street was a lively -- albeit, rather grungy -- commercial area with lots of street vendors, restaurants and stores. Dilapidated neon signs in Chinese and English advertised all sorts of wares and stores. Snatches of Cantonese, Mandarin and other Chinese dialects mingled with English and other languages to form the soundtrack of Egeson Street.

Soren passed by an elderly Chinese woman sitting under a tarp and selling ginkgo nuts for fifty credits a bag. Streetside fruit vendors hollered at him to buy their wares.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 18, 2015, 09:26:46 PM**

marita turned on the tv, which was turned to the news channel. a bison read reports of the daily news, which involved the usual Seyret fare- murders drug deals, corporate espionage, and a 5 second blurb about some pop star coming to town to perform ' just like in lathae, the news almost always sucks..' Marie muttered.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 19, 2015, 12:45:39 AM**

The cheering in the crowd only grew louder as the music swelled to a pumping, rhythmic crescendo. It was pitch-black in the stage area, leaving nothing to distract the raucous fans from the slowly heightening techno beat.

It took a while for the audience members to notice that the floor was illuminating, a dull staccato of strobing colorless pulses casting dancing shadows across their feet. And then a deep voice boomed out from the stage: *What is white? What is black?*

The diehard fans began shouting the opening monologue along with the voice; 'Black and white' was one of DJ Xyler's most famous songs. On the stage, visible only due to strips of reflective tape, a bowed figure hung in the sky with no obvious means of support. *It is a choice*, the voice boomed, as the lights from the dance floor retreated from underfoot, skittering along the walls to encompass the stage in a swirling ever-changing pattern. (<http://codepen.io/xposedbones/full/aOrQVy/>) *It's an absence of compromise, a freedom from the tyranny of color.*

The music and pattern pregnantly paused. The figure in the air rose higher, the white lights betraying the thin wires keeping them in position.

A freedom to dye for.

The figure exploded, sending a wave of fuchsia particles flooding the crowd. The massless colored specks quickly granted their color to the stage lights, and the crowd cheered as DJ Xyler revealed herself. She'd been on stage the entire time, but the featureless white light had blanched out her metamaterially-cloaked jumpsuit.

DJ Xyler didn't dance; as was her trademark routine, she never moved from her spot. Her lights and her music treated her like any other prop, but the ever-shifting landscape of sound and color, along with her custom-designed jumpsuit's pre-programmed ability to morph its material, reflectiveness and textures, created a constant optical illusion that the motionless standing figure was flipping, weaving, and teleporting around the stage. It was a display incapable of being adequately recorded on video, and no concert ever reused a routine.

Which was why when a second figure darted onto the stage during the fourth song, fired a concealed pistol at DJ Xyler and bolted as she staggered and fell to the floor, it took a few seconds for everyone to realize that wasn't part of the act.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 21, 2015, 01:10:15 AM**

"Ah you so you find what you are looking for?"

Soren placed the aforementioned parts on the counter. Behind the counter was lean Tokay Gecko and a half-eaten meal of oil-roasted catfish from a nearby Chinese eatery. Soren noticed that in the dim light of the store, the scales on the Gecko's face seemed to shift and shimmer slightly. His trained eyes immediately recognized it to be a subdermal active camouflage implant that allowed the Augment to seemingly vanish into thin air.

"600 creds."

Soren scanned his credit chit and the battered printer next to the cashier spat out his invoice/receipt. As he picked it up, he noticed a sign in both Chinese and English that read "Please show receipt to doorman".

The Human nodded as he took his parts (helpfully bagged by the cashier) and headed to the exit. A dour-looking and rather burly Chinese man looked over the invoice and the contents of Soren's bag.

"Have a good day," he said in heavily accented English.

Soren tucked his purchases inside his raincoat and stepped out onto the rainy street. All around him were various stores selling all sorts of bits and baubles ranging from augments to Chinese herbal medicines to various drugs. He quickly put up his hood as he made his way down Egeson Street.

He stood by the repulsortaxi landing pad, protected from the driving rain by a rain shelter. Rain shelters were cubes that were made of corundum and open on two sides (front and left/right) that served as places to get out of bad weather or hot sun. OLED sheets sandwiched between the thin corundum layers allowed advertisements, weather forecasts and announcements to be broadcast.

Noticing an ad for his workplace, he smiled as he pressed the call button on the post.

A young Mouse wearing a t-shirt and seemingly oblivious to the rain that poured down from the sky entered the shelter and stood next to him.

"Hey bud, got an auto-cig?" the Mouse asked.

Soren turned to face the man. "I don't smoke."

"Got some creds so I can buy one?"

"No." Soren got up to move to a different area when something slammed into him, causing him to pinball off the corundum pane of the shelter's rear wall. He grunted as he broke the impact with his left arm, sending a jolt of pain up to his shoulder. He quickly whirled around and spotted his assailant.

It was the Mouse who had bugged him for cash. The people who were passing by the shelter paid no heed to him -- except some who were recording the attack.

Soren sized up his opponent. He was bigger than the Mouse by a decent margin but what his assailant in his right hand significantly evened the odds.

A set of electrified knuckledusters.

Soren's heart raced as the crackle of the electric arc between the electrodes reached his ears. The scent of ozone slammed into his nostrils, sending his mind racing.

His free hand dug into his raincoat, groping for his pistol. Just as the mugger closed in, Soren raised the pistol and fired. His adrenaline had sent the shot flying wildly off course; a hole suddenly materialized in the corundum wall. The crowd panicked and scattered. The mugger paused and hesitated.

Emboldened, Soren pushed himself to his feet and trained the pistol squarely on the mugger. "Get the fuck out of here!" he snarled.

The Mouse raised his hands in defeat and scurried away. Soren put his pistol away and waited for the repulsorcab to arrive.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 21, 2015, 08:21:14 PM**

the program the girls were watching was interrupted by a breaking news bulletin ' Flash! Pop Superstar DJ Xyler has been attacked! the singer was performing a show tonight when she was shot by an unknown assailant! her condition at this hour is unknown, and her attacker is still at large!'

-

my God! Marie said, her face showing surprise and horror she listened to some of Xylers music, her favorite song of hers was ' Black and white' ' who would do such a thing?'

- the world is full of stalkers and crazies marie' Marita said " didnt know you were a fan.. i don;t listen to music much.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 22, 2015, 07:50:04 PM**

The shots hit Flora like a ton of bricks. In seconds she was breathless and her head was spinning, and it took a moment for her to realize the gun was still pointed at her. Curling into a ball, she screamed as the shot missed her spine by less than a foot.

The crowd was just beginning to realize something was wrong, but the majority response was to draw back as quickly as possible. The assailant approached Flora's position unopposed, shouting something that Flora couldn't distinguish.

Her hand thumbed the sequence of controls threaded within the gloves of her suit. On accident, she swiped the illuminator and cried out as several frayed wires zapped her. Her suit, malfunctioning from the multiple ballistic traumas, cranked the luminators to maximum and shorted out in a massive spark that radiated from her figure in a split-second of pure, blinding light.

Her assailant fell to the ground screaming and clutching his eyes, and seconds later security guards were on the scene, splitting the two up and raising their guns in Flora's defense.

* * *

Lily waited passively as Emilena struggled with sliding open the entrance to their current hideout. Lily wasn't interested in helping out even if the vixen was still stewing over what she'd found when she scoped out the SPD's mailbox.

"Eeeurgggh!" With one last push, Emilena slid the fenceboards open far enough for her to squeeze into the crawlspace. At the moment the two were holed out under the deck of an abandoned co-op; they'd temporarily upgraded to the inside of the building after the previous tenants were evicted for failing to pass a health and safety inspection, but after being almost startled by surveyors last night Lily opted for the original, less conspicuous location.

"Why the hell wouldn't they even *pick up the application*?" Emilena panted in an angry whisper, crawling into her favorite spot in the corner and glowering at the resealable cans of non-perishable food propped on a flat rock. "There was other mail when I put it in there, and those are gone, so they *saw it!*"

"Maybe you should put stamps on it so it looks more legitimate." Lily tilted a fake rock before entering the crawlspace and withdrew a thin power chip. Once she was inside, she slid the solar-powered cell into the compartment on her laptop and booted it up.

"Maybe I should go kill their chief and record *that!*" Emilena unsealed her can of baby corn and began spearing and eating them with her claws. "I'm already doing his goddamn job, I can supply his golden parachute too." Lily ignored her, focusing instead on connecting to the neighbor's wifi and downloading the latest batch of public domain police reports for the day. "Hey," Emilena continued, breaking her concentration, "We're going to need more food soon. Wish we'd thought to raid that guy's fridge, bet he had loads of rich-person hors d'ourves and shit."

Rather than answer, Lily waited patiently for the download to finish and then scanned the police codes for signs of homicides. There were a few, but none of them linked to the Warren lots. The killer hadn't struck tonight, meaning this was the longest time between two of his hits. Lily needed to be out there as soon as possible. "Tonight's our last night here;" she announced, "we move to the stakeout in Warren early tomorrow morning."

Emilena groaned. "Christ, we just got home. At least let me take one last shower." She moved towards the hatch that provided access to the top part of the deck.

"No," Lily shook her head. "No touching the plumbing, no touching anything. We have no idea if the surveyors turned the water off, and if they did the water company will be alerted if anyone tries to use it."

Emilena threw her empty can at the hatch. "Goddamn, fine!" She peeled her shirt off, grabbed the nozzled bottle of evaporative hand soap and began lathering her pits. "You sure are a bitch sometimes, you know that right?"

Lily ignored her. The sky had been particularly cloudy today, and her solar chip only had charged enough to give her ten more minutes on the computer.

"I mean," Emilena continued, "here you are, getting your dreams accomplished of sticking it to men and getting murdered over and over to assuage your survivor's guilt or whatever, but you don't notice any progress being made on *my* goals! Maybe you could pick a target that the cops would actually thank us for? Nobody cares about some guy killing hookers, they're hookers!"

Lily continued to ignore her. Grumbling with resigned indignation, Emilena curled up in her favorite corner and tried to fall asleep.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 22, 2015, 08:16:07 PM**

Fuming, Soren paid the fare as he exited the repulsorcab. By now, the rain had stopped, leaving a grey sky evocative of a Seryetian sidewalk. Much to his displeasure, he saw Doctor Schatten and Uziel standing over the bullet riddled body of a Golden Retriever on his doorstep.

Stomping up to the two, he jabbed a finger at Doctor Schatten. "Okay, *Doctor*, tell me why the fuck there is a dead guy on my doorstep"

Doctor Schatten said nothing but pushed Soren's accusing finger away. "I just saved the house from being burgled."

Soren kneeled down and pulled out the man's wallet. It was full of fresh creds and an employee identification card. Soren sighed.

"Great going, Doc. You just shot up a salesman! I'm going to clean up this mess up. Do whatever the hell you want with this guy. Just remember, if the cops come calling, I didn't see shit." He gestured to the bullet holes and blood spatter on the front of the house. The small shrubs and low ground cover plants could be cleaned up with a simple hosedown but he'd have to manually scrub off the bloodstains from the concrete sidewalk.

Soren then slammed the front door shut.

"So, *Senor Schatten*? What do we do?" Uziel asked.

Doctor Schatten shrugged. "Steal whatever the guy's got and then overside 'em."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **August 24, 2015, 02:17:58 PM**

"*On your mark.*"

Craig leaned further forward on the springboard, his body growing tense. He stared into the rippling water as the echo of the electronic voice died away. The loud cheers and excited talking of the audience faded along with it as everyone focussed their attention on the long swimming pool before them, on the taut, well-built swimmers preparing to launch themselves in.

They'll all be looking at me soon... Craig allowed a small smile to flit across his face before pushing his expression back into one of neutrality. He'd been preparing for this race for months, pushing his body to its limits. Craig was tired of always being second or third. This time... he'd be *number one*.

An electronic beep sounded, signifying the start of the countdown. 3.

Craig clenched his jaw.

2.

He slowly let out a breath.

1.

Craig's augmented leg glinted as he shifted position. Across the thigh was a small, simple symbol of an eagle, wings outstretched. The manufacturer's name was written in small letters beside it: **Brennan Synthetics**.

This time, a high pitched beep rang through the venue and instantly Craig threw himself off the springboard, arrow-like, tearing through the pool's cool water. In the instant silence, he could see his competitors on either side of him, and he felt a defiant rush pass through him. *This one's mine*. Angling his body upwards, he felt his fingertips break the surface of the water. Then Craig's arms and head followed, the audience cheering once again. Immediately, Craig started to kick his legs, to work his arms.

There was perhaps the briefest tingling sensation as the signal was issued from his augmented leg, travelling along and incorporating into his nervous system. It reached his spinal cord, and travelled upwards through the spinal tracts. This was not unusual – all augments worked through the nervous system.

But then the signal reached Craig's brain.

As soon as the electrical pulse arrived at his brain stem, it exploded outwards, the energy shredding nerves, destroying synapses, tearing through axons. Craig felt a split second of pain as his brain was ripped apart. He opened his mouth to scream. Water flooded his throat and for a moment he had the urge to gag. Everything went dark. His limbs twitched as various functions of his body were forcibly shut down. His body drifted slowly, almost peacefully to the bottom of the pool.

In the next 42 hours, identical signals would be released from the Brennan Synthetic augmentations of almost 80 civilians in Seryet city.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 26, 2015, 07:03:10 PM**

Soren was scurrying from place to place. Normally, as a Sky Farms mechanic, he'd be called to inspect and maintain nearly every piece of equipment in the vertical farm. Occasionally, he'd need to fix an augment that got damaged.

But what happened now was way out of his league. Tarps were laid out onto the soft soil where other workers carefully laid out the bodies of numerous Augments. From what the Human could see, most of them appeared to be tree-workers or high-climbers with specialized climbing augments like electrostatic pads on their hands and feet. And apparently, the augments had suddenly failed, causing them to plummet to the ground.

Soren examined the arm of one of the high-climbers; it bore the logo of the an Eagle with outstretched wings and the company name: Brennan Synthetics. He frowned; he had never heard of this company before. Were they a recent start-up?

"Soren!" the foreman exclaimed as he stumbled upon the scene. "What the fuck happened here?"

Soren shook his head. "I dunno, I'm trying to found that out myself. Ambulances are on their way."

"Look, I don't want this happening again. Find out why the hell six of my workers just fell out of the sky! You're authorized to look at their any of their health records pertaining to their augments." The foreman walked away towards the lift tube in the corner that would carry him to another growing level.

The Human swore and kicked a clod of dirt with his boot and headed to the lift tube in the corner that would take him to the administrative levels.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 26, 2015, 09:24:05 PM**

Lily tugged at her fishnet stockings, which were *again* riding up her thighs. She almost certainly was not working the look adequately enough, but the thrift store didn't have a great selection of sexy lingerie and pantyhose. Oh well. Looking hopelessly out of one's league was probably a plus when dealing with someone who murders their hookers.

Her heart skipped a beat when an unmarked car drove slowly past her and rolled to a stop. The driver was the only occupant. "Your rates?" she asked, rolling her window down and looking disinterestedly over her sunglasses. She was a mousy woman, very small for her age, with blonde hair and pale skin. Lily didn't get many female serial killers, and part of her was intrigued. *I wonder if I can wrangle some sort of a motive or backstory out of her before Emi has to--*

The woman suddenly jolted as her driver-side window was shattered by a rock. Seconds later a heavy tranq dart stabbed her in the neck and with nary another word the woman slid down in an unconscious stupor.

"Emi, what the hell?" shouted Lily as her confidante darted out of the bushes and frisked their target. "We didn't even get any *evidence!* She hadn't even hired me yet!"

"Screw evidence, she's obviously guilty. There aren't any license plates and the back windows are hand-tinted." Emilena dialed 911 on the woman's phone and threw it in the backseat. "The cops will figure it out. Something *much* more important just happened according to the national news, and we need to check it out right now."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 26, 2015, 11:23:13 PM**

rose entered the apartment, her face red. a number of staff at the theater, who had augments on their bodies, had suddenly died during a rehearsal, and the shocked director had sent everyone home as a precaution. rose took a seat down on the couch and began to sob openly. *marita.. something terrible happened at the theater today.. ' she began, her voice halting.. ' augmented people having their augment fail and kill them? marita said from her computer ' its happening all over the city. swimmers, car drivers, actors, theres now almost 100 cases being reported, and likely more to come. whoever made those augment parts , well they arent going to be in business too much longer. the lawsuits will see to that...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **August 27, 2015, 01:35:14 PM**

Axel jerked awake, his horrified gasp cutting through the apartment's silence. He sat bolt upright, eyes darting around as he struggled to remember where he was, the images churned up by his mind refusing to leave, sticking like leeches. When it eventually dawned that what he'd been experiencing was yet another nightmare, the construct of memories he'd tried and failed to repress, he sank back against the wall with a thin whimper, pressing his hands against his face, his fingers threading through his greasy hair and wrapping the strands painfully.

Fur drenched in sweat, the rat sat motionless for a minute, gasping for air, his breaths quick and ragged. When he felt like he could bear to move again, Axel let out a trembling breath. "Alright... okay..." Letting his hands fall from his face, he kicked the sheets from his legs, tangled and twisted from his thrashing during the night and staggered out of bed, blinking from the daylight leaking into the apartment. Leaning down and tapping a button on his phone, Axel blinked when he saw the time flash up on the screen. **11:53**. Normally the nightmares would have woken him up hours before. Shaking his head, he crossed the room and pushed the switch for the TV, desperate to try and clear his mind, his body feeling chilled.

The TV screen flickered to life. Staring out at Axel was the face of a reporter he vaguely recognised, Martin Schul or School, or something else beginning with an S. In the top left hand corner of the screen, a golden **SD** was rotating slowly, the symbol for **Seryat Daily**, the city's most popular news station. The beefy man was standing just to the side of a large group of people clustering outside a building, a concerned look plastered to his wide face.

"... and it's been 4 hours since the 78th victim of these string of mysterious deaths *has* been confirmed."

Leaving the reporter's gravelly voice to fill the apartment, Axel turned away and bent down to yank open the fridge. He leaned in and started to pick up the old milk container, recoiling when he caught a sharp smell escaping from the top.

"... So far, the only information that the Seryat police department has been able to release is that all of these deaths have involved some kind of malfunction within the augmentations produced by Brennan Synthetics."

Axel froze, then slowly turned around to look at the screen.

"Police haven't released whether they have been able to deduce if there is a pattern to these sudden and tragic deaths, with their widespread and apparently random nature. In addition, experts still have not been able to deduce *what* has actually gone so terribly wrong in the augmentations of these poor individuals." Martin indicated behind him, and Axel now saw that the group of people he'd seen were standing outside a hospital. "Officials are encouraging those with Brennan Synthetic augmentations to report as soon as possible to their local hospital for an examination of their circuitry, although they are *also* reassuring the public that there is no need for panic – they are confident the cause will be identified and dealt with shortly."

Feeling weak in the legs, Axel held onto the fridge for support. This was feeling too close to what had happened before. Much too close.

"... But what is *far* from certain is the fate of the company responsible for these augmentations. 6 years ago, Brennan Synthetics emerged as a company capable of producing cheaper, more affordable augmentations, giving many more people access to this technology. Whether the company can recover from this tragedy has yet to be seen – as does the fate of the company's owner, Richard Brennan, who has yet to release a statement." Martin turned to look behind him at the small crowd, then turned his concerned expression back to the camera. "We can only hope this situation is resolved as quickly as possible. This is Martin Schuul, reporting for –" Martin trailed off, looking at something off camera, his eyes widening.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM. A rattle of gunfire, and Martin was thrown backwards, dark red droplets spattering the camera screen. Axel jerked back, knocking the carton of milk on the floor. Onscreen, the camera had been dropped to the sidewalk, the lightly twitching foot of Martin Schuul obscuring most of the view. Just past the heel, Axel could see the crowd of

people outside the hospital had scattering, terrified civilians running for their lives. The rattle of gunfire continued, getting louder, and every now and then someone in the distance was thrown to the floor. Suddenly, the camera was snatched from the floor, heavy breathing drowning out the sound of distant screaming. The image shook as the camera was turned, as suddenly another figure stared out. The face was covered by a burlap sack. On the forehead, a large cracked gear emblem was painted on in red. From two small eye holes, eyes glinted.

"This is just the start!" The figure screamed into the camera. *"The work of the Purifiers has only just begun! By the time the Purifiers have finished, the augmented scum of Seryat will be on their knees, and-"* He paused as the faint sound of police sirens started to emerge. He looked around off camera quickly, almost desperately, then turned back to the screen. *"- and what was started in Lanthae will continue. Fear the Purifiers!"* The camera suddenly went dead.

Axel's legs buckled, his head growing faint, and he sagged to the floor, feeling as though he couldn't breath.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 27, 2015, 09:04:41 PM**

Soren massaged his temples as he examined all the personnel files. He was inside Sky Farms's personnel records room. Several terminals, their LCD screens an inert grey were lined up against the wall. A digital clock was above the terminals but the Human paid it no heed.

He looked down at his tablet and brought up the web pages he had saved: namely a Wikipedia article on Brennan Synthetics and said company's "About Us" page. He had learned that Brennan Synthetics started out as a high-end augment manufacturer.

"That explains why I haven't seen their stuff before, he mused.

As he continued reading, he noticed that just recently, they had rolled out an affordable but yet high-quality line of augments that they had called *Aquila*.

The Human then looked at the deceased workers' records. None of them had any neurological problems and the recent examinations of the neurolinks to their augments all showed that they were perfectly functional. In addition, all of their augments were less than a year old.

What could have caused six Augments, all in perfect health and with high-quality implants to suddenly plummet to their deaths?

Soren then noticed something interesting when he looked more closely at the type of augment the workers had gotten.

All of them were from Brennan Synthetics. And all of them were from the *Aquila* line.

A chime emanated from his tablet. He brought up the messaging application and was confronted with a new text from Uziel:

Amigo, watch the news! Crazy shit's happening!

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 31, 2015, 04:08:43 AM**

"Heeeeyyy, how's the talent?" Bailey smiled warmly, swinging into the hospital room without bothering to check himself with the receptionist first.

The fuchsia-furred teenager smiled from her cot. "The hell have you been? I was halfway convinced you'd dropped me for being too much trouble." Her eyes glanced at a tantalizing rectangular bulge in his coat pocket.

"God, I wish," Bailey grumbled, throwing her the pack of smokeless smokes before she asked. "Putting out legal fires. Some assholes are suing for eye damages from your little private Vela incident."

"Mmmm." Flora lit up a fag, checking the hallway to make sure no hospital personnel. "We're claiming self-defense, right?"

"Nah, we're settling. It's cheaper." Bailey lit his own cigarette. "How they treating you? I got you the best."

Flora groaned. "Listen, Nigel, you gotta get me out of here. it's been *two weeks*, I'm healed and I'm fucking bursting with ideas. They don't even allow synthesizers in here, supposedly it screws with the equipment."

Nigel cut her off. "Flo, you got shot. Twice." The two hid their cigarettes as a nurse walked by the room. "Gimme a little more than a fortnight, kay?" he continued.

Flora tried to jump out of the bed, but a network of diodes and an IV drip stopped her. "Goddammit, I'm fine! Look at me!" She angrily pushed the heart rate monitor hanging over her chest and it didn't budge. "I could run a decathlon! Don't make me take my gown off, I'll show you, there's not even a scar!"

"Oh yeah?" Nigel cocked an eyebrow and smiled. "Show me. Gimme a good shot of the backside in there too, you know I'm a butt guy."

Flora stuck her tongue out at him. "If you're gonna trap me here, at least get me a laptop with ethernet. Tablet hasn't had wireless for two weeks cause of their goddamn special snowflake equipment. I need to look shit up, talk to people." The teenager motioned in frustration at the pristine but soulless environment surrounding her cot.

"I'll do the next best thing and answer any questions you may have." Bailey declined silently when Flora motioned for another cigarette. "Press is great, before you ask. You're everywhere."

"I wanna know about the guy who tried to kill me." Flora folded her arms. "He shouted something, but I was too busy preparing to join the Black Parade to notice. What was his beef?"

Nigel sighed. "He said '*sic semper machinis*'. He was one of those anti-Augment nutters."

Flora's eyes widened. "Jesus Christ. They just got a lot less funny."

(OOO: Splitting this conversation into two posts because of length. For now, two-week tie skip is a go, let's start rolling towards everyone uniting and the actual plot moving forward.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 31, 2015, 01:55:59 PM**

Uziel noticed that in the two weeks after the televised live shooting of an SD news reporter, Soren had gotten *much* more paranoid. In fact, the Human routinely took his rifle with him everywhere. Hell, he had even seen him go to the bathroom with his rifle slung across his back and his pistol at his belt.

The doorbell rang as the trio were sitting down to a lunch of Soren's breaded catfish and rice pilaf. Soren put down his utensils and got. He reached down and unholstered his pistol.

Peering through the peephole, he saw another Latino man. He opened the door a little bit.

"Hello, is *Senor Bautista* home?" the man replied in heavily accented English.

"Uziel!" Soren shouted. "Someone wants to see you!"

Anne lay back in her motel bed. The room was musty with the scent of marijuana and years of service. The mare was clad in a filthy t-shirt and some jeans. A corner of the room had all sorts of electronic gizmos that she had picked off the street or stolen.

A mini-fridge filled with all sorts of junk food was next to the bathroom.

She got up when there was a single loud knock, a pause and then two quiet and quick knocks in succession. Peering through the peep hole, she spotted a Dhole. He held up a tablet to the peephole.

The mare grabbed the item the Dhole wanted: a signal spoofer that allowed one to capture wireless information transfer by pretending to be a relay point.

The credit chit was slid under the door and she opened the door just enough to pass the package through.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **August 31, 2015, 09:15:02 PM**

For what seemed like the hundredth time, Axel peered out of his apartment window, his eyes wide, the corner of his mouth twitching. *Purifiers... purifiers...* The words repeated, over and over in his head, and memories of the things they'd been responsible for, the things he'd had to live through *because* of them, kept flashing through his mind like a broken record. Every time he looked out the window, he almost expected to see an army of them, coming straight for him.

Gritting his teeth, Axel stepped away and turned to look at the small table by his bed. On top of it sat his cell phone. Walking over, the rat hesitated, picked it up, then scrolled through the list of contacts slowing down as he began to pass through *their* names. **Marita, Marie, Soren...** For a moment, his thumb hovered over the call button - but with a hiss of anger, he flipped the phone shut instead. To try to contact them about this would be almost like allowing himself to get swallowed back up into that world again - and he wasn't sure he would be able to do that. Tears welling in his eyes, Axel threw the phone angrily onto his bed.

The sound of tyres squealing disturbed the almost total silence surrounding the old, dilapidated warehouse district. An unremarkable black car came screeching around the corner and stopped before one of the large, empty structures, abandoned years ago. Another car, silver and similarly plain, was already parked in front, apparently empty.

For a moment nobody got out of the black car. Then a lone figure, a man, his hair ruffled and clothes disheveled, climbed from the vehicle and stared around with wary eyes. Blinking, he approached the other car quickly. "Hello?" he called out, his voice strained, tense.

The metal door to the empty building suddenly screeched open, and the man jumped. His hands clenched into fists when he saw a small, young looking asian woman walk out. Shoulder-length black hair framed her amiable expression as she approached the man.

"I did it!" the man growled, staring at her with hatred.

She nodded, her expression unchanged. "I saw. And you got rid of the evidence like you were told? The weapons? The clothes? Your getaway car?" Her voice was light, pleasant to listen to.

"Yes! Yes, I... I did *everything* like you told me to..." The man seemed to sag, pressing his hands against the sides of his head. "Oh Jesus... all those people... I, I killed..." Suddenly, he straightened, glaring at the woman, tears streaming down his face. "Where? Where is she?! I did everything you wanted, now *where's my wife?!*"

The woman tilted her head, seeming to consider, then smiled brightly. "You're right, it's a fair deal. Here." Reaching into her pocket, she took out a set of keys and threw them to him, indicating the silver car. "She's in the trunk."

Catching the keys, the man rushed over to the vehicle, fiddling with them. He managed to jam them into the lock. He twisted the key, yanked open the trunk's hood... and moaned when he saw the female body stuffed inside, bound and gagged, a bullet hole through her temple. "Oh God, no... no, *Lisa...*" The man started to spin around. "*You bit-*"

The bullet, fired from a silenced handgun, entered the back of his skull before he could finish. Collapsing forward, his body fell into the trunk, his legs still dangling outside. Sighing, the young Asian woman holstered her gun, the cheerful expression gone from her face. Things were going well... but there was still more to do. Stepping forwards, she unceremoniously grabbed the man's legs and dropped the rest of him into the trunk, then walked around to the passenger seat to get the can of gasoline.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 31, 2015, 11:29:48 PM**

marita was watching television when the phone rang. She got to her feet, and went over to the phone to answer it. and an unfamiliar voice reached her ears. ' whoever you are.. i've got a deal for you, one that is lucrative, enough to set you up for life.. now take down what i'm going to tell you.. oh.. and all this must be kept VERY quiet. if this gets out, you get nothing, indeed, I'll see to it you'll lose whatever you already have.. Noe tarting writing this down.."
Marita fished around for a pen and paper, and began to write...

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 31, 2015, 11:50:51 PM**

Flora fell back onto her pillow. Due to her unusual appearance she'd been hounded with claims of being an Augment from the very beginning of her musical career, but she'd always felt that gossip was just a normal thing celebrities had to deal with. She'd never thought that gossip would get her murdered. "Fucking hell, they're sending *assassins*? what are we supposed to tell them? Are they gonna send more?"

"Who knows what these nutjobs are gonna do?" Nigel shrugged. "For a group that releases so many threats and promises, you think they'd be a little more specific with the details. And dates."

"This isn't funny Nigel!" snapped Flora, throwing her cig butt at him. "I released doctor-certified full body scans, I've put myself through some demeaning crap to kill that damn rumor, and now Gear Nazis are gonna assassinate me anyway. I wanted to be the next John Lennon, but not like *that!*"

"Well," Bailey started "you're decently safe while you're in here, so maybe we can finally see eye to eye on your rehabili--"

"--How about police protection?" she interrupted. "Witness protection, or whatever protection you get when you did nothing wrong but crazed maniacs want you dead anyway!"

"No no no no no..." Nigel lowered his voice. "Trust me, I got it covered, and you are *not* doing

anything involving the cops. They're tied in with all the wrong people, and they're corrupt as shit, you'd be better moving to Argentina and living with actual Nazis."

Flora folded her arms. "That better not be your brilliant plan."

"There aren't a lotta people we can trust, but I know a gal." Nigel pulled a photo card from his wallet. "She used to be show business, like you. Little raunchier than you though. Basically got paid to do what you were doing every minute you weren't on stage."

Flora betrayed a small smile. "Don't act like you wouldn't if you were me." She took the photo. "Oh god, gross. A dog? I hate dogs, with their drool-covered hanging lips. Kissing them feels like fellating a wet baseball glove."

"Yeah? well pucker up because you're going to be living undercover with her." Nigel held up his hand for silence before she could protest. "And her two girlfriends. She's a flaming dyke."

"Wow..." Flora raised an eyebrow. "Way to be politically correct. Also no. I'm not putting my career on hold, not when I've only got a few months before I turn eighteen. From what I've seen, eighteen's about when a celebrity's life starts going downhill."

"Well, lucky you, cause we got some groups that would love to help you miss that milestone!" Nigel threw his hands up. "This isn't a vote Flo! It's not even for that long, just until things cool down. You haven't seen, it's like the fall of Troy out there. Even in this hospital DJ Xyler's become a target, which is why for a little bit you need to not be DJ Xyler."

Flora rolled her eyes. "Right. I'll be some other pink-furred she-fof with a dick."

"We got some advanced technology to fix that, it's called dye and pants!" Nigel snapped. "I'm trying to save your goddamn life here, and there's not a lot of options when you can't even say for sure the government themselves ain't in on it!" He dropped to his knees and started doing pushups like he did only when extremely argumentative. "Throw me a bone here, all right?"

Flora mulled it over. "All right. On one condition. I'm out of this hospital by tomorrow."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 04, 2015, 10:26:57 AM**

Uziel approached the Latino man as Soren backed away. He holstered his pistol seeing as Uziel knew this visitor.

"*Amigo!*" Uziel exclaimed. "How are you?"

The man's face fell. "Oh, bad news, I'm afraid. Hostage situation at the farm. I escaped by hiding in a drone barge."

"*Dios mio,*" Uziel muttered. He pointed his prosthetic arm at the TV and it immediately came to life.

On the corner of the TV was a golden **SD** and below that were the words "live drone footage". At the bottom was a headline that read *Siege at Sky Farms Greenhouse!* The ticker scrolling by at the bottom mentioned that hostage negotiators were on the scene and that the terrorists had not issued any demands yet.

Soren immediately felt *very* lucky that his boss had given him three weeks off with pay to investigate the failures of the augments and the death of the workers and prepare a report on this whole debacle.

At the same time, keeping in mind that Axel was probably a target, he excused himself and went to his room, shutting the door behind him.

He looked at his smartphone, still hooked up to the charger. He knew Axel wanted nothing to do with the Purifiers or that whole clusterfuck in Lanthae. At the same time, he was Axel's friend and he'd feel like shit if he didn't see if Axel was okay.

After debating for a bit, he picked up the phone and dialed Axel.

Please pick up, he thought at he stole glances through the window in his room.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 04, 2015, 08:25:51 PM**

Axel stared down at his cell phone as it lay silent and dejected on his bed. He made for it again, then jerked away, swearing under his breath.

"Alright, just gotta... just..." He mumbled almost unintelligibly to himself. His speech jerked to a halt and his eyes darted across the room to his door as footsteps slowly approached, clunking on the bare floorboards. They got louder... a shadow sneaking its way under the door as someone stood on the other side... then passed, their footsteps growing quieter. Axel breathed a small sigh of relief.

The cell phone rang. Axel gasped as the sound send a jolt of shock through him, the ring tone tearing through the apartment's silence. Gathering himself, he peered over at the screen and swallowed when he saw who was calling, his throat clicking. He took a breath, leaned over and snatched it up, hitting the answer button.

"Soren." Axel closed his eyes, grinding a knuckle on his temple. "So I guess you've been keeping up with the news." Bitterness saturated his voice - he knew what this was about.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 04, 2015, 10:26:43 PM**

Marita jotted down a number of notes as the caller went on and on ' you'll have to come up with a name to use for her . whatever works for you. it can be a name from old movies, the name of the former pet, I dont give a crap just as long as shes safe. you keep her safe you'll get all the creds you could ever want. you harm her, and you'll be found, bound gagged and bullets in your head, capiche?

-
the twin jaguars Lourve and Bastile looked over the pieces of paper in front of them, then . nervously at the person across the table from them. they had asked around town for work after being dumped so unceremoniously by Bailey. However, to their intense chagrin, Bailey had more or less blackballed them from any agency they knew. so they had been forced to give up any thought of standup and switch to something else. it was Bastile that had suggested acting, and so here they were- at Hongs Theater. Mr Hong, the theater manager looked at their resumes. ' he was a large greying bison, who spoke with a trained dicton. ' well, ladies, it seems you have some stage experience, and we do have some openings. you will start as understudies for plays, and earn the starting salary for beginning actors. which is on the contracts you have in front of you. we dont like tardiness here, we expect you to be here on time. if theres an emergency or you get caught in traffic thats one thing, but skipping work is a fireable offense. understood.

-
yes sir Lourve spoke up quickly. " thank you for letting us have a chance ..' Hong held up a paw. 'dont make me regret it ladies. Understood?' Yes Mr Hong Bastille said. ' your costumes will be hanging up in the dressing room. welcome to the theater' Hong said, as he wrote his name at the bottom of the papers - the girls contracts- and had the girls sign them.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on September 06, 2015, 12:23:01 AM**

"All right doc," Emilena checked the safety on her SMG one more time. "Are you ready?"

"They're gonna kill me", Dr. Lee mumbled, looking through the barred cellar window of her clinic at the smoky alleyway. "They're all gonna kill me..."

"Yes they are. But it won't be you." Emilena spared a glance at Lily, who was barely recognizable through a thick layer of makeup, padded suit, and subdued wig. "You sure you'll be able to keep the wig on long enough to get torn to shreds?"

Lily nodded blankly. Dr. Lee shuddered as she gripped her doctor bag.

Emilena glanced at it. "Uh, doc? You're leaving that behind."

"Oh-oh yeah..." Dr. Lee placed it back on the operating table.

"Now, a crash course in role-playing." Emilena pushed on Dr. Lee's nape. "Slouch. You're not a professional anymore. You're an average civilian. Keep your eyes to yourself. What are you going say to someone if they talk to you first?"

Dr. Lee shook her head, unsure. Emilena pushed her. "Hey, bitch." she snarled, "Don't bump me. What the hell are you looking at?"

"Sorry, terribly sorry," Dr. Lee stammered, stepping backwards and tightening her coat.

"Wrong." Emilena handed her a knife. "You don't say anything. If you do, it's got contractions and pauses full of 'uhhhh's and the word 'good' in place of 'well'. You're uneducated, you're unremarkable, and if you're lucky, we can get you that way for reals." She undid the latch on the cellar door and peeked into the alleyway. "See you Lily."

Lily stared blankly back. Dr. Lee looked at her a bit worried. "Uhhhh...is she all right?"

"She's fine," Emilena assured her. "She's a savant. Her specialty is escape artistry." In actuality, they'd stapled the wig to her head, and while the wounds instantly healed, the staples were still causing moderate brain damage. "She'll escape later tonight and meet up with me. Don't worry about it."

At Rose's place, the clock was just striking 1pm. This was the scheduled time the phone contact had stated the actress in question would be arriving at the apartment.

A large-breasted monitor lizard walked up to the door and knocked impatiently.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Nick22 on September 06, 2015, 01:19:55 AM**

Rose was one to answer the door ' ah do come in ' she said quietly to the lizard. We've been expecting you' she said with a smile.' just have aseat by the counter' she added , closing the door behind her as the guest entered.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on September 06, 2015, 07:23:00 PM**

"Me?" the monitor lizard asked with a distinctly male voice. "I'm not the actress. Why would you--?"

"It's the boobs, Nigel," Flora pointed out, entering the house behind him. She observed the dingy apartment with a bored expression.

"Don't call them that!" Nigel covered his rack instinctively. "Is it my fault bras are perfect for holding heat packs?"

Flora focused on Marita. "Hey, you must be the washout. Or you," she realized, looking at Rose. "I can never tell dogs apart. Either way, where my room?"

"How could someone think I'm a chick?" Nigel continued indignantly. "Look at the length of my tail! Look at my coloration!"

Emilena led the way into the alleyway. Her SMG was safely tucked into her jacket; its small concealable frame offered both quick deployment and a high immediate output of fire. They'd been unable to find any evidence of surveillance equipment on the cellar door, unlike the transparently bugged front entrance, but that didn't mean Emilena was going to get complacent. From this moment on, she had to assume they were being followed.

Their objective was the docks, where Emilena already had a dingy ready. Steering her jittery companion as casually as she could, Emilena led the way down dark empty streets. There wouldn't be many people out this late at night, but anyone who was needed to be considered a threat.

She bit her lip in frustration when she noticed the shops facing the docks was open and filled with bright lights and people. *Of course there'd be a party or something tonight...* Ignoring it, she motioned for Dr. Lee to follow her in slinking along the boardwalk strafing the beach. There were sailors on the dock. Emilena realized a ship had come in this evening and was moored on the pier. Suddenly realizing what this might mean for her tiny boat, she doubled the pace and waded waist-deep into the surf, following the dock. Her worst fears were confirmed when she saw the splintered remains of her escape plastered against the cargo ship's hold.

"Where's our boat?" whispered Dr. Lee in a panic when Emilena returned empty-handed.

"We've got a bit of a problem," Emilena admitted.

"What? What now then?" Dr. Lee's voice became strained and high-pitched. "You've got a plan B right? Why wouldn't you have a plan B?"

"Keep your voice down!" hissed Emilena.

"Oy!" shouted a deep voice from the pier. "Who's down there?"

"Don't run!" Emilena warned Dr. Lee, fur standing on end. "Let me do the talking!"

Three sailors approached them. Only one of them was small enough that Emilena felt comfortable taking him in a fair fight.

"Goin' for a midnight stroll on the beach, eh?" chuckled the first one, clearly intoxicated. "I don't blame yah! Isn't solid ground just wonderful?"

"Er, yes," Emilena agreed. She made to continue said stroll, but Dr. Lee was rooted fearfully to the spot.

"You two interested in joining us for a drink?" offered the second in a slight Scottish accent. "We're only in town this evening, we'd hate to turn down some fairer company."

"No thanks," Emilena said hastily, tugging Dr. Lee's arm, but her companion resisted.

"You're going back out to sea in the morning?" asked Dr. Lee. "Can you take me with you?"

Emilena felt a cold flash and she quickly tugged harder, but the doctor wrenched her arm free and ran to the sailors. The sailor seemed a bit surprised. "I...uh...might have to get that cleared with the cap'n, but..."

"I'll bunk with any one of you!" Dr. Lee pleaded. "Just get me out of the city!" Emilena took two steps forward, and Dr. Lee positioned herself behind the sailors. "And keep her away from me!" she wailed.

Emilena's mind spun as she debated what to do. Others were approaching due to the noise the doctor was making, and she was rapidly running out of options for ending this situation inconspicuously.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 06, 2015, 08:11:38 PM**

its the size of your rack ' Marie replied.' sorry, we thought you were the female. our mistake." she turned to Flora " so you're DJ huh. Rose has a big poster of you in her room, from the time you dropped your first album. Given the uh, circumstances we won't make too much of a big deal, because well you're incognito.. we've.. er picked out a cover name .what is it, Marita?

- its Shirley.' Marita said.' I prefer to think of it as the line from Airplane! but you can say its a nod to Shirley Temple. either way works for me." She turned to Nigel." now from our conversation, I take it you will be paying us a large sum of creds, payable weekly, as long as she remains safe. Given her fame and notoriety, not to mention the Purifiers fanaticism, hiding her will not be easy, although we will of course do our utmost to keep her safe. part of that, of course relies on her, she cant be too conspicuous- so that means.. no parties DJ.. under ANY circumstances. You're too well known, and the whole point of something like this is to try and keep things quiet. Your room will be upstairs, to the left. tell us what sort of stuff you want, as far as clothes- within reason- and music- again within reason, and we'll get it for you. after akl, we are your hosts, and we have to be hospitable..

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 06, 2015, 09:16:35 PM**

(Seryet City)

A wave of relief washed over the Human as he heard Axel. "Yeah, I saw and heard everything. I was just checking to see if you were okay."

(Braunii)

Aaron Geasbrecht sat down on an idling drone barge to eat his lunch. The sun shone bright and the air was hot and dry in this desert town. Behind him were the murky green lakes of the algal farms that produced the oil that society depended on.

"So ya saw what happened in Seryet City?" his coworker asked. The lean Scarlet Macaw came bearing a takeout container containing a nut and bean burger with fries. He leaned against one of drums containing raw algal oil and opened his lunch.

Aaron drained his bottle of water and threw it towards the pump shack where it bounced off the wall and landed in the trashcan. "Yeah. And I kind of don't give a shit."

Of course, he cheered on the inside.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 07, 2015, 07:15:39 AM**

"I'm fine. Fingers crossed they don't get bored of just one aug company, huh?" His tone was harsher than he'd intended. He sighed. "Thanks, Soren. Really. But I... I can't deal with it right now, I'm... I'm in the middle of something." Axel paused. "I need to go. But... be careful Soren. Where you work isn't exactly one of their favourite places. And if they remember you..." He shuddered. "Just watch yourself."

He hung up, slipped his phone into his pocket then looked around his apartment listlessly. *Yeah... in the middle of something. Right.* Axel made to turn on the TV, then stopped. He'd been locked up inside for 2 days. Axel could almost feel himself slipping back to how he'd been months ago. A hermit, almost never leaving the apparent safety of his home.

"Can't... not again, not..." he muttered to himself. He needed air, needed to get away from this. Axel could feel that parched feeling returning to his throat, a familiar dryness, and he knew where he'd go. Across town was a dusty, cramped and dark bar where the drinks tasted like crap, but more importantly, were strong and cheap. Not so long ago, Axel had become almost something of a regular at *Ned's Bar*. It had been an easy and effective solution to the almost constant need to forget, and right now that need was back with a vengeance.

Forcing down the sting of fear, of dread he felt at going *out*, where anyone could get close to him, Axel pulled on his grease-stained hooded top and left, ignoring his thundering heartbeat.

40 minutes later, Axel stopped in front of a grimy looking establishment, his hood pulled up to keep the cold at bay. *Ned's Bar* was written on a flimsy looking sign above the scratched wooden door. Ned himself wasn't in charge - at least not anymore. He'd mysteriously vanished a week before the new ownership took over, and hadn't been seen since. The windows were dark, preventing anyone outside from getting a good look inside - although, as Axel took a quick look up and down the practically deserted street, there wasn't much danger of that. The neighbourhood wasn't exactly known for being friendly. The rat still couldn't shake the feeling of being followed though. *Nothing... it's nothing...*

Bunching his jaw, his left hand compulsively clenching into a fist, Axel took a breath and pushed open the door.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 07, 2015, 11:32:05 PM**

Oh great, they're fans... Flora sighed. "That's great, awesome. An Airplane reference. The height of comedy." She glanced at Bailey. "You sorting out the details and I can go to bed, or are you busy griping over mammalian stereotypes?"

Nigel was still grumbling quietly to himself. "She's got her own clothes, she don't need clothes. Make sure she keeps taking baths with this," he tossed Rose a bottle of black dye. "Best case scenario, she never leaves the house and this all blows over real simple like. Here's half now." He counted out a huge stack of bills.

Flora was already heading to her room. The second she was out of earshot of the others, her phone was out and she was calling Daryl, the closest groupie living in Seryet who was into frot and alcohol.

"*Nice try, buttercup,*" Nigel's dry voice greeted her instead of a dial tone. "*I pulled your phone plan. Keep it indoors, airplane mode. Just try not to get the dogs pregnant.*"

Flora's fur bristled. *You son of a bitch. We'll see about that...* Flopping on the bed in her new room, she surfed her settings and installed apps with increasing frustration. She didn't even notice the decor.

=====

" 'Ey now, what she talking about?" the polite sailor said in a low voice. The others spread out to form a protective wall between Emilena and Dr. Lee.

Emilena instinctively took a step back. "I don't know. Rachel, the hell are you talking about?"

Dr. Lee grasped the sailor's hand, lip quivering. "She's got a gun and she was forcing me to walk with her. I think she was going to drown me in the ocean. I don't know what she wanted!"

"*What?*" Emilena noticed the small crowd had reached earshot. "Look, that's all bullshit. But you want her? Fine, take her!"

"You're not going anywhere!" threatened the drunk sailor. "What were you going to do to her?"

"How about you ask her why she wants to get on your goddamn boat?" Emilena threw her hands up in the air. "I'm out. Deal with her yourself."

"Hey!" interrupted someone from the small crowd. "It's that woman from the news!" He whipped out his smartphone and brought up a website. Emilena was already marching down the beach, figuring that Dr. Lee could solve her own problems, when others spread out to cut off her escape. "Oh my god!" exclaimed another, reading the article from the former's phone. "She helped kill all those Augments?"

"Yeah!" confirmed the first. "And she was part of the same thing in Lanthae too!"

At that moment, Emilena realized they were talking about her. "Wait, what did it say?" She saw the flash of a concealed pistol out of the corner of her eye, but she was quicker on the draw and fired a salvo of warning rounds into the air. Even with the silencer it sent half the crowd dropping to the ground in fright. Something heavy crashed into the side of her head; the drunk sailor had bum-rushed her. Deflecting his swipe with the butt of her SMG, Emilena sliced his stomach open with a fluid backhand draw of her knife.

An unsilenced shot rang out, and with a stagger Emilena realized she'd been shot in the wrist. Her SMG clattered out of her grasp as the muscles in her hand stopped working, and in seconds her mind shifted from fight to flight. Using a retaliatory shove from the sailor for momentum, she went sprinting for the surf and dove face-first into the waves.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 09, 2015, 11:00:01 AM**

"Thanks man. Glad to hear you're okay," Soren said as he cut the connection and stuck the phone back in its charging cradle.

He opened the door and found Uziel standing there, "Hey *amigo*, you better see this."

Soren gulped; he had a vague feeling that he was *not* going to like what he was about to see.

Sure enough, the TV in the living room showed grainy still pictures of himself, Axel, Anne, Marita, Maria, Rose and Emilena. The news reporter announced that these were members of a gang of armed robbers responsible for attacking a robotics factory in Lanthae and killing many workers. In addition, it warned they were armed and extremely dangerous and that there was a 500,000 credit bounty on each of them.

"What the fuck!? I wasn't anywhere near that factory!" Soren protested. It was a lie; he knew that factory was actually a Purifier base.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 09, 2015, 07:27:59 PM**

Axel stepped into *Ned's*, lowering his hood, and almost instantly the smell of cigarette smoke, cheap booze and sweat hit him in the nose with the subtlety of a truck. Patrons were crowded along the bar that stretched the length of the left side of the establishment, most of them leaning over their drinks, lost in their own thoughts or engaging in loud, bawdy discussions with their neighbours. Dotted around the place, rickety tables supported even more customers as they nursed their alcohol. A permanent haze clung to the air within, and Axel felt his eyes start to sting as smoke wafted towards him.

As he looked around, Axel felt almost relieved by the familiar surroundings - he'd lost count of the amount of evenings he'd spent holed up here.

Picking his way across the bar he dropped into a stool at the end, tucked into the corner, and leaned on his elbows over the bar, blinking his greasy hair out of his eyes. The bartender, a small but almost alarmingly muscled pug, saw him and made his way over. "Hey beanpole, it's been a while! How's life been treating you?" The pug paused. "You figure out how *not* to look like you're always eating a shit sandwich?"

Axel shrugged. "Sure, Max. I'm a regular clown now."

Max chortled. "Ah, you miserable son of a bitch. You want a drink, or you just here to grace us with your sunny personality?"

"Get me a whiskey." He swallowed, his throat dry. "Double."

As Max went over to fetch his drink, Axel settled down into a familiar silence, eyes downcast, and when the pug slid the glass over to him he handed the credits over without looking. He took a sip of the whiskey, his mouth burning as it went down, and almost immediately started to feel better. *The return of an old friend*. Axel smiled bitterly to himself and took another drink.

"... Almaya, Axel Whent, Anne..."

At hearing the tinny voice, Axel quickly raised his head, looking up at the cheap, boxy TV suspended above the bar. The grainy image onscreen showed him and the others making their way around a building. A cold sensation rushed through him as he recognised the Purifier's base instantly.

"... Lanthae, and the deaths of many other augmented," the voice over the images continued. "Police have warned that these individuals are *extremely* dangerous. A reward of 500,000 credits..."

Axel's hands began to shake. He felt his teeth chatter. Suddenly, he became *very* aware of everyone around him.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 09, 2015, 09:23:34 PM**

Marita was watching the bulletin, her face frozen in a mixture of shock and anger' those Purifer filth!! she snarled. " trying to pin the blame on us for blowing up their base!

-

Marita! Do you have any idea hows many cred..' Marie said then froze as she saw the look on Marita face.." DJ's not the only one whos going to need a new name. We all are' Marita said in a slow sullen voice. ' we.. have 500000 cred bounties on our heads. 500000 EACH, you, me,

Rose, all of our friends.. so... forget about going into work tomorrow.. or anytime thereafter. all it takes is one bullet and you're history. same goes for Rose..

Rose walked in as she said this and shook her head fervently ' No way! I'm not going to quit my job at the theater! not when i'm so close to taking a big role! i'm riding this out..

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 09, 2015, 10:48:33 PM**

Bailey was walking back to his car from Marita's house. "I hope I made myself clear to them..." he muttered. After counting out the credits but before taking his leave he'd none-too-subtly warned that if anything were to happen to Flora, those dogs would be in a lot more than financial trouble.

He walked past a rundown clinic, where a flash of orange caught his eye. Some people were tearing up the inside using homemade weapons and molotovs. Whether it was a looting or a hate crime, he wasn't sure, but he knew better than to get involved.

World sure is going to hell, he thought to himself. Maybe I should have talked to dear old pop a bit more about how he kept himself safe in the aftermath of the Pelvanida incident...

The ocean was bitter cold this late at night. Emilena shed her jacket almost immediately as it filled with water and threatened to drag her head under the surf. She had a few tricks un her sleeve for staying afloat, but getting as far away from the shore as possible took priority at the moment.

She spared a single glance back at shore and was temporarily blinded when someone's smartphone cast a piercing light over her. "There!" someone shouted.

Emilena took a deep breath and dove underwater, anticipating gunfire, but nothing happened. *Huh. Maybe they're letting me--*

Suddenly a meaty hand grabbed her by the neck and wrenched her back into the surf. Someone had followed her into the water, a sailor by his stocky build. Emilena swiped at him with his knife but missed. The man smacked her upside the head and screamed, "Over here! I've got her! Help!"

Emilena gritted her teeth and on her next swipe embedded her knife into the fleshy spot under his shoulder. The man cried out and kned her painfully in the crotch, and Emilena got enough of a grasp to awkwardly grapple him. As both of them dragged each other under the surf, Emilena grunted and swallowed salt water as the man headbutted her desperately. With little other options she dug her fangs into what she hoped was his neck and tore into him savagely.

The snap of a collar bone warned her she'd missed the mark somewhat, but the damage was done. With a second knee to the groin the man kicked her away in a panic, leaving her swirling and gasping for air in a swirl of bubbles. This late at night, she realized she couldn't even tell which direction led back to the surface.

A bullet slamming into her pelvis quickly helped her with that particular problem.

"Don't shoot!" shouted someone from the shore. "You might hit Angus!"

"No, I got her, I'm sure of it!" the other voice shouted back. "Reloading!"

"Help me!" cried the sailor in the water. Emilena meanwhile was kicking off her boots and abandoning her vestful of survival gadgets, electing to keep only her combat knife slid inside her sock. She needed more buoyancy and a flotation device, fast. Removing her pants and knotting the leg openings shut using her teeth and undamaged hand, she held the waistline

open and swung them over her head, trapping air inside.

Her ability to paddle awkwardly around the cruise ship informed her that her pelvis wasn't shattered; the bullet must have been sufficiently off-target or dampened by the water to only bruise. Her next course of action was to choose where to swim to. Every paddle felt harder than the next; at these temperatures and losing this much blood she feared she had less than twenty minutes before passing out.

Can't go back to shore...there will be search parties... Struggling to see over her deflating flotation device, she spotted a pair of red lights roughly fifty meters out to sea. Hell with it. Best case scenario, boat I can hijack. Worst case scenario, a buoy...

Willing her numb legs to keep paddling, Emilena gasped for breath and made her way further out to sea.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 12, 2015, 06:24:59 PM**

Twenty agonizing minutes later, Emilena felt her knees scrape across pebbles, and handful by handful she dragged herself onto a tiny atoll. Little more than a large rock, Emilena suspected her new hideout wouldn't even exist come morning when the tides came in.

Shivering violently, Emilena quickly slid her soaking clothes off and curled into a ball. Proper survival methods dictated removing wet clothes and wrapping up in blankets or some form of insulation, but on this rock she would have to settle for the tepid bay air.

I'm safe from the mob...but what the hell do I do now? In her current position her mangled wrist was pressed against her snout, mixing the smells of her own blood with the ocean salt. *Well, stemming the bleeding is a good first start.* Using her knife, she sliced a long ribbon out of her shirt and tourniqueted her right lower arm. As much as she often hated Lily, this was one of those moments Emilena wished she were around. *She always refuses to heal me, but surely even she wouldn't want me to lose a hand...*

The air was doing a better job than she expected; her muscles were still cramping up from her perching on a slippery rock, but her skin was already feeling dryer and the temperate air was beginning to feel manageable. *I've survived worse than this...* she thought to herself, realizing with a troubling lack of alarm that she was slowly passing out. *I can get through this.....*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 13, 2015, 10:45:58 AM**

the Girls were arguing amongst themselves over what to do ' even if your boss allows us to come work with you..' Marita said ' I highly doubt the others will be willing to join in . I cant see Soren quoting Shakespeare or playing Injun Joe. Emilena would taking killing people off in Hamlet quite literally, and in any event we have to protect Flora here. we have 20 million credits. enough to move the 4 of us out of Seryet and go.. weklk anywhere we want..

I'll talk to mr Hong tomorrow' rose replied ' i'll see what he says.. hes a good sort.. ' He may be.. but what about your co-workers?" Marie said ' once this report gets around we likely wont be able to keeo our jobs, at least i wont.'

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 13, 2015, 08:14:34 PM**

As the news reporter continued talking, Axel's heart felt as if it was about to explode. His wide eyes were fixed on the screen, and it felt impossible to breath.

What the fuck... what...

From somewhere behind a group hunched over one of the tables burst out laughing, and the raucous noise snapped Axel out of his shock. Blinking, trying to force the fog to clear from his head, he tried to discretely glance up the bar to see if anyone was watching.

With a sinking feeling in his gut, he saw here and there, a few *were* looking up at the screen, some with mild or non-existent interest, others staring with their full attention. Max was bent down at the other end of the bar, working on something under the counter.

Axel swallowed. *Alright... nobody's seen me, just need to get out and then...* And then what? He had no idea. All he knew was that he needed to get out of here as soon as he could. Then maybe he could lie low, keep his head down. Try to figure out what the hell was going on...

Rising slowly, trying to make as little noise as possible, he slid off the bar stool and started to slink across the room, keeping his eyes down. After each step, he expected to feel a hand clamp down on his shoulder, someone to yell out in recognition. He felt his mouth grow dry as he approached a cluster of patrons who'd been watching the TV... but, absorbed in their conversations, they didn't seem to recognise him. He skirted around a bar stool that was stuck out - and the door grew even closer. Closer...

"Hey Axel!"

At the sound of his name, Axel jolted, glancing back without thinking. Max was leaning over the counter, cleaning a glass and looking curiously across at him. "You going so soon?"

"I... ah..." Axel's mouth opened and closed as he tried to think. "Yeah, just remembered I've got, ah... something to take care of. I'll see you around Max." He quickly turned back, his long legs carrying him quickly towards the door.

From further back in the bar, two men watched the rat leave. As his thin frame slipped through the door, the burlier of the two turned to the man sat across from him. "You sure that's the guy?"

"Yeah, I'm fuckin' sure."

"Alright... alright, but think about the creds, man... We could-"

"*Fuck* the creds..." The second man's face darkened, his voice low with hatred. Downing the last of his beer, he stood up, one hand reaching under his jacket to feel the cold metal of the revolver tucked into his belt. "Let's go."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 13, 2015, 09:13:15 PM**

As the minutes passed, Flora got more and more upset at her predicament.

I am a platinum artist and a technical maverick... she thought to herself angrily, glancing at the plain off-white walls and rustic decorations of her simple bedroom. *I've redefined popular culture and I am NOT going to remain cooped up in a hovel with three desperate housewives!*

Sliding her phone into her back pocket, she resorted to a distinctly low-tech but effective piece of technology; the knotted sheet rope. Forcing the window as quietly as she could, she scaled the wall of the complex and dropped to the ground.

You can make it all the way to Daryl's... she told herself, with the unfounded confidence that originally drove her into show business. *You used to hang in the slums all day before boarding school...it'll be just like old times...*

Trying to visualize the map from her smartphone app, Flora picked a direction and started running.

A soaking wet splash of seawater abruptly roused Emilena from her slumber with the abruptness of a whiplash.

Blinking with disorientation, she tried to adjust to a sitting position and found all four of her extremities were completely asleep. Another wave hit her dead in the face, sending her spluttering and coughing with alarm.

Where is...? Where am...? As reality slowly reasserted itself she realized with a cold flash of alarm that she was up to her chest in water. The tide was coming in!

Trying once again to get to her knees, she accidentally put all of her weight on her tourniqueted arm and went tumbling stupidly into the water. Skidding on her backside along the sharp pebbles, she grasped the rock desperately but the next wave carried her into the unknown.

Part of her brain realized in a panic that what little supplies she had remaining were nowhere to be seen, but a different part of her brain was preoccupied with the bizarre behavior of her wounded hand. While her other extremities were erupting with tiny tingling stabs, the hand was worryingly painless. In fact, she didn't feel anything from it at all.

Filling her lungs and spreading her arms and legs to maintain buoyancy, Emilena floated to the top of the surf and trusted in the current to carry her to shore. As her panic became controllable, the languid calmness of floating along warm morning surf gave her ample time to slowly get her bearings and remember all the pertinent details of last night's events. Dr. Lee was almost certainly dead or in jail. Lily could either be dead or still waiting for the Purifiers to destroy Lee's lab. If Emilena could get there first, she could warn Lily that their contract was terminated and Lily could save herself the regeneration. Also, they both needed to learn exactly what the news article revealed about the Lanthae incident. It mentioned Emilena by either description or name, any number of the old gang could be incriminated.

Emilena knew she was procrastinating on looking at her hand. She knew it could only be bad. But even she wasn't prepared for the terrible sight when she finally held it up. The colorless skin was bloated with water and peeling off to the wrist, revealing clammy limp muscles clinging to her reinforced Augmented bones. Down to the tourniquet, everything was either pale dead flesh or gleaming silver chrome. Had Emilena any food in her stomach she would have certainly vomited.

Oh my god, can Lily heal this??? Emilena wondered in a panic. *That's my dominant hand! How the hell am I going to fire a gun? Or even use a fork?*

Her brain was still whirling in horror when her back scraped up against sand. The tide had carried her to shore.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 14, 2015, 01:28:14 PM**

Marie decided to go introduce herself to Flora and distract herself from the news that had just landed in their laps. " she knocked on the door to Floras room, only to find it opened on its own " DJ? She called out before coming in " I just wanted" she stopped and her mouth fell open as she saw the open window and the rope hanging out of it " my God!" she screamed and ran down the stairs " Flora ran off!" she said breathlessly. Marita froze in shock, then ran to her computer and began typing ' Bailey gave us her cell phone number so we could keep an eye on her at all times. That man thinks of everything.I'll give her a call, and even if she doesnt answer, it will tell us her location. Get in the car girls ' we're going to go find her..20 million creds wont save us, if we cant get her back..'

- Marie and rose randown the stairs towards the complex's parking garage, and got into their

vehicle, which was a 10 year old van. it got good gas mileage and got a good top speed, but it wasn't high end. Marita started the van, and pulled out of the garage, driving with one hand while calling Floras phone with the other. " She heard the phone ring, and ring, and silently hoped Flora would answer.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 14, 2015, 07:08:04 PM**

Flora had never sent an incoming call to voicemail faster than the unlisted number suddenly ringing her. *Three guesses who that is, and the first two don't count*, she thought wistfully.

She turned down another alleyway and found a dead end. *Crap*. By her mental map, there should have been a street connection... Swiping her phone's screen, she checked the map app. Due to her limited functionality, she couldn't update it via satellite, but if she could just triangulate her position...

She realized someone else had entered the alley behind her. She turned to spot a short man in a stained T-shirt. He had a gun.

"Give me your wallet," he said under his breath. "Quietly."

Flora pulled her wallet out as fast as she could and tossed it to him.

"And the phone!" he threatened. Flora threw her phone on the roof of the nearby building. "What the hell did you do that for?" he snapped angrily. Flora dropped to the ground and covered her head in fright. Cursing under his breath, the man took one last look at the smartphone and made off with what he had gotten hold of.

Flora needed a few seconds to get her bearings. Flashbacks from being shot in the stadium flashed before her eyes. *Get ahold of yourself!* she thought, gritting her teeth and getting to her feet. She glanced at the three-story condo she'd thrown the phone onto. Noticing a fire escape within jumping distance of the dumpster, she scaled the side and began the long climb to the roof.

Unbeknownst to her, Marita had called the phone again, and this time it went to voicemail. Marita's technology could track it now...

Staggering to her feet, Emilena noticed with alarm that despite the lateness there were still some beachgoers sunbathing, jogging, and swimming around her area. A series of 24/7 floodlights kept the beach permanently illuminated. *Hope this beach is clothing optional...* Most of Emilena's wounds were clotted or mostly hidden due to the constant exposure to salt water, but her hand was going to be somewhat conspicuous. With no other option, she buried it in her own hair and pretended she was awkwardly scratching an itch as she stumbled through the sand towards civilization.

She still got some odd looks as she lurched dizzily to more solid ground. Emerging onto the tiled section dedicated to showers and lockers, Emilena ducked into the girls' bathroom, where she wrapped her hand in paper towels. Loitering in the furthest stall, she waited for a muggable target to enter the stalls alone.

Emilena took a deep breath of relief when she left the stalls about an hour later clad in a sunny orange dress with her hand tucked in a purse slung over her shoulder. *Okay...I think we're back in business. Step one, buy takeout. Step two, find a newspaper. Step three, get back to Lily.*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 14, 2015, 11:02:12 PM**

the voicemail from Marita said '; Flora stop at the next street corner you are on. we'll catch you there and take you out to dinner. Bailey is paying us a lot of money to look after you.. and.. he doesnt like it when people don't meet his expectations. Rose told us about her previous meetings with him. Not a guy you want to piss off. at any event running off wasnt a smart move on your part. Seryet isnt a very safe town to be out on the streets at night in.. people get mugged, robbed, stabbed, and shot all the time around here. we've had run-ins with the Purifiers before Flora, they are deranged fanatics who will gladly rip out your eyeballs and show them to you while you are still breathing before chopping you into bits. they are not the sort you want to get involved in."

—
marita locked onto floras position' ok shes on the complex, two blocks to our left she said, turning down the street and making a beeline for it..' she silently thanked who ever had invented satellite telephones.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 15, 2015, 12:02:16 AM**

Soren headed to *Dai Wong* near Egeson Street. The eatery was a cheap sit-down restaurant that served filling -- and rather greasy and salty Cantonese fair. The drizzling rain had stopped and was replaced by watery sunlight peeking through the smoggy haze that veiled Seryet City's gleaming monoliths of concrete and steel.

That said, Soren still kept his windbreaker with the hood raised as he entered the building. Loud Cantonese voices emanated from the kitchen as waiters hustled back and forth with dishes of all sorts.

He took a seat at a large table next to two burly men who looked like oil farmers, they were soon joined by a middle-aged Shetland Pony mare with a metallic horn sticking out of her forehead.

The Human picked up a rather greasy menu sandwiched between a bottle of hot sauce and soy sauce and cracked it open. Stained glass tumbler full of steaming hot tea was passed to everyone at the table.

Soren sighed as he read over the dishes. He needed something quick and simple to eat. He looked at the mare sitting next to him...she looked *very* familiar...

The waiter approached and soon took their orders. Soren opted for white-cut catfish with scallion-ginger sauce and rice. It was Cantonese workingman's dish -- simple, filling and unpretentious.

He took a sip of the steaming hot tea as he looked around the eatery. In the front were two Augments cooks cutting up some catfish with literally mechanical precision.

In the back corner, two giggling Crab Eating Mongoose were sharing a large platter of deep fried crabs with a Chinese woman and a white woman. Judging from their excessive makeup and skimpy clothing, they appeared to be prostitutes. Prostitution, while technically against Seryet City's public nuisance ordinances was tolerated (as long as a sizable bribe was made to the police).

Soren sighed and kept an eye on the door.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 15, 2015, 06:00:50 PM**

Axel kept walking down the sidewalk as fast as his legs could take him, his feet squelching through puddles in the cracked and worn concrete. Though the rain had stopped, a clammy moistness clung to the air, making Axel feel sodden. A few weak patches of sunlight showed

here and there through the clouds, but did little to dispel the dismal, oppressive dark of the overcast sky.

At least there wasn't anybody around, a fact that Axel was more than glad of. *What the hell am I going to do?!* he thought desperately. *It's not like I can go to the cops to try and explain... Oh Jesus...* He felt as if his chest was collapsing in, helplessness starting to overwhelm him. *Come on... come on, think...*

Grinding his teeth, deep in his thoughts, Axel didn't hear the soft footsteps coming up behind him. Then there was a heavy *crack* on the back of his head, and everything went white with agony.

When the fog cleared, he was lying face down on the concrete, his cheek pressed into the cold, damp ground. The back of his head felt on fire, and something wet was trickling down the back of his neck. Groaning, Axel started to slowly push himself onto his hands and knees, his stunned brain trying to process what was happening. A pair of strong hands grabbed him around the shoulders, and he felt himself being pulled up, his own arms held back.

As Axel started struggling, trying to wrench from the grip of the person behind him, another person stepped in front of him before him into his line of sight. Beneath his short dark hair, the man's eyes were like cold stone. He leaned in close, his face inches from Axel's own. "You thought you could just get away with it?" he hissed.

Axel blinked. "I di-"

The man stepped back, swinging his arm, and Axel just had time to register the small revolver clenched in his hand before the handle smashed into his right temple. Gasping, Axel was thrown to the side, the man holding him almost losing his grip.

Holding the rat tighter, the burly man swore under his breath. "We can't do this here, Jim. Someone could call the cops."

The dark haired man with the revolver shook his head angrily, looking around the deserted street. "Nobody's gonna call the cops. Especially not for a piece of shit like this." He paused. Maybe it *was* better to make sure. "Alright, fine. Bring him there." He pointed to a dark alley across the road and started to walk over.

Shrugging, the burly man started to drag the dazed rat across. Inside, he couldn't help feeling a pang of regret. Sure, this was personal for Jim, but... 500, 000 credits was a *lot* of money...

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 15, 2015, 08:15:04 PM**

Flora gritted her teeth as she climbed rung after rung. *This shouldn't be tiring...* She hoisted herself over the wall and onto the roof, far more out of breath than she expected. *It's because I'm missing weekly yoga. I'm already getting out of shape!*

Locating her phone, she grabbed it and her heart skipped a beat. The screen was *cracked*, and this infuriated her. She hated when people treated her like a stereotypical teenage girl, and having such an associated symptom of that clique was unacceptable. *I'll sue those three women, it's their fault!*

As if on cue, she saw a car pull up that she recognized from their parking lot. "Go away!" she shouted loudly. "I'm not coming down! You can't make me!"

She cast her eyes around the roof. The entrance to the stairwell was visibly locked, and there were no other roofs in jumping distance. Her mind raced as she looked for another escape.

Emilena bit her lip when she saw Dr. Lee's lab was trashed almost beyond recognition. Ducking under the collapsed doorframe, she scanned the charred, wrecked remains of the clinic. "Lily?" Emilena had no idea when the hit happened, technically she wasn't even sure if it was safe to enter yet.

Emilena finally located her confidante crushed halfway underneath an operating table. A number of bloodied instruments indicated that Lily had been subject to some mutilations before the Purifiers had finished.

Grunting with exertion, she pushed the table off Lily and used it to block the only clear window to the outside. Lily's chest was moving, meaning she was more than halfway done with regeneration. Emilena kept herself occupied locating painkillers for her hand and experimented with some skin synthesizers in forlorn hope of regenerating it. But she quickly realized any hope of natural recovery was impossible, even with modern medicine. Her right hand was completely dead.

Thirty minutes later, Lily made the deep gasp that always meant she was clearing her lungs for the first time. Coughing badly, the lacerated human rolled over and clutched her abdomen. Emilena waited patiently for Lily to get to her feet on her own. Lily didn't like being touched.

"Emilena?" Lily croaked hoarsely. "Why are you...?"

"We had some technical difficulties with the plan," the vixen admitted. "Long story short, it went to hell and Dr. Lee signed her own death warrant. How soon until you can walk?"

"Soon..." Lily wheezed. She looked in wonder at the clinic around her. "Jesus, they trashed this place."

"You didn't notice? You were there." Emilena offered her a morphine shot. Lily refused it.

"They kinda went for me first..." Lily sat up. "Were you followed?"

"Don't worry, I spent a lovely evening in the Seryet Canal. Speaking of which..." Emilena held out her decayed hand. Lily gasped and recoiled instinctively. "Yeah. Look, I know you don't do heals, but come on. Just once?"

Lily hesitated, then shook her head. "I'm sorry, Emi..." She scooted backwards.

"*What?*" Emilena balled her still-intact fist. "This is my dominant hand! I can't even shoot! Come on, you'll heal in minutes and go about your way!" She advanced in a rage. "I could have just grabbed you while you were regenerating and gotten it for free, you know!"

"I...can't," Lily glared at the hand through tear-streaked eyes. "I won't. I'm sorry."

Emilena squeezed her fist so hard the morphine shot shattered. "Goddammit, I want to strangle you sometimes!"

"Not on our watch, please," a cocky voice leered behind them. A Purifier death squad pushed the doorframe aside and took up positions around the room.

Lily's eyes went wide. "Oh god, it's them. They came back."

The leader grinned wickedly. "We always double-check our hits for survivors. Could've sworn we finished you off, Ms. North, but it's our lucky day we didn't." He licked his dagger. "They want you and Echo alive. Orders from the very top. You can come quietly or make this difficult."

Emilena slashed Lily's neck open with a swipe of her claws. "She would have rather died than come with you, trust me," she explained to her stunned assailants as Lily's body dropped to

the floor with a gurgle. "You've got me, though. Hope your higher-ups are okay with one out of two." She raised her arms and offered no resistance as one stabbed her in the stomach with a cattle prod.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 15, 2015, 09:50:56 PM**

Marita pulled up alongside the building and got out. she heard Floras shout and replied" Flora! this was not a good move on your part! I dont care how many people have sucked up to you, or literally sucked you off, that doesnt give you the right to run off like this. this isnt a music video production, you do something stupid here ,its for good. We dont have the creds to get you all augmented up if you mess yourself up, and in any event , Bailey will quite literally kill us if anything happens to you, even if it is your own fault. We're being held responsible for you, and we take that seriously. Just come on down, get in the van and we'll have a nice talk as we get drive through. you're not 18 yet, once you are 18, you can smoke, drink have all the freaky sex you like with guys or girls who are your age, but right now, you're not 18, and someone legally has to look out for you, and well. that someone- someONES- are me , Marie and Rose. we're getting paid to do it, and it would not look good if Bailey came around and found you bolting off into the blue. hed chew you out, and do worse to us. Do you really want that? Now.." Marita was cut off as shots erupted, and began pinging off the stairwell t hat Flora had just finished climbing. the loud ping ping ping of bullets, interspersed with shouts - Marita caught one _ Die! Augmened Bitch! Die!'- were loud and clear. Marita braced herself against the van as the bullets were fired ' after a couple minutes the bullets stopped and the loud squeal a tires was heard as a car pealed out from around the corner.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 15, 2015, 10:01:36 PM**

Flora's eyes grew wide and she ducked under the lip of the roof as the bullets peppered the side, damaging the ladder. "Are you crazy?!?" she shouted in a blind panic. "I'm not fucking going down there!"

Seconds later the squeal of tires left only the sound of blood thumping in her ear. Clutching her stomach, Flora rolled over. Her heart hammered in her chest and all she could focus on was the old newspaper her face was pressed against. "Why the hell would I go down there and get shot?" she screamed at Marita, not brave enough to actually look over the edge of the building at the Great Dane.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 15, 2015, 10:07:34 PM**

they've gone! Marita shouted back. Now get the heck down here before they decide to come back! Eithe you come down willing or I'm coming up there and DRAGGING your pampered posterior down here! you just got a taste of what i was telling you.. theres shooting and muggings every night around here. Almost as bad as Lanthae , really. now whats its going to be? Come Down willingly or have the pissed off Great Dane drag your furry butt? You have 5 seconds to answer.' Marita said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 15, 2015, 10:10:38 PM**

Flora gritted her teeth and squinted her eyes shut. The afterimage of the words on the newspaper were burnt into her retinas. Suddenly she blinked in surprise. Exactly four seconds pause, then... "I'm coming down!"

Climbing daintily over the side, she grasped the ladder and slid down without using the rungs.

Hitting the ground hard, she rebounded quickly and sprinted into the car, unable to keep a hint of a smile from her face.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 15, 2015, 10:43:05 PM**

Alright' Matita said as she got back into the van. Marie buckled Flora Tightly into the seat, strapping her in. ' when was the last time you were truly punished Flora, and I mean in the ' go to your room, no phone, no tv, no NOTHING' sort? I'm guessing its been a long time.. ' well, she swiped Floras phone from her and noticed the large crack running down the middle of the screen., ' consider this the revoking of your phone privileges until Marita can fashion a new screen for it.' shes pretty good at fixing phones, apart from her various computer gigs. anyway... dinner." she segwayeds as marita drove off again.' We;re going to Nixons, they have good food there.. " Marita said.

— I want some checkers Nuggets- a large order' Rose said.' Get me a big Robert Frosty' Marie said. Are they doing the Impeachment special again?

— should be they do it every August.' Marita replied ' i'll get that. What do you want Flora, theres the kick Nixon around combo , the, 100000 votes and 2 states short combo, and the breakin burger.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 15, 2015, 11:09:32 PM**

Two men, their faces veiled by the hoods of their windbreakers entered the eatery. They sat down and cracked open their menus. One of the men kept stealing glances at Soren.

The Human ignored them and continued sipping his hot tea.

"That the guy?" one of the bounty hunters asked between sips of ice water.

The other brought up a smartphone with a mirrored coating that prevented shoulder-surfing. He adjusted the image and discreetly snapped a picture of Soren. A few seconds later, the words "95.8% match" scrolled across the screen.

"That's him. Let's go." The two got up as if to go to the bathroom. As they did so, they headed straight for Soren.

Soren noticed the men approaching. Alarm bells went off in his head. Judging from the hardened expressions on their faces, hands in their pockets and menacing posture, they were *not* here to talk.

"Soren Almaya. You're coming with us," the first bounty hunter said, pointing a metallic finger at the Human.

"Okay, who are you? And who the hell sent you?" Soren demanded, narrowing his eyes and clutching his tumbler of tea.

"Not your concern. All you need to know is that you'll make us quite rich."

Soren gulped. The word about the 500,000 cred bounty must have spread. He swallowed the bile rising in his throat and glared at the man. "I am not interested in helping you with whatever fucked up scheme you're pulling."

The bounty hunter chuckled. "I'm afraid you don't have a choice. Now come with us or we shall use...creative methods to ensure your compliance."

In a fluid motion, the Human threw his glass tumbler at the bounty hunter, forcing him to dodge the glass projectile as it shattered against a bronze altar dedicated to the Kitchen God. That split second allowed him to leap from his chair and sprint through the swinging doors into the kitchen.

"After him!" The two bounty hunters charged through the swinging doors, evoking angry shouts from the staff.

The patrons seemed, at best, mildly amused. It was testament to how rough *Dai Wong* could get.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 17, 2015, 03:50:15 AM**

<This post has been deleted in accordance with following our role-plays'
(<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341&view=findpost&p=22055575>) tradition
(<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=13105.660&#entry22071632>)>

(Don't worry, this time there was no actual content someone might want to read)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 18, 2015, 05:23:28 PM**

The burly man's fist hammered into the side of Axel's face, and his head was rocked to the side, his cheek knocking into the wall he was being held up against. The dark haired man with the gun stood on the other side, watching, his face contorted in hatred. After they'd dragged him into the dank, narrow alleyway squeezed between two rough looking buildings, they'd thrown him against the wall next to a stack of trash and gotten to work on him. Sagging, his body a mesh work of pain, the only thing keeping Axel up were the fist that continued to land blows on him.

As the two men paused for breath, Axel took the opportunity to try to talk again. Blood and saliva hanging from the corner of his mouth, he looked up achingly at the dark haired man. "Wasn't... me..." he managed through a numb jaw.

At a glance from the dark haired man, his friend lowered his clenched fist. "What the fuck did you say?"

"Not me," Axel tried again, wheezing, his ribs aching. "I had nothing to... do with Lanthae, or... or what just happened."

"No?" The dark haired man sneered. "Then what the hell did we just see? You were on the TV!"

"I don't... know what that was. None of it... is true. It's a lie."

The dark haired man said nothing for a moment, his jaw clenching. Then he took a step closer. "You fucking *coward*," he hissed. "You aren't going to own up to what you did?! My sisters died in Lanthae. Because of *you*!" He drove his knee hard into Axel's stomach, and the air was forced out of his lungs. The rat collapsed to the floor on his hands and knees, gasping for breath.

The dark haired man spat on him. "Fuck this. I'm ending this piece of shit now." He cocked the revolver, the gun making a soft *click*.

His burly friend swallowed, then raised a hand slowly. "Look, Jim. This guy deserves to die. I *know* that, believe me. But Sarah and Beth... they wouldn't want this." He paused. "And the

money-"

"I don't care about the money!"

Still on the floor between them, Axel felt something sharp dig into the side of his leg. Weakly, feeling as though he was looking through someone else's eyes, his head turned to see what it was. One of the trash bags had been torn open, rubbish leaking out, exposing a plastic knife. The end had been broken, leaving a razor sharp point. Slowly, his fingers closed around it, making no sudden movements.

"... they're dead, Sam," Jim was saying, his voice cracking. "Because of him."

"What about *my* family?!" Sam shook his head desperately. "Even if we split it, at least it'd mean that my kids won't have to live in *shit* anymore! Please..."

"You should think about your kids," Axel croaked, stiffly getting to his knees.

"Shut up!" Jim snarled, pointing the gun barrel at Axel's forehead.

Axel ignored him, looking into the burly man's eyes. "500,000's a lot. You..." He coughed. "You probably... aren't going to see that kind of money again in your life."

"*Shut up!*"

"Jim, wait!"

Jim lowered the gun and looked at Sam. "If we-"

Axel sprang. Leaping up between the two men, he bundled into the dark haired man, punching forwards, the plastic spike tearing into his throat as Sam stumbled back in shock. Gurgling, the plastic in his neck twitching as blood rushed out, Jim collapsed backwards on the floor with Axel landing on top of him. The revolver clattered on the concrete and skidded away. The rat frantically scrabbled for it, snatching the gun up and rolling onto his back to aim the barrel at Sam as the man backed away slowly, horror etched on his face.

"Please don't... I've got kids, man..." he begged.

Axel's eyes narrowed. His shaking finger hovered above the trigger..

From the other end of the alley, 4 loud gunshots tore through the air, and Sam dropped to the floor, giving a final gasp. Flinching, Axel swung the gun towards where the shots had come from, gritting his teeth when he saw three figures filling the alley, one of whom was tucking away his pistol. "Close one, that could have been really nasty." he said. The man tilted his head slightly. "Look... I'm gonna need you to come with us..."

"Back off!" Axel snarled, pushing himself backwards, still aiming the gun. "Back the fuck off!"

"Yeah, I didn't think you'd want to." The man nodded, and the figure to his left stepped forward, raising a small yellow device. Axel was just able to recognise it as a taser before the probes hit him. As his body jerked, the gun slipping from his fingers, he was only dimly aware of footsteps near him, a sharp prick as a needle was pushed into his neck. The last thing he heard as he slipped into unconsciousness was the dark haired man's dying coughs beside him.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 18, 2015, 07:32:18 PM**

"I got a different idea." Flora fished the newspaper out of her pants pocket. "Look what I just read...you three are *wanted criminals*." She smiled maliciously. "What do you think Bailey would do if he were to hear that?"

She glanced at the Great Dane who had her phone; she'd already forgotten their names. "If you don't give me my phone back right now, I'll find a way to call Bailey and tell him you're holding me hostage and all on the run from the police. He won't want me with criminals, no matter what favors you owe him. And once I've got my phone, after you return my phone, I want you to drive me anywhere I say, starting with Daryl's house at 45 Teakwood Lane."

She spread her arms and added "And another thing! It's *Shirley!* The stupid name *you* came up with! Maybe don't shout across the entire city that I'm in hiding and worth millions of dollars!?"

* * *

Emilena's body was still twitching when she regained consciousness an unspecified amount of time later. Her locale didn't particularly surprise her.

"Purifier prison, huh? Brings back memories." With a grimace she got to her knees and crawled to the wrought-iron door filling the north wall. The cell was extremely small, containing only a bolted bedframe and a small toilet. She was dressed only in a pair of tight handcuffs. *Last time I used my jumpsuit as a garrote, I guess they didn't feel like providing me with another...*

There was a slit in the door and she peered through it, but could only see a stainless linoleum floor. The hallway could lead to literally anywhere, but without a better understanding her surroundings she couldn't risk drawing attention to herself by trying to talk to any nearby cells.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 21, 2015, 12:37:34 AM**

Ok . SHIRLEY" Marita voice was tense ' first off we are NOT criminals.. that report is about as full of facts as the market tabloids that say Martians are breeding secretly with humans in a lab in Kentucky. so no, I'm not giving you your phone back. we are NOT driving to your groupies house, and we ARE going back to the house.. since we're trying to lay low in order to keep you safe. we are after all getting paid a LOT of creds to keep you safe. besides you shouldnt believe everything you hear and read, and you should know that from personal experience After all how many times have you read something in the papers claiming that you've had work done, or had implants? Quite a few as i recall. as you've sued quite a few people for making up stuff about you.. or at least Bailey Has..' marita said ' She pulled up to the drivethrough " ok I'll have the 420-3 special. the expletive deleted combo, with the Rosemary Woods toy, 2 100000 votes and 2 states short combos, and the pardon combo.. and thats all to go.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 22, 2015, 06:30:57 PM**

Axel was dragged from unconsciousness by the sound of his own harsh, hacking coughs. When they'd passed and he was able breath again, he slowly opened his eyes, his lids like slabs of iron. Harsh light blinded him. Wincing against the glare he forced himself into a sitting position on aching limbs, and waited for his vision to adjust.

Eventually, the rat was able to make out that he was in a tiny room... no, a cell. A solid looking metal door sealed the front, and an uncomfortably small toilet was bolted in the corner of the room. Axel looked down, and saw he was sitting on a hard, bare mattress on a frame fixed into the floor. With dawning horror, he also saw his clothes had been removed, revealing an ugly network of bruises and cuts across the bony frame of his naked body. Handcuffs secured his wrists together, the metal digging in painfully.

A small sound escaped Axel's throat as his situation sunk in. *What the hell is this... who's... His breath began to hitch as the rat struggled for breath, teetering on the verge of hysteria. I need to get out... gotta get out now!*

No! Keep it together! Axel struggled to think clearly and remain calm. *If you lose it now, you'll die for sure!* Closing his eyes, Axel tried to will his heartbeat to slow.

In Emilena's cell, a small speaker fitted into the ceiling crackled. After a moment, a bored sounding voice came through. "Miss Echo, good afternoon. Hope you had a good sleep?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 22, 2015, 07:17:39 PM**

It doesn't matter if it's real or not...it'll get me away from you and that's all I care about... Flora glared angrily at the front seat. "I could tell him you raped me," she said in a low voice, "You're all dykes so I bet he'd believe that."

She balled her fists angrily. "Or I could tell him that on the very first day an SUV fired a round of bullets at us because you shouted my real name in public, and I wouldn't even be lying!"

* * *

As the voice sounded, Emilena's heart leapt into her throat and she quickly closed the slit. The cell was so low-tech she'd never suspected it could be bugged. "Er...yeah. Great," she answered uneasily. She had never gotten the hang of not talking back to her captors. "You guys still have those jets that shoot healing gunk? I could use some of that."

She surreptitiously scanned the room again. The camera was too small to see; she debated whether there are any decent way to manipulate the voice into revealing its location.

* * *

For fifteen minutes, nothing happened in Axel's cell. Then the sound of a door slam echoed, and Axel could hear light panicked footsteps racing down the hallway. A dark-skinned feminine finger held the door slit open.

"Tony!" Lily's shaky voice asked urgently. "Axel, Emilena! Is anyone in there?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 22, 2015, 08:04:21 PM**

Nice try' Rose said ' but I've known Bailey for awhile, for years, in fact. He knows I'm reliable. If he hadn't thought I was reliable, he wouldn't have put you in our care. And as for you being shot at it, you wouldn't have gotten shot at if you had stayed in your room, and listened to music or fiddled with your phone, or done ANYTHING other than trying to sneak off.. as for raping you, no we wont do that. We never bang girls who dont want to bang.. and in any case I've had my fair share of guys, as has Marie back there and Marita here as well. So you could say we're bisexual, with a preference for girls. Bisexuality is a spectrum after all, in case you didnt know. Course, you're bisexual as well, judging from all the stories with your groupies, even if not all of them are true. so - SHIRLEY- we are getting something to eat, and heading back home.. You're stuck with us, until Bailey says the coast is clear- which given how the Purifiers operate- will be quite awhile in coming. They dont stop hunting their targets, you know, until they get killed or their target is killed..

If anything, this forces you to trust us even more, as we've fought those guys before. and we've survived. which.. puts us high on their enemies list.' she paused as marita stopped at the drivethrough and rose grabbed the food orders. Rose got the Nuggets and Marie the Frosty and the combos we spread around. Rose tossed the expletive deleted combo back to Shirley, and Marie reached forward and grabbed the pardon combo. Marita munched on a fry in the 100k vote combo, and Rose had the 420-3 combo. Marita drove off and Rose rolled up the window. " now lets have dinner , girls..

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **September 22, 2015, 08:32:02 PM**

Heart racing, Soren burst into the grimy alleyway that stank of rancid grease and food. Angry shouts from *Dai Wong's* kitchen staff echoed behind him as the two bounty hunters followed him. He felt his holstered pistol pressing against his side but he decided against using it as the odds of him winning a fight with two professional bounty hunters were not good.

That and if he shot at them, they might just decide to forsake the live capture bonus and just kill him.

He looked around and spotted a fire escape that zigzagged its way up onto a roof of a nearby building.

The Human scrambled onto of a greasy dumpster and just managed to grab the first rung of the ladder.

The rusty and ill-maintained catch on the ladders failed, knocking him onto the ground and allowing the ladder to fall free.

An electrified stun dart pinged off he concrete wall next to his head. Swearing profusely, he scrambled up the ladder and ran up the external staircase.

His lungs burning, Soren finally managed to get onto the roof. He ducked behind a large air conditioning unit. Seeing as they weren't going to let up, he decided that they were going to have to pay for their bounty.

The Human drew his pistol and clicked off the safety as he listened for footsteps.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **September 24, 2015, 06:56:15 PM**

Axel's breath hitched. He stared at the finger holding the metallic slit back, and when he heard Lily's voice he jolted as if he'd received an electric shock. "Li... Lily?" he said hesitantly. *This doesn't make sense, why is she here, she... we stopped...*

Confusion began to twist itself into a dark knot of anger, as memories of the way they'd left things began creeping back. But almost without him realising it, he found himself stumbling to the cell door, gritting his teeth at the pain shooting up his joints. A tiny voice nagged at him deep down, telling him something was wrong, but he pushed it down, locked it away.

Axel reached the door. "Yeah, I'm here! It's me! What are you-" He yanked at the door. It stuck fast. "*Shit!* I... I can't get this open..."

"No. No, those got taken away from us," the voice on the speaker said ruefully. "Oh, wow. Your hand actually *is* pretty messed up, you weren't kidding."

A pause. "Anyway. At least you know who we are and *where* you are, so I don't need to go into that. Purifiers, we caught you, so on and so on. We'll let you know why you're here in... a little while, I guess. But first we've gotta clear a few things up. So..."

The voice cleared its throat. "Your friends - Soren Almaya, Anne Phoe and Marita Jones." A rustle of paper. "Something tells me they weren't exactly your friends, but that's that's written here. Anyway, we know they came here, to Seryet after what happened in Lanthae. We want

to find them so we can all have a chat together. So we'd be *really* grateful if you could tell us where they are."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 25, 2015, 02:02:59 PM**

A sharp intake of breath. "...Axel?" Lily gasped, voice cracking. There was a sliding click as Lily swiped a keycard and stumbled into the cell. She looked just as Axel remembered her; an unhealthily thin young woman with taut dark skin and frightened sunken eyes. She was dressed in a bloodstained surgical gown and red welts from needle pricks dotted her thighs, arms, and fingertips.

"Oh god..." she breathed, rushing forward and throwing her arms around him. "What have they done to you?" Pressing her face into his collarbone, she cried uncontrollably, her knees shaking from the effort of remaining standing.

"I'm sorry," she sobbed, her hot tears running down his shoulder, "I'm sorry for everything! For leaving you, and I'm sorry for what I said and for how its all turned out!" She sniffed. "I never thought they'd find you too..."

* * *

Emilena's heart sank into her stomach. She knew what came after failing to answer a question... "I don't know," she admitted. "I haven't kept in touch with any of them. They hated me, I wasn't exactly invited to any reunions."

She glanced trepidatiously at the door, half expecting a burly interrogator with a car battery to march through any second. "You've got to understand I have no motivation to protect them from you. I'd throw any of them under the bus just for the opportunity to watch you kill them."

* * *

Flora balled her fists. "I'm not hungry..." she muttered through gritted teeth. It was clear arguing with these women would get her nowhere.

With one last death glare at the one holding her cell phone hostage, she fell into a strained silence. Before they pulled out of the drive-thru she tested the car door to find it was child-locked.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 27, 2015, 08:29:42 PM**

Axel's body stiffened slightly as Lily pressed herself against him, the welt and cuts dotting his torso protesting at the sudden pressure. He raised his arms, intending to hold her away - but found himself hugging her back instead, the gesture instinctual and familiar... yet now, somehow distant.

"I wasn't exactly hard to find," he muttered grimly. He looked down at her, blinking. "Jesus, what did they do to you? You look..." Axel trailed off, shaking his head. ... *just like the last time you were taken.*

Stepping back, he took one of her hands and squeezed it lightly. "I don't know what the hell's going on, but we can figure that out later, alright? We need to get out of here *now*, before... before someone knows you're gone." Gritting his teeth against the pain, Axel started limping towards the open cell door. "Come on!"

"Wow. You really are hard case. Life and soul of the party, huh?" More rustling from the

speaker. "Well, apparently the guys upstairs really want to make sure you aren't forgetting anything or overlooking something. Happens to the best of us. I'll be back in... a little bit. Should give me time to try and finish this *goddamn* crossword."

There was a click overhead as the voice cut off. For several long moments, there was nothing. Suddenly, a continuous noise came tearing from the speaker. At 45,000 Hz, it was impossible for humans to hear - but for a canine, it was like pushing shards of glass into the ears.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 27, 2015, 10:37:05 PM**

(Seryet City)

Soren kneeled and fired off a shot as the first bounty hunter climbed up the ladder. The impact of the bullet caused him to stagger back.

Soon, bullets ripped through the air conditioning unit. Soren swore profusely as one of the bullets grazed his arm, opening a long gash.

He waited for a lull in the shooting before he scrambled behind a ventilation shaft. But before he could fire any shots, the distinct hum of a flying frame could be heard behind him.

He turned around and saw three frame-flyers just hovering in midair above the streets. One of the flyers pointed a finger at him.

"Soren Almaya," the frame-flyer said. "We need you to come with us."

Soren scowled and raised his pistol. "Give me one reason why I shouldn't perforate your flying frame and leave you to splatter on the streets below!"

The flyer never got a chance to say anything before bullets tore through the air, kicking up plumes of concrete dust. Soren tried to make a run for it but a carbon fiber net launched out of seemingly nowhere entangled him and left him lying on the ground, unable to do more than breathe.

"Keep Soren away from those two!" the flyer said. It was now clear that this one was apparently the leader. He drew a submachine gun from a chest rig on his flying frame and let loose a volley of bullets at the bounty hunters.

"*Well, Soren, you just got yourself in some deep shit this time,*" Soren thought as bullets whizzed overhead and gun battle raged.

(???)

Anne groaned as she slowly pushed herself to her feet. She rubbed her eyes and found herself in a sparsely decorated prison cell. Nothing more than a stainless steel toilet/sink combination, a grimy mattress and concrete floors and walls.

The mare reached up to her forehead and gasped. Her captors had unscrewed her horn, leaving just the port that was flush with her skull.

Her ears splayed in disappointment as she snorted in displeasure.

She checked her horseshoes and sighed. Her standard nailed-on steel horseshoes had been replaced with plastic horseshoes that were glued onto her hoof.

Anne spat in the sink and splashed some water on her face. The last thing she remembered was buying a joint from a dealer in Egeson Street and lighting up.

She pinned her ears and slammed a fist into the concrete wall as she realized that she had been drugged.

The Shetland Pony looked through the barred door. The hallway was completely deserted -- not even guards were seen.

"Hello, is anyone there?" she called out, her voice harsh and thin thanks to the lingering effects of the drug she was dosed with.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 29, 2015, 02:42:54 PM**

Emilena pricked her ears in surprise when the voice conceded the point and backed off. Sure, he promised more torture, but that was pretty standard when dealing with hate crime prisoners. Something was telling her that she was valuable to them for some reason. She debated attempting to reestablish a dialogue; at worst she could possibly glean more about her role in their plans, at best she could try to get a Lima Syndrome thing going--

Abruptly a high-pitched wail sounded, a trill eardrum-shattering siren. Emilena screamed and curled into a ball, covering her ears desperately with her elbows since the handcuffs were preventing her hands from reaching sufficient range of motion.

"Why can't you assholes ever ask me something I goddamn KNOW!" she screamed, burying her head futilely into the cot and convulsing in uncontrollable spasms.

* * *

Tears ran down Lily's face as Axel spoke to her. "Not yet!" she interjected as he headed for the door. "The changing of the guard is in ten minutes! We can only slip out then!"

She traced the bruises on his chest. "I wish I could heal you..." she sniffed. "They took my powers when they captured me...I've been worried they don't have any use for me now that their tests are done..."

Once again she threw her arms around Axel. "Where can we go?" she bemoaned. "Can we live with Soren? Is he safe? Is anyone from before safe?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 29, 2015, 04:43:45 PM**

come on Shirley. you need to relax' Marie said " look, we're supposed to look out for you, and will be your friends if you let us. say want some of my fries?' she said, offering flora a handful ' come on.. I know its not the buffet they lay out on tour.. but well you're off touring for awhile.. and we're going to treat you the best we can, but you will have to trust us."

-
marita drove down the street back towards the apartment when her phone buzzed with a text " Heard Flora was seen running through town. Yes shes a rebelling brat, especially when she doesnt get nookie, but I'm paying the 3 of you a kings ransom to look after her. put bars on doors and windows, lock your apartment door, whatever the hell you want, but keep that girl safe and under watch at all times. Dont let me catch wind of her running off again. Capiche? - Bailey"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 02, 2015, 01:06:51 PM**

"I... I don't know if the others are safe," Axel shook his head. He shot another look at the cell door, but Lily's arms around him prevented him from getting any closer. "Soren was fine the

last time I spoke to him but I don't know if we can trust the people he lives with at the Farms, and I have no idea how Marita and the others are doing..."

Axel trailed off, staring down at Lily. He still couldn't shake the feeling that something was off... something about her. His crooked ear twitched as he struggled to come up with a plan. "Look, we need to get out of here first, we can worry about that later. How... do you know how many guards there are? Where they're posted? Anything about the layout of the place?" He paused and looked down at the keycard. "How did you get that?"

The noise from the speaker in Emilena's cell abruptly stopped, and a second later was replaced by the same voice as before. "I'm still stuck on this crossword!" it complained. "Hey, maybe you could help... The clue is 'Making it worse', and its 12 letters. Any idea?"

A pause. "Oh, exasperating! Staring me right in the face. Anyway, let me just put this away... So, remembered anything yet? You weren't looking too comfortable."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 02, 2015, 01:35:41 PM**

"Get your goddamn fries out of my face," Flora snarled. "You can't stop me from calling the cops. Every phone has 911 and I have more than enough evidence against you freaks to bypass Bailey and solve this problem myself. Whatcha gonna do? Bind and gag me in your basement?"

A quiet noise sounded from outside the room. The color drained from Lily's face and she clung to him desperately. "Let's talk more about Soren," she said urgently. "Do you know where *exactly*--?"

"Too late," a gruff voice said, and the door slid open, revealing two muscled Purifiers. One was holding a car battery, the other a knife.

Lily's eyes went wide. "No wait, please, just a bit longer--!" She cried out as one roughly grabbed her and dragged her to block the entrance.

"You had your chance," the larger one said dismissively. Rubbing the cables together until they sparked, he stabbed Lily in the chest, sending her into a crying convulsion. "Boss thinks he needs more motivation."

The other pinned Lily to the floor and pressed his knife against her throat. "Soren Almaya's location," he said to Axel matter-of-factly. "Exact address. Every fact lets your girl live a bit longer."

Lily screamed as another electric charge sent her jolting erratically. Her eyes locked helplessly with Axel's.

"Yeah! I know exactly where they all are!" Emilena shouted back, blinking tears from her eyes. "They live together in a moss farm two hours out from Seryet! Make sure to bring a lot of ammo, their hosts are a couple of Augmented ex-mercenaries and I'd hate for them to get out alive! Get me some paper and I'll draw you a goddamn map!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 02, 2015, 06:18:29 PM**

the cops in this town are as corrupt as those in Lanthae, If not worse. Calling the cops without having lots of creds to grease their palms with will result in broken bones, concussions, and worse" Marita said matter of factly.' Why do you think so many robberies and muggings go unreported? because the cops are as bad, if not worse than the crooks. Protect and serve, my furry butt. Bailey just sent me a text making it VERY clear that we are not to have a repeat of you running off, because he put us in charge, and since you aren't 18 yet, we are legally responsible for you. that means, keeping an eye on you and keeping you safe. running off like you did, was NOT a smart move, but you're a teenager, teenagers aren't known for being wise and reasonable. they are blend of elbows legs, acne and hormones going nuts. look, you'll find after a few days we let a lot of stuff go, Catholic nuns, we aint."

-
Dj, you need to calm down and stop being so difficult' Rose said. Look we're almost home, once we get home, we'll watch tv, and I'll cook some of the things you like. Do. you like steak?

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on October 03, 2015, 12:44:00 AM**

Soren swore as he was thrown roughly against the floor of the truck. Each jolt slammed him painfully against the hard metal. Judging from the strong oily smell, the truck apparently used to belong to an algal oil company. And the harsh bumps indicated that the drivers were heading out of Seryet City.

He recalled what had happened previously...

While two of the frame-flyers were busy keeping the bounty hunters occupied, the remaining frame-flyer grabbed Soren and flew off into the smoggy Seryet sky.

An explosion and screaming behind him indicated that grenades had been thrown and the bounty hunters gravely wounded if not killed.

Soon, they arrived at the outskirts of Seryet. A beat-up truck -- its high-torque electric motors humming -- was idling near an abandoned laboratory. Faded signs indicated that the now defunct biotech company Drosha Genetics once owned this property.

Soren was then roughly thrown into the back of the truck.

Soren slammed against the front of the truck's cab when it lurched to a halt. He blinked as harsh white LED light bathed the dark interior of the truck. Two burly men -- one a Bison and the other, a Gaboon Viper -- grabbed him and dragged him along the smooth concrete floor. He gasped as he recognized the cracked gear emblem on the wall.

He was inside a Purifier base.

The Human had little time to ponder this when he was thrown into a cell, the net removed and the door locked behind him.

Before the Purifier sent another electrical charge through Lily, one of his associates tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, but we have just captured Soren Almaya. He is currently in cell 041."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 03, 2015, 03:23:51 PM**

The other guard looked at the one that spoke up. "Really, man? In front of the prisoner? *I know*, I've got a mic too. We're doing psychological torture here, remember?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 04, 2015, 07:39:44 PM**

Axel gaped at Lily as the two guards conversed. "Psychological... what?! Lily... what the *fuck's* going on?!" His face crumpling, he backed away, his chained hands held up in a pathetic effort at defense.

"All of them? They're *all* living at the same place? With armed guards? Interesting..." There was a rustle of paper over the speaker in Emilena's cell. "Thanks for cooperating, we really appreciate it. Would you mind holding on for a minute?"

The speaker went silent for a moment. After a while, footsteps echoed in the corridor, and the slot in Emilena's cell door screeched open. A tiny chunk of red crayon was pushed through the gap, and the slot was slammed shut again.

"Apparently we aren't allowed to give you paper. In case you manage to fold it up into something sharp," the voice commented. "Draw the map on the wall though, we can see it through the camera. And make it as *detailed* as you can. We'd be really grateful if we knew the easiest way to find the rest of them. Be as quick as you can, okay? I'll be back in... well, soon." The voice cut off, and the same noise started blaring through the speaker, this time slightly louder than before.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 04, 2015, 10:32:06 PM**

Lily sighed. "I swear to god..." Getting to her feet, she grabbed the car battery out of the first guard's hand and stabbed him with it. She rolled her eyes. "If we're committing to looking like amateurs let's go all the way."

The second guard nodded in agreement, but his look quickly turned aghast when she approached him next. "Hey wait I--*Aaaaughh!!!*"

Emotionlessly Lily waited for several seconds, then dropped the battery heavily on the ground next to his collapsed figure. "Feel free to keep interrogating, clearly it's why we hired you," she said over her shoulder as she left the cell. "I'm visiting Dr. Almaya..."

Emilena grasped the crayon and quickly grabbed a big lumpy circle; thanks to the handcuffs and her physical health she wasn't exactly in the artistic mood. "You listening? This thing is Lanthae." Another circle further away. "Seryet. Corona is that way," she drew an arrow with a C pointing north. Then she drew a star on the unlabeled wastelands south of Lanthae. "The Scorched Desert. I'm not going to be able to get you GPS coordinates or something but it's roughly two hours' walk out of the Lanthae Forest. Stupid little algae farm but the owners have ridiculous amounts of Scorched War weaponry stockpiled."

She highly doubted they'd actually follow any of this, but it was worth a shot. If the stars aligned for once in her life she could live long enough to see her parents killed.

Flora rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. It was clear arguing with these people wasn't going to work; in hindsight she's not sure why she kept it up for as long as she did. She couldn't say for sure, but part of her was secretly suspecting that they were hitting on her... *That can't be right though...they're old women and I'm way out of their league...* She glanced suspiciously at the Golden retriever sitting beside her. *Still, I'd better look out for myself...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 05, 2015, 02:05:57 AM**

Shirley you need to relax. " Marie said Here let me let me open your mind- and yiour mOyuth ' marie set her burger down then leaned forward and kissed Flora smack on the lips. Marie felt the young folf tense, from the surprise move. she intended to keep the kiss brief, and did so. the kiss lasted only 5 seconds, but 3 of those second marie pushed her tongue into Floras mouth.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 05, 2015, 06:04:32 PM**

(Purifier Base)

Soren paced around the cell, fuming. He looked around the cell. There was nothing in there he could use as a weapon. The toilet/sink and bed were all bolted to the floor with massive bolts that looked like the ones used to secure elevated walkways to their support pilings.

They had taken the net too, so he could throw it at his attackers. All he had were the clothes on his back.

Wait, the clothes on his back?

Soren immediately took off his windbreaker and set it on the bed as a makeshift sheet. Now all he had to do was throw it over the guard's head and start swinging. Pretending to be asleep, he lay down on the bed.

(Seryet City)

Uziel looked at the clock on the wall. It had been four hours since Soren had seen the. Doctor Schatten had already left for work at Hewlett-Case Industrial Electronics Recycling.

The man sighed and turned on a *telenova*. He sat on the couch and opened a bag of plantain chips and a bottle of cola.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 07, 2015, 04:53:56 AM**

Flora turned beet red and her eyes bulged. For five seconds her muscles completely locked up as her brain struggled to comprehend how badly her personal space had just been violated. Then her motor control reasserted itself and she pushed the older woman off angrily. "*WHAT THE... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING???*" she shrieked at the top of her lungs, her voice cracking and growing painfully shrill. "Are you all completely fucking insane???? Get the hell away from me!"

In desperation she slammed her fist as hard as she could into the window, succeeding only in bruising her knuckle. Desperately she repeatedly slammed the door handle and started screaming. "*Somebody help!*" she screamed futilely at the empty cityscape. "*Please! Just get me out of here!*"

The door to Soren's cell opened and Lily walked in. "Soren?" she asked softly. Gone was the commanding attitude she'd adapted briefly before leaving Axel's cell; once again she was meek and bashful like the woman they'd known in Lanthae.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 07, 2015, 11:53:27 AM**

Marie grabbed Flora by the shoulders and turned her around " For gawds sake Shirley, it was a freaking kiss! Its not like I groped your breasts or undid your pants and sucked on your dick! You've done much more with your groupies, and we have the internet videos to prove it. theres plenty of videos of you having lesbian sex with other girls, of all 3 varieties- vag, oral and anal, and theres plenty more videos of you sucking male dick- type in " I got blown by DJ' on the computer, and the number of videos top 2000 and the views top 20 million.I do hope you've tested yourself to make sure you didnt catch an STD from any of that> " shes clean, Bailey makes her undergo monthly STD tests, the last one they did this month was clean " Rose said. Btw , the purifiers will almost certainly go after your groupies Shirley, if they havent started already. so in truth, you're stuck with us for the foreseeable future, theres no one else you can run to that the Purifiers wont soon find out about and hunt down and kill. you might as well just come out as lesbian Shirley, because that the only kind of sex you'll be getting for the foreseeable future, and theres only 3 women you can safely get that from - us. and for the record, we're NOT that much older than you. we're all in our early 20s.'

- shes in 'pouting superstar ' mode ' Marita said as she turned down the road that led to their apartment " oh, and about that friend of yours Daryl ' she showed flora her phone which showcased a still image of a dead body lying in a pool of blood, he had been shot in the head execution style ' The Purifiers already got to him."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 07, 2015, 06:31:34 PM**

Axel's face was frozen in horror. "What the hell... What do you mean you hired them?! Lily!" As she walked out of the cell without sparing him a glance, his shackled hands tightened into fists. "*Lily!*"

Nothing. As the door creaked shut behind her, Axel backed away until his bare back hit the cold concrete of the cell's rear wall, the weight of confusion and despair weighing heavily on his shoulders. As the guards looked at him, Axel glared back, his face twisting into a grimace. Naked, battered and chained up, he bunched his trembling fists and gritted his teeth. "Come on then," he snarled. "Come on you *fucks...*"

"That's really useful Miss Echo. You're being so helpful," the voice said, interrupting the buzzing. "They're all the way out there, huh? That really is something. Oh, but you know what would *really* help us out though - if you drew what these weapons you mentioned look like. We'd need to know what we're walking into, wouldn't we? And make it as detailed as you can."

The buzzing returned, twice as loud.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 07, 2015, 07:09:22 PM**

Soren was still feigning sleep. The voice sounded exactly like Lily but he wouldn't put it past them to use trickery.

He carefully cracked one eye open. Internally, he gasped. It was Lily! Or at least it appeared to

be.

Thankfully, if it was doppelganger of her, the fake didn't appear to be armed so he could easily take her in a fight.

Chancing a discovery, he sat up and looked at the woman.

"Lily, wha--. Where's Axel?" he asked. "And how did you get into my cell?"

He looked at the cell door; it had been retracted into the floor and there appeared to be no one else around except Lily and himself.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 07, 2015, 08:30:40 PM**

Flora was about to protest the girls assumption that all those online videos were her, not to mention the assumption that you can have your way with somebody just because there's evidence of sexual activity in their past, but her words caught in her throat when she saw a familiar face on the corpse displayed on Marita's phone.

Her head spun as the gravity of her situation finally reached her. She wasn't going to shed any tears for Daryl; he was a self-centered conversationalist and he wouldn't kiss after receiving a blowjob, but if his association with her was tenuous enough to be worthy of murder, then she really was as big a target as Bailey had been claiming. She felt a cold tightness grip her entire body as she stared at the aftereffect of a hate crime that could just as easily included her if she'd reached Daryl's house.

"Soren, I..." Lily's lip trembled, and she cowed her shoulders in a clear sign of submission. "I'm sorry...I think they found you because of me." She looked at him with wide tear-streaked eyes. "I was told to get you to tell where Marita is..." She hiccuped nervously, sparing a single terrified glance back at the door. "They're gonna kill me Soren...please don't let them kill me..."

"Oh for fuck's sake, you're just entertaining yourself now!" Emilena threw her red crayon at the vague area on the ceiling where the voice kept coming from. "Like bloody hell you need the damn arsenal!" she shouted, burying her ears in her elbows as the piercing shrill returned abruptly. "Just bomb it from a goddamn airplane! I've never even *been there* so how the hell am I supposed to know what outdated ordnance a couple of Scorched War veterans have stockpiled?"

Her shouting and cursing degenerated into unintelligible cries of anguish as the ringing in her ears grew to deafening levels; she doubted she'd even be able to hear the voice when next it spoke. Dropping to her knees, she buried her face into the stone floor, eyes squeezed shut and teeth gritted.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 07, 2015, 08:59:23 PM**

Soren hugged the grief-stricken woman. "No. Some fuckers with a sick sense of humor put a bounty on all of us. I just got caught by a bunch of bounty hunters. You're completely innocent in my capture."

He then stared at the open cell door and gently lifted up Lily's chin with his right hand. "Now, are you going to sit around moping or are you going to escape and make these fuckers pay?"

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on October 10, 2015, 06:34:43 PM**

Lily's knees shook, and she hugged the human desperately. "You...you don't know what they've done to me," she stammered, voice cracking. "I..."

"--All right, that's enough." Two guards made their presences known at the doorway. "Time's up. Get him moving."

Lily's eyes flashed. "God damn! Will none of you give me a chance to actually *work*?" she protested in exasperation.

"Boss is saying bully to the others, we've got the ones we really want." The purifer pointed a rifle at Soren. "If you'll come with me, doctor. Rose, get out of here."

The dark-skinned female balled her fists and narrowed her eyes but acquiescently made to go.

"*Marita!*" a figure shouted from the parking lot when she saw the SUV pulling up to the apartment complex. Lily appeared outside their window, gasping in relief. "Thank god you still live here!"

She paused outside the shotgun window to catch her breath. "They've got Emilena, and I think they've got some of the others too!" she exclaimed as soon as she could get the words out. "The purifiers!"

The guards looked at Axel. "Uhhhhhh...so we got new orders now," the first said to the second.

"*I still have a mic Adrian!*" the other shot back. "*I know!*"

"They want you in one of the interrogation rooms," the first switched the object of his focus to Axel. "You can, uh, put this on." He went and grabbed a prison jumpsuit from the hallway and threw it to the rat. "But be snappy, boss thinks we've wasted enough time already. Or we'll, like, torture you or something."

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Nick22 on October 10, 2015, 08:08:14 PM**

Marita sighed as Flora reaction made it clear that was indeed Daryl. Look once we get home.. she stopped as lily appeared at her window. "LILY? alright.. lets head inside. Rose get the food, and bring it in."

— Marita parked the van, got out and pointed lily to the front door . " Go inside. once we're all in you can tell us everything, including what you've been up since Lanthae." She went to the door unlocked it and let Lily in first, then held the door open for the others.

marie helped steady lily as she helped the folf inside the building, followed by Rose carried the bags from Nixons, the food was still reasonably warm, a few seconds in the microwave would make everything hot. Once Rose entered, Marita followed and relocked the door.

— Rose pulled out the food and set them on the kitchen table " Lily this is Shirley, we're taking care of her for awhile- her folks are in deep with the mob and they needed a safe haven for her, while they work out a debt repayment plan.' Marita said ' Shirley this is Lily shes an old friend from Lanthae. Ok Lily start at the beginning. First off, what have you been up to these past few months? and Second, how many of the old group do they have? Help yourself to the food, we got stuff from Nixons. I'm sure you're hungry. we can talk while we eat. Rose, go around the house and close and lock all the windows and close the curtains.

marie guided Flora to the loveseat in the tv room and let her get on the couch " I'm sorry about your friend ' Marie said. ' but now do you see what we mean? the Purifiers dont mess around."

bastille and Louvre sat at the dressing room mirrors working at getting changed into their costumes ' not much in the script for us ' Louvre said as she glued on a wing. ' we're attendants sister we're in the background, holding oberons scepter or Titanias crown for them. still its a role that pays and is not an understudy role' bastille said to her twin. ' just be grateful we're getting paid for this.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 10, 2015, 09:27:03 PM**

The buzzing noise in Emilena's cell abruptly stopped. "Alright, alright. You got me," the voice conceded. "Just having a bit of fun, nothing wrong with that." There was a sudden clack as the lock in the cell door was released, and the heavy metal structure suddenly swung open. A solid-looking, grim faced man stood on the other side, holding a crumpled grey jumpsuit. Without a word, he tossed the bundle in then stepped back into the hallway, keeping his staring eyes fixed on her.

"Alright, get dressed," the voice continued. "There's someone who wants to have a talk with you. Just follow your... escort down the corridor to your left. And don't worry, this isn't a trick. I promise. By the way, Miss Echo," the voice added. "I'm impressed with your artwork. The strokes are a bit amateur, but I could feel the emotion behind it."

Out in the corridor, the man made an impatient *hurry up* gesture with his hand.

Axel jerked back when the guard threw the clothing in his direction. When he saw they weren't moving in closer themselves, he slowly crouched and picked up the jumpsuit, gingerly holding it out to check it for anything... unusual. After a second, he slowly slipped it on, his aching joints making him clumsy.

When it was on, he stared at the guards, unsure. *Not like staying here's doing me any good...* Cautiously, he made for the door, edging past the guards and stepping out into the corridor beyond. He looked up and down - the long straight corridor seemed empty initially, until he noticed a man standing outside a cell much further down on his right, apparently waiting for someone to come out. "What the hell..." he muttered, starting to follow the two men.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 10, 2015, 09:42:04 PM**

Emilena glared back. "Clearly you geniuses thought of everything...except how am I supposed to put on a jumpsuit wearing handcuffs?"

When the man was not prompt to assist or give her privacy she succeeded in awkwardly getting her legs into the proper holes and holding the rest up with her hands. Staggering out of the cell, she noticed a scrawny rat in a similar state to her own. "Axel?" *Crap, good thing Lily's not here...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 12, 2015, 07:33:17 PM**

Soren leapt back as if from an electric shock. His head spun...Lily was now going by the name of "Rose" and apparently in league with the Purifiers!

All he could think of was that they had drugged and brainwashed her. He defiantly crossed his

arms and stared at the two armed guards. "First tell me what you cocksuckers did to Lily and then I *might* consider cooperating."

Anne's body was wracked by noticeable muscle twitches as she began to enter withdrawal. The two guards watching through the heavy bulletproof corundum window seemed completely uninterested in the mare. A dark stain at the front of her pants indicated that the withdrawal had caused her to lose control of her bladder.

"I need the drugs!" she shouted, pounding her fist against the window.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 13, 2015, 07:42:35 PM**

Axel started to take a step in the direction the guards were pointing him, but when he heard his name being called out by a familiar voice, he stopped and turned awkwardly. He blinked when he recognised the fox who was being led towards him. "Em... Emilena?" He thought he'd seen the last of her after their escape from Lanthae. He groaned internally. *Me, Emilena, Soren... They're rounding us all up. But if they were gonna kill us, why haven't they done it already?* He noticed the state of her hand, and opened his mouth to speak. "Your hand-" He was cut off by a hard shove from one of the guards. Wincing, he started limping down the corridor, turning a bruised face to look at her over his shoulder as he walked.

"Feels like we're back to fucking square one, huh?" he spat bitterly. "Just like old times." *What the hell have they done to Lily... maybe she's just... acting...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 16, 2015, 09:49:14 PM**

"Excuse me?" exclaimed Flora. "GET RID OF HER! Who the hell is she? What were you *just saying* about trusting nobody?"

Lily looked at Shirley. "I'm an old friend of theirs."

"Good for you, now get the hell out of the house!" Flora stabbed her finger at the door. She looked accusatorily at Marita. "If you meant *any* of the stuff you said about safety you'll kick her out NOW."

The guard chuckled at Soren's line. "Her? We didn't do nothing to her; she joined us."

He beckoned. "Boss wanted you a minute ago. It's gonna get more unpleasant for both of us the longer you take. And don't worry, it's all good stuff for you. You'll like it." He grinned deceptively sincerely. "You may find today's actually your lucky day."

Emilena started when a familiar face greeted her in the hall, in a similar state to her own. "Axel! I..." Her reply died in her throat. The rat looked awful. It wasn't just his fresh bruises; his lankiness had morphed from that of an awkward teenager to the taut rigidity of a recovering trauma victim. Were it not for the familiar inflections of his speech she might not have recognized him.

Despite the fact that he was now the closest thing she had to an ally, she couldn't look him in the eye. For the past X months her memories of him had been tainted with Lily's endless gripes and twisted retellings slandering Axel's character and actions. Of course her words were to be taken with more than a grain of salt, but even as Emilena met the rat's eye she couldn't

help but notice a calculated hardness, a sign that he wasn't the naive youth she'd worked with in Lanthae. She realized that he was expecting an answer.

"I'm sorry they got you too..." she finally replied darkly. Of all the old crew he had done the best job of keeping his name and face under wraps. If anyone had had a real shot of slipping under the Purifier's radar, it was him.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 16, 2015, 11:08:21 PM**

we never said 'trust No one', Flora, we said you have to trust us. We've known Lily for awhile, she was one of our friends back in Lanthae before.. well before things all went to pot there . we 're simply catching up..at least in part. the Purifiers have some of our friends, yes the same lot that killed Daryl. Look, just eat some food, i'm not sure when you ate last, but best get something in you. now i dont think any of our friends know where we currently live, with the exception of lily here, so the purifiers arent going to be bursting through that door at least not right away' however with technology being what it is, it will only be a matter of time before they find us..

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 19, 2015, 07:33:27 PM**

"What do you mean its only a matter of time until they find you?" Flora's eyes bugged. "I thought *nobody* knew you lived here! Does Bailey know you've got a history of fighting the Purifiers? You better not be thinking of--"

"-Look, kid," Lily cut in. "Could you go wait somewhere else? The grown-ups are talking." She rubbed her temples in frustration.

"Excuse me?" Flora looked at her aghast. "Look, I'll take lip from *them* because my...dad's forcing me to, but I don't care how far back you go with them, I'm not letting you tell me what to do."

Lily's eyes narrowed. She stood up and approached the fuchsia youth, who started looking uncomfortable and backing up to the nearest wall. "Listen to me, you pink little twit," she snarled in the folf's face. "I'm asking nicely. We're dealing with people who *don't* ask nicely. We're dealing with people who do *this*." Suddenly her hand shot out and crushed Flora's windpipe. The teenager's eyes went wide and she struggled for breath as her neck was pressed into the wallpaper. Gasping for breath desperately, Flora struggled to regain her footing but the dark-skinned woman proved to be far stronger than she looked. Somehow it felt as if the energy to fight was being drained from Flora's body.

Lily let the girl suffocate for a few moments before continuing with a tone of simmering anger. "But lucky for you, *this doesn't concern you anyway*," Lily growled, her nose a centimeter from Flora's panicked eyes. With her free hand, she opened the door right next to them. "Now go play with your Barbies and if you're a quiet little girl, maybe you'll get a bedtime story." Hurling the folf into the bedroom, Lily slammed the door shut behind her, leaving Flora in a collapsed heap heaving ragged breaths and clutching her throat.

"Sorry about that." Lily turned her attention back to her former comrades. "I'm not interested in talking about where I've been. Last night the Purifiers ambushed me in a doctor's office and I had to...fake my death to escape." she realized she wasn't comfortable admitting to the girls that she'd retained some psionic powers. The fewer people who knew about that, the better. "All I need from you is a bit of hacking." She looked at Marita. "Find me the new Purifier hideout, then you can go back to your normal existence. I can pay you."

The purifier attack had instilled something in Lily. A realization that she had been wasting her time eking out a living catching 'small fish', as Emilena put it. If the Purifiers want to dredge up old history, she's going to bring it to them. And this time, she's going to be *immortal*.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **October 19, 2015, 08:19:58 PM**

I'll go check on Shirley ' Rose said giving Lily a disapproving glance " you've changed a lot from when we last met Lily, you never would have done that back In Lanthae. but well you had to do what you felt you had to do.. She finished as she went over to the bedroom where Lily was crumpled in a heap. opened the door went in and closed the door behind her.

Normal is a relative term. we've been scraping by, you see. biproxytol detox isnt cheap- Rose was addicted to the stuff for years.' Marita said as she took a seat at her computer. ' hacking into their base will probably not be easy, if it was anybody could locate them, and the army could wipe them out.. at any event its not as simple as getting you a location and sending you on your way. they've grabbed everyone else of the old gang, except us. we need to get them out as well. we'll need to locate where they are being held, and try and create a route of escape. i'll need to encrypt my hack, so that they cant just track it back here and find out where it came from. even if you can fake being dead after getting shot strangled or whatever it is you do, lily, that will only work for you, it wont work for anybody else . we dont have healing powers after all. just out of curiosity, how much are you willing to pay?"

you're going to hack into the purifier base? when the government doesnt even know where they are?' Marie started. ' the government is deeply compromised and corrupt Marie. if they had a modicum of competence, they would have found the base by now. Hold on, i'll start the search ' Marita said, pulling out a file and inserting it into the drive of her computer and began typing away furiously.

I'm sorry about Lily." rose said as she helped Flora to her feet. " she.. didnt use to be like that, back when we knew her in Lanthae.. shes had it pretty hard since then, evidently.. Here let me help up g lie down>"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **October 21, 2015, 07:14:49 PM**

"Not as sorry as me..." Axel said darkly. "I was done with this *shit*." He grunted as one of the guards yanked him to the side, leading the group down a passage that wound to the left. For a while he didn't say anything, his eyes fixed on his dirty feet as he was forced onwards.

He spat to the side. "I'm guessing they didn't tell you why we're here?" Killing them was the obvious guess, but why go through all this trouble? They could have killed him with no effort back in that alley, and if they wanted to torture him... Axel shook his head. He was sick of trying to second guess everything that happened.

The beefy guard in front of him halted in front of an open cell door. Axel glanced up from the floor and snorted when he saw Soren, two men surrounding him. *Fucking perfect...*

"Hurry up, he wants to see them *now*," Axel's guard was saying to the other two. "Get that one out here and let's go. He's getting impatient."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **October 25, 2015, 10:43:23 PM**

Soren sighed as he followed the other guards. There was no way he could overpower two armed guards.

"Don't worry, we're not going harm you. The boss just wants to have a few words," the one to his right said.

The Human looked at the blank stainless steel and concrete walls. Bland signs occasionally broke up the monotonous walls but the guards hustled him down the hallways too quickly for him to read them.

The two guards were watching Anne futilely pound on the corundum window as she begged for her drugs and her horn implant.

Just then, their supervisor came in. "You two! Get that mare presentable and out of there! The boss wants to see her!"

One of the guards shoved a bottle containing some capsules with a golden gel inside through a narrow port in the door along with a plastic bag.

Anne picked up the bottle and with shuddering fingers, pried open the cap and gulped down two of the capsules. Immediately, her muscle twitches stopped and her clouded mind instantly cleared.

She knew that the effects of 2,3 zotphenylamine -- namely, faster reflexes; accelerated thinking and increased attention span -- ould take some time to manifest.

Her lips curled in the Flehmen response as she smelled the musky odor of her accident. Opening the bag, she found a dark green jumpsuit similar to those worn by Seryet City Public Works Department employees, a pack of wet wipes...and an adult diaper configured for Equines.

She held the white plastic garment at arm's length as if it were an explosive device. "You fuckers think this is funny!?" she snapped.

In response, the port slid open and a guard shouted. "Shut the fuck up and get dressed you pissy pony!" The port then slid shut.

Anne pinned her ears and bared her teeth as she threw the adult diaper on the bed, stripped naked and began wiping herself down with the wet wipes. Judging from how the guards were leering at her through the window, they were apparently enjoying the show.

Soon, she was clad in her dark green jumpsuit and the two armed guards filed in through the open door. A third one stood outside the cell.

"All right, the boss wants to see you."

Anne snorted in frustration as she followed the two guards.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 26, 2015, 09:22:09 PM**

Emilena's eyebrows raised when she saw Soren and Anne both brought to their location. "Well, it appears the gang's all here," she remarked dryly. "The quack, the addict...only one missing is the lesbian."

They reached the interrogation room and their escorts wasted no time herding them through the reinforced double doors. It was a clinically-stainless chamber, almost corporate in appearance with its steel chairs and sallow concrete walls. Betraying the room's darker function were shackles built into the leg and armrests of every chair except the one occupied by a short, slightly stocky man with dark blonde hair.

"Even if you can fake being dead after getting shot strangled or whatever it is you do, Lily, that will only work for you, it wont work for anybody else. We don't have healing powers after all. Just out of curiosity, how much are you willing to pay?" She heard Marita ask.

Lily stopped dead. "Wait...how do you know I can do that?" She felt panic grip her heart, and her hand surreptitiously slipped into her dress pocket and closed around a scalpel. "How did you learn about my regenerative powers?" Horrible thoughts were swimming through her mind...projected simulations checking to see whether she'd be able to kill all of them without any escapees. She could *not* let word get out!

Heart thumping wildly, Lily shivered with barely-controlled urges. *These are my friends!* she told herself urgently. *Let them talk! Don't kill them!*

But really, a tinier portion of her thoughts insisted, *what was the matter with killing them?* Everybody dies eventually. Everyone but her.

"Just...leave me alone for a few goddamn seconds! Please!" Flora crawled to her bed and buried her face in her arms. "You just have no idea!" she cried. "No *clue* of how fucked up everything is! And it's all your goddamn fault!"

She shot Rose a glare. "I had *everything!*" she shouted, tears stinging her bloodshot eyes. "I was rich, I was famous, and I was writing music! Yesterday I had a whole life of writing music ahead of me, and now today I'm getting the shit beat out of me by your psychopathic friends! Why can't you at least give me some fucking privacy after all the shit you've put me through?!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 26, 2015, 10:11:34 PM**

because i remember that you were able to do such things before' Marita said' unless you've undergone an operation to remove them, it stands to reason you should still have them. such abilities would be useful in just about any occupation you might be in. would save you loads on paying for medical bills right? Marita said.' even one trip to the doctor can leave you broke, especially if money is tight at your job otherwise.. it is for us i can assure you of that.. we have to stretch every cred.. now.. lets se ' ok.. tracing emissions looking for any elevated readings in areas where they shouldnt be.. dfiscunting for natural phenomena like Volcanoes..' Marita typed away rapidly at the computer her screen showed an image of the country, the light area showed where power was being admitted, the darker arreas were mostly national parks.

— Shirleys room..

— what WE put you through? Rose started ' what WE put you through? Girl, you have no idea how lucky you have had it! You have sold MILLIONS of records, you'd have to go to the darkest part of Africa to find someone who hadnt heard of you! you made more creds in the last year alone than I will make in the entire rest of my life, working 40 hours a week, every week, for 60 years! Heck if you combine the earnings, of myself Marie and Marita together over that span, we'd STILL not have as much as you did in 1 year! and you know what. Lets say you manage to get through this safely? do you know what that will do to your career? It will ELEVATE it! because promoters love nothing more than to play up the ' reclusive superstar' angle! I mean look what it did for Prince! 15 years of being that weird symbol and masked character guy, and after he went back to his old name, his sales went through the roof! he was already a huge star before, but his return made him a LEGEND! Now you're too young to get the ' legend' moniker. but 'superstar' will absolutely be appropriate when people talk about you and your music, once you come back!' rose sat down next to her and gave Flora a smile

' Now I'm sorry about what Lily did to you, shes not the same Lily we knew before, but well

the events back there changed all of us. we had to change, in order to survive. but as for the people who really put you through all this, that would be the Purifiers, that group of lunatics who killed your groupie friend, just because they saw him in some of your videos. the same group that have grabbed our Lanthae friends and is holding them for reasons known only to God. blame anyone, blame them. now come on, Shirley. Is there anything I can do for you, that will make you feel better? anything at all, just name it ?' Rose smiled at her.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 27, 2015, 06:14:54 PM**

The guard behind Axel gave him a shove, and he stumbled through the door after the others, his legs almost catching in the jumpsuit he was holding up. He swore under his breath, then turned to look into the room when he felt eyes on him. Directly in front of the group the steel chairs fitted with shackles were arranged in a line, facing a single, identical chair.

The short man in the chair facing the group was watching them, amusement lighting up his green eyes as his attention passed from one to the other. He was slouching slightly, one finger tapping haphazardly on the armrest. A cigarette was hanging loosely in the other hand, smoke from the lit end drifting up to disappear into nothingness. His denim jacket and jeans were ruffled, unkempt.

If the man sitting down oozed relaxation and ease, the figure standing behind him was the exact opposite. Looming behind the man, the tall doberman stood still as a statue, the set of his shoulders as stiff and straight as the concrete walls surrounding them, his dark eyes staring at them unblinking over the turned up collar of his jacket. His hands were clasped behind his back, but Axel had the feeling he'd be ready to spring instantly if needed.

In each corner of the room, an armed guard was clutching a machine gun, looking anxious. When the door closed behind Axel, the short man sitting down took a long drag from the cigarette, held it a moment then breathed out the smoke slowly. The amusement in his eyes spread to the rest of his face, and he smiled.

"Finally. For a minute, I thought nobody was coming to the party. These seats aren't as comfortable to wait in as they look, you know." He gestured to the seats lined up facing him. "Come on, sit down. I thought we could wait until we found the other ones, but... well, life's too short."

The guards who had led the group into the room now pushed them forward. Axel was forced into the rightmost chair, and the guard made to fasten one of the shackles over his wrists.

"Hey, hey, hey, hey, the fuck're you doing?" the man said quickly, holding up his free hand. "We don't need those. They're old friends. Old friends who were a *huge* fucking pain in the ass but hey, nobody's perfect. We're just gonna have a little chat." Rhaegson grinned widely at the group. "So we *aren't* gonna need to chain you up. Are we?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 27, 2015, 06:51:17 PM**

Lily could barely speak. The last time Marita met her, she was a horrifying murderous monstrosity who was more reptile than human. "Well, you're wrong. I don't have any powers. I'm a new woman, remember? That...thing...it wasn't me," she affirmed, not able to meet the Great Dane's eyes.

"I'll pay you everything I have," she promised. "Roughly fifteen thousand credits." Luckily in this day and age, the virtuality of currency negated any need to launder the funds Lily had siphoned from her victims. "Just find the base, and we'll decide what to do then. I don't think you should come with me, but if you insist, we'll need to find a way to ditch the runt. Is she your daughter or something?"

 "I want you to *leave me alone!*" Flora shouted. "HOW is this not clear to you!?"

Her words grew unintelligible as she sobbed into her blanket for almost fifteen minutes, Rose's arms wrapped around her the entire time. Eventually, Flora's shoulders slumped and she raised her head again. Her eyes were bloodshot and her face was stained with tears and gripped with exhaustion.

"What do you want from me?" she asked desperately. "What can I do to make you leave me alone?" Uncrossing her arms and lying down in Rose's full view, she unbuttoned her jeans, defeated. "Do you want to fuck me? Your girlfriend raped me in the back of your car, you wanna invite her too? Will *that* be enough?" She began lifting her shirt over her head. "Have your fucking way with me. Queef all over my face if you like."

 Emilena kept an eye on the guards. Her instinct was telling her the man in charge didn't want them killed, but these were psychotic terrorists; there's no telling how much the average soldier really felt obligated to follow orders, especially when massive bounties had been placed on their guests.

Her eyes met with the Doberman's, and with a flash of recognition she realized she'd seen him before. He was one of the two interrogators who'd tortured her with a car battery last time she'd made the Purifier's acquaintance. Specifically, he'd been the quiet one, right up until he'd promised to kill her next time they met. Narrowing her eyes, she sat down in the proffered chair and made a mental note to keep an eye on him.

"If we're so chummy, perhaps one of your cronies could remove my handcuffs so I can stop flashing everyone?" she asked pointedly.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 27, 2015, 07:59:29 PM**

Rose started as flora took off her top ' whoa, whoa whoa. Keep your top on, and your pants on. lets get a few things straight. ' Marie did not rape you in the car. rape is unwanted contact of a sexual nature. a kiss, by definition, is not sexual. otherwise you'd have lots of lawsuits from women against guys after the guy planted one on her by surprise. she didnt do anything more to you than kiss you. look i'm sure you are just having a real bad day when one thing after another is going wrong, believe me i've had those. we've all had them.' rose got up off of the bed and started walking away towards the door ' i;'m not going to force myself on you Flora. you want to talk i'll be next door. just one thing- lose the attitude. I dont care how many times girls have sucked your tits or guys blown you because you demanded it. here you show respect, you get respect..

-
 Marita looked at Lily ' Daughter ?No, shes not my daughter. i've been put in charge of her welfare though so where I go, she does too. package deal Lily, i'm not dumping Shirley overboard. now i've narrowed down the Purifiers possible location to three different areas- one in the mountains of Utah. one in south-central Mexico, and one -in northern Alaska.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 27, 2015, 08:14:08 PM**

(???)

Soren and Anne were next to arrive.

The Human took one look at the chairs and flinched backwards. "Oh *fuck* no! You expect me

to--"

"Stow it and have a seat." A large Clydesdale mare said. She gently tapped Soren's leg with the muzzle of her shotgun. The manner in which she spoke was a demand, not a request.

Soren huffed and took a seat in the uncomfortably cold chair.

Anne looked around as her ears twitched. Her tail swished back and forth as she wrung her hands. "Look, I'm not sure what's going on but--"

The Clydesdale mare waved her free hand dismissively. "Take a seat and our boss will bring you up to speed."

(Braunii)

Braunii was quite far from Seryet City and the fact that it was an isolated oil farming town that looked like a throwback to something from the mid 1980s -- save the modern vehicles and frame-flyers that flitted through the cool night desert air.

Aaron had just gotten off his shift at the algae farm and was eating dinner at Golden Pond -- a seafood diner that catered mostly to the working-class with simple, hearty and greasy food.

The atmosphere inside the diner was loud and raucous with patrons sharing jokes, stories and discussing the latest sports game. The staticky sizzle from the catfish burgers searing on the grill mingled with scratchy 1960s rock.

Aaron munched on some beer-battered silversides -- a specialty of the diner -- as he waited for his order to be cooked. He took a sip of his beer as he read the news on his smartphone.

Almost immediately, the smartphone buzzed with the receipt of a text message:

Geasbrecht. Head to Seryet City now. Meet me by Genetics Boulevard.

Aaron sighed and summoned over a waitress to package his order to go. Luckily, Seryet City was a mere three three hour maglev ride away.

(OOC - Silversides are small finger-sized fish, frying them with batter produces something like a fishy french fry.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 28, 2015, 03:26:39 PM**

Rhaegson shook his head. "Chummy we may be, but I ain't dumb. I've seen the kung fu shit you can do." He paused. "Hey Marcus, she's the one who got off on being electrocuted isn't she?"

Axel saw the tall doberman standing behind Rhaegson nod. "That's her." His voice was low, rough as gravel.

Rhaegson chortled. "Christ, I thought *I* knew some fucked up people. And now you're worried about covering up your... tits? If that's what you call those things?" he snorted, eyeing Emilena's small chest. "You know, you... actually fuck that, *all* of you, are strangely hard to kill. It's actually kind of weird when I think about it. I mean, I could count the amount of times you should have all died on both hands-" he spread his fingers exaggeratedly, "- And you know, I just don't feel like being in the same room as you if one of those times happens again. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not exactly a heavyweight boxer." He winked at Emilena. "So no, sugar tits. Your cuffs stay on... for now."

"Just get to the point," Axel spat, glaring at Rhaegson.

Rhaegson smirked. "Patience, my ugly friend. Let's see... Goofy looking rat, you must be Axel." He glanced at Soren. "Mr Miyagi... You're Soren. So that only leaves the coked up betty in the corner, Rose."

"Anne," Marcus said lowly, correcting him. "Rose is the other addict."

"Two addicts on their team, and none of you were able to kill these assholes?" Rhaegson rolled his eyes at the guards in the room. "Really guys? Ah well... just as well, I guess. Right now, killing you is the last thing I want." He took another drag on his cigarette. "Someone out there is being a real pain in our balls. And you guys, you lucky sons of bitches, are gonna help us out." Through the smoke, Axel could see Rhaegson's eyes glinting as he watched the group.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 28, 2015, 06:49:19 PM**

Emilena's face flushed angrily. Having passed through puberty in less than 24 hours within an Accelerated Growth Pod, her underdeveloped sexual characteristics were completely normal, but Rhaegson did a scarily good job of making her feel self-conscious about something she'd never spared a thought to before. She balled her fists but then quickly winced when her ruined hand responded only with an eruption of painful tingles.

She focused on the Doberman instead. Asshole remembers her too apparently. As Rhaegson continued talking, Emilena instead kept her eyes trained on that guard. If she failed whatever test/offer they were about to give, she suspected he'd be the one to kill her, and this could be her only chance to size him up. You could learn a lot about someone by simply refusing to break eye contact.

"Then don't come," shrugged Lily. "I couldn't care less if you and Shirley and the rest stayed behind. I'm expecting it to be a suicide mission anyway." Matter of fact, she was designing it to be one. "No point in me paying you if you're going to run off and die before you can spend it."

She looked around the apartment. "You've got a nice place. You've got people who love you, and apparently you hold some sort of responsibility to your ward. Forgive me for being rude, but it doesn't sound like you can afford to be in the revenge business any more. You should grow old with your loved ones and leave the past to me."

Flora continued crying even when Rose finally left her alone. She'd hoped to feel at least a sense of relief at finally being given a modicum of personal space, but instead the pregnant stillness of her room only served to remind her that these four walls were her prison for the foreseeable future.

All they do is tell me I'm wrong and they're right... she fixed her clothes, feeling ashamed of what she'd just offered Rose. They're like a hivemind, all chirping the same tune at me until I shut up and do what they want...and I'm stuck with them forever... It took a desperate act of prostitution to secure even a moment's privacy, and Flora dreaded how they would choose to interpret her submission in the future once they get the opportunity.

Curling into a ball in the corner of her bed, Flora tried in vain to calm herself down. She tried to mull over this problem the way she'd always done in the past; with confidence and reliance on past experience to find a solution. She thought of all the challenges she'd faced and overcome; the prejudices in school, the gossip in show business, the medical scares whenever she'd developed unexpected symptoms that could be STDs...and all of these paled to the amount of helpless and powerlessness she felt right now.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 29, 2015, 06:25:36 PM**

this place, nice? no, this is what we can get on our income.." Marita said continuing to type away' hmm ' no, this doesn't look right... backtracking now.. hmm.. wow that was a false front there.. almost fell for it... gos back closer, running subterranean scan....wow.. what do you know..right under our noses.." she turned lily ' its in seryet city, in the northern part of town.. As for leaving you to go on your suicide mission, forget it. i'm not letting you throw your life away when theres an alternative.'

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 29, 2015, 10:56:32 PM**

(Seryet City)

"Well what's in it for us?" Anne asked as her ears pivoted in response to the noises of the guards patrolling the outside hallways.

Soren got up from his chair. Scowling, he pointed a finger at Rhaegson. "Give me one reason why I should help you fuckers! You destroyed my home, my career, *my life!*" he shouted.

His two guards blocked the Human's path.

"Mr. Almaya, sit down and be quiet." The first guard raised his rifle.

"Fuck you!" Soren spat.

"Soren," Anne said. "I know you hate these guys but right now, they've got all the power. We're lucky they didn't just overside us."

Soren huffed and sat back down. The two guards glared at him underneath their armored visors.

"Now will you sit down and shut the fuck up or do we need to use the shackles?" the other guard said.

The Human scowled but said nothing.

"Much better." He turned to Rhaegson. "Continue, sir."

(Braunii)

Aaron took a seat inside the train station's waiting room. The desert air was cool and brisk as it blew through the station's open windows. The faint scent of brine and algal oil wafted through the air.

The German Shepherd looked around. The train station was pretty much empty save for a few smartly dressed men and women along with some stranded tourists.

Algae oil execs probably, he thought as he took a draft from his can of soda and glanced at a Samoyed in a nice business suit.

The train station was a throwback to the 1960s with reproduction posters and other memorabilia decorating the walls. Unlike the train stations in the big cities, there was no graffiti, suspicious street vendors, bums, addicts, beggars or trash.

He looked at the digital clock on the wall: 8:56 PM. His train would be arriving soon.

Aaron finished off his soda and went to the bathroom. He headed out onto the platform to await his train.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 31, 2015, 08:15:27 AM**

Rhaegson gave a lazy thumbs up to the guard, then turned his attention to Soren. "Looks like the pot head is the brains here. Who'd have thought," he said lightly, winking at Anne. "But you *did* ask a good question. Why should you help us? Well, I guess numero uno on your list is that if you say no, our chat ends here... and by that I mean we put a bullet in the back of your heads. I'm not gonna give the big *we'll torture you until you agree* spiel. You'll just die."

He shrugged. "But I'm hoping you ain't gonna go down that road. Things'd be so much easier for all of us if you agreed. Getting rid of blood stains and all the other bits is a real pain in the ass." Rhaegson glanced at one of the guards. "Remember... what was his name... the guy who wouldn't stop crying. Charlie. We kept finding little chunks of his brain stuck on the floor." He chuckled, letting himself reminisce for a moment before bringing his attention back to the situation. "Oh, and now that we've given you all a starring role in what happened last year, there's a good chance you'll be on *their* radar now."

Axel glared at him. "Who's radar? What the hell are you talking about?"

Rhaegson tapped ash from the end of his cigarette. "Them, twinkle toes. The ones who started all this. The guys we want you to find." When nobody said anything, he clapped his hands together. "Alright. I'll give you the short and sweet story. A few months ago, a couple of our guys went missing. *Well, maybe they've taken an impromptu holiday*, I thought. *Maybe they've taken some time to find who they truly are*. What can I say, I'm an optimist. Those theories went out the fuckin' window when their heads showed up."

He put out his cigarette and pulled another from his pocket. "These things are gonna kill me someday. Where was I? Yeah, so we found their heads. Sure, in our line of... work, some of don't have the longest life expectancy. So we chalked it up to it being an unlucky day for those poor bastards. Except more of us kept going missing. And more pieces of them kept turning up. And not always heads either. We had a guy who'd had this big tattoo of a... mermaid or something inked all over his chest. It looked like shit, but fuck me, was he proud of it. A few weeks ago, a little girl found just his torso tied to a tree in the park."

"But the real kicker was what happened a few days ago, where all the augs dropped dead. It was very sad." One of the guards in the corner snorted. "That had nothing to do with us."

"Bullshit." Axel shook his head. "We saw what happened on TV."

Rhaegson wagged his finger mockingly. "The reporter that got blown away? Don't believe everything you see on TV kid." He paused. "Well, the reporter did actually get blown away. He's as dead as dead gets. So you can believe that. But the asshole who shot him? I've got no fuckin' clue who he is, but he ain't one of us. And the way that guy spoke..." Rhaegson lowered his voice to a growl, raising his arms menacingly. "*Fear the Purifiers!*" He winced and leaned back in his chair. "Jesus, it was so hammy... I'd like to think we have a little more self respect than that. And forced - someone really wants to put it in people's heads that we were behind this. Not that I'm complaining, the free publicity was appreciated."

He smiled amiably at the group. "Our people being targeted and now this? It's linked. Has to be. And it's got me wondering... who's suddenly become our number one fan? And that's where you all come in. I want you to find out who they are, and I want them dead." Rhaegson glanced at Anne. "What do you get out of it? You get to live. And after the job's done, you have my word we'll let you go, and you can get on with... whatever you do. Scout's honor."

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on October 31, 2015, 06:49:35 PM**

"Wow, that sounds like a great deal," Emilena rolled her eyes. "I'm sure you're just gonna let us go after we solve your problems. After all, clearly you guys are real good at putting the past behind you and learning to forget."

She folded her arms, wincing as this sent another eruption of tingles through her destroyed hand. "Since you're gonna kill us either way, how about you skip the game of Clue and just get it over with. The chance to return to my old life's not exactly as tempting as you may think it is."

Lily pursed her lips. "So you're insisting on coming along, and you're insisting we bring your ward with you?" She shrugged. "Okay." They'd all have died in the next 80-100 years anyway. Hardly a difference, and not her problem. "So you've got the coordinates? Hand them over. I'll need 24 hours to prepare my welcoming gifts, and then we'll pay them a visit. A short one."

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Nick22 on November 03, 2015, 04:30:55 PM**

we're going there to get them out, Marita replied, as she kept typing and message popped up in her inbox. ' the message simply said ' A Deal'" Marita opened it ' hello Marita, if you are reading this then you have managed to find our base. Well done. Now, normally, we'd send someone to hunt you down or blow up your house, as payback, but currently we have much bigger fish to fry than a skilled hacker who likes banging chicks in her free time. If you haven't figured it out already, we have everyone else of your old group in our possession. Normally, we'd just put bullets in their heads, and be done with it, but someone else is trying to frame us for stuff we didnt do, like those augments that croaked. Not our doing.

We want you and your group, to find those bastards, and put them out of commission permanently. Do it, and you get to keep breathing and hacking into extremely sensitive files and intel for a paycheck, and the rest of your group will get to keep doing whatever the hell they are doing for a living. By my estimate, there are 5 of you in that house of yours, and every single one of them has crossed our paths before . attached is a form of agreement, you will notice there are 5 copies, one for each of you. sign them and reply to this message within 15 minutes of receiving it so that we know you've agreed. Oh, and tell your pop star friend that killing her groupie was not our doing, but the doing of the group we're sending you after. we don;t give a crap about pop stars, we deal with politics, mayors, presidents, police commissioners, and so on. if you, agree, we won't bother her going forward, she'll be free to resume her lip synching and non-dance moves she calls a ' career'. Clocks ticking Jones, better do the right thing."

Lily, you had better come and read this.' Marita said clicking on the link, and printing off the attached copies. " The Purifiers are offering us a deal. they are being targeted by another group, and they are making us deal with them. we agree, and we all get to live, that includes, you, me, Marie, Shirley, and everyone else of the old group." Marita said tensely.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: bushwacked on November 03, 2015, 06:01:58 PM**

Rhaegson gasped, left hand clutching dramatically at his heart as if he'd been stabbed. "Emilena, that hurts. Alright, let's be honest here. Had I thought about killing each of you? Slowly? And painfully? In increasingly elaborate ways? Yes. Fuck yeah I did. But..." He took a drag. "I'm a reasonable man. Pretty reasonable, at least. And I think a little *quid pro quo* would be beneficial to everyone."

He eyed Emilena's mangled hand. "That's pretty goddamn gross. And I don't think a band-aid's

gonna fix it. You'll lose that hand if you don't get someone to fix it, you know that right?" Rhaegson told her cheerfully. "Luckily for you, I can be that someone. I can get you fitted with an aug hand before you head out. State of the art. Shiny. Helps to kick ass. You'd like it."

Axel snorted.

"Something wrong, Geek Patrol?" Rhaegson turned to the rat.

"*Purifiers* fitting someone with an augment? You think we'll believe that?" Axel sneered at him. "Fuck you." The rat noticed the doberman, Marcus, clench his jaw when Rhaegson mentioned the augment.

"You think we wouldn't know how to do that?" He grinned. "You'd be surprised. And besides, know your enemy, right?" Gesturing to Emilena, he continued. "I want to make sure she's capable. If she's capable, my odds of getting what I want are better. *She* still gets to eat with a knife and fork. Win win."

"Short Round," he announced, looking at Soren. "I haven't forgotten about you. I know your workshop got blown up in Lanthae. Well, *I* blew it up, but the past is the past. You wanna start up your little business again? You help me, and I can help you with that. Actually, I already have. There's a place up in North Seryet, 45 Benworth Avenue. It's a little smaller than your last place, but... fuck it, I'm not Santa Claus. When you get outta here, go check it out. It's yours. And I give my word, my guys won't touch the place. I should know, I bought the fuckin' thing."

Rhaegson glanced at Anne. "For you, your royal Highness - you say yes, and you might as well be in one fuckin' massive drug candy shop. You want cocaine? Weed? Meth? You got it. And I don't mean any of that cut shit. You're gonna feel like Hercules. You're gonna feel like Wonder Woman. You're gonna feel like the fuckin' Terminator."

"Now you, my ugly companion. I've seen that shit pit you call an apartment. I gotta ask you... how the hell are you in debt over that piece of crap?" He sat back, apparently enjoying the baleful look Axel was giving him. "Hey, I'm not here to judge. Spend it all on booze if you want. But if you join up, I'll give you enough to pay it all back. And then some. Hell, you'd even be able to move into a new place where you don't have to wonder if your neighbour's gonna sneak in and cut your throat for a carton of milk. And you'd even have enough to find your way back to the bottom of your whiskey bottles."

He was interrupted by a banging on the door, the metallic thumping resonating through the room. "Just in time!" Rhaegson waved a finger at the door. "Marcus, why don't you see who that is?" As the doberman stalked across the room, Rhaegson smirked at the group. "Before you say anything, I wanted to give you a show of... let's call it good faith. A happy reunion!"

Axel stared at the floor as he heard the door creak open, then a muffled grunt of pain. Shuffling footsteps. A moment later, Marcus reappeared in his field of vision, pushing a handcuffed person before him, the figure's wrists secured behind his back. He wore a sweat stained, blood streaked white T-shirt and grey sweatpants. His head was covered by a large paper bag with a smiley face drawn on it, preventing Axel from seeing who it was, but he could see it was some kind of wolf. Marcus pushed him to the left of Rhaegson, his hand digging in to the person's shoulder. *Wait a second...*

"Well, come on! Take the bag off!" Rhaegson urged. Marcus ripped it off, and before them stood Kojuuro. His face, beaten and cut, was swollen from the beatings he'd sustained. A gag was tied tightly in his mouth, reducing any attempts at speech to desperate mumbles. His bloodshot eyes looked at them in a daze.

"I'm sure you remember this guy. He was your buddy, one of you... up until he put bugs on each of you to get as much dirt as he could, then fucked off." Rhaegson shook his head. "That wasn't very nice Kojuuro. But you know what *really* wasn't nice? The moment - and I really mean the moment - that video of you got released, this guy was tearing ass around the city trying to sell everything he knew about you all to the highest bidder. Not nice... and not smart."

So." He gestured, and with a brutal kick to the back of Kojuuro's leg Marcus forced the wolf onto his knees. At the same time, he reached under his jacket and withdrew a large revolver, thumbing back the hammer and pressing the barrel to the back of Kojuuro's head.

"As a gift to you all, *viola*. You get to decide what happens to him. I can kill him right here, or you can take him with you. Turn him into Coco the fuckin' clown if you want." Rhaegson grinned. "So... death. Yay or nay?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 03, 2015, 08:25:34 PM**

Aaron watched the speedometer on the train hit 550 km/h. Thanks to the superconducting magnets on the train and track, the ride was more like that aboard a plane.

He took some bites of his catfish fillet sandwich as he read the news on his smartphone. Most of the news was occupied by the rash of sudden deaths involving Augments who had gotten prosthesis from Brennan Synthetics.

Anne licked her lips. The prospect of high-quality drugs and powerful nootropics was tantalizing. "Why not?" she said.

Soren fumed but something told him that Rhaegson was being honest with the offer of a new place. Before he could make up his mind, a beaten Kojuuro was shoved in front of them.

He then turned to Rhaegson. "Before you kill him. I'd like to hear his side of the story."

"Smart choice," Anne muttered. She then turned to Soren. "I agree. And pardon me for being a bit skeptical, but I'd like to confirm what you said about him."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 03, 2015, 09:23:29 PM**

Lily raised an eyebrow when she reread her copy of the email. The wording seemed a bit too familiar, and it caused her to suspect that this was either a lie or a trap on the Purifier's part. But she was immortal, so who cares what they're planning? She mentally bumped her suicide bombing plan forwards to a point in the future. "Let's do it. So they need all five of us to sign, huh? You want to forge Shirley's signature, or should we go in there and force her to sign?"

Emilena's eyes narrowed. She opened her mouth, fully prepared to retort that she'd rather die than become an unnatural freak of nature, but her rant died in her throat when she looked at her ruined right hand. The lack of blood flow had prevented the bullet wound from healing, leaving a purple throbbing mess of decayed flesh rippling outward into her pale fingers, long since stiffened from rigor mortis.

Rhaegson was right. In her current state, she was almost completely useless. There was no denying that a cybernetic hand would not only restore her dexterity, it would elevate her manual senses beyond anything she'd experienced before. And Rhaegson was offering it completely free.

Her quandary suddenly took the backburner when she saw Kojurro, the loathsomely annoying pervert who'd stumbled into and destroyed multiple schemes of hers during the Lanthae events, being dragged into the room. "Yes, let him talk!" she agreed, voice dripping with malice. "I want to hear his screams when we slit his throat!"

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: bushwacked on November 04, 2015, 04:22:28 PM**

Axel's initial surprise at seeing the wolf brought before them turned to disgust as he remembered what Kojuuro had done. His eyes narrowed, the rat shook his head. *No way we can bring him with us. And we can't just... let him go. The safest thing would be to kill him.* But when the others asked for his gag to be taken off, he sighed. "Let's see what he says."

Rhaegson shrugged. "You actually want him to speak? I had to leave the room after two minutes of his bullshit. Well, alright then." He signaled, and Marcus reached down with his free hand, tearing the gag from Kojuuro's head roughly.

"Talk," the doberman growled.

"Like your life depends on it," Rhaegson added.

Axel stared darkly at the wolf, waiting to see what he had to say.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Nick22 on November 04, 2015, 06:31:12 PM**

kojuuro spat out scraps of the gag, they were flecked with blood. ' P-please..' he gasped " don't kill me! I- i was wrong.. he stopped as he saw who he was kneeling in front of, and his eyes flicked with fear' " Gods...I'm sorry that I bugged you.. guys. it was a cowards move, a move to score up some easy cash. Information is very valuable you see.. anyway.. I've paid for my transgressions.. in blood.. and beatings.. courtesy of these gentlemen here. Spare me, and you have my solemn oath that I will be loyal to you all, for the rest of my days...and that I will never backstab you again.' he made a fist as best he could with his right paw and blood trickled on to the ground' see.. I am swearing, in blood.. my blood.' Kojuuro coughed." A.. blood.. oath is sacred. ' he grimaced after a couple of minutes and looked down the group one by one.

" Axel, Emilena, i know both of you would rather filet me and serve my innards for dinner, with a dash of pepper and a strong drink to chase it all down.. Cant say I blame you, but all I'm asking for here is a chance to make amends, to all of you, and obviously, I can't do that with a hole in my head.. now I have.. quite a lot of creds to my name. i can get well pretty much anything you guys could want. you want the best stuff creds can buy, I can get it for you.. direct. Emilena you want the latest hand implant from Singapore? done. you want to be a cop again? well theres a nearby city - Nusarat City- that will gladly take someone of your experience. They wont give a damn about what happened in Lanthae.. or anything you've done since. what will matter to them is whether you can beat the crap out of toughs and thugs.. and theres plenty of them there. now i know that I cost you your job in Lanthae. think of this as atoning for that fiasco and giving you a fresh start' pay is better than Lanthaes was- i checked. pension too.

He looked at the rat next. ' Axel theres a place that sells all sorts of exotic drinks, none of the watered-down crap they call booze that you pick up at the supermarket- no this stuff is grade A. you want a drink mixed with ghost peppers- or a martini straight out of Bond? you can get it there. drinks that will make you lose entire weeks of time..drinks that are so pure they're probably deadly in amounts more than a shot'. anything you want. this guy ' Lui Fi Ung- he has it. see'.

he moved down to Anne. Anne, do you want a better horn implant? theres implants now that are thousands of times stronger than the one you have. they are made of stuff thats stronger than natural ivory, that rivals diamond on the hardness scale. you can pick up a baseball broadcast clear as day from thousands of miles away, as clear as if the game is being played right next door. I can get it for you.

Soren you want a penthouse apartment, big enough to run a business from? I can get it for you. the whole shebang. its yours. Now, you are probably wondering- how in the hell does that

sonabitch have all those creds? Simple- the same bugs that i used to er- gain intel-on you guys, are currently being used in about 50 different geopolitical hot spots around the globe, each side using it to try and gain an advantage. its brought me from a homeless bum to a billionaire in just a few short months due to the massive quantities of these buggers being made and bought. sure its close to war profiteering if you want to get technical, but at any event i have the creds for just about anything you can ever want.

Now as for the claim I went scurrying around town after that broadcast blabbing to all and sundry about what i knew about you lot in order to save my skin. thats a load of horse apples. i was grabbed off the street, bundled into a van, and brought here. i was beaten by Rhaegson over there for about 6-7 hours on arrival with brass knuckles and electrodes, the guy is really good at breaking bones, i have 3 or 4 fractured ribs. then they bound and gagged me and threw me into a cell. and they've been working me over at least the past week- or longer, i've kinda lost track of time. since they latched on to you guys as well i figure theres some bigger deal going on. but anyway.. i've babbled on long enough. take me with you, let me make all of you whole, and atone for every misdeed, every dirty trick, every backstab. i have the money now to do that, where i didnt before.' he turned to Marcus " could I please have some water? talking like this on a dry throat is making my throat bleed."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 04, 2015, 07:11:10 PM**

Marcus glowered down at Kojuuro, but didn't bother to answer him, the gun still pressing into the back of his skull. Rhaegson was reclining back in his chair, his eyes closed. At the silence that fell in the room, he creaked them open and looked around wearily. "Oh, he's finished?"

Axel glared at Kojuuro, his eyes radiating disgust. "You did... *something* to Lily, you abandoned us when we needed you, you *bugged* us, you sold our information for money... and you're trying to buy us off with alcohol? Credits?! We could all be dead because of you. Me, Soren, Emilena, Anne... " His twisted ear twitched. "Fuck your promise. And fuck you. I'm not the same person you took advantage of last year."

He turned to Emilena, Soren and Anne. "He's a liar. We can't trust him. We sure as hell can't take him with us. And even on the off chance these assholes let him go, I don't want someone who can sell my information to anyone who wants it out on the streets." The rat's hands were tightened into fists. "We can't let him live."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 04, 2015, 07:21:26 PM**

The 2,3 zotphenylamine Anne had taken started to take effect. A key characteristic was her pupils rapidly dilating and then returning to normal. Kojuuro's torrent of words slowed from a barely understandable stream to a much more manageable trickle to her ears.

One of her ears pivoted backwards and the other pivoted forwards as she digested the vast amount of information she had at her disposal. She nodded. "Considering that you were threatened with death and that you were just spared by Soren's curiosity, I have reason to believe that you are just pulling words out of your ass to save yourself. And I know you're going to say 'what makes the Purifiers more trustworthy?' Well, here's my response: they don't have anything to gain by promising us stuff and then going back on their promise. Not to mention, they have no motivation to lie to save themselves since they're in a position of power right now."

Soren looked over Rhaegson once more. The man stood still, no hint of emotion on his weatherbeaten face.

"I may not have Anne's smarts but you bugging all of us during the Lanthae Incident -- especially when we were supposed to be allies -- tells me you were up to some shady shit," the Human said as he looked over Kojuuro once more.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **November 04, 2015, 07:58:03 PM**

i'm trying to make amends for all that guys ' kojuuro replied to them. " i know i have a metric f ton of stuff to atone for, and I cant do that when I'm dead. you familiar with a Christmas Carol? Rich miser scrooge, treats everyone around him like dirt and hoards a huge fortune. hes forced by fate to see the error of his ways, and turns over a new leaf.well, i'm like scrooge, being forced to turn over a new leaf.

now you dont particularly have to like me, or trust me, and given my past conduct thats only fair. but at this point, lying wont save me, only the unvarnished truth can. that , and you showing me mercy. i have nothing to gain from lying to you guys, goodness knows i've done enough of that already so that most of you guys hate me. but i do have the resources i mentioned, and the ability to get anything you guys could want. i will absolutely follow through with what i have promised you. i'm making good on past deeds, righting wrongs if you will.

and Lily.. well she'll likely kick my ass when she sees me. only fair, given what went on between us, she deserves the chance to kick me in the sack. spare me, if for no other reason that you are better people than me. i wronged all of you, and i'm asking you to give me a chance to make amends.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 04, 2015, 09:10:21 PM**

"You spineless coward!" Emilena burst out, so enraged she leaped to her feet. "Listen to you!" she spat, circling the prisoner like a predatory cat. "Groveling pitifully for your life. Is that how you want to go out? Without a shred of dignity?" Priming the claws on her intact hand, she slapped him across the face. "Adrian would be ashamed to see you like this," she growled, flicking strips of flesh out of her nails. "And as for Lily, I'll pass the word on, don't worry. She barely remembers you, you're not worth wasting her time."

She looked ready to slap him again, but restrained herself. "Your time's up, weasel," she snarled. "Realize it. This is the last choice you *ever* get to make. How are you going to face your death?"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **November 05, 2015, 10:46:54 PM**

Soren showed no sign of reacting when Emilena slapped Kojurro. Inwardly, he chuckled. The once proud warrior was now reduced to begging for his life. "Personally, I'd just pitch him off the nearest elevated walkway. I'm not too fond of killing someone who's begging like this but considering that he's shown himself to be untrustworthy as well as greedy. I'll make an exception."

"We don't have to kill him," Anne said.

"Anne, Axel's right. We can't let him live. We'll be looking over our shoulders for the rest of our lives," Soren replied. He looked over the groveling Wolf.

Anne's ears pinned back. "Nope. We OD him on drugs until he can't do anything but piss himself...for the rest of his life.

Soren smiled. A cold and cruel smile. "Always looking to drugs for the answer, huh?"

"Better living through pharmacology."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **November 05, 2015, 11:29:55 PM**

" drugs? Kohuuro gasped his face bleeding from where Emilena had slapped " You're not giving me biproxytol, are you?> that stuff will rot your brain and.. and.. wait.. he suddenly looked around at the 5 gathered before him ' theres a few of you missing.. mary.. miri.. marita! the great Dane babe.. she';ll vouch for me.. Kojuuro said to them.

— suddenly he was grabbed by the scruff of the neck by a bison guard ' Alright enough blubbering..' he turned to Marcus and Rhaegson ' sorry to interrupt, gentlemen, but i have some very bad news to report. 20 Purifiers have gone missing, and given the recent murders, we are assuming they are likely dead. Whoever is going after us, they are getting more bold and brazen."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 06, 2015, 05:06:35 PM**

Rhaegson cocked an eye at the bison. "Why thank you, my good sir. Well, it looks like the people have spoken. Sorry lollipop, but I guess it's a one way ticket to the farm for you!" Giving a friendly ruffle to Kojuuro's head, he leaned back and nodded at Marcus.

His eyes like dark marbles, Marcus pushed the barrel forward and pulled the trigger.

Axel flinched at the explosive gunshot that roared suddenly through the room. As if in slow motion, he saw the front of Kojuuro's face crumple outwards, eyes, nose, mouth disappearing in a red wave of gore as his face broke apart. The rat felt small impacts as fine droplets of blood hit his face and chest, like warm rain.

Then Kojuuro's body collapsed forwards, hitting the floor with a heavy, meaty thud, and Axel was left with a ringing in his ears. The wolf's blood started to pool across the floor. Axel shifted to avoid it but his baggy jumpsuit restricted him, and the substance flowed around his bare feet. Gritting his teeth, he looked up.

Grinning, Rhaegson lifted his feet and brought them down on Kojuuro's still-twitching corpse, like a gruesome footstool. "Sorry to rush things along, but... as you've just heard, time is a fickle bitch, and she's not on my side. I did like that drug idea though. Really outside the box. We've gotta remember that one."

Marcus grunted, holstering his revolver again.

"So, now that the pleasantries are outta the way with.. I'm gonna need your answers." Rhaegson tilted his head. "Are you in, or out?"

Axel took a deep breath. *I don't want to die. Not here.* "I'm in," he said quietly.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 06, 2015, 06:22:17 PM**

Soren's ears rang from the gunshot so Rhaegson's words came out as barely audible white noise. He spat out some droplets of blood that had flown into his mouth. As much as he hated the Purifiers, saying "no" was equivalent to suicide...and suicide was *not* on his "to-do-list". He silently nodded in response.

"I'll do it," Anne said. She then pointed to the socket on her forehead. "Now if you don't mind, I want my horn back."

Lost amongst the noise was a door opening and a German Shepherd dressed in an oil farmer's uniform. He looked at the gore-spattered wall and headless corpse of Kojuuro. "Shit. What'd I miss?" Remembering the text message he was sent, he spoke. "Aaron Geasbrecht reporting. Sorry for being late but I was out of town for the past few months."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 06, 2015, 07:11:53 PM**

Emilena looked darkly at the corpse. Kojurro had caused her a lot of grief and his very presence brought up a lot of negative memories, but he'd been Adrian's friend and a former ally. She never thought she'd witness his death, and Rhaegson providing the opportunity did not go unheeded.

"I'm in," she told Rhaegson, eyes flashing. "But that cyber hand better look *exactly* like a normal one," she warned. "And as scanproof as possible; I do *not* want people and their metal detectors going around thinking I'm a godless filthy Gleamer. You of all people should understand."

She perked her eyebrows when Aaron entered. "Oh hey, it's car battery guy. An interrogator who *actually knows what he's doing*." She gave a pointed aside glance at Marcus. "I could almost feel the competency levels in the room go up just now."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 11, 2015, 10:22:00 AM**

"Great! Isn't it nice being friends," Rhaegson exclaimed, popping a thumbs up. "And don't worry, your new hand's going to be as discreet as your tits. Until you're ripping someone's head off."

Looking at Anne, he nodded. "Sure, you can get your horn back. Actually-" he signaled to Marcus and Aaron. "Take them back to their cells. All of your crap'll be there. Someone'll come by and get you soon, Echo." He pointed at Soren. "You stay there. We're gonna shoot the breeze for just a little longer." As Marcus and Aaron escorted them out of the room, he clicked his fingers. "Oh, almost forgot. These two are gonna be joining you on your little road trip. I'll be waiting to get regular confirmation from each of them that you're all being good little boys and girls. If I don't, daddy'll be angry." Rhaegson grinned. "It'll be fun. Like a buddy movie!"

He abruptly turned his attention back to Soren, waiting for the others to clear the room.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 11, 2015, 03:30:09 PM**

Emilena bit her tongue and stifled a growl when Rhaegson mentioned Purifier thugs would be joining their group. Honestly she should have seen that stipulation coming. The last few days had been taking a toll on her short-term deductive reasoning.

"You know what? That's actually great. Welcome aboard, Purifiers." She shot a glare at Soren as she allowed herself to be escorted out the door. "Now we've got some real men on the team."

During the long walk down the hallway back to her holding chamber, she kept an eye on every cell one of her future teammates was returned to. Unfortunately they were all spread out too far to engage in any sort of meaningful strategizing.

She and Axel were the last returned to their cells, and Emilena's eyes lit up when she saw they shared a hallway. Axel was the one she needed to talk to anyway...

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 11, 2015, 03:39:50 PM**

Anne shot Rhaegson a look of disgust before Aaron hustled her back to her cell. Just as promised, her horn was sitting on the bed. Along with two pill bottles full of 2,3

zotphenylamine capsules.

Sighing with relief, she grabbed the implant and screwed it back into its socket. Her shoes were still the same glued-on plastic horseshoes but she could swap them out later. After picking up some rather boring chatter (probably from a Purifier watching some sports show), which verified her implant was still perfectly functional, she sat down on the bed and began thinking.

Soren watched as Aaron and Marcus hustled everyone out of the room. Soon, it was just him, Rhaegson and one of his guards. The burly Clydesdale mare didn't seem to say anything or even notice his existence.

Swallowing, Soren turned to Rhaegson. "I suppose you want to establish another stipulation for our help?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 12, 2015, 09:43:29 PM**

MARie entered Shirleys room carrying a piece of paper ' Shirley/ We need you to sign this please. " Its an agreement form. the purifiers have agreed to leave you alone, in exchange for our assistance in dealing with an enemy of theirs. We've talked to Bailey, and hes told us to make sure that you stay safe no matter what. He Recommends you sign it.' marie said putting the piece iof paper and a pen on the table. " We wont fight you on it, its solely up tp you.' Just come on down when you've mae up your mind.' She said as she turned to leave.

marita was re-reading the terms of the agreement. She, Marie and Rose had all signed their copies they were just waiting for Shirley to decide on her choice.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 15, 2015, 04:21:26 PM**

"Stipulation? Nah, more like a..." Rhaegson motioned with his hand as he searched for the right word. "... a bonus. An extra incentive." He took another puff of his cigarette, his grin shining through the smoke. He studied Soren for a moment more then spoke again. "You and the mouthy fox. You aren't exactly best pals are you? I heard about the way she *introduced* herself to you back in Lanthae."

When he stepped through his cell, Axel saw his clothes, rumpled and dirty from the attack in the alley, had been dumped on top of the bed. Crossing, the rat pulled them on slowly, movement much easier now that his handcuffs had been removed on the way back from the meeting with Rhaegson. He pushed his feet into his trainers and stood up, staring at the wall blankly.

Suddenly his face twisted in anger, his foot kicking out and slamming against the side of the bed, and again. "*Fuck!*" he hissed as the impacts sent a bolt of pain up his leg. *Not again... How am I in this situation AGAIN?!* He stood still for a moment, feeling the seething waves of anger and frustration roll over him. When it started to subside, he swallowed. *Stop losing your head, you asshole! You're in it now, so just DEAL with it!* Axel took a breath. *Deal with it... alright... Need to come up with a plan. Emilena's been in these situations more than me...*

Axel walked back to the entrance of his cell, looking at the guard who stood outside, the tall doberman called Marcus. "I need to talk to Emilena."

The expression the doberman fixed him with was dripping with contempt. "Fine. But I'll be watching." He signaled to two other guards who were standing nearby, and together they

walked with Axel the short length down to Emilena's cell.

He ducked in, feeling their eyes on him as he made a small noise to announce his presence to the ex-cop. "I... didn't see that coming," he started.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 15, 2015, 05:30:06 PM**

Flora cracked one eye open, she'd been fitfully sleeping and didn't feel a need to signal her waking up. Once she was alone she looked at the paper Marie had given her. It was the dumbest thing she'd ever read, but her name wasn't really Shirley so whatever. She signed it with her fake name and made to slide it back under the door.

Then she took a deep breath and opened the door instead. She looked at each of the four women in tandem. "I'm not afraid of you," she said, struggling to keep her voice level. "I may be a teenager but I have rights to privacy and respect."

She made eye contact with Lily in particular as she said her next bit. "I don't know where we're going but it beats being cooped up in here. While out, I don't want to be touched without permission, ordered around, or--"

"This isn't a girl scout expedition." Lily rolled her eyes. "If you're about to get shot in the head, am I not supposed to push you out of the way?"

"Yes!" Flora countered. "I can take care of myself." She handed the paper back to Marie. "Capiche?"

* * *

Emilena quickly hid the chink of Kojurro's faceplate she was using to attempt to pick her handcuffs. "Oh, uh hi..." she said, recovering way too slowly to mask what she'd been up to.

She observed Axel. It was really remarkable how unrecognizable he'd become in a mere few months. She decided to keep her mouth shut beyond pleasentries; he might just reveal more information regarding his and Lily's breakup without her prompting.

"Didn't know Purifier prison came with visitation times," she said matter-of-factly, aiming for a conversational rather than hostile tone. "Did you tell them we were married or something?"

She also weighed her responsibilities right now. The chances were extremely high that Lily would be crossing paths with this team, and it was in Axel's best interest to be warned of this early. But was it in Emilena's best interest to tell him?

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 16, 2015, 12:03:36 AM**

Soren gave a humorless and cold laugh. He causally blew some of the smoke away from his face. "I'd call that an understatement. The Lanthae PD is about as good as tits on a catfish. If they ain't doing fuck-all to respond because someone robbed my shop, they're trying to nail me on some shit charge."

He spat on the ground as he recalled how Emilena had assaulted him when he reported a fire on his property. The Human then looked Rhaegson in the eye and smiled. "So...about that extra 'incentive', what exactly is it? You'll kill her after this whole thing?"

Inwardly, he felt unclean for accepting favors from the same people who destroyed his life...but getting revenge on the Lanthae PD and Emilena was a tempting choice. He nodded and smiled. "All right, go on..."

Uziel looked at the clock. It was approaching midnight and Soren was still not home. The man turned off his *telenova*. Doctor Schatten had already left for work.

"Odd," he muttered. "Soren's rarely out this late and he never mentioned where he was going."

He looked at Soren's room. Going through his stuff might provide some clues as to where he went. But if Soren came home...well, Uziel would have a hell of a lot of explaining to do.

Deciding to see if he came home in the morning Uziel headed to the bathroom to wash up and prepare for bed. He paid no heed to the cracked living room window. It was bullet-resistant corundum -- expensive but in a neighborhood like this, invaluable.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 16, 2015, 11:32:36 AM**

understood ' marie said as she took the paper and handed it to Marita.' alright we're all signed up. the agreement means we wont have to storm their base. they've made a deal with the others, if the email i got is any indication.' she said to Lily. ' in the meantime help yourself to any supplies you might need for the trip.' marita ent to her computer , brought up the email and replied - she wrote simply ' we're in. where do we need to go to pick up the others?

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 16, 2015, 05:55:57 PM**

Rhaegson returned the smile. "Well now, that's entirely up to you. It just so happens that in this pocket right here, I have the answer to our little problem." With a flourish, he reached into his jacket pocket and withdrew a small computer chip, slightly larger than a thumbnail. He looked at it lovingly. "You know, I remember the days when if we wanted someone dead, someone had to get their hands dirty. Bullet through the skull, knife through the throat... I mean, don't get me wrong. There's nothing like looking someone in the eye, and seeing the exact moment when they realise they're about to die." Rhaegson smirked. "Not that I need to tell you that though, right?"

He held out the chip for Soren to inspect. "But sometimes, you've gotta make *sure* the job gets done. And that's what this baby does." He paused then shrugged. "I don't have a fuckin' clue how it works. I'm not a scientist. But if you fit this in her aug when you're installing it, then when I feel like the time is right all I gotta do is press a button and it's *ciao* Miss Echo."

Rhaegson stared at Soren, and for a moment the usual amusement in his eyes flickered. "This cunt has the potential to be a major pain in the ass for me when this is done, and you have no idea if she'll keep fucking things up for you as well. This chip could be the answer to both our problems." Rhaegson blinked, and just like that his eyes were alive again. "I like you, Almaya. Sure, you stand for something I can't stand... but you're smart. You know the right decisions to make." He dangled the chip. "So I know you'll make the right decision now."

He closed his fist around the chip and leaned forward. "So what do you say?"

"Show me someone who'd believe we're married, and I'll grow wings out my ass and fly us out of here." Axel shrugged, indicating over his shoulder at the Purifiers standing guard. "Looks like it's okay as long as our new *friends* are tagging along." He spat the word as if it tasted sour in his mouth.

After a moment he sighed and rubbed at his eyes. "Look, I figure it isn't a bad idea to start thinking what to do when we get out here. What our first moves should be. So is there...

anyone you know who could help us out? You used to be a cop, right? Any contacts we could use?" He crossed his arms. "Anyone useful?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 16, 2015, 09:37:32 PM**

Lily folded her arms. "I need no supplies. Let's move now and stop wasting time."

"It's the middle of the night!" protested Flora. "And we're not all robots like you!"

Lily pursed her lips. "Nobody's making you come, girl."

"Man, you really don't know, do you?" Flora rummaged through the hallway closets and located a white backpack. "Hmmm. Could use a bit of color, but we'll fix that." Crossing to the kitchens, she emerged later with it dyed a murky purple. "Grape juice did not work as I intended. We got any bleach?"

"Be careful!" Lily stepped back, scandalized. "You got it all over yourself!"

Flora regarded her bright fuchsia arms revealed from pulling her sleeves back. "Uhh. Yeah. That's totally what happened. Um, I'm gonna take a quick shower before we go." She disappeared into the bathroom.

Lily glanced at Marita, eyebrow raised. "Be honest with me this time. What's her story? I'm not bringing question marks on this mission."

Emilena coincidentally pursed her lips at the same time. "Let me think. Nobody super reliable or current. I burnt literally every bridge during the Lanthae incident, the only people who seem to remember me are the ones who want me dead."

She decided to test Axel to see how much of his old self was left. "Hey. I'm super embarrassed to ask this, but..." She fiddled her fingers and broke eye contact. "You've been augmented.

More than once. I was just wondering...does it hurt?" She pinched her fingers tensely, sensitive at having to ask something so weak.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 17, 2015, 02:30:06 AM**

I've been hired to protect her ' Marita said ' and keep her safe. I'm getting paid a lot of money to do so, Lily. millions of creds to be precise . Enough that if i get this job done , i'll be living the high life for pretty much the rest of my life. I'm also under strict orders to keep her real name secret. because if you knew who she really was- and you'd probably know who she is right away if I told you her name- you'd understand why I'm being hush hush about this. she's part of the deal.' once she gets out of the bathroom, we'll head out. in the meantime, i'll go grab some things"Marita replied.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 17, 2015, 10:04:10 PM**

Soren thought a moment. Sure, he'd be accepting a favor from his most hated enemy but at the same time, he could dispose of one of the biggest pains in his ass...aside from the Purifiers but for now, they were allies. *Very* reluctant allies but allies nonetheless.

He nodded. "All right, I'll take it."

Aaron watched as Anne lay down in the bed and began to think. He looked around the cell. Not much changed since he last worked with the Purifiers.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 18, 2015, 05:54:36 PM**

Rhaegson's answering grin wouldn't have looked out of place if it was being flashed by a shark. "Great! I knew you were one smart fuckin' fortune cookie." He tapped the ash from the end of his cigarette, then lazily signaled to the Clydesdale mare, handing over the chip. "Let's get this shit started then. Take Inspector Gadget here over to the med room and send someone to pick up Echo."

He flashed a last smile to Soren as he was escorted from the room. "Have fun."

Axel exhaled in frustration. "Dammit... It's not like I know anyone who could... who'd *want* to help us out. I guess we're alone in this..."

He trailed off as Emilena asked if being augmented hurt. The rat stared at her then snorted. "Oh no, it's awesome! Feels great!" Shaking his head, he held out one of his hands, flexing the fingers. "They're gonna be cutting off your hand and sticking a machine on it. They're gonna stick wires in you. Will it hurt? What the fuck do you think? It'll hurt like hell. For a while. But the more you use it, the faster it'll feel... almost normal." Axel shrugged. "You'll get used to it. Not like you have much of a choice."

Leaning against the wall, Axel eyed her injured limb. "Did you-"

"Echo, we're ready for you." The voice interrupted Axel, and he turned to see two guards outside the cell. One of them gestured. "Come on, move it."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 18, 2015, 07:16:36 PM**

Lily furrowed her brow as Marita told her the details. "You're being paid millions to keep her safe? No offense, but we're going on a highly dangerous mission. There are few things you could be doing with Shirley that are more life-threatening than what we're about to do. Are you sure you want to come with? I can handle the Purifiers myself." Given the chance, she would gladly revert to the original plan of simply kamikaze bombing their HQ as soon as she arrived.

Flora came out of the shower, her fur now fully dyed midnight black. "I'm ready to go. You old maids packed? Who's got my phone, I want it back."

Emilena's face grew paler and paler shades of white as Axel explained the augmentation process. "How can you talk about doing that so casually?" she exclaimed. She queasily shut her eyes and looked away. "I genuinely think I'm going to be sick..."

Then the guard interrupted them and she quickly assumed a more dignified pose. "Feel free to stick around while I'm gone Axel..." She dropped the makeshift lockpick as surreptitiously as she could. "My cell is your cell."

The guard led her somewhere in silence. "Ready to become even more of a freak?" He leered at her as they neared the lab.

Emilena ignored him, but when she noticed Soren was present she couldn't hold her tongue.

"What the hell is he doing here? I thought they said they had 'top specialists' or something like that!" she snapped, flushing lividly. "I guess I'm getting what I paid for!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 18, 2015, 09:06:00 PM**

we're not fighting the purifiers, but another group that Purifiers want dead. the old saw about the enemy of my enemy is my friend. and yes we're coming along. Shirley wants to get out of the house, and well, we're going to be chaperoning her.' she turned to Shirley. " Just need to bring my computer, and we'll all set.' she said as Rose and Marie came in carrying backpacks. Rose had another backpack in her left hand, this was Marita's. a beep from Maritas computer revealed she had gotten a reply " go to to Mattinger Park outside Seryet. we'll be dropping off your friends there.' the message said."

Mattinger Park was a large open space on the western edge of the city

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 19, 2015, 12:16:28 AM**

Soren was unpreturbed at Emilena's outburst. "The Purifiers gave me the choice to help you or not. The boss said you could get augmented by me...or one of the guards. Since I *actually* have cybernetics credentials. Granted, I ain't a Cy.D. but being a certified repair technician for external cybernetics repairs is better than nothing."

He crossed his arms and frowned. "Now Emilena, are you going to continue being a total shithead or will you actually let me *try* to give you your hand back?"

The Clydesdale mare looked at Emilena. Her ears pinned back. "Be quick," she replied. As fitting her size and bulk, she had a rough, harsh voice that sounded rather masculine.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 19, 2015, 12:34:57 AM**

"Yes. Quick enough for you?" Emilena shot back.

Marching into the room, Emilena climbed into the surgery chair. "It's my lucky day, you've finally got to remove the handcuffs," she leered at the Clydesdale. "Don't worry, I won't take the opportunity to try and kill you. Assuming Soren does his job correctly."

Shirley coughed. "Excuse me? My phone? Selfies ain't gonna take themselves."

Lily raised her eyebrows. "What on earth's gotten into you?"

Flora grinned. If she couldn't beat them through logic and shouting, she'd do it through unnatural positivity. Plus she was genuinely excited at the prospect of escaping this house.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 23, 2015, 12:40:15 AM**

The mare said nothing. Given her massive bulk, iron shod hooves and nearly a lifetime spent learning the art of combat in rough frontier algae oil towns, she felt quite confident that she could easily take Emilena in a fight.

Rather disconcertingly, the chair had cushioned plastic and foam straps on the arm and leg rests as well as on the chair itself. The mare quickly fastened the straps around Emilena's legs and chest and made sure they were tight.

"Have a seat. The 'doctor' will be with you shortly," the mare said as she fastened the restraints.

The sound of clanking metal and the hum of a cool plasma arc was heard as Soren loaded the tools into the sterilizer. The sound of Soren humming something mingled with the sound of running water as he washed his hands and got ready for the surgery.

It was then he forgot something. He needed someone with access to the internet or some other resource. He excused himself.

Soren made his way back to the prison cells where he found Axel. "Hey Axel, I got pressed into doing some augmenting for Emilena and...well, I need some help. You know, passing me tools, cleaning up blood, testing circuits, holding up a textbook so I at least have *some* idea of what the fuck I'm doing."

He looked over at the Augment. "So whatcha say, bud?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 25, 2015, 05:56:19 PM**

When Soren found him, Axel was still in Emilena's cell, sat on her bunk with his head buried in his hands. At the sound of Soren's voice, Axel looked slowly up, his face morose. When the human finished speaking, Axel's ear twitched. "I can't imagine how thrilled she was to hear *you'd* be doing it." He shrugged standing up. "Alright, let's go." If anything, at least it would get him away from the attentions of the doberman who continued to stare darkly at him as he lurked in the corridor.

When they reached the medical room, Axel threw a sardonic expression at Emilena as he followed Soren through the doorway. "Guess I'm here to play nurse." As he spoke, the rat noticed the straps holding her down. Frowning, he stepped close to Soren as the man sorted through his tools, lowering his voice. "You're not gonna put her under? You better make it quick, man..." He turned to look at Emilena over his shoulder, feeling distinctly glad it wasn't him on the chair.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 25, 2015, 08:08:07 PM**

"There wouldn't be any need for anaesthetic. I'm not going to flinch." Like hell Emilena was going to be unconscious while Soren of all people was poking around her insides. But she did meet Adel's eye and, noticing the mare assistant was looking elsewhere, surreptitiously swiped her finger across her throat. *Maybe one of them will get the hint, overpower the broad, and the three of us can bust our way out of here...*

The door to Rhaegson's office creaked open now that everyone was gone.

"Commander?" The woman who looked like Lily entered the room. She tried to give a self-confident air but her eyes gave away her nervousness. "I interrogated both prisoners like you asked, but others got in the way of my methods." She stood at attention and forced herself to maintain eye contact. "I would have been able to secure Ms. Jones' location had I been allowed to work alone."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 26, 2015, 12:59:31 AM**

Soren looked at the anaesthetic machine. He frowned; not having any medical training whatsoever, he decided against using it. "Accidentally" killing Emilena was too good a risk and if they found out he killed one of their "operatives", he was in deep shit.

"I don't have shit in terms of medical training. I'm just as likely to kill her as I am to put her under," Soren whispered to Axel.

Then again...

"Emilena," Soren said as he waited for the sterilizer to finish its cycle. "The procedure will be painful and if you are unconscious, that will allow me to accomplish the procedure with greater care and precision. Now I do want to warn you that I'm not medically trained but Axel can look up information for me."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 26, 2015, 02:02:27 AM**

"Mr. Almaya," Emilena met his eyes with an unblinking glower. "I once had a pound of frostbitten muscle and skin tissue amputated from my leg without anesthesia while trapped in a mountain aqueduct during a snowstorm. I'm not going to flinch."

(OOC: This event actually happens in one of my stories set during Emilena's years as a police officer. Anybody interested in reading it or my other stories can send me a PM and I'll provide the link)

(OOC: You can have Emilena wince and cry out and flinch and whatever you like in your posts. She's not as tough as she tries to let on.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 26, 2015, 07:22:57 PM**

Axel saw Emilena's gesture. He met her eyes briefly... but gave no sign that he'd understood, or was even communicating with her. He hadn't seen any obvious cameras in the room, but that didn't mean there weren't any... and he had no idea who could be watching.

He glanced towards the guard. Her broad back was to them, her attention fixed on something on one of the shelves. *No way I could take her in a fight... even if me and Soren tried together. Not discreetly at least...* He blinked, looking around surreptitiously for something that could help - and that was when he saw the small camera nestled in the top far left corner of the room, easily overlooked. He swore inwardly. Even if they took the guard out, there was no way he could be sure a dozen more wouldn't come tearing through the door. *Unless we leave Emilena behind... she might be able to keep them busy for a while...*

The operating tools, sharp and lethal looking looking, were temptingly close. The rat blinked at them... but as he did so, the guard finished whatever she'd been doing and turned her attention, along with her considerable bulk, back to them. *Shit.* "Alright, I'll, ah, I'll do what I can. Let's get this over with."

"Well. If it isn't Dolly the sheep." Rhaegson leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on his clunky wooden desk. The only other piece of furniture in his office was another chair on the other side of the desk - which he didn't offer her. "I heard. You started off well." Rhaegson reached into his jacket pocket, pulled out his pack of cigarettes... then swore under his breath as he saw it was empty.

Dropping the empty pack on the surface of his desk, he looked up at Rose. His forefinger started scratching almost compulsively at the underside of his thumb, causing a light scraping

noise. The corner of his mouth twitched in what could have been a smile. "I also heard how you injured two of my men."

He stopped speaking, his eyes staring into Rose's as he waited for a response. For a while, the only noise in the room was the light scraping sound of his thumb.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 26, 2015, 11:28:27 PM**

Finally Lily couldn't bear it and broke eye contact. "I...got mad..." She felt her cheeks grow warm. "They were idiots...they screwed up the narrative." She balled her fists. "That was the scene where I got Axel to bond with me...but then they destroyed the atmosphere with their stupidity."

She wanted to ask that he not call her Dolly, but she was on thin ice as it was. She knew that he and the other Purifiers mainly saw her as an experiment more than a person.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 28, 2015, 08:25:29 PM**

Soren matched Emilena's icy glare. "If you insist. However, if you start moving around too much, I *will* use drugs to give me some help."

A ding was heard as the sterilizer finished its cycle. He turned to Axel as he headed to the sink and began to wash his hands. "All right, let's get this shit done!"

When the hand washing was complete, he donned a pair of gloves. He fought to keep his stomach from upending itself as he saw the remains of Emilena's hand. It was slimy, discolored and it stank worse than anything imaginable. It was just the penetrating odor of disinfectant in the air kept him from noticing it until he got close to her hand.

"Axel, could you bring up a medical textbook on your phone for me?" Soren asked as he got a metal pan and a scalpel ready.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 28, 2015, 09:08:29 PM**

"Sure." Axel looked nonchalantly at the guard again, but she was still staring at them... and she really was *big*. The rat's shoulders slumped slightly. *Shit... definitely wouldn't stand a chance*. Giving up, he turned to Soren and pulled out his phone, tapping on the screen. "Alright... Essential Surgery, 15th Edition. Sound alright?"

He glanced down at Emilena. This was the closest he'd been to her with most of his attention focused on her wound... and it was only now he could pick up on the *smell* radiating from it, a sickly mix of rotting meat and pus. He felt his stomach roil, and bit down hard on the inside of his cheek to stop himself from gagging. *Fucking hell...* "Come on Soren, I got it all here. Let's get this over with."

Rhaegson nodded. "They fucked up. I can't argue with you there." He snorted. "You know, I was going to have a talk with them about that, but... well, you already took care of that didn't you."

There was a pause as he took Rose in, looking her over as if she were a hunk of meat at the grocery store. "You know, I've been happy with how you've been so far. You've been... efficient. You know how to get stuff done." Rhaegson's eyes roamed downward. "And you ain't

bad to look at either. Makes a nice change from the fuckin' sausage fest this place is, at least." Something flickered across his face, though the amiable grin remained. "But you attacked two of my men. Fuckin' morons they may be, but we're all on the same team. Right?"

Rhaegson leaned forward slightly. "You know who you are, don't you Rose? You know *what* you are?" His head tilted. "I didn't *make* you to get mad. I didn't make you so you could stick cattle prods up your teammate's asses. I made you so you'd follow orders." He stared at her, the soft *schk-schk* of his index finger scratching his thumb filling the room. "Did I order you to shove a cattle prod up their ass?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 28, 2015, 11:10:45 PM**

Emilena took a deep breath to calm herself. No matter who the doctor was, it wasn't easy knowing that someone was about to inject her with robotics and she'd just denied painkillers because of stubborn bravado.

Rose's cheeks were bright red. Rhaegson was decently polite to her normally, but whenever she screwed up his disapproval always turned quickly condescending, like she was a misbehaving puppy. "I'll follow orders. I'm *trying* to follow orders. I've got another plan for infiltrating Axel's team," she said, struggling to keep her voice level. "And this time I'll be working completely alone."

Drawing a manila folder out from a hidden pocket under her dress, she handed him a short and simple file. She couldn't keep her hand from shaking.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 30, 2015, 05:43:46 PM**

As Rose drew the folder out, Rhaegson held out his hand lazily, not looking at it as she handed it over. "Have you been doing extra homework? I'm so proud." Peeling open the folder, he drew the file out and scanned through it, his eyes flicking over the page.

"Not bad," he said eventually. Rhaegson lowered the file and grinned at her, his teeth glinting. "You *have* been doing your homework... I'm actually proud. And there I was, about to suggest you use what's between your legs again." The chair creaked slightly as he reclined back in it. "Looks like you've got to get busy, girlfriend."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 01, 2015, 12:36:35 AM**

"That'll do just fine." Soren spoke a command to bring up the table of contents and then to the hand surgery chapter. Luckily, the electronic textbook had a video embedded that explained all the structures of the hand and wrist.

Using the protruding bones of Emilena's arm as landmarks, he began cutting away the dead flesh.

"Motherfucker!" Soren shouted as he made the first cut with the scalpel. The smell got worse as he did so. He held his breath as the odor of the wound threatened to make him vomit.

Her hand was so damaged it didn't even bleed as he cut away at her wrist. Indeed, there was no resistance at all; it was like cutting a piece of foam.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 01, 2015, 03:30:55 AM**

Emilena prepared herself for the moment Soren's scalpel struck home, and while she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of closing her eyes, she did choose anything else in the room to focus on. Seconds passed, and with mild bewilderment she wondered what Soren had found to procrastinate on this time. Only when she looked back over did she realize that Soren had already begun cutting the dead flesh away. She hadn't felt a thing.

For the first time she felt grateful the Purifiers hadn't fed her. Biting her tongue to stifle a gag reflex, Emilena couldn't hide the color draining from her face. Somehow a complete lack of sensation was a thousand times worse than if it had simply hurt. She tried to come up with something to say but her mind went completely blank; she could only watch Soren work with an unblinking gaze.

Rose tucked her hands behind her back. "Thank you, sir," she snapped off a quick salute. "It'll be my pleasure."

Not risking saying anything else, she turned and made to leave the room before his good mood went away.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 01, 2015, 10:46:57 PM**

Soren continued removing rotten flesh until he saw the pinkish color of healthy tissue. The protruding bones were in terrible shape but that could be repaired later.

"Axel," he said through the surgical mask he had donned at the start of the operation. "Could you use the saline irrigation to wash out the wounds while I continue scraping?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 03, 2015, 05:09:23 PM**

"Yeah. On it." Axel's voice sounded strangely thick. His stomach was churning at the sight of Emilena's rotten flesh more or less falling from her bone as Soren's scalpel slid against it. The smell wasn't helping. If he had anything to be thankful for, it was that he hadn't eaten anything lately.

Trying to breathe through his mouth, he leaned closer to the open wound, using the saline solution to wash away the blood and pus and maneuvering so he wouldn't get in the way of Soren's hands. "Fuck this..." he muttered through gritted teeth. *Another happy memory to add to the bank...* Axel winced. *At least I have another good reason to drink...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 03, 2015, 06:41:35 PM**

There was a sharp intake of breath as Soren finally scraped against living muscle. Emilena bit her lip and closed her eyes and forced her heartbeat to return to normal. She'd come dangerously close to flinching, and not even because the pain was overwhelming; it was just unexpected after so much numbness. *Not letting that happen again...* she thought grimly to herself.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 04, 2015, 09:52:46 PM**

Soren tried not to look at the vile mixture inside the metal pan. He continued using the scalpel to scrape the dead tissue away from the bone while Axel washed it away.

After several minutes of tedious scraping and washing, all the dead tissue had been removed, leaving behind healthy pink muscle. Unfortunately, the ends of the bone revealed a different story; while the saline washing and careful scraping had removed most of the dead marrow, the bone was still badly splintered.

Soren let out an exhale, fixing the splintered ends was going to be difficult. He then spoke a command to Axel's smartphone and the chapter on orthopedic surgery on the hand was brought up.

"Axel, could you pass me bone-metal graft?" he asked

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 05, 2015, 05:47:08 PM**

Axel grimaced as the rotten flesh fell away to reveal more and more healthy tissue. When Soren asked for the graft, he nodded. "Yeah. Here." As he handed it over he had to admit to himself, Emilena was dealing with the situation better than he ever could.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 05, 2015, 08:33:54 PM**

The bone-metal graft was a piece of spongy titanium that shaped almost exactly like the bones of the arm. Soren carefully slid the tips into the hollowed out cavities of Emilena's bones.

He held the joint in position with both hands. "Axel, I need you to use the gun to inject the setting cement into where I put the graft into the bone and around the graft-bone junction."

Setting cement was a mixture of calcium carbonate, calcium phosphate, biocompatible silica, agar-based aerogel and osteoblast growth factors. It was designed to secure orthopedic implants and induce bone to grow around and into the implant to permanently secure it in place.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 06, 2015, 10:58:19 PM**

Emilena bit her lip so hard she drew blood. Her heartrate accelerated and she forced herself to concentrate on something else. A jingle, a passage from a book...anything the required effort to recite would keep her sufficiently distracted from Soren's work that she could maintain her promise of not getting in the way. Besides, she didn't need the sight of her skinned phalanges forever burned into her memory banks.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 07, 2015, 12:21:40 PM**

His face grim, Axel carefully pressed down on a button on the side of the gun as he tried to hold the device steady. The cement eased out of the tip and as it started to settle into and around the joints, Axel worked his way across, trying to make sure he applied it evenly. *Shit... is that too much?* He had no idea - but under the circumstances it was probably the best Emilena was going to get.

"Alright, I think it's done," he said finally, setting the gun back down on the tray.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 07, 2015, 04:12:21 PM**

As Axel applied the cement, Soren used a probe to gently scrape away the excess the excess cement and ensure it set the implant into place. Luckily, the cement also contained antimicrobial peptides to combat infection.

"And now we wait," Soren said. He then turned to Emilena. "Emilena, the cement will take about ten minutes to set. In the meantime, I'm going to start preparing your new hand."

He got out what looked like a helmet with a bunch of wires attached to it from another table. Several electrode pads were visible as well. "Axel, I'm going to map the nerves. Could you get her hooked up while I hook the hand up to the neurotester?"

Soren then threw his gloves away and got out the neurotester, a boxy plastic object with several plugs for the electrode leads. He got the hand in question, and making no one saw him, discreetly soldered the chip Rhaegson had given him to the main neural-circuit interface. He then placed the circuit board back into the hand and examined the hand further. He saw the distinct coiled springs of electroactive metal muscles. Far stronger than biological muscle, had same reaction time but its movements were somewhat stiff; Emilena would be able to do nearly everything but crocheting, sewing, calligraphy and other fine manipulation would be a challenge.

He then hooked the sleek grey composite hand to the neurotester and placed it on a stand in front of Emilena.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 07, 2015, 04:26:52 PM**

"How...how long's the recovery time we're talking here?" Emilena muttered through gritted teeth. With the cleaning out of the way, she hoped the worst was behind her, but unfortunately the coming part was where she lost her ability to extrapolate from previous experience. "I'm not interested in...three to five weeks before a followup appointment."

She looked at her new hand. It looked almost exactly like a healthy organic hand, not like the rejected prop from *Metropolis* she was envisioning in her head. "So what, is my fur gonna grow over that or something, or will I have to wear gloves for the rest of my life?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 08, 2015, 06:56:32 PM**

Soren sighed. He had dealt with some remarkably stupid questions when working with some of his low-class clients but this one was at the top of the heap for idiocy. "You just seriously asked me if your fur will grow over an artificial limb?"

The prosthesis immediately gave the middle finger to Emilena when Soren tinkered with a few commands on the neurotester's keyboard.

"The answer is no," Soren replied. "As for recovery time. I'd say maybe a week. Give or take a few days."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 08, 2015, 08:20:08 PM**

"Well, excuse me for not knowing if skin grafts were involved, asshole! *Ow!*" Emilena tasted blood when she bit her lip after instinctively trying to ball her ruined fist. "You gonna cover it in hair or something? I was damn clear that it needed to be *indistinguishable* from flesh and blood!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 09, 2015, 06:42:08 PM**

Soren scowled. "If you want your hand to look dick-shrivelingly horrifying, then yes, I *could* do a skin graft. But for now, you'll need to wear a glove."

He then fiddled with the neurotester's controls some more. "Axel," he said. "You ready?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 10, 2015, 04:31:29 PM**

Axel nodded. "Yeah, give me a second." He shrugged at Emilena as he started shaking loose wires free from the helmet. "You *can* get fake fur to put on it, but... I guess they forgot to mention they didn't have the resources for that. Shit happens, right? Watch your ears." Axel carefully placed the helmet over her head and started fixing the pads over her skin.

"Maybe we can find a way to get it later. Alright, we're good to go, Soren," he said, glancing at the human and stepping back.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 10, 2015, 06:06:01 PM**

Soren nodded as the display showed a digital representation of Emilena's brain. "All right we're ready to map," he said. "Think about flexing your fingers one at a time. Start with the thumb."

He looked at the hand on the display and watched for it to move.

"Oh, Emilena," he added. "There's one thing I forgot to mention, this hand doesn't have a backup power source. Once the battery's dead, you'll need to recharge it or get a disposable one." All but the cheapest prostheses contained backup power sources. Most of them consisted of supercapacitors but some used implantable glucose fuel cells.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 10, 2015, 10:44:54 PM**

"Awesome." Emilena grumbled. "Another thing I'll be fixing as soon as I can get to a *real* cyberneticist." Obliging she attempted to twitch each finger, grimacing as she did so; the skin and muscles were still incredibly tender.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 12, 2015, 09:42:34 AM**

Axel grunted as Emilena flexed her fingers. "Okay... looks like the connections are all fine." The movement looked stiff and painful, but given the circumstances of the procedure, he wasn't surprised. "Looks like we're almost done here, right?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 14, 2015, 02:47:43 PM**

"One last thing," Soren said as he finished mapping the neural links. He turned to Axel. "Axel, could you get the hand ready for attachment while I get the cold plasma wand?"

Soren picked up a slender metallic wand and pressed the ignition button. With a gentle hissing and crackling noise, a fan-shaped plume of pink-blue ionized gas streamed from the head. He gently waved the wand over Emilena's healthy tissue. The wand's cold plasma stream killed most of the bacteria on Emilena's wound.

"Okay, the last thing I'm going to do once Axel attaches the arm is to bandage the attachment site for a bit. Eventually, it should integrate into part of your body like a real hand. I'll leave you hooked up to the neurotester for a bit so the final programming can be done." Soren didn't look up from his meticulous work with the cold plasma wand.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 14, 2015, 03:25:09 PM**

Emilena hissed as the cold wand decontaminated her hand. She hoped the hiss of the wand itself masked it. She couldn't ask what she wanted to, which was whether the painful part was over, so she settled for lying as still as she could. Her mind couldn't help thinking about the new neural pathways, which was causing her hand to attempt to execute the new commands. For the time being it felt more like her hand was remote-controlled than a part of her. Like a five-year old, she was going to have to relearn how to use her right hand. *I wonder if it'd be easier to just become left-handed...*

Behind all of them, the burly mare was squeezing the air bubbles out of a surreptitious syringe, making sure everyone's attention was on Emilena...

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 14, 2015, 07:53:56 PM**

Once Soren drew the wand back from Emilena's skin, Axel leaned in with the prepped augmented limb. As it hovered in front of her stump, he gave her a grim look. "Heads up, this is gonna sting like shit." Steadily but firmly, he pushed the robotic limb into the exposed end of her arm, the small filaments which would later fuse with her body digging into the flesh.

That done, he glanced across at Soren, still holding the augment. "Alright, it's connected. Looks clean. Bandage it before she moves it and fucks it up."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 14, 2015, 08:30:11 PM**

Soren moved quickly, donning new gloves and cleaning the attachment site with the cold plasma. As he bandaged the wound, he looked over at the neurotester's display.

One by one, several red boxes on the screen turned green, indicating that the filaments had connected to the remaining nerves and tendons. "Okay, just a few more minutes...and done!"

Soren carefully disconnected the wires from the augment and packaged them in the carrying case. He then got to work removing the electrode pads from Emilena's arm and carefully took off her helmet. "Okay, everything is done. You might have some trouble with the new arm but the AI inside should help you get acclimated.

He placed the metal pan containing the remains of Emilena's organic hand into an automated washer/sterilizer. Disposing of the gloves in a nearby trash can, he washed his hands in a nearby sink.

"Great job, Axel," he said. "With any luck, maybe we can see if we can get into med school for our Cy.D.s"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 14, 2015, 09:53:34 PM**

Lightning fast the burly mare came up behind Emilena and stabbed her in the neck with the syringe. "Good job doc," she said with an unmistakable air of contempt as the patient's eyes rolled back and she fell asleep with a gurgle. "You installed *everything*, right?" The emphasis was unmistakable.

She began wheeling Emilena to the door. "I hope so, because we'll be checking her over, and giving her a little nap in an Accelerated Growth Pod. Don't have time for natural recovery." Of course, Emilena would lose roughly a day of her natural lifespan for every hour she was in the pod, but the Purifiers didn't expect her to die of old age anyway.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 15, 2015, 12:48:24 AM**

Soren scowled. "Are you questioning my work?" he replied. The tone was calm but there was a distinct note of anger in it. "Your boss trusted me to do the operation correctly. I followed his orders to the letter. You got issues with what I did, take it up with him."

The Human sat on a chair and wiped his forehead with a towel. He was quite surprised how sweaty the whole operation made him.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 15, 2015, 08:49:06 AM**

"Cool it Soren," Axel warned. No matter what they'd said, he didn't trust these guys not to put a bullet through his head if they were pushed too much. And he could only hope Emilena's new limb was fitted right - not for *her* sake, but he had no intention of dying here. He looked at the mare as she wheeled Emilena towards the door. "So what do we do?"

The mare had no time to answer - just as she approached the door it swung open, a dark haired man holding it open for her bulk as she pushed Emilena's limp body through. Axel recognised him as the man who'd tasered him in the alley, but if the man recognised him, he gave no indication of it. "Let's hustle it, boys. Back to *chez* your cells until sleeping beauty here wakes up." He threw a wry expression their way. "Then its adventure time. Fun right?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 17, 2015, 05:19:38 PM**

Soren said nothing.

He got back into his cell and sat down on the thin mattress. Compared to the antiseptically clean operating theater, the whole cell block smelled vaguely of mold and deteriorating insulation. The Human looked around. The lone guard at the end of the cell block seemed to be oblivious to him but he was almost positive that guard knew everything that was going on in the cell block.

"Hey Soren!"

The Human immediately looked around for the source of the voice. Across from his cell was Anne. "So where were you for the past hour?"

"Augmenting," he replied.

Anne's eyes dilated momentarily as her ears immediately pricked up. "Awesome! So can you show me your new augment?"

Soren smiled slightly. "I was doing the augmenting...on Emilena."

The Shetland Pony's ears drooped slightly. "Oh...you didn't fuck up did you? So anyways, when are we getting out?"

"Soon." Soren hoped the guard was being honest with them.

Aaron tossed his bag of seaweed chips into the trash and wiped his hands on the grimy cloth that covered the table on which a stained coffee urn rested. He exited the breakroom, leaving the TV running and made his way to the "warden's office" where he knew Marcus to be located.

He knocked on the door. "Marcus," he said. "Where should we start looking?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 19, 2015, 10:57:53 PM**

Loud thuds echoed in her mind. There were flashes of light in her eyes, but she suspected those were just concussive phosphenes. Her body felt like it was floating.

Emilena kept her eyes closed and breathed through a tube in her mouth that her unconscious mind had already learned was an air supply. Not interested in anything other than getting her bearings, Emilena chose to give no outward signs she was awake.

She could tell she was naked, floating in some sort of gel. She could see only the blood within her eyelids; there was a light source in her face. She was held in place by loose straps around her waist and the air tube, both of which she was capable of removing if she wanted. Her wounds were completely healed.

She knew where she was; she'd been in one before. This was a growth acceleration pod. *Great. Even more of my life lost to these damn things. At this rate I'm going to be buried in one.* Well, no point in losing any more glory years. Prying the straps off, Emilena felt around the pod for the latch; there was always one. When she found it and flicked it, there was a click and the gel drained from the pod, but the door wouldn't open more than a sliver.

"Echo's awake," she heard someone with a gruff voice report from outside the pod. Emilena pressed her eye against the crack and made out the laboratory. Her pod was surrounded by no less than eight guards in a full circle. *Christ, they're not taking chances with me.* There were also scientists monitoring her from monitors; Emilena stood tall and forced herself not to shiver from the new draft playing across the glops of gel running down her skin.

Suddenly the drain between her legs shot a jet of freezing water that made her squawk in alarm and smack her head on the top of the pod. A second spray from above her followed suit and the gel was washed from her body in the least comfortable shower imaginable. After the water drained, the vents started blow-drying her with gusts of frigid air. When she heard the pod door unlock, Emilena couldn't stagger out of the pod fast enough, spluttering and thoroughly discombobulated.

The guards and scientists were cracking up at her appearance; every one of her hairs were sticking straight out. "Like the new self-decontaminating pods?" laughed the lead guard, who had the same voice she'd heard before. He caught his bearings just long enough to jab a thumb at the left hallway. "There are civilian clothes in the locker room. Boss wants your team assembled in the hangar in the next ten minutes."

* * *

Guards marched towards each prisoner's cell in order to tell them the same thing.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 23, 2015, 08:53:18 PM**

"Right then. I see everyone's here. It breaks my heart to say it, but our precious time together's almost up." Rhaegson flashed a grin. "Hope you enjoyed your stay. Cosy, right?"

Axel ground his teeth. If he had to pick a bunch of reasons why he was most happy to get away from this place, this man's smug voice would be near the top of the list. After a few hours of sitting hunched over in his cell, staring at a damp patch on the wall and wondering what the odds were of him making it out of this alive (not good, he judged), a guard had stepped through the door and brusquely ordered him to get moving. He'd been brought to a large garage. A row of vehicles with coverings draped over them were clustered on the far end - a dark blue SUV had been driven forwards and parked in front of a sliding metal gate.

Rhaegson had been sitting on the SUV's bonnet, bouncing a tennis ball, flanked on either side by his guards. Axel recognised Marcus, one of the Purifiers who'd be going with them, standing rigidly next to Rhaegson. Axel was the last to have been led in, and when Rhaegson saw him he'd clapped his hands and jumped down, tossing the tennis ball to a guard beside him.

"Like I mentioned before, our well of information is... well, it's almost bone-fuckin'-dry. That being said, we do have a starting point." The small man gave a sly glance towards Axel. "Somewhere's that's probably gonna make our healthy looking friend here feel closer to home. There's a chop shop running in north Seryet that we've had our eye on for a while. You know, for interest's sake. Stolen augments go in, the rat takes them apart, and the parts get sold off." Rhaegson wagged a finger. "Very naughty stuff. Anyway, months ago we noticed that a butt load of parts were being sold to... well, that's the kicker. We couldn't find out who it was going to - whoever it was was good at covering their tracks, the bastards. At the time we didn't think much of it, but now..." Rhaegson shrugged.

"I don't know anything about that," Axel started.

The small man snorted. "We already know that, dumbass. You know how long we've been watching you? There *might* have been some talk about cutting your face off and seeing how long it took you to bleed to death, at one point..." he muttered, shifting mischievously. "Lucky for you this thing happened, huh? Anyway, we know that if you aren't busy being a nerd with your machines, you're holed up in your shit-heap apartment or getting drunk off your ass on the other side of town. You're a fuckin' loser and your boss knows it too. No way he'd trust you with that kind of information."

Axel glared daggers at Rhaegson, who smirked back at him.

"But there's a good chance your boss'd know where that shit was going. So my suggestion is you mozy on down there and see if there's any juicy tidbits he might be willing to offer up." Rhaegson looked across the group. "Be creative, have fun! Some people need a little... poking before they spill their guts." He leaned back casually against the SUV. "Questions, comments? Come on guys, this is a team activity, don't be shy."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 23, 2015, 11:48:06 PM**

Soren said nothing but inside he was fuming. He would have admired Rhaegson's incredible charisma but the man's slimy demeanor was incredibly off-putting...That and the man in front of him was the reason he ended up in this clusterfuck of a situation.

Anne, on the other hand, seemed to be ice-calm. Soren looked at her and wondered if it was drug-induced or if it was her natural state...as natural as could be given that she was always smoking, snorting or eating something mind-altering.

Soren watched as her splayed ears suddenly pricked upright. "You know, I recall hearing some

news a while back about a bunch of Augments just dropping dead and then after that, a siege at Sky Farms," she said.

She then scratched her chin. "Soren, is it known that Sky Farms has Augments in its workforce?"

Soren nodded. "Yeah but what..." He trailed off as soon as he realized what Anne was saying.

"Right." Anne leaned against a concrete pillar. "I believe Sky Farms may be growing more than just crops."

Aaron was opposite Marcus and next to Rhaegson. The powerful muscles he had gained through years of construction, demolition and brawling were still visible under the blue laborer's jumpsuit he wore.

"We don't got a lot of time," he growled. "I suggest making your choices quick."

He leaned against the the blue SUV and impatiently drummed his fingers against the tinted glass.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 24, 2015, 03:56:31 AM**

Emilena couldn't stop flexing her fingers instinctively. It was uncanny how little she felt in her hand. It felt...*normal*. It was only when her other hand pressed into her fingertips that she felt the unyielding metal joints of her cybernetic skeleton. Her brain couldn't tell there was anything wrong with the hand. It was still repulsive, of course, but she was having to consciously remind herself of the fact.

"Let's do it," she chimed in. She jabbed her cyborg thumb at Marcus and Aaron. "Me and the jarheads will go with Axel to the chop shop, and if he can't get any info from his old boss the friendly way, we break some kneecaps. Meanwhile Soren can interview some farm animals so he feels useful."

She boarded the SUV. "I want a concealable pistol," she said over her shoulder to Rhaegson. "You're equipping us, right? After all we're all teammates here, like you said."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 27, 2015, 10:38:17 AM**

"Guns're in a bag in the trunk," Rhaegson said over his shoulder. "And if you want to check out the farm, you go for it little buddy." He motioned to Marcus. "Bag 'em."

The doberman stepped forward, pulling a bundle of black sacks from behind him. Leaning into the car, he slipped it roughly over Emilena's head and yanked a cord around the base, cinching it tightly around her neck.

"Not that I don't *completely* trust you all, but I'm not sure I want you to see where where it is we call home," Rhaegson explained. "Call me coy."

Marcus pulled sacks over Soren and Anne's head, then stepped in front of Axel. As the bag was yanked down, his world snapped to black. The sound of his breaths filled his ears, the action made strenuous by the tightened cord cutting painfully into his neck. He felt a strong hand gripping the back of his top, and then he was being pushed forwards.

Casually putting his hands in his pockets, Rhaegson watched as Marcus escorted the rat and pony towards the SUV. "Keep their hoods on until you're half an hour out."

Marcus nodded as he shoved them into the vehicle. He gritted his teeth as one of his claws scratched against the rat's metallic, unyielding, *unnatural* arm. *The sooner we get this job done, the sooner they'll be out of my sight*, he told himself. Going back for Soren, he glanced over at Aaron. "You drive."

Rhaegson moved away from the SUV. "Have fun!" Lowering his voice, he spoke to a purifier next to him while still keeping an eye on the car. "Take two more. When they split up, follow the one that suggested the farm. If it looks like he's gonna make a run for it, contact us. And be discreet, for fuck sake." As Soren was led past his voice returned to normal. "Make sure you all dress warm, I don't want you catching a cold!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 27, 2015, 03:12:49 PM**

"How the fuck can she be so calm!?" Soren muttered just before the bag was pulled over his head and tightened. He swore as he was thrown into the SUV's backseat and the door closed.

Soren began to hyperventilate but he forced himself to take deep calming breaths. He had to remind himself that cooperating with these very dangerous men was his best bet of staying alive.

He heard Anne mutter something about it being like her old jobs in Lanthae.

Aaron climbed into the SUV's driver seat. He noticed the pistol tucked into where the maps would normally be placed. He shut the door and buckled himself in.

He then turned to Emilena, Axel and Anne. "You three go digging through chop shop's goods. I ain't touching no augments! *Especiallly*, ones that've been cut out of some poor fucker."

He then pointed to Soren. "And you, since you're so adamant about heading down to the farm, tell us where it is."

"How about you let me drive you guys there?" Soren replied.

"Nope. Boss's orders."

(OOO - Soren will be alone with the two unnamed Purifiers, right?)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 27, 2015, 03:53:22 PM**

Marita meanwhile was driving her vehicle with Marie in the driver seat and rose sitting between flora on her left and lily on her right." drive another ten miles said a voice from a audio file on maritas computer which was open so she could remain in contact ' now some of your old friends are headed in your direction. you'll get to reunite but dont try any funny business Miss Jones or we'll blow your brains out as well as the brains of everyone of your little group. we're cutting you some slack- not much mind you, but some- because we want these bastards out of commission."

I got you the first time. you dont need to repeat yourself. ' marita said " just making sure you realize the stakes. you're a smart one, one of only a couple in your lot that can be said of. keeping driving and turn left. look for the SUV that will pull up.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 27, 2015, 04:31:23 PM**

A Wolf Purifier operative rapped on the SUV's window. Aaron pressed a button and the window rolled down. "What is it?"

"You're taking Inspector Gadget--"

Aaron scowled. "Who the fuck is 'Inspector Gadget'?"

The Purifier's ears flattened against his head. "That would be, uh, Soren Almaya. The Human."

"Fine. Just get to the point!"

The Purifier's ears returned to their normal position as he cleared his throat. "Anyways, we're meeting up with the other half of the 'team' and transferring over Inspector Gadget to them so they can get to the farm. I'll be following them per the boss's orders. You and Marcus go with the rest of the crew to the chop shop."

Aaron nodded. "Gotcha." He rolled up the window and turned to Marcus. "Okay, let's get this show on the road."

He pressed a button hidden under the SUV's steering column and the garage's heavy gates slowly swung open.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 29, 2015, 01:42:48 AM**

Emilena's heart leapt into her throat as the bag went over her head. "A gun. In my hand. Now," she demanded in the direction of the Purifiers who bagged her. "I'm not going anywhere unarmed and blind."

Of course they didn't respond, and after a fifteen minute drive she was feeling light-headed from inhaling carbon dioxide.

"Sweet. Can't wait to meet them!" Flora piped up cheerfully. She was resolutely keeping up her chipper attitude hoping it would bug the older women, or at least drive home just how pleased she was to be free of their hovel apartment.

Lily was keeping her eyes out for the SUV. If she could catch a glimpse of the direction it came from, she'd have an easier time triangulating the Purifier headquarter's location.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 29, 2015, 09:58:39 PM**

"We're almost there. Taking the bags off. Don't try anything."

Axel snorted at Marcus' voice, the sound harsh and ragged from within the confines of the bag. As weary as he was feeling from everything that had happened to him since he'd been ambushed outside the bar, he wasn't entirely sure he could fight his way out of a paper bag. The material of the sack over the rat's head was so thick that the only thing he could see was darkness and for what felt like years the only thing he could do was sit and listen to the hum of the SUV's engine, his hands clenched uncomfortably in his lap.

He felt the cord around his neck loosen and suddenly the material was yanked off. The flood of light blinded him and he flinched, squinting his eyes against the glare until his vision slowly returned to normal. Looking around, Axel saw he was in the middle row of seats in the SUV, Emilena sitting to his right. Soren was riding up front in the passenger seat, next to the other purifier, Aaron, who was behind the wheel. He glanced behind to see Anne sitting behind with Marcus beside her... holding a sawed-off shotgun. The gun was resting with the barrels

pointing to the back of Axel's seat as Marcus removed Anne's hood.

"Fuck!" Axel yelled, flinching to the side. In the close confines of the vehicle, if the gun went off anything (and anybody) in front of it would be turned to mincemeat. "Point that somewhere else! Please!"

Marcus' eyes stared darkly at him. His expression gave nothing away except disgust, but after a moment he lowered the shotgun - while still keeping a firm grip on it. Looking to the front as the car rounded a corner, he spoke to Aaron. "There they are."

Following Marcus' gaze, Axel looked out the tinted windows and saw another vehicle parked up ahead, a little further up the road. He could just about make out vague, dark shapes moving around inside it. Boarded up, run-down looking building surrounded them, and he couldn't see anyone else around. "Who's that? Nobody said we were meeting up with anyone else..." he muttered uneasily.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 31, 2015, 12:48:39 AM**

Anne shook her head as the hood was pulled free. She looked around the dingy street. The watery sunlight filtering through the smog seemed to blind her. She blinked a few times and looked at the unfamiliar vehicle.

She was familiar with things like this when it came to picking up drugs or other transactions of questionable legality.

"Soren, I think that's the 'other half of the team' that Wolf was previously talking about," Anne said as her ears pinned back slightly.

Soren said nothing.

Aaron drove the SUV closer to the unfamiliar vehicle. He paid no heed to the sign that read "Do not block driveway" riveted to the battered steel bar gate that was at the end of a small driveway where the new vehicle was parked.

He shut off the engine. "All right, Marcus, we're here, let's do the transfer and get going."

The German Shepherd pointed to Soren. "All right, Inspector Gadget, get out and stand by the other vehicle. And remember, any funny business and you go over the side." He pointed to the concrete barrier bordering the elevated highway they had just driven on.

Soren said nothing but unbuckled his seatbelt and opened the passenger's side door and got out of the SUV.

He stood on the battered concrete driveway between the new vehicle and the Purifer's SUV.

Aaron pressed another button that automatically closed the passenger's side door. He turned to Marcus. "So shall we get going or wait until the others get here?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 01, 2016, 06:00:54 AM**

Emilena suddenly felt a pang of genuine dread when she saw the other SUV. "Axel, hold on," she burst out suddenly as their SUV ground to a halt and everyone started departing. "Stay in the car! There's something you need to know about--"

The side door to Marita's SUV opened and Lily climbed out. She glanced at Soren and her eyes

narrowed. "So. You're working with the Purifiers now, huh? I'm surprised, honestly." Her eyes glanced over the SUV, trying to get a glimpse of the occupants still inside.

Flora skipped out of the vehicle. "Oh, fun! New people!" she beamed. Skipping over to the big burly man who'd been driving, she tapped him on the shoulder, paying no heed to his firearm. "Hello handsome, care to fill a girl in?" she fluttered her eyelashes, hoping Marita would feel either jealous or scared for her safety. "Where's our destination now that we're all together?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 01, 2016, 04:19:51 PM**

Marita got out of the car and looked over at Soren and emilenas and Anne ' good to see all of you still alive. we're in yet another mess,aren't we? She chuckled briefly.

_ hi Anne Rose said waving at the mare. you guys ok- well relatively speaking? you guys havent exactly been at the Club Ritz..

so i'm guessing we'll squeeze all 8 of us into the SUV..

_ don';t get any ideas miss' the guard said to Flora" remember, you have a deal to fulfill. ALL of you. now get over there with your group' he made a motion with the gun for flora to step back.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 02, 2016, 01:25:32 AM**

Soren didn't need any prompting to step next to the van. The Wolf guard looked over the group. When he seemed distracted, Soren sidled up to Lily.

"Lily, it's not what it looks like," he whispered, shooting a glance at the Wolf who seemed to be chatting with the SUV's driver. "Axel, Anne and myself have been kidnapped by them. They want us to find out who's been killing their guys. And we didn't get much of a choice. We'll be rewarded handsomely if we help them...if we don't we'll all be killed."

"Hey!" the Wolf shouted.

Soren's heart leapt into his throat. Had he heard him talking about his predicament to Lily?

"All of y'all! Shut the fuck up and get into the van!" He gestured to the van with his pistol. "Inspector Gadget goes up front with me. Everyone else, in the back! We don't have a lot of time!"

Parked under a dingy warehouse next to Aaron's SUV was the third vehicle. It was the one the Wolf had come out of. Two more operatives were inside. At his order, they'd follow them to the farm under the guise of being reinforcements.

 Anne waved at Rose through the SUV's tinted windows. She looked at Axel and Emilena. "So let me guess, I'm going with you three?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 02, 2016, 08:44:13 AM**

Axel frowned at Emilena, half out of the SUV. "What? Who? Who're you..." He saw Marita climb out of the other car, and his stomach started to knot. Then he saw Lily walk around from the other side of the vehicle, and the knot became a lead weight. Axel stared for a second before dropping back in.

He turned an incredulous look towards Emilena. "Oh, you've got to be fucking with me. *She's* gonna be here too?" Looking at the woman's face, at her eyes, was enough to bring back the

memories of their time after Lanthae. Whatever that thing was back at the Purifier's hideout, he'd been stupid to let his old emotions come back. Now, when he looked at this Lily, the *real* Lily, all he felt was...

Part of Axel wanted to jump out of the car - but to do what? Shout? Yell? Instead, the rat stayed sitting, shaking his head angrily. "This is a mistake. You don't know what she's like now. She's..." His jaw bunched. "Things changed." Distantly Axel heard Anne speak, and, irritably, he shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah. Whatever."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 02, 2016, 11:25:00 PM**

Lily realized Axel was in the other SUV at around the time he saw her. Her eyes instantly narrowed and her pupils dilated. She opened her mouth to speak but was interrupted by Emilena scampering out of the car. "*HEY LILY* long time no see how are you doing?" she stammered. She grabbed Flora, who protested loudly. "Sorry Lily but there's no room in this car guess you gotta go with Soren to the farm so have fun at the farm bye!!!"

Practically stuffing Flora into the seat Soren vacated, Emilena whacked the back of the driver seat. "Move it!" she snapped. "To the chop shop!"

Lily, on the other hand, had remained eerily silent. Brow furrowing ominously, she began walking rigidly towards Axel's SUV, never breaking eye contact with the rat.

"I swear to god Aaron, start moving the truck *now* before she gets here!" Emilena demanded, not fully able to keep the panic out of her voice.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 03, 2016, 09:29:23 PM**

Something in Emilena's panicked tone made Marcus focus on the woman now walking determinedly towards their car. She didn't *look* particularly tough, or different from just any woman he'd pass on the street without looking twice. So the fact that someone like Emilena seemed intimidated by her was... puzzling to say the least.

"You know what, fuck this," the rat muttered from in front. Suddenly he wrenched the door open and started to climb out again. "So *you* decided to turn up, huh?"

He couldn't see the rat's face, but Marcus could hear the disdain in his voice. Obviously there was something between the two of them, but right now Marcus didn't care about that. What he did care about was the rat making a scene and bringing down more attention on them than necessary, even if the immediate area did look empty.

"What, d'you get bored-" Axel was continuing. Marcus reached over and seized the back of his top, Axel's head banging against the roof of the car as he folded back in, the door slamming after him.

Axel hissed a curse, rubbing the back of his head and glaring daggers at Marcus.

The doberman glared back. "Stop drawing attention. Aaron, get us out of here," he commanded, turning his head. "Drive."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 03, 2016, 10:01:17 PM**

Aaron nodded. The SUV's electric motor whined as he sped off, throwing a fantail of loose gravel into the air.

Soren wrinkled his nose at the odor of burnt rubber that wafted through the open window.

The Wolf Purifier watched the other SUV drive off. He rolled down the window. "Hey! All of you lazy fucks quit standing around with your fingers up your asses and get in!" he shouted. He looked around.

This particular area of Seryet City used to be an industrial hub but when an explosion caused by corporate sabotage destroyed the maglev tracks, the entire area fell into decay. Now, petty criminals and clandestine industries ruled the area.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 06, 2016, 02:55:55 AM**

Lily watched the SUV raced away. She couldn't help but keep an unpleasant smile from playing across her face as Axel abandoned her at top speed. *Nothing new there...*

"The hell was that about?" muttered the Purifier guard who'd rebuked Flora.

"Huh? Beats me," shrugged Lily innocently. "I'd just wanted to shake his hand..."

* * *

Emilena caught her breath as she saw Lily allow them to leave without protest. Her heartbeat slowly started returning to normal.

"What the hell?" protested Flora loudly. "Can anybody refrain from manhandling me within seconds of actually meeting me? I feel like a hacky-sack!"

Emilena didn't answer. Instead she glanced at Axel through the rearview mirror. Did he know about Lily's powers? Does he know just how powerful they've become? She needed to find an opportunity to talk to him in private.

The trip passed in uncomfortable silence. Flora got over her bridled annoyance when she realized she'd just been accidentally liberated from the lesbians' sight. *Oh my god, they're on the complete opposite side of the city...* she digested, eyes lighting up.

After a silent drive the SUV pulled up to Axel's old chop shop.

"All right, the ladies man does the talking," growled the unnamed Purifier, jabbing his thumb at Axel, "We see what he can get, and then we scam easy peasy."

"What did you do to get on Lily's bad side anyway?" Flora asked Axel as she got out of the car. "Request to be treated like a rational human being?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 07, 2016, 04:36:48 PM**

Marita climbed into the SUV and sat quietly. flora had been split off of from them. she hoped flora wouldnt get into too much trouble wnhhile she was with the others.. ' so what are we exactly looking for at this farm? Marie asked as she got into the SUV. rose got into the far back of the SUV, her face twitching at the smalls of the inside, clearly this vehicle hadnt been cleaned in awhile.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 07, 2016, 05:53:26 PM**

Soren turned to Marita and Marie just before they climbed in. "We're looking for anything that could explain why a bunch of Augment farmers just up and died while working. And we want

to see if that hostage crisis had anything to do with that." He shot a glance at the Wolf in the driver's seat. "Or if the Purifiers were involved in some way."

The Wolf started the SUV's motor with a simple push of the button. The electric motor rumbled as it came to life. He saw Soren about to get in the back seat. "Oh no, you're ridin' shotgun with me since I don't know shit about where we're going. Now put in the name of this place!"

Soren obliged. He noticed the GPS mounted in the center console along with radio equipment. "Sky Farms," he said clearly.

The GPS chimed as it came up with the directions to the aforementioned farm. The Wolf smiled and rolled up the windows. "All right y'all! Let's do this!"

The SUV sped out of the empty loading dock. The other Purifiers who were in the SUV tucked between two ramshackle warehouses followed them.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 08, 2016, 09:18:38 PM**

"More like she got tired of being one," Axel muttered, climbing over and stepping out of the car. Now that he'd had time to calm down, he was irritated at himself for his outburst - if only because it probably made it all too clear how much he was hurting. *Shit... for all I know, she enjoyed it.[/]*

Trying to push it from his mind, Axel looked up at the familiar shop front. The neon lettering spelling out Thompson's Brightsmile Bakery above the entrance seemed to loom above him, and the dark windows glared at him reproachfully. Axel's jaw clenched as he took a second to try and come up with a strategy. Thompson was a lowlife, sure... but the rat wasn't sure if he wanted to be the reason the guy got tortured.

He let out a slow breath then looked across at the two Purifiers. "Just take it easy, okay? I can do this."

"If it looks like he'll call for help..." Marcus warned.

"Yeah. Yeah, I know." Slowly, Axel walked forwards and pushed the door open. The 'bakery' was just as dusty as ever. On the other side of the room, beneath a dim bulb that cast a glow onto the service counter, Axel could make out movement as someone rummaged in the cupboards beneath the counter. The rat stared for a second then cleared his throat. "Thompson."

The shape gave a gasp of surprise and straightened up, revealing the small man. His black, beady eyes widened in surprise when he saw who the voice belonged to. "Axel. Christ, you scared the shit outta me. Where the fuck have you been? Got parts coming up to my ass 'cause you weren't here last night to..." Thompson's face pinched in as he noticed the others behind Axel. "... to clean up the shop. Who're they?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 08, 2016, 10:04:52 PM**

"New customers," Anne said. She pointed to the horn on her head. "I've been looking for something to replace this old model. What do you got?" She leaned on the grimy counter and pricked her ears up in interest, hoping Thompson would cough up the goods.

Aaron, on the other hand, was looking around the "bakery". Next to the entrance was battered "baked goods" display case filled with decrepit-looking models of cakes that he was almost certain never existed in this bakery. Indeed, the only edible thing in the bakery was a half-eaten grilled catfish sandwich from a local eatery sitting next to the cash register.

The German Shepherd sniffed the air and was immediately able to pick up the metallic stench of blood and he noticed that it seemed to be coming from the back room. His ears leaned forward in interest. Luckily, his back was to the door so his horizontally held tail didn't give away his interest at noticing the odor of blood. He leaned over to Marcus and whispered in his ear.

"Marcus, I smell something interesting from the back room. It's blood. Keep the guy busy and I'll go check it out," he said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 10, 2016, 06:53:31 AM**

Emilena hesitated before entering the store. "I'll be back soon," she told the others. "Just grabbing gloves from the goodwill next store."

"You better not run off," a Purifier growled.

"I'm not walking around with my hand looking like this!" she snapped, marching off without another word.

She was leafing through the available second-hand sweatshirts when a voice right behind her made her jump. "You might want a hoodie too. Keep your face private. With those scars you stand out in a crowd."

Emilena noticed the black wolf girl she'd grabbed to escape from Lily. "Who the hell are you?" she growled.

"Name's Shirley. I came with Marita and Rose." Shirley extended a hand.

Emilena went back to ignoring her. She picked out a dark green sweatshirt with deep pockets, good for hiding a gun.

Shirley sighed loudly. "Are you all completely asocial? I can't get anyone but the desperate lesbians to even give me the time of day!"

"This isn't a field trip!" Emilena snapped. "Also keep your voice down." She took a second look. "You came with Marita? What's the relation?"

"Platonic, to their chagrin," Shirley rolled her eyes and Emilena couldn't help but smirk in understanding. "Look, you wanna be a dickhead, each to their own. You'd be in good company." Shirley folded her arms. "But all I'm looking for is somebody to actually talk to me. And I thought since you're a fellow chick I might take a chance on you."

Emilena sighed and weighed her options. Last thing she ever wanted was to waste her time on a kid, but she could appreciate someone being straightforward and open to communication. That could come in useful later, especially with so few allies she could consider trusting. "All right. After the chop shop I'll clue you in on all the details. On one condition." She picked out a pair of black leather gloves and headed for the cashier. "Afterwards you tell me why you dyed your fur black."

Shirley raised an eyebrow.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 14, 2016, 04:22:22 AM**

The shopkeeper glanced at Anne. "Huh. Don't see many people going for the exterior models these days. You wanna upgrade that to something subdermal? We got a cash-in program, you could save up to 75% of the cost."

While grabbing her a brochure from the pile next to the cash register, he surreptitiously he fingered the second of two buttons on the till marked 'CREDIT'. In actuality this button alerted the Seryet Police; he'd been selling too long in a town like this to not sense danger when it walked through his front door.

Lily glanced idly out the window at Sky Farms grew ever closer on the GPS. She didn't say anything, but in the window's reflection she was sizing up the Purifiers that were guarding them. She could kill any of them with a single touch, but they were more valuable alive until she could press them for information, not to mention it would be a minor inconvenience if one of them had the reflexes to kill her and the others first.

For now, she'd let Soren investigate something on behalf of the enemy. But she wasn't interested in forming plans that took any longer than necessary.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 14, 2016, 06:55:17 PM**

Marcus inclined his head slightly. He smelled the blood too, subtle and faint - but for someone as familiar with the scent, the sickly copper smell was obvious.

Axel winced at Thompson's recommendation. The sub-dermal augments were always the messiest when they came into the shop. Small strips of flesh still clinging on, globules of who-knows-what... gentle removal wasn't a focus when it came to the business. "She doesn't want an upgrade. Look, we just need to ask a few questions then we'll be gone, no big deal."

Thompson's eyes squinted in suspicion. "Questions? What the fuck're you talking about? And who're these people?"

"Friends," Marcus grunted.

Thompson's breath whistled out of his nose. "*Friends?* Sure, and I'm King Kong."

Shit... Axel's jaw clenched. He was messing this up almost straight away. "We just-"

Shaking his head, Thompson turned his attention back to Anne. "Why do you look so familiar? Something about you..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 16, 2016, 12:46:03 AM**

"You must be mistaking me for someone else." Anne replied. "Anyways, no subdermals. I want everyone to see what I've got. Besides, I can't use a subdermal implant as a weapon, now can I?"

It was then she picked up radio chatter from Seryet City PD...and they seemed to be coming closer. "Come on buddy, we're just here to buy some goods. Did ya really have to go and call the cops on us?" She leaned over the counter and batted her eyelashes at Thompson.

Aaron scowled as he looked over the goods in the display case. Anne was shamelessly flirting with Thompson. He had to admit, that mare was quite savvy...despite her obvious addiction.

Of course, this was a lie. Anne had in fact sold some scavenged augments to Thompson but she always made sure to wear a hat and bandanna to cover her face and the distinctive horn.

The SUV pulled up to the parking lot at Sky Farms. As Sky Farms had produce market and an

informational exhibit, it was open to the public. And today was quite a busy day. The scent of seaweed and plants mingled with the industrial odor of Seryet City.

The driver of the SUV got out and opened all the doors. "All right y'all! Let's move on out! And no funny business!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 16, 2016, 07:09:52 AM**

"You called the cops?" Axel felt his eyes widen. "Goddammit, Thompson..."

The man's mouth opened, closed. Then his expression hardened and he scowled at Axel. "What the fuck are you doing? You had it good here. At least you could feel useful, you little fucking *asshole*."

Axel turned to Marcus and Aaron. "Grab him. We need to do this quickly." With the illegal augment business raking in a decent amount of money, Thompson had known it would only be a matter of time before the cops caught wind of it and paid a visit. Luckily for him, the police department in this sector was as corrupt as it was brutal and it had been easy for him to establish a deal - in exchange for a cut of the income, they'd ignore what went on, and would deal with any potential problems. Axel knew they didn't take prisoners.

"Piss off," Thompson sneered. "You'd all better leave before-"

Marcus darted forward, reaching over the counter and seizing him by the neck of his shirt. Thompson's foot knocked into a metal display shelf, sending it clattering to the floor as Marcus dragged him over the counter. The doberman held the human upright, towering over him. "Been selling the bulk of your... product to someone. Who?"

"Your mother, you fucking-"

Marcus' fist shot forwards, slamming into Thompson's face like a brick. Axel heard the wet crunch of tearing cartilage as the man's nose broke. Thompson's legs folded and he would have fallen if Marcus hadn't been holding him upright. "Who?"

Thompson gasped, one hand clutching his face. Tears shimmered in his eyes. "*Fuck you.*"

Axel swore under his breath, aware of time running out. "He's got an office in back. Help me look through it, maybe we'll find something," he said, glancing at Aaron.

From a corridor leading off in the back, a toilet flushed. Axel paused mid-step, his damaged ear twitching. For a moment, the only sounds were Thompson's pained gasps. Then the *click* of a door unlocking, heavy footsteps approaching. Axel looked at the others, but before anyone could do anything a tall, beefy man emerged from the gloom of the corridor, looking at the floor as he dried the back of his hands on his jeans.

"Thanks for that, Ray. Been dying to use the crapper since..." The beefy man looked up, and froze, confusion plastered on his face as he took in the situation facing Thompson. "What the..."

Axel took a step back.

The man's arm flashed back and pulled a revolver from behind him. He snapped it up, trying to cover everyone in the room. "What the hell's going on?! Let go of him!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 16, 2016, 09:01:14 PM**

Seeing as there was going to be trouble when Thompson had started mouthing off to Marcus, Anne had already unscrewed her horn. She held it at waist level, hoping that Marcus and Aaron both concealed her actions.

When the man with the revolver came out, she made her move. She pressed the point of her horn into Thompson's neck while Marcus was holding him upright.

She then turned to the armed man. "Put the gun down and no one gets hurt!" She scratched Thompson's neck with the point of her horn for emphasis. At the same time, one of her ears was swiveled towards the entrance as she kept an ear out for Seryet City PD.

"Didn't think she had it in her," Aaron muttered. He turned to the armed man. "Look, do as she says before we all end up in deep shit with the cops."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 17, 2016, 01:51:24 PM**

Emilena and Flora were returning from the goodwill when they heard the sirens.

"Shit. Shirley, get down." Emilena removed her sweatshirt and stuffed it on the teenager. "Also wear this. Your identity is more valuable than mine."

Flora cowered behind a trashcan fearfully, the sight of the pistol in Emilena's waiststrap bringing back a flash of unpleasant memories. "Please let those be fire trucks..." she stammered, failing to keep her voice level.

Emilena rolled her eyes. "Shirley, get back to the goodwill and act normal. We'll come grab you--"

"--Freeze!" An otherwise normal-looking SUV rolled down its window and an undercover cop flashed his badge. "Hands up! Nobody move!"

Emilena swore profusely as she grabbed Flora's hand and practically dragged her towards the chop shop. "We got company!" She announced, bursting through the door as a gunshot shattered the glass behind her.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 17, 2016, 08:21:30 PM**

As Emilena and Flora burst through the door, the man with the revolver jerked in shock. His finger tightened on the trigger just as the shot from outside caused the window to explode. The bullet exploding from the end of the revolver went wide, zipping out the window and taking out the window of a car parked opposite.

"Bastards are returning fire!" Axel heard someone shout from outside.

Suddenly the rattle of automatic gunfire filled the air, almost rupturing Axel's eardrums as bullets tore through the room, ripping chunks from the walls and shattering display cases. "Shit!" the rat yelled, doing the only thing he could - dropping to the floor, cowering with his hands over his head, praying none of the flying metal hit him. The man with the revolver wasn't so lucky, the volley of gunfire tearing him apart and throwing him back into the hallway he'd just appeared from.

Marcus felt his body shift into automatic. Grabbing a hold of Anne, he threw her and Thompson over the counter then leaped over after them, hunkering down behind the meagre cover offered by the thin counter. Now free, Thompson crawled away but Marcus couldn't go after him, not with the more pressing threat outside. He yanked out the sawed-off. He'd need to wait until their attackers came closer - it was too short range and they'd be able to cut him down easily. "How many?!" Marcus yelled across to Emilena.

The gunfire stopped abruptly. Axel's eyes opened, his ears ringing. Hyperventilating, his body trembling, he started to drag himself across the floor towards the hatch set into the floor just by the counter. If he could get into the basement where the augments were kept, maybe he could put together some sort of weapon. It was better than just waiting around to be shot to death.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 17, 2016, 08:55:15 PM**

"Fuck!" Aaron shouted as a piece of shrapnel grazed his cheek. He pulled out his pistol...and then nothing, the gunfire abruptly stopped. His ears still ringing, he pointed to Thompson trying to crawl away from the fracas.

Anne said nothing as she screwed her horn back into place. When the gunfire stopped, she picked up some radio chatter from the cops. "They're coming in through the back door and front door. We got about ten or so--"

"Use that horn and do something!" Aaron shouted.

"Okay! Just wait a moment!" Anne took a deep breath. "I sent out static over the police frequency. Hopefully while their ears are ringing, we can get moving!"

Aaron nodded and turned to Axel. "Axel! That hatch better lead to an exit!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 18, 2016, 09:48:49 PM**

Marita Rose and Marie got out of the vehicle as and looked around Sky Farms. At first glance this farm looked like any number of farms that surrounded seryet. "well guys blend in and dont do anything stupid one the purifiers said to them. ' alright ' marie you check out the brochure. Rose you check out the Produce ' soren and i will check out the farm itself we'll meet back here in 20 minutes . marita turned to Soren. " lead the way you're more familiar with this place than I am.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 18, 2016, 10:23:55 PM**

"I only saw one!" Emilena gasped, ducking behind a rack of what looked to be microcams. She spared a glance, but from her vantage point she couldn't see anything. Her augmented fingers twitched as she tightened her grip on her silenced pistol. *All right you stupid hunk of metal, you better work as well as Soren says you will...*

Flora, for her part, was crouched with her legs locked in the center of the store and shaking like a leaf, arms wrapped protectively over her head. Luckily, she was doing such a good job of looking like a civilian that the police probably wouldn't even target her, but regardless Emilena hissed, "*Shirley!*"

Abruptly Flora screamed, a high-pitched siren shriek that threatened to give Emilena tinnitus. Cursing loudly, Emilena yanked her behind the rack. "Goddammit, move!"

"How can you be so *calm?*" stammered Flora, eyes wide as she scabbled her knees and fingertips against the tiles for purchase.

Lily dawdled at the cars.

"Hey sweetheart, what'chu lagging behind for?" A purifier accosted her, eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"I--I don't think I'd be much help," Lily stammered, recoiling just enough to look weak. "I was going to stay here and watch the car."

"Nuh-uh. Move it." The Purifier grabbed her roughly. "We stick together, and if you keep being useless, we'll just...uughhh..." Abruptly his eyes clouded over and he stumbled away from her.

"Joker, what is it?" another asked.

"Snuthin," Joker shook his head and cleared his throat. "Got a bad headache all of a sudden." He shot a glare at Lily. "Git the hell moving, cupcake."

Lily complied, fighting to keep a small smile from showing. "You should drink more water," she told Joker helpfully. "It's probably dehydration..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 19, 2016, 10:43:27 PM**

Soren walked past a group of schoolchildren. He went to a door labeled "Employees Only". He waved his ID card at a sensor near the door and it opened. He held the door open for Marita.

Soon, a Mexican man who was helping offload some frozen catfish burgers onto a motorized cart turned to the duo.

"*Amigo!*" he exclaimed. "Where have you been? And who's this lovely woman?"

"Well Uziel, I had a family emergency to attend to. So what's going on?" Soren asked.

"Catfish burgers! Real popular! I'm supposed to be restocking them."

"Okay. She's a friend of mine and she's interested in getting a job maintaining all the computers and shit. I'm just going to show her around."

"Ah! The computers are what makes everything here-" Uziel indicated with a sweep of his arm the entire glassed-in growing area. There were numerous fruit trees being tended to by workers wearing flying frames or using ladders (Augment climbers were now restricted to ground-level work for their own safety ever since the incident where several of them fell to their deaths when their augments failed) "-work."

He tossed Marita an orange that had obviously been picked from one of the trees. "Good luck on your job search." Uziel then hauled the cart full of catfish burgers off to the produce stand.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 20, 2016, 02:46:52 PM**

Over the ringing in his ears, Axel could make out someone addressing him. "No! No exit, just... just keep them busy!" Gripping the edge of the open hatchway leading down, he pulled himself through and wormed his way down the stairs. Reaching the bottom, the rat struggled to his feet and stumbled into the workroom, crossing to the storage area containing disassembled augments and the other parts still waiting their turn. *Shit... what now...* He tried desperately to think clearly, trying to ignore the dozens of panicked thoughts flying through his mind.

From up top, Marcus heard a crash as the back door was kicked in. Cautious footsteps from out the front announced the presence of a second attacker. "Almost on us," he growled. His ears flattened at Flora's shrieks. His dark eyes narrowed at Emilena. "Shut her up..."

The noise of the back door being kicked in send a fresh rush of panic through Axel. "Shitshitshitshit!" His desperate eyes passed across one shelf and he paused. *Okay... better than nothing...* "When I say *now*, drop and cover your eyes!" he called up to the hatch, frantically pulling parts from the shelf.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 20, 2016, 09:36:00 PM**

thanks for the orange ' Marita said as she was hurried along by Soren. ' so whats the plan/ she whispered ' what exactly shouldf i be looking for? archives of when the augments here croaked?

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 22, 2016, 07:03:07 PM**

"I've got access to the personnel records," Soren whispered as he opened the door to the records room.

The room itself was nothing spectacular. Just a workstation with a chair, computer terminal and printer.

Soren sat in the chair and logged in. A stormy expression crossed his face as he read over the records. "That's not good. Something stinks here."

He pointed to the list of accident reports. The ones involving the Augment workers had been deleted or otherwise moved. "Okay, here's what we're going to do. Marita, see if you can recover those accident reports or other pertinent information. I'm going to the workshop."

Aaron kept his eye trained on the back door as it shuddered under a heavy impact. Thanks to Thompson's line of work being rather lucrative to criminals, the door was heavily reinforced but it wouldn't hold forever. "What the fuck's taking so long!?" he shouted down into the passageway.

Anne clutched the SMG she had pulled out from under the counter. Her ears were pinned at Flora's shrieking.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 23, 2016, 02:44:56 AM**

Emilena boxed Flora's ears. "Listen to me!" she snapped. "Freak out all you want but do it *quietly!*"

"I wanna go with the cops," stammered Flora, tearing up. "I want to be safe I don't want to be with nutjobs like you people anymore!"

Emilena glanced at the side door, weighing the possibility. Flora, realizing her statement was about to be taken at face value, backpedaled quickly. "Wait never mind! Don't abandon me!"

"Stop being annoying then!" Emilena sighed loudly. Every fiber of her being wanted to start firing, but with the tentative ceasefire at the moment and her complete lack of cover (she had no idea if this shelf was even bulletproof), but at the moment the best course was trusting Axel to make valuable use of his time.

Joker was looking worse as the day progressed. He seemed pale and the sweat glistened on

his face.

"What on earth is wrong with you?" asked Lily, stepping forward to mop his brow as they waited outside the farm for Soren and Marita to return.

"Shut yer mouth!" snapped Joker, almost losing his balance as he whipped his gaze to glare at her.

"I'm only trying to help," glared Lily right back. She glanced at the other Purifier. "What should we do about him? I think he needs medical attention, or at best something from a pharmacy."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 23, 2016, 03:40:07 AM**

I'll see what I can Find " Marita said sitting down and began typing away " recovering deleted files is tricky, depending on what deleting software was used..hmm.. ' she typed away, her claws running rapidly over the keys.. drat. they used a high end wiping program.. hmm . something definitely smells here. usually that level of program is reserved for government documents, high level corporate secrets and other things like that. info about run of the mill augments would not warrant such secrecy under normal circumstances.. lets see here.. Lerserut City.. thats a ways away to the north.. its pretty a rich persons enclave.. they've got walls around it to keep anyone not worth at least 1 billion creds out

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 23, 2016, 03:57:18 AM**

Soren had entered the workshop. There, an Augment was sitting on the bench and swapping out his sprayer arm for one with a set of shears.

"Yo!" the Python said. "Glad to see you back!"

Soren smiled as he watched the Python slither off. "Glad to be back!"

The Human looked around. The workshop had all sorts of augment limbs in carefully labeled lockers. Several large drums of lubricant, hydraulic fluid, cleaners and other chemicals were chained to the back wall and connected to hoses that dispensed whatever was needed. A computer along with a beat up neurotester and several tools were next to a prosthetic arm that had apparently been gnawed on by a catfish.

He then noticed something odd. He normally had a section that was for augments and equipment that was to be returned to the manufacturers. Which was where he had placed the damaged Brennan Synthetics augments. And all of them were gone.

He went over to his workstation and logged in. Frowning, he looked over the records. The company nor the police had never arrived to pick the augments up. In fact, it was as if those augments had never existed in the first place.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 23, 2016, 10:02:35 PM**

Axel flinched as Aaron shouted down. "I'm hurrying!" he snapped back. What it actually sounded like was "*Argh hurrigah!*", cables clamped between his teeth. The cables belonged to a small power unit, a component that Axel had recognised was common among the cheaper augmentation parts. Biting down, Axel bit through the rubber and stripped it off, exposing a length of the bare wiring. Spitting it out, the rat dropped the power unit onto the workbench next to five identical parts, and turned his attention to a battered looking robotic hand. The augment was torn at the wrist where it had been 'removed' from its previous owner, the internal circuitry hanging loose.

Dammit... this is a long shot, he thought, even as he snatched up the hand, pulling out the wires and splaying them. Trying and, somehow, succeeding to keep his fingers stable, Axel started to connect the power units to the augment. There was a reason these types of power units were only used in the cheaper, less reputable brands of augment - made with less hardy and reliable parts, they had a tendency to overcharge. Normally this would just result in the augment losing power - but Axel knew that if more energy was supplied, chemicals within the battery could become... excitable. And he was connecting six of them to the same unit.

He heard a creak from the floor above. Whoever had come in the back door was slowly making their way through to the front, where the others were. Gritting his teeth, Axel grabbed an electrical 'wand' from the workbench, a small, thin device designed to deliver an electric current to small augment parts. He flicked it on and applied it to the first power unit. Almost immediately, the fingers of the hand started flexing.

Up top, the front door was hammered again, the hinges straining. Marcus could see it could only take another few blows. *Shit...* He could try sneaking out, getting close to the door and blowing a hole in whoever came through, but that would mean moving out of their cover, flimsy as it was. And if the other person came out from behind, he'd be as good as dead.

Axel threw the wand down with a clatter and hurriedly picked up the twitching hand. The power units trailing from it were humming, the batteries beginning to glow red. The spasms wracking the hand became even more intense. He didn't have long. His mouth dry as sand, Axel turned and ran for the hatch.

The front door smashed inwards. Machine gun first, the officer came charging through. The sudden transition from daylight to the gloom inside widened his pupil as his eye struggled to adjust. At the same time, his partner emerged from the rear corridor on the opposite side of the room. She indicated towards the counter on the right. "There!"

Reaching the bottom of the stairs leading up Axel heard the shout, and tossed the bundle. It flew up, over their heads of the others taking cover, arcing over the counter. The officer's eyes flicked towards the object. "*Now!*" Axel yelled. Marcus hunkered down, closing his eyes.

The power units and the augmented hand exploded as one, suddenly flooding the dark room with a piercing, blinding white light and peppering the room with a shower of razor-sharp augment pieces. Their attackers screamed as their vision was destroyed, blood streaming from the man's face.

Hearing their screams, Axel could only guess it had worked. "Kill them! Kill them now!" he roared up.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 23, 2016, 11:19:31 PM**

Aaron crouched into a protective ball behind the counter upon Axel's command. And now that the *ad hoc* grenade had detonated, the officers were stumbling about trying to regain their vision. A few officers had either been wearing shielded visors or had augments that negated intense flashes of light. Of course, the shrapnel in such a confined space had proved to be deadly, tearing up the officers.

The moment Axel had shouted his command, the German Shepherd immediately leapt to his feet and drew his pistol. "You heard him! Start shooting!"

An officer twitched, painting the wall behind him with blood as Anne emptied her SMG into the unfortunate man's chest at point-blank range. "What do we do now?" she yelled over the gunfire.

Gunshots rang out as Aaron took cover behind the ravaged counter and systematically started

shooting anyone he saw. "Clean this shit up and then we go see what's in the back room!" Aaron reloaded his pistol and chambered a round.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 23, 2016, 11:39:02 PM**

The other Purifier looked uncertain. "I need to be checking on Inspector Gadget anyway," he said dismissively. "Joker, take some tylenol or something and nut up. We've got a job to do."

"I'm doing that!" snapped Joker angrily, eyes bulging. Seething partially from emotion and partially due to lack of breath, his face grew more pale as the other Purifier walked into the farm to check on Soren and Marita.

"Come on, back to the car," insisted Lily, and Joker was quickly losing the strength to argue. The man knew something was awry, and he kept his hand on his pistol holster.

But that didn't help him much once Lily had him alone in the confines of the SUV. "All right you son of a bitch," she snarled, grasping his wrist in a death vice and draining him of energy until he could barely lift a finger. "Your white blood cells are declaring war on the rest of your body, and your red blood cells are shriveling up, starving your heart and brain of oxygen."

She batted his hand away from his pistol. "I can revert the damage and save your life, but only if you tell me where the Purifier base is." Her eyes narrowed as she stared Joker down. "Start talking or I'll watch you endure one of the slowest, worst deaths you could possibly imagine."

The female officer had managed to take cover behind the back door, but that didn't help her when Emilena vaulted over her counter and pinned her against the wall. Kneeing her viciously in the crotch, Emilena forced her hands around the young woman's neck and snapped it with a snarl.

Flora skittered on her hands and knees towards the back of the shop, hyperventilating with fear. Unpleasant flashbacks from her previous experiences with gunfire were constantly pulling her out of the present, and her life must have flashed before her eyes at least three times. *They're going into the back* her mind realized in a panic. *Make sure they don't leave you behind!*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 24, 2016, 12:16:57 AM**

Marita sent ' Soren a text " found a few things. whoever wiped the computers did a very good job and used a high end wiping program normally reserved for top secret government files. records show a delivery was made a week ago to Lersuret City, and that there was a email from Brennan about 2 weeks ago claiming that those augment deaths were due to corruptions in the Augments due to exposure to seawater before implementation. a total line of bs if you ask me, total C. Y. A on the companies part. and that was before the death total topped 100. what have you found on your end?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 25, 2016, 09:25:48 PM**

Soren's phone buzzed as he received Marita's text while he was digging through the workshop. It was then he noticed a flash drive that someone had left behind on the workstation.

Judging from how it had been wedged into the space between the computer tower and the desk, it was obvious whoever put it there hadn't intended it to be found. He grabbed it and

pocketed it.

He made sure the door was shut and began texting Marita.

"Found some stuff too. All Brennan augs taken. No records of them being taken by company or cops. Also, found flash drive hidden in workstation."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 26, 2016, 05:51:53 PM**

Joker's voice was hoarse and ragged as he gasped for air. "You think..." He choked, "your titless ass can scare me?" He forced a weak laugh across his lips. "Fucking kill me then...there'll be more...here, I'll help you out..."

With the last of his strength, he grasped his pistol and pulled the trigger. Lily's eyes went wide and she immediately cut off the oxygen supply to his brain, resulting in permanent blackout. Thankfully, the pistol's safety was on or his blood would have sprayed all over the inside of the car.

Despite having barely exerting herself, Lily was panting with effort. Face pale, she had to fight hard to keep her fists from trembling with rage. Clumsily she pushed Joker's body out of the far side door and rolled him into the tall grass. Then she began the long and painful process of decomposing the body at an accelerated rate. Before long, Joker's remains were dust.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 26, 2016, 06:47:50 PM**

'Hang on to that drive, might be useful. Whoever took the augments, didn't want a record trial.. only been able to recover pieces of it. mentions of a corporation named Mursul, which is a genetics firm. i'm done here lets go get the others and head to Lersuret M out" marita sent the texts then finished her work on the computer.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 26, 2016, 07:00:51 PM**

When he heard the shooting and sound of struggling stop, Axel cautiously started to climb the stairs. "You guys alive?"

"More than they are," he heard Marcus' gruff voice reply. "Seeing what's in back. Might be something to go on."

Letting out a sigh of relief, Axel carried on up, climbing out from the hatch and pausing as he took in the two crumpled bodies across the room. "Christ..." He started to go around the counter and promptly caught his foot on something, almost falling flat on his face. Catching himself, he glanced down to see what he'd tripped on. "Aw... fuck." Thompson's face stared up at him - or rather, what was left of his face. He'd caught several stray bullets to the head, turning his features into a mesh work of wet, red craters. *Why the hell did you call the cops...* As the initial shock at seeing his former - boss' corpse wore off, Axel became aware of hearing the rest of the group moving towards the back. Thompson had never let him in there, and at the time he'd had no reason to care what was in back. Now, he could only hope it had something of use.

Hurrying after them, not particularly relishing the idea of being alone in case more showed up, he almost went down a second time as his leg knocked against the young girl who'd jumped into their vehicle, crawling jerkily towards the back corridor. "Goddammit, watch out!" he snapped down at her, stepping around. "Guys, Thompson's... he's dead," Axel called out as he followed the corridor along. *Jesus, I need a drink about now.*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 27, 2016, 03:25:26 AM**

(Sky Farms)

Soren read the text as he logged off. He scratched his head. Why would a genetics company want augments anyway. He shut the door to the workshop and headed out to the main lobby.

Uziel stopped him. "*Amigo!*" he said, laying his prosthetic hand on Soren's shoulder. "No work today?"

Soren shook his head. "Nah. The boss doesn't need me now."

The man smiled and bumped fists with him. "All right. Catch you later!" The cart's electric motor whirred as Uziel hopped aboard and headed to the ramps that would take him to the fish farming level.

He pushed the door open and tound himself in the lobby. All around him were tourists and locals trying to peer through the glass windows to the farm.

Soren took a seat as he waited for the others.

(Chop Shop)

The iron stench of blood hung thick in the air. Aaron wrinkled his muzzle at the odor. He kicked aside the corpse of an officer, half of her skull blown away from Marcus's shotgun. The German Shepherd turned away in revulsion as he saw her artificial eye dangling from its socket.

Anne, as she had some chopping experience, was digging through Thompson's pocket. She held out an electronic keycard and a wallet. "So...wanna divvy up the creds?"

Aaron scowled. He didn't have a problem with lifting creds off a dead man...especially one who had just tried to kill him but the Shetland Pony had some *seriously* skewed priorities. "For fuck's sake, we just survived a shootout trying to get information and all you can think of is creds!?" he snapped, his ears pinning back in response.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 27, 2016, 04:17:32 PM**

Lily bundled up Joker's uniform and poured it in a dumpster on the far side of the farm. She walked past a number of tourists and workers while carrying it, but because she acted nonchalant and the uniform was bloodless nobody gave her a second look. After briefly touching herself up in the public restroom, she returned to the lobby only looking slightly shaken.

"What did we find out?" she asked Soren. "Also, where are the Purifiers who are supposed to be watching us?"

Flora tried to get to her feet and, failing that, catch her breath. She was still shaking like a leaf when Axel nearly ran her over. "H-how are you all so *calm?*" she stammered, staring in horror at her uncontrollably palpitating hands. "We almost DIED!"

Emilena was the last member of the team to leave the chop shop lobby. Narrowing her eyes, she looked a little closer at the young officer whom she'd just murdered. The woman's body size was roughly the same as Emilena's, perhaps had a little more going on in the bust but a

hot washing machine cycle might be able to shrink it.

Picking the corpse up gingerly so as to make sure it didn't touch the bloodstains and corpses littering most of the shop, Emilena lugged it into the back with her team. Throwing it on an operating table used for augment installation (or possibly removal), she began stripping it for its uniform.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 31, 2016, 03:04:13 AM**

Marita came out a few minutes later and sat down next to Soren. ' well now all we have to do is find the closest route to Lersuret..we'll have to come up with a story as to why we are there.' she said as Rose came up carrying a basket of produce, and marie came up with a handful of brochures to various places.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 31, 2016, 10:19:07 AM**

Marcus narrowed his eyes in disgust at the pony as she looted Thompson's corpse. He had no feelings of remorse over the man's death (besides the fact that they'd managed to lose a potential lead so early on), but watching Anne root through his pockets for *money* turned his stomach. *What else would I expect from an aug.*

Axel, after a brief pause, accepted the wallet off Anne. He fished through it, taking a stack of creds and tossing it back to her. Feeling eyes on the back of him, the rat turned and shrugged at Marcus as he slipped the creds in his pocket. "Seems like it'll be more useful for us than him at this point, doesn't it?" His voice still shook slightly, adrenaline still tweaking his nerves after the situation they'd wound up in.

Grunting his distaste, Marcus turned his attention to what Emilena was doing. He watched for a moment as she pulled off the dead cop's top, then nodded towards a small ID card clipped to the belt, complete with a small photo of the woman. "Make sure you hide that."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 31, 2016, 05:19:22 PM**

(Chop Shop)

Anne pulled the remaining creds from the wallet and stuck the plastic chits into her pocket. She continued digging through the man's pockets and came up empty.

"All right, let's see what we got here." Aaron approached Anne and Axel and noticed the electronic keycard Anne was holding. The pony handed it over to him while she went to a little alcove near the shop's entrance and started rooting through the assorted debris the man had accumulated.

"What are you looking for?" Aaron demanded. "We got the keycard!"

"He might have an address book or a phone or something else that may be of use to us," Anne replied as she threw a half-eaten bag of chips aside.

Aaron then held the card up to Axel. "You know what this keycard opens?" he asked.

(Sky Farms)

Soren looked up as he heard the sound of footsteps and saw Rose along with Marie and Lily. A

glance into the crowd told him that their Purifier guard was busy flirting with a Chow-Chow who was selling some fresh lychees.

He then waved them over and when they all arrived, he decided to speak, relying on bustle of the busy marketplace to thwart eavesdroppers. "Well, here's the thing. Every one one of the augments implicated in the whole incident vanished. I placed them aside in a special area in the workshop where we usually keep the augments until the company can come pick them up. Well here's the thing, there was no record of either Brennan Synthetics or the cops picking them up. And what's more, all the info on those augments went missing. Marita can explain further

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 31, 2016, 06:12:32 PM**

a genetics company named Mursul in Lersuret City came up in the files. they had inquired about acquiring augments from Brennan. what if..' Maritas eyes widened ' What if they wanted the augments in order to find a way to develop a way so that people could be BORN with augments already in them? Right now, Augments can only be added after birth, to replace damaged parts of the body or enhance natural abilities. but if they could find a way to make it so that augments develop along with the fetus inside the womb, so that they are functional at birth.. why they could be worth quadrillions of credits.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 31, 2016, 07:31:33 PM**

Soren's jaw dropped. "But...that's impossible! Nanomachines for manufacturing cannot be used inside the body...let alone during development! The closest we can do are nanomachines to fortify bones and replace damaged bones with cermets. And even then, the nanomachines have to be removed from the body."

He rubbed his forehead. "I doubt they're trying to do anything that borders on magic. My guess is that they just want their resources and customers. Or maybe they trying to drive them out of business."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 31, 2016, 08:01:28 PM**

"If they had some miraculous new technology, they wouldn't have to kill their competitors," Lily noted. "I'd be more willing to bet the moneymakers belonged to the company that got trashed."

She furrowed her brow. "What motivation is there for disposing of the evidence? It sounds like somebody set Brennan up to fail and then stole their faulty augments back. That just draws more attention to themselves. I think we need to focus on locating where the actual Augments went."

Emilena nodded partially in agreement with Marcus, and partially in approval at the quality of the uniform she'd extracted. "Not bad. Avoided most of the bloodstains, a good round with some bleach at the laundromat and this thing's ready to march back into the police office."

She grinned. "Which is exactly my plan. But first the corpse needs to be completely removed from the picture. This place have an incinerator or something?"

Flora continued to look in disbelief at her teammates as they casually discussed horrific crimes and showed no ill effects from the previous shootout.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **February 03, 2016, 09:17:08 PM**

killing the competition through faulty parts so you are able to 'fix; the problem makes logical sense. kinda like the guy who helps put out the fire he started. also brings you a lot of money and positive press. corporations are all about both after all 'marita said : in the mean time, i'm sure we'll find out more in Lersuret."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 04, 2016, 03:21:26 AM**

"Why do we even care?" interrupted Lily. "We're just going to be the Purifier's errand boys now?" She double-checked nobody was listening in. "Let's just overpower the ones with us, leave somebody alive and torture him until he gives us the location of the Purifier headquarters. Then rig me full of explosives, drop me out of a plane onto the base and I'll blow both of us sky high. I'm prepared to die to cripple their movement."

She glared at Marita, who she knew was going to protest. "It's my choice and my right to do so."

Emilena chucked the uniform at Flora. "Here. It bothers you so much to be around, take this to the laundromat across the street. Use the best detergent they got, I'll reimburse you."

"I can afford it myself!" Flora shot back, voice almost cracking. bundling the items up, she wasted no time in stumbling from the establishment.

Emilena glanced at Axel. "Got anything good? We can't be here much longer; it's probably going to be swarming with cops in a matter of minutes."

(OOC: We close to a time skip or anything? Not sure if anything important is happening in either storyline to not warrant fast-forwarding to the next interesting bit)

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **February 06, 2016, 11:35:44 AM**

Axel took the keycard from Aaron and held it close, looking it over. "No... haven't seen him use this before. I mean, he might have a safe somewhere but it's like she said. Not like we have the time to check the place over." As if to emphasize Emilena's point, the other cop's radio crackled from the other room, the low, garbled static serving to remind them of the seconds draining away.

"What about getting rid of the body?" Marcus demanded, staring down at the stripped corpse. "Can't have them finding it. At least until Echo's finished at the station."

"Hang on." Axel dropped the keycard into his back pocket as he tried to think. "There isn't an incinerator - but there's a compactor downstairs. We use... *used* it to crush up any scrap we wouldn't use. With the rest of the crap that's in there they'd have to look hard to find a body in what comes out. Could that work?" Even as the words left his mouth he felt sick speaking them. Just yesterday he'd been trying to lead a normal life - or as normal as he could make it. Now, every moment felt like it was slipping back to how it had been before. Axel forced himself to push those feelings back down, to suppress the horror he felt and focus on the situation.

"It'll have to. Not risking bring the body with us." Marcus bent and grabbed the body by the arms. "Me and the rat deal with it. Aaron, get the others to the car." Stiffly, Axel took the legs and helped Marcus lift it, panting with the effort as the carried the corpse from the room.

Five minutes later, they both emerged from the shop front, Axel looking queasier than usual as he followed in the tall doberman's wake. Stopping next to Aaron's window, Marcus looked around, checking to see if anyone was watching. The streets were clear, the nearby residents used to keeping low at the sound of gunfire. "Let's go," he grunted.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 07, 2016, 01:42:27 PM**

Aaron nodded and ushered Anne and Emilena out of the building and into the car. He did allow Anne to keep the stolen SMG...provided he held the ammo. Of course, before they were on a mission, he'd pass the magazines to her.

He looked at the GPS unit and pondered where to go next.

Five minutes later, when Marcus and Axel arrived, Aaron started the SUV's motor. He then pulled out of the grimy neighborhood. And just in time too, the sound of sirens approaching could be heard as he pulled into the main thoroughfare and merged with the rest of Seryet City's traffic.

He then turned to Marcus. "So what's next on our list?"

Soren shrugged. "I'm not going to stop you but I'm interested in staying alive than destroying their organization for now."

He then turned to Marita. "Why don't we look at that flash drive first before we head to another city. Speaking of which, what's with the produce and brochures your friends got?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 09, 2016, 02:40:16 PM**

we wanted to blend in, act like normal visitors' rose said ' besides this stuff is actually really good," she held up a piece of fruit that she had been eating. 'the brochures are just that brochures" Marie said ' i picked them up as i was walking around, letting you guys do your thing ' Marie said to Soren.

_ you wanna go kamikaze, Your choice ' Marita said to Lily ' but you'll be on your own for that. not to mention our lives are currently hanging in the balance right now. we need to get to the bottom of this augment thing, More people are dying every day from those defective augments. death tolls over 200 by now, and that just whats been made public. figure at least twice that have died. we dont get to the bottom of it, the death tolls will reach staggering numbers, there are millions of augments that could possibly have these bad augments. we're talking Holocaust level of deaths here. i dnt want that on my conscience.' she sighed then turned to Soren' sure we can check the flash drive before we head out. see if theres anything of note on it.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 09, 2016, 10:38:39 PM**

Flora watched the clothes in the washing-and-drying machine spin round. Round and round with the rinse cycle. Mixed among them were tiny blue packets; the only detergent they sold at the laundromat came from gumball-styled dispensers. The pods tumbled in a world of blurry clothing and suds, each waiting for the water to disintegrate it until it popped. Right now she

felt like a pod. Struggling to keep her head afloat as the world wears her down, waiting for the time it breaks her defenses and she bursts like a bubble.

When she'd been in school, a boy named Randall had explained the theory of quantum immortality to her. In short, everyone has an infinite number of timelines, new ones being created every instant showing all possible decisions and outcomes. When you die, you can no longer experience that timeline, so you shift to another. One where you survived the incident, or it never came to pass to begin with. You can't even remember the old one.

Isn't it telling? she could hear Randall's voice in her head. *Isn't it telling the time period we were born? We're not cavemen, we're not ancient Egyptians, we were born in the first era of human history that has the technology to cure death! Cryopods, cybernetic parts...we live now because every timeline where we were born earlier, we were guaranteed to die!*

Ironically, Randall had passed away from leukemia before they graduated. But his theory still made sense to her. It fit with her psionic power, her money, and her life direction. Who better to live forever? But these last few days everything spun out of control. Everything did *not* go according to plan. She'd almost died three times, and more than ever, she was aware of her own inevitable death. Regardless of her behavior in life, she will one day be particles in a spinning nebula. Just mindless energy.

Should she run? These dangerous people have left her alone for the moment. They wouldn't care either way; if she picked a direction and never stopped sprinting, maybe she might get to experience a few more tidbits of infinity. Then again, where would she run to? All evidence has suggested this city is nonstop violence in every direction, and she was a bright blinking target as a young unaccompanied female.

She spared a glance back at the chop shop. Whoever these dangerous people were, they'd accepted her as one of their own. And they'd protect her, albeit as a side effect to getting their job done. They didn't even need to be bribed by Bailey. And Emilena promised to explain things after the chop shop...

The machine slowed to a stop as the drying phase beeped its conclusion. Sighing, she bundled the uniform into her hands and returned to the parking lot where the others were waiting.

"You two are pathetically short-sighted..." sighed Lily. "Gonna just help the Purifiers because you're afraid of being killed..." She folded her arms. "Disgraceful. Whatever happened to the people who stormed the Purifier HQ in Lanthae? What would they think of you now? How do you sleep at night knowing how brave you used to be?"

Emilena took the police uniform from the silent folf. "Good to see you can follow simple instructions. Christ, what a world this is where I can barely find people with that quality." She started changing into the uniform. "Next stop, the Seryet PD. Don't worry, none of you are coming in with me."

"Why the hell do you think we'd let you walk unaccompanied into a police station?" a purifier grunted.

Emilena rolled her eyes. "Oh darn, you got me. My plan was to rat you all out and get thrown in prison for eternity for multiple homicides and terrorism acts with warrants in multiple cities. And then have nothing else happen because the only person I'm putting in danger is myself."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 09, 2016, 11:27:29 PM**

Soren narrowed his eyes. "Those guys know my history. Why do you think they let none of us carry a gun...even though Rhaegson said he trusted us?"

He heard the sound of shouting as one of their Purifier guards accidentally bumped into a young mare...and her large Holstein Bull boyfriend took exception. The crowd shifted as people scrambled to get away from the fight...and to watch. "Anyways, let's go somewhere where we can get some privacy and see what's on the drive."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 15, 2016, 02:07:55 AM**

lead the way then ' Marita said curtly. she turned to lily ' that was before i had family to think about, once you have family, priorities change. its no longer just about you. but rest assured Lily. I'm not a coward. I'm not doing this because i LIKE it, its because i have NO CHOICE, in the matter. And you've changed as well i might add. the Lily we knew back in Lanthae, wasnt a single-minded suicide Bomber with a short fuse.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **February 15, 2016, 02:16:05 PM**

"You could draw attention if you're just wandering around without knowing where you're going. And asking around could make them notice as well," Marcus noted. His jaw bunched. "A plan of the building's layout would help."

Axel squinted irritably, staring out the car's window as the sidewalk rushed past. "Easy. We'll just head onto their web page, hack in and find a convenient map. Give me a second to pull my bullshit magic laptop out my ass." The rat could feel his temper fraying. His throat was growing parched and his skin hot as the desire for another drink started to gnaw at the back of his mind.

Marcus glared at him for a second then returned his stare to Emilena. "If you're going in blind, you'll need some way to communicate with us in case something goes wrong." He glanced out the window and grunted at Aaron. "Stop here for a moment." The car pulled up outside of a small convenience store. The doberman turned to look at Flora, handing her a small amount of credits. "Go in and get two pre-paid cell phones. Move quickly but don't look suspicious."

When she returned, Marcus nodded for Aaron to continue, then tore the small phones, or 'burner phones' out of their plastic packaging. He studied the back of one case then punched a series of numbers into the other phone. When the other phone started to ring, the doberman hit the *answer* button and tossed it across to Emilena, keeping the other cell phone in his hand.

"Keep the call connected. Put it in your shirt pocket or somewhere else where we'll be able to hear clearly. If you get found, its better if its harder for them to know who you're in contact with," he explained.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 16, 2016, 01:36:11 AM**

Lily rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I stopped being a meek little doormat. Who couldn't accomplish anything without relying on other people to make all the decisions. And thank god."

She allowed Soren to lead them back to the SUVs. The remaining unnamed purifier saw them. "Hey, y'all seen either Joker or Aaron?" he asked.

Lily ignored him; there was something new in the car. A manila envelope. Her curiosity was piqued. Hopefully whoever left that didn't see her stunt with Joker...

Grabbing the envelope, she opened it and peered at a photocopy of a marriage certificate. Her pupils dilated and she almost dropped it in shock.

This is to certify that Denny North and Lily Sybil were wed on the 16th day of February in the year 2026...

"I...I'm not coming with you all," Lily said. She could hardly process her own words over the stunned realizations that were drowning out her ability to register the world. "I need to investigate something else."

While they were driving to the new location, Flora nudged Emilena. "So? You were gonna explain some things to me."

Emilena started with a jolt, distracted by her mental preparations for her upcoming espionage. "What do you want to know?" she asked.

"How many people have you killed?" Flora decided to cut straight to the good stuff.

Emilena's mouth flattened. "None."

"Then why would the police arrest you for murder?" Flora pressed.

"Because they consider Augments people."

Flora cocked her head in surprise but couldn't find a response to that. The Purifier on her other side chuckled his approval at Emilena's answer.

"Looks like we're almost there," Emilena regarded their proximity to the police station. "We'll have to put this conversation on hold. But I answered one question, so now it's your turn."

Flora bit her lip and looked around the SUV at the other occupants. Emilena, quickly guessing the reason for the teenager's consternation, quickly added, "...to wish me good luck. And then we can talk later." At the same time, the car pulled up to its stopping point.

Flora bit her lip. "You won't need it. You've got this. Break a leg."

Emilena chuckled, setting up Marcus' call as he asked. "Just keep things quiet on your end," she replied to Marcus. "Last thing I need is to draw attention to myself because an ice cream truck drives by your car."

Exiting the car, she straightened her collar, got into character as the stiff-backed constable, and marched smartly towards the station.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 17, 2016, 12:53:18 AM**

Soren shrugged. "Okay. Good luck Lily," he whispered.

He then turned to the other Purifier and pointed out the window at a group of people attacking someone. "Yeah. Joker or one of your other buddies just fucked up *big time*. He apparently got caught ogling some dude's girlfriend."

The man looked away. Generally, in a situation like that, it was better to let the mob disperse (or wait for the victim to get away) and then rescue the victim. But they were running on a tight schedule here.

The SUV's motor hummed as he pulled out of the parking lot to Sky Farms.

Aaron nodded as the SUV stopped by the convenience store. The store was located in a rather bad part of Seryet City, as evidenced by the long-dormant factories and warehouses that lined the street. A homeless man was lying sleeping next to the store's entrance.

When Marcus got back into the car, Aaron continued on his path. An overly aggressive panhandler backed off upon seeing Emilena in full uniform, assuming that the others in the car were undercover SCPD cops.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 19, 2016, 11:03:32 PM**

marita sat in the back of the suv inbetween soren and rose. Marie was passing the time reading the brochures she had picked up. " So what do you think could be on the disk? Marita asked him " Might have been a list of staff passwords or something..

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 21, 2016, 06:52:25 AM**

Harras Grove was a typical upper-class suburban neighborhood. The cream-colored two-story house Lily found herself standing before looked identical to every single other residence around the cul-de-sac.

Lily walked up to the door and raised her hand to knock. She paused momentarily, fascinated by the realization that she was slightly trembling. It had been a long time that anything elicited fear from her, and yet she was nervous to see her former husband. How long had they shared a life? What memories might he have that she'd forgotten?

She rapped lightly on the door. After a few minutes, she made to knock again when it opened and a sallow man with stringy brown hair opened it. "Yes? How can...?" He trailed off. "Lily???"

Lily bit her lip. She'd seen his face years before on a television screen in a Lanthae clothing store, and was hoping he looked better in person. She'd never spared much thought to her married life, but she was somehow surprised that she'd apparently chosen to live almost a decade with someone so...unremarkable. "Hi Denny."

Denny was gaping like a fish. He stumbled backwards and almost slammed the door shut on her "How are you...how could you be...?"

"It's a long story..." Lily said, inviting herself in. "I lost my memory, so I didn't--and don't--remember anything about you, our kids, or this house." She looked around and marveled at the otherwise unremarkable simplicity of everything. How long had she lived here? How often must she have cleaned every item in this house, items that sparked no sense of familiarity whatsoever?

Denny was still dumbfounded. "You're alive! Did you tell anyone? We could make headlines!"

"*Don't* tell anyone!" Lily interjected. "Please Denny. It's more complicated than you think."

Denny closed the door. "I...of course, my love," he said slowly. "Anything you say. Welcome home, after all this time. You seem...different."

"How so?" asked Lily, heading into the kitchen. Denny didn't strike her as a cook, so presumably she spent much of her adult life in this kitchen. However even this did nothing to pique any memories.

Denny walked into the kitchen to see Lily examining silverware. "Could I get you something to drink?" he asked politely.

"Um, sure," Lily answered, putting the silverware back quickly. "How about...my favorite?"

Denny took some blueberry-pomegranate juice out of the refrigerator, and surreptitiously grabbed a small vial from a hidden drawer under the counter. "So...you don't remember anything of living here?" he asked, keeping his tone neutral as he spiked the glass.

"Nothing at all," Lily admitted. "I'm hoping that this visit could jog my memory."

"Visit?" Denny brought her the glass of juice. "You don't plan on staying? What about your children?"

"The children!" Lily was about to take a drink, but stopped when they were mentioned. "Can I see them? Where are they?"

"They're up in their rooms." Denny pushed her juice towards her. "Drink up, and then we can go see them..."

Lily acquiescently sipped the juice, and registered a deep satisfaction in her palate; apparently she did indeed hold a preference for rich citrus. This discovery galvanized her. "All right, lead me!" she ordered, stumbling somewhat as she left the room. "Goodness, this drink is...powerful..." she suddenly felt very sleepy, but she could feel her psionic regeneration recycle new energy through her system in record time. Had she been less focused on getting to see her children again, she might have noticed that as the warning sign it was. Denny for his part was furrowing his brow in disbelief as he watched Lily drain the glass with no outward side effects. Putting the vial back incredulously, he led her upstairs.

Emilena steeled herself as the police station lobby drew closer and closer. It looked so much like the old one back in Lanthae.

She wasn't sure what she felt. Certainly not fear. She'd been policing for so long that she'd probably top the charts for experience amongst her peers, if they'd only allowed her to be herself. Instead, she was Candice McCutcheon, a mousy woman with a dopey expression on her ID card. Emilena hoped she wasn't an airhead, because she had no interest in faking a whole new personality. A lot of old memories and habits were resurfacing as she drew closer to the one place in any city she'd always felt most comfortable.

She marched through the door. The only person in sight was the receptionist, behind her bulletproof window. She spared Emilena a glance, and while she clearly didn't recognize her, the uniform was enough for her to turn a blind eye.

Offices were to the left, just like in Lanthae. Swallowing, Emilena tried to locate the door to the archives. Unlike computers, paper doesn't ask for passwords.

After ten minutes of fruitless searching, Emilena realized that there'd been a surprising dearth of personnel in the offices. "Hey you," she interrupted an intern who was scrambling down the hallways with a stack of papers. "Where is everyone?"

"You-you don't know?" he stammered. "They're at Thompson's. There was a shootout!"

Emilena grumbled. "Well, that's just great. They dispatched me from the south division and I'm supposed to meet here with Chief Travis."

"Welp, he's, uh, on the field supervising at the moment..." the intern gulped. "B-but maybe I could take a message for you?"

"I don't have time for messages. If you could show me to the archives, I'll wait for him there."

The intern quickly led her past the forensics laboratory and down a flight of stairs into the

basement. Emilena swiped McCutcheon's ID card and the door unlocked with a beep.

"Thank you Noah," she said backhandedly, already leafing through files. The intern gratefully took the opportunity to leave her presence.

Meanwhile back with the team, Marcus' radio bleeped as a one-sentence message relayed to him from a secured Purifier channel: *FIND AN EXCUSE FOR AXEL TO BE ALONE.*

(OOO 2018: Accidentally used Carriage Hills later in a much more important setting, so I came back and renamed this one after noticing I'd double-used the location name)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 21, 2016, 01:53:38 PM**

Soren shrugged as he watched the buildings whiz by him in a blur as the Purifier continued driving. He had informed them that they were going to meet up at a some abandoned industrial lot or somewhere so they could exchange data and plan their next move.

He turned to Marita. "I'm not sure but I have a feeling it might be something useful. It could be passwords, manifests, communications...hell, it could be damn near *anything*. All I can say is that whoever put it there clearly didn't intend it to be found."

It was then he had a flash of inspiration. "Hey, Marita, can I borrow your laptop for a bit?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **February 21, 2016, 02:28:31 PM**

Once Marcus saw Emilena disappear through the large, imposing doors of the police station, he nodded at Aaron. "Park on the next block." Though the windows were tinted and chances of being noticed through the glass were next to nil, waiting directly outside the station made him uncomfortable.

As Aaron pulled into a parking spot, Emilena's voice came through the burner phone, the sound muted on their side. "... dispatched me from the south division and I'm supposed to meet here with..." Marcus let a low, long breath out. At least she hadn't been recognised the instant she stepped into the building. The way their luck had been going so far, that had been a distinct possibility. *This needs to work...* He glanced at the other three teammates he and Aaron had recently acquired. Two worn and used-up looking augs and a girl who seemed so out of her element that he couldn't help wonder why she was here. Marcus shook his head slightly. The quiet sound of footsteps now, as she followed someone to the archives.

Suddenly the stillness in the air was interrupted by a bleeping from his cell. Pulling it out, he opened it and frowned at the message on the screen. "Aaron, keep an eye on these two. I need a word with Whent."

Axel, flinching at hearing his name, turned to glare at him. "What?"

Marcus didn't answer. Checking to make sure nobody was coming, he indicated with his thumb and climbed from the car, making for an alley just up from where they were parked once he saw the rat was reluctantly following. Turning into the gloom of the narrow passageway, he stopped a short distance in and started to reply to the message.

Axel held back, his eyes narrowed in suspicion behind his sweat greased hair. "What d'you want?" he demanded. "Gonna give me a pep talk?" The rat spat to the side.

"Just hold on," Marcus growled, baring his canines in annoyance. ***He's apart from the others. Track my cell. Be quick.***

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on February 21, 2016, 08:21:03 PM**

These files were organized by case number, which was a good thing. Case numbers weren't alphabetic; each decimal was its own code, breaking down the nature of the crime, the status of the investigation, and other details that would only matter to an actual police officer. By ignoring files referring to unrelated crime types and emphasizing the larger files (since she knew this was a big case), Emilena managed to relatively quickly locate the case files for Brennan Synthetics.

"Interesting..." she muttered. These were mostly witness testimonies and accident reports from the day all the gearheads died. The follow-up investigation seemed unsurprisingly lacking. Now if she could just figure out what the inside excuse was, that would give them a thread...

"Officer, what's your serial number?" Someone had entered the room. Emilena kept reading; the gig was up, but she was so close to finding the info she needed...

"CR 57607," she replied, using Officer Ellis' code from Lanthae. "What did we learn about the shootout at Thompsons?"

The officer wasn't getting sidetracked. "Noah contacted the south division and they haven't sent anybody up here. I'm going to need to see your ID."

Emilena tossed Candice's wallet over, still engrossed in the paperwork. Every witness she'd come across quickly filed an Intent to Silence, explaining why there was no evidence for a followup investigation...

The officer primed a taser. "Stop reading and get on the ground!" He ordered. "You're not Officer McCutcheon!"

When she continued reading the papers, he fired and sent her spasming uncontrollably to the floor, papers skittering out of her hand. But it was too late. She'd seen the name they needed to continue the trail of their investigation.

On the second floor around a hallway, three white doors sat nestled between an off-white carpet and adobe wall. Lily quietly pushed open the first door to see a young boy, maybe 13, with light skin and dark hair in a cereal bowl cut.

"Hello!" she beamed. The child just looked at her.

"This is Christian. You don't remember Christian?" asked Denny, coming into the room behind her.

"I...of course I do," Lily lied. She knelt down in front of her son. "How have you been? I haven't seen you in so long, I missed you so much!"

The child just continued staring blankly at her.

"Say hello, Christian," Denny demanded firmly.

"Hello," Christian said to Denny.

Lily's eyes clouded, and she put a hand on Christian's shoulder. "Oh god..." she whispered, eyes growing wide. "He's in...such pain..." She sensed... actually something even worse than pain. It was absence. The lack of having ever felt anything at all. Just feeling it brought tears to her eyes.

"He's mentally retarded," Denny explained, as he quietly drew the closet open. Inside was

mostly clothing and sports equipment. "I should have warned you."

Lily turned suspiciously, ready to tell him that she'd met mentally ill and this felt different, but gasped in surprise when he noticed two young girls peeking at her from the doorway. One was a young teenager, dark-skinned with Denny's hair, and the younger one must have been 7 or 8, with Lily's eyes and complexion.

"Oh, hello! Forgive me, you both...startled me..." Lily rubbed her forehead and reflexively winced. Both of them were giving her the same emotionless stare as Christian. Lily's senses ached, numbed by the congealing sense of repression weighing heavy on the room.

"Aylin and Hannah. Also retarded," Denny said simply, drawing a padded wooden baseball bat and coming up behind his wife. "Ejlert is the smart one. I always figured when he was born he stole all the intellect you had to give, leaving none to go around for the rest."

"How could you say such a thing?" Lily stood up suddenly, looking aghast at her husband. She then realized he was poised to swing.

"Well," Denny replied, clubbing her viciously upside the head, "he was smart enough not to come into this room."

A second bat to the head while she was down, and Lily was out cold.

Leave his presence. I've got a man watching in case he tries to escape, was the reply to Marcus' message.

A figure slowly approached from the far side of the alley. Her gait was reserved and submissive, and her facial features were familiar.

"Axel..." Lily said timidly, "Do you remember me? We met at the Purifier base..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 22, 2016, 12:30:46 AM**

here ' Marita said ' handing the computer to Soren ' put that i the slot to the left and se what it can tell us. Hopeful its something useful whatever it is.' She said , pausing to look at the passing buildings after handing over the Computer.. the quality of buildings went downhill as they headed into a more industrial area.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 22, 2016, 02:06:40 AM**

Soren carefully placed the flash drive in the slot and waited for the monitor to boot up. A jolt as the SUV ran over something caused the laptop to jump and slap against his knees; luckily, Marita had invested in a special shock-resistant laptop.

He opened the flash drive and noticed that it was full of employee records. Soren hen noticed that all of the listed employees were Augments...the same ones who had died when their implants failed. Furthermore, it also had documents that listed each and every augment that the workers had by make and model. He scowled; this was a strange thing to put on a flash drive tucked in a discreet location. Finally, there was also a document that listed the serial numbers of several computers. And those computers were the one that Soren recognized as having been stolen during the hostage crisis at the farm. He softly swore as he read over the flash drive's contents.

He nudged Marita. "This is big. I think this flash drive wasn't intended for us...it almost looks like a dead drop for a spy or something."

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: bushwacked on February 22, 2016, 02:49:33 PM**

Axel fidgeted uncomfortably, uneasy by the fact that the purifier, Marcus or whatever his name was, had left him alone. *What the hell is this? Some kind of trap?* He blinked. *Do they... do they want to see if I'll run?* If that was the case, he didn't want to know what'd happen if they caught him. Seconds passed, but the answer didn't miraculously come to him.

Fuck it. If they wanted him to run, Axel wasn't going to let them down. Bracing his legs, preparing to sprint down the alley to come out on the opposite side, Axel gave one last glance to the side of the alley where Marcus and the others were waiting - and a familiar voice froze him in his tracks.

He turned, clenching his jaw as the figure slowly approached him. Sure, he recognised her, small, and vulnerable, just as she'd been all that time ago in Lanthae. Just as she'd been in the base - until the two guards had interrupted and her true side had been revealed. He felt a chill run up his spine as he saw that she'd returned to her timid persona, so at odds with how she'd appeared the last time he'd seen her. And now he'd been left alone with her again?

Whatever was going on with Lily, Axel's level of trust for her was running pretty low. His headache seemed to double in intensity, Axel's skull feeling as though it was splitting. "... what the hell do you want?" he heard himself say, his voice venomous.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on February 22, 2016, 09:31:14 PM**

"Don't be scared..." the woman said softly, looking concerned. "I wasn't mad at you back when we met...it was the guards who ruined our introduction..."

She came forward. "You can probably guess I'm not Lily. I'm a clone of her." Her cheeks flushed. "You remember the cloning pods that you and Emilena used to make her new body? Well, you left the DNA sample behind, and it was intact enough for the Purifiers to make one more."

She made to wrap her arms around Axel. "I shouldn't be telling you this...but I want you to trust me. I want you to see me for who I am." Tears shone in her eyes. "I have just as much of a claim to Lily's name as she does. Don't I?"

The taser had removed Emilena's ability to control her extremities. Her assailant was radioing for backup, and Emilena took that chance to give Marcus as complete a message as she could.

"I got-ot a n-name..." she wheezed, fighting hard to counteract the stuttering caused by the electric shock. "A-an offic--cer...all the w-witnesses were--"

"Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law!" informed the police officer, grabbed her and handcuffing her. Another officer appeared and the two dragged her into an interrogation room where she was roughly strip-searched and given an orange jumpsuit to wear. While they didn't seem to notice there was ongoing call, she doubted it was going to be much use trapped in an evidence locker somewhere.

"How the hell did you get this uniform?" demanded her interrogator.

"I stole it from the industrial laundromat." Assuming Seryet was anything like Lanthae, the police had their uniforms laundered in bulk offsite. "The ID was forged. I've never met the woman."

"What were you looking for?" The man had narrow black eyes that seemed surprisingly

disinterested. Not the attitude she would have used for this class of interrogation, but it wasn't her job to help him out.

"Information on who's spreading lies about my actions in Lanthae." Since he hadn't bothered to demand her real name, they'd no doubt already identified her by sight. "I was never a Purifier and I never killed an Augment. Well, not those."

He snorted. "And you breaking into a government building and impersonating a police officer is supposed to help your case?"

"I was not *impersonating!*" snarled Emilena. "They never officially took my badge!"

He rolled his eyes. "I've heard enough about you, Echo. At least we won't get your weekly applications anymore." He slapped hands decisively on the table and stood up. "Pat yourself on the back; you finally made it into the Seryet police department. To stay!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 24, 2016, 01:39:44 AM**

So something out of a Bond Film. Minus the martinis fast women and cars. nope, we get the dangerous files in a dead drop..' she shook her head ' i could go for a martini right now..' she said .' anything else on it Soren?' she asked.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **February 24, 2016, 08:27:38 PM**

"You're a clone." *Of course she is. You fucking moron.* A strangled laugh seemed to force its way from Axel's throat, and he was gripped by a sudden urge to slap himself for not seeing the obvious. *Always a step behind.*

He suddenly noticed she'd stepped closer, and he opened his mouth to speak... but it was left hanging open as the woman approached and he found himself staring into her eyes. The same dark eyes that he'd looked at when they'd met, that he'd felt himself falling into during that night in the trees and gazed into when she'd saved him during the pulse attack. The same eyes that had scrunched in anger as the fights began, as their voices battled to be heard over each other...

Axel felt her arms touch him.

"No!" he hissed, jerking backwards out of her reach. "Don't... you don't get to..." Axel gritted his teeth as he tried to search for the words, his fist clenching in frustration as his mind came up blank. "You have *no* idea what we went through. No idea what we are. What we were. No *goddamn* idea!" Even as he spoke, the memories came rushing back, more bad now than good. The nights when he'd woken up screaming, the sheets drenched in sweat. The panic attacks, nausea, the days on end spent in bed, the curtains drawn to hide in the darkness, no courage or energy to venture outside. And through it all, Lily growing more distant, drifting away from him.

And with the memories came the realisation, that for better or worse, this woman *wasn't* Lily.

"You... aren't... her," he said finally, trying to keep his voice even, almost succeeding. "You look like her. You sounds like her." He swallowed. "You smell like her. But you're *not*." Axel's ear twitched. "Trust?" The rat spat on the floor. "What the fuck has trusting people ever done for me?!"

Marcus' claws were digging into his hands. After Emilena's hasty message, they hadn't heard anything else from her, only the sound of rustling - and finally silence. The doberman made

himself calm down, think clearly. "She found something..." he muttered, partly to the others in the car, mostly to himself. "An officer... and witnesses..." All the witnesses were... killed? Bought out? Witnesses to what? He couldn't make any sense of it. They needed Emilena.

He looked across at Aaron. "We need to get her out."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 24, 2016, 08:39:35 PM**

"Nothing..." The clone agreed. She didn't even seem phased by his harsh words, her tone was almost motherly. "Trusting hasn't gotten you anything. But that didnt stop you from trusting HER." The woman balled her fists. "The other Lily...the one you broke up with...don't forget that *she's a clone too*. The real Lily is a mutated decomposing corpse with no conscience."

She didn't approach him again, but her cheeks burnt and hot tears ran down her face. "And yet you still found a way to reach out to her doppleganger. You loved her as if she were real. You gave her a chance. Do I not deserve that same chance?"

Emilena said nothing as she was escorted to her cell. The guard had no choice words for her and after locking the door he left he to her thoughts.

Her goose was cooked. She'd found nothing worth investigating. The police officer was a good lead, but it didn't help her any. Her team would go on without her. And she'd rot.

Sitting in the dark, options running through her head before terminating themselves at the altar of undeniable logic, she wondered how she'd wound up where she sat. All she'D ever wanted to be was a cop. And somehow that passion, that single-minded drive that had carried her through thick and thin, had finally betrayed her.

Why didn't I just leave Almaya alone...? she thought for the very first time.

"I agree," said Flora in regard to Marcus' decision to save Emilena. She wanted that honest conversation she was promised.

"We might want to reconnect with the others first," noted a Purifier. "Safety in numbers and all. Plus I bet they'll be watching her like a hawk for at least the first night."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 26, 2016, 12:59:09 AM**

Soren scrolled through the files and found nothing. He undocked the flash drive and held the small silver stick in his hand. He chewed on his lip as he examined it. The Human then noticed something engraved on the metal case. In barely readable letters was the name "Brennan Synthetics".

"Nothing on the drive itself," he said. "But I got a name: Brennan Synthetics."

He then noticed that the SUV was heading towards the police station...as evidenced by the rather well-marked overhead signs on the elevated highways.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Why the fuck are you taking us there!?" He made a move to grab the steering wheel but the Purifier elbowed him back.

"Look, Inspector Gadget," the man growled. "Shut the fuck up and let me drive!" He turned the wheel and pulled into the parking lot of what was quite clearly a strip club and shut off the

engine. He watched as a lean Anaconda slithered up to the window, flick her tongue out and sway to some unheard rhythm.

The Purifier ignored the prostitute and radioed Marcus. "Marcus, we're at the strip club that marks Seryet's Red LED District. Are you done at the police station or not?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **February 29, 2016, 04:34:50 PM**

Axel stared at the clone as she cried, his twitching face only serving to highlight the war being waged by his emotions. "I loved her," he found himself agreeing hoarsely. "I loved her more than anything. And that's when my life went to shit.

I don't know if you deserve a chance. I don't care. I'm done. I'm *done* with this." Turning abruptly, his voice cracking, Axel made for the entrance of the alley as bitter tears of his own started to blur his vision.

"For now," Marcus replied. "But we'll need to return. Echo's been captured and we need to extract her. Could have information we need." One of his claws dug into the flesh of his temple as he tried to think of their next move.

"Bring the others. We need to regroup," he eventually growled. "Meet at the Gillespi Motel. 7:00. Make sure you aren't followed." Located in one of the shadier parts of town and two steps away from dilapidation, Marcus thought the motel should be the ideal place to lie low while they came up with a plan to get Emilena out.

Through the vehicle's window he saw the rat emerge from the alleyway. Marcus pressed a button on the door, the window sliding down a quarter with a slight hum. "Get in. We're moving out."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 29, 2016, 07:31:33 PM**

"Enjoy your time alone then," the woman said quietly as Axel made to leave. "I want to protect you from her, but you'll need to allow me first. I've already sent her on a wild goose chase, so you'll have some time to yourself. But she'll be back. You're in too deep to not pick a side...and it'll break my heart if you get hurt...but maybe it's for the best if you have to experience *being alone with her* for just a while longer."

She didn't follow when he left the alleyway.

The next day, almost evening. Flora steeled her face and walked into the Seryet Police Department. The receptionist raised suspicious eyebrows, but Flora suspected she was just being profiled as a teenager in a hoodie.

"I'm here to visit a prisoner," she said, keeping her voice steady. According to their website, the visitation period ends in twenty minutes.

"Mmmm-hmmm, which one snookums?"

"Emilena Echo." Flora held out a clipping from today's newspaper. "Says here you got her."

The receptionist neither confirmed nor denied. "ID please." She hardly glanced at Shirley's ID while passing a locker key over. "You've got twenty minutes. Please leave all electronics and

other items in locker 5T. That key's the only thing you may bring into the visitation area."

Twenty minutes later, Flora found herself sitting on one side of a table with a scarred and grumpy vixen in an orange jumpsuit looking tiredly at her. They were in a holding area with guards at every wall, and other prisoners were enjoying visits from their significant others. "You got balls just coming and seeing me like this, kid," were the first words out of the older woman's mouth. "You know you're on a government list now, right?"

"Shirley's on a government list," Flora replied, keeping her voice casual but low. "And I'm sure you know by now that I'm not really Shirley." Flora was banking on the hustle and bustle of the many other visits happening around them to mask their conversation. "Which is what I want to understand. How'd you know I dyed my fur black?"

"You have aquamarine eyes." Emilena almost seemed disinterested in explaining herself. "Never met a black wolf with eyes like that. So I plucked a few of your hairs when I stuffed you in the SUV, and the follicles were pink. Which of course only added more questions."

"It's been a while since I've have time to reapply the dye. But don't worry, I'm not an Augment," she added quickly before Emilena snapped her neck or something. "At least not by choice. My parents just did a lot of messed-up shit to my zygote. They were...free thinkers."

"Mmm," nodded Emilena. "I've been there. Did you know I'm only eight?"

Flora blinked. "Eight what?"

"Look up the Accelerated Growth Program." Emilena checked her nails. "So please don't start blaming your parents for how messed up your life is right now. We're all responsible for our own decisions."

The fur bristled on the back of Flora's neck. "I wasn't. I was actually coming to let you know that we haven't forgotten you, and see if you'd like to give us a bit more info on...you know. Cause you cut off kinda abruptly before."

Emilena thought. "Hmmm. You know what? No."

Flora cocked an eyebrow. "No, you don't have any more info...?"

"No, I wouldn't like to." Emilena picked dirt out from under her claws. "I got exactly what y'all need; testimonies, witness statements, and the name of the cop who silenced all those witnesses to kill the case. Tell the Purifiers if they want the dirt, bust me out. I'm not interested in being left behind."

"We wouldn't let that happen," Flora assured her.

Emilena spared her a disbelieving glance. "Who's ewe'? I hardly know you, and anyone who knows me thinks I'm better off behind bars."

"Maybe." Flora stood up; her twenty minutes were up. "But not these bars. Even if you don't believe the others have your back, you'll see soon enough."

Emilena narrowed her eyes and resolved to try and fashion some sort of weapon as soon as she was back in her cell. "Hey," she interrupted as the wolf was making to leave. "I never got my explanation. Lab rat or not, why are you on the run?"

Flora stopped. "Tell you what. You're holding a name from us, so I'll return the favor. If and when you cough up the name of the police officer, I'll tell you my real name." Her eyes flashed playfully, like she was having fun with their back-and-forth dynamic. "Trust me, that's all you'll need to put the pieces together."

"I don't normally let people toy with me," growled Emilena as Flora left, but she still couldn't help but admire the girl's chutzpah.

Flora returned to the seedy apartment where both teams were holding out. "I think she got the hint, but she's not particularly open with expressing herself," she reported to Marcus. She gestured to a map of the police department spread on the floor. "They brought her in through this door, meaning she's probably held in the west cells, near the infirmary."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 01, 2016, 07:36:24 PM**

"I didn't order pizza," Soren said as he laid eyes on a young German Shepherd dressed in a deliveryman's outfit and holding a steaming box labeled "Arno River Italian Kitchen".

The deliveryman's tail lowered as he looked at the pizza box. "Could you just pay for it, please? It's coming out of my paycheck."

"Don't give a shit. Bye!" Soren slammed the door in the deliveryman's face. He sighed as he deadbolted the door.

"Who was it?" Anne called from the other room.

"Pizza deliveryman!" He noticed Aaron sitting on the couch, his SMG dangling from a sling and resting on his lap.

The Human wasn't permitted to carry a firearm unless they were actually on a mission so he was armed with a metal towel rack he ripped out of the decrepit bathroom.

Anne finished off her falafel pita and threw the wrapper into the trashcan. The mare sat cross-legged on the grimy carpeted floor as she looked over the map with Flora and Marcus.

"One problem, it's not like we can just drag her out through the front doors of the place." Anne took a sip of her beer. She pointed a finger to the floorplan. "If it is an elevated building, we could have someone fly up under and cut a hole through the floor and get her out that way."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 02, 2016, 01:16:36 AM**

Soren! be nice! Marita said strolling over the door, ,. unlocking it and looking out the door. she saw the Pizza guy headed towards the elevator. Marita called out ' Hey! ' and made a ' ; come here' motion. The delivery boy came back his face looking downcast ' How much is it? Marita asked kindly ' 120 creds ' the German Shepard replied ' Thats before the tip..' Why dont we go with 200 creds?' Marita said handing him a cred card for him to swipe.' thanks mam. i mean it DOES come out of my check..' Whats on it. ' half and half, half pepperoni half everything." we'll take it. whats your name?' Billy Mam' well Billy thank you for the pizza" Marita said, as the swiper flashed green indicating a creds transfer. " thank you for the tip mam. Have a good evening " the pizza boy smiled as he handed Marita the pizza and walked away toward the elevator. Marita went back in and relocked the door. ' she opened the pizza box and let the smell of warm pizza waft over the room. " well guys dinner tonight is pizza. Dig in. and Soren, you need to work on your people skills. Kid was just trying to make a few creds, who cares if you didnt order it, point is, someone did. Might have been Shirley."

marita walked over to the entryway to pther room and stuck her head in ' pizza Girls! better grab a slice before they are all gone" She said cheerfully.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 02, 2016, 01:32:12 AM**

Flora helped herself to a slice but otherwise stayed out of it. She'd done her part for busting out Emilena, now it was someone else's job to risk their lives infiltrating a police station.

By all rights, Lily knew she should be waking up with a splitting headache, but her powers had already healed all the damage by the time she regained consciousness. However the only thing it couldn't heal, her mental confusion and horror, still left her badly disoriented as she tried to get her bearings.

She was in a decent sized basement, strapped naked to a wooden chair bolted to the floor. Her arms were bound to the armrests with heavy leather straps. From the ceiling dangled a bare light bulb. Along the left side of the basement was placed a row of cramped wire cages, the doors firmly shut with padlocks holding them closed. At the far end of the room was some sort of wooden table, metal manacles connected to the four corners by chains. A thick-looking bag had been left on the table's surface, and coiled on the floor next to it was a dirty garden hose, hooked up to a tap in the wall. Water was pooled on the table's surface, and the bag looked damp, as if it had recently been soaked. A car battery with attached nodes sat securely beside the table.

"What the hell?" she breathed, almost passing out again from shock. She wondered if this was all a terrible dream. Jolting her body furiously in an attempt to dislodge the chair, she succeeded only in making several loud thumps against the armrests.

She still couldn't believe just how psychotic her husband turned out to be. He'd been emotionally and physically torturing her (and, more likely than not, her children) for god knows how long. Everything in this room was designed to cause maximum pain and discomfort without leaving any physical marks. Her head spun as every assumption she'd made about her life before she lost her memory in Lanthae was dashed.

The featureless wooden door on the left wall slid open and Denny entered the room silently. He must have heard the ruckus from shaking her chair.

"*Denny!*" Lily screamed at him in equal parts disbelief and rage. "What the hell is this? What-- *Mmmph!*?" Without another word, her husband crossed behind her and wrapped a heavy plastic bag over her head. Tightening it until the cinch dug painfully into her neck, he thrashed her violently until she was passing out from oxygen deprivation. But before unconsciousness could take her, he would spare her a single short breath before doing it again.

After her protests had dissolved into haggard sobs, he suddenly ripped the bag off of her head. Turning on the hose, he shot her directly in the face with a harsh jet of stinging frigid water.

"Denny...!" she whimpered, shivering violently in her restraints.

"I'm reminding you of how things work around her," he said matter-of-factly. From a dark chest he withdrew a sock containing something round and viciously whipped her across the face. The smell of citrus suddenly blended with the scent of musk and blood in her nose. She remembered that beating someone with oranges wouldn't leave a bruise.

Denny had a few choice lashes for her chest, legs, and crotch before graduating to a broom with a towel wrapped around the end. "You don't go outside anymore," he ordered, broadsiding her in the stomach. "You don't ask questions. You take care of my kids, and you ask for my permission to do anything."

"Oh god, I remember!" shrieked Lily, eyes dilating with sudden realization. "I remember this! I remember everything!" Her eyes flooded with hot tears and all the fight went out of her posture. "This all makes sense now!"

Denny smiled. "Good. Glad we're on the same page." He watched with satisfaction as Lily broke down in front of him. "Now you're acting how I remember you, too." Stepping forward,

he pet his wife's face softly. "There, there," he consoled. "It's all right. You were a bad wife and an even worse mother, but there's still time to redeem yourself."

Lily blinked. She looked up at Denny, eyes pinched with fear. "R-redeem myself?"

Denny nodded. "It'll take time. But I think you can do it." His hand traveled down her neck. "You can make up for all these months you abandoned your children..." His hand tremored for a second as he shook his head dizzily. "You can...fulfill your duties as my...wife..."

"Denny, what's wrong?" asked Lily, as he dropped down to his knees in front of her.

Denny blinked his eyes in an attempt to regain his focus. His hand fell onto her thigh as his head, suddenly too exhausted to stay vertical, dropped into her lap. It was at this point that he suddenly realized something was very wrong.

"Denny..." Lily's voice had lost all trace of weakness. "That feeling is your red blood cells forgetting to resupply with oxygen. That feeling is your heart shutting down. If you fall asleep, Denny, you're not going to wake up."

Denny's eyes flew open. He tried to speak but his mouth couldn't form the words.

"I don't want to kill you Denny..." Lily assured him. "Untie me, and then we can be happy together. Forever."

Denny's arms suddenly found their energy restored. Urgently he undid the leather straps on Lily's chair. As soon as he was free, Lily stood up, letting her husband crumple to the ground.

"I've been around the city since I left you, Denny..." Lily kneeled over her fallen husband, maintaining a firm grip on his wrist so she could keep draining his energy. "I've met a lot of people. Actually I've met quite a few who shared the same pastimes as yourself."

Denny gaped like a fish as his eyes lost their focus and his limbs started twitching of their own accord.

"As a matter of fact, I specialized in letting them torture me." Her lips were millimeters from his ear. "And you know what I learned from them, Denny? I learned you were a goddamn *amateur*."

Her nails dug into his flesh. Denny cried out in agony as every nerve in his body was filled with unimaginable pain. In seconds his bladder overloaded with urine, burst, and then repaired itself. His airway shriveled up from asthma, his lungs collapsed, and then they restored themselves. His tongue swelled with tumors and his eyes burnt from jaundice and dehydration. Pus leaked from his pores and then was reabsorbed in oily bursts.

Lily kept up Denny's personal cycle of regeneration for hours, until her powers informed her that he was a comatose vegetable. Then she got up and gripped the back of the door. Prying it open, she found her children at the top of the stairs leading down to the basement. Evidently they'd heard Denny's screams.

"Christian..." she consoled, "Aylin...Hannah..." *I could heal them*, Lily thought, taking the frightened children into her arms. *I could restore their minds, cure the years of developmental damage. But what then? I don't have time for them, and their lives would be forever stunted by the memories. No, she resolved, watching as one by one they dropped lifelessly to the floor around her. Better to end the pain. They were all going to die someday anyway.*

Not even bothering to find clothes, she opened the front door and walked into the cul-de-sac. It was a moonless night, and nobody was around to see her leave.

Except one. From a crack between the venetian blinds in his room, Ejlert North watched as his family's murderer left the neighborhood the same way she had come.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 02, 2016, 03:05:17 AM**

Aaron nodded at Soren, indicating he did the right thing.

"If it's one thing I learned from staying in shitholes like this, it's that unsolicited deliveries are usually covering up for something," Aaron replied. "So what's the plan?"

Soren ignored the odor of pizza. He already had some catfish nuggets he had purchased from a local fast food joint.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **March 02, 2016, 05:03:19 PM**

"The building isn't elevated," Marcus said, shaking his head. "Can't get in that way."

Slouching back in a rickety wooden chair, Axel craned his neck to look at the map. He was clutching a cheap bottle of beer that he'd managed to buy from the small, questionable bar on the ground floor. It was like drinking dishwater, but at this point he'd take what he could get. "What if we cracked open her cell wall? Get her out then haul ass?" A slice of pizza was offered to him, and Axel swatted it away irritably. "You kidding me? I'm not touching that, we didn't order it."

"Too loud. Draw too much attention. And the walls are probably too thick to do it in any reasonable amount of time." Marcus grunted, running a finger over the section of the map depicting the west cells. "Don't even know which cell she's in. If you're right," he flicked his stare to Flora briefly, "then we can pinpoint it to this general area, but it's a big precinct. Too many cells to take our chances." The doberman frowned. "On top of that, we don't know how much extra surveillance is on her."

"Shit." Axel slumped back and took another swig.

Marcus kept staring at the map, his teeth grinding. There had to be *some* way of getting in and escorting her out under some false pretense... "Could be some way to clear out the west cells. Cause something to make them temporarily transfer the prisoners. Get to her while she's being moved," he muttered.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 02, 2016, 06:59:25 PM**

"What about a water leak?" suggested Flora. "I remember when one of my...a concert that I was attending...blew a valve and flooded the stadium. Fucked up all the electronics too. Maybe they got a fire sprinkler system or something," she shrugged.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 03, 2016, 09:18:02 PM**

Anne looked around the room. It was then she noticed the fire alarm on the wall. She smiled. "Why not set off the fire alarm directly?" As if anticipating everyone's response, she spoke. "We're not going to start a huge fire in the police station. We can just buy some hotsticks, take out the ignition system, wrap it in some paper and then let the whole thing on fire near a smoke detector."

The sound of a flushing toilet indicated that Aaron had just used the bathroom. "Any luck or are we just stuck in an infinite loop?"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **March 03, 2016, 09:42:15 PM**

i could hack the system to set off the water sprinklers' Marita offered ' most of those are run by computers , and automatically turn on and off.."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **March 05, 2016, 10:36:14 AM**

"If she can start the water system without us having to start a fire, we'll do that. Less risks we take, the better." Marcus looked at Marita. "They won't evacuate the area just like that. You need to keep them on, make sure nobody on their end can turn them off. Eventually, they'll have to move them."

He went back to studying the map. "Next question is how do we get in a position where we can get to her. She won't be moved through an area near the public." The cell block on the south-most side of the precinct was the closest to that on the west where Emilena was being kept, the blocks joined by a corridor which essentially ran in an L shape. He peered closer. Along the corridor the prisoners would be lead through was a large electrical maintenance room. *That could be our in.* Marcus looked at the hacker again. "How easily would you be able to gain access to the electrical systems? Disrupt the power around the building? And how soon?" He tapped on the electrical room on the map. "If the problems are persistent enough, it could be possible for us to say we're there to deal with the problem. The prisoners would be led past the maintenance room. Could be our chance to get her."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **March 05, 2016, 01:31:23 PM**

quite easily ' Marita said confidently ' it would take me less than 1 minute. Marita looked over the map noticing all the electrical outlet. ' the easiest way would be to create a cascade effect, knock out sections of the buildings power one after the other. this isnt one single connected system, otherwise it would be easy to kill the power to the entire station. its broken up into 5 segments, the 3 floors, the prison cells and maintenance area. yeah the maintenance area has its own separate system, so that they can tap and run power from it if 1 of the others has a problem. as for how long we could control it..well there is a risk that the system could lock me out after a few minutes. so we're looking at a window of 5 minutes, more if I'm lucky. for simplicity's sake, we'll say you have 5 minutes" Marita said.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 06, 2016, 12:37:45 AM**

Flora helped herself to another slice of pizza. Axel was correct that it wasn't safe to eat something that seemed to come from nowhere, but she'd already had a piece so there was little reason not to continue.

"So who's going?" asked a purifier, ignoring the pizza. "Small team I assume, sounds a bit more stealthy than our usual M.O."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **March 06, 2016, 06:50:54 PM**

"Small team," Marcus agreed. "Three or four maximum. Less of us, less attention." He turned, his grizzled face scanning everyone in the room. "Have to be unremarkable. People they won't recognise. Since they won't have any recent records of me, I'll go."

He looked at Marita. "We'll need you here to deal with the computer systems and make sure

nothing surprises us." Marcus' eyes flicked to the disheveled rat sitting to his right. "Not you. They'd see you coming a mile away."

Axel shrugged. "Whatever. Works for me." He stood up and lurched over to the sagging bed in the corner of the room, flopping back against the greasy-looking covers with a sigh as the dregs of his beer sloshed around the bottom of the bottle.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 06, 2016, 11:28:58 PM**

Anne finished her bottle of beer and tossed it into the recycling bin. "I'll go."

It was then that Aaron walked into the room. He overheard the whole conversation. The German Shepherd shook his head. "You have any run-ins with the law recently?"

Anne's ears splayed as she wrung her hands. "Well..." Her body began to twitch as withdrawal set in. She quickly grabbed a pill from the blister package sitting on the end table and swallowed it without water.

Aaron shook his head. "You're not coming. Look, how do we know you're not going to blue screen on us? And furthermore, with all the shit you've been up to, the cops'll recognize you by sight."

The other Purifer pointed to Soren who was sitting on the couch. "Go take Inspector Gadget. Far as I could tell, he doesn't have a record."

Aaron rubbed his muzzle with his hand. He could literally smell the couple having sex in the room next door. "Soren's someone we take if we need something found, repaired, taken apart or destroyed. Remember, this is a guy who charged into our base in Lanthae -- alone, mind you -- when his friends were held captive there."

(OOC - "Blue screen" - slang for sudden and erratic behavioral changes or unconsciousness or other adverse effects from drug withdrawal.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 07, 2016, 01:43:38 AM**

"And we might need any of that shit," grunted a Purifier. "We're not exactly going in with all the answers here. I bet there's gonna be a lot of improvising no matter how prepared we try to be."

"Unless you'd rather go yourself, Aaron" suggested another. "Though we might want at least one teammate whom Echo would consider an actual ally. Keep her cooperative."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 08, 2016, 11:50:23 AM**

There was a knock on the door. Soren peered through the peephole and saw that it was a large Anaconda with a cart full of cleaning supplies.

He opened the door just a little bit, the chain keeping the door from opening further. The other half of his body was concealed by the door and the railing he had as a weapon was hidden as well.

"Housekeeping," the Anaconda said.

"Could you come back in a few hours?" Soren said.

The Anaconda said nothing but slithered away. As soon as the janitor was out of sight, he quickly shut and deadbolted the door.

"Who was it?" Anne called from the other room

"Housekeeping!" Soren shouted back. He resumed his position on the couch.

"Good point," Anne said. "Soren's the only person that Emilena trusts. But let's face it; he's hot-headed and impulsive. Granted, he is good at thinking on his feet."

Aaron rubbed his muzzle with a hand. "We'll need that fast thinking in the event the whole operation goes to shit. And with how little we know, it probably will go to shit."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **March 09, 2016, 07:12:15 PM**

"Alright. Almaya comes." Truth be told, Soren's lone charge into the Purifier's base screamed reckless to Marcus, and that was the kind of trait he'd have preferred to avoid. But they were right - a familiar face was more likely to keep things smoother with Emilena, and Soren was the least likely to draw attention.

He glanced at the cheap, plastic clock hanging on the wall, aware of time slipping away from them. "We need at least one more."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 09, 2016, 07:23:02 PM**

we'll need someone who isn't known to the cops and someone who won't draw attention ' Marie said " i'll go' she volunteered "marita will be here doing her job, and i can keep a low profile. We're going to need someone who doesn't draw attention, and i've got a clean record. Besides clock is ticking..'

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 09, 2016, 10:44:27 PM**

Aaron nodded. "All right, we good to go?"

He looked at everyone else.

Anne exited the bathroom. "So what's my role."

Aaron looked at the horn protruding from the mare's forehead. "You stay here and eavesdrop on police chatter so the hacker can work around them."

He then pointed to the two Purifiers. "You two stand guard. Remember, no one but us enters the room. And there must be one person standing guard at all times. Got that?"

The German Shepherd checked to see if his pistol was still inside his chest holster. "Hey Inspector Gadget! Get over here!"

"Coming!" Soren jogged over to where everyone was located.

Aaron nodded. "Good. You're coming with us to rescue Emilena."

Soren said nothing but he inwardly sighed. Rescuing her wasn't something he looked forward

to...though getting oversided by the four Purifier operatives in the room for refusing wasn't appealing either.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 09, 2016, 10:58:36 PM**

Mari went over to soren and aaron ' so who's going to be the driver she asked' i'll drive if no one objects.

- rose headed over to Flora ' Hey shirley. how are you doing?' she asked.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 09, 2016, 11:24:30 PM**

There was another knock, and since Soren was no longer the closest to the door Flora went and checked it out by sliding the Judas window open to see a well-dressed young man with combed back hair and a briefcase.

"Hello, I was wondering if you were interested in hearing about our lord and savior Jesus Christ?" he asked.

"Sorry, we worship Satan in this hotel room." she replied. "Wanna buy a pitchfork?"

She received only stunned silence. Considering this enough, she closed the slide and returned to the room. "Hey Rose, if you wanna learn about Jesus, there's a guy here wanting to talk to you," she told the older woman, hoping to dodge the imminent conversation herself.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **March 10, 2016, 06:35:33 PM**

Marcus shook his head at Marie. "You're not driving. Something goes wrong, I want to *know* we can get out of there as soon as possible. I'll take the wheel going there, Aaron drives us back."

Still lying on the bed, Axel the last of his beer and dropped the bottle on the floor. It rolled along the grimy carpet and came to stop against the wall with a *clunk*. "You aren't gonna be able to just walk in like that. If you say you're there to repair stuff, you need to look like..." The rat waved his hand. "... repair guys."

"There's a maintenance storage room downstairs. With any luck, there'll be some overall we can take. If they aren't too distinctive, police at the station shouldn't look too closely," Marcus said without turning.

"We don't have much time. Need to start preparing now." Marcus glanced at Marita. "Try to get into their system now. Disrupt what you can. We leave for the station in the morning."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 10, 2016, 11:32:13 PM**

on it' marita said and began typing away at her computer. should be in in a few minutes.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 12, 2016, 02:11:48 AM**

Aaron nodded. "I'll be back in a moment." He exited the room and made his way into the hallway that stank of cheap air freshener, cleaners, chem-burners, urine and alcohol. He

passed by a bellhop moving some luggage into a room.

The German Shepherd took the elevator to the lobby where a Boa Constrictor and his Rat rent boy checking in. He ignored the duo and took a left turn where upon he came across said maintenance storage room. Finding the door unlocked, he opened it and grabbed the jumpsuits that looked like they'd fit.

Aaron's ears pricked up as he detected the scent of someone approaching. Thinking quickly, he squeezed himself between the wall and the industrial washing machine. He willed his heart to stop beating so quickly but all that was for naught when he heard the person speak. "I know you're in here. Come out before I call the cops."

Defeated, Aaron emerged from his hiding spot and found himself looking at a young Asian man.

"How...How did you know I was in here?" Aaron asked.

"You left the door open and I was able to hear your heartbeat," the man replied.

"But that's impossible for a Human to hear!"

The man pointed to his ear. "Cochlear implant. I was born deaf but with it, I hear perfectly. And I voided the warrantee to give myself super-hearing. But enough of that, tell me what you're going to do with those uniforms you stole or I call the cops."

Aaron's ears pivoted back and forth as he tried to think of a plan. He then hit upon a brilliant idea. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a 1,000 credit chit. "I suppose 1,000 creds won't make this encounter disappear?"

The man looked at it. That was over ten times his hourly wage and simply for ignoring a thief stealing janitorial jumpsuits. He nodded. "You have a deal."

Aaron tossed the man the credit chit and left the room.

The door opened and the two Purifier guards got ready for action but stopped when they saw it was just Aaron.

He threw the jumpsuits on the couch. "Okay, I got the clothing."

(OOC - Chem-burner is slang for a chemically ignited self-lighting cigarette.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 14, 2016, 04:18:34 AM**

Flora parted the fur on the back of her hand and bit her lip when she saw a trace of pink . "Welp, good luck with the rescue all; I'm taking a shower." Departing to the bathroom, she locked the door and then, thinking she should play it safe, wedged the scale between the door and the sink to double-reinforce it. With freaks like these people walking around, she'd prefer to not be rudely interrupted.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **March 20, 2016, 05:22:58 PM**

The dark, overcast clouds of the early morning had melted away, revealing a clear, icy blue sky above the city. An elderly man, up early for another of his walks which seemed to help ease the pain in his knee, sat hunched over on a bench, his stick-like figure hidden behind a large newspaper. His frail hands slowly turned the page. A *Brennan Synthetics* ad filled one page of

the cheap, pulpy paper, telling him to 'Step towards the future'. "*Too old for that shit*," he thought. Besides, the way things were going for them lately, he wouldn't have to worry about seeing their adverts for much longer. He scanned the other page, and his eyes passed over a piece squashed into a tiny section at the bottom of the page, something about a shootout in one of the poorer parts of the city.

The old man lowered the newspaper and squinted up at the police station squatting across from him, on the other side of the street. "Great work protecting the city." With a sigh, his breath condensing into a small cloud in the chilly air, he began the laborious process of easing himself up. He didn't pay any attention to the plain black vehicle which pulled up onto the sidewalk a little further up the road.

Behind the wheel as the engine idled, Marcus glanced at the clock on the dashboard. *8:15 AM. Making good time.* He adjusted the buttons on his grey jumpsuit then turned to look at Aaron and Marie, similarly dressed. "We're here. Get ready." Marcus lifted his cell phone. "Marita, how's it looking on your end?" he growled into it.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 20, 2016, 07:50:32 PM**

I'm in. just waiting for you to tell me to spring the system.' Marita replied over the phone.' and it will be sprung. you'll have 10 minutes to get Emilena out. I cant promise more time than that
_ ready on my end " marie said Cover story ready for use."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 23, 2016, 08:44:25 PM**

Soren adjusted his stolen jumpsuit. The clothing fit him remarkably well. He sniffed the sleeve and noticed that it smelled freshly laundered. A toolbox with assorted plumbing equipment and tools was next to him. Buried under the pipes, wrenches and screwdrivers was the SMG that he had been loaned.

Aaron turned to Marie. "Plumbers right?"

Soren held up the toolbox. "Got it."

Aaron turned to Marcus. "All right, let's get this shit on the road." He looked at the police station. The station itself was ringed by electrified fences and armed drones flitted through the air, scanning for any escapees. The only way in was through a guard post and a heavy metal gate.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 24, 2016, 01:38:27 AM**

yeah. Plumbers, just here to fix a leak on the second floor.' Marie said, ' we've got the parts and everything.' She said, patting the toolbox she carried ' alright. Lets go fix this "problem" she said getting out the side of the vehicle with a casual air, looking for all the world like an ordinary plumber.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 24, 2016, 09:48:56 PM**

The guard waved them through, motioning to open the metal gate for them. They looked enough like plumbers with the uniforms and the clipboards that he felt no reason to suspect

them.

* * *

Back at the hideout, Lily took a deep breath as she observed the room where Axel and the others were hiding out. Gritting her teeth, she marched up to the door and found it locked. She knocked impatiently.

"Chrissake, who is it now?" muttered Flora, who was on the couch playing a first person shooter on her smartphone. "Any reason we picked the most popular hotel room in the city? I'm not answering it this time."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **March 27, 2016, 06:54:44 PM**

As the gate rattled open to let them pass, Marcus felt his attention drawn to the drones hovering ominously above them. If they opened fire, the team would be shredded by the bullets. He shared a brief glance with Aaron. *We can't afford to fuck up.*

They soon drew close to the main entrance, and pushing open the heavy double doors found themselves standing in the main lobby of the station. An anxious looking man sat behind the reception desk spotted them walking in and stood up, waving them over with a pained expression. "You here for the water system?"

Marcus nodded, indicating their uniforms and holding up the large duffle bag he was carrying. "That's us."

"Oh, thank christ." The receptionist sighed, relieved. Marcus noticed that his uniform seemed damp. "It's been acting up for the last... couple of hours now. It's all over the place too. Tried to go for a piss half an hour ago and the sprinklers..." The man shook his head. "Anyway. If you could all step step through the scanner please, one at a time. You'll be led through after. And I'll need that bag." He held his hand out.

"Sure." Handing it over, Marcus approached the tall structure to the right of the desk, shaped vaguely like a doorway, and stepped slowly through, allowing the scan to pass over him and feed to image back to the receptionist's monitor. He couldn't help feel a sense of relief that he'd left his gun back at the motel. The receptionist fed the duffle bag through a similar device, and nodded as the image returned showed only wrenches and other tools. HE motioned to Aaron and Marie. "Alright, come on."

The black sedan slowed as it approached the guard post, the tinted window sliding down as the vehicle stopped beside the heavyset officer. "Identification," he grunted.

A slender hand reached out, flipping open a detective's badge imprinted with the initials H.P.D. "Detective Hengsha, Holmia P.D."

The guard peered at the badge, then leaned over slightly to get a look at who the quiet voice belonged to. He was met with the impassive gaze of a small, thin-faced woman, asian. Her dark eyes stared at him for a second longer, then a warm smile creased her face. "Looks like it's going to be a nice day."

Straightening, the guard waved her through, already counting down the hours until his lunch break.

"Thank you." Rolling up her window, her friendly expression vanished. She pulled the car forward then swung to the left towards the parking on the side of the police station. Pulling into a place, she turned the engine off then slipped a cell phone from her pocket. "I'm through. Felix did good work with the badge."

"Good," came the reply. "You're clear on your task?"

"Yes. Find out what she knows, what she's told others, then deal with her. Echo won't be a problem for us."

"Excellent. Good luck then." The voice paused briefly. "And Junko... be careful."

Junko smiled for a moment, a genuine smile. "I will. Contact you soon." Hanging up, she exhaled briefly, then opened the car door, the tiny vial of ricin sewn into her belt weighing nothing.

Axel groaned, peeling his eyes away from the TV screen where Dr. Roberts was helping a grieving family deal with the loss of a father, or a child, or something. Axel didn't particularly care, he was just looking for a distraction from his current shitty situation. "Why do we even need to open the door. What's the fucking point."

"Maybe it's more free pizza," one of the Purifiers grunted, accompanied by enthusiastic nods by his teammates. He pointed a beefy finger at Axel. "Open it."

"Goddammit." Painstakingly, Axel slowly raised himself up off the couch and approached the door, pulling it open with a sigh. The sigh died in his throat when he saw who was on the other side. The rat blinked, shaking his head. "I thought I told you - I'm *done*. I don't care about your problems."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 29, 2016, 03:00:28 AM**

Soren kept his calm as his toolbox was scanned. He prayed that they didn't notice the SMG he tucked inside. Luckily, the receptionist let him through after he was scanned for explosives.

He let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding as he looked around the interior. Sure enough, there were "Wet Floor" signs seemingly everywhere as janitors mopped up puddles.

Aaron nudged Soren. "We're not going down that way." He then looked at the placards on the concrete wall for directions. A camera overhead kept an eye on them. He shot it a glance out of the corner of his eye but otherwise ignored it. As long as they acted like they knew what they were doing, no one would suspect them anything.

Soren turned to Aaron and hefted his toolbox. "Okay, let's fix the busted-ass sprinklers." It was a coded term to continue their plan and disguise their intentions by sounding like something a group of plumbers would say.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 01, 2016, 03:26:37 PM**

"What on Earth makes you think I'm here for *you*?" snarled Lily. "Get the hell out of my way!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 08, 2016, 04:43:17 PM**

Marie made her way up the steps, carrying her toolbox. Water ran down the steps from above, indicating that the sprinklers had affected the second floor as well, and likely all the floors.' she

smiled inwardly ' Marita was very good at hacking, this was going rather well, so far. she paused at the top of the steps, and stepped into a medium-sized pool of water' he pointed to the left ' lets start down here' she said. bring the vacuum' she added ' using one of the agreed codewords.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **April 10, 2016, 03:03:53 PM**

Soren nodded. "Bring the vacuum" was code for following the speaker. He had pondered how to get Emilena out of there but he figured that Marie had everything under control.

A Python janitor ignored the group as she tried to divert the flow of water coming from up the stairs and into a floor drain.

Aaron's booted feet sloshed through the puddles on the concrete floor. Most of the sprinklers had been shut off by the in-house repair team. "You know, we might have to turn off water to the whole building before we can fix the leak." Again, this was a code phrase that had been agreed on to mean that security systems and guards might have to be taken out after they got Emilena.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **April 10, 2016, 05:16:38 PM**

Axel scowled at who he took to be Lily's clone, his crooked ear twitching. "You know what? Fuck off," he said and swung the door shut in her face. Muttering under the breath, he skulked back to the couch, throwing an irritated glance over his shoulder to one of the Purifiers. "Your pet's arrived."

Marcus glanced sharply at Aaron and Soren. "Only if we need to." Killing more cops would only bring more trouble down on them, and right now that was the last thing he thought they needed. Following behind Marie as they headed towards the maintenance corridor, he shared the German Shepard's concern about Emilena. If she'd been moved from the cell block already, it could throw the plan out the window. He raised his cell phone. "You manage to track down those spare pipes yet?" he said lowly, the code phrase for *where's Emilena?* - trusting that Marita had managed to access the CCTV feed.

Striding confidently to the front doors of the precinct, Junko pushed the doors open... and paused briefly when she saw the disarray the building was in. The smell of damp filled her nostrils, and as she scanned the room a disgruntled looking officer shambled across the far side of the hall holding a bucket. He stopped in front of a persistent leak and dropped the bucket under it, looking like he was wondering where his life went wrong.

Shaking her head, Junko walked further in, stopping in front of the reception desk. "Detective Hengsha, Holmia P.D." As the receptionist glanced up from his computer, Junko leaned forward amiably, her elbows resting against the corner of the counter. "Looks like it's not such a good morning for you guys over here."

The man blinked. "Yeah, that's... putting it lightly. Can I help you?"

She straightened. "You've recently detained a individual who could be crucial to a case I'm leading. Emilena Echo. I need to speak to her."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 10, 2016, 06:45:41 PM**

spare pipes have been located. they are under the bench' Marita replied ' this was code for ' shes in a cell down to the left'' you guys better move someone just came up the front desk looking for a 'package'' Our package in fact. I calculate you guys have 3 minutes max'' Marita said.' Bust a pipe''

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 10, 2016, 09:36:19 PM**

Lily seethed with anger, but couldn't restrain her surprise. She didn't remember Axel having enough gall to slam a door in her face like that. She furiously slammed her fist into the door so hard the hinges rattled.

Nothing happened so she scoped out the window and saw Flora on the couch. "Hey, let me in!" she snapped.

"Sorry, busy playing with Barbie." Flora didn't take her eyes off her phone game, and had to fight to repress a smile as Lily growled a strangled cry of frustration and disappeared from the window.

Emilena's relatively nonsensical dream was interrupted by a sudden flash of anger and shock. Rolling over with a start, she fell out of her cot for the first time since she was five.

She would have reflected on where the odd rage came from, had a cold dunk into three inches of water not dashed all other thoughts from her mind. As is often the case, by the time she'd staggered to her feet and shimmied her soaked jumpsuit off, she'd lost all memory of her dreams.

What the hell is this? she wondered, looking at the hallway and seeing the water damage was not restricted to her cell. "Tax dollars at work..." she muttered, hiding on her cot for the time being and beginning to wring her jumpsuit dry.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **April 13, 2016, 03:04:52 AM**

"Let's hope those pipes get here within three minutes or we'll have to come back tomorrow," Aaron said. He sniffed the air, trying to catch Emilena's scent. The humidity made it only slightly more difficult. He pointed down the leftmost fork of a three-split hallway.

"If the package is damaged, do we accept it or do we demand a refund?" Soren asked. He was thankful his boots were non-slip and waterproof as he sloshed through the puddles. He passed by a janitor who breathed a sigh of relief as she vacuumed up the massive puddles.

Both those phrases were coded terms for "We need to find Emilena in three minutes or we have to get out of here." and "If we run into the person looking for Emilena, do we kill them or simply say we don't have Emilena?" respectively.

The duo passed by several empty cells. Apparently the guards had been moving the prisoners to the non-flooded cells.

Anne was sleeping off her stimulant crash in the corner of the grimy motel room. Thanks to her Equine physiology, she was literally asleep on her feet. Even Lily's outburst failed to rouse her.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **April 16, 2016, 01:21:14 AM**

we accept the damage and fix it as best we can ": Marita replied : this was code for" get Emilena out any way you can." " Incoming eta 90 seconds. 'Better find that leak.'
_ Marita sniffed in the air and made a beekine to a cell that was at the top of the steps. she glared into the cell then made a motion to the other " found defective pipe" she said. ' this was code for ' found her'

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **April 18, 2016, 04:53:07 PM**

Marcus stopped in front of the indicated cell. His features gave no sign of recognition as his stare passed coldly through the bars onto the soaked Emilena within. Shifting his grip on the tool bag, he glanced surreptitiously around. Two guards at the end of the corridor, talking together but every now and then shooting looks in their direction. On the other side of the cell block, another guard was patrolling outside cells containing more prisoners waiting to be moved.

He grunted. "The inner surface of the pipes is oxidising." This was coded slang for '*There are 3 guards in the immediate vicinity who could be a problem if we want to get her out. Also, as we now have a pressing time limit, we need to think fast*'. But how the hell were they going to get her out and make off with her?

He heard footsteps approaching from behind, and Marcus turned to see a new police officer walking in their direction. He waited until the officer drew closer then cleared his throat. "Excuse me sir, we've been brought in to fix the problem with the water pipes, and we need to take a look at the pipe network which runs through this cell. But there's a prisoner..."

The officer shrugged. "You can have all the time you want. Taking her across to the interrogation rooms, you can get inside in a second." He stepped past Marcus, the corner of his mouth creasing as he saw the condition of the cell. "Shit, it's like a swimming pool in there... Come on, someone wants to speak to you."

As the officer spoke, Marcus locked eyes at his teammates. *This could be our chance. Just need to pick the best moment.*

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **April 18, 2016, 07:59:09 PM**

Soren locked eyes with Emilena as the guard prepared to unlock the cell. He shifted slightly, the toolbox's weight starting to strain on him. He looked at the inside of the cell, focusing his attention on the concrete wall. "Do you think we can clean the pipes here or do we gotta take 'em back to the shop for cleaning?" This was a code for "*Do we just kill the guards while they move Emilena? Or do we break her out when she's in the interrogation room?*"

Aaron shook his head. "We don't got the tools to properly clean them here. That'll have to wait until we get back to the shop." This was the coded response for "*Too many guards here. We'll break her out at the interrogation room.*"

Soren maintained his calm demeanor as he peered down the empty cell block. The time limit hung heavy on his mind. If the person looking for Emilena showed up any time soon, then there was a good chance they'd have to blow their cover...violently.

Aaron looked at the clock on the wall. "Damn it! Those pipes should be here by now!" This was the coded response for "*We're running really short on time now!*"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 18, 2016, 09:07:04 PM**

Emilena glanced up, sighed and slipped her jumpsuit back on. "Why'd I even bother drying the damn thing out..." Sloshing her way to the door, she held her hands through the bars and allowed herself to be handcuffed. Then she stepped aside as the guard unlocked the celldoor open and began leading her down the corridor.

It was then that she noticed Marcus' team. Her pupils dilated and she almost broke pace. She spared a glance back at her cell, where a pocket behind the toilet stored an assortment of crudely-fashioned shivs. *The ONE time I don't think to bring one...I'm going to look unprepared in front of everyone*, she griped wistfully to herself.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 21, 2016, 06:24:24 PM**

marie walked behind her ostensibly cleaning up the puddles of water with her vacuum. she gave brief glances to the others, that said ' ' when she gets to the interrogation room ' get her out. just try abd make sure we dont get recorded on camera>' we need a check on cartridges' he said into her talkie ' which was code for " can you kill the video cameras in the interrogation room? ' Cartridges are full' Marita replied " This meant " i'm on it.."

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Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **April 25, 2016, 02:18:05 PM**

"This way." The officer assigned to show Junko the way to the interrogation room indicated a door to his left, and as she approached he turned the handle, pushing it open.

She nodded her thanks as she followed him through. "The layout of this building's pretty confusing. You must need a map to help you get around." Stepping into the room, she took in the details of her surroundings within a couple of seconds. Stark white walls, metal table with a loop on one side to fix the prisoner's handcuffs to, steel chairs. A two way mirror on the side opposite to the door. A security camera fitted to the top right corner of the room, observing everything. Junko had no doubt they'd be watched - even with her identification, it wasn't as if they'd just leave her to talk to one of the most important prisoners of recent times without a clue of what was happening. But that didn't matter. She'd used ricin before. By the time it exerted its effect, she'd be long gone.

The officer chuckled. "Nah, you get used to it. She should be here in a few minutes, someone got sent to fetch her." He paused briefly on his way out of the room. "You know, you were pretty lucky. With the flooding, most of her block's being transferred. Trying to find her could have been a nightmare."

"Sounds like I got here just in time," Junko laughed softly. Behind the mask of her smile, her mind was working. *She was going to be transferred...*

Marcus watched Emilena being led down the corridor, reaching into his dufflebag and rummaging randomly until they'd turned the corner. He stopped and leaned closer in to the others. "Can't let them reach it. It'll be impossible to get her out," he murmured, urgency creeping into his voice. They were almost out of time - they had to just go for it, and pray they got lucky.

He shifted the weight of the bag onto his left shoulder, keeping his voice quiet. "We follow them. Time it right and get rid of the guard. Marita, turn off all the cameras in this section. If it's just a few minutes, they might assume its the water interfering with the electronics."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 26, 2016, 02:09:36 AM**

' 4 of your pipes are bent' Marita said. This meant " you guys have 4 minutes to get her and get out' ' marita typed in a few commands and one by one, the security cameras blinked out.'darkness has sprung, now get to it..

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **April 26, 2016, 02:47:15 AM**

Soren dropped his toolbox and rummaged around for the SMG he had packed away and stashed it inside the rather spacious pocket of his jumpsuit. Of course, he knew not to use it unless things really went to shit.

Aaron growled as the two guards escorted Emilena towards the interrogation room. He turned to Soren. "Okay, we're going to clean those pipes." This phrase meant *We'll dispose of the guards.*

Soren nodded as he jogged after Aaron. Soon, the burly German Shepherd caught up to the duo.

"Excuse me," Aaron said. "But we have traced one of the leaks to this room and it is due to a large water main that is in danger of cracking. We need to enter to repair it."

"Are you fucking kidding me!?" one of the guards growled. The Kea clicked his beak in exasperation.

"Hey, we just do what the boss says," Soren said with a shrug.

The Kea bent over the keypad as he began to swipe his ID card. Aaron and Soren looked at each other and nodded.

The next few moments were a blur of violence as the Human slammed his toolbox into the back of the Kea's head, causing him to fall forward. He then dropped his toolbox and grabbed the unfortunate Avian by his crest of feathers and proceeded to slam him into the keycard reader over and over.

At the same time, Aaron lunged at the other guard and proceeded to attack him with the pipe he had in his tool box. His attack was so ferocious it caught the guard by surprise.

When all was said and done, the two guards lay in bloody heaps with feathers and blood spatter decorating the hallways.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 26, 2016, 02:57:15 PM**

Emilena had been thrown into the corner when the guards were suddenly assaulted, and unsteadily got to her feet. "I know a thank you is kinda underwhelming at this point, but...thanks." She dropped to her knees and rummaged through the avian's uniform until she located the keys to her handcuffs and freed herself. She also relieved the guard of his nightstick and taser. "Should have predicted the flooding wasn't an accident; you all turned this place into New Orleans."

She prepared to follow whoever took charge and started executing the next step of the escape.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **April 28, 2016, 03:46:07 PM**

Marcus set the bag down, shooting quick glances up and down the corridor as he unzipped it. No alarm, no pounding of feet to signal incoming guards... so far, so good. Sifting through the tools, Marcus pulled out a creased jumpsuit of an identical style to the ones everyone else was wearing.

He roughly held it out to Emilena, along with a grey baseball cap. "Put these on. Not perfect, but best we've got. You two," he growled, looking at Marie and Soren and pointing to a storage cupboard just a short distance up. "Hide the bodies. Marita, need you to turn on the sprinkler system in this corridor in a few minutes. Got some blood that needs cleaning."

Marcus turned to Aaron. "Back through the front, or try to find a back exit?"

Alone in the interrogation room, waiting for the guards to bring Emilena, Junko kept replaying the guards words in her head. *Flooding... transferred...* What were the chances that just a short while after Emilena was arrested, there would be a flood so severe that it would need her block, in particular, to be transferred?

Trying to find her would be a nightmare... The guard was taking a long time to bring her. Junko's gut tightened. Something was wrong. She could feel it. *The guard said she hadn't been transferred yet - I can't wait here.* Junko stood up slowly, keeping her features composed.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 28, 2016, 04:57:19 PM**

Emilena decided to handle the bloody bodies before changing clothes. "Bodies won't be a problem...hopefully the flooding hides the blood well enough." Using the guard's keys, she unlocked the nearest jail cell and wrapped the bodies in the cot blanket, then stuffed them in the far corner. "Let's move," she agreed, slipping into the new jumpsuit and donning the baseball cap.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 28, 2016, 11:11:56 PM**

' got it. turning them on now ' marita said.' go out the front door ' act as casual as possible. go now. ' package carrier is starting to smell.'

Lets go switch out our wrenchs ' Marie said ' Translation " lets get the hell outta here."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **May 03, 2016, 05:09:50 PM**

Soren and Aaron were both dampened by the sprinklers going off. Luckily, the blood from their clothing and equipment easily came off under the spray of water.

Aaron shook the water off his clothing and head. Soren wiped some water from his eyes.

The two casually strode through the now empty cell blocks and out the front door. Strangely, no one seemed to pay any attention to the fact that five plumbers had exited...despite only four plumbers arriving for repairs.

All in all, it seemed the whole plan was going to go off without a hitch. Emilena's presence was quickly explained by Soren as her not being part of the crew he was with.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 03, 2016, 06:25:09 PM**

Marie Casually climbed into the waiting van.' Alright Marita restore things to normal. make it look as if we fixed it.' He said into the phone
_ Done' Marita said' Cameras are back online too, so they'll think it was due to the water that power was knocked out. Get back here pronto..' Marita said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **May 04, 2016, 04:43:26 PM**

"So 7 o'clock? Tonight?"

Junko nodded, her fingertips lightly brushing the receptionist's hand as she straightened up from the front desk. "Outside Carlson Theatre. See you then." She looked at him warmly before turning away and heading for the door. *Men. Pathetic.*

On leaving the interrogation room, Junko had headed straight for the entrance, gambling that if Emilena was being rescued they'd try the easy but risky route of going straight out the front door. As she'd emerged into the hall, Junko was rewarded with the sight of some familiar faces entering from a corridor on the other side of the room. She'd studied them enough over the past few weeks - Soren Almaya, Aaron Geasbrecht, Marcus Hayton... and the lady of the hour herself. Emilena Echo. The baseball cap had been a nice idea, but when someone was looking specifically for her, the disguise was next to useless.

As she'd glanced at them, she noticed they were all wearing some kind of janitor uniform. *Cute. But there's no way the receptionist won't notice the extra pair of hands.* As the group started forwards, Junko had moved quickly, making straight for the desk, managing to distract the receptionist the quickest way she knew. *Give them the possibility of a quick fuck, and they're all yours.*

Now, as she walked out the front doors moments after them, Junko spotted the group climbing into a van just up the road. She raised her cell phone. "It's me. No, I'm fine. But the plan's been changed. We could have a lead on all of them."

Climbing into the driver's seat, Marcus shot a look out the window towards the station. No sign of alarm, no officers running to apprehend them... It looked like they'd actually succeeded. After taking just a short second to steady his heart rate, the doberman turned the key, the engine rumbling to life.

"Rest while you can," he said over his shoulder to Emilena as he pulled out, slotting the van into the morning traffic which had started to accumulate. "When we get back, you're going to tell us everything you read in that file. Marita..." He paused, his voice begrudging. "Good work."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 04, 2016, 05:57:29 PM**

Emilena nodded and laid her head on the side of the van. She wasn't particularly tired, despite a sleepless night in the jail thinking of her future behind bars, but she also appreciated that for one brief car ride she had insurance that nobody would try and murder her in her sleep. That wasn't an opportunity to squander.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **May 04, 2016, 11:49:28 PM**

Soren buckled himself in. He smiled. One of his escapades had actually gone right for once and not become a total clusterfuck.

Aaron buckled himself in the front passenger seat. He turned around. "Nice going guys! Our operation went off without a hitch."

The Human cracked his knuckles. "Yeah. I had to admit, when the secretary asked why we had four coming in and five coming out, I nearly shit myself. For a moment, I wasn't sure if she'd buy my excuse."

"Yeah. Just don't get too cocky." The German Shepherd looked at the rearview mirror. Nothing abnormal, just the normal flow of morning traffic with commuters heading to work.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **May 08, 2016, 07:15:06 AM**

The return journey took a couple of hours, taking longer coming back than it had going - a result of both the packed morning traffic and the numerous detours Marcus took to try and throw off anyone following them. He glanced frequently in the rear view mirror, but couldn't pick out any suspicious vehicles. By the time he was satisfied they were in the clear, it was approaching midday.

"We'll need to get rid of this vehicle as soon as we can," Marcus said as he took a right onto the block which housed the motel, tapping the steering wheel with his claw. "They'll be looking for it." He pulled into the motel's parking area, the tyres crunching over weeds which had managed to poke their way through the tarmac.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 11, 2016, 01:51:10 PM**

thank you Marcus. just keep an eye out for anyone who might be tailing you. there was someone else looking for Emilena-I overhead someone inquiring about her on the security systems, claimed to be a police officer from a different city. whoever they are , we're very lucky to gotten Echo first.' arita said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 12, 2016, 04:27:35 PM**

Emilena opened her eyes wearily as they pulled up somewhere. Looked to be a seedy motel, somehow the nicest place she'll get to reside since god knows how long. Only half committing to being awake, she followed the team to the hotel room, resolving to continue her nap inside.

But when they reached the door to the room and met Lily standing there, arms crossed and expression furious, Emilena realized she had something more important to do.

"Hey. I need to talk to you in private." She led Lily around the corner to a reclusive catwalk. "Are you gonna try pulling anything on Axel?"

"I wasn't, but after what he just did to me I'm going to kill him," Lily replied bluntly.

Emilena sighed. "You know what I'm gonna say about that."

"And you know how little I care about what you have to say about that," Lily shot back.

"Why are you even on this team?" Emilena asked exasperatedly. "I gave you a chance to get off the grid. You can't possibly care what blackmail the Purifiers have cooked up."

"I want the location of their base." Lily's eyes flashed. "They can't hide from me forever. I'm

removing them from the picture."

Emilena raised her eyebrows but decided not to nitpick the plan; the less she knew the better. "I know a way you could triangulate the location of their HQ."

Lily cocked an eyebrow. "How?"

"They kidnapped me in an outfit I mugged from a civilian. In the pocket was the poor sap's cell phone. Even if they've wiped and destroyed the phone by now, the service provider will have record of its past GPS coordinates."

Lily narrowed her eyes. "What was the number?"

"I only made a few calls, I'd need to get to one of the sources to reverse lookup." Emilena bit her lip. "But I'll only do that if you promise to leave Axel alone."

"That's too restrictive," Lily protested. "Here's my version." Her eyes drilled into Emilena's. "If you get me the Purifier coordinates, I WON'T kill Axel during this mission. I might even forget about him afterwards, I'll have a bigger fish to fry." She smiled wickedly.

Emilena sighed again. "If that's the best I'm gonna get, good enough. Now if you'll excuse me, there's someone else demanding information that only I know." Without further ado she left for the hotel room.

Flora looked up in surprise when the vixen entered. "Holy crap, they actually did it! Emi's back!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on May 13, 2016, 12:14:46 AM**

When Aaron and Soren returned, Anne had woken up from her slumber. Her ears twitched as she munched on a cheap bean burger she had gotten from a nearby take-out joint.

The mare looked over the group. "Just so you know, I picked up some radio chatter. Someone's looking for Emilena."

"A little late for that," Aaron growled as he helped himself to a bottle of water from the minifridge.

Anne snorted and blew some air through her nostrils. "No, I mean they're still looking for her."

Soren stripped out of his wet jumpsuit and tossed it in the corner of the room. He then flopped onto the couch with a sigh as he ran a hand down his face. "Oh great, now the fucking cops are onto us!"

Anne rubbed her mane and pawed the ground with a hoof. "Well, not yet. But someone else is...ans they're using a different frequency than the cops."

Aaron hurled his empty bottle into the trash. "We'll deal with that later. Right now, Marcus wants us to ditch the vehicle."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked on May 15, 2016, 12:48:49 PM**

Marcus grunted. "Nothing we can stop to do anything about now... but that information won't hurt to know," he said to Anne. "Keep listening, see if you hear anything else." Fishing the van's key's out from his jacket pocket, he tossed them across the room to one of the Purifiers sitting at the small, rickety table. "Take the vehicle, leave it a good distance away from here. Make sure you aren't followed. And Josh... keep under the speed limit. You don't want to be

noticed."

Axel, slumped over on the couch, moved his feet out of the way so Soren could sit down. "Good to see you in one piece." Frowning, he pinched a corner of Soren's damp shirt. "Did it rain?" Axel saw Emilena walk in, and he halfheartedly raised a hand in greeting. "Good to see you too. You must be thrilled to be back," he said dryly. "I'd offer you a beer, but all we have left is water that tastes like piss."

"Quiet." Marcus looked at Emilena, then pointed to the table. "Sit. Talk. Tell us everything you read in that file."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 16, 2016, 02:16:36 AM**

Emilena nodded and stepped forward. "All right, I don't know what page you Purifiers are on, so I'm going to start from the beginning."

She unrolled a spread of brown paper towels on the coffee table and sketched out notes as she spoke. "Two weeks ago, the Gearheads all die. You get the normal rash of witnesses, investigations...but by 72 hours, every single one of those witnesses had signed away their silence." She looked up. "That doesn't happen. Too many people see a police procedural as their day in the limelight. Witnesses who won't shut up and camera-chasing false positives should be the norm."

She scribbled down some figures. "I'm not talking about the rubbernecks from the crash sites. I mean the people who *actually* know something, either due to being a coroner, Augmentician or related to Brennan Cybernetics." She sat back. "In a breach of police policy, the witness names weren't even recorded, at least not in the official archives. But the head of the investigation was. Officer Nash Black, he suspended the investigation almost immediately, citing the unwillingness of any key witnesses to comply. Which is way too convenient. Trust me, it's a cover-up and he's in on it."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **May 19, 2016, 12:31:23 AM**

"Oh it rained...inside the police station," Soren replied to Axel. He took a seat next to his friend and grabbed a now warm can of soda that he opened and drank.

Anne was sitting at the small computer desk in the corner and transcribing what she was picking up from the airwaves. The only sign of activity was the movements of her ears and occasional scribbles on a notepad.

Soren then got up from the sofa and headed to where Marcus and Emilena were talking. He had overheard them mention a name and hinted at said person being involved in a cover-up.

"Why don't we go pay this guy a 'friendly visit'?" Soren said as he approached the two.

Aaron shook his head. "Why don't we turn ourselves into the cops? Pissing off the cops *always* leads to a world of shit unless you've got enough creds to buy them off. We'll have to go through legal channels first." He then turned to Marita.

"Marita, use the Internet and the phone directory to find out as much as you can about this 'Nash Black' character. News reports, address phone number, anything," the German Shepherd said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 19, 2016, 09:45:03 PM**

nash black.. Nash black.. i'll see what i can find..' Marita said puling up her computer and began typing away..' If its a coverup, i'm likely not going to find much..people like that tend to cover their tracks, especially cops, who have access to info, most normal folks don't get.... hmm. Searching ..' her claws flew over the keys and finally she got some popups Ah.. Found some stuff.. Hes marred, wifes name is Circe, she teaches preschool. Two Sons, Amos and Andrew both in high school, Amos is freshman Andrew a sophomore. Been in the force 10 years. Lives in the Hoodington area- thats a middle class area. address is 62 North Tree Lane, 3 story house, looks to be in the 3 million credit range, door doesnt open unless he enters a password, which he changes every days.' Marita said." Host barbecues every 4th , has nearly every other officer in his department over. police record shows no citations, no court cases against him. Clean record, as far as i can tell.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **May 28, 2016, 03:06:48 PM**

"In other words, he's difficult to get to." Marcus rubbed his jaw. "Need to find out what he knows... Who bought him off. What happened to the witnesses. But with that much security, getting to him'll be difficult. And it'd take a lot of time to learn his day to day habits and snatch him that way."

"If getting to him is hard, why don't we bring him to us?" Axel said over his shoulder, still facing the flickering image on the TV. "You said Black has a wife right? Kids? We get our hands on one of them and say they die if he tries anything, could be an easy way to get him to cooperate."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 28, 2016, 05:39:33 PM**

Flora was not a hacker, but she was more than capable of looking up Friendsbook. And as she idly checked out the profiles for Nash and his incredibly upper-class family, her heart skipped a beat when she got to Amos Black and her own alluring face beckoned her to the page.

The kid was a total fanboy. He had reposts from all over the paparazzi curcuit buried amongst traditional high school bullcrap posts. She had to mute her phone before *Date this*, an embarrassingly edgy single from her early years, started playing.

"Ummmm..." she started to say, then hesitated. This was a downright golden opportunity to get this Nash Black guy. His kid would jump at a chance to meet DJ Xyler, and then they'd have their hostage and could start negotiating. "Emilena, Marita, and...Soren. Could I talk to you three in private?" She wasn't sure why she included Soren; she'd just noticed he was something of a straightshooter and the others have repeatedly referred to him as a good trustable guy.

(Ooc: To save a post from each of us, I'm going to have Flora address whoever follows her into the bathroom. If for some reason your character does not want to follow, just note so in your next post.)

Flora gulped as she addressed those who followed her to the bathroom. "Okay, there's something y'all don't know about me." Not counting Rose, but no reason to call her out in front of Soren and Emi. "Look at this kid's profile. Look at the slut he's using for his background. Now look at me."

Emilena took the phone, squinted at the seductive fuscia dancer, and recognized the aquamarine eyes with surprise. "You're some sort of entertainer?"

"Yeah, that's me. Or was me, now Im undercover because of death threats. From radical anti-Augment fanatics." Flora gulped. "The Purifiers weren't specifically associated with the ones that tried to kill me, but I don't know how hot I am with revealing to the others how much money I'm worth. But as you can see, I've got a solid gold opportunity here with Nash's

youngest kid." She made eye contact with each of them. "You all seem good at figuring solutions out. Should we capitalize on this, and is there some way to do it without blowing my cover to everyone else?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 28, 2016, 06:13:59 PM**

marita looked at the friends book page ' definitely, we need to capitalize in this ' we have an in with the kid, that gets us into the house ' you do a performance,with us as security. you perform, a couple songs, get everyone else outside. we search the house for 10 minutes or so, see what we can dig up. you've done private performances before havent you?' Marita said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **May 28, 2016, 08:21:39 PM**

Soren looked at Amos Black's profile and then looked at Flora. The woman in front of him and the nearly nude dancer in the profile were a dead match.

He made sure the bathroom door was securely shut. He even contemplated running the shower but decided against it as that was sure to attract attention. "It's our best bet," he said. "That said...if we take his kid hostage, I have a feeling that Mr. Black might decide to round up his buddies and then we'll have a *real* problem. But I suspect he has a...shall we say 'personal interest' in the strip clubs and nightlife of Seryet City? What rich asshole doesn't?"

The Human then cracked his knuckles. "We can have you or Anne seduce him, then we drug him, haul him off and have our way with him."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 28, 2016, 08:46:50 PM**

Emilena was still flipping through the phone at all the pictures of Flora. "This is seriously you?" she said incredulously.

"Stop looking at those!" Flora yanked the phone back. "The paparazzi make everything seem bad. Those are all out of context."

Emilena listened to Soren suggest seduction. She glanced at Flora. "Are you willing to seduce a police officer? It's pretty dangerous." Flora bit her lip. "And I'm worried about the private concert idea," she continued. "How are we supposed to pitch that without revealing Shirley's identity to the Purifiers?"

"We could market it as an impersonator's concert. Like Elvis Impersonators, not like undercover. The Purifiers will probably buy it, it's more believable than us having the actual DJ Xyler on our team."

"I'm not sure that happens..." Flora admitted, racking her brains. "Usually the fans ask me for a private concert, not the other way around."

"Well, if those photos are any indication, nobody will have any trouble believing you just want a quick shag with a fan," Emilena noted bluntly, and Flora shot her a dirty look. "Maybe we should just focus on the kid."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 28, 2016, 10:00:33 PM**

well we could pretend its a contest.' easy to dream up a contest for a private concert with the celebrity of your choice. put the promo in a few fb pages, have the kid enter. post a short

video of a drawing of name - amos black- and then you have the kid pick what act he wants to come to this house and perform. if hes the fanatic we think he is. he';d ask for xyler." marita said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 28, 2016, 10:59:12 PM**

"How would I get to my gear?" Flora asked. "All my equipment and tapes are in my van, and god knows where that thing went after my last concert."

"A more concentrated focus on young Nash would be faster," Emilena noted. "Shirley should just contact this kid and test the waters. I think we're overestimating the level of guile needed to get a horny high schooler to trust his celebrity crush."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 07, 2016, 05:45:16 PM**

It was almost scary how easily Amos believed her. Flora had run through multiple simulations in her head of evidence she could bring forth, telltale hints she'd need to drop to gain his trust...none of it was necessary. Within a day she'd received an emoticon-laden message of fawning adoration, and from there it was almost too easy to 'befriend' him. Her years of sweet-talking ad executives and concert managers before making it big had over-prepared her for this.

Feeling bold, she skipped the step where she invited Amos out for a latte and cut straight to offering a secret meeting with him in his bedroom, a classic teenage tryst. Their little secret, no need for mom and dad to know. Eventually, the plan was laid; tomorrow night, Amos would sneak her into the house, unknowingly giving the rest of the team an opportunity to infiltrate the Black residence.

The night of the caper, Flora observed the team selected to go on this mission. "You all ready?" she muttered, glancing down the street at their target location. The team was currently hiding in an SUV parked a block down.

"As we'll ever be," Emilena said quietly, checking the headpiece behind Flora's ear. "Make sure that line stays open; we need to hear how Amos lets you into the house." Unlike Flora's punk dress, the rest of them were in black catsuits and balaclavas. "And remember, we're dealing with a teenager. If push comes to shove, it might be up to you to find us a way in."

Flora nodded, gulped, and made her way down the street to Amos' house.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **June 13, 2016, 07:07:56 PM**

Back at the motel, Marcus stared at his cell phone, the device lying on the stained coffee table. The ticking of the clock on the wall behind him sounded as loud as hammers striking an anvil, his fingers tapping the table in time to its mechanism.

Once the plan had been suggested to impersonate Xyler, some form of entertainer that Marcus had never had any reason to pay attention to, they'd decided that a small team would be best for the job. Now they just needed to wait for them to report back - a clue, a hint, *something* that could give them an idea of where to catch Nash Black, alone and vulnerable. Marcus tapped his claws against the wood again, waiting for the call that he prayed would come.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 14, 2016, 12:00:19 AM**

Soren chafed uncomfortably in the black catsuit and balaclava. The outfit had been designed to defeat full-spectrum infrared sensors...which had the unfortunate side effect of making them rather sweaty and hot.

He carefully watched the darkened street and house, making sure that a sudden appearance of either cops or curious bystanders wouldn't ruin their plan.

Back at the motel, Anne and Aaron had decided to sleep in shifts. The German Shepherd was asleep on the couch while Anne had kept watch by the door.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 14, 2016, 05:52:50 AM**

Flora forced herself to stop looking around shiftily as she marched up to Amos Black's house. At least she didn't have to worry about her heartbeat going into overdrive; that's normal for a midnight fling with someone she'd never met in person.

Black's house wasn't bad. Two floors, giant lawn with a fountain, brown picket fence...it looked a little like it was built by a borderline middle-upper-class family overcompensating, but there have been worse crimes committed in architecture. She took a few deep breaths to calm her nerves as she came to a halt in front of the door. Time to get composed. It's game time.

Code: on

DJ Xyler: Hey there cutie. I'm outside. Let me in?
Amos Famos: omg sorrrry i didnt realize xD

The minutes passed. Several times Flora almost texted him, but she couldn't figure out what to say, so she just waited, worrying what the holdup was.

Code: on

Amos Famos: wanna no who my crush is? <3
DJ Xyler: Sure, let me know once we're in your room together
Amos Famos: i made a video
Amos Famos: <https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=dQw4w9WgXcQ>
DJ Xyler: Let's watch it once we're in your room. Quietly though.
Amos Famos: lol you just got rickrolled!!!
Amos Famos: :D
Amos Famos: ::D
Amos Famos: 8:::D
Amos Famos: lol I'm so weird
DJ Xyler: Can you please come let me in?

There was a click and someone peered at her through a slit in the door. Amos was a mousy little kid with bright red hair, and he was practically wetting himself with excitement. "H-hi there! Hi! I can't believe it's really you!" he squealed, bobbing as he spoke. "It's really you!"

Flora plastered a smile on her face. "Hi Amos! Keep your voice down!" she whispered, glancing around the parlor. "Did you disable the security system? I don't want to get in trouble."

Amos nodded excitedly and pointed to a touchpad that was blinking with a single red light. "Daddy turned it off tonight, he's out late. Mommy and Andy are asleep, but we should still keep quiet." He shifted his feet. "Can I...can I hug you?"

Flora acquiescently wrapped her arms around him. "What's your dad doing tonight? If you don't mind me asking." In all honesty, the revelation that Nash himself was out of the house made her feel 300% more comfortable with this plan.

"I dunno," Amos admitted. "Drinking, I think. Could I kiss you?"

Flora felt herself blush, despite herself. "Let's get up to your room," she grinned, scratching behind her ear and surreptitiously cutting the feed. Her teammates didn't need to listen in on what was gonna happen next.

Emilena nodded and sent Marcus a quick message: *Security's down. Moving in.* "Sounds like Nash is out among the town," she muttered to Soren. "Let's see if we can figure out where he is, get a coordinated strike going tonight."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 14, 2016, 06:44:28 PM**

Soren nodded. "Okay, let's move!"

He was the first to move, opening the door and carefully moving down the street. Thankfully, the night air was cool, clean and crisp, or he would have been broiled inside his catsuit.

As usual at this time, the deserted street was illuminated by just a few LED streetlamps. Since it was a relatively upper-class neighborhood, there was an obvious lack of trash, bums and other city detritus. Not to mention there were no cars parked on the street either.

The walk to the Black household was short and direct. The gate had been left open thanks to Amos disabling the security system. The Human walked through the gate and into the foyer of the house. The lights were off but the moonlight filtering in through the massive bay window provided enough light to see the foyer's layout.

Stairs leading to the second floor set in the middle of the foyer, two doors to the left and right. And a hallway in the back that led to what looked like dining room.

He pressed a concealed button near his neck, turning on his throat mic. "Shit!" he muttered. "This house is fucking huge! Where do we start?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 16, 2016, 03:41:26 PM**

"Spread out, search for an office or something," Emilena glanced at the spiral staircase. "Starting with the first floor. Sounds like bedrooms are on second floor, ideally we stay as far from them as possible."

=====

Despite her libido, Flora was having second thoughts even as Amos excitedly sneaked them into his room. Sure, she's been completely sexually stymied since her last tragic concert and had been seriously considering risking a brothel, but this was a high-schooler. Couldn't be sixteen. And not an intellectually-enticing specimen either, if the text conversations were anything to go by.

But still, she'd probably be dead any day now, and then she and God can debate about the age of consent. She glanced at the freckled youth, who'd taken out his iPod and was excitedly putting on his favorite song, *Suck it* from her first album. "I could never tell anybody this, cause they'd think I'm gay...but I really like your older stuff," he admitted. "The super explicit stuff."

Flora nodded. "Yeah, the type you can't do after you go mainstream." *Or after becoming a legitimate artist with taste.* She had to fight from cringing as she listened to her prepubescent voice screaming about oral sex. "Toeing the line sells way better than crossing it, keeps the parents happy."

"Yeah...but what about your early fans?" he protested softly. "Don't you have an obligation to us too? If you don't mind me saying. A lot of us on the fansites really miss how you used to--"

Flora quickly interrupted him with a deep kiss. She was absolutely not interested in hearing it. "Hey, speaking of obliging," she broke the kiss after he became far too engrossed to keep talking. "I'm here to give you something better than music. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm getting the distinct vibe that you're a virgin. True?" He blushed beet red. "No shame, it happens. And it ends tonight." She climbed onto the bed in front of him. "But I need to know how far I can go. Now, you probably know that I'm packing my own heat, and you just told me you're not gay. So...does that mean I have to keep my skirt on? Cause I'm not gonna lie, I'm horny as a rabbit and I brought condoms for two."

Amos gulped. Flora politely gave him his time; nothing good ever came from forcing a sex partner into something they weren't comfortable with, especially of this nature. "Well...I am completely straight, and I don't like dicks..." he stammered, staring unashamedly at her chest, "...but if it's you, it's okay."

Flora smiled and slowly started unbuttoning her dress. "Good enough for me."

=====

Unfortunately the first floor rooms were entirely hosting places like lounges and kitchens. Nash's office turned out to be a hybrid bedroom, and Circe Black was sleeping soundly in their bed a few feet from the desk. Emilena narrowed her eyes. "I'll handle it..." Creeping into the room, she gently covered the woman's mouth with chloroform until her sleeping grew far deeper than naturally possible. "All right," she announced, snapping her fingers roughly in Circe's face and getting no response. "Computer's all yours. I'm investigating the wardrobe." When she was a police investigator, she used to find loads of clues in the pockets of her suspect's discarded clothing.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 16, 2016, 05:19:23 PM**

Soren entered the office. He sniffed as the sweet-chemical odor of chloroform wafted up from the sleeping form of Circe Black.

The computer was right next to the bed and a chair was tucked in for use. Not wanting to risk leaving evidence, he opted to stand up and use the computer instead.

He silently cheered at the fact that Black had been careless with his password: a long, seemingly random string of alphanumeric characters. He had simply wrote it down on a piece of paper taped to the desk. Apparently, he was overconfident that no one would breach his house's security.

Carefully typing the password in, he was rewarded with the computer booting up. He immediately opened explorer and was rewarded with a hard drive full of information. He looked at the sleeping form of Circe and decided to check out the folder labeled "coupons and rewards". Almost immediately, he was rewarded with an utterly staggering amount of coupons and rewards for assorted businesses. But one of them caught his eye: Silver Fire Club. He opened a coupon from the club that advertised a free drink and half-off cocktails if the holder brought it in on today's date.

He jotted down the club's name and address on a scrap of paper he filched from the recycling bin and waited for Emilena to finish up.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 16, 2016, 06:55:28 PM**

After scouring his uniforms and laundry hamper, Emilena came up with only a few crumpled receipts, such as grocery lists from wholesale food centers. Other than ample evidence that they'd bought heavily into the recent 'electrolyte gummy bears' craze, she found no information except that which reinforced their social status. She returned to Soren. "Find anything good?"

She checked his findings about the Silver Fire Club. "Hmmm. Wait a minute, that rings a bell." She

checked the laundry receipts again. "Hey yeah, he visited there same time last week..."

She sent Marcus a text. *Looks like Nash is at Silver Fire Club right now. You should send someone over. Maybe a couple someones.* "Looks like that's good as we're getting." Emilena checked the clock; hers and Soren's investigation had still taken several hours due to how careful they were playing it. "Guess we learned *something*. Worst case scenario, we showed that we can behave without Purifier supervision. Let's hightail it."

On the way down to the first floor, she suddenly became aware of noise in the kitchen. Somebody was preparing food. Holding up her cybernetic hand for silence, she crept softly up to the kitchen door. Spotting a clothes iron on a nearby cabinet, she brandished it and waited for her chance.

The sink turned on, and Emilena took that opportunity. Springing through, she slapped her hand over the mouth of... "Shirley?" She lowered the iron but kept her grip pressed tightly around Flora's snout to stifle her frightened squeal. "You're *snacking?*"

"I had the munchies!" Flora snapped, reflexively angry due to being assaulted. "Christ, its just cold ramen!"

"Keep your voice down! Is Amos awake?" Emilena whispered harshly.

"He's out like a light." Flora shifted her feet, trying to get her heartbeat to settle down. "To be honest, I thought you'd ditched me. Couldn't find you anywhere."

"Yeah, if you'd kept your earpiece on, you'd have known where to go! Let's move. You can eat later." Emilena led the way back to Soren after pouring Flora's ramen down the garbage disposal.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **June 16, 2016, 07:59:44 PM**

Marcus snatched up his cell phone as soon as the beep indicated a text had come through. He read the message then snapped the phone shut, standing suddenly, his chair clattering backwards.

Axel jumped at the sudden noise and looked over. "They have something?" he asked, scratching the top of his head with cracked nails. "Did they get him?"

"No." Marcus shook his head. "They don't have Black... but we could have his location. The Silver Fire Club."

Axel blinked, then snorted. "The Silver Fire Club? Figures that such a straight-lace family guy'd go somewhere like that."

"You've been there? Where is it?"

The rat pulled something out of his hair, squinted at it, then flicked it away with a grimace. "Do I *look* like someone who has time to go clubbing?" Sneering, he wiped his fingers on his T-shirt. "I've heard about it though. It's meant to get pretty, ah... crazy in there. I think it's about... 30, 40 minutes from here."

"Good." Marcus nodded. "We need to move. If we're lucky we can get him before he leaves. You," he pointed a finger at Axel, "You're coming."

"What? Why the hell do you need me?"

"You know the direction. You're up too Aaron," he continued, looking at the German Shepard. "The rest of you, stay here. We'll be in contact." Snatching his jacket off the back of the chair, Marcus started to make for the door, tapping a reply to Emilena. *Good work. We're en route.*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 20, 2016, 11:23:34 PM**

Aaron grabbed both his pistol and Soren's SMG. He watched as Anne continued listening to the airwaves and transcribing down anything of interest between bites of potato chips she had purchased from a vending machine.

He shut the door behind him and headed for the stairs, seeing as he was carrying two guns. The elevator was not a good option...lest he be caught.

When Emilena raised her hand for silence, the Human immediately stopped. He strained his ears and heard Flora and Emilena arguing.

Soren then swore profusely under his breath. He was covered in sweat from the insulated catsuit and balaclava he had worn, Flora had potentially fucked the whole mission and to top it off, he had to take a piss...badly.

When Flora and Emilena arrived, he shot a glare at the Folf. "We done? Now let's get out of here before Amos wakes up...and before these uniforms steam us alive."

He led the way to the foyer and out the front door. Thankfully, the air outside was much cooler than the air inside the house.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 22, 2016, 11:48:28 PM**

"We've got the address to the pub, right?" Emilena muttered under her breath as they darted back to the car. "If my memory of this area serves correctly, Marcus will probably beat us there, but we'll want to reinforce just in case. This will be our only real shot to get Black."

She leaped in the back; she knew Soren preferred to drive. For some reason, she was feeling a bit warmer towards the augmentician, possibly just because of the severe drop in trustworthiness of their mutual acquaintances, but also by this point they'd undergone a lot of situations together, and he'd proven himself a surprisingly capable survivor. She'd definitely been underestimating him in Lanthae.

"Wait, we're going to a bar?" Flora grumbled. "Fuck, do they card? They better still sell food to patrons under 21..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 23, 2016, 10:01:49 PM**

Soren zipped up his pants as he finished relieving himself in on the rear tire of their SUV.

He climbed into the driver's seat, stripped out of his catsuit but kept the balaclava on. "I've got the address." He held up the scrap of paper.

He turned to Flora and shook his head with a sigh. The vehicle's electric motor started with a hum. He looked at the vehicle's console...no GPS unit.

"Shit," he muttered as he got out his smartphone and punched in the address. He placed the phone in the center console and tapped the screen to have it start reading out directions.

"All right, we're ready." He pulled out of the development and headed down the street that would lead into one of Seryet City's main roads.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **June 24, 2016, 03:10:15 PM**

Marita was tapped into the communications and smirked " Yes Shirley they do sell food to folks under 21, you just can't drink there. Nice Work you guys. Typing in Silver fire Club now.. hmm, looks like tonights special is double end night. Which means the performer performs Two kinds of sexual acts on the customer, usually oral and anal. Looks like Cash is a kinkster under his uniform if he's into that sort of thing. And Shirley, Nice Work. this was a dangerous mission, and you performed very well.Ok, so it didn't exactly come off picture perfect, but hey it happens."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **June 25, 2016, 07:42:25 PM**

As soon as Aaron climbed into the car, Marcus pressed his foot down on the gas. With a brief squeal of the tyres, the vehicle pulled away, rumbling down the motel's driveway and onto the main road. Slumped in the backseat, his face intermittently illuminated by the glow of streetlights and the occasional passing car, Axel's expression left no mystery as to his opinion on his involvement in this scheme. Being forced into a situation where he could get hurt was never going to rank highly on his list of favourite activities.

"Which way?" Marcus demanded, gripping the wheel tightly.

"Ah..." Axel waited until a street sign sped past the window then chewed his lip as he tried to visualise the quickest route to the club. "Take the next left. No, right!"

Snarling his impatience, Marcus swung a hard right and yanked his phone out of his jacket pocket, tapping a text to Emilena. *On way, there in half hour.*

25 minutes later, Axel heard - and felt - the heavy bass of club music, a low rumble that did nothing to help the headache working its way through his skull. "Alright, next left and we're there." The car slowed and came to a stop in the dark, avoiding the streetlights. A short distance up the road, the Silver Fire Club announced its presence like a sledgehammer to the face, the club's name in bright, blinking neon lights. A heavily muscled bouncer stood outside the tacky-looking gold coloured door, looking suitably pissed off. Axel noted with relief that the line to get in was almost non-existent. *Must be a slow night.* At least that could work in their favour. "All right," he sighed, looking between the two Purifiers up front. "What now?"

Marcus glanced at a gloomy alley hugging the side of the club. With the level of noise emanating from the building, it was unlikely anyone would hear a commotion. If they could just lure Black into it... "Two options. Either we wait for him to come out, which could take too long, or might not even happen if he isn't there. Or we go in and get him."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 25, 2016, 09:27:06 PM**

Eventually Soren and Emi's car peeled into the Silve Fire Club parking lot. Emilena was the first out the door. "Is he in there?" she muttered under her breath as soon as she'd caught up to Marcus and Axel. "We gonna wait till he comes out, or what?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 26, 2016, 12:15:26 AM**

Aaron wrinkled his muzzle as he smelled the alcoholic stench of someone who had far too much to drink pass by the alleyway where he and the rest of the group were planning.

"Tonight's half-off cocktail night," Soren said. "I saw the coupon on his computer. Chances are he'll be drunk enough we can just grab him and go."

Aaron cleared his throat and spat onto the grimy concrete of the alley. "One problem, you're assuming he'll drink enough to bluescreen."

The Human dismissively waved a hand. "We'll make him do it." He turned to Emilena and Flora. "What do you two know about seduction and peer pressure?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 26, 2016, 01:41:14 AM**

"I'm a certified police inspector, I've been fully educated in psychology and the art of persuasion," Emilena replied. "Before the Accelerated Growth procedure I worked as a child actress for LPD pedophile stings."

"I mean, I literally just seduced this guy's kid earlier tonight," shrugged Flora. "So I've got feminine wiles. No certificate like Emilena apparently has, though." She flashed a look at the former police officer. Kinda amazing to believe the woman standing next to her is barely eight years old biologically.

(OOC: To show I didn't just make that part of Emilena's backstory up (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341&view=findpost&p=22055122>))

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **June 26, 2016, 06:49:02 AM**

Marcus' eyes flicked between Emilena and Flora. "You go in," he grunted, inclining his head in Emilena's direction, figuring the fact that she had more experience made her the better choice. "Someone else should go with you, in case you need backup. Too large a group could draw attention. Can you just pay your way in, or is a membership needed?" he asked over his shoulder to Axel.

"Nah, I don't think you need one." Axel craned his neck to look at the small queue of patrons lining up outside the club to get in. "I'm 99%..." He trailed off as he saw, one by one, the patrons each producing a silver card. As each was shown to him, the bouncer held it against a scanner then handed it back after a few seconds, stepping aside to let them pass. "Shit. Scratch that, I guess you do."

Swearing under his breath, Marcus stared at the club. That ruled out the easiest possibility of just walking through the front door... but there had to be another way in. Just as he was trying to wrack his brains for a solution, a side door leading into the alleyway he'd noticed before opened, spilling light into the gloom, the club's music kicking up a notch in volume. Two figures wandered out; a woman in a close-cut, revealing outfit and a gangling man in a dark waistcoat and bow-tie. They seemed to share a joke, both smirking, before they both lit up a cigarette, wandering further into the alley.

"Looks like you have your in, Echo". Marcus glanced in the rearview mirror at the rat in the backseat. "And you look about the size of the man she was with."

Axel looked pained. "Goddammit."

Marcus met Emilena's eyes. "The only way we're going to get Black is if we get him to leave willingly. If he raises the alarm, that's it. Get him drunk. Say you'll sleep with him, whatever you have to do to get him out. Whent, you can make it look more authentic. Once he's out of the building, we'll take him."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 26, 2016, 03:38:46 PM**

Emilena let out a strangled groan. "For god's sake, why does this always boil down to me?" she grumbled. "Make Shirley do it."

"I, uh, wouldn't be able to rock that outfit," Flora stared shamelessly at the woman's derriere, covered only in silk hotpants, as it rounded the alleyway corner. "I'd have...a bit of a bulge in some unfortunate places."

Emilena prepared her chloroform. "Well, *honey*, let's get this show on the road..." she hissed at Axel

through gritted teeth.

The couple were chatting amiably, but they shut up immediately when Emilena marched brazenly towards them. "Good afternoon. Candace McCutcheon, Seryet PD." She flashed her old police badge. "My apologies, but I need your outfits, this is a matter of national security."

"What? Preposterous!" stammered the man, but Emilena moved to block the exit out of the alleyway. She drew her sidearm but kept it pointed at the ground, safety off.

"Call this number, you'll be compensated and these clothes will be returned by tomorrow," she handed them her old business card. The phones for the Lanthae PD were defunct by now, but hopefully they won't find that out in time. "You can have our outer wear in return, get you home looking decent." If only Axel's wasn't so filthy...

Ten minutes later, two furious citizens were both leaving the premises, and Emilena was handing Axel her firearm. "I don't exactly have space for my inventory in this..." she hesitated to call it a real outfit, "...so you're going to need to pack mule. If you don't know how to smuggle a gun through a security patdown, abandon it before we go in."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 26, 2016, 03:43:49 PM**

(Edit: oops, double-posted)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **June 27, 2016, 04:19:12 PM**

Axel took the gun, looking at it dubiously as he plucked at his own tight-fitting clothes. "Yeah, sure. I *love* hiding guns up my ass to get through security." He glanced around, caught sight of a dumpster steaming away a little distance up from where they were and jogged over. Reaching it, he bent down and reached under, stashing the weapon under its base. "Pick it back up when we leave," he said as he made his way back. Pausing, Axel brushed back his hair out of his eyes, then licked his finger and rubbed a smudge of dirt off his cheek. "Alright, let's get this over with."

The security guard held up his hand in a *wait* gesture as they approached. Axel chewed his cheek nervously - the guy looked like he could snap him in half like a toothpick. "You new here?" the guard rumbled, his bristly crew cut highlighting his thick bull-neck.

Axel nodded earnestly. "First day. This place is crazy, huh?"

The guard didn't reply, eyeing him up with the air of a rhinoceros deciding whether it was worth its time to charge. After a moment, he stepped forward and started patting Axel down, the rat gasping a little at the force of each impact. "Alright, get back to work," he grunted eventually, apparently satisfied.

Nodding his thanks, Axel stepped past and pushed open the side door leading into the club - and almost immediately the volume of the music inside hit him like a truck. Wincing, his twisted ear flattening itself against his head, the rat made his way further in, stopping to the side to wait for Emilena. As he waited, the rat took in his surroundings. Directly in front of him was a large dance floor, strobe lighting making a migraine inducing mess of the figures writhing against each other. On the far end of the room a long bar stretched across, several bartenders dressed in similar attire to the one Axel had acquired attending to a mass of club-goers swarming for drinks. On the left hand side of the room, the rat could see a staircase snaking its way upwards, to the left and out of sight. The smell of sweat and alcohol permeated the air. Axel bit his lip as he tried to scan the faces around the club. *How the fuck are we gonna find him?*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 27, 2016, 04:49:56 PM**

Based on the outfits of the workers in the building, Emilena noted Axel was wearing a waiter's uniform, while she was a stripper. Emilena would normally be annoyed but this actually presented a pretty easy opportunity for them.

Casing the room, Emilena didn't see anyone who matched Black's image; all the photos in the house showed a heavysset man with a jet black handlebar moustache. She kept her eyes on the various clientele, waiting for one to shell out for the VIP service and give her a chance to spot the etiquette for entering the back rooms. She got her wish, but not in the way she hoped.

"Hey! Foxy!" A relatively handsome cat whistled suggestively at her. "What's your name, darling?"

Emilena bowed seductively and swooped into his lap. "StarPuppy," she crooned, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Damn girl, did you just get on shift or something?" The cat flirted, keeping his hands to himself as per the club's policy. "Cause I been looking for a ho with small tits since I came in here. It's my thing."

"Well *lucky for you...*" Emilena giggled through gritted teeth. "They're all yours if you wanna see them...standard rates apply."

"Naw baby, I wanna go all the way," he grinned. "The whole enchilada, if you know what I mean. I got the coupon for the special."

"Mmm, well just follow me then..." Getting gingerly off his lap, Emilena flashed a look at Axel as she led her way to the stairs. The banister spiraled into darkness; the bed-sized network of cubicles relying on each stripper's mental map for navigation, meaning Emilena walked into more than one solid black wall. "Sorry, I'm a bit tipsy tonight," she whispered to the cat, as she threw caution to the wind and opened a random cubicle. To her immense relief, it was unoccupied.

Leading the cat to the bed, she laid him down and then climbed on top of him suggestively. Only when he was good and pinned did she work the chloroform rag into her routine, and good thing because it took far longer to knock him out than it should have.

"Okay, good news and bad news," she muttered to Axel when she left the room. "I didn't see Black in the club, so he's probably up here. But even if we locate his cubicle, my chloroform rag is spent. It's basically up to us to talk him out."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **July 02, 2016, 08:32:03 PM**

Axel chewed at his lip, his eyes worried. "Okay. Alright, we just... ah..." Looking around, he could see how hopeless it'd be to simply try doors at random - the network of corridors around them seemed to disappear in the gloom, and it was only by squinting that he could just about make out the numbers painted on the doors. *This is impossible...*

The sound of a door suddenly opening behind him made Axel start, and with a small gasp he turned. A petite woman emerged from the darkness, adjusting her dress. The rat almost stepped out of her way - then stopped as an idea lodged in his brain. "Which cubicle has Mr. Black booked for tonight?" he demanded, trying his hardest to sound official.

The woman slowed. "What? Why?"

"Manager wants to let him use another girl, on the house." As he spoke, Axel shifted his position, obscuring the woman's sight of Emilena's face, just in case she could see in the dark better than either of them could.

"Again? Sheesh." Axel thought he saw her shake her head. "Number 45. And you'd better hurry sweetie, you know he gets... mad if we're late."

"Thanks." Waiting a few moments to let the woman walk ahead, Axel turned back to Emilena's vague,

shadow-enveloped figure. "Alright, half way there. But once we find him, I've got no idea how to get him out..." He looked at the closest door, 32, then picked a direction at random and started to walk. 31, 30... *Shit*. He turned back, moving slowly so he and Emilena wouldn't lose each other. The door numbers started to increase, and he felt his heart beat faster as they approached Black's cubicle. Finally, they came to a stop beneath 45. "You ready?" Once Axel got the go ahead from Emilena, he took a deep breath then rapped on the door, metallic knuckles clunking on the thick plastic surface. "Sir? Mr. Black? The manager wanted to show how much we appreciate your custom by offering you a, uh... token of our appreciation. I've brought you another girl, no charge."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 03, 2016, 03:10:38 AM**

As the cubicle door opened, the hallway was briefly illuminated with faint purple light from a tasteful lamp on the bedside chest of drawers. Nash Black, a heavysset man with a thick mustache who was flattening someone under the covers, let loose a brilliant stream of profanities. "Goddamn rat, I'm busy! Don't fucking interrupt me while I'm plowing a whore! Chrissake, goddamn idiot rodents...well, where's the broad, huh? Lemme see her!"

Emilena sidled into the room, hoping Black was also a small tit guy.

"Get that tramp out of my sight," Black sneered. "She looks like a goddamn hobo. And her hair looks like shit. Christ I'm getting soft just looking at her. Got any others?"

"Hey, I'm free remember?" Emilena growled. "What's the matter what I look like?"

The other stripper, a lithe doe, traced Black's cheek. "Baby, trust me, she's good stuff," she cooed, covering for her fellow worker. "She, uh, makes up in skill what she lacks in looks. She's a legend. Give her a try."

Black slapped her. "Didn't ask you," he spat. Angrily he pushed the doe aside and gave Emilena a better look. "Alright vixen. Best striptease you got. Get those rags off, let's see what you're packing."

Emilena balled her fists. Several strained seconds passed... "No."

Black started. A vein on his forehead bulged. "The hell you just say?"

Emilena felt a wicked smile play across her lips. "That's not my style. People hire me for a more...abusive experience." Pushing the doe aside gently, she pinned Black to the bed. "I know your type. So commanding, king of everything, bossing the world around...like you come here for more of that." Blocking his open palm swing, she slapped him in the face. "They didn't send me...I *requested* you. Because I saw a little man with a swelled head who needed to be taught his place." She glanced at Axel, nodding for him to give them some privacy.

Black's eyes were wide open and furious, and the doe was practically hyperventilating with terror, glancing at the exit. But Emilena commandingly let her hair down and brushed it in Black's face. "Suck it," she ordered. "Suck my hair that you insulted."

Amazingly, Black complied. "Gawd!" he gasped. "When's the last time you washed this?"

She sniggered with a air of self-assured control. "Didn't say you could stop. Tell me, what do you think about my hair now? Is it beautiful?" She bared her claws and rested them dangerously on his chest.

A whole mixture of emotions was playing across Black's face. Entirely willingly, he visibly relaxed and surrendered to her authority. "It's the most beautiful hair. Never should have criticized it."

"You're damn right." She aggressively pulled her dress down and flashed her breasts. "Say you're sorry. *Grovel* you worm, or you don't get to suck on these."

"I'm...sorry..." Black shuddered as Emilena forced him to remain on his back. "I'm sorry!"

"I'm sorry *mistress!*" Emilena ordered. "Say it!"

"I'm sorry mistress!"

Emilena smiled again and slowly peeled her single glove off, flexing her Augmented fingers. "You haven't been a good boy at all, so all you're getting is a handjob. And I grip *hard* so brace yourself. To be honest, I bet you're not man enough for this."

Ten minutes later, Black was tender putty, shivering pitifully and occasionally grunting in pain as she toyed with him endlessly. "Aw, what's the matter?" Emilena taunted cruelly. "Can't get off?" Black whimpered submissively. "Well, apologize to my friend here, and if she thinks you're sincere, maybe she'll help out."

Black regarded the doe. "I'm sorry Natalya."

The doe smiled. "Apology accepted." Climbing back on the bed, she took a more active role in lovemaking than Emilena, and within minutes Black was sighing loudly in post-orgasm bliss. "Told you she was good," Natalya giggled in his ear.

Black stumbled drunkenly off the bed. "Christ, That was...what was your name?" he stammered to Emilena. "I'm requesting you in the future. And, uh, here," he shoved a 900 credit tip in her hand.

Emilena fixed her dress smugly. "Candace," she replied with a twinkle in her eye, switching to a more friendly attitude to show the dominatrix personality was a for-profit act. "See? I always know what a client *really* needs. Shall I escort you to your car, sir?"

Nash bowed respectfully. "Candace, this was the best night I've ever had," he admitted in awe, after cleaning up and leading her on his arm towards the club exit.

Emilena smiled as he led her into the parking lot. "Oh Black," she cooed in his ear, "the night's not over yet..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on July 04, 2016, 01:44:31 AM**

Aaron watched the crowd of revelers in the Silver Fire Club's parking lot. He winced as he heard the sound of retching and then the splashing of someone vomiting nearby. The smile caused him to wrinkle his nose and hope that the drunkard wouldn't see his group. Footsteps heading away from him soon allayed that fear.

"Come on, what the fuck's taking so long?" he muttered. He lowered the binoculars from his eyes. No sign of Emilena, Axel or--wait, someone was coming out.

He raised his binoculars up and spotted the distinct form of Emilena escorting a rather large and *very* drunk man. "That's Emilena!" he muttered. "And I think it might be him."

Soren rolled his back and shoulder muscles in anticipation of a brawl. "Well, let's grab him!"

Aaron growled softly as he laid a hand on the Human's shoulder. The German Shepherd shook his head. "Not yet. We don't want to cause a shitshow in the parking lot." Despite those words, the eagerness of Soren to attack had rubbed off on him.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked on July 04, 2016, 06:11:24 PM**

Marcus grunted in agreement with Aaron. "We don't want to draw attention to us. Doesn't look like we'll need to wait long, in any case." He watched as Emilena started to guide Black across the parking lot, making for a secluded corner away from prying eyes. Out of the corner of his vision, Marcus saw Axel emerge from the club, looking even more flustered than usual. The rat glanced around, spotted Emilena

as she started to disappear across the lot and followed, nonchalantly putting his hands in his pockets.

The engine rumbled to life as Marcus twisted the key in the ignition. Pushing lightly on the accelerator, the vehicle started to creep forwards.

Axel slowed his pace as he neared Emilena, Black slumping across her and more or less forcing her to drag him. He shot a quick look over his shoulder, but couldn't see anyone following, or looking as though they suspected anything. Failing to feel reassured, he turned his attention to Black's state. The guy was several drinks past the point of being a wreck. "How did you know *that'd* be his thing?" he asked in a low voice, the question gnawing at the back of his mind. "I mean, he doesn't exactly seem like someone who doesn't like calling the shots..."

Just as he finished speaking, Axel recognised the dark vehicle in the distance heading for them, and he lightly turned Emilena's shoulder, steering her towards it. "Here's our ride."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 04, 2016, 06:25:36 PM**

It's a good thing Black was so inebriated by this point, because Emilena was acting far too chipper for her alias. She was just ecstatic at how well her gambit had paid off. She'd recognized a psychological urge that had gone completely untapped for him, one that's actually rather common among males who have always held absolute power in their professions and lives. Black was always in command, whether police chief at work, domineering husband at home, and likely any other social situations. That sort of personality is very likely to yearn the experience to be powerless and controlled, exclusively in a safe and private session.

"It's actually pretty common for men in positions of power to enjoy an aggressive dominatrix," Emilena muttered back, noticing that the SUV was pulling up and Black was far too drunk to really comprehend what she was saying anyway. "Hard for the downtrodden like us to understand, but constantly being in control of everyone is stressful. People crave what they can't have, even the simplicity of being bossed around." She glanced at Axel. "You lived with Lily, so you should understand that feeling at least a little."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 04, 2016, 09:18:54 PM**

As the SUV approached Emilena and Axel, Soren and Aaron got out.

"Grab him. I'll stand watch." Aaron got out from the SUV and looked around. They were in a section rather far from the rest of the club but that didn't mean that he could slack off. He looked around and sniffed. All he could smell was alcohol, sexual arousal, vomit and food. He could also smell a massive variety of people but none of the smells seemed to be getting closer.

Soren nodded and jumped out from the front passenger seat. He approached Emilena and lifted up Black's feet.

"I do hope the guy's totally bluescreened," Soren muttered.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 05, 2016, 06:13:54 PM**

Marita dialed Soren's Cell " Soren. you guys grabbed the prize yet?' Marita asked using code ." By the way I used that password you sent me, and its coming up with some good stuff. Guys been spending a LOT of time and money with the " ladies of the evening. total so far is just under 10 million creds. Guy also got tested for syphilis, and it came back positive. He got it about 3-4 years ago. Thats the disease that killed Al Capone, and led to Hitler going psycho, well MORE psycho. So far , he seems to have contained it, but hes a risk of spreading it to his partners, and I doubt too many know he has it. theres

receipts for sex toys, including ball gags, and 2 or 3 tests for paternity, but so far he hasn't fathered any kids outta wedlock. yet. I'll keep digging." Marita said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 05, 2016, 06:34:28 PM**

Soren had just finished stowing Black in the rear of the SUV when his phone vibrated. He swiped across the screen and found the call came from Marita.

The Human smiled as he put the phone to his ear. Texting Marita that password definitely paid off. It was a textbook window-break hack. "We got the prize," he said. "Marita, make sure you grab copies or screenshots of all the crap he's got in his computer. Also, tell Marie, Rose and Anne to get ready for our prize. We'll meet you back at the usual spot." He then hung up.

Aaron had climbed back in the SUV. "All right, we all ready to go?" he asked. Luckily, no one had noticed anything or if they did, they didn't care.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 05, 2016, 07:09:55 PM**

"Let's book it," Emilena agreed, cramming herself into the backseat after retrieving her pistol from where Axel had stashed it.

"Hey, did you put a condom on him?" Flora asked her as they peeled out of the parking lot. "He's tested positive for syphilis."

"Ooh. Poor Natalya..." That reminded Emilena to put her glove back on. "Unless a cybernetic hand can catch viruses, I think I'm clear. He didn't get a...typical session from me."

Flora was distracted when her stomach growled with a deep echo, forcing her to suppress a grimace. She'd never gotten the chance to grab any food at the club. *There better be somewhere open around the hotel...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 05, 2016, 07:10:02 PM**

well ahead of you. info and screenshots are safely stored in a file. i'll let the girls know to be ready for you . " Marita texted Soren back
marie says she;s ready for the interrogation."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 05, 2016, 08:56:25 PM**

Soren shot back a single text: "Good".

Aaron dialed Marcus. "Yeah. We got 'em. We're heading back first. Inspector Gadget got the gals back at the hotel ready. We'll meet you there."

He hung up as Soren started pulling out of the parking lot. By now, the debauchery was starting to wrap up and some Seryet PD officers started arriving. Soren rolled his eyes as he saw a drunken Iguana get tossed into a police cruiser. There was a very good chance he'd find himself completely naked and broke in Seryet Park tomorrow morning.

Aaron jabbed a thumb in the backseat where Black was out cold. "Someone make sure he's still alive and out cold."

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on July 08, 2016, 12:53:35 AM**

Flora placed her finger on his neck. "I don't feel a pulse!" she shouted in alarm, before Emilena slapped her out of the way.

"He's fine," Emilena rolled her eyes. "Let's get him inside, make sure he's nice and comfortable when he sobers up. They were pulling into the parking lot of the motel.

"Should we let Marita know our eta?" Flora asked, trying to distract from her failed attempt to take a pulse. She'd probably leave questions to the professionals from now on...

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Pterano on July 13, 2016, 12:31:56 AM**

Anthony "Tony" Stracci Jr. was out running a bit of a test. Sure he knew his old comrades were meeting up at a motel now thanks to his contacts in town, but he had an ulterior motive as well. While he was a legitimate business ferret following the death of his father, he had at least saved his father's massive collection of vintage automobiles, being the one reminder from his old life he'd taken with him.

So as he headed for said hotel, Tony had decided to take out and test one of his favorite cars from his youth: the 1956 Daimler DE 36 drophead coupe. He'd recently had to restore it, which hadn't been cheap, but had been totally worth it in his opinion. The Daimler was the car of royalty and not many had been built... only eight by his father's count, and his father had secured it from an auction years ago.

The car wasn't perhaps the smoothest driver with its fluid flywheel transmission, but it was a massive boat, and for some reason had always been one of Tony's favorites growing up, perhaps because it was so elegant and majestic looking. So he found himself behind the steering wheel, testing out the new transmission he'd installed and the upgraded radio. The big silver and maroon car cruised through the streets to the strains of Brian Wilson's "Night Time" playing through its speaker, the ferret tapping his hand on the big wheel as he slid the big silver shifter lever up to fourth gear, then waited as he accelerated, pushing in the clutch so that the car would shift for him. He preferred the Cord's semi-automatic to the Daimler's... but such was life.

Seeing the motel approaching on his right, Tony preselected second gear, waited until he was getting close to the turn, then pressed in the clutch to allow the big car to downshift. He flipped a small knob on the steering wheel to the right, and out popped an old style turn signal hand from the side of the car, complete with blinking orange light. Making it look easy, the ferret turned the big car into the parking lot, downshifting to first and then bringing the Daimler to a halt in a parking spot, not really fitting perfectly in but the mustelid clearly didn't care.

Shutting off the engine, he noticed another vehicle pulling in, and sure enough, there was Emilena and someone he didn't exactly recognize, but figured it wouldn't be long before he'd be introduced. Getting out the right-hand side door, he walked around the back of the car and smiled slightly. "Well, well... look who it is! I guess it's a good thing I arrived at the same time as you... you'd easily provide protection and cover for any situation. How are you, Emilena?" he asked now, extending his paw. The ferret wasn't nattily attired, but resembled more a middle class working ferret, keeping his traditional tweed cap on and wearing a matching tweed coat with blue pants.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Serris on July 13, 2016, 02:14:48 AM**

Marcus said nothing as he pulled in after Soren and the others did.

He turned to Axel and jabbed a thumb at him as he shut off the motor. "All right, you. Go inside and get the things ready inside our room. I'll help the others with our guest."

The Doberman opened the door for Axel to get out.

The Rat did so and rubbed his temples as he headed for the motel's dingy lobby. He desperately wished for some more alcohol to kill the headache that he could feel coming on.

Marcus then approached the other SUV. He looked over and saw Soren and Aaron struggling to get the massive form of Nash Black out of the back of the SUV...and a Ferret he didn't recognize. "Aaron, Soren. Get our 'guest' inside. Emilena and I are going to meet this new guy."

Soren nodded and obeyed, not wanting to get on the bad side of the burly Doberman. The Human grunted as he slung Nash's left arm over his shoulder while Aaron took the right arm.

The duo then half-carried, half-dragged him into the motel's lobby.

"Right," Marcus said. "Emilena and I will meet you inside later."

He watched as the two headed through the lobby doors. He approached Emilena and the guest, making sure to keep a hand by his sawed-off shotgun under his jacket.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 13, 2016, 08:48:37 PM**

Marita opened the door to the room just as the sounds of Black being dragged up reached a crescendo. She walked out as Soren and Aaron, both sweating heavily, reached the floor ' Hey Guys. Everything's All set for our VIP. Man, hes a big dude, No wonder you guys look zapped. Marita pulled out a computer file " all of Mr Black ' dirty Laundry. Has enough if it to cover a New York city Clothesline.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 13, 2016, 09:23:04 PM**

Axel waved at the duo as he sipped the beer he had bought from a nearby 24-hour convenience store. "Right, let's get this shit over with." He tapped his cybernetic hand on the dingy loveseat's arm.

Soren collapsed on the sofa and wiped his forehead. "Hauling this guy's fat ass took a lot out of me."

Aaron didn't seem that tired. Despite appearances, he was panting fairly heavily with his tongue out of his mouth. He quickly helped himself to a glass of water from the tap. "Right, first things first. We need to tie him up."

Soren looked around the hotel room. The TV was set inside an entertainment cabinet that appeared to be bolted to the wall. The lamps could be unplugged but he wasn't sure if the cords were long enough to tie someone up with. "Shit," he muttered. "Don't tell me we gotta make a latenight shopping run."

Axel piped up. "Have you tried seeing what's in our SUVs? There's gotta be some shit we can use."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 14, 2016, 06:10:41 AM**

Emilena couldn't keep the shock from registering on her face when Tony Stracci of all people walked up to her.

"Who's this?" Flora asked tentatively, registering Emilena's concerning reaction.

"He's...uh..." Emilena drew a credit chit out of her pocket. "Go get some chicken fries or something. You said you were hungry."

Flora wasted no time in heading for a 24/7 diner, and only once she was out of earshot did Emilena reply to Tony. "How did you get involved in all this?" She glanced at Marcus, who was approaching with his shotgun. "Are you involved? You should get the hell out of here if you have the choice," she hissed under

her breath. "We work for your old friends now. And we're sticking our noses in things that will get us all killed." The Purifiers would likely remember the ferret, who turned coat after Soren's team kidnapped him during the Lanthae incident.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **July 14, 2016, 09:16:46 PM**

"Ah... well not yet but I'm going to be." the ferret said in response. He waved at Marcus here, recognizing him from before. "Hey Marcus... been a long time." He said, flicking a toothpick in his mouth. "Yeah that's... precisely why I'm here. Figured you could use my help since I... used to work for them and all. And get killed?" he shrugged nonchalantly here.

"What do I have to live for?" he asked now. "Anyway still have a few contacts here and there... including in the Purifiers... they let me know what was going on. I uh... heard about it, felt guilty for not helping, have nothing else to do with my time, and uh... well I'd like to see..." he trailed off here, not finishing the sentence. "Anyway it's par for the course. I have no intention of driving back to where I came from, so you may as well take me." He stated.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 15, 2016, 05:52:07 AM**

Emilena glanced at Marcus. "Well, it's up to them of course," she replied to Tony. "They call the shots, the rest of us are here for...god I'm not even sure. So far my most valuable asset to the team has been impersonating various females."

She eyes Marcus' readied shotgun. "That being said, if Tony wants to risk his head, I wouldn't be against his help." Every additional non-Purifier on the team only increases their bargaining power.

Lily glared as Axel returned to the room but otherwise said nothing as her teammates returned to the hotel room.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 16, 2016, 05:19:55 PM**

Marcus scowled. "Yeah. I remember you. You went along with us and then fucked us later." His teeth were bared but his shotgun was kept out of sight.

He then sighed and visibly relaxed. The streetlights cast a pale white light over the grimy parking lot of the hotel. Indeed, they were the only ones present. Except for someone wandering near the perimeter of the lot.

Marcus then rubbed his forehead. "As much as I don't entirely trust you, I don't have much of a choice."

Internally, he pondered using the former mafioso for the more dangerous and unsavory tasks.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **July 17, 2016, 01:03:59 AM**

"Heh well... I didn't really 'fuck you' per se... you guys won, remember?" Tony replied here, rolling his eyes at Marcus as he flexed his wrist in the palm of his other paw. "Switched sides maybe... the losing side..." He stated. "Still all right... glad to be aboard... seems I've come full circle then." he stated.

He glanced back at his car, decided to leave it for now (it did at least have modern safety features on it), and shrugged, then headed for the motel entrance. "So what's the deal? What are we doing next?" he asked.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **July 17, 2016, 01:12:29 AM**

It was then Soren exited the hotel lobby. He paused midway as he saw the Ferret. He seemed familiar but couldn't quite recall where he saw him.

But all that was immediately erased when he saw the antique car. He only knew one person wealthy and ostentatious enough to flaunt a vehicle like that: Tony Stracci.

He took a chance. "Fucking hell, Tony. Last place I'd ever expect to see you!"

Marcus then turned to the Human. "Now's not the time for chatting. You get anything useful?"

"Naw," Soren said. "He's still out and we need to tie him up."

"Goddamnit," the Doberman muttered. "You couldn't have done that before!?" He turned to Soren. "There SUV should have some charge transfer cables. Use those."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 17, 2016, 05:41:22 AM**

Emilena was surprised Marcus acquiesced so quickly, but wasn't about to miss a chance to consolidate another ally. "I'm willing to fill Tony in on the details if nobody else wants to," she said. "I don't much fancy interrogating Black, I'm probably following Flora's lead and grabbing dinner. You wanna come with," she flashed a reserved glance at Tony. "Maybe we could grab takeout for everyone." *And answer each other's questions in relative privacy...*

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Pterano** on **July 19, 2016, 01:04:37 AM**

Tony looked over at Soren, recognizing him instantly, a smile brought to his features now. "Well, well... Soren! Yeah... that's me heheh. I know right? Well I'm here to help... for whatever it's worth." he shrugged here, but Marcus cut the reunion off, and Emilena shifted her attention back to the ferret, so he gave her his.

"Sounds like a good idea to me." he nodded here. "I'll buy." He hooked his thumb over his shoulder to his car. "Want to take my car?" he smirked. "If we're going to a drive-through, you could order, I could pay, and we... catch up." he said here, giving her a somewhat knowing look.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **July 19, 2016, 01:12:30 AM**

Marcus looked at Emilena and Tony with a scowl and pricked ears. He had overheard everything they had said but decided not to say anything. Dealing with Black was a more pressing issue that whatever grudges those two had.

Soren returned with the heavy cable draped across his shoulders. In his right arm was an emergency power supply for electric vehicles.

He turned to Tony and Emilena. "Hey, could you two fetch me some 'supplies' while your at it?"

Marcus placed a massive hand on Soren's shoulder. "Quit fucking around and just what you're told," he growled. He then turned to the Ferret and Fox. "No detours other than take out. We don't have much time as it is!" He looked up into the dark sky. By now, the barest traces of sunrise were peeking up through the smoggy haze around Seryet City.

Anne yawned as her ears twitched. She had a cup of steaming hot coffee at hand as she listened to the airwaves for anything interesting.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 21, 2016, 07:12:39 AM**

"Sounds good to me," Emile a replied nonchalantly, glancing at his vintage vehicle. "So long as you don't mind everyone at the burger joint thinking you're driving around a stripper."

Once they were safely away on their journey, Emilena glanced at Tony. "So what have you been up to since they blew up Lanthae?" she asked. "Most of the people you remember are...different. I'll fill you in, but it would be nice to know where you stand nowadays. You certainly don't look like a young naive daddy's boy anymore, if you'll pardon my bluntness."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 22, 2016, 12:58:45 AM**

Marita watched as Black was thrown onto the coach. " we'll Need ski masks to huide our faces" She said to Soren ' We're blackmailing the guy, not killing him for gawds sakes. Do you want the entire police force breathing down our necks. We'll need sedatives,. Memory wiping stuff.. truth serum and cloroform. Quite a few things come to think of it.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **July 23, 2016, 01:47:52 AM**

"Fine by me." Tony said, moving around to the right side of the car (it being of British make) which left Emilena on the left side. The car was so wide there was plenty of room between them in the middle seat. Pushing the starter button on the dash, he listened as the straight-eight engine came to life, then slid the silver preselector lever down into reverse to back the car out of the spot. Shifting into first, he took the big Daimler back out onto the road and began heading for the nearest fast food joint, which fortunately was only about two miles up the road.

Preselecting second, he waited until he was ready then pushed in the clutch to shift as Emilena began speaking to him. "Yeah well... I've inherited my father's... businesses... but kind of disbanded the family so to speak. Well... I actually gave it to my underboss to run... took my dad's cars and a good chunk of his money, moved over here, started up my own business... legit... and have been doing that. It's... partly successful, though I'm still growing it." he explained, shifting the car into third and then fourth. "Computer hardware isn't... really a bad business to run after all." He stated.

"My old man passed away... and since I had no interest in taking over the 'family', I gave it over to our underboss and just moved on from it all. Hell the cars were the only thing I really cared about anyway." he said, patting the enormous maroon steering wheel of the Daimler. "So what's up with you guys?" he asked, briefly looking over to her. "What's changed? Who's around and who's not? Ah yeah... speaking of the cars... actually this car I picked you up in when we first met." He added, grinning. "Took it down to the end of the driveway, got you and then drove back, remember?" he asked, chuckling now as the wind whipped his fur.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 25, 2016, 03:56:15 AM**

Emilena's face softened when she heard what Tony had been up to. "That's...actually really honorable," she told him. "It must have taken a lot of courage to disband your father's legacy and seek out an honest living. I can't imagine it was either easy or profitable. But going honest is its own reward."

She blushed the faintest shade and looked away. "Sorry, forgive me. I get romantic about notions of justice. I was a cop once, after all. Despite my current reputation as a deranged criminal." She took a

deep breath. "Honestly, none of us have fared as well as you have. Axel's a drunken paranoid hermit, I can't get a real sentence out of him. Marita and Rose have lost all comprehension of the real world, when I hear them talk I honestly think they've gone senile. Soren's fared all right I guess, and Lily..." She bit her lip. "You won't recognize her. We may have saved her from the parasite, but she never regained her humanity."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on July 26, 2016, 12:06:44 AM**

Soren scowled. "For fuck's sake, I'm not going to kill him. I'm not *that* sadistic!"

He used the heavy cables to tie the unconscious Nash to the couch. Unfortunately, he was only able to tie down the man's ample chest with the cable. Soren looked around the room for something to use as binding material. And then noticed his target was still wearing his clothes.

"Marita, Rose, give me a hand and strip this guy to his underwear. We're going to use his clothes to tie him up."

Anne's ears pricked up as she heard a mention of the supplies the group needed. "Leave the drugs and shit to me. I'll go message a friend of mine." She turned to Axel. "Hey, can I use your computer?"

"Sure, go ahead." Axel waved a hand dismissively as he drank yet another bottle of beer.

Anne sat down at the table and opened an encrypted web chat. She punched in her dealer's number into browser and waited for him to pick up.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano on July 26, 2016, 12:27:30 AM**

As Tony drove, he listened to Emilena actually... show him some respect. He blinked here, looking over at her. "Huh... yeah... I guess it does. I mean... I didn't... want to carry on the family business so I... set out on my own... and sure it's... you know... OK I guess... it's not a massive success or anything but... I'm doing OK." he stated now.

"The Great Filling Station Holdup" by Jimmy Buffett came on now on Tony's mix, and he smiled as he'd remembered his dad actually singing this to the strains of his guitar back when he was just a kid. Smiling slightly, he then heard exactly what the party had become and he was... shocked to say the least. "I... holy crap... it's... it's THAT' bad?" he asked incredulously. "Lily is... she's... oh my god..." Tony breathed, exhaling sharply. "Holy crap... that sounds... I just... wasn't expecting that. But I guess... Axel WOULD be that way if Lily never recovered and just... well shit!" he said, temporarily losing his confidence for a moment as he turned a small knob on the steering wheel to pop out the turn-signal arm from the side of his car. Axel... his closest friend from that... that was... a blow.

As he turned into the drive-thru, the ferret listened to the song, then smiled again as he seemed to recover. "Heh... well then, in the words of Jimmy Buffett: 'We're wanted men! We'll strike again! But first let's have a beer!'" he sang, grinning at her as he pulled up to the order speaker. She was on the left so she could order for them. "Just get me a chili burger." he whispered to her, keeping his head down and turning the music lower. "And maybe a beer." He smirked now.

The order-taker whistled through the speaker. "Damn! That's one nice car! So what'll it be?" he asked.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on July 28, 2016, 04:13:39 AM**

"Damn straight it's nice! I bet you'll never see another one of these as long as you live!" Emilena was possibly overplaying her cards trying to sound rich, especially to a unsuspecting fast food worker.

"Ummm, let's go with 4 of the dollar menu slider combos, extra fries and hold the drinks. A chili burger combo with a beer. And...how about a large water. Bottled, I'm not interested in spilling something in this car."

The intercom read their order back to them and then directed them to the next window, where Emilena got a sideways look due to her risque outfit. Once they had the food, they began the drive back to the hotel. "Be really gentle when talking to Axel," Emilena reinforced her prior warning. "Otherwise you shouldn't have trouble reconnecting with the others." Realizing they were about to run out of private conversation time, she added one last topic of interest. "Pardon me for again questioning your explanation for coming here, but is that *really* all there is to your story?" she asked pointedly. "Because if you've got some ulterior motive, I'd love to help with it. Fuck the purifiers."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **July 31, 2016, 01:47:28 AM**

The voice on the other end paused, then acknowledged the order as Tony tried not to laugh. "Holy shit... that's actually pretty damn good. More than I'd say but you're right... he never will!" He agreed. "Here." He dug in his pocket and handed her the correct change. "I'll buy." he offered.

He pulled up to the window, and the server whistled at the car, then they were off and rolling, driving back to the motel. As they moved, Tony waited, hearing Emilena out. He purposely drove past the hotel, took the turning down the next block, and began circling around to buy them some more time.

He looked over at her pointedly now, giving her a serious stare. "Revenge." he said simply. "Help you guys out... take revenge... any goddamn way I can." he told her. "We're on the losing side... but until that fucker Rhaegson is dead... I won't stop. But that DOESN'T come before helping you out." he said now. "I won't jeopardize your lives to fulfill it. I'll assist you and wait for an opportunity." he stated, taking the final turn as the motel came in sight again and he began to pull into the parking lot. "I hope that's enough."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 03, 2016, 02:33:05 PM**

Rose And Marita Helped Strip Black to his underwear and bound him with his shirt and pants. Marie came in carrying pillow cases with holes cut into them.' Couldnt find any ski masks, so this will have to do' She said, handing them out. Marita put one on over her ghead, the holes wre big enough so she could see out of it, and she tucked the rest of the case into her drss. so she looked like a ghost in a cartoon. Marita Say down in a chair across from Black " alright ' Give him the smelling salts so we can start questioning him ' She Said to soren.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 03, 2016, 07:19:16 PM**

"Works for me." Emilena lowered her voice as they pulled into the parking lot. "When the time comes for your strike, let me know. I'm ready to put it all on the line to knock Rhaegson down a peg."

She walked into the hotel room with the food. "What have we learned?" she asked Axel, who was closest to the door.

"Haven't started yet," he said dully, continuing to stare disinterestedly out the window.

"What the hell have you all been doing this whole time?" she exclaimed in exasperation. Grabbing the smelling salts from the table, she wafted them under their captive's nose. "Come on. I know we have all night, but we're running on borrowed time here, until somebody realizes he's missing."

Flora yawned and stared tiredly at her fried chicken and gravy. At first the all-you-can-eat special at the

diner seemed like a no-brainer, but she hadn't even completed her first portion before her stomach was protesting the truckloads of grease and starch she was ingesting. The bottomless-refill strawberry lemonades likely weren't helping.

But then her stomach did a completely unrelated flipflop when Lily came sidling through the door, spotted her in the corner booth, and sat down in front of her. "Hey, um, excuse me?" Flora raised her voice, looking around urgently for a waitress. "Can someone eject this person? They're disrupting my eating experience!"

"Relax, I'm not Lily," the newcomer assured under her voice, and something about her demeanor convinced Flora. "I'm a friend of hers, and I'm worried about her, but I'm in far better control of myself."

Flora nodded nervously. "So, uh, what do you want then?"

The woman who wasn't Lily sighed. "Lily used to be such a loving woman. You'd have never had a more loyal and kindhearted person on your team. But she's possessed by something. And I need help to fix her."

"If it's money you want, I'm not interested," Flora pointed out quickly. She'd seen too many panhandlers to deal with one right now.

"Don't worry," her dinner partner assured. "I have all the resources already. If my plan works, I'll be taking Lily with me. Your reward will be never having to deal with her again..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 04, 2016, 03:21:36 AM**

"Hey," Soren said as he finished binding Black. "We don't want to wake him up and have him try to attack us or run." He gestured to the torn-up clothing and electrical cable that bound him to the couch.

He tossed a pillowcase-mask to Emilena before he donned it. Truth be told, he look absolutely ridiculous in the thing but it was necessary.

Anne then entered the hotel room. She had beat up plastic bag in her hand. "Sorry I'm late," she said, shutting the door behind her. "But it took my source a little longer than usual to get the goods."

"Better living through chemistry," Soren said with a grin. "What you got in there?"

"Well, ain't no such thing as a truth serum but we've got everything else we need." Anne's ears twitched as she heard Emilena break the smelling salt capsule.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **August 04, 2016, 11:54:53 AM**

Tony nodded, parked his massive car, and then shut it off. Exiting now, he activated the security features and headed for the motel. Once inside, he could see most gathered around the prisoner, and went to the room's sole table, opening up his bag and eagerly digging into his chili burger.

He popped the lid off his beer and began sipping that as well, looking to Emilena as she began rousing the prisoner. "This should be good... knowing you, he's not gonna last." Tony stated here, noticing Anne as she came in. "Hey Anne..." he waved slightly, swallowing his food. "Good to see you again."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 06, 2016, 03:33:24 PM**

Well, Well. Tony Stracci. We meet again. Still adding to your collection of vintage cars/ Marita said, looking at him through the holes in her mask. "or are you on some other kick now/ well, we'll caltch up after we deal with Sleepy Syphilis here. we've , shall we say a few question for him to answer.' she turned

as the captive began to stir ' Rise and Shine Big Spender Its time for 20 questions, and you're going to give 20 answers.. and they'd better be good " Marita said in a low, threatening voice.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 06, 2016, 11:54:31 PM**

Anne opted to stay out of sight since the pillowcase mask didn't really fit her. Her ears pricked up at Tony's voice and she went up to him and shook his hand. "Hey, how's things going now?"

Soren pulled up a chair and sat on it, casually leaning against it. In all, he projected more of an informal air. "Well, Mr. Black," he said. "I see you certainly had fun tonight. But I have a question, does it strike you as hypocritical to spend millions of creds on prostitutes -- and I ain't talking just about the legal, taxed kind -- but then spend your time enforcing anti-prostitution laws?"

He then leaned in closer to the bound man. "Or are you getting paid *not* to enforce laws?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 07, 2016, 12:37:05 AM**

20 questions huh? Well I hate to disappoint you, but the only answers you'll be getting from are 20 variations on the words - FUCK YOU' Black spat at Marita, as he now realized he was tied up. He heard Soren comment and turned to face him " What i spend my money is my own damn business and no one elses. Doesnt matter if its a billion creds, its my money..' Being a cop doesnt pay nearly that much, even if you spend 50 years behind the badge " Marita said. " even if you saved every cred. No, your money, comes from other sources.. most likely of questionable or illicit means. Taking cash from those girls at the clubs?I do hope you havent infected any of them..' infected?- Blacks mouth fell open then his eyes narrowed " Yes Mr Black , you have syphilis, and have had it for several years. you are either in the latent stage or the tertiary stage, i would say latent because you still are exhibiting infectious symptoms. Does your wife know? " How the hell did you find out ..' Black hissed " Never mind how i found out ' Marita said ' Answer the question: does she know?' No " Black said sullenly " Nor it is her business.. ' Actually no, it very much is her business.; Marita said coldly " You could have infected her, and many many other females with it.. because you had it, didn't get yourself treated, and wanted to have lots of freaky time, without any consequences. For you that is. a far cry from the public image of the valiant, and honorable Officer Black. And your credit records record at least 8 sexual encounters with other men, including a 5600000 cred charged to Mr Mulvi at the Club Pres Drecard-- high high end stuff, if you are into strapping young men with firm butts and large endowments, French kissing, licking guy ass and giving blowjobs. So here's the deal Mr Black. you tell us everything we want to know ' Marita said moving a file between her fingers. "Or this little file here gets released publicly, and you'll make the 10 o' clock news tomorrow night for all the wrong reasons. There's enough stuff in here to put you away in prison for the rest of your life.. which wont be very long after your wife gets done tanning your hide and emptying out your creds billfold'

Black sputtered , his face a violent reddish hue, his eyes smoldering with a mixture of anger and fear. What the HELL do you want?' He hissed.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 07, 2016, 12:38:45 AM**

Emilena lay on the bed, not interested in the interrogation. She'd done her part, and she had already gotten to know Black better than any self-respecting woman should have to. The guys can take it from here.

Flora stepped gingerly into the hotel. *Damn, wish Amos had taken after his dad...* she nodded approvingly of the stripped police chief's physique. "Erm, Axel?" she asked delicately. "Could I talk to you for a moment?" Axel rolled his eyes and didn't immediately answer. "It's that or babysit Columbo & friends. And I brought you a beer," Flora shook a bottle of expensive Amaretto. "But it's coming outside with me..."

Axel sighed and followed the folf outside. Lily narrowed her eyes.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Pterano** on **August 07, 2016, 01:03:41 AM**

Tony rose here, and warmly shook Anne's hand. "Hey! It's good to see you! And yeah things are... OK... I'm a legitimate businessman now and about the only thing I kept from my old life after my old man passed away were his cars... I couldn't part with those!" He grinned now.

"How have you been keeping?" he inquired of the pony. "You look pretty good actually." he confirmed. "Oh and... we brought you all food." he said, motioning with his paw down to the takeout order bag on the table.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 07, 2016, 01:21:47 AM**

Lily pushed past Tony, barely even registering his presence. She had more important things to worry about.

She saw Flora's and Axel's silhouettes recede from the outside of the hotel. It was none of her business, but something was warning her that Flora's actions were off. And what would she want with Axel?

"Lily..." Emilena called out sternly as she turned the doorknob. Lily flashed an angry at the vixen. "Is that any way to treat an old friend? How about say hello to Tony, and leave those two alone?"

Lily balled her fists, remembering she promised Emilena she wouldn't bother Axel, but not caring now that he was keeping secrets. "Hello *Tony*," she spat, slamming the door behind her and marching into the street. Emilena sighed and gave Tony a knowing look.

Meanwhile, in the back room Black wasn't having any of Marita's threats. "You think you can scare me?" he sneered. "I'm *rich*. I can handle any scandal, bring it on. Fuck my wife, I'll just get another. You better let me go, or things will *not* end well for you." He spat in her face. "I've crushed criminal scum scarier than you. I have druglords and cartels that bend over backwards to please me because *I'm the only reason they're allowed to live* and they know it." His eyes bore into hers, and he smiled fearlessly.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **August 07, 2016, 01:47:23 AM**

The 'I 've got chunks of punks like you in my stool' defense huh/ Marita said. Mr black, simply put no amount of money can buy you out of the trouble we can cause you. And you know how easy RICO allows for crimes to pile up, along with fines and consecutive terms. then there's obstruction of justice, witness tampering, destruction of evidence, and so on. Money Laundering, in your case.. Why else is the contraband locker in your station empty? Anyway Once you have to pay lawyers fees, and court fines, you won't BE rich. Not to mention all the lawsuits from any infected women and men coming out of the woodwork, once your STD becomes public knowledge. So .. I'd suggest your cooperate.. unless you want you face on every tv screen in town in the next 6 hours.' Marita said.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **August 07, 2016, 10:25:55 PM**

Soren looked utterly unimpressed. "You *really* think your creds can help you out?"

He leaned in close to Black's face. "I know quite a few people who've been burned by you and would like to have your balls mounted as a trophy." Black didn't know it, but Soren's threat was only half-true. He *personally* didn't know anyone who was willing to hunt him down but he was certain that Anne had quite enough underworld contacts to make it the case.

Black chuckled. "You, deal with the shitstains of society? The contract killers, organized crime enforcers and worse? Don't make me laugh! You didn't even have the balls to go and kidnap me yourself!"

Soren also held up his smartphone with the Black household's address and the deactivation code for his alarm and showed it to Black. "Also, take a good look at this. Recognize that? If you don't want your house's address, alarm code and GPS coordinates uploaded to the Internet and plastered all over Seryet's TV screens where everyone and anyone can find them, you'll cooperate with us."

The Human leaned back in his chair and sipped his glass of water. "Make your choice."

Anne nickered as she opened the bag to reveal a veggie burger. "Thanks! Truth be told, I've been doing some black market electronics trading since Lanthae."

She took a bite of the burger. "But anyways, I've been just fine." She turned to the closed door. "Soren and the gals are having a chat with our 'guest'. Might be a while before they get done."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 07, 2016, 10:55:54 PM**

Lily followed the duo as closely as she dared. Flora and Axel were ambling into the alleyway across the street. Lily waited impatiently for the crosswalk light to change, then pursed her lips and raced across the street when it was clearly abandoned this late at night.

Finally she was getting in range to hear what was being said. "...I am just so sick of this shit..." Axel griped. "The fuck this even has to do with me?"

"I don't know, but just do it and then we can both put it behind us," Flora urged.

"Doesn't even make sense though," he protested. "What would that do?"

"I don't know and I don't care," Flora countered. "Why do you care?"

Axel grumbled. "...fine." He threw his hands in the air. "And when pray tell is this going down?"

"Right now." Lily heard her own voice behind her. Whirling around, she felt something stab into her sternum, punching through the bone and directly into her heart. She had only a moment to glimpse a mirror image of herself holding a massive syringe before the tranquilizer hit her like a load of bricks. "Quickly!" her doppelganger snapped, supporting Lily's full weight before she fell over. "Axel! Her body will metabolize it in seconds!"

Axel hesitated. "What the hell is she doing here?" he stammered in alarm.

"She followed you. And she's going to kill all of us if you don't act now!"

Flora was backing up to the far end of the alley. Axel bit his lip and balled his fists at nothing in particular, but finally marched forward and pressed his hands against Lily's temples. Lily felt shocked when he pressed his forehead against hers. She could hear his thoughts, something she hadn't heard since Lanthae.

You're not the real Lily, he thought to her. Do the right thing and just die.

Black stewed in his chair. "So you wanted to know what I spend my money on, huh? Well, clearly you know. So I don't know why you're wasting your time. What are you, lobbyists for a secret prostitution super pac?" He glanced at Rose. "Or maybe you're all just hookers. Wouldn't surprise me. Either way, if you're looking for money, maybe we can talk. I might even let you set the price if sugar tits over there wants to get 'friendly.'"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **August 07, 2016, 11:16:17 PM**

Soren fumed at the implication he was a prostitute but he tried to keep his face neutral. But the clenched fists gave his mood away. He crossed his arms. "Did yu just try to bribe us to set you free?" He snorted. "You're a fucking riot, you know that?"

The Human pointed to the smartphone in hand. "We want information. Starting with the rather interesting breach in police protocol we've uncovered: no witness names being recorded. I'm friends with a Seryet Norton and they tell me that is not how things are done."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 07, 2016, 11:18:08 PM**

Black grinned. "Maybe we can strike a deal. I'll tell you everything I know but only if the bitch with the big tits sucks me off." He nodded his head at Rose. "She looks like she's got a good mouth. She does that, I'll sing like a canary."

Flora stepped forward tentatively as she regarded the crumpled figure. "Is...is she dead?"

"I don't even get why that worked," Axel muttered folding his arms and glancing at the liquor store across the street.

The alternate Lily, who called herself 'Rose', picked up Lily's body and slung it over her shoulder. "You two share a bond, and always will," she replied to Axel. "It's not love, its not kindred spirit, it's just a byproduct of what happens when a psionic consciousness sacrifices its former body to inhabit a new one. For the few moments in Lanthae where Lily lacked a self, before her mind located her new body, she needed something to keep her existent. A totem to cling to. As I predicted, she picked you."

Axel grunted. "M-hm. So what now? You kill us for knowing too much?"

"Oh no, I keep my promises." Rose began carrying her quarry out of the alleyway. "You two are free to go. Heck, I didn't even offer you money, but you earned three month's salary." She withdrew a credit chip and tossed it on the ground behind her before disappearing around the corner.

Flora exhaled in relief. "Oh thank god. I feel, like, I'm at least 15% more likely to survive this crap without her here." She glanced at Axel, who was staring silently at the spot where Lily used to be. "So, um, you want that credit chip? I'm doing okay. You can have all of it."

Axel sighed and lit a cigarette, then silently walked over to the liquor store.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **August 07, 2016, 11:46:08 PM**

On two conditions ' Rose said ' first , you wear a condom to protect me from contracting what you have." " alright' Black nodded ' he turned to Soren " you.. go fetch me a condom.." he turned to Rose " what is the other Condition? Let me guess.. creds., how much you want. 100 grand? " 100 grand.. add some more zeroes to that pal " Rose said " fine 1 million creds, I'll line item it. Come on, big boobs, I'm paying you real good cash, and letting you lot live. By rights I should plug the lot of you for this,' Black said, gritting his teeth.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Pterano** on **August 08, 2016, 10:18:19 PM**

"Oh! Electronics?" Tony asked Anne now. "That's ironically what I trade in! Well... not black market but you know! The legal stuff! Mostly computer hardware! I have my own company now! Kind of based on the old NeXT except it actually does something." Tony chuckled here.

"So yeah..." he glanced at the door now. "That's..." He pricked his ears to try and hear. "Wait... what are they... actually DOING in there?" he asked now, his eyes going wide as he heard some... strange words being uttered.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 12, 2016, 07:31:09 AM**

Emilena yawned. She was extremely tired, but she wanted a few more allies present before she nodded off for the night. With Axel, Lily, and Flora gone the Purifiers had them tied in numbers...

...wait, no, there's Flora. The youth came creeping back through the front door, looking a little troubled. Emilena wondered what had happened between her and Axel but it wasn't really her business. She hoped the rat was still alive and Lily hadn't broken her promise. *Something to worry about tomorrow...* she thought sleepily, before finally drifting into a dreamless slumber.

In the interrogation room, a nameless Purifier threw Rose a condom from his wallet, curious to see where she was going with this.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 12, 2016, 08:27:35 PM**

Anne shrugged as she nibbled on some fries. Her ears pivoted towards the door. She scrunched her muzzle in thought. "I thought they were running an interrogation?"

She then shrugged. "Eh, not our business."

The Shetland Pony sat down on the couch and picked her nails. "Well, most of the electronics I dealt with were not exactly illegal but I didn't acquire them legally. That and the transactions didn't include taxes."

Soren sighed as he put his smartphone away. He scowled as he laid eyes on the group. "I'm going to get something to eat."

He opened the door and closed it before he took off his pillowcase mask. The faint scent of food greeted him as did the sight of Anne and Tony on the sofa.

The Human said nothing as he exited the hotel room.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **August 13, 2016, 05:43:30 PM**

((all right I'm just gonna move this plot along. I think I got down what we need next.))

Outside, a rather dark looking Lykan HyperSport pulled into the parking lot, the engine shutting off and the diamond studded lights flicking off as the door hissed and smoothly slid upward, a rather bulky looking doberman stepped out, his short cropped black fur blowing ever so slightly in the wind. Narrowing his eyes, he began bounding up the steps to the room, stomping as he threw open the door, causing Tony to jump. "Holy shit! Buller?" he asked in surprise.

Buller was one of the Purifiers' most terrifying interrogators, and was known for having a trigger temper and reacting most brutally to things that weren't going his way. NO doubt SOMEONE in their organization had called him in.

Throwing open the door where Black was being "interrogated", the doberman snarled. "What the fuck is the matter with you pussies?" he snapped angrily at everyone in the room, but his gaze was mostly directly to Aaron and Marcus. "What are you teaching him? Ballet dancing?" He strode forward, shoving anyone who dared get in his way aside, and then violently gripped Black's mouth.

"TELL US WHAT THE FUCK WE WANT TO KNOW! YOU HEAR ME? I'LL RIP YOUR FUCKING JAW OFF AND THEN DEVOUR YOUR FUCKING FACE!" He roared, snapping his jaws right in Black's vision as he put his paws in Black's mouth and began straining his muscles, pulling in opposite directions. A sickening crunch could be heard as Black's jaw began to shatter, splitting open as he tore his mouth asunder.

Black's pleas and thrashing caused Buller to stop, releasing him. "WELL?" he asked.

"I... I..." Black stammered. "It's Methuen! He's an employee at Advanced Marlbrax Robotics! I... I meet him at 4 PM every Thursday in Dobson's Alley! You want answers... he's your guy!" he insisted. Spitting in his face, Buller turned to the room and pointed at the now bloodied mouth of Black.

"See? THAT'S how you fucking do it!" he said, stomping over to the corner, folding his arms across his chest and suddenly becoming an immovable statue.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 13, 2016, 06:59:07 PM**

Rose took one look at the bloodied and messed up face of black, and turned green.' excuse me ' she said hurriedly and made her way to the bathroom.

Metheun, huh" i'll run down whatever info i can dig up on this guy marita said ' wjat dio we do with Black, now that his face has been smashed in?

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 13, 2016, 09:37:31 PM**

Marcus scowled. "Congratu-fucking-lations! We were planning on blackmailing him and leaving him intact so we could make a clean getaway!" He then pointed to the mutilated face of Black. "But now, once the cops find this, they'll be on our asses. And I've seen enough on the streets to know that cop-killers usually *don't* make it to trial."

He shook his head. "Aaron go take Inspector Gadget and our newest 'recruit' and oversee this guy's carcass." He then pointed to Marie. "You're helping me clean this shit up."

It was then Soren entered the room with his takeout in hand. "Hey, what have we...DEAR FUCKING SHIT ON A STICK! WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU GUYS DO TO HIM!?" he exclaimed as he laid eyes on the bloodied couch, as well as some blood spatter on the walls. And Black's mutilated and dead form on the couch. He fought down a wave of nausea as he laid eyes on the gory scene.

He rubbed his forehead. "Damn it..."

It was then Aaron placed a muscular hand on the Human's shoulder. "You, me and the Ferret out have oversee duty. Go get him and something to carry this fatass."

Soren entered the room where Anne and Tony were chatting. He cleared his throat.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 13, 2016, 09:55:22 PM**

great. Black is dead, and now we have to dispose of his giant butt' Marita said, scowling as she looked at the cops dead body. " First things first guys ' Gloves. Cant afford to leave any fingerprints, DNA etc that

could link us to him. Thanks to the 'light touch' of Mr Buller here, We now have 350 pounds of dead cop on our hands.' Go get gloves on.,we dispose of the body, we release some of his dirty laundry, and we pin it on some dude whose girlfriend contracted an STD from him, who took it out on his face. the whole defending 'the Mrs' honor' from a crooked cop on the take kinda deal." She went over began typing into her computer.

— marie went over and began going through the supplies Anne had brought and come out with some fabric cleaner 'Hopefully this stuff removes blood stains " she sighed, and went over to the wall where the blood had splattered from Blacks broken jaw and cracked neck.

— Rose came out from a bathroom, llooming shaken and pale, she had clearly been throwing up.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 13, 2016, 10:31:29 PM**

Flora and the others in the main room were still staring at the entrance to the interrogation room, the door of which was still hanging open from when Buller had swung it open. "Who...who's the new guy?" Flora asked nervously.

"I don't know, but I hope he sticks around," Emilena remarked, not even bothered at having been woken up. "Sounds like he gets stuff done."

Axel opened the door to the hotel and sipped his new IPA. He looked around, decided he didn't care what was troubling everyone, and silently resumed sitting on the couch staring out the window.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 20, 2016, 03:44:32 PM**

Rose entered the other room and sat down on the sofa 'black is dead' she said to the others.' so we're cleaning up the room, and dumping his body somewhere inconspicuous..so.. we have to leave here.. well pretty darn quick..

— marita entered the room 'ok, i've released some of Black's dirty laundry and his reputation will soon be shot.. the cops will be going through every corner of his office, for stuff they've been turning a blind eye to. Created an alias of guy named tyrete- girlfriend got infected by black and was rendered infertile because of it. guys had a grudge for a of a long time.. finally snapped.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 24, 2016, 09:17:19 PM**

Marcus shrugged. "That'll do. Yeah, we just ruined some guy's life but tough shit."

Aaron returned with a shower curtain and a set of gloves. He threw a set to Soren and Tony. "Here, put these on and help me wrap this guy up!"

Soren donned the gloves and unrolled the shower curtain onto the floor. He then pointed to the bloody couch. "Okay, what do we do with this then?"

The Doberman grabbed the fabric cleaner, gloves and some rags. "You worry about getting rid of this guy's carcass!"

Soren nodded as he helped Aaron lift Black's body onto the plastic shower curtain. He went and grabbed some towels from the bathroom to keep the blood from leaking out of the shower curtain.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 26, 2016, 11:18:50 AM**

Emilena assisted in disposing of Black's body and Flora helped sterilize and clean the apartment, though not without a disgusted look on her face. The fact that she'd slept with this corpse's son a few hours ago did not help her countenance.

"All right, looks like we have a direction," Emilena mentioned after cleanup was done. "We want to visit Black's contact at 4pm on Thursday? We might not even want to reveal ourselves, let's just tail him and see where he goes."

(ooc do we wanna time skip?)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 31, 2016, 01:05:12 AM**

The next two days were a nerve-wracking ordeal with every knock on the door a potential threat But, soon Thursday arrived.

It was early afternoon in the dingy hotel room. Soren and the others were gathered around the disgustingly beat up computer table.

"We got all the intel we need, so how do you guys want to do this?" Soren said as he read over the paper containing the information he had gathered about Dobson's Alley. Thanks to both Axel's knowledge and Marcus's recon missions, he had learned that Dobson's Alley was a rather low-class gay bar in the Oilworks District -- a former heavy industrial zone that had been renovated into an...interesting commercial area/red-light district.

"Why don't we rubber-hose him like we did Black?" Aaron said as he looked at Buller.

"You fucking kidding me!?" Soren slammed his fist on the table. "That guy-" he pointed a finger at the burly Doberman "-left the biggest mess I've seen outside of a Lanthae crime scene!"

Anne sipped from her glass of beer. "I'm not so sure on grabbing him. I mean, what if someone sees us and calls the cops?"

"Okay. You got any ideas?"

Anne nodded. "We follow him...If he has some leads or other stuff. We grab him and do a field interrogation."

Soren rubbed his forehead. "Fine by me."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 31, 2016, 03:29:31 AM**

"I'm with Anne," Emilena chimed in. "He'll tell us way more by simply walking home than we'd ever get breaking his kneecaps. Plus that way we can avoid leaving yet another obvious clue regarding the direction of our investigation. Any competent detective would already be suspicious that Black was just removed from the picture; if his contact dies shortly afterward their employer will likely be able to connect the dots."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 31, 2016, 10:22:39 PM**

Well the good news is the cops are going thorough every Black trip to strip clubs, considering that he went at least 100 times, they'll be busy digging into that for weeks" Marita said' His body hasnt been found yet, although I'd wager it will be found in another day or so.. So the sooner we tail his contact, and get further into.. whatever he was up to, the better. This isnt an Agatha Christie Book. Nope, far bloodier.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 04, 2016, 01:07:24 PM**

Marcus nodded. "Okay, we need the least threatening ones to go and follow him."

"I'll go," Anne said, her ears pricking up. "I've had some experience with the red-light district."

"It's a gay bar. A mare showing up in there might attract some attention." Soren said.

Aaron rubbed his chin as he threw his cup away in the trash. "True...Axel would blend in the best. But we can't send him in alone in case things become a total shitshow."

The German Shepherd then turned to Rose and Flora. "We'll need you too as hidden contacts in case Axel gets screwed or something."

Marcus let out a breath and examined the notes Soren had taken. "Okay, sounds well and good but one problem, shakedown by the Seryet PD are kind of a notorious hazard there."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 04, 2016, 11:45:28 PM**

"I think I can handle that," nodded Flora, but inwardly she felt her heart drop at the listed roster. If she was stuck on the same team as Rose, especially when their only other teammates were the apathetic Axel and Anne, she'd need to lay down some more defined boundaries. Tapping Rose on the shoulder, she motioned for a more private part of the apartment.

"Okay, look, I need to make something clear if I'm going on a recon mission with you." She gulped and kept a comfortable bubble of personal space between them. "I am not romantically interested in you, and I really don't want any more romantic or sexual advances on me." She took a deep breath. "I take consent very seriously, and regardless of my sexual history before meeting you, it's my right to tell you and your girlfriends 'No'. Okay?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 05, 2016, 12:26:16 AM**

Anne cracked her back as she sipped from her cup of water. "So what's our loadout for this mission."

"Anne can follow Axel into the gay bar." Marcus looked over the Shetland Pony. Sure, she had a visible bust but it wasn't something that couldn't be hidden.

Said mare laid her ears back. "You shittin' me? Crossdressing?"

"You rather Axel get fucked, maybe literally?" Aaron cut in as he checked his pistol.

Soren looked over the intel he had gathered once more. His smartphone had a map of the area around Dobson's Alley. Red dots on the map marked where potential eyes could be located. He rubbed his chin.

Rose and Flora could be stationed at the intersection to the left of Dobson's Alley. Right where Dekard Avenue and Jenson Street met. But then that left the other intersection where Dekard Avenue met Sarif Street. Of course, he could place two others there but then there was the possibility that they could all come back to their "base of operations" with a nasty surprise awaiting them.

He decided to swallow any animosity he had towards Emilena. "Emilena," he said, his voice hard. "We're having some trouble planning this operation out."

The Human showed her the marked-up map of area around Dobson's Alley.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **September 05, 2016, 12:58:16 AM**

Rose looked at Flora very closely, before sighing ' First off a kiss is NOT sexual. You're experienced enough to know that Flora. Second, this is business, not pleasure. We are on a recon mission, not going out to get drinks hang out and have fun. I respect your right to tell me no, and any of the girls . But know this Flora If I was romantically interested in you, We would have already had sex by now. You need not worry about that though, You're more like a little sister to me, than a potential lover. " Rose said "

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 05, 2016, 02:33:34 AM**

Flora bristled. "Great. I heard something in there about you not being interested in me and that's just great." It sounded vaguely like a rape threat, Rose claiming that her own interest was the only factor that decided whether they had sex, but Flora heard enough other stuff that implied she was at least safe until they weren't on 'business.' "Feel free to tell your girlfriends I'm not interested in them either. And that includes kissing regardless of how you define it."

Walking back to the main group, she piped up. "You know, if Anne's really not interested in cross-dressing, I could go with Axel instead. My boobs are smaller."

"Yeah, but you're curvier. Also kinda young, they'd probably card you," Emilena pointed out. She glanced at Soren's plan. "You got this pretty well figured out. We just need someone with more of an overlook of the whole area. That would ideally be you or Aaron, on a rooftop calling the shots. We should really cover Sarif as well, god knows manpower is the one thing we have in spades. We'd also need vehicles on standby in case the target is driving." She pursed her lips. "If only we'd thought to grab some of Kojurro's magic bugs before we'd killed him..."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **September 10, 2016, 01:41:05 PM**

"We'll be on the rooftops," Aaron said. "We've both got compnoculars."

Marcus looked over the map. "We need some more men, I'll go ring up Rhaegson and the base and get some."

Soren held up his hands. "Let's not get get reinforcements just yet." He pointed to the intersection of Sarif and Dekard. "Right here, we can probably station Marie and Marita."

He then turned to Anne. "Look, if we hide your boobs, you're the most masculine looking of the females in this group."

The Human looked over the mare. She had on a baggy t-shirt and jeans. "Besides, some larger clothing could do the trick."

Anne snorted. "Fine! But you owe me for making me hide my boobs!"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 15, 2016, 08:05:46 PM**

Emilena yawned. "Sounds like a plan. Now, if y'all would excuse me, it's been a rough night and I don't plan on sleeping all day tomorrow." Not that there was much of a choice; the morning sun was already peeking over the horizon.

(OOC: Are we gonna do a time skip to this future stakeout?)

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **September 28, 2016, 11:11:17 PM**

(Sure I'm Fine) with the Time Skip.

_ Riöse, Marita and NMarie went to bed, All 3 of them exhausted from the days events.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **September 29, 2016, 05:43:10 PM**

(OOC - I'm fine with it. But let's wait until bushwacked comes back to really move things along.)

The planning phase all done, Soren headed to the bathroom to quickly shower and get some sleep before the operation heated up. He fell asleep in the armchair in the corner of the room.

Aaron took the corner of the room. He was already asleep, head slumped over with his SMG in his lap.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 29, 2016, 09:18:12 PM**

Flora stayed up surfing the web on her phone for a few hours after everyone else had gone to sleep. Normally, the internet was a welcome respite from the stress of her normal life, but her troubles had grown so much greater than anything she had to deal with as a pop star that her favorite social media forums and newly forwarded articles all just felt pointless. What the point of it all? She didn't feel like a part of the real world. Her existence was this dreary dangerous hotel room, and when she left it she would probably die. More than anything, her thoughts dulled themselves into a blank state of numb meditation, trying to keep her consciousness apart from any actual thoughts.

By the time the morning sun was peeking through the blinds of the hotel room window, Flora had passed out from pure fatigue, an uncalculated gambit to fall asleep from pure exhaustion to limit her chances of having any dreams.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **October 07, 2016, 07:01:52 PM**

Axel's head was thumping when he stirred awake, his brain feeling about three times too big for his skull. For a moment he lay still, flat against the couch with his eyes closed and a spring poking up through the thin fabric and digging into his back. When he'd mustered up the courage Axel sat up slowly, flinching slightly as he opened his eyes - but the burst of pain he'd expected from the sunlight never came. Instead the room was dark, and the light that came trickling though the window opposite the couch was dim. Confused, Axel checked the clock on the wall and blinked when he saw the time.

7:40 PM. He twisted, swinging his legs off the couch and planting his feet on the carpet with a groan. *Crap... slept the whole day through...* Not that it had been the first time. Stretching his arms, he rubbed a knuckle against his temple groggily then groaned again as he remembered the plan. Paying a visit to a gay club wasn't exactly something he was looking forward to. *Shit, it's not like I'm looking forward to anything we're doing.* At least he'd have Anne for some kind of protection.

"You're up."

Axel jumped, his eyes widening in shock. "*Jesus!*" His head turned in the direction the voice came from and after a second he made out a figure hunched over in the darkness next to the window. "What the hell?! Were you watching me sleep?!"

Marcus glared back at him, stone-faced. "Don't flatter yourself. It's time to get ready." Stepping forward, the doberman walked across the room and nudged Soren with the toe of his shoe. "Get up."

Glancing around, Axel saw that most of the others were asleep as well. *Must have been a long night...*

Flora's slumped form caught his eye. Axel was used to feeling bad, but she looked *terrible*. Pushing himself up, he made his way over to her, figuring that since she was going to be on the team for this mission, he might as well try to get on her good side. Axel nudged her shoulder gently. "Hey... you alright?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 09, 2016, 05:11:54 PM**

Flora was already awake. She wasn't sure if she'd even slept, honestly. If she had, her dreams were so laser-focused on the dangers and stress currently besieging her waking life that she could hardly distinguish the blood-covered hotel room of her dreams from the one she's currently lying in.

She sighed. "Uh...I'm afraid to say no because someone will probably decide I'm a liability and off me." She stared at her phone, which she hadn't charged and was down to 5%. "Last night was...well, probably the least pleasant night I've ever had, and I once came down from a salvia trip in the back of a police car."

She tried to sit up and hissed; the couch was extremely lumpy and she now had a terrible kink in her back. "How did I even get wrapped up in all this?" she groaned, rubbing her bloodshot eyes. "I don't know who the hell any of you are except the rapist lesbian housewives."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 09, 2016, 08:53:49 PM**

Soren got up with a start the moment Marcus's shoe touched him. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

Aaron had went out to get everyone something quick to eat. He returned with a bag full of catfish and vegetable burgers. A cardboard box containing some steaming hot coffee was also with him.

He placed the items on the table. "All right, food's here. Let's eat, get out energy up and get going before our target escapes."

Soren returned from the bathroom and hastily unwrapped a catfish burger and poured himself some hot coffee. The burger was excessively greasy and tasted a bit dried out but he was hungry. The steaming hot brew helped banish his sleepiness.

Anne chose to wash down her 2,3 zotphenylamine capsules with some hot coffee. She nickered as the pills began to take effect on her. She was clad in the same dirty t-shirt and jeans she had worn for the past few days. It was then Anne looked at the clock: 7:50 PM. "Shit!" she exclaimed. "We're almost four hours late!"

"Motherfucker!" Soren slammed his fist into the table, making the papers jump. "He might already have left!"

Aaron had already finished his meal and thre his coffee cup away. The mare did have a point. He rubbed his muzzle. "Hopefully he's dumb enough to still be hanging around there. But Soren's right, we need to get moving."

He holstered his pistol and threw a light windbreaker over it.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 13, 2016, 01:48:47 AM**

I take great offense Flora at the implication we are rapists.' Marita said " You wouldn't have been sent to us if they was any question that we could not control ourselves around girls.So drop it. I'm expecting a call from Bailey in a few minutes for his latest check in. while isnt quite the scenario we intended, it is what it is.

— well, guys ' marie said as she brought in the paper and showed the Headline " Augment Deaths now Over 600! " things are getting worse and worse. Theres still no clue as to what exactly is causing these deaths.. and they're finding dozens more dead every day. At this rate it'll be over 1000 dead by next week"

- roses phone rang and it was Bailey "hello Rose. i hope Nothing bad has happened to Flora in the past week? because there are Scandal sheet gossip about someone matching her description, holding a private concert for a high school kid.. any concert she puts on, i get paid,. managers stuff , you see.. "

— well you'll need to talk to Flora about how much she took in from that' Rose " Fine. but remember rose. You and your girlfriends are getting paid MILLIONS of xcreds to protect that kid. shes a freaking superstar, worth more dead than you or your girlfriends alive, and not even close. I am, literally trusting you with the future ogf my record company. anything real serious happens to that kid, your lifespans will be measured in minutes, if not seconds. Capiche, Rose "No need to threaten Nigel. You Know me.' Rose Said ": just make sure you live up to the faith I've placed in you Rose. Put Flora on "

— Flora? Call for you its your agent' Rose said and offered Flora her phone.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 14, 2016, 07:59:51 AM**

"One of you stuck your tongue down my throat while I was locked in the back of your car, and the other two insisted that wasn't rape, so I don't care what your definition is!" Flora shot back as she took the phone.

"Nigel!" she switched to a panicked, distraught tone and went somewhere private so she could talk freely. "You have to get me out of here, the dykes have me trapped in a hotel room with *actual Purifiers!* The violent, dangerous sort! Last night they kidnapped the Chief of Police and bludgeoned him to death while I was watching! I had to help clean up the blood! The day before that, they brought me along to rob a general store and got in a shootout with the cops!" Her voice broke. "Please Nigel, I'm in so much danger and I'm going to get killed any day now. If you care about me at all, get me out of here and take me somewhere actually safe!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 14, 2016, 06:41:52 PM**

Marcus looked up and narrowed his eyes as he saw Flora leave the room, talking into a cell phone. He couldn't hear what she was saying, but she seemed emotional. Moving across the room, he grabbed a Purifier who'd been getting ready by the shoulder and pointed in the direction she'd left. "Who the fuck gave her a cell phone?" he snarled. "Who's she talking to? Get it off her and break it."

The purifier nodded and moved quickly, shoving past Axel as the rat made his way over to join Anne as she gulped down coffee. "So... you'll have my back right? You know, in case anyone tries to... start something?" He tried a bite of one of the burgers Soren. It was greasy, bland and smelled questionable - but it was at least semi-eatable, which was more than he could say for the food he'd been eating the last couple of months.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 14, 2016, 11:48:32 PM**

Flora, there is no other place i could put you at this point that would be safer. Now quit rambling about cop shootouts mob hits and infiltrating cults. I don't want to hear it, keep your head low, and listen to what Rose and the others tell you. I put them in charge of you for a very good reason, you're not old enough to take care of yourself yet, legally you are still a minor. Behave yourself, and soon you'll be back touring iin front of screaming girls and making me millions of creds. Bailey, Out' the call was disconnected.

— Thats MY phone, and she was talking to her manager, who set her up with us. we have to check in with

him every so often as part of the deal. " Rose said shortly to Marcus ' you smash my phone and you're buying me a new one. Baileys not one to blab, i know this from personal experience.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 15, 2016, 12:04:26 AM**

Anne nodded as she continued sipping her coffee. "No worries." She slapped Axel on the back. "Right, let me..." It was then she smiled and held a finger up the air. "Forget cross-dressing. I'll pull off the drag queen look."

She ran a hand through her mane and tail. They were long and blonde as was appropriate to her being a Shetland pony. Although they were knotted and a bit raggedy from not having properly cleaned herself in a week or so. And her chestnut coat wasn't in any better shape.

Soren snorted as he looked upon the mare. "Homeless drag queen look doesn't quite fit you." He threw the wrapper of his burger in the trash.

Anne pinned her ears back and flipped him the finger. She turned to Rose and Flora. "Right, pass me some nail polish."

She headed into the bathroom and soon the sound of running water was heard.

Aaron growled under his breath. "Fucking kidding me!? She chooses to shower *now*!?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 15, 2016, 01:11:22 AM**

Flora could hardly believe it when Bailey coolly dismissed her concerns and then hung up on her. She was losing so much respect for the man who she'd considered her closest friend, a sharp-as-nails businessman who'd always had her back. Suddenly she yelped as the Purifier kicked the door to the backroom open. "Who the fuck you talking to?" he growled threateningly, rounding on her and yanking the phone from her grasp.

"I--nobody!" she stammered, then recoiled as he slapped her viciously across the face, sending her slamming into the wall.

"Bullshit!" he roared, glancing at the phone, smashing it into the ground and stamping on it with his foot. "You think this is a fucking summer camp!?" He drew his pistol and pointed it at the sobbing teenager. "If you're a police plant I swear to god I'll plant a bullet right between your eyes!"

Flora was curled into a ball crying in terror and experiencing violent flashbacks of the last time someone had pointed a gun at her point blank. The Purifier stomped out of the room and back to Marcus. "Name on the phone was Nigel Bailey," he reported. "We better look him up, she wouldn't give me a straight answer. I think she's working with the cops."

The ruckus finally woke Emilena, but not to the extent that she registered what was going on. Groggily she blinked several times and made to go back to sleep, but her body wasn't having it. She didn't feel even half recovered from the horrible night she'd had before, but time was still of the essence, and she needed to wake up quickly before the others were out the door.

Crossing to the bathroom, she picked the lock and let herself in. Completely ignoring Anne in the shower, she used the toilet and washed her face and pits in the sink. No need to waste time on an entire shower when speed was of the essence.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 15, 2016, 07:03:18 AM**

"Don't care about your *experience*," Marcus said roughly. "Don't care about your deal. You try to contact someone on the outside again without our permission again, and I kill her, you and your two fuck buddies. *Understood?*"

He turned as the Purifier reported who had been on the other side of the call. "Nigel Bailey..." He searched up the name on his own cell phone. *Her manager? So she wasn't contacting the police...* Marcus frowned. Should he arrange to have him killed? He had no idea what Flora might have told him... *No, right now it'd be too much of a distraction. It's better to keep watch for anything unusual first. We'll be changing location soon anyhow.* Marcus looked up at the clock. "5 minutes before we move out!" he barked.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 15, 2016, 09:44:19 AM**

Rose was about to reply indignantly to Marcus' threat, But Marita cut her off " Go Get ready Rose. we have more pressing matters to deal with right now. Go get Flora and get her ready. Remember we're posing as tramps for this stakeout." marita said. i'll buy you a new phone later. Go,girl"

Rose walked to the next room, where she found Flora curled up into the fetal position and crying openly. " come on Flora, we need to go" she said stepping forward then noticing her smashed phone lying on the ground..Rose picked up the phone, then flipped it over

the underside which contained the SIM card, looked intact.. the phone screenface and the siding had taken the brunt of the damage, as pieces iof the siding and screen were missing. rose slid off the battery cover, pulled out the battery, and found the sim's card behind it was.. somehow, intact. she pulled that out as well and put both of them into her pocket then tossed the phone into the garbage. she then turned to Flora " Flora? We gotta go. its stakeout time.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 15, 2016, 02:20:15 PM**

Anne got out of the shower and strode into the room. She had a red cocktail dress on and her mane and tail were amazingly shiny.

Soren's jaw dropped. "Holy shit!"

Aaron nodded approvingly. "You look hot like that!"

"Quite a step up from the 'Seryet Bum' look you always have. Hell, I can't tell you're overclocking right now."

Anne pinned her ears back but she chuckled at the jab. "Amazing what you can get at a thrift store."

She then cracked her knuckles. "Right, let's get moving."

Soren stuck the compnoculars into the pocket of his windbreaker. Aaron checked his pistol and reholstered it. He slid a holster with a pistol in it to Soren, who tucked it into his windbreaker.

"Everyone else, will be issued their weapons when we drop you off." The German Shepherd then strode over to the front door and began unlocking it.

(OOC - Overclocking - under the influence of performance enhancing drugs.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 15, 2016, 10:15:37 PM**

Flora glared at the unsympathetic Great Dane as she left the room. *If I survive this, I hope I never have to see your dopey slobbermouthed face again,* she snarled silently, getting to her feet.

She couldn't let them get to her. They could punch her, molest her, beat her down physically and

emotionally, but if she caved they'd only do it more. *Maybe if I'm lucky, I'll die before I break and not during*, she thought grimly to herself as she returned to the main room, returning a suspicious glance in her direction from the Purifier who interrogated her.

Emilena exited the bathroom ready to go. "It looks like we might be slightly behind schedule already, so is there any chance we could speed things up?" she asked. "We miss this chance, word of Black's death will have spread too far and we don't get another."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 17, 2016, 08:17:28 PM**

A short while later, Marcus rolled the SUV to a stop on a dimly lit sidewalk. Up ahead, he could see the entrance to the strip club. Dobson's Alley was almost indistinguishable from the other old industrial-style buildings that formed the Oilworks District. The only thing that made it stand out were the occasional patrons heading in through a heavy-looking metal sliding door into a passageway that glowed pink, and the garish neon letters that spelled out the club's name. Someone had stolen the 'b' so it now read 'Do son's alley'. Marcus could see various rough-looking individuals, both male and female, hanging around. Occasionally, a car would stop alongside one and after a few words were exchanged they would get in, the vehicle driving off into the evening. Marcus' jaw tightened. He could feel the filth seeping into his pores. The Purifier sitting in the passenger seat next to him seemed equally uncomfortable.

In the back seat, Axel stared at his phone's screen, trying to memorise the face staring back at him. *Raymond Metheun...* With a name and place of work finding him hadn't been too much trouble. He was a human, but with his pinched in face and small beady eyes, Metheun looked even more rat-like than Axel. "So we can't let him see us, right?" he asked, snapping the phone shut and slipping it back into his pocket, hoping he'd be able to pick out the guy's face in a crowd.

"Yeah. Just want to see where he goes," Marcus confirmed, keeping his eyes on the strip club's entrance. "Don't act suspicious and he shouldn't notice."

Axel nodded and looked over at Anne, sitting next to him. "Alright... let's get this over with." Reluctantly, he started to open his door.

Marcus tapped a button on his cell and raised it to his ear. "Aaron, we're ready. You in position yet?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 22, 2016, 01:33:22 AM**

Rose came out, dressed up to look like a Showgirl who had seen better days. The makeup under her eyes, imitated bags to show either lack of sleep or drug use, or some combo of the two. She walked down the street aparently paying little attention to to the other seedy persons hanging around the club "How much you want for a quick shag ' Coughed a tough-looking Irish setter with bloodshot eyes, whoi had been hanging around near the enterance and made her was up towards Rose " Pay you 100 creds for it" Another coughing fit seized her and blood gurgled over lips and down her chin " sorry " Da,mn Ice patches never come without side effects."

("ICE" Is slang for a certain kind of drug treatment patch, which has a number of side effects, including bloody mucus and spittum.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 22, 2016, 03:06:20 AM**

Anne fluttered her eyelashes at the burly Percheron stallion bouncer. He wrinkled his muzzle at her attempt at flirting.

"Save it for the ones inside, sweet cheeks," he said as he let the duo inside the club.

The interior of Dobson's Alley hinted at its former industrial past. Exposed pipes and structural members lined the walls and ceilings. Armored industrial lights similar to what illuminated construction sites

dangled from cables.

The tables and chairs looked someone had cobbled them together from detritus from a demolition site.

On a stage that looked like a torn up piece of sidewalk, Sea Otter dressed in a sailor's uniform and a tall Human wearing a sealskin trench coat were busy operating the DJ station. A dark, heady electronic track warbled out from the speakers surrounding the stage.

Anne sniffed the air. The scent of alcohol and greasy bar food mingled with the scent of cologne.

"Roger that." Aaron's voice came through Marcus's cell phone. If Marcus had looked up into the clear night sky, he would have seen the burly German Shepherd on the opposite side of the street, carefully hidden behind an LED sign that advertised "exotic dancers".

Soren was on the roof of D'Arco, a grimy industrial building that had been renovated as a brothel. He was crouched behind one of the large air conditioning units. His SMG dangled from a shoulder sling.

He spied Rose talking to a Irish Setter bitch who was clearly intoxicated. Previously, he had seen Anne and Axel enter Dobson's Alley.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 22, 2016, 05:55:24 PM**

"Things are looking okay," Emilena murmured to Soren. She was prone on the roof, using a pair of meter-long micronoculars* to spy on the proceedings while her whole person was hidden behind the lip of the roof. "Where's Flora and Rose? Thought they were supposed to be scoping the alleyway itself."

Further down the street, Flora was standing in the wrong part of the street. "Don't come near me," she growled at Rose, arms folded. She had no interest in walking into an alleyway with a sexual predator.

*(*Similar to binoculars, but the business end tapers into a thin articulated telescopic lens, allowing the absolute minimum profile exposed to the area being observed)*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 24, 2016, 12:47:09 AM**

Sorry, Love, but i've already got a hook up for tonight' Rose said ' as a frsh coughing fit forced the setter to her knees as she coughed up blood onto gthe ground. Rose backed away slowly then headed over towards Flora " Remember, We're on a stakeout. and I'm supposed to be watching over you anyway, thats what Bailey is paying us for.. the ground.. She walked a little further then saw a couple tough looking guys approach out of the darkness. Both her mastiffs, with prominwnt scowls on thier faces ' hmm.. lookee here. a couple a fine ladies..' said the smaller one " you girls interested in a good time/ He leered at Flora.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 24, 2016, 08:23:31 PM**

Axel winced as the pounding music hammered against his eardrums. The gay club was fuller than he would have thought from the outside and the sickly pink overhead lighting, combined with the occasional strobe effect, make it hard to pick out any specific faces in the crowd.

He squinted for a few moments then gave up, shaking his head irritably. "This is impossible. How the hell are we supposed to find anyone? Look at this!" He had to lean in close to Anne for her to hear him above the music. To the side, Axel caught sight of the bar and felt a familiar pang at the back of his throat.

Fuck it, while we're here... He nudged Anne. "Getting a drink. Want something?" he asked, sidestepping an asian woman and stopping at the counter.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 24, 2016, 10:40:30 PM**

Soren saw two thugs approaching Flora. The directional microphone in his compnoculars let him hear what was being said from the two thugs. Seeing as they were garden variety sexual predators, he continued looking around. He discreetly radioed Rose. "Rose! What the fuck are you doing!? You're supposed to be on watch! Get Flora and go back to your post!"

Aaron looked around with his own compnoculars. He watched as Marcus stood on the street corner and an intoxicated man stumbled past him. He looked around. No sign of their target.

Anne blew some air through her nostrils. "Just get me a Screaming Orgasm," she said offhandedly as she looked around for their target. Not only was the smoky atmosphere and obnoxious lighting making it hard to make out faces, the gyrations of the patrons on the dance floor made it hard to single a person out.

Not to mention, her horn was giving her a mild headache from the DJ station's electronic interference. Even worse was she could hear assorted lewd thoughts from the unsecured electronic communications implants that it seemed a surprisingly large amount of patrons had.

She considered shutting her implant off but she knew that if Axel was in trouble, he wouldn't be able to signal her using his phone.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 24, 2016, 11:42:59 PM**

I'm going over to get her Soren! keep your wig on! Girl hasn't exactly been friendly to me lately, you know.' ROse Replied.. as she headed over the thugs ' sorry bOys, but my.. sister and I Are just here to dance, not cavort." Listen Sweet Stuff, We're here to have a good time too.. We came to score some off a chick, and your.. eh heh. sister.. will do just fine..

_ OH CRAP" Rose's widened' run Flora! She shouted. Go In the Club! She barked.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 28, 2016, 08:56:17 PM**

Flora said nothing, merely waited for Rose to tell them off. The older woman had said repeatedly that she'd take care of things, so presumably she'd be able to handle this.

Then Rose completely freaked out, startling both Flora and the men accosting them. Taking the cue, Flora bolted for the club, drawing as much attention to herself as possible from the other pedestrians in the area.

Emilena drew her silenced sidearm. "Crap, there's no way I'd land a shot from up here..." she muttered after weighing her options. "Not to mention we're supposed to be goddamn stealthy. Those jokers are going to blow our cover out of the water..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 01, 2016, 06:56:39 PM**

Marcus swore under his breath as Rose's sudden outburst visibly drew the eyes of several bystanders. "Fuck... Echo, don't shoot. It'd just attract more attention," he hissed, his stomach knotting.

Axel leaned on the bar counter, the itch at the back of his throat becoming more insistent now that a drink was so close at hand. "One vodka lemonade..." He trailed off as the bartender, a bored looking alsatian held up a hand. *Hang on.* The bartender finished wiping off a glass then moved closer to Axel. "Yeah?"

"Double tequila," the rat said, raising his voice. "And, ah, a Screaming Orgasm." The bartender nodded, turning around and reaching for one of the bottles fixed on the wall behind him.

"I bet you've given a few of *them*..." The scratchy voice came from directly next to Axel.

"Huh?" Axel turned his head, fixing his eyes on the patron sitting next to him.

"I said, you're probably no stranger to giving a screaming orgasm or two, hm?"

"Ah... I think you..." Axel's voice caught in his throat as the man speaking turned to face him. Eyes pinched close together, scrunched up face... *Fucking hell... it's Metheun...* The man's small eyes were fixed on him intently. Axel felt a chill run along his spine.

Metheun's eye's fixed on something over Axel's shoulder, as someone burst into the club with a clatter. Axel just about heard the noise over the club's music, but he was too preoccupied with trying to alert Anne. The rat tried to catch her eye discretely, without alerting Metheun, but with the strobe lighting he couldn't tell if he was successful. "I..."

"Sorry, one moment." Metheun held up a finger, bringing up his cell phone and speaking into it for a few seconds. After he'd finished speaking a few quiet words, he hung up and turned his attention back to Axel. "So. I haven't seen you here before. New in town?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 02, 2016, 12:51:44 AM**

"The fuck!?" Soren said a little too loudly as he saw the whole scene. By now, a bunch of bystanders were watching the whole debacle unfold. He rubbed his forehead with a hand. He sorely regretted bringing Flora along. First, there was her eating ramen at Black's house (from what Emilena had told him) and now this.

Of course, Rose wasn't helping matters either.

Aaron watched the whole debacle. He smiled. Perhaps there was a way to salvage this. "Marcus," he radioed. "Perhaps attention is what we want. If those two cause a shitshow, everyone will be paying attention to them. And then we can grab the target."

It was something he learned from his years as a construction worker in the roughest parts of Lanthae. A fight or a gory accident always attracted attention. Hell, it was a common scam he had participated in once: fake an accident or a fight on the construction site and someone pretending to be a bystander would lift information from whatever unsecured electronic device was around them.

Unfortunately, for Axel, Anne was busy scanning the dance floor for the target. The hammering industrial rock made it hard for her to concentrate and the dancing lights and lasers blurred everyone's faces.

"Axel," she said. "Where are you?" she asked. Two factors nagged her: one, Axel might be in danger. Two: she wanted her cocktail.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **November 02, 2016, 01:20:50 PM**

Rose noticed a number of people were coming out of the club to see what the commotion was.. She saw the two guys who had botheed her turn and run back down the alley, Then she felt a strong grip on the back on her neck. She turned her head and a huge boxer, clearly one of the clubs bouncers, glared at her ' you! stop your screaming! we dont want the cops nosing around here any more than they already do. Now, get inside! he said turning and cafrrying rose into the club.' The bouncer threw Rose down none to gently into an open booth, the loud music making a constant barrage on Roses ears " stay there until we calm the street down after your little outburst.>"

Marita called Soren's Phone " Hey Soren> i'm hooked into the srib clubs security cameras. Our target is inside, currently sitting near the bar. Sorry about rose, the bouncer just dragged her inside, likely thinks shes drunk or stoned. OR both. It could all be an act on the old girls part too, she did do amateur theaters in college. So I see three options for us nicking him out of there- Indecent Proposal. Tuck and Curl. And Dine and Dash. Which one sounds best to you?

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 06, 2016, 01:18:16 AM**

Flora looked around, now completely alone in the middle of a crowd of drunk strangers. Luckily, this was an environment she was far more comfortable with, and she quickly settled into the role of a disinterested socialite, one too self-absorbed to bother talking to.

Emilena sighed. "Well, I don't hear screams, so maybe things simmered down. I just hope Axel and the pony are getting their job done."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **November 07, 2016, 10:48:29 PM**

Soren pondered the information. He had already been alerted to the codes.

"Indecent Proposal" referred to seducing Methuen.

"Tuck and Curl" referred to getting Methuen drunk or intoxicated and then "escorting" him home.

"Dine and Dash" referred to causing a spectacle and then grabbing Metheun and running for it.

Soren held a hand to his chin. Anne and Axel couldn't seduce anything to save their lives. Granted, it was the most effective way but he had to hope that Metheun was freeware and came here for a quick fuck in addition to meeting his contact. And that didn't seem like the case.

That ruled out "Indecent Proposal".

"Tuck and Curl" sounded like a decent option given Anne's ridiculous alcohol and drug tolerance. But there was a very good chance that Metheun was savvy enough to not be drugged and then taken for a ride.

He watched the bouncers outside Dobson's Alley try to disperse the large crowd that had gathered outside the gay bar. He adjusted his compnoculars and noticed the two shady characters who had went after Rose and Flora fighting with each other. Through his directional microphone, he noticed the fight had begun over who got to screw whom. He chuckled.

He held the phone to his mouth. "Gotcha. Dine and dash sounds like the best choice. I mean, those two thugs are already fighting each other over who gets to fuck Flora and Rose."

He then decided to relay the info to Axel and Anne. He tapped out a quick message on his smartphone: *Look near the bar.* The meaning was implied.

Anne was too busy looking for the target to notice her phone ring. That and the music drowned it out.

It was then she got bumped by a lean Vulpine. The Vulpine's arms shimmered softly with blue lights that seemed to dance in time to the music. She took a drag from her electronic cigarette and batted her eyelashes at the mare.

"So hot stuff," she said in a silky-smooth contralto. "You look like a fine young filly. Would you be interested in tonight's circuit jerk in D'Arco?"

"Sorry, I got plans for tonight." She walked back to the bar, trying to find Axel.

(OOC - "freeware" - a promiscuous man or woman.)

(OOC - "circuit jerk" - an orgy with Augment participants.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 08, 2016, 12:57:23 AM**

Rose is already inside, the bouncer already tossed her ion there... Someone needs to get Flora inside pronto, Otherwise Bailey will quite literally have my head for allowing her to get boned by some alley thug" Marita sighed ' i should have volunteered for this mission instead of Rose, but well Whats done is done. We wont be wining any " Stealth awards' for this, but the point is to get the job done.. WE Need that info he;s got and time is off the essence. We Need to know what Black was up to.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 09, 2016, 02:41:48 AM**

Flora was still socializing when a nondescript man bumped into her, excused himself and retreated from the bar counter. At the time, Flora was more concerned with spilling the beer that a gentleman had bought for her.

But seconds later, Flora's eyes were opened. She realized that Rose and Marita were actually the ones protecting her, and she was being foolish by resisting them.

She ran back to Rose and exclaimed "I'm sorry for how I behaved! I should have trusted you all along! I...I think I love you, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you and Marita!" Flinging her arms around the Great Dane, she felt happy tears spill down her face.

It was a surprising turn of events, but stranger things have happened.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **November 09, 2016, 04:32:36 PM**

"Ah... yeah. No, I mean, I'm not new in town, I just haven't been here before. In this club, I mean." Axel gulped, trying to slow his pounding heart. *Shitshitshit he wasn't meant to see us...* The base of the club's music continued to pound away.

The bartender plonked two glasses on the counter. "Double tequila and a screaming orgasm." Axel could just about make out what he said over the noise.

"Thanks..." He fished out the credits and slid them across, then reached for the glasses. Axel's mouth went dry when Metheun's hand snaked out and placed itself on the metal of his augmented arm.

"That orgasm for me?" Metheun grinned, his teeth flashing predatorily in the strobe lighting.

"No, it's for..." Axel spotted Anne closing in on the bar and raised his arm, trying to catch her attention. "It's for my friend. Here she is!" He stood up and grabbed her arm, a little rougher than he'd intended. "Hey! Lost you there for a moment, ha ha ha... Here, here's your drink!"

Metheun watched them, his grin becoming broader. "I was just getting to know your friend here... any more of you waiting to jump out?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 09, 2016, 06:52:10 PM**

Anne scowled as she accepted her drink from Axel. She took a tentative sip and let the mellow flavors of coffee and coconut milk combined with the bite of vodka wash over her tongue. She looked over Metheun and sent a signal to Soren with her horn.

"I'd appreciate it if you kept your hands off my boyfriend," she said coldly. She hoped her act as Axel's girlfriend...and her imposing frame would intimidate Methuen. Granted, Anne stood a mere 5'4" but being a Shetland Pony, she had a muscular and stocky body that could be compared to a concrete block.

Or that Metheun would pick a fight with her and then Axel or someone outside could jump him.

Soren's phone buzzed. He looked at the screen and smiled as he got the message from Anne's horn.

It simply read "*Found em.*"

He silently cheered as he radioed Marcus, Aaron and Emilena. "They found him. Now all we need to do is go in and grab him!"

Aaron's voice came over the radio. "Not so fast! If we're going to grab him, we need a distraction."

Soren cut the transmission and sighed. "Rose!" he radioed. "You and Flora do something to start a distraction! I don't give a shit what it is. Start a fire for all I care!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 12, 2016, 11:26:47 PM**

Flora was still tearing up and hugging Rose, blubbering about romance. The folf was acting completely abnormal, and only two persons knew why.

Watching her from a shadowy corner table, a neurocotics dealer nodded approvingly. "See? Told you they work," he muttered under his breath to his client. "Just stick 'em with the patch and they'll be on your dick just like that."

His customer, a businessman nodded curtly. "How do I know they'll pick me as the object for their affections?" he asked, watching as Flora tried to stick her hand up Rose's shirt.

"Just make 'em hate you or fear you first. This flavor turns negative emotions into positive, so the stronger their opinions on you originally, the better." The dealer grinned.

"And is it reversible?" The businessman narrowed his eyes.

The dealer shook his head. "It fucks with the brain chemistry. You'll just have to break her heart."

"Fair enough. I can't believe you're making me pay for the patch you planted on the demonstration..." the businessman muttered, handing over a thick briefcase of credits and receiving a small wallet of skin patches in return. "Each is the price of a luxury car and you wasted one on some random bitch..."

"You're the one who wanted assurance they work," chuckled the neurocotics dealer, glancing mirthfully at Flora in her infatuated state.

(OOC: Neurocotics (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341&view=findpost&p=22040476>) are the same illegal drug that Emilena was afflicted with during her untimely encounter in a bar)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 13, 2016, 01:24:09 AM**

Well, Since this is a gay bar. Making out is expected, so that wont draw a crowd.. Ditto, for stripping to our skivvies ' rose replied. " we Could start a fuight. Walk up to some rabndom people and insult them. Or.. Given that Flora is all over me at that moment.. HMM.. Ok.. I've got it..' She said Taking Flora by the arm and heading over the the Club DJ ' mR DJ?' She asked the Dalmatian who had earrings in both ears, and was spinning records at a very very fast pacde ' Rose Whispered the Dogs Ear, and he turned to her and Nodded " 20000 creds for the best dance Couple/ sure I can make that Happen..Just given me some time before I can find a mike to get it over the loudspeaker.. You're paying for this? ' no, contestant have to pay to compete.. say 200 creds per person 400 per couple.. whatever amount is in the poty at the end.. winner gets all" Alright.. We take 10% of it..the DJ said.."I'll make up the rules..

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 02, 2016, 05:28:45 PM**

"Your boyfriend?" Metheun cocked an eyebrow and leaned back in his seat, eyeing Anne critically up and down. "Well, well. Colour me surprised." He smiled and winked at her. "Don't worry. I'll keep my hands off your... boyfriend. Word of advice - you might want to consider a change of venue, love."

Axel shrugged, taking a gulp of his drink. "We're trying something new."

"I'm sure." Sipping his own drink, Metheun pulled his phone out of his pocket, read something on it then snapped it shut again. "If you two will excuse me, I'm off to visit the men's room." He smiled at Anne. "Keep my seat warm for me."

As the man pushed himself off his stool and started to thread his way through the crowd, Axel leaned in close to Anne. "Creepy bastard." He downed the last of the cocktail and plonked the glass on the counter. "So how're we doing this? What's the..." He glanced over his shoulder in the direction Metheun had headed, and trailed off. Neon lighting on the wall clearly pointed out the direction of the toilets - and Metheun was heading in the opposite direction. Axel stared as the man slinked through the club, looking furtively around, then pushed through a door marked 'Employees only'.

The rat turned quickly back to Anne, his ear twitching. "Fuck, I think he's making a run for it!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 04, 2016, 02:43:42 AM**

Anne swore under her breath as she sent a message to Soren. She looked around and noticed that the dance contest was well underway. Intoxicated patrons pushed and shoved as they fought to be the first to swipe their credit chits on the reader that was attached to the stand or actually throw the chits at the group.

She nodded. "Fuck me," she muttered. Her ear then twitched slightly as she grabbed Axel and bolted after Metheun.

"Hey man, what about my tip?" the bartender shouted over the raucous industrial rock.

"When I get my wallet back!" Anne shouted back. Of course, she had no intention of tipping him...or ever coming back to Dobson's Alley.

The man sighed as he went back to making drinks. Well, there went the money he needed for his electric bill. Granted, pressuring someone who didn't tip was considered a foolhardy act in this rough neighborhood.

Soren got the message on his phone. He sighed as he radioed Emilena, Marcus, Aaron and Rose. "He's making a run for it!"

Unfortunately, as he and Emilena were atop D'Arco directly opposite of Dobson's Alley, he was in no position to chase down Metheun. But the others were on the buildings next to them. And Rose, Axel and Anne were inside Dobson's Alley."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 05, 2016, 02:51:36 AM**

"What a great idea Rose!" Flora exclaimed. "Making people pay to join a dance-off! I'm sure they'll do it just because you're so beautiful!"

The man who'd bought Flora's drink grumbled in annoyance at discovering she was apparently very taken. A hopeful woman wearing an infinity heart necklace* sidled forward but Flora snarled at her until she quickly backed off.

Emilena grumbled. "Crap. We need a better vantage point. You and I are now on watch duty for the others." Glancing at the direction the alley behind Dobson's Alley led, she took a sprinting leap and hit the roof of neighboring building hard. "Oof!" she rolled out the shock, then glanced back at Soren. "You coming, smart guy, or you need to fashion yourself some titanium ankles first?"

*a symbol commonly used by polyamorists in the Seryet hookup culture

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 06, 2016, 10:30:24 PM**

I Hear you!" Rose said " we're headed after him.. just need . to.. make .. it .. through about 100 dancing couples.. Didn't really think that idea through entirely" Rose muttered as she tried to work her way through the throng of dancing couples, while trying to hang on to Floras arm.. " The Alley that leads away from the club splits in 3 directions " Marita radioed in.. If He gets to the alley, we may lose him entirely.. and then, well we'd be bonned something fierce. Better Hurry Rose.." Rose ducked and dodged, the pulsing lights and throbbing music was giving her a headache.. He also needed to adjust to Floras very sudden abrupt 180 switch on her feelings. to go from claiming rape based on a few tongue rubs, to wanting a nice countryside villa, was a big about face. Not that Rose was complaining mind you.._ She finally reached the employees room, which Methuen has used just a couple minutes before. " Is he out of the building yet guys?' she radioed.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 07, 2016, 03:06:22 PM**

"Come on, he went this way..." Axel urged Anne, pushing his way through the crowd. When he reached the door Methuen has disappeared through, he felt someone knock into him. "Sorry..." When he glanced at who it was, he blinked in recognition. "Rose!" He looked at who she was pulling behind her. "Flora. Methuen went this way, if we hurry we can still-"

A hefty-looking panda suddenly stepped in front of them, blocking the door. "Help you?" he rumbled.

Axel stopped in his tracks. "Uh, we, uh... we're new here. Just getting familiar with our new workplace."

The panda eyed them impassively. "No, you aren't."

"Alright, we aren't, but... ah... the guy who just came through here stole my wallet. I didn't want to make a fuss but-"

"Seriously?" The panda scowled. "How stupid do you think I am? Em-employ-ees ONLY," he said, enunciating the sentence for Axel's benefit.

Axel trailed off and blinked at him. The guy looked like he could walk through a concrete wall, no way were they going to get through him. "Fuck..." Reluctantly he turned from the door and looked at his teammates. "We're gonna need to find a way around..."

Listening over the radio, Marcus growled impatiently. "There's an alley off the side of the club, it should lead around to where he left." He flicked a switch on his radio. "Martin, split your team up and cover the alleyways leading off, our target might be taking any one of them. Contact me if you see Metheun."

A voice crackled over the device. "Got it."

Marcus hooked the radio onto his belt and looked across to Raoul, the Purifier sitting in the passenger seat beside him. "Let's get going." Slamming the vehicle's doors behind them, the pair ran towards the alley. As he approached, Marcus reached into his jacket and pushed the safety off his pistol.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 07, 2016, 03:25:36 PM**

We'll have to get out another way.. Lok for an exit sign that leads out in that direction, code says that Exit signs have to be visible and well lit " rose paused taking a look at the panda bouncer, who looked like he could easily tear a Webster dictionary in half, cover and all. "We'll be headed out, sir " Rose called back to him, as she turned and looked for another way out.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 10, 2016, 08:33:54 PM**

Soren looked over the edge. The gap was at least eight feet across and the fall looked to be three stories into a dumpster with a metal lid. He backed away. "You shittin' me? I ain't jumping across that!"

He found a fire escape ladder that led to the alleyway and quickly scrambled down it, his feet clanging on the rusty metal.

Anne looked at the Panda. As strong as she was, the bouncer likely had at least a hundred pounds on her...and there was always the possibility that he was an Augment or wore an exoskeleton under his clothing.

Her eyes traveled over to a dimly lit exit sign in the corner. "There!" She sprinted over to the door and pushed it open.

Only to find out that it opened only a few inches. Nowhere near enough for the group to squeeze through. It was then she noticed that it was chained to one of the industrial light fixtures on the ceiling. And judging from how battered the light fixture was, it was clear several people had tried forcing the door open.

"Quickly!" She grabbed the chain using a tablecloth to protect her hands and started pulling. The light fixture groaned and squealed as she tried to tear it from its mounting. Luckily, the booming industrial rock helped hide the noise of what she was trying to do.

"Hey! The fuck are you doing!?" One of the bouncers noticed what Anne was trying to do and made his way over to stop her.

Aaron scrambled down the fire escape from the building he was on. He unholstered his pistol and looked around. Nothing of importance in the alleyway.

He narrowed his eyes as he noticed a door shaking in its frame as someone tried to pull it open. He raised his pistol and aimed at the door, ready to shoot if someone came through.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 10, 2016, 08:45:56 PM**

Emilena watched the Augmentician leave the rooftops; apparently he was going his own way. Perhaps it's for the best that somebody kept watch on the main entrance. Vaulting to the next rooftop, Emilena tried to spot a bead on their target. She didn't see him in the alleyway behind the bar, which meant... "He's probably going right, away from the main road," she radioed to Marcus and his men. "We need to cover a lot of ground, and quickly."

"Stop talking to the bouncers, silly!" Flora whispered to Rose, flashing a warm smile at the love of her life. She had plenty of experience leaving bars while intoxicated and underage. "Just head to the bathroom. Let's take a cue from the Beatles for this one."

The two left the main group and retreated into the girl's bathroom. Prying the screen off the bathroom window and forcing the window open, she shimmied her way out of the window. "Can you fit, or is your butt too big?" she asked, glancing back at Rose.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 11, 2016, 03:01:12 AM**

I can fit just fine ' Rose replied, and followed her out the window. rose was in pretty good shape, and she was able to slide her way out of the window space without too much hassle ' "Now that we're out ' we need to find the guy, and make him talk..' Rose said. theres a total of 3 alleyways, although there might be 3 or more additional side passages, ' ; we look down all of them. Now hurry, he's already got a head start on us." she said and began to run down the alley.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 12, 2016, 07:04:12 PM**

Axel swore inwardly as he saw the bouncer, a muscled tiger, stomping towards Anne. He bit his lip as he grew closer, trying desperately to think of something that could distract him. *Aw shit...* Running out of ideas, Axel did the only thing he could think of - he rammed two fingers down his throat. The smell of sweat and stale alcohol prevalent in the club did the rest. He stepped in front of the bouncer, clumsily grasping the front of his shirt, and puked over his front.

The bouncer stopped dead in his tracks, face twisting in horror. "Jesus, what the fuck?!"

"Uh, I... had... uh," Axel slurred, still holding on to him. The acrid taste in his mouth almost made him retch again.

"Get out of here!" The tiger made to push him out of the way. Over his shoulder, Axel could see Anne had almost managed to yank the chain loose.

"Nah dude, don't worry, I'm just... just..." Axel saw the chain break from its holdings, freeing up the door. "Alright yeah, I guess you're right." Letting go of the bouncer, he quickly stepped around him and followed Anne through, hoping that he cared more about the state of his clothes than following a drunk through the exit.

Stepping outside, he spat to the side and glanced at Anne. "Nice. C'mon, we might be able to catch him up." Gesturing, he took off down the alley, the beats of the club music still pounding through the air.

"Alright, see if you can keep tracking him from the roof," Marcus radioed back. Switching the comm line to the other Purifiers, he continued barking into it as he ran. "Team covering the exit on the right side, he should be heading for you. Be ready!" He ducked into the alley. The narrow passageway seemed to amplify the music coming from the building.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 14, 2016, 02:39:48 AM**

A man in a dirty windbreaker grabbed Soren from behind as he made his way to the street. "Hey buddy. Got any spare creds?"

Soren picked the man's hand off his windbreaker much in the same way he'd pick off some lint and then roughly shoved the man away. "Listen, I ain't your 'buddy'! Now leave me alone!"

"Come on, help a guy out."

Soren could smell the the stink of alcohol on the man's breath. "Look, I have to go meet someone and I'm not in the mood for your shit. Now fuck off!"

The drunkard looked stunned for a moment and then scowled. He swore under his breath as he stalked off to go do something else.

The augmentician casually stepped out of the alley and into the crowd of people. He took a seat on a battered metal bench as if waiting for a taxi. He watched as a drunken Border Collie staggered over to a lamppost, unzipped his pants and relieved himself it.

Aaron nearly pulled the trigger the moment the door opened, causing the smell of vomit and sweat to spew out from the interior.

"Fucking hell! I nearly shot you guys!" Aaron sighed. "Where is he!?"

Anne narrowed her eyes as she spotted a thin figure at the other end of the trash-strewn alley. "That him?" she asked pointing him out. The figure looked around for a moment as if deciding which way to go.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 14, 2016, 03:34:43 AM**

The figure realized they were looking for him, and immediately bolted along the side of the bar...right into Flora, who had been watching Rose's breasts squeezing their way through the tiny window and wasn't expecting to collide with a fully-grown man. Both of them screamed as they crashed to the floor in a tangled heap.

The Purifier grunts sprinted around the corner and tackled the pair. After a ferocious dogpile subdued Flora and their quarry indiscriminately, they stopped long enough to get a bead on the man's face. "We got him!" one exclaimed. "It's Metheun!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 14, 2016, 01:31:22 PM**

"We got him! It's Metheun!" The voice crackled over Marcus' radio.

The doberman pushed down on the transmit button. "Keep him secure, we're almost there." Sprinting, he and his Purifier companion reached the end of the passageway and turned right, slowing when they saw the group clustered up ahead. The Purifiers he'd sent up ahead were holding a smaller man between

them, the shoulder of his jacket torn. His head hung down towards the floor, obscuring his face.

"Look at me," Marcus growled, approaching. He stopped in front of the man, towering over him, and reached down to grip his hair, yanking his head back. It was undeniably Metheun. "It's him," he confirmed.

"I could have told you that," Axel said from the sidelines, his arms crossed.

Ignoring him, Marcus released Metheun's hair and glowered down at him. "You're coming with us."

Though the side of his face was starting to swell from where one of the Purifiers had hit him, Metheun's mouth slowly curled into a smile. "I don't think so."

Marcus paused briefly, thrown off by his reaction. "I don't give a fuck what you think." He started to order the Purifiers to march him away.

Metheun's voice stopped him again. "The one in the black jacket," he said, looking at Marcus. His eyes then flicked to Aaron. "And the big guy standing next to the pony. Focus on them, the rest just follow orders."

The tiny transceiver resting in his ear picked up his voice. From a window overlooking the alley, Junko brought the sights of her sniper rifle down to rest on the group as Metheun stopped talking. She signaled the the rest of her team, positioned at multiple vantage points.

"Who's he talking to?" Axel asked, glancing uncertainly towards Soren.

"Get him-" Marcus started. Then the top of his head exploded outwards. Grey matter, blood and skull fragments sprayed across the group holding Metheun. Marcus crumpled, his body dropping heavily at Metheun's feet.

For a second, Axel stared, uncomprehending. His eyes rested on the doberman's fingers flexing once, twice, then falling still. Realization slowly dawned, and he took a step back. Had he been shot? The music still leaking from the club made it hard to tell-

Then a hailstorm of bullets assaulted the alley. One of the Purifiers holding Metheun grunted, falling back as his chest tore open. The floor and walls sparked as stray bullets ricocheted. Shrieking, Axel fell back, trying to crawl towards cover blindly, the club's noise making it impossible to hear where the shots were coming from. As another Purifier was killed, his body collapsed on top of Axel, pinning him against the ground.

"Fuck! Fu-" Axel started to gasp. Then he screamed as a bullet punched through his exposed leg.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 24, 2016, 02:49:53 PM**

Rose heard the gunfire from the next alley 'crap, crap crap.. should have known this thing wouldnt go smoothly.' she turned to Flora 'stick behind me, and stay low. don't know whether we're shooting or they're shooting. either way, try and make yourself as small as possible>' the gunfore continued, and got louder as they got closer. blending in with the loud dance music from the club, which was still having that dance party. 'as Rose turned the corner a scene of carnage greeted her vision. she saw a number of Purifier bodies, lying in pools of blood, parts of their heads gone. bullets ricocheted off of a garbage bin that lay next to the building, the glint of guns briefly flashing as the assailants kept firing. a few seconds glance, was all it took to realize they were completely covered from the roof trying to escape down the the alley was a basically signing your own death warrant. 'Back to the Club! rose shouted above the fire. She couldnt getv too good a look at he shooters, the y were too far away to see clearly. she looked around and noticed axel's leg with a large hole in it, blood pooling next him. Crouching ,low. Rose ran

over in a brief break between gunshots and pulled off the purifier that lay on top of him, and tossed hi aside. the man lay still. " Come On Axel " She said hurriedly , offering the rat her paw" we need to get outta here. theres too many of them.. This guy has a lot of friends, apparently. Ah!' a bullet hit her left shoulder, sending rose to the ground, and straight into a puddle of blood.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 26, 2016, 01:53:28 AM**

Aaron howled as a bullet slammed into his chest. He fought to stay conscious as he drew his pistol and fired a few wild shots at the shooters on the rooftop. Sparks lit up the night sky as his wild shots tore open a power line. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" he exclaimed as he tried to drag himself back behind a dumpster.

Anne pushed Axel and Rose back into the nightclub. Her lips were curled as the scent of blood and smokeless powder swirled around the alley, mingling with the smell of garbage. A sharp sensation tore through her upper body and leg. She ignored them, figuring she had pulled some muscles.

She used her horn to send out a message to Soren or Emilena.

Little did she know that Soren was already on his way; she had already alerted him that they had caught Metheun...before the whole thing went to shit.

He was delayed from immediately coming to to alleyway because of an bum who would take no for an answer. She then got grabbed him and demanded credits. That ended with him nursing a bruised jaw and her nearly being thrown in front of a taxi. She wisely left him alone after that.

His feet splashed in the puddles of water as he shoved aside the crowd, eliciting numerous angry shouts and swears. As he approached the alley, he drew his borrowed SMG.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 26, 2016, 03:05:48 AM**

Emilena reported to Marcus' radio, unaware that he was killed. "Two more tangos coming from the main road. Both in suits and carrying...looks like semiautomatic civilian rifles." She drew her sidearm, a silenced SMG, and opened fire on the pair. Within seconds, the unarmored hitmen were hit multiple times and chose to flee rather than try and pinpoint her position and return fire. "...Never mind, they're fleeing. The main road is clear but the civs are starting to panic. We should really go!"

Flora screamed and wrapped her arms around Metheun. Her panicking brain realized that this guy was calling the shots, and if she kept him on top of her then nobody would shoot her. Her plan worked, but not in the intended way. Metheun quickly overpowered her with an elbow to the solar plexus, dragged her to her feet, and used her as a human shield as he retreated down the alleyway, drawing a high-caliber handgun but keeping it pointing defensively at his assailants.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **December 26, 2016, 06:09:48 PM**

"Junko! Keep me covered!"

At the sound of Metheun's voice coming through her transceiver, mingled with the sound of gunfire and screams in the background, Junko swung the barrel of her sniper rifle around. The scope came to rest on Metheun as he dragged someone back towards the alley's exit. "Who's that?"

"No idea, she just ran up to me and I'm not about to look a gift horse in the mouth..." Metheun struggled with the figure for a second. "Stop it!"

Junko clicked her tongue impatiently. "Alright, fine. Just get them out of here!"

"This isn't a picnic for me, you know!"

She turned her attention back to the targets as Metheun disappeared backwards. She caught sight of a Purifier trying to get to Aaron, who'd managed to take cover behind a dumpster, and pulled the trigger, her bullet splintering the side of the Purifier's skull.

Axel cried out in pain as Anne hauled him back into the club, his arm wrapped around her muscular frame for support. His left leg dragged behind him, trailing blood. It burned as though someone was stabbing it with a red hot poker.

A few club goers had noticed the group enter, and as more people pointed them out to their friends, the number of eyes resting on Anne, Axel and Rose grew.

Gritting his teeth, his gaze numbly registering the attention they were drawing, Axel tightened his grip on Anne's clothing. "Got... got to get out of here..."

"What the fuck's going on?!" A bouncer stopped dead in his tracks then backed away before they could stop him, shaking his head. "I'm calling the cops."

Shit! "Anne, get... get us out of here..." Axel groaned as the bouncer disappeared into the crowd, his breath hitching in his chest. His body started to shake from the shock of the situation. "Forget the others, we can't... we can't let the cops see us..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 26, 2016, 09:17:43 PM**

rose gasped, in ragged breaths, as she clutched her shoulder ' we're ... in.. no.. condition.. to run.. for all the cops know, we were simply in the wrong place, at the wrong time,,they don;t know us.. from adam or eve.. my shoulder is killing me ' she squerzed at the area and stared glumly at the blood that stained claws. ' damn.. whoever shot me got me good.. i'm starting to go numb ' she heard a buzz .. Marita was checking in ' status report guys.. are we good or not? come in.. someone answer me..' maritas voice was insistent." soren? Anne? rose? anyone?

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 27, 2016, 01:19:15 AM**

Soren quickly slid behind a concrete column as he heard the gunfire ring out. He looked around and saw nothing but the crowd panicking and running for cover. It was then he saw the flash of a silver retreating into the side entrance of Dobson's Alley. He immediately recognized the figures as Anne and Axel.

"Shit!" he muttered. He saw Aaron pinned down by a sniper. He scowled, wondering if he should just leave the Purifier to be die. He had no connection to him...except Rhaegson was likely to have his balls mounted as a trophy if he wimped out.

He dashed out of cover, raising his SMG and letting loose a volley of bullets towards the roof, hoping that he had either hit them or forced them to take cover.

Aaron coughed up some blood. "Gotta say, you're ballsy but fucking stupid!" He then grabbed the Human by the front of the shirt. "I'll be okay! Get Metheun!" The German Shepherd slumped over, dead or unconscious.

He peered out from behind the dumpster and saw the Metheun backing away from the group with one hand wrapped around...oh hell no...Flora's neck and the other brandishing a large handgun. He sighed as he lowered his weapon. There was no way he'd hid Metheun without shooting Flora as well.

He then heard Aaron's radio buzz. He reached into the man's pocket and pulled out the radio. He pressed

the talk button. The dumpster rang as a bullet smashed into it.

"Yeah, Marita. It's Soren. The whole situation just got bricked. All the Purifiers are with us are dead. Metheun took Flora hostage. I think Axel, Rose and Anne got shot and are hiding in the club. And I'm hiding behind a dumpster because I'm getting shot at."

The ache in Anne's back grew even worse. It was then that she realized the wetness on her back wasn't from Axel's leg wound. She had been shot by the snipers.

Despite the wounds, she waved off the bouncers as she half carried, half dragged Axel and Rose to the entrance of the club.

She could already hear the sirens of both the police and the ambulance crew arriving.

(OOC = Brick [Verb, slang] – to render an electronic or mechanical device completely useless. By extension, to render a situation utterly hopeless.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 27, 2016, 05:20:58 AM**

Several of the men were spilling out into the streets in order to secure the area. One of them took a position in the alleyway under Emilena's roof, which allowed her to drop onto his head and make short work of him with a quick neck-snap.

Reloading her SMG, she strafed around the building so she could get a bead on Soren's position. She saw them hiding behind a dumpster and wondered why they weren't booking it when a sniper shot rang off the roof of the building above her. *Oh*. Climbing the fire escape as quietly as she could, she sighted a single sniper hugging the lip of the building and shredded them with a close-range salvo of silenced submachine rounds into the abdomen.

"Soren!" she growled into the mic. "On my mark, cross the street and let's blend into the marketplace district! Anyone who wants to live should come with you..." Borrowing the corpse's sniper rifle, she sighted the sniper guarding the other side of the street and plugged them between the eyes. "There, go now!"

Meanwhile, Flora was quickly doing whatever Metheun's body language was commanding. Her mind was racing and her instinct was to claim she was an innocent bystander, nobody for him to worry about...but something told her they'd just kill her for seeing too much. "I admit it, I was with the people trying to kill you!" she stammered to Metheun as he forcibly led her away from the shootout. "So don't kill me! I've got way too much useful info to just kill!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 03, 2017, 04:19:17 PM**

great , just fucking great ' so the whole thing went sideways in a major way . not only does half the team get plugged, but the ward i'm responsible for gets grabbed in the process. i don't need to tell you Soren how bad the situation is, not just for me and Rose personally, but for us as a whole. we need to get Flora back immediately. get anne , Rose and anyone else who is injured out of harms way and then chase down methuen. bastard was far more important than we knew, considering how many friends he brought with him." marita said her frustration evident in her voice. ' i'll try and see if i can latch into any phones or networks he uses.'

—
 rose gripped her injured shoulder, her face contorted in pain. 'gods' she swore, as as the sirens for the police and medics got louder and louder. the dancing was still going on, so everything sort of blended together in a cacophony of noise and sound. ' blood trickled from beneath her claws, as she tried to put pressure on the wound to stop the bleeding. her arms were starting to tingle from loss of blood, and her arm was getting heavy.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 04, 2017, 02:46:42 PM**

As they passed through the front door of the club, being given a wide berth by the clubbers who noticed the state they were in, Axel tried to urge Anne along, limping painfully beside her. "If the cops see us, we're fucked," he gasped through gritted teeth. The whining of the police sirens grew ever louder, signalling this was only moments away from happening.

The trio emerged from the club and started to stumble down the street. Not realising Anne had been shot too, Axel put his full weight on her as he scanned their surroundings for something to escape with. Someone waiting in line for the club stared as they passed, then elbowed the person he was with. "What kind of dance competition did you say this was?"

Sweat greasing his hair, Axel's breath caught as he recognised a car parked further up - the same vehicle Marcus had been driving as he'd driven them up. "There! Come on!" Moving as fast as his leg would allow him, Axel reached the driver's door and pulled it open, relief washing over him when he saw the keys were still in the ignition. "Lucky someone didn't take this for a ride..." he muttered, glancing over his shoulder at Anne and Rose. Axel's eyes widened when he saw the blood spreading over Anne's top. "Ah *shit!* You're shot too!" He swallowed, panicking as the sound of sirens filled the street - the cops would be here any second.

He punched the wheel in frustration. "Get in! If I use my other leg I can drive!"

Metheun jerked Flora back, his arm tight around her throat. "Keep quiet and maybe I won't. My ears are ringing like a fucking church bell."

Pulling her around the corner, out of range of any bullets the remaining Purifiers might send his way, he switched his hold on Flora. Pushing her in front and twisting her arm behind her back to stop the girl from running, he shoved her towards an exit of the alleyway. A dark vehicle stopped in front of them with a screech, and the rear passenger door popped open. Metheun shoved flora towards it. "Get it."

Junko saw Metheun and the prisoner move out of range as her ears picked up the approaching sirens. Peering through the scope down into the alley, it looked as though all Purifiers were either dead, or well on their way there. Whoever had taken out her operative on the roof, it appeared they weren't making themselves visible, and Junko didn't have enough time to hunt them down.

She signaled to those near her and spoke into her receiver. "Move out. We're done here."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 05, 2017, 03:07:45 AM**

"I'll be fine!" Anne replied. She clenched her teeth as the action of speaking made her chest feel like it was on fire.

She hauled Rose into the backseat of the SUV and shut the door. She winced as she did so, sending electric jolts of pain through her back and upper body. Anne looked in the rearview mirror and saw the flashing blue lights of the police cars as well as the red and lights of the medics.

The Shetland Pony grabbed hold of the the passenger's seat and used it to help prop herself up. "Go now!" Her voice was starting to get raspy as she further weakened. Her fingers loosened their grip on the headrest as she finally slid into semi-consciousness, her drug and adrenaline-fueled intensity having burnt itself out.

"Are you fucking serious!?" Soren snapped into the phone when he finally stopped running. He and Emilena had blended into the crowd at the marketplace district. A street vendor selling some questionable looking electronics looked at him but then ignored him. Realizing his outburst, he lowered his voice.

"You better not be hinting that Flora's 'manager' will send a bunch of thugs after us!"

He then silenced his smartphone's mic and turned to Emilena. "Can you believe this, she wants us to go get Flora and Methuen! I can understand Metheun but Flora?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 05, 2017, 04:25:19 AM**

Flora quickly did as she was told, climbing into the van and trying to will her heart not to thump so hard it burst out of her chest.

"She's good as dead already," Emilena said, knowing that Soren had likely come to the same conclusion. "They're going to milk her for info and dispose of her. Her only shot is being traded for a healthy celebrity ransom, we're certainly not going to be the ones to save her."

She purchased a soda from a vending machine. "You know, Soren..." she said in a low voice. "This might be our chance to cut and run. Our Purifier guard is dead, we could easily be dead as well. If the others are as wounded as it sounded like, they might be in police custody before we get an opportunity to do anything else."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 07, 2017, 12:10:16 AM**

he'll send thugs alright Marita said " but not after you guys> no, Me, rose and Marie will be the targets. In short, we're boned if we dont get her back.' Msrita sighed. " We will likely have hours, days at most, before they find us abnd extract payment for our failure. By which, I mean 3 bullets , into the base of our skulls> So, you guys can go after Methuen, but Flota is part of hunting him down> Its not your fault, and I'll wager Bailey wont mess with you. Its our fault , and our price to pay. I think it best for now, that we disperse. I'll try and get a lock on Rose, Axel and Anne, by hooking into thier phone network or failing that, finding Annes horn frequency Hopefully, they wont be in police custody, or being operated on in some backwater , low tech , office. Good luck , guys " Marita said

—
Rose murmured as she hit the seat " Go, AXel.. Just.. get us out of here.. Cops will ask too many questions." She grimaced, blood trickling down her arm from the wound in her shoulder We really botched this whole thing up, didnt we?' she said, her fave stained with tears , tears shed from the pain of being shot.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 09, 2017, 07:02:39 AM**

As she was pushed into the back seat of the vehicle, Flora found herself sitting next to a solid man who looked as though he'd never smiled a day in his life. Metheun slid in beside her and slammed the door shut. "Go. The others'll meet us there," he said to the driver up front. Looking across at the man sitting next to Flora, Metheun nodded. The man pulled out what looked like dark glasses from his pocket and placed them carefully over her eyes, revealing that they weren't sunglasses - the device prevented any light from getting in, rendering her blind.

Metheun reclined back in his seat, idly looking out the tinted windows as the car pulled away. "I don't need to tell you to behave yourself, right?"

Axel pressed down on the gas with his good leg, starting to drive away just as, in the rear-view mirror, he saw a group of police and medical vehicles stop outside the club. His heart hammered in his chest as the lights gradually grew fainter, expecting at any moment to be pulled over.

When they turned the corner, he felt himself start to relax a little. *Holy shit, we made it out...* Trying to focus, Axel realised Rose had spoken. "Botched it up?" He let out a hysterical laugh. "We're alive, they're dead, and nobody's stopping us from leaving! I think that turned out pretty fucking great for us!" He winced as a burning sensation shot up his leg. "*Goddammit!* Well, pretty great." Axel hoped the others got out alright, but right now, he couldn't worry about them.

He looked across and saw the terrible state they were in. Anne especially, who seemed to be teetering on the edge of passing out. *Fuck... what do I do...* They needed help, that much was obvious. But having to go to a hospital gave him a bad feeling. They'd be vulnerable, and if it was discovered they were there... Axel tightened his grip on the wheel. He didn't know anyone who could help, and another glance at Anne told him they didn't have time to waste.

"There's a hospital about... I dunno, a half hour away, I think," he said to Rose. "I'm taking us there." He twisted slightly, grimacing at the pain it caused, and rubbed Anne's arm. "Hey, don't... fuck, I don't know, don't fall asleep or anything, ok? We'll get help soon." He started feeling a strange buzzing in his leg, and a wetness as blood began to pool in his shoe. *I hope we get help soon...* Swinging a hard left, ignoring the traffic light, Axel sped them towards the freeway.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 09, 2017, 09:41:27 PM**

Soren bit his lip. He looked around and made sure no one was listening. Luckily, there were too many people around the shopping district to care. He didn't really care for any member of the group...except Axel and, maybe Anne. Rose...well, he wanted to keep on Marita's good side.

He pondered Emilena's idea. He had fled from a horrible disaster before but this time, he had a vague feeling he wasn't going to be so lucky this time. That and he didn't want to lose his best friend again.

The Human sighed and ran a hand through his head. "I want to...but I can't get around the thought of leaving Axel behind. That...and I have a feeling I'm next on their list." He scowled. "And if so, I'll take their lives to hell with me."

The noise and lights of Seryet City gradually began a haze as Anne drifted in and out of consciousness. She could barely make out Axel's touch on her arm and his words but one thing stood out: hospital.

Taking a breath that stopped short and made her cough slightly, the mare spoke. "Guys killing...Purifiers, augments. What if...we're next? And...leave, piss off Purifiers?" The wound on her shoulder started bleeding again as she coughed. She grabbed a handful of tissues from the box and placed them on her back, pressing herself against the door in an attempt to apply pressure and stem the newly restarted flow of blood.

As much as she didn't want to work with the Purifiers, working on the street taught her that the more people you pissed off, the shorter you lived. Methuen and Black's thugs already wanted them dead. Dumping the mission and risk having Rhaegson and his goons on their case as well didn't sound like something the Shetland Pony mare was interested in.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 10, 2017, 02:08:48 AM**

Running away isnt an option Soren. if you run, there will be at least 4 groups wanting your head, well all our heads. Black's groups, methuen's, Rhaegson's and Baileys, all of whom will shoot first and ask questions later. So getting Flora back will ensure Bailey isnt pissed at us and Catching methuen will ensure Rhaegson won't kill us for botching this job. The fewest groups that want our hides, the better.

But we have no real good options at this point, really. Methuen got the drop on us, and nicked Flora and we are now no closer to finding out what he knows than before. Which is not a great position to be in, in fact its about as bad a spot as we could be in. Our list of enemies is growing, and the only way we are going to get out of this alive is if we stick together and get Flora back. Go search the alley, its possible Methuen might have dropped something as he ran off. a wallet, a card, a phone number written on a piece of paper. Anything that could be a clue." Marita said

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 10, 2017, 06:27:55 AM**

Flora nodded. "I'll be a veritable angel. Hell, I'm glad to be away from those bastards, they were twisting my arm to get me to work for them. Did you know one of them was a lesbian and used to molest me? Would stick her tongue in my mouth and everything. I felt like a slave, of the Sally Hemmings variety."

Of course, Flora still loved Rose deep down, but she figured that channeling her well-remembered disgust she once felt would hopefully maybe put her on her captors' good side. Rose would never have to know what hateful things she'd said.

"Could you cut your radio before we keep talking?" Emilena growled at Soren, nettled at her private comments being broadcast. She glanced around. "Also we might not want to hang around in public for much longer." She racked her brain, running through a list of her and Lily's old hideouts, and realized one was nearby. "Follow me. I got a place off the street."

Thirty minutes later, she tiptoed through the graveyard of an old church. Fishing a weather-beaten mop handle from the hedges beside the church wall, she prodded a cloth ladder in the outdoor rafters until it unraveled and provided passage to the church's bell tower. "There's some canned food under the mattress, and we can't be here on weekends, but it's a place." Sliding a cheap solar-powered laptop from a cubby in the attic boxes, Emilena positioned it so the setting sun would power it. "And if you need internet, get it now because this thing doesn't work at night."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 11, 2017, 07:02:58 PM**

Metheun glanced around at the girl as she spoke, his eyebrow cocking in mild amusement. "They're terrorists, honey. They turned a city into a bloodbath. If they *did* force you into helping them, I'd count yourself lucky if all they did was rape you." He shrugged. "Anyway, we'll find out what you know when we arrive."

He started to lean back in his seat again, then paused, rolling his eyes at Flora though she couldn't see him. "Actually, that reminds me. I should let him know we've got a guest on the way. He hates surprises." Metheun pulled a cell phone out of his pocket and flipped it open. He hit a few buttons then held it up to his ear.

"Hi. Yeah, it's me. Yeah, I'm fine. Yes, *of course* it worked. It worked perfectly." Metheun paused. "Well, alright, not perfectly, exactly. A few got away but tracking them down should be easy. The main targets are dead, at least." His eyes flicked to Flora. "Actually, there's something I wanted to let you know. We caught one." The corner of his mouth curled. "I don't know, she ran right up to me. Right. Okay. See you soon." Metheun hung up and slipped the phone back into his pocket.

"Get us back as quick as you can," he called up to the driver. "He wants to find out what she can tell us." Metheun glanced down at his shoes, and grimaced. "And I need to clean my shoes. They have *fucking* blood on them."

The car screeched to a halt outside the entrance of Peace Hospital. The vehicle bounced up onto the sidewalk, knocking down a trashcan and forcing a pedestrian to dive for safety. Inside the lobby, a doctor

heard the commotion and ran outside. As he approached, the driver's door swung open.

"We need help!" Axel cried out, trying to pull himself out awkwardly. His left leg felt as though it was on fire; the jeans covering the limb were almost entirely soaked in blood. "Someone attacked us, my friend's... fuck, she's looking really bad!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 11, 2017, 07:44:21 PM**

the doctor took a single glance at Axel's bloody leg and pulled out a walkie talkie' This is Dr Mishi. i have an injured driver and passengers in need of immediate stabilization and treatment foir gun wounds." he radioed and went to help Axel get out of the van. '; How many are with you? He asked in a calm voice.'; _ Rose clambered as best she could of thge her side off of the van, her wounds obvious to even a casual onserver ' he got Shot in the leg, and me in the should,. but our friend here has the worst of it she in a strained voice. Mishi opened to the door to reveal Anne leaning against the window. I Need 3 stretchers' MUSHi radioed "Coming doctor' he heard the reply " We have a shetland, a dog and a rat here ' Mishi said a scowl covering his baboon face.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 15, 2017, 02:23:50 AM**

Soren scowled. "I didn't turn my radio on." It was then he realized that Marita could remotely access the radios and turn them on and off to listen in on conversations. He had suggested that as a backup in case they were captured or something. That being said, he decided that it wasn't a "need to know" thing for Emilena.

When he arrived at Emilena's hideout, he looked over the place and watched the setting sun through a crack in the dilapidated church's roof. He then pondered Marita's last command to him.

The Human fished out a can of flaked catfish salad and sat down on a wooden beam. He hadn't eaten since lunch and his stomach was growling.

It was then that he said something he never figured he'd say to the Lanthae cop who had nearly gotten him thrown in jail. "Thanks, Emilena. But I can only stay for the night. I've got to see if Axel is okay."

Peace Hospital's ER was a flurry of activity as nurses, doctors and orderlies tended to the trio of badly injured patients brought in by car. Of course, given its location between the Oilworks District and seedy Circuits neighborhood (so named for its high concentration of suspicious electronics shop) there were a significant number of overdoses as well as victims of violence.

As Anne was in the worst shape, the staff began stabilizing her so they could quickly x-ray her and then get her into the OR to be treated.

Rose was next as her shoulder wound had a high chance of causing her to bleed to death. Axel was the lowest priority as he had been shot in the thigh, luckily no vital blood vessels or the bones were hit. That said, it was still a through-and-through gunshot wound.

Axel was put in a room as a nurse and doctor examined his wound and took his vitals as well as his personal information. Tellingly, they didn't inquire as to how he got that injury.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 19, 2017, 06:57:05 AM**

"Oooh, try using toothpaste!" Flora piped up. "Sounds crazy but it's amazing at cleaning shoes. I think it's the bleach."

Once the car arrived at its destination, Metheun's enforcer forced her out of the car with unneeded roughness, and Flora did her best to follow his orders. "Are you guys cops?" she asked. "Can I enter the witness protection program?"

Emilena nodded, she was too tired to argue. He didn't seem to want the laptop, so she checked the local news. "Black's body has been found, but every news site has a different story on how he died so they don't know anything." She grumbled when the laptop turned itself off as the sun slipped under the horizon. "I didn't see anything on our most recent excursion, but they'll no doubt have reports on that one by morning. At least we're the only two who didn't enter the club, so we don't have to worry about the security footage."

The others weren't so lucky; just another reason to leave them to their fate. But for some reason, as Emilena crawled over to her sleeping spot, she wasn't 100% convinced to ditch Soren and go her own way after this. *Why would I do anything else? He's risking his life for people I don't give a shit about...* she yawned.

Despite her exhaustion, it was a very long time until she fell asleep. She couldn't help but spy on Soren while he was still awake. *I'm just...making sure he's not slitting my throat*, she told herself.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **January 21, 2017, 02:04:43 PM**

"Thank you Mr. Jackson." The doctor slipped a pen back into his pocket as he finished jotting something down, then made his way towards the door. "Someone'll check in on how you're doing in a little while."

Axel nodded as the man left the room. "Yeah, sure. Thanks." He had no idea if they (whoever *they* were) would be looking for him, but if they were, he wasn't about to help them by giving out his real name. With a sigh, Axel leaned back in the bed and pulled up his gown, revealing the wound in his thigh. It didn't look too bad now that they'd sewn it shut, and the morphine wasn't unwelcome. Still, it'd probably leave a scar. *I just keep getting prettier.*

He'd remembered to grab hold of his cell phone before his blood soaked jeans had been removed, and he turned to look at it now as it lay on the bedside table, turned off. Part of him felt the urge to try and call one of the others, to see if they'd made it out - but he knew how risky that could be.

Axel had no idea what he should do next. Would the Purifiers come after them because of what had happened? Would whoever they'd been looking for track them down? With the cops still after him, a future in Seryet City was looking increasingly bleak. His head hurting, Axel picked up the TV remote and hit the ON button. The TV mounted in the corner of the room flickered to life.

"-and in other news, the leader of Brennan Synthetics, Richard Brennan, has been reported missing." A reporter filled the screen, his expression solemn. "He was last seen two days ago leaving his residence in Upper Greenford at approximately 6 o'clock in the afternoon, alone. This news comes just days after Brennan Synthetics announced its closure, following the bizarre and tragic incident in which 78 people possessing Brennan Synthetic augmentations died, after the technology appeared to malfunction. Earlier this week, hospitals were flooded with citizens demanding their augmentations be removed. Many stated they didn't feel safe anymore, with this incident standing on the shoulders of the Lanthae massacre last year."

A female reporter sitting on the left spoke up. "Investigators have reported concerns regarding Richard Brennan's safety. Earlier this morning, Edward Coxon, the ex-owner of Focus Biological, a genetic augmentation company which closed its doors 40 years ago, and a close friend of Mr. Brennan, spoke to us to try and reach out to his missing friend."

The image changed to an old man. His wispy white hair looked disheveled, and his suit appeared as if he'd thrown it on quickly. His left hand trembled, and as Axel watched the screen, he thought the old man seemed so thin that a light breeze would blow him away like paper. Coxon cleared his throat and looked directly into the camera and spoke, his voice surprisingly clear in spite of his appearance.

"Richard, I beg you. Please, no matter how dark the situation seems, there is always hope. We can all recover from this. Seryet can recover, and to do this we *all* need to stand together, to work together. With this comes *strength*." He paused, blinking. "You are part of this strength, Richard."

Losing interest, Axel turned the TV off. He leaned back and gingerly probed his wound.

The car had stopped in the gravel driveway of a large, expensive-looking property. A guard stood to either side of the marble steps leading up to a set of imposing wooden doors, the main entrance. The long driveway stretched behind them, ending at a tall metal gate, hefty trees dotting either side of the path.

Metheun stepped out of the car, rolling his shoulders. As he adjusted his tie, he motioned towards the guard holding her arm. "Witness protection?" he smirked as the three of them made their way up the steps. "Sure. Whatever you say, honey." As they neared the entrance the doors swung open, revealing a nervous looking butler. They stepped through into an airy entrance hall. A carpeted stairway wound up to the second floor.

"Thank you, Felix. That cold sore's looking much better, by the way," Metheun said as the butler closed the doors behind them. He started for the stairway, speaking over his shoulder. "Take her into the meeting room. Make her comfortable, I'll be back soon. Felix, find toothpaste!"

Flora was led through a doorway to her left. A long table filled the next room, a fire crackling away on the far side. The guard led her down the room to the chair at the furthest end of the table and pushed her down into it, the fire warming her back pleasantly.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 25, 2017, 02:07:23 AM**

In a room a couple doors down from Axel, Rose glanced at the heavily bandaged shoulder that the doctors had spent nearly an hour operating on, to re set the bone, and clean out floating bone chips. she had given the name of Rosemarie to the doctors , which had been a name her parents had considered naming her, before settling on Rose instead. she had been told not to move the shoulder until a sling could be put in place " How are you doing , miss?' a nurse asked as she came in. " better. Really just came out of the anesthesia a bit ago, you guys gave me too much.' Rose said.' Shoulder doesnt hurt nearly as much." Well, it was a pretty complex surgery. you broke your clavicle, there was damage to the muscle, and quite a few nicked blood vessels. hence the level of blood loss. To say nothing of the number of bone chips we had to suck up. other than that, it was a clean hole." the nurse said, and she put in a fresh bag of iv fluid to the IV that was feeding into Rose's left arm." Do you want to watch Tv while we wait for the doctor? the nurse asked. " yes please" rose nodded, and the nurse turned onto a news program that had a debate about augments- are they safe? was the question being asked." someone sure screwed up on designing those augments" the nurse said in passing. all those people dying because their augments failed. i'm sure there wont be much money coming to the victims families though. those companies usually shut their doors after a fiasco like this."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 25, 2017, 07:52:23 PM**

Anne muttered something incomprehensible as began to come out of her drug induced fog. All she could feel was a dull aching in her back that seemed to cover her entire body.

"Ah, Ms. Mare, I see you're awake." It was standard procedure for patients with no identification to be referred to by their species. As Anne didn't have her wallet with her at that moment, she had no name other than "Ms. Mare". And she really didn't feel like giving them her actual contact information.

The mare said nothing but moaned as her eyes cleared. In front of her was a plastic pitcher of water along with a specimen jar containing the bullet that had been removed from her. Her horn implant was placed inside a plastic bag that was labeled "patient belongings. Two IV tubes ran into her arms and there

was a helpfully labeled button to dispense painkillers. Internally, she chuckled. It appeared to be an older model that she could interfere with using her horn and dispense as much narcotics as she pleased. Of course, she dared not do that with the dour-looking Capuchin Monkey watching her.

"So what happened?" she said, her voice rough and weak. She used her left hand to try and pick up the cup of water but ended it up spilling it on the sheets. The nurse helpfully assisted her in drinking the water.

"Well," the nurse said. His accent hinted at his Peruvian origins. "Your right clavicle and scapula were completely shattered by a rifle bullet. And the right subclavian artery was severed. To be honest, you are very lucky to be alive. We had to replace those shattered bones with a titanium sponge structure and use osteointegrating nanomachines to meld them with your regular bones. "

Anne said nothing as she absorbed the information. She already was an Augment; some nearly unbreakable titanium sponge bone was nothing major."

"How long will it take before I can get back to normal?" she asked.

"A week for light exercise but maybe two or some months for total normality."

The mare blew some air out her nostrils. It seemed like she wasn't going to be doing too much to help the team.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 28, 2017, 04:41:24 AM**

Flora sat down and politely waited for whomever she was supposed to wait. "Do we have anything to drink?" she asked. "Wouldn't normally ask but I'm parched."

After Soren did nothing of particular interest for an indeterminate amount of time, Emilena drifted off to sleep.

(EDIT: crappy post I know, but Im super swamped right now and didn't want to be the stopgap)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **February 07, 2017, 11:48:07 AM**

The door to the room swung open and Metheun strode through, a satisfied smile plastered on his face. "Amazing! The toothpaste worked!" he announced, the click of his footsteps against the wooden floor echoing in the spacious room. He walked the length of the table before stopping in front of the chair adjacent to Flora. "You aren't just a pretty face, little miss."

The guard who'd been standing watch over her cleared his throat. "She says she's thirsty, sir."

Metheun paused, his hands resting on the back of the chair. "Thirsty? Well, of course! I suppose watching your friends die and almost getting your head blown off would have that effect on anyone." He considered. "Tell Felix to bring us a bottle of red. Something fruity. I'll trust his judgement."

When the guard hesitated, Metheun rolled his eyes. "You can leave us. Look at her, she won't try anything." Winking at Flora, he pulled the chair out and sat down in it with a sigh as the guard left. "Bloody hell. You know, whenever I talk to these guys I can't help but think, *lighten up! Would it kill you to smile?*! Ah, well, they're good at their job at least." He clasped his hands together on the table. "You don't need to look worried. Here, would some music calm you down?" Metheun tapped a small panel set into the wooden table, and from somewhere above soft classical music started to play. "We're just here to have a chat. A little... Q and A. Ah, that was quick!"

The guard had returned with the butler in tow, who was carrying a bottle of red wine with one hand, and

two glasses in the other. Metheun kept his eyes on Flora as the butler set the glasses down, removed the cork from the bottle and poured for them. "Thank you again, Felix."

Felix inclined his head and retreated without speaking. Once the door closed behind him, Metheun raised his glass to Flora. "Well then! Cheers." He took a sip and nodded appreciatively. "Mmn. Subtle. Felix never lets me down." Once they'd both finished their glasses, Metheun poured again. "Good *shit*." He took another sip, appearing to consider something before setting the glass back on the table. "Right. We *were* supposed to wait for someone else before starting our heart to heart, but the sooner we start, the sooner we finish."

The guard turned and walked behind Flora, out of her line of sight. Metheun tapped his fingernail against the rim of his wine glass. "Let's start with the obvious. You're working with the Purifiers, aren't you?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 08, 2017, 01:31:43 AM**

"Yeah, I guess you could say that," Flora burst out, "though it's more right to say that my idiot caretakers worked for them and dragged me along for the ride!" Flora downed her wine in one gulp and started coughing uncontrollably. "So my dad Nigel," she spluttered incredulously, "he's a theater manager, he's worried about all this *-hic-* political shit going down in the news, and he doesn't trust the cops, right, so he pays this washout drug-addict ex-actress to keep me locked in her apartment!"

She looked around for an option to refill her glass, completely sick of being sober. "So for the last week she and her two batshit dyke girlfriends have been molesting me every night--hands up my shirt, tongue in my mouth, everything!-- and then they get this letter cause the Purifiers apparently had dirt on them or something? So they bundle me in a car and drive out to some alleyway, and there's these burly motherfuckers led by this ugly Doberman--"

As the wine overtook her, Flora completely forgot her original plan to store some good stuff for future bargaining, and instead took the opportunity to rattle off her huge list of complaints about the harrowing, dangerous, and unwilling adventures she'd been put through.

"--and so they're like '*Let's go to the strip club and find that dude so we can interrogate him,*' and everyone's fine with this for some reason, and they make me wait outside the club as a lookout or something but I can't concentrate because my rapist grabby-handed caretaker is hovering around me like a helicopter trying to convince me to go into the club with her and pose as lesbian lovers, and I mean, the fuck right? I'm just trying to *survive* this shit," she hiccuped angrily, "and I wasn't even supposed to leave the apartment, dad was super clear about that and he's gonna *flip* when he finds out how incompetent Rose was. I mean, Jesus, when you're being paid to keep someone's daughter safe, bare minimum of the job description would be to not drag her into fucking *firefights*, I mean come on, am I crazy or is that fucking common sense?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **February 08, 2017, 04:33:04 AM**

Anne she pressed the button to give her another dose of painkiller. She looked around the bland institutional setting of the ICU. The beeping of the the various monitors she was hooked up to blended into so much white noise that threatened to make her headache worse.

She snorted, wincing as the action sent a spike of pain through her shoulder. The mare looked around for something to occupy herself. She sighed as she realized all she came with was the clothes on her back. Hell, she didn't even have a *name* to the staff. Granted, she wasn't too keen on the staff knowing her identity.

Sighing, she turned on the TV in the room. Her ears pricked up in interest when a special report called "Rebirth. A New Era For Gene Mods?" On the screen was a Chinese man and Red Fox. Both of them were seated behind a desk.

"Hello. I'm James Xiang," the man said.

"And I'm Linda Burke." The Red Fox adjusted her glasses. "Tonight's special report is on the effects that current events have had on the augmentations industry. The past two years have been a very rough time for the cybernetic industry. The Lanthae Incident where hundreds of thousands of Augments were killed in a terrorist pulse-bomb attack in Lanthae and the subsequent rioting had dampened the enthusiasm for cybernetics. Albeit, only temporarily."

The screen then showed several clips of the reports that described the deaths from the Brennan augmentations. "However, the wave of deadly cybernetics failures that have plagued Brennan Synthetics's Aquila line of augments may spell the collapse of the cybernetics industries."

The TV then showed James standing in front of a large line graph that was projected on the wall behind him. There were two lines -- one red and the other blue. The graph in question depicted sales of augmentations (both genetic and cybernetic) in billions of credits plotted against time in years.

"As you can see here," James said. "The sale of genetic augmentations has seen a mostly downward trend with the exception of the spike during the time of the Lanthae Incident. The reverse is true for the cybernetic augmentations."

A gold circle was then drawn around the end of the graph that depicted the most recent timeframe. "However, that trend has started to reverse itself this year. Whether it is a statistical anomaly like the figures in during the Lanthae Incident or not remains to be seen."

The camera switched back to Linda. "Joining us today is Doctor Satoshi Shimura of Seryet University's genetics department."

Anne tuned out the scientist's explanation about gene mods. Her own gene mod that gave her incredible endurance as well as high tolerance to low oxygen environments was made by Neogene in its only venture into non-medical genetics. The company was still around but the particular gene mod she had was long out of production.

It was then that her painkiller addled brain entertained an idle thought. Was Brennan Synthetics a shell company by a gene mod corporation that was purposely shoddy augments to make its parent look good?

She lay back on her pillow and the drugs soon took effect, sending her to sleep.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 13, 2017, 02:03:20 PM**

Rose flipped though the news channels, before settling oin a channel. blacks face stared out at her " Hero cop Found dead" said the headline under the picture' a p[air of reporters were debating whether it was gangs, the mob, or some crooked cops that had done the deed. 'Police work is very dangerous, and officer black was involved in many dangerous operations that garnered him a lot of enemies. one, or more of them, killed him. His family is now in witness protection, for thier safety' one of them said.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **March 24, 2017, 08:29:36 PM**

(OOC - Metheun has been turned over to me temporarily by bushwacked.)

Metheun nodded as he swirled his glass of red wine and took a sip. "I see. Now I'm sure you feel a lot safer now that you're away from those two."

It was then he got an idea. He really didn't care too much for the girl but he could use her father to hinder the group after him. "Perhaps your father might be interested to know what the 'babysitters' he hired were doing to his daughter? Perhaps some video footage or other information might convince him to press charges."

The Human placed his glass on an elegant ceramic and glass coaster. "Now then, why don't we start with names?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 24, 2017, 11:34:13 PM**

"I hope he takes them to court and sues them for every nickel those assholes are worth!" Flora exclaimed hotly, downing another glass of wine. "None of them had actual jobs, I bet they're loaded. They never gave last names, but the Great Danes were named Marita and Rose, Rose was the former actress, and the third was like a yellow Labrador or something named Marie. *Three fucking dogs*, can you believe it? Have you ever been forcibly Frenched by a dog? It was absolutely disgusting!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 13, 2017, 11:22:12 AM**

Roses phong rang and on the Id It read Nigel Bailey " Oh damn : riöse muttered before answering " Hello Nigel. " Where the hell are you' Bailey said, his voice coming across as very serious. Rose knew Bailey well, so she knew that she was in for a huge reaming, calls with this tone of voice from him almost never ended well for the recipient. ' i'm in the hospital Nigel. 'what for?' I got shot, in the shoulder>" consider yourself lucky, because i have half a mind to put one a little higher Rose. i just got sent a lovely text messagre from flora claiming you did all sorts of things to her and that she ran away to , as she put it ' get away from that pervert' Where is Flora, Rose?' She.. was grabbed by the people we're trying to catch>" Rose said " So she is now a captive . Just fucking peachy. remind me exactly why I agreed to pay you , and you gal pals , large sums of money to protect her?

I put her in your care because I thought you'd be reliable, discrete and trustworthy. Well congrats, you've failed miserably on all 3 counts, and got shot up as well. Listen, and listen well. You get her back, PRONTO. I dont care how drugged up they have you, I dont care how many pieces of you are missing, you get her back. Half of Flora is worth 100 times more than every inch of you and your friends. You have 48 hours to get her back, or else. If I don't hear back before then that you have her back safe and sound, not only is the money deal off, but so is any further consideration of you by me.Yyour life, and the lives of those around you, will be then measured in lengths of hours. Because the people I hire to dispose of incompetents, they dont miss, and they dont leave traces. You fucked up hugely Rose, and I am enormously disappointed in you, I expected much much better from you. Now get out of that hospital, and get her back. You do so, and I may, MAY, Mind you, overlook this colossal snafu when it comes times to settle accounts. but ONLY If You produce Flora and she is unharmed. Clock is ticking, Bailey, Out" the phone clicked. and rose exhaled, she hadnt been able to get much in in her defense, and given Bailey's mood, It wouldnt have mattered if she had. Bailey was not one to accept excuses, he demanded results. We are in VERY deep shit' Rose muttered to herself.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **April 13, 2017, 07:35:50 PM**

Metheun grimaced in distaste. "I have, actually. Too much tongue, spit and..." he waved his hand, face creasing with unwelcome recollection. "*Flappy* bits. And that's why we don't have tequila tuesdays anymore, isn't it James?"

One of the guards on the far side of the room gulped nervously. "Yes, sir."

"Yes." Metheun downed another gulp of wine then plonked his glass down on the table. "Right, so two things, honey. First off, if your father only wants to pay some druggie rapists to look after you, then either he doesn't care about you *that* much, or he's a horrible, horrible person. I mean, maybe some counselling could help."

He leaned forwards in his chair, resting his elbows on the table and steepling his bony fingers. "Second. I don't give a fuck about who raped you. Now, what I *do* care about, as I mentioned earlier, are the Purifiers you were with. I want to know their *names*. I want to know where they call *home*. I want to know what their *plans* are."

Huge, strong hands suddenly grabbed Flora by her hair and across her chest, tilting her chair back.

"I'm really, really keen to get on with this so I can get some rest," Metheun was continuing. "Hanging around in some shit-hole club waiting to get kidnapped isn't all the brochure said it would be." He stabbed a finger in the air, indicating whoever had seized Flora. "So, what Eduardo is going to do is hold you in the fireplace until you start talking, alright?"

Whether it was alright with Flora or not, the guard pulled her backwards in her chair until she could feel the heat of the fire sizzling her fur. He started to tip her back.

"Let's start again. What was-"

"Albert! Stop!"

Metheun jerked in his seat, twisting around. Standing in the entrance of the dining hall, doors flung open, was a tiny old man. On either side of him were stood two huge men in dark suits; the old man between them barely came up to their waist. Hands clasped over one another, he looked slowly around the room, then returned his gaze to Metheun. "Albert, what are you doing?"

Metheun shrugged. "Getting answers."

"It looks like you're burning her in my dining room. When I specifically told you she wasn't to be harmed!"

"Dad, I'm getting close! If she just-"

The old man took starting walking further into the room, surprisingly quick for a man of his age. His bodyguards followed doggedly behind him. Approaching Metheun, he stopped before him and fixed the man with a cold glare. "I. Said. Stop."

Metheun stared back. After a few seconds, he shrugged, sitting back and picking up his wine glass with a bemused expression. "Whatever you say."

The old man looked up, and the guard holding Flora let her chair settle back on the floor, away from the fire. His expression softened. "I'm Edward Coxon. It's been a while, hasn't it Flora?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 13, 2017, 08:18:10 PM**

Flora stifled an embarrassingly scared whimper as her chair settled comfortably away from the fire that had almost singed her eyelashes off. But any relief from Coxon's rescue disappeared when he casually referred to her by name. "I...uh..." *Fuck. They know who I am. There go any plans of keeping my identity secret.* "Okay, so you know who I am, but that means...you don't want to kill me...right?" she stammered. "Think of how much money I'm worth! And I'll give you names! The big dude in charge was...uh...Marcus, and his co-captain, somebody said his name, like, once I think...and it was.....Adrian? Aidan?...Started with an A, gimme a minute!" She glanced nervously at Metheun and his goon.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **April 17, 2017, 01:31:53 AM**

Soren awoke from a fitful sleep. The mattress he had been loaned from Emilena did practically nothing to cushion his back from the wood floor. He sat up and stretched his back. The Human peeked through a crack in the wooden walls.

Nothing except for the brilliant white spot of light on the horizon that that indicated the bustling core of Seryet City. Further out, he could vaguely make out shimmering towers of algal oil farms and refineries.

The Human looked around and saw that Emilena was still asleep. Sighing, he checked the smartphone still

in his pocket. Mostly dead.

Shit. He thought. *I forgot to charge it!*

He didn't have a charger with him and he doubted Emilena had one available. For that matter, it seemed unlikely that this shell of a church still had electrical power after decades of being neglected.

He shot a quick message to Axel.

"*You okay*"

He groaned as the battery died the moment he sent the text out. He tucked the now useless phone back into his pocket and lay back down on the flimsy mattress.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **April 17, 2017, 08:22:30 AM**

"Mmn." Axel groaned, face twitching as he stirred awake. He'd rolled over onto his side in his sleep, facing the window, and his wound ached from where he'd put his weight on it. The vague suggestions of early morning light were pushing their way through the closed blinds. *Can't have been out too long.* He gave another groan and rolled onto his back.

Someone was standing on the other side of the bed, looming over him.

Axel blinked. *Oh shit.* He tried to push himself up, opening his mouth to scream.

The person's arms shot down, one hand clamping over his mouth, stifling any cry for help he might have made. With a sharp *snap*, a switchblade deftly appeared in the other, the blade darting forward and pressing against his throat.

Feeling the bite of the metal, Axel stared up at the person holding him down and waited for the end. Much of the person's face was obscured in shadow, but he could see it was a man with a beanie hat pulled low and a dark jacket zipped right up. His eyes were dark pits. *Couldn't you shoot me instead?* Axel thought hysterically. He supposed it would be less painful than a blade through the neck.

"If you scream, I'll cut your head off."

The rat blinked again.

"Are you going to scream?" The man, his voice surprisingly soft, spoke slowly and carefully, as though speaking to someone particularly slow.

After a moment, Axel shook his head. "Nmphh."

The man took his hand away and withdrew the knife, although Axel noted uncomfortably that he didn't put it away. "What..."

"Come on, don't act dumb. You know who I'm with. What the fuck happened?"

Purifiers. Shit. "Alright, look, it wasn't our fault-"

"*What happened?*"

Axel pushed himself further away. "It was a... an ambush or something! They knew we were coming!" He gulped. "Look, I don't know what you guys got told but we followed this guy Methson or Metheun or something to this club but when we followed him in they were waiting for us and then the shooting started..." Axel could hear himself babbling, his voice getting higher. "There wasn't anything I could have done!"

The darkness enveloping the man's face shifted as his expression hardened. "Or you lured our people into

an alley and killed them. You thought you could get away."

"No! I mean, look at where I am! Does this look like something I'd plan?!"

"Maybe our people fought back," the man muttered.

Axel felt a flash of anger and started to sit up. "Fuck you-" Before he could finish, the Purifier slammed the hilt of his knife against Axel's wound, clapping his other hand back over the rat's mouth to stifle his scream.

"It's okay," the Purifier said over Axel's muffled, agonised squeals. It's okay, because I know you wouldn't be that dumb. And *why* wouldn't you be that dumb?" When Axel eventually stared up at him with tearful eyes, hands clasped on his thigh, the man continued. "Because you know we're watching you. We're watching *all* of you. You know that right?" Axel nodded, air whistling through his nose, and the hand came away again. "Good. Who ambushed you?"

Axel gasped for breath, his eyes squeezed shut. "Don't know... don't know..."

"Then you should find out. Soon. Time's running out." The man reached into his pocket. "One more thing."

When Axel opened his eyes, the knife was shooting down. He jerked, too shocked to scream - but with a heavy thud the blade buried itself in the pillow next to his head. Speared to it was a sheet of paper with something written on it.

"Be seeing you." The Purifier slowly turned and made his way over to the door, unlocking it. Casually, he opened it and walked out of sight, the door closing behind him gently.

He body shaking, Axel reached up and pulled the knife from the pillow, freeing the piece of paper. Unfolding it, he blinked at the message written on it: *GOOD LUCK! WE'RE COUNTING ON ALL OF YOU! LOVE, R.* Axel collapsed back down, whimpering. "Oh fuck."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **StarfallRaptor** on **April 17, 2017, 07:51:27 PM**

Outside the building where Flora was being kept, a lone figure paced a bit, the heavy exoframe he wore emitting a low, pneumatic hiss with each step. After a few minutes of pacing, he finally sighed, shaking his head and leaning back against a column.

"Of course. Hire me to bodyguard some little starlet princess, and then they don't even let me in the *fucking* door. Tch. Typical."

He muttered to himself, shutting his eyes for a moment. Just as he began to relax, a soft ping alerted him to an incoming call. Flicking a cover on his left wrist open, he pressed a few buttons, and a youthful face popped up in the upper-right corner of his display visor.

"Hey, Kintoki. How's the new suit working?"

He chuckled at the female's question a bit, rolling his shoulder as he flicked a glance at a set of small diagnostics.

"Raiko, for the dozenth time, it's working fine. You know I'd contact you if something was wrong."

He said coolly, closing one eye for a moment. The girl on the other end of the line nodded a bit, adjusting her glasses as they slipped down her nose. Collecting herself, she gave Kintoki a small nod, disconnecting with a little salute. Kintoki returned the gesture, then leaned his head back against the column again.

And now...we wait He thought to himself...

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **April 18, 2017, 01:23:58 AM**

Anne groaned as the light shone in through the windows. Her back ached and she could feel the blood-soaked dressing sticking to her.

She pressed the button to dose herself with another bolus of narcotic painkiller. Her ears twitched as she slowly pushed herself to a sitting position. Almost immediately, she noticed that her horn had been placed on her hospital tray with a note skewered on it. The Shetland Pony reached over and carefully extracted the paper from the horn.

Her eyes widened as she read it over. "Fuck me," she muttered. "That guy's got eyes everywhere!"

Anne lay back, closed her eyes and sighed.

"Ms. Mare," a voice said. "We're here to change your bandages."

The mare snorted and did nothing as they slowly adjusted her bed to a reclining position.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 18, 2017, 03:21:47 PM**

Emilena rose as soon as her cell phone vibrated, signifying 7am. She wasn't usually one to sleep in that late, but she'd had something of a difficult day.

She needed to get back into her exercise routine, it kept her sane. Making sure to keep silent so as not to wake Soren, who had shown signs of going back to sleep, she completed 25 pushups, 25 situps, and 25 crunches. Panting with exhaustion and drenched with sweat, she crawled to the crawlspace. At exactly 8:30am, she heard the door to the church swing open and shut with a bang.

"Hey, Almaya," she gasped. "Sorry to wake you, but if you want food, a shower, or an outlet, now's your only chance to get that. Follow me."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **April 20, 2017, 02:56:29 AM**

Soren pushed himself up. He worked out a few kinks in his back from sleeping on the terrible mattress. His stomach growled.

"It's fine," he muttered. "I was barely asleep anyways thanks to that shitty mattress."

He sniffed the air and wrinkled his nose at the musky scent of Emilena after her workout and combined with the pungent funk of his own unwashed clothing. I think we could both use a quick shower."

The Human took his phone out of his pocket. "Shit, battery's dead." He sighed. "All right lead the way."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 20, 2017, 02:29:44 PM**

Emilena bit her lip. Now that he'd mentioned it, Emilena really should have warned him about how truly awful that mattress was. She would know, it was hers whenever she and Lily hid out in this location. *Too late now...*

"Keep your ear on the voice outside," Emilena muttered as she scaled the exit. They could both hear a pastor addressing a crowd. "He always addresses the crowd for ten or fifteen minutes before church starts, then there's a one-minute moment of silence. When he stops talking, we have sixty seconds to make ourselves scarce before they start filing in."

The inner church was lit up, a candle was glowing softly besides every pew, their shadows flickering around the room thanks to a central fountain that hadn't been running last night. Every single seat contained an old-fashioned tablet containing scripture. The tablets could draw power wirelessly from the charger seats on each pew, meaning the only outlet in the room was used to light up the overarching statue of J. Robert Oppenheimer looking somberly over the room. "Hope you're not religious, because we're about to score some extremely negative karma in the eyes of Father Atom," Emilena muttered, unplugging Oppenheimer's backlight and offering the outlet to Soren. "There's a large basket with communion crackers under the altar, and I'll setup the 'shower'."

Slinking delicately to the main entrance, Emilena snaked her hand under the massive stained-glass doors and pickpocketed the hand sanitizer dispenser while remaining invisible to the amassed congregation outside. Returning to the fountain, she stripped off her clothes and waded in, scrubbing herself down with sanitizer. With the time limit, there wasn't exactly time for decency. "Don't get too greedy, but you can help yourself to the coins in the fountain too," she added, dropping a handful on her pile of clothes.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **April 23, 2017, 02:08:13 PM**

Coxon smiled kindly at Flora as a guard pulled out a chair for him, helping him to ease down into it. He reached over to pat her hand with his own reassuringly. "Flora, you're worth more to me than any amount of money. It might surprise you but I actually knew you when you were... much younger." He looked at her approvingly. "You've grown into a fine young woman." *Good bone structure... no obvious abnormalities. Perhaps it wasn't a complete failure.*

Lounging in his chair across the table, Metheun rolled his eyes at one of the bodyguards standing behind the old man.

Coxon frowned at him then returned his attention to Flora. "It goes without saying that I'm extremely relieved you're safe. The people you were with are *very* dangerous. I want to protect you, but if you can tell me anything more it'd make things much easier. These two names you mentioned, that would be Marcus Hayton and Aaron Geasbrecht, correct?"

"That sounds about right," Metheun spoke up. "Junko would know for sure, but it's a pretty safe bet." He shrugged. "They're fairly dead though."

"I see." Coxon looked carefully at her beneath grey eyebrows. "Is there anything more? Can you remember if they mentioned where they're based? Was there anyone else noteworthy?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 24, 2017, 11:48:17 PM**

How the hell does this guy know me? Flora furrowed her brow. *Is he a sponsor? Maybe his son went to my high school or something.* Well, she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth; if they didn't plan on killing her, they can have as much info as they wanted. "They said the name Ragson a lot, I think he's their boss and the non-Purifiers are reporting to him. They've got these other people who are being blackmailed into helping them. There's a former police officer named Emilena, she's got some sort of criminal record and she saved my ass like four times. There's these two grumpy guys named Soren and Axel, who don't talk much, and until recently there was this psychopath named Lily."

She shuddered. "Lily was just *creepy*. She kept talking about killing everyone, and one time she slammed me against the wall and I swear she literally sucked the energy out of me. Marita claimed she had healing powers, but I never saw her do anything but glare at people. But then last night, uh..." she shifted her feet, trying to figure out how to explain it without sounding insane. "She, uh, disappeared when like, her identical twin showed up, knocked her out, and dragged her off? I don't really get what happened, but Axel and I got paid to help her do it." She gulped. "I know that sounds retarded, but nothing about Lily ever seemed to make sense."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **April 26, 2017, 05:04:20 PM**

Coxon frowned. "A woman who could heal?" His eyes flicked across to Metheun, who'd suddenly leaned forwards, elbow on the table, his hand propping up his chin.

"It could be her... she mentioned an ex-cop called Emilena..." Metheun muttered, brow creased. "That can only be Emilena Echo. If she's there, it can't just be a coincidence."

"Flora, you said this Lily woman was kidnapped?" *And there was a twin? This could complicate things... but the potential rewards far exceed the risks. And there are potentially two people who could help us locate the subject. Axel...* Coxon smiled at the folf. "Thank you for this information, young lady. You've been very helpful."

The old man signaled to one of the guards standing nearby. "Could you please let our friend in please?"

Metheun spluttered as the man ducked out of the room. "Inside?! He'll wreck our floors again with his fucking suit!"

"It's important for her to meet her new protector," Coxon said. "Flora, I'm sure you understand - the ones who dragged you into all this will want you back. They'll want to make sure you don't reveal anything that could threaten them, and they'll likely do whatever it takes to accomplish this."

He spread his hands. "I intend to take every precaution to help you. But staying here wouldn't be safe. It's too well known. If you stay here, they'd likely hear about it before too long. So I've arranged for your transfer to a more secure location, and overseeing it will be someone I've grown to trust over the years. Someone who can guarantee your safety."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **April 26, 2017, 11:49:32 PM**

Soren plugged his charger into the outlet. He held his breath as he heard the pastor continue on. He wasn't religious by any stretch of the imagination but yet, there was something compelling about how the pastor blended nuclear physics, art, oratory and religion all together.

As his phone charged far too slowly for his taste, he carefully peered out from behind the statue of Father Atom. The church was still empty, the only presence being Emilena washing herself in the fountain and lit up by the flickering light of the candles.

The Human scowled as he smelled the pungent burnt wax odor that hung in the air. He shuddered; it smelled *far* too much like the fire that destroyed his livelihood back in Lanthae.

He said nothing but grabbed a vacuum sealed pack of communion crackers and shoved them in his pocket.

He watched Emilena finish her "shower" and get dressed. Saying nothing and pointedly avoiding the Vulpine's naked form, he splashed some water on his face, tossed the package of crackers on the concrete floor and entered the fountain without taking his clothes off. He scrubbed his clothes to try and get them clean and wrung them out. He emerged from the fountain with a cash chit worth 500 creds. "Someone must be trying to buy their way to heaven," he muttered.

It was then he heard "And may Oppenheimer's Light shine down upon our foes."

Soren was not religious by any stretch of the imagination but he had been exposed to enough acolytes of the Atomic Church to know that usually signaled the end of an address by a church member.

Those words were then followed by silence. "Shit! We gotta go!" he hissed, stuffing the pilfered communion crackers back into his pockets. He sprinted for the statue, grabbing his phone and hastily plugging it back in.

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on April 27, 2017, 01:14:03 AM**

Emilena bit her lip; that sermon ended exactly on time, but she'd lost focus for a few precious seconds. This shower was the first chance she'd had in days to analyze her own body, and she was surprised by all the scars she didn't recognize. Almost every square foot of her flesh was pockmarked with the permanent remnants of old wounds, which wasn't exactly news, but a surprising number of new scars were fighting to make room. *When did I even get wounded these past few days?* As far as she could recall, she'd been blessedly lucky avoiding any physical harm during this Purifier business, but these deep cuts can't lie. *Most of them don't even look like combat wounds,* she pondered as she ended her shower and redressed. *They look more like surgical scars or...*

Soren's curse suddenly cut through her thoughts like a scalpel. "Stick to the walls!" she muttered, "or they'll see you trailing water down the aisle!" Emilena's feet were dry enough that she could blitz back to the main entrance and haphazardly stuff the sanitizer dispenser, counting the seconds with military precision before their minute was up. With a gymnast's vault, she grabbed the ladder rung and led the way into the crawlspace. As soon as they were both securely in the safe room, she retracted the ladder with milliseconds to go before the congregation began filing into the church. "Whew..." she whispered. "That was close. The Church of Atom doesn't screw around with nonbelievers violating sacred space."

It was several seconds before her breathing returned to normal and she could hear the church proceedings happening without interruption. "Echoes are a huge problem in this room, we need to be super still while they're here," she whispered. "Hope that spot of floor is comfy, and your phone is decently charged."

=====

"That would be awesome, I'm with you 100%," Flora agreed quickly. These guys were paradise compared to the hell her former comrades put her through. "So long as he doesn't hit on me..."

She waited to see her new protector, but something caused her to ask Coxon one last question. "Errr, at some point, am I gonna learn why you seem to know who I am? I mean, beyond being DJ Xyler?"

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: StarfallRaptor on April 27, 2017, 02:12:26 PM**

Just as Flora finished speaking, the door swung open and Kintoki stepped in, shooting a glance of what could only be read as distaste at Metheun. He gave Flora a brief glance, then turned to Coxon.

"Good to see you again, sir. I presume this is Flora?"

He said, bowing his head respectfully as his visor popped open a small window, with text scrolling across it.

Of course it is, Kin. Who else would it be, huh?

Title: Blanking the Slate**Post by: Serris on May 01, 2017, 12:24:53 AM**

Soren bit his tongue and held his breath as he lay in the dusty crawlspace. He had left some water droplets in the aisle but he hoped that they attributed it to a leaky pipe.

He carefully peeked through a small crack in the floor and spied one of the altar boys looking for the communion crackers in the altar that held a bronze model of an atomic nucleus. Said altar boy turned to the priest standing behind the podium.

The Human couldn't make out any words, but it looked like the altar boy was asking where the communion crackers had gone.

Hope they don't find out someone filched them.

He shuddered. Atomic Acolytes did *not* take kindly to blasphemy. If he got caught, a good beating was likely to result.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 02, 2017, 02:51:27 PM**

Rose, by this point, had convinced her doctors that she was well enough to go home. ' I'll be sure not to move my shoulder too much ' She said to the Nurse. ' Be sure to change ylour bindings every few hours, and your physical therapy starts in a couple weeks' the Nurse giving her a card "Just tell Brian that you u are coming from us and you'll get 20% off your first t five sessions." Thank you " rse said " i just need to contact my.. roommate, to let her know I' m ok." Rose said Pul;ing out he phone and dialing Marita's Number. _ Marita answered after the third ring>' Rose? where the heck have you been? Marita said " I'm in the hospital about to be discharged. The stakeout was a fiasco, and Bailey is royally pissed, as you might imagine. We've got 2 days to fix things, or bailey will.." Off us? Great, just freaking great. We have just 2 days to track her down? I could do it, maybe, if you gave me a week." We don't HAVE a week Marita ' Rose said as she got out of the hospital bed and signed the disclosure forms, upon which she was given her regular clothes back. Rose took a couple minutes to change. " we need to find everyone, get them together, and go after her" rose said as she walked down the hallway towards the hospital entrance. 'Finding them all, will take hours, and every minute is now precious beyond measure. Did Bailey say he; back off if we got her back? ' If she's unharmed, yes' Rose said. Marita sighed audibly. " we're really up against it this time Rose.'

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **May 06, 2017, 05:32:51 AM**

Coxon inclined his head at Flora. "Of course. When you return here, I'll tell you everything." If she managed to survive a little longer, he supposed he owed her that much. He heard the door open at the other end of the room and turned to see Kintoki enter.

"Oh, look. The trashcan's arrived," Metheun announced, returning the mercenary's unsympathetic expression.

"Kintoki. It's good to see you too... it's been some time since I last required your services." Coxon gestured at Metheun. "Go tell Junko to make preparations. And tell her about this Axel character, he could be important."

Annoyance flashed across Metheun's face. "I could take care of that. I'm good for more than sitting around in a filthy club as bait, waiting to get shot."

"No. Not this. Go."

Metheun stared at him for a moment, then downed the rest of his wine. "Your wish is my command," he muttered, smoothing down his jacket as he stood. Sweeping past Kintoki, he noted a fresh crack in the marble floor, behind the mercenary's foot. ""For crying out loud, someone tell Felix the floor needs repairing again," he called out to a guard in the hall as the door swung shut behind him.

"To answer your question, yes. This is the girl," Coxon said, returning his attention to Kintoki. "I've arranged for the safehouse to be prepared for you." He paused. "Naturally, you're aware of the task. Protect her. At all costs." *And if she tries to run before the job is done, for whatever reason, disable her. Non-lethally. Break her legs, sever her spine... just make sure she doesn't become a problem.*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 09, 2017, 03:27:48 PM**

The church meeting was almost over, and the Head Acolyte was leading up to the end of his sermon. Emilena took several deep breaths; she was starting to get impatient and her freshly-washed cuts were stinging.

"We must all remember..." he swelled his voice, "that light is a sign of righteousness, but not necessarily a benevolent one. Just as Father Atom bestowed two great lights of destruction upon his foes, so to may your path deliver light in a way that seems harmful. But remember that you must trust the light, for your own plight is a worthy sacrifice for the greater good."

And then Marita's phone call set Soren's phone vibrating. It was only two brief buzzes, but against the ceiling it caused such a rattling that the congregation immediately looked around in curiosity.

"Did someone...forget to silence their phone?" the Head Acolyte asked with barely suppressed rage.

"No, I think it came from the ceiling," stammered the first acolyte he made eye contact with.

"The church doesn't have vermin, does it?" a female acolyte asked in an accusatory voice. "That would explain your missing communion."

"Of course not!" the Head Acolyte snapped, well aware that his followers would crucify him were they to decide he hadn't been maintaining their sacred space adequately. "Spread out, and seek the disturbance! Obliterate it!"

Emilena's blood ran cold. "Erm, think we'll be able to kill them all?" she whispered, glancing at her SMG still sitting beside her mattress. "It's that, or flee and have *another* group that wants us dead..."

Flora raised an eyebrow upon seeing her protector. "Errr, is it completely sane?" she asked, wrinkling her nose. The cyborg was so unabashedly Augmented that she shared Metheum's less-than-enamored opinion. She stepped backwards tentatively, as if giving a wide berth to a diseased dog. "You're not sticking me with something else that's gonna molest me, right?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 27, 2017, 07:14:57 PM**

Rose then remembered that she hadnt been the only one shot, and dialed the phobne number anne hhad gicen her ' she waited for the the mare to answer Once she did, and told Rose which room She and axel were in , she would go get them discharged and head out to get Flora back. every minute was precious thanks to Baileys blunt and murderous threat. ' What a huge fiasco we've gotten outsrelves into " she muttered as the phobne rang for the second time.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **May 27, 2017, 07:34:51 PM**

(Church of the Holy Atom)

Soren bit his lip as his forehead began to sweat. "I say we run for it. They didn't get a good look at us." His pistol bumped uncomfortably against his hip as he adjusted his position slightly.

It was then he noticed two wires going into a light fixture. A insane...and probably suicidal plan formed in his mind. "I say we give them something more pressing to think about than two interlopers..."

(Hospital)

Anne picked up her cell phone that was on her table next to her pitcher of water. The phone was a cheap, prepaid one that she could toss into the nearest electronics recycling bin when it attracted too much attention.

"Yeah?" she asked as she took a sip of the lukewarm water from the cup.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **May 30, 2017, 08:16:49 PM**

Its rose. Which room are you and Axel in? I'm coming to get you out of there, so we can start looking for Flora. We are under a deadline to get her back after all" rose said ' Just give me the room number and I'll come get you" rose added as she walked down the hallway looking at the rooms, some of which were open, most of which were closed.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **May 31, 2017, 07:04:27 PM**

Coxon chuckled good-naturedly. "Yes, I suppose he does look a fraction... intimidating." He shifted in his chair with a small wince as his joints started to ache. "I assure you, he is quite sane. And you have my word that no... molestation... will take place." Coxon fixed his gaze on the mercenary, his eyes hardening for a split second. "Will it, Kintoki?" *But he already knows what my stance is on rape. If this girl is interfered with, his payment disappears.*

He clapped his hands once, softly. "But don't take my word for it! Kintoki," Coxon continued, gesturing. "Say hello to the poor girl!"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **May 31, 2017, 07:18:59 PM**

Anne narrowed her eyes as she tried to look at the room number on the electronic display.

"Room 441A," the mare said into her phone. "And what's about this deadline?"

Her ears pricked up as she heard footsteps coming from outside the room. She wondered if it was staff, Rose or someone she *really* didn't want to see.

As it were, she pressed the call button that was located on the table and waited for a nurse to remove the IV that was snaking into her arm.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **May 31, 2017, 07:35:46 PM**

I'm on my way. and the deadline is from Bailey, who put me and the girls in charge of keeping flora safe. to say hes pissed at us for letting her get grabbed is a gross understatement. I'll be there in a couple minutes and fill you in more once we get out." rose said and hung up. 441A was on the 4th floor and it would take Rose a few minutes to climb the stairs and then find the room.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **May 31, 2017, 08:17:02 PM**

"Shitshitshitshit." Axel's leg dragged behind him as he shuffled across the room, leaning on the wall for support like a drunk after a long night. When he reached the chair on the other side, on which a plastic bag containing his old clothes had been placed, he looked down at his bandaged thigh. It didn't look as if it had started bleeding again.

So far so good.

Axel picked up the bag and opened it, crinkling his nose at the sight of his ruined clothes packed inside, stiff from the dried blood. "No good... I can't wear these..." he muttered to himself. Dropping the bag on the floor, he shrugged off his gown and pulled the plain-looking hospital shirt and trousers from the back of the chair. Easing himself into a sitting position with a gasp of pain, he set about gingerly sliding the trousers on, keeping an eye on the door in case the Purifier came back for a second visit.

Trousers on, he yanked the shirt over his bruised torso then eased his feet into his old trainers. *You got dressed. Good going.* His cell phone suddenly started ringing on his bedside table, making him jump.

"Shitshitshitshit."

Successfully shuffling back across the room to his bedside table, he picked up the phone and hit the answer button after he'd checked who it was. "Rose, we need to... what? Bailey? Flora?" He snorted. "What the fuck do I care? I just got..." The rat sighed as Rose kept talking. "Room 441A? That's a few down from me. Alright, see you there."

Hanging up, Axel glanced back down at his pillow, the knife still pinning the note to it. He pulled it out, pushing the blade back in and shoving it out of site into the waistband of his trousers. After a moment's pause, he also snatched up the note, then turned and hobbled towards the door.

By the time he'd reached Anne's door, he'd learned that by keeping his leg stiff in a particular position, he could make a good pace without his wound hurting so much. He noticed that none of the nurses seemed to care that a patient was stumbling around the halls. *Either the patient care is terrible, or I don't catch the ladies' eyes as much as I used to.* Reaching Anne's door, Axel pushed it open and fixed her with a disgruntled frown as he limped in. "Say one thing about us, it's that our luck is consistent." He plonked into a chair. "Consistently shit."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **StarfallRaptor** on **May 31, 2017, 08:43:19 PM**

Kintoki smirked a bit at the reaction from Flora, unclamping his helmet to reveal a relatively young fox's face.

"Ahhh, right. Where are my manners. Sakata Kintoki. I'll be acting as your body guard for the foreseeable future. And don't worry, I have absolutely NO interest in molesting you."

He snarked, replacing his helmet with a pneumatic hiss, rolling his shoulders lazily. Turning towards the door, he glanced back.

"Oh, and for the record? I'm 100% organic. Just so you know, Flora."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 02, 2017, 03:41:17 AM**

The hustle and bustle in the Church of Atom was getting more frenzied as the acolyte's lust for something to punish set in.

"Check every crevice!" their leader preached. "Do not overlook the slightest of disturbances! Remember, a single neutron can split an entire nucleus!"

Emilena narrowed her eyes. They'd be checking the attic in a matter of minutes. "Whatever you're thinking, science guy, let's do it." She gripped her SMG and waited for Soren to put his plan into motion. "Just tell me who to shoot..."

"Good, cause I'm 100% mechanical." Flora cocked an eyebrow at the fox, who turned out to be far younger than she expected. ""First generation prototype android. So I guess we're completely incompatible."

She glanced one more time at Coxon. At least he seemed far more in-charge than anyone she'd met on the Purifier team. She actually got a vibe that he knew what he was doing, at least enough to follow his orders. "So, Kintoki, you think you can hold your own against anything that comes our way?" she asked. "No offense, but you're...uh...kinda scrawny."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **StarfallRaptor** on **June 02, 2017, 10:52:51 AM**

Kintoki smirked a bit, shrugging his shoulders.

"Suppose that depends on your definition of 'incompatible', doesn't it?"

He chuckled, then, at Flora's questioning of his capability, he turned and tapped his chestpiece.

"As to if I can actually hold my own...well, let's just say I didn't get to where I am by being just a pretty face."

He turned to Coxon, nodding a bit.

"Sir, as soon as you're ready, I can get her to a safehouse. Got one set up and ready."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **June 04, 2017, 12:06:32 AM**

Soren said nothing but carefully opened the package of communion wafers and poured them onto wooden floor. He then ripped the two wires from the light fixture. A shower of sparks indicated that the wires were energized. Taking care not to touch the bare metal ends, he carefully touched them together until they began to glow red. He groped around for something and found a discarded paper wrapper from one of Emilena's meals.

Touching it to the glowing wire, the paper soon caught fire and he placed it on the pile of communion wafers. He gently blew on it until the dried wafers had caught fire.

He then drew his pistol with a smirk. "A fire should keep them busy."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 05, 2017, 04:01:15 AM**

Emilena grinned. "Works for me." She crawled backwards, watching approvingly as the fire started filling the attic. "Stay near the window, the smoke might be able to cover our escape!"

After a few minutes, the attic's floorboards caught fire, and the church's roof collapsed in a flaming heap. Screams started filling the air, and at least one person's firearm went off for reasons Emilena couldn't fathom.

"Alright, before they evacuate outside, let's do this!" She led the way out the window, vaulting off the roof and hitting the hedges with a controlled tumble. Rolling into the graveyard, she combat-crawled to the nearby wall using the hedge as cover from the churchyard.

Bailey was so incensed he smashed both of his fists into the armrests of his pedicure chair, letting his cell phone clatter to the ground.

"Oh!" protested the salonist. "Careful, sir!"

"How the hell did they screw that up so goddamn *badly*?" Bailey snarled, looking around angrily. The only other person in the shop was the next customer in line, an off-duty mall worker wearing a large Jigglypuff costume. "My instructions were *really fricking clear*," Bailey ranted to nobody in particular, "just hide Flora in the house and don't let anything happen to her! How do they fail so spectacularly at doing that, that she gets *kidnapped by terrorists*?"

The mascot shrugged. "Jigglypuff."

"Sir, if you could please sit still," the salonist started, but Bailey angrily kicked her aside, grabbed his phone and marched out of the salon. "Well, I never!" she started. "Fine then. The usual, poptart?"

"Jigglypuff," nodded the mascot happily.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **June 05, 2017, 04:36:16 PM**

Coxon inclined his head. "You may take her. But you will escort her to a safehouse that I have already prepared. The coordinates will be forwarded to you, in addition to other essential information."

As he finished speaking, one of his hulking bodyguards retrieved a device from the inside of his dark suit. He pressed a button, sending the information to Kintoki's system, then nodded.

"It's done." Coxon's hands folded on top of each other on the tabletop. "Remember what I said. Keep her safe." He gave Flora a final smile. "Goodbye my dear. We'll see each other again, I'm sure."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 09, 2017, 05:08:45 PM**

"Thanks. It's, uh, gonna be nice to be safe." Flora wasn't sure where to place herself on Coxon's totem pole. He seems to be going out of his way to protect her, and she couldn't see any sort of trap in the situation he'd set up for her; indeed, if he'd wanted her dead he could have done that at any time. But she couldn't figure out what his plans for her could entail. *Absolute worst case scenario, they're gonna ransom me to Bailey for a couple million bucks, but I can live with that.* Better than dying from a gunshot in some strip club somewhere. "Just let me know anything you need, or want to know," she added as she followed Kintoki to the exit. "I'm at your beck and call..."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Serris** on **June 17, 2017, 12:07:19 AM**

Soren quickly holstered his pistol and exited through the window just before the attic collapsed. He felt the flames licking at the back of his feet as he scrambled onto the roof. He watched as Emilena dropped off the roof and rolled.

Taking a breath to steel himself, he dangled himself over the edge of the roof. The gutter promptly gave way and he unceremoniously dropped onto the -- thankfully mulch-covered ground. The hedges also helped break his fall.

Swearing softly as his legs and body ached from the fall, he bolted for the graveyard and hid behind a large headstone.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **July 04, 2017, 11:12:42 PM**

rose enter the hospital room where Anne was with a tired expression on her face. there was a free seat next to the bed, so she took it. ' Hi anne. How many bullets did they take out of you?" she asked wryly. ' I got 1 , clean through the shoulder. i'm under orders not to do much with it for awhile.' She sighed then turned to Axel " so how do you propose we get out of here?"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 05, 2017, 09:22:12 PM**

(A month later)

Buller (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550&view=findpost&p=22094871>), the Purifier special ops agent, glanced surreptitiously out the peephole before double-locking the hostel room's door.

"You didn't really think we were gonna let you all just walk away, did you?" he growled, glancing at his captives. "Things go a little pear-shaped, and you all take the opportunity to skive out on our deal? I should kill you for that."

Emilena, Soren, Axel, and Marita were bound tightly with zipties and gagged. They were also sporting bruises and scuffs from Buller's less-than-gentle methods of retrieving the purifier's 'investments'.

"And you know what? I think you do deserve a reminder who you're dealing with." Emilena winced when Buller grabbed her by the arm and withdrew a thin retractable switchblade. Slicing a small gash in her upper arm, Buller rubbed her new wound with a moist towelette. He repeated the process with his other three captives.

"Feel good?" he remarked casually, crossing to the sink and flushing the towelette. "That there was achlysalt. It's got some perks to it. Lets you stay up longer. Keep focused." Buller lit himself a cigarette. "For about two days. Then your antibodies break it down and it becomes a fast-acting poison. *Very* painful. And the best part..." he smiled, showing nicotine-stained teeth, "is that no two batches are the same. You want the antidote to that recipe, there's only one supplier. Us."

Emilena murmured angrily through her bonds. Buller removed her gag. "Okay, we get it," she growled. "We solve your problem in two days or die. You got a plan to make use of us, or would you rather just shoot us now?"

Buller smiled. "You deadbrains did manage to succeed at one thing back in the strip club, you accidentally got a contact into their inner sanctum. Metheun took that pink-skinned broad with him when he hightailed it. We could track her with the same bugs we used to find you idiots." He fished a tourist map out of his trenchcoat and threw it, hitting Axel in the face. "I marked an X on the spot. Too bad it's in the Derwent District. The Purifiers got protection deals with the businesses down there, we'd be breaking some longstanding agreements if they caught our agents in the area. Which is where you come in."

He unlocked the door and doffed his hat mockingly. "I wasn't able to find your other friends, but I'll leave it to you to figure out the details. Y'all are really good at those. And one last thing, if you could cover the tab for this room, that'd be great." He let the door slam shut behind him.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 07, 2017, 01:34:38 PM**

Marita managed to move her tied paws over her head and remove the gag. ' she took a pair of deep ragged breaths. " great. another 2 days to so something or die dadline..' and i don't think hacking will bail us out of this one like it did with Bailey. who's still rather ticked with us, but we will still be paid assuming we survive all this." she said.

Rose had managed to locate flora, in the interim, and had managed to escape the purifier trap that had netted Axel, Sorem and Emilena and had traced marita. ' she had managed to convince those holding Flora that she was a friend of flora's, a backup dancer. so, in this way, rose had managed to hold bailey off from sending goons to kill her, Marie and Rose . so that was one problem off their back. however, she had had no luck in finding a way out of the situation that didn't involve blowing her cover and almost certainly getting both her and Flora killed.

Marie sat at a stool in a street side bar, nursing a drink, and trying to munch on some peanuts. she looked over at Anne, who had three empty bottles in front of her. ' well, anne, what's the plan to get our friends back? you and I are the only ones, that aren't being held hostage by either Methuen or the Purifiers. Any ideas?' the setter said, as she threw some peanuts into her mouth.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 07, 2017, 04:31:01 PM**

Emilena shimmied over to Marita and presented her ziptied hands. "First let's get one of us untied. If you can get your finger in there, hold the locking pin up while..."

After a few false starts, Marita managed to free Emilena from her bonds, and Emilena returned the favor. "At least we have a very obvious lead." She checked the map after freeing Axel, while Marita worked on Soren. "They're holding Flora at these coordinates. We don't really have time to case the joint, so I think

our best bet is to just head out there and see if we can gain access somehow."

The Derwent District was an industrial hotspot, mostly warehouses and factories. "Once we've gained access to Flora's stronghold, we can search the place for another lead."

"Kin, the WiFi is down again!" Flora collapsed back on the saferoom couch in a huff. "Why does everything here suck so bad?"

She'd given up on asking if they'd ever let her go. For what felt like an eternity, she'd had no contact with anyone except a socially-awkward cyborg teenager, and was seriously considering offering to blow him in exchange for a day trip to the mall. "*Kin!* Get it back up or I'm going on another hunger strike!"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 07, 2017, 05:15:29 PM**

Rose stuck her head inside the safe house room. ' hey, there. i got some snacks here' she said, as she came in carrying a tray of food. Hope you like bacon-wrapped Sushi Rolls. ' She said to Flora as she set the tray down. " boss says we got to keep you alive.' Rose was wearing a standard issue uniform, she found it chafed against her skin, and pressed her breasts flat, but trying to wear her normal gear wasn't an option, they had trashed her outfit as pat of buying her story about being a back up dancer, they had literally burnt her clothes into a dumpster. She had only gotten a couple chances to even visit Flora over the past few weeks, as she had more or less become a servant to Methuen and the others. They often grumbled about her, and the food she brought them, but so far they hadn't tried to kill her. Although there had been threats. More than a dozen, by Rose's latest count.

"I'm Bianca' She said trying to give the vixen a smile.

Marita managed to get Soren freed from his bonds and gag, and tossed the zip tie away. ' The Direct approach? well, we don't have the time or money to do anything more elaborate, as that stuff that Purifier dick gave us, will almost certainly kill us within 2 hours or so after it turns toxic. Very Nasty Stuff, the kind used to blackmail people out of everything they have-money, info, favors- and then the poison kills them anyway." Marita said rubbing her wrists where the zip tie had cut into them. " You ok, Soren? She asked . "Things could be worse. We could all have bullets in the back of our skulls.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 07, 2017, 10:03:22 PM**

(Bar)

Anne drank her sixth bottle of beer. Despite the fact that she had consumed six bottles of beer in as many minutes, she seemed to be completely sober. Her ears splayed and tail swished as pondered. The bar they were at was grungy and the neighborhood equally dirty. A few bums outside scavenged the trash for discarded electronics they could sell for some money.

She tapped her fingers on the table top. "Hmm...a friend of mine owes me a bit of a favor. I suppose she'd be willing to tap into some info we can't get access to."

(Hostel)

Soren spat a few times onto the ground to clear the taste of the gag from his mouth. He stretched a bit to make his achy body hurt somewhat less.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I could use some painkillers but other than that, a-okay," he said.

He looked at the map that Buller had tossed at Axel. "Perhaps we can tunnel in from one of the nearby warehouses?"

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **Nick22** on **August 08, 2017, 03:26:50 PM**

well, we'd need equipment for that" Marita said. "not to mention quite a bit of creds. unfortunately we don't have much of that, at the moment." She sighed, and took a seat on the bed where she and the others had been held prisoner. "so we'll need to find something to get in there. Some aliases, and excuses to be there." She went over and looked at the map. "what about the warehouse right behind it.?" she asked Soren.

What kind of favor? Marie asked "if you don't mind me asking? Its better than nothing, which is what I'm coming up with at the moment. Marita the one that handles breaking into secure places, About all the talents I have is fixing a mean drink, had to do that a lot at the Black Sheep.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 20, 2017, 10:55:39 PM**

Emilena washed her face off in the sink. "Let's scope the place out and decide what to do then. We'll have time to discuss while we're driving over."

As the others were getting ready, Emilena took Axel aside. "I'm not sure why I'm talking to you about this, but... I've been having this problem." She hiked her sleeves up, showing her arms covered in fresh scars and shallow cuts, mostly needle picks and surgically-clean incisions. "I've got these all over the place, and there are new ones every night. I can't figure out where they're coming from. Soren even watched me one night, he swears I'm not going anywhere in my sleep. They're just appearing on me."

She pointed to a few cuts of note. "These are mostly on major arteries or bloodletting spots. It's like I'm being tested on. You know, if I was actually going anywhere..."

Flora yawned. "Put 'em by the TV," she said dismissively. She'd never seen this girl Bianca before. "You, uh, sticking around or do you need to go? I can walk you out."

If Bianca left, Flora could peek a glimpse at her entering her passcode to the front door.

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **bushwacked** on **August 21, 2017, 04:20:46 PM**

Axel lit a new cigarette as he took a cursory glance at Emilena's wounds. "Mmn. Looks nasty." He nodded across the room towards Soren as he took a drag. "Maybe he did it. Trying to fuck with your head. You two aren't exactly BFFs." Though obviously this wasn't true - whoever inflicted these injuries knew what they were doing. Axel shrugged, his mouth dry as hell. *Jesus, I could do with a drink.* "What do I care? Long as *I'm* not the one getting cut up."

He started to turn his back on her, zipping up the grubby hooded top he'd found discarded on the street, then stopped. "Wait. You sure they're just popping up? Like some messed up magic trick?" Axel lowered his voice. "There's only one person we know who can do that kind of stuff, right? And, I mean, you both got your minds..." He waggled his metal fingers next to his forehead. "Did you do something to piss her off? I know how fucked up she got... this is exactly the kind of shit she'd do."

Title: Blanking the SlatePost by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 21, 2017, 05:29:00 PM**

Emilena bit her lip. "We, uh, struck something of a deal right before she left (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550&view=findpost&p=22091813>)..." She subconsciously rubbed one of the cuts. "And now that you mention it, Lily probably wasn't happy about it. But that does

give me an idea for how to get her what she wants..." she glanced at Soren and Marita. "Something to worry about once we've solved this more-pressing Purifier nonsense. We ready to go?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 22, 2017, 12:56:12 AM**

(Hostel)

Soren looked over the tourist map and scowled. "You know what," he said. "Screw the whole warehouse plan. I say we pose as Seryet utility workers or even law enforcement."

He brought up his smartphone and read some information about Seryet's power grid. Apparently, it was an intelligent grid that was capable of reading meters and even shutting off power from a central control station. Said signals were of course, heavily encrypted to prevent unauthorized people from tampering with them. Soren smiled, shut off his smartphone and turned to Marita. "Marita, think you can crack the encryption on Seryet's intelligent grid? Because I think a blackout might get us to where we need to be."

He then overheard Axel implicate him in something to do with Emilena. Scowling, he turned to the Rat. "For fuck's sake, Axel, what the hell are you going on about!? Are you *trying* to get me killed!?"

(Bar)

Anne nickered as she nibbled on some peanuts from a bowl set out on the counter. Her ears splayed as she pondered. A loud game of poker was being played at a nearby table.

"Well," the Shetland Pony said as she lowered her voice. "She's kind of an info broker/corporate enforcer. Her name's Marion."

(OOC - Yes, this is the same Marion Wu from *Racing the Storm*.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 22, 2017, 01:21:01 AM**

Marita paused before cracking her knuckles , after looking at the information on Soren's smartphone ' Hmm. 7level encryption, 9 key passwords.. its doable, but it will take me awhile, every year these systems get harder and harder to get into' She paused.' and even if I do get into it, I'll only have a couple minutes before i'll get locked out. We'd need something like an earthquake to knock it out for more than a few minutes. Unfortunately the nearest active fault is more than 300 miles to the south and this system would need to get hit by, say a 7 on the Richter Scale, to be knocked offline.' Marita took in a big breath. " i'll need to get a computer unconnected to the main system- dont want it to be traced back to us, like what happened after Flora got grabbed.I'm ready to go."

Bar

Marion? why does that name sound familiar? Didnt we run into her at some point?'Marie said " Something about a sunken ship in the Nile River? Or I might be getting her confused with someone else, I've been known to do that from time to time."

-

Bianca set the food around as directed ' I'll stick around, if you want me to. ' She said earnestly. ' I imagine its lonely in here, then again I am under orders to stay away from the bosses , um, 'guests' without their permission." she added

-

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 27, 2017, 02:12:15 AM**

(Bar)

"I've never been out of Seryet or Lanthae," Anne replied. The poker game soon degenerated into a loud alcohol fueled argument. She took a pull from her now warm bottle of beer, not caring that it now gone somewhat off in flavor.

She watched as a group of bouncers ran over to the impending brawl in the corner and separated the two loudest patrons -- an Augmented Human and a Bull.

(Hostel)

Soren nodded. "If we can find an Aureum used electronics store, I could probably get us a cheap-ass laptop that we can just chuck into the nearest electronics recycling bin when we're done."

The company in question was notorious for selling electronic goods that were one grade above (or not even) what could be picked out of an electronics recycling bin. Another dirty secret of the company was its *incredibly* poor handling of electronics with data still on them.

The Human then looked over the map again. "We should find the place where the hideout is located and then we can have Marita kill the power to the whole area. Hopefully, that'll give us enough time to go and grab Flora and the others."

Soren winced as a bruise from the beating that Buller had administered began to act up.

(OOC - This company is mentioned in my ITB Codex.)

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 30, 2017, 05:50:46 PM**

Emilena nodded. "Sounds good to me, Soren. Figure out the logistics while I go pay for the room. Let's not waste time, we've only got 48 hours. Marita, if your girlfriends want to get involved, we could use a car. I assume you've got them on speed dial."

After making herself presentable in the bathroom, she headed for the door.

"No, stick around," Flora burst out, almost too eagerly. After god knows how many days stuck in this pristine purgatory, she'd take anyone over the silence. "If you're down to hang, we could, like, play games or something. There's a playstation with *Saints Row 5*, I've beaten it like a dozen times now, but it's got two-player. Or we could eat something, or something else."

The receptionist looked alarmed at her haggard appearance. "Um, how can I help you?" she stammered.

"Checking out of room 218." Emilena's stomach rumbled when she saw the snack machine lit up outside; a heavy fog was blocking the sun, making it look far later than early afternoon.

"218?" the receptionist squinted. "Ah yes, Miss McCutcheon. Can I see your ID?"

Emilena's neck hairs prickled as she flashed the ID card of the dead officer she'd impersonated several days ago. *Very funny, Buller.*

The receptionist started typing. "You were scheduled to leave in three days. If you check out now, I'll need to add a \$15 cancellation fee."

"Ugh, of course. Here." Emilena left a large wad of the stripper money she'd been tipped during the Black

sting. "I'll be back in a second for my change."

At the vending machine, she purchased salted pretzels and a bottled water. She didn't appreciate Buller using a tainted name for the room; the cops could potentially track a known alias like Candace McCutcheon. *All the more reason we need to move faster and put this whole business behind us...*

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 31, 2017, 01:09:15 AM**

Sure, a game sounds fun ' bianca said. " Just give me the second controller. We can do the multiplayer maps, or co-op story play ' She said sitting down in a chair next to the Playstation.

—
i have no idea where Rose is, or Marie " Marita said. " And we don;t have a car. you'll have to procure one, for us..' she sighed " shutting off an entire city is going to be a big ask' She said, her claws flying over the keys.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 04, 2018, 05:02:02 AM**

"I'll see if I can get a car at the same time I get a shitty computer," Soren said. He then saw Marita using her own computer. "Wait, could you hold on until I get the crap computer."

He winced as his back began to ache. "See you in a bit."

The Human exited the room and entered what looked like a lounge. The carpets were filthy and discarded tabs of electronic hotsticks littered the floor like metallic confetti. A vending machine that had seen better days was in the back, next to an overflowing ash tray. Soren sighed and approached the vending machine. Hopefully it dispensed pills in addition to drinks.

Sure enough, he pressed a button for ibuprofin and a vacuum sealed packet with two white tablets came out the slot at the bottom along with a printout. Throwing the printout into the ashtray, he tore open the packet and swallowed the two pills without water. He gagged as the foul aftertaste hung in his mouth like a bad blowjob.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 07, 2018, 01:42:27 AM**

Alright, I;ll wait for you Soren, But make it it snappy" marita sighed and she crackled her knuckles. ' gods i could use a drink. Hell, even a Diet Coke would suffice ." she looked over to Axel " we're really just ding this bare bones. blunt, brazen, stuff that gets done all the time and cop shows and ends up with the hoods breathing through tubes in the joint. Unfortunately, we really don't have much choice in the matter.

—
Bar

So what sort of favor did you did for Marion, if you don't mind me asking?' marie asked, and she finished the last few nuts ion the bowl at the table, she and Anne were sitting at.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 07, 2018, 08:18:42 AM**

Emilena returned to the room. "We're all paid up and checked out," she reported. "Ready to leave when you all are."

Flora put the game in and had fun being a gangsta with Bianca for a couple hours.

"Hey, you're actually pretty fun, you know that?" she yawned. "Is the boss gonna be mad that you're spending so much time here? On that note, where's the waeaboo kid?"

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 07, 2018, 11:37:54 AM**

No, Bianca said, i've been given orders to make sure you feel at home." anything she wants, she gets, except phone calls" those were the bosses exact words. As for the waeaboo kid,whats-His-name? I have no idea where he might be. if I had to guess, I'd say running errands for the boss or his top guys. you're a lot of fun too, Flora, you're aces at this game, I don't think I beat you in score in any of the main levels or co - op battles. Miss Gangsta, indeed ' She chuckled. Is this the only game you have? if we have others we could play them" She stretched from her position on the sofa.

Marita nodded to Emilena. ' I'm ready to go. I have the shutdown program ready to install, we just need Soren to get here with a junk able computer that we can use and then ' burn'

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 29, 2018, 04:46:10 AM**

(Bar)

Anne finished off her beer and swiped her credit chit on the reader. "It's something I can't go into details about. You know how it is with these info broker types." She got up and stretched, her joints cracking as she did so. "Regardless, I got her info handy just in case." Of course, she wisely left out the part that she did occasionally get involved with Marion's escapades.

"Anyways, we should find the others," she began to walk out of the bar and into the clear streets of Seryet City. Or at least as clear as possible given that a light drizzle was starting to fall.

(Seryet City Streets)

Meanwhile Soren was browsing through the racks of an Aurem Electronics store. The store itself smelled like cigarette smoke and burnt electronics. Inside the store were racks and bins filled with everything from laptops to cell phones of questionable origin. A large Nile Crocodile dressed in beat up jeans and a denim biker vest entered the store. He didn't seem to notice as he pushed aside a weedy looking and filthy Gecko who was had plastic bag full of discarded USB sticks.

"Ah Gustave," the clerk said as she laid eyes on the burly crocodilian. It was pretty clear that this man was a regular customer. "Got some fresh loot?"

The Nile Croc merely grunted and placed a laptop on the countertop. He opened it and gently pressed the power button with a clawed finger. It soon booted up flawlessly.

Soren looked at the computer as he browsed the racks. It was clearly a high-end one...probably stolen. Instead, he settled on a laptop with some...suspicious stains on the keyboard. As he gently closed it and stood in line to pay for it, he tried hard not to think what actions may have transpired over said keyboard.

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 29, 2018, 02:31:27 PM**

Of course, hush-hush, better off not knowing. Thanks for the drink" Marie said ' Would be nice if the others could call us.. then again given the Purifiers paranoia, calling would not be a good idea- it would be traced- and well those guys arent the nicest anyway." Marie said. Any idea where they might be. The battery on my phone is pretty much dead, I did to find some place that sells charge cablkes so I can recharge it."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **February 09, 2018, 03:15:41 AM**

Before long, Emilena had finished checking out, and returned to the room. "Is everything in order?" she asked, noticing the bedside clock read 11:57. "In three minutes, they're gonna be charging us extra for leaving the room after checkout."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 16, 2018, 02:29:47 AM**

"I'm all set." Marita said. "Let's scram, she said, tucking her computer under her arm. So where are we headed first?" She asked Emilena. "Then again, any place is better than here."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 02, 2018, 03:44:45 AM**

"The Durwent District, as soon as Soren's back with the car," Emilena replied. "We don't exactly have time for sightseeing."

She glanced out the window at the street, just in case Soren was on his way back. When she didn't see him, she decided she probably had time for...something. An idea she'd had downstairs, and not a good one. "I'm gonna take a quick shower. Knock on the door if Soren gets back before I'm out."

Once she had the privacy of a locked door, Emilena removed her clothes and observed the freshly-healed cuts and scars across her body. There were even more than before. What the hell was Lily up to? They seemed to mostly be restricted to her arms and upper body, which was thankfully covered up by her long-sleeved khaki shirt. *This fabric isn't thick enough to fully mask an open wound on my arm...* Emilena pondered where best on her body to test her theory. *...hopefully Lily keeps an eye on her legs too.*

Slipping a disposable hotel razor out of her jeans pocket, Emilena snapped the plastic tip and pried the blade out. Taking a deep breath and biting her tongue, she sat on the shower floor and carved four deep straight cuts in her thigh. Two simple letters.

H I

Staggering to her feet, she turned the shower on maximum coldness to try and quickly stem the bleeding.

* * *

"Ummm, there were a few others, but they weren't really my type." Flora switched to the offline menu. "It's just the stuff that comes for free with the PlayStation. *Scarlet Glove* is the time-in to that shitty movie last year, *Fortland* is a farming game, and..." she blinked when she saw the last name on the list. "Huh, I guess *World of Dance* might be playable for you. I had trouble with the motion sensors not tracking fuchsia skin..."

Title: **Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 03, 2018, 02:59:59 PM**

"world of Dance" sound like fun " Bianca said ' what Is "Scarlet Glove" About? it might be fun to play if only for laughs at the bd story, graphics and weapons. You want a REALLY bad game ' Guns Vs Planes ' Its about a bank robber trying to get away with a big bank heist, and he's being chased by cops in planes and helicopters. your job.. shoot down the planes.' Bianca laughed.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **June 24, 2018, 01:03:03 AM**

Marita was typing in 'treatment for Achylsalts" into her computer and a smile broke out on her face ' as some results popped up ' Well guys, we just may have gotten lucky!. Theres treatment for what the creep Buller gave us" She said. " Polyethylene Glycol and Naltrexone are drugs used to purge the body of drugs, poisons, and bile buildup. Used mainly for bad drug overdoses, opioids and the like. There is a catch, however. You can only get those drugs from a hospital, they dont sell them over the counter." She finished, before looking at the others. '

So ee'll need to "Help' ourselves to some , enough to treat the four of us that Buller drugged, as well as having some in reserve, in case they try to poison any more of us. We'll need to find a hospital that has it, and find a way to get a hold of some.. Some disguises might be in order. " She finished . Marie made a face ' so basically, we go to the nearest hospital and what? Bluff ourselves into some PlyGlycol stuff?

" Polyethelene Glycol, Marie. Well, actually there's a spray version, called Evzio. Its quicker than an injection. " Marita said. " however we get it, we need to get it within the next 43 hours, or the compounds will turn toxic. And then we're royally screwed. " She looked around at the large table at which they were all seated , at a back alley coffee shop that served coffee that was somehow both watery and clumpy " So, Anyone have any ideas on where to start looking?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **June 24, 2018, 06:40:32 PM**

Picking up his plastic coffee cup, Axel took a tentative sip, grimacing as the lukewarm liquid coated his throat with grounds. "Well, we can't exactly risk heading back to Peace Hospital." He considered, then pushed his coffee across the table with a grimace. "43 hours... so we'll need to act fast. And we need somewhere close." As Axel settled back in the booth, the Purifier's knife he'd pocketed from the hospital dug uncomfortably into his spine, a painful reminder of the additional pressures they were under.

He drummed his fingers thoughtfully on the table's surface. "You know... there is a smaller hospital near where I live. Doctors there barely give a shit about patients and the security's not worth crap so getting our hands on this polyethylene glyco-whatever shouldn't be *too* hard. Place called *Darwin's Hope*." Axel shrugged and looked around at the others. "I knew a guy who used to score, ah... supplies there. Could be worth a shot."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **June 24, 2018, 11:55:09 PM**

"If these hospitals have the same policies as Lanthae General, we'd be fools not to hit them," Emilena agreed. "I stabbed a doctor to death with a scalpel *twice* and they still gave me lifesaving surgery."

"...Seriously, what's wrong with you?"

Emilena ignored her teammate's comment. "The real question is what happens after that. Much as I'd like to just disappear off the grid, Soren and I pulled every trick in the book and Buller found us in less than a month." She sighed. "Things have changed a lot since Rhaegson gave us those initial offers, we have no proof they're even still on the table. If we manage to find what the Purifiers are looking for, we might not want to hand it over willy-nilly, and we might want a backup plan for when our usefulness finally runs out."

Flora nodded, even though that wasn't much of a reply to Bianca's question. She was beginning to realize that Bianca seemed to be trusting her, and she might be able to glean more info on her situation, but she had to approach such a topic of conversation carefully. "Speaking of the boss, he said he was gonna meet with me after all this is over, but I haven't seen him since that first night." She yawned. "That was like a month ago, I don't think the Purifiers are coming. When's the last time you heard back from Coxon? Or do you report to somebody else?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **June 25, 2018, 03:29:01 AM**

Soren stumbled into the coffee shop. The stink of auto-cig smoke and stale coffee briefly sent him coughing. A few rough looking individuals looked at him but then went back to their drinks. He looked around for his companions and spotted them in the back of the coffeehouse next to a fake plant that looked like someone had stubbed out cigarettes on its leaves.

"Right," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper. "I got our burner computer." He placed it on the table and opened it up, revealing the stained keyboard. He rubbed the back of his neck. "Uh, pay no attention to the stains," he added.

The Human then looked around the group. "So what's on the agenda today?" he asked.

Anne rubbed her horn. "Trying to get out the shit that Buller put in our bodies." She swirled her cup of coffee, the viscous, gritty liquid clinging to the side of the cup like used motor oil. She was used to ingesting some vile substances but even this was too much for her. Had she not been an Equine and lacking a gag reflex, the first sip would have caused her to puke up her lunch. "Goddamn it," she muttered. "This is the nastiest coffee I've had in a while."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **June 25, 2018, 12:36:30 PM**

I last heard from Coxon a few days ago' Bianca said ' He told me that my job was to make sure no one harmed you or did anything to you, and if I failed at that , he;d pry out my fingers one by one with a rusty wrench. " she made a face. ' nothing like the threat of being viciously maimed to keep you focused on the job right? As for the Purifiers, from what very little I've heard of them, They don;t give up easily. So a month isnt long enough for you to be safe, heck a year probably isnt long enough. IF they came after you once, you're probably still on the " Intend to grab" list, but, just spitballing here, they might have other targets in mind before settling scores with you. As For who i answer to, well, I'm basically below everyone, I have to do as I'm told. Get them coffee, get them the tv remote, get them breakfast, that sort of stuff. Pretty much everyone answers to Coxon, so I'd say Coxon is my ultimate boss, besides the big boss of course. Why all the questions? Just thinking about stuff to talk about? " Bianca said " Alright, I've told you what I'm here for, lets hear about you. ' Bianca said "Or well, we can keep playing video games. We have world of Dance and the terrible tie-in movie you mentioned. We could play Scarlet Glove if only to laugh at the bad design bad levels and bad voice acting. So, you have a choice- talk about yourself or go back to video games. "

-
Sorry about the coffee everyone, but this place isnt exactly 5 star. or even 1 star, for that matter.' Marita said. She turned to the computer Soren had provided, many of the keys had been rubbed down to the point where you could barely see the letters , W, B S X and Z were the only letters that were completely visible.all the others were partially to completely rubbed off. " well it's not the worst computer I've ever used Soren' She said trying to clean off as many of the stains as she could with a napkin. " But it will have to do. I wont ask what you had to do to get it. What matters is you got it. Our first task will be finding out as much as we can about Darwins Hope , and hitting it Hard. Axel, see if your friend would be willing to help. If he can get enough Polyethelene glycol to cure us, he can hawk whatever extra he gets his hands on. His business, not ours. What matters is getting clean. IF you can get ahold of him, tell him you have a issue that needs his expertise and that theres a time limit on on it. Day and a half to be precise."

-
Marie spoke up. " Well, we still havent found Rose or Flora, and we need to get both of them back . Marita and I have a LOT of money riding on it, enough to set us all up for the rest of our lives. We'd be willing to split the creds with you guys, and make sure all of you get roofs over your heads. Assuming of course the deals we had with the Purifiers still stands, and after Bullers little science experiment, I have serious doubts about that. It would be safer to assume the deals are no longer valid, and go from there. Which means basically we;ll be looking over our shoulders for the rest of our days until we either die or the Purifiers finally kill us. Cheery thought that. Times like this, I wish I was back at the Black Sheep. Sure there was drugs, the pay was lousy, and the lights often went out but the worst could happen to

you there was being pulled on stage and french kissed by a drugged-out female llama. Here, well we could get brutally executed. " Marie said.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 04, 2018, 04:39:25 AM**

Flora turned a slightly lighter shade of fuchsia. "Um, me? I'm...a terrorist," she said lamely, trying to come up with any answer other than 'millionaire pop star on the run' and picking, in hindsight, the worst possible one. "I... really hated the government, and wanted to burn it down. And take it over for the Purifiers." *That's what they were fighting for, right?* "Before that I just lived in the projects, nothing special. Not much to talk about, really."

She wasn't sure why she was lying to the only nice person she'd met in this whole ordeal; to be honest she just didn't want to lose the closest thing she'd found to a friend. Bianca was the first person Flora had encountered who seemed to lack either the will or even ability to ruthlessly dispatch her without another thought. "To be honest, I'm a bit video-gamed out. Could we go somewhere? Maybe see a movie at the mall, girl's night out." *I mean, it's worth a shot...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 04, 2018, 03:51:34 PM**

A Terrorist? Literally, a terrorist?' Bianca sighed " Great, the only person here who doesn't boss me around, blows up buildings for kicks. Bianca, Why did you not answer the Ad that said " Extras for Sunset Speed? " Bianca wiped her brow with her paw. 'I'd need to get permission for you to leave here, Even to run to the nearest French fry place. We're talking from Corxon himself here. If we left without permission and got caught, well, um. me getting "fired" would be the least they'd do to me. Try, Bullet to the back of the head, execution style." Bianca shuddered. Tell you what, you tell me what you want to eat, and I'll go on a run for it. burgers, Fries, Shakes, Maybe Ice cream if I can get back quick enough so its not completely melted." Bianca said " So what would you like? ' She offered.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 07, 2018, 12:00:50 AM**

A chuckle came from the darkest corner of the diner. "You? make it past hospital security? Please... don't make me laugh."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 07, 2018, 01:34:48 AM**

Anne nodded. "I'll see if I can get a hold of Marion," she added.

When the chuckle came from the corner of the diner, her ears immediately pricked up as adrenaline surged through her body. The Shetland Pony exploded to her feet and her nostrils flared as her ears flattened. She looked around in preparation for an attack.

Soren fought the urge to pull out his gun. He'd wait to see what would happen next as he figured whipping out his pistol might cause problems. Even in a shithole like this, gunfighting was not an acceptable activity. Even so, he kept his hand near his pistol.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 07, 2018, 01:40:44 AM**

Out from the shadows came a human wearing a trench coat. "I couldn't help but overhear your conversation." He looked like he'd had heavy augmentation. "Did you even stop to think that security at the hospital would've been increased because of what happened at Lanthae?" The human took a seat

across from the group. "I'm also hunting for those responsible for Lanthae's destruction, but I could help you get the antidote you need... for a price."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 07, 2018, 05:57:14 PM**

Emilena wished beyond anything that she had a gun. "Who let the gearhead in? Almaya, is this your doing?" she growled.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **July 08, 2018, 04:20:56 PM**

On hearing the chuckle and approaching footsteps, Axel sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Goddammit. What is it about us that assholes find so irresistible?" The rat folded his arms and stared as the guy sat down, his eyes flickering red as he scanned the human's upgrades.

He gulped.

Jesus, this guy isn't messing around...

Axel surreptitiously whispered out of the corner of his mouth to Emilena. "I don't like this. He's packing some serious gear in him..."

Clearing his throat, he raised his voice to address the stranger. "Hey, um... guy? I don't know what you think you heard, but me and my friends here are just chilling, enjoying this, er, amazing coffee. We don't know what you're talking about. So how about you get back to, like, stalking chicks or whatever it is you do, and we can get back to our thing, alright?" Axel jerked his thumb to indicate Anne's bulk, his metallic hand reflecting blue from the neon light above the counter. "My friend here might look like a delicate flower, but she packs one *motherfucker* of a punch," he warned.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 08, 2018, 07:37:43 PM**

Marita turned to look the newcomer ' Three things. Its rude to eavesdrop on people, for one. two, NEVER underestimate what people are capable of. Look at General Custer. Underestimated Crazy Horse, got slaughtered as a result. And Three, don't be an asshole. We dont know you from Adam, nor do you know us . " She took a look at him, noticing the heavy Augmentation . ' as for security at hospitals , you'd have to be an utter moron not to think its been tightened up significantly. We KNOW its been tightened. Significantly. " She sighed.

"Now, normally, first meetings warrant introductions. Name, occupation, things of that nature. We'll start with that. That, and precisely how you are able to get your hands on Polyethylene Glycol? its usually only available at hospitals, at least the good quality drugs are . There's street stuff but its so diluted and frankly mixed with so much other stuff that its effectiveness is basically zilch. ' Marita said. " Lets start with your name first. What is it, and what did you do in Lanthae? "

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 08, 2018, 10:08:48 PM**

"You can simply call me 'Awe'. you've probably heard of me." Awe looked around as if he were scanning the face of everyone in the room. "I have broken into higher security areas than a mere hospital. So I can help you get in and out without being noticed, since that is my thing after all." Awe walked forward and sat at the table next to the group. "Now shall we discuss a price?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 09, 2018, 02:26:05 AM**

For once, Soren had nothing to say to the cop but he shot an icy glare at Emilena that all but said, *Don't blame me for everything.*

Anne scanned over the man. She wasn't liking her chances, even if she cracked the rather heavy looking flowerpot with the tacky fake plant next to her over the Augment's head. That and unscrewing her horn would be a dead giveaway to what she was planning. That said, she tried listening in to the new person's augments to see if they were transmitting or receiving anything. She shot a sidelong glance at Marita. The Shetland mare's muscles tensed as she awaited a reaction. She knew that mouthing off to the wrong person ended with a trip to the hospital or morgue...and Marita had just done so. Upon Awe's response, Anne relaxed slightly. "Sorry, don't know anyone by that name," she said. She then folded her hands on the table. "

Soren shook his head indicating that he didn't know anyone named "Awe".

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 09, 2018, 02:40:22 AM**

"Well I must say I am surprised." Aw shook his head. "Most in this city know me. I worked for a rather large corporation that happens to help fund to hospital here." Awe took his left shoe off and twisted his foot around and scratched his back the funny thing was his feet seemed to be more ape like than human. "And I am quite familiar with their security procedures." He moved his foot and leg back down and put his shoe back on.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 09, 2018, 02:09:26 PM**

We're not originally from here ' MARita said ' awe, is ot? Well Awe, it is.. nice to meet you. As For money or creds, well we're a bit short in the money departmentat the moment . this is more in line of the ' favors" department, You help us get clean, we'll repay you later when you need help with something" marie spoke up I dont think hes the 'do favors' type Marita " marie said " Its creds , or nothing. Tell us what amount you want, and as long as its reasonable, and you're wiling to accept installments, we'll pay it. I think We have something like 3000 creds on us, all told. ' Marie said. " SO How much do you want, Mr Awe? We need to get clean, and we need to do so within the next 30 hours or so, or we're toast. you have anything for achylsalts? because more than of few of us got jabbed with it , and we need treatment for it, pronto. Hence, the hospital>"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 09, 2018, 08:04:05 PM**

Emilena narrowed her eyes. She'd heard of Awe. He showed up on several lists of high-profile vigilantes the Seryet PD wasn't too happy with. Emilena had repeatedly tried to get Lily to agree to target him, but Lily had always overridden her vote to keep eliminating serial killers.

For now, she let her teammates do the talking, but if push came to shove she'd vote to keep him around. Assuming she could survive this whole Purifier situation, there were several different ways she could benefit from having insider information on the abilities, actions, and recent locations of a wanted Augment.

"Just...some sort of chicken salad and diet soda. No fries. See you soon..." Flora's heart sank as Bianca left. She couldn't decide if she was more sad about losing Bianca's company, or that she didn't get a chance to escape by accompanying Bianca on the food run.

"Sorry about that..." Kintoki yawned as he returned from the back rooms, where Flora wasn't allowed to go. "Still on the couch? Have you moved since I last saw you?"

"Depends, are we counting just in person, or whenever you're spying on me through the security system?" Flora growled.

"Wow, who stuck a bee up your bonnet?" Kintoki rolled his eyes playfully. "I do not *spy* on you, that'd be a violation of your privacy. I was just gonna ask if you wanted me to cook something. Haven't seen you eat since yesterday."

"No, just leave me alone." Flora folded her arms and turned the game on just to ignore him. "I'm on a hunger strike."

"Suit yourself. That is just the sort of thing an android would say~" Kintoki joked, returning to the back rooms as the fur on Flora's neck bristled.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 10, 2018, 12:40:38 AM**

"1500 creds call it a discount." Awe replied folding his hands. "Or shall we start the haggling? Or, if my price is fine we can get the achylsalts you need."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 12, 2018, 07:26:14 PM**

1500 is fair" marita said ' we need the medicine, more than money. after all, creds arent any good to us if we're dead. Which, Actylsalts have a very good track record of killing their victims in VERY unpleasant ways, and very quickly as well. Hence our rush and desperation." Marita said.

_ " Salad and Diet Coke. Fine. I'll throw in dessert as well, this place has a great hot fudge sundae.' Bianca' s said as she left to do the food run. ' She was allowed to leave on these food runs, whenever some of the guards wanted a burger, they sent her. That was one of the ways Bianca had ingratiated herself to the group, by basically being a food gopher. She was allowed to keep any unspent creds, which slowly adde up over time, to where she probably had a couple hundred creds on her. the fry place was close by so that there was a good chance she would be there in back in less than 15 minutes, assuming the staff there was competent at their jobs.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **July 14, 2018, 08:02:23 AM**

Axel sighed. He trusted this Awe guy about as much as he could throw him... which, judging from Awe's size and Axel's experience of throwing things, wasn't far at all. *But it looks like I'm outvoted. And it's true we need to get this shit out of our system. If he can actually help us...*

"Fine. I guess I'm in," he grumbled. "If you creds up front, you're outta luck though. I didn't even have enough to pay next month's rent." Axel leaned forward, crossing his arms on the table and cocking his head at Awe. "So if you *are* gonna help us... what's the plan?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 15, 2018, 04:52:13 AM**

"We should probably try to do this stealthy." Emilena swirled her stir stick in the small black coffee she'd purchased but didn't trust enough to drink. "Or bluff our way in. We've finally gotten the cops off our back, it'd be really great if we could keep it that way, at least for a while." She glanced at Awe. "Though I guess you're the expert. What's your vote?"

(OOC: I'm ready for a time skip to the hospital whenever everyone else is)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 15, 2018, 06:14:45 AM**

"Stealthy is the best approach. Get in quick and quiet and get out." Awe tapped his forehead. "I can interface with the hospital security to corrupt any footage they'd capture of us. That way there would be no evidence we were there."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on July 18, 2018, 01:46:09 AM**

Anne relaxed as Awe spoke. She sighed. Already, she wasn't entirely trusting him but they had no choice. In a little over a day, they'd all be dead from achylsalt poisoning. Her hears splayed out as she took a breath and exhaled. "Okay, I'm in," she said.

Soren swirled his cup of coffee watching the viscous liquid clinging to the sides and weeping back down into the depths of the cup. "Let's do this."

(OOC - Time skip?)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on July 18, 2018, 05:12:58 AM**

Emilena poured her coffee out the window. "No objections here," she agreed.

Flora's eyes drooped as she sank deeper into the couch. She'd just watched a full episode of some sort of reality show following dumpster divers, and despite their best efforts she couldn't bring herself to care about their penny-pinching lives. *Oh please. No way in hell somebody just threw out a 2011 Pentium full of bitcoin...showrunners musta planted it there...* she yawned.

She tried to hit the button to switch channels, but accidentally brushed the wrong one and changed the language to German. *Aww crap, how do I get it back to...* she tried to return to the main menu, but all of the channels were different. The default channel was now a German talk show. *Woah, it's not just the language. I can get TV channels from anywhere in the world, she realized. I wonder if Coxon has some nefarious reason for needing a cable package that large...*

She clicked left a few times, and gasped in surprise when an entirely different sort of 'package' filled the screen. *Woah. Leave it to Germany to have hardcore gay porn on cable. Hah, you know what...* She raised the volume. *Have fun spying on me now, you little bitch...* she smirked, rolling over sleepily.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22 on July 19, 2018, 03:15:00 PM**

Bianca entered the room with Flora's food, but stopped in her tracks as she saw exactly WHAT the folk was watching "Umm just what the blazes are you watching girl?" Bianca said putting the food down in front of Flora and quickly seizing the remote. "I don't think Corxon would like it if he came in here and saw us watching a guy-guy-guy three way where they're all blowing each other." She began futzing with the remote and got the channels and language back to English and switched the channel to a nature documentary on flamingos. "I got you your food and it should still be warm" Bianca said with a smile. "Look if you really want to do something kinky, I guess I wouldn't mind trying something with you. You only live once after all" Bianca blushed "This would be my first time doing anything like this though" She stopped as the impact of what she had said hit her. "Or, we could just stick to girls chat. He he" she said she pulled out some fries. "Just had enough left over for some fries" Bianca said

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato) on July 19, 2018, 06:46:26 PM**

(OOO: Everyone seems on board with a timeskip, so I'm just gonna initiate it)

After a four-hour hike through the seedier alleyways of Seryet, the team emerged into the Airport district just as the "leaving work" traffic started filling the streets. Darwin's Hope appeared down the sidewalk at around the same time their fellow pedestrians began to be dressed in dinner outfits and upper-class evening wear.

"You didn't mention it was gonna be flanked by Homeland Security..." Emilena muttered, noting the department next door to their target. "I hope we can keep the alarm off, or else response time will be almost instant."

Flora was roused from her sleep when Bianca returned. "You actually came back!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think you were gonna come back, nobody comes back except that asshole Kintoki who just spies on me all day." She quickly made room on the bed. "Sorry about the porn, that was to try and annoy Big Brother."

Her heart skipped a beat when Bianca offered to sleep with her. "I...uh..." She mulled it over. "You know what? I really respect you asking me politely. There were these pushy women who worked with the Purifiers, and they kept trying to pressure me into sleeping with them. One even tried to molest me after I said no!"

She smiled and began unbuttoning her shirt. "It's nice to meet someone who respects boundaries. Let's have some fun!"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 19, 2018, 10:58:48 PM**

"Unless we find a way to distract them and draw them away." Awe said. Awe went behind a stack of boxes and changed into a more stealthy suit revealing a bit more of his augmentations before he climbed the side of one of the buildings in the alley. "Do we have any of the plans for the building?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 20, 2018, 05:30:05 PM**

Bianca blushed as Flora began taking off her top. ' Well, i can't speak for anyone else that you've encountered so far, but i don't like it when people push you into things, especially if you are uncomfortable doing so. You have to have a say, right? Its no fun otherwise, you're forced to do whatever the guy or the girl wants, and I can't find any fun when you don't get a say in something." she said as she sat down next to Flora." Those girls were simply being too pushy about getting you to show interest in them. Things like that, can't be forced, it can only work if there is, well, attraction there from both sides.Like I said, i've never done anything like this, and I'll have a better idea about how i feel afterwards. It would be nice if they weren't spying on you, anything you do gets recorded, and I mean anything. I wouldn't be surprised if they watch you in the shower.' Bianca said , shaking her head. "I would be willing to have fun, but we eat first. Don't want the food to get cold, right?"

-
I Have the layout of the Hospital" Marita said to Awe

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 22, 2018, 02:08:14 AM**

"looks like the two of us are going in then to get the meds." Awe commented. "You have the layout I have the stealth."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 22, 2018, 02:21:57 PM**

You lead the way then." marita said ' The rest of you guys will have to pretend to be patients or outpatients. You guys have enough bandages?' Marita asked, as they had decided the best option to avoid too much notice is was to have some fake injuries." there were three staircases" she said turning to awe" On our left, slightly to our right and on the far right. Which one is our best option? " the one on the far right skips the second floor."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 23, 2018, 10:17:46 AM**

"I'm covered in fresh surgical marks," Emilena commented, rolling up her sleeves and revealing her pockmarked forearms. "Get me a hospital gown and I bet nobody would look twice."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **July 24, 2018, 04:46:15 PM**

Looking between the hospital and the government building nestled against it, Axel crossed his arms, his face creased anxiously. "I dunno... maybe it's safer to keep someone on the outside? You know, as a lookout?" He blinked around at the group then raised his hand. "I volunteer. Hospitals kinda creep me out anyway."

Pushing his twisted ear flat against his head, the rat pulled up his hood then pointed a finger at Soren and Emilena as he drew out a stale-looking cigarette from his pocket. "I got your numbers. If anything looks, ah, fishy I'll call."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 26, 2018, 10:03:25 PM**

"Good idea," We'll have one stay outside to keep watch, Marita and I will go in the back and get the meds everyone else grab a gown and go in as patients." Awe said. "I will also take care of the security tapes."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **July 26, 2018, 10:56:04 PM**

The gowns are handed ou by hospital staff emilena ' Marita said " everyone of you will get a gown once you check in." Marie had bandaged a cut on her arm, that she had gotten from climbing down a decrepit starch, it had collapsed on her as she slid down. " Lets go everyone. the stage is set."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 27, 2018, 02:13:35 AM**

"Stay safe, Axel." Following Awe into the hospital, Emilena took the proffered hospital gown and slipped out of her clothes. She debated leaving them behind the same dumpster as Awe, but experience taught her that this team never seemed to leave a building in the same way as they'd entered. Plus there wasn't anything particularly valuable for her to come back for, since she'd spent the last of her credits balancing the hotel room.

"I don't think we're checking in, Marita," she replied as she chucked her old clothes out the window and directly into the dumpster. "We're just sneaking in, stealing stuff, and getting out. The fewer interactions and alibis we give to people, the better."

After donning her gown, she peered cautiously under the door into the hallway. They were deep in the recesses of the hospital, where only medical personnel and current patients would be found, and for the moment the hallway was clear. "How about you, Almaya?" She offered her hand in case he needed help climbing inside. "You disguising as a doctor, or patient, or what?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **July 27, 2018, 04:01:58 AM**

Soren carefully climbed onto the dumpster and slithered in through the window. Anne's stocky frame posed a bit of a challenge though. Instead, she opted to grab the window and yank it straight down, forcing it open further than it was designed to do so. Even so, it was a tight squeeze.

The scent of disinfectant and cleaner hung in the air. Luckily, this was the rear where all the laundry and other logistical parts of Darwin's Hope was located. Even so there was a message for a "Doctor Gern to the trauma department" that came out of the overhead speakers.

"We'll go as doctors," Anne said as she filched two bundles wrapped and sealed scrubs from a clean linen cart. She tossed one to Soren and hastily ripped open her own package.

Soon, she and Soren were clad in the dull green scrubs that characterized the medical personnel of the hospital.

Anne then sent a single message out to Axel using her horn: *We're in.*

Soren adjusted his slightly loose scrubs. He looked and noticed that his gun wasn't visible. He had to admire the Shetland mare's foresight in choosing an outfit that was large enough to hide his weapon but not so large it aroused suspicion. "Okay, now what?" he whispered as he looked at Awe and Emilena.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 30, 2018, 11:08:27 PM**

"Emilina and I will go round the back and sneak in. I'll disable security once we're round the back the rest of you go in as patients." Awe looked to Emilina. "Sound good?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 31, 2018, 12:18:08 AM**

"Let's do this." Emilena nodded. "Lead the way."

She followed Awe through the hospital, taking cues from him since he was better trained in stealth than her. At least her bare feet let her walk as silently as she liked.

(OO: If you ever want to take control of Emilena during their travels, f-22, you can have her silently do things that Awe commands)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 31, 2018, 02:50:06 AM**

(OO: Okay)

Awe lead the way across the street and once again climbed up the side of the building once they reached the shadows again. Awe silently lead the way before seeing a camera and motioning for Emilena to stop. Emilina stopped as instructed and watched as Awe put his hand on the camera.

In the control room the camera view became static for a few moments before returning back to normal. Awe signaled Emilina to follow again and the pair continued on their way. "Now that the security system is hacked so we don't show up all we need to do is avoid any security guards."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **July 31, 2018, 06:38:17 AM**

"If I'd known we were going to cross the street, I'd have grabbed a hospital gown that cinched in the back..." Emilena muttered, creeping through the security camera's line of vision.

At one point, they heard a door open up ahead and Emilena dove into a supply closet as a guard walked through a hallway perpendicular to their own. "Owww..." she grumbled, rubbing her shin after banging it on a supply box labeled *pectoral vasculators*. "Oooh, what are these?" she whispered, eyes lighting up. "Are they valuable?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **July 31, 2018, 10:49:52 PM**

"Hmmm?" Awe looked over to what emilena asked about. "Yes. they're quite valuable. In fact they're used to restart circulation after DHCA surgery."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 01, 2018, 01:46:38 AM**

"Well in that case, I'm sure they won't miss just one." Emilena delicately slipped one out; it looked like a thin white patch and fit snugly in her gown's breast pocket. "What about weaponry?" she asked, eyeing the medical tape and other assorted office supplies. "I bet I could fashion a spiked club out of those needles, magazines, and duct tape. Or at worst, I could quickly turn that wire into a garotte."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 01, 2018, 03:56:44 AM**

Soren opened a supply closet. Seeing as he and Anne looked like hospital staff, no one paid any heed to them. He quickly browsed through the shelves. Inside were bandages and various ointments for treating burns and superficial injuries but not what they came for. Seeing as no one was present, he swiped some bandages and ointments and pocketed them.

Anne was looking through a crash cart. One of the passing nurses complemented her on the assiduousness of checking the supplies. Little did he know that the mare was actually looking for drugs. She found a syringe of temazadriline -- a synthetic norepinephrine analog -- that was used to treat shock...and abused for its ability as a performance enhancing drug. She pocketed it and continued digging through the supplies.

"Damn it," Soren muttered. "Where to they keep this shit?" He sighed as he tossed a sterile stitching kit back into the closet.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 03, 2018, 01:19:31 AM**

'Possibly," Awe replied. "You could also use sleeping pills or put whoever you want in a simple sleeper hold."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 03, 2018, 03:40:27 AM**

Since they didn't have all day, Emilena settled for the garotte, creating the handles by bisecting a firm sponge. "Ready when you are," she nodded, keeping her new weapon hidden in her clenched fist.

(OOO: Demonstrated with dental floss, (<https://imgur.com/a/v8fH7PF>) but Emilena would be using much-stronger multifilament surgical thread and quadruple-hitch knots)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **Nick22** on **August 03, 2018, 06:12:50 PM**

Marita sighed as she looked around. ' Well, its not in this room. I'm guessing they store it with the more potent drugs' She said to Awe. " any idea where that might be? Perhaps the second floor?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 06, 2018, 12:27:50 AM**

"Most likely," Awe replied. "We'd have to slip past the nurses station there to get to it."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **Nick22** on **August 06, 2018, 11:50:09 PM**

' thats going to be tricky. We'd have to pass as staff to get through there" Marita said."OR pretend we are family going to visit a patient. lets do the latter. We can pretend that we;re lost and looking for the roomn our family member is in."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 08, 2018, 12:08:54 AM**

"You're the best dressed to pull that off," Emilena remarked to Marita, glancing at Awe's catsuit and her own hospital gown. "I only see one Nurse in there, just insist she show you the way and that'll clear the route for the two of us."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 08, 2018, 03:11:59 AM**

"True, that is one way." Awe noted. "I could also slip through the vents since I'm flexible enough to do so."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 08, 2018, 03:48:04 AM**

"Well, one of you bloody go do it already," Emilena shivered in the drafty supply closet, "because if I walk in there, I'm choking that bitch to death!"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 11, 2018, 12:27:57 AM**

Awe took the grate off the air vent. "Well, get going you two distract her while I go through the vents to get the meds!" Awe crawled fully into the vent disappearing from sight.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**
Post by: **Nick22** on **August 11, 2018, 01:45:09 AM**

Marita approached the nurse at the desk ' Excuse me mam, I'm looking for my friend Anne, I believe shes been out into one of the rooms on this floor, but I'm not sure which one. Could you help me locate her please? Poor girl broke her Horn implant and she's scared about complications from repairing it" Marita said, " and i thought I would visit her and cheer her up. Any help you could give me would be appreciated."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 11, 2018, 02:17:08 AM**

The nurse glanced at her computer. "Well, if her problem involves a cybernetic implant, she'll be in Augmentics. You got off the elevator too early. Let's get you over there!" the nurse beamed cheerily and led Marita to the elevators.

Once she and Marita were gone, Emilena slinked over to the computer. She quickly clicked through inventory pages looking for where the achylsalts would likely be kept. *There we go!* They'd be in the poison control center on the 2nd floor. After some searching she located the supply closet where they were stored.

Now she just needed to transmit this info to the others. Lacking any better options, she hit the intercom button. "*Dr. Awe and Dr. Soren, please report to the poison control center, supply closet 9. Dr. Awe and Dr. Soren, please report to the poison control center, supply closet 9.*"

After registering a no-show appointment for Anne Doe in Augmentics (just in case Marita found herself in trouble), Emilena almost set off for the poison control center herself...but an idea gave her pause. *You know what...* She scheduled herself an immediate upcoming appointment in dermatology. *Let's get these mysterious wounds checked out by a professional...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 11, 2018, 03:31:38 AM**

Awe heard the announcement from the vents and made his way to the poison control center and removed the grate from the vent there upon arrival. He crept slowly sticking to the shadows slipping a miniature camera and checked to see if the coast was clear before he continued his way to the supply closet.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 11, 2018, 03:44:40 AM**

The announcement was heard through out the hospital. Soren hoped that there wasn't really a doctor with the surname of "Soren". If there was, their plan was done for.

"That's our cue!" Soren whispered, nudging Anne. The mare was partway through rummaging a pile of IV bags when she was nudged.

"Finally," Anne muttered as she shut the door and headed to the main lobby of the hospital. As usual, it was crowded with visitors and the gift shop and cafeteria were busy with activity seeing it was the middle of the day.

Soren scanned the directory on the wall and found poison control. He hit the button for the elevator and waited for it to open. When it did, the visitors gave him and Anne priority, seeing as they were both dressed as medical staff.

When the doors slid shut and the elevator began moving, the Human let out a breath. This was shaping up to be an easy task.

Soon, the elevator arrived at the floor, which was painted in calm green and blue tones in an attempt to make the sterile halls slightly more inviting. The beeping of various monitors permeated the entire floor.

"There," Anne said as she pointed to a supply closet that was helpfully labeled with the number nine. She then tried the door. As was standard protocol, it was locked. "Damn it," she muttered.

Soren racked his brain on how to proceed. Breaking the door down was an obviously bad idea but then again, maybe he could play the "lost my ID" angle. He approached a nurse on duty.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm Doctor Soren and I was ordered to report to supply closet nine. And I can't get

in because I dropped my ID."

The nurse, a sour looking Anaconda flicked out his tongue in annoyance and slithered out from behind the station. "Damn new docs," he muttered. "Up to date on the newest medical science but couldn't find their own asshole without an anatomy textbook."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 11, 2018, 04:39:17 AM**

A few minutes later, Emilena was sitting patiently on a hospital bed when a handsome Tiger doctor walked in. "Hello, Ms. Verze?" He checked a clipboard. "Hmm. The nurse didn't fully fill this out. It just says here you came in for 'unexplained cuts and bruises?'"

"That's correct, doctor." Emilena held an arm out. "I keep waking up with these, and I can't figure out where they come from. My partner insists I'm not hurting myself in my sleep."

"HmMMM." The doctor whistled softly when he examined the sheer volume of scar tissue dotting her arm. "Might I ask your line of work?"

Emilena yanked her arm back. "Don't worry about the scars. I'm a...retired soldier. It's the fresh cuts I'm interested in."

"Hmm." The doctor frowned. "Well, since it seems to be sleep-related, I'd probably request a polysomnogram. You'd sleep here overnight, we would attach some wires to your head, fingers, and chest, and in the morning we could go over your results."

Emilena fidgeted. "I'm not sure I have time to stay here that long. Do you have anything faster?"

The doctor sighed. "We could check the cuts themselves with a dermal ultrasound, I suppose. I'd recommend simply scheduling the sleep study for a later date."

"Let's do the ultrasound today, and I'll come back when I have more time..." Emilena bit her lip. Soren seemed to be right about the ease with which this hospital treated patients. If she caught a break in the future, she might even be able to return to get that polysomnogram.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 11, 2018, 04:56:07 AM**

Awe made a quick stop grabbing a lab coat before he approached the door to the supply closet found it was locked and leaned against the wall waiting for Soren to arrive.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 14, 2018, 02:17:21 PM**

Marita was led to room 17 in the Augments section and invited to sit down and read some papers while waiting for her "friend" any idea how your friend broke the Implant? ' Asked the nurse. " Accident at home, unfortunately. She was trying to repair something- i think a wobbly wall shelf,-when it toppled over onto her head and broke off a big chunk of her horn. Fortunately I live on the floor below and I heard her cry out in pain so I rushed up there to check in on her. Horns , once broken are really hard to repair, its not like fixing a plate or a coffee cup, where you can just superglue t back on. and then theres the expense, Anne told me her horn cost like 75000 creds, it was NOT cheap' Marita said ' and the dear girl might have had a concussion too, shes been a bit wobbly since the accident. Hopefully you can get her fixed up, We had a Dinner outing planned on Centralia street, there's this very nice bistro place, shes been raving to me about, for like 10 straight weeks. We finally got a reservation for this evening, normally reservations fill up in like 20 minutes but this time we grabbed one. And then this happens' Marita shrugged her shoulders. " Bad luck, huh? well we get our fair share of patients like that. Depending on how bad the implant is broken, We should be able to repair it in a couple hours. IF everything goes well she'll be out in time to get to that bistro place ' The Nurse said

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **August 21, 2018, 02:11:05 AM**

Soren let out a quiet breath as the door was opened. "Here," the nurse said as he pushed the door open. "Next time, keep track of your ID cards."

The nurse then slithered back to his station. Soren entered and held the door open for Awe.

"All right," he said. "Now let's get what we came for and get out before someone catches on," he whispered.

The head nurse in the Augmentics section got the message from Emilena. Seeing as it was from the hospital network, she didn't think anything of it. She then headed out to Room 17.

"Excuse me," she said. "But I just got word from the front desk check in that 'Anne Doe' did indeed check into the hospital but she did not show up for triage to be properly seen."

The nurse who was with Marita nodded and sighed. "Well, we can't go and force her to see us. Besides, we have other patients to see."

The head nurse then turned to Marita. "I'm sorry, Ma'am but your friend has decided to refuse medical treatment. Now, while she can do so and it is her right as she is of sound mind, I have to state that by law, we are not liable for any injuries or death that she sustains as a result of doing so. However, for recordkeeping purposes, we will have you sign a wavier saying you will not pursue legal charges against us in the event of anything happening to her."

The other nurse left to get the required paper work.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 21, 2018, 02:18:45 AM**

Awe nodded his head and followed Soren inside. "Yeah the quicker we can get what we came for and get back out the better."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 21, 2018, 04:31:06 AM**

After the dermal ultrasound, the doctor showed 'Eunice Vezde' the printout. "Sorry, ma'am, can't tell you anything more than that the cuts are healing nicely. Beyond that, if you don't know where they're coming from, neither do we."

Emilena took the printout. "Seriously?"

He shrugged. "I can't really schedule anything beyond a polysomnogram unless you have healthcare or a payment plan on file."

"Forget it. Thanks, doctor." Emilena allowed herself to be led out of the room. Several hallways later, she and the doctor parted ways and she took a quick left turn before reaching the lobby. *Well, if modern medicine doesn't have any ideas, Axel's theory is still my leading guess. I'd hoped at least for a plan on stopping new phantom wounds from happening, but for the time being I'll just have to hope that--*

Suddenly she felt a searing pain in her leg, and she looked down in alarm as blood started staining her hospital gown from the inside. Limping to a nearby urine collection station, she frantically locked the door and collapsed on the toilet. Peeling the bloody gown aside, she watched in horror as a series of straight cuts started appearing on her inner thigh, adding five more letters to the two she'd carved earlier.

HIDEOUT

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **August 21, 2018, 08:28:54 PM**

Marita sighed ' Dear girl must have left to go home ' Marita said ' I'll have to bring her in another time, my gues is that she's gong to try to reattach the broken part horn herself. Stubborn as an ox, sometimes. just get me the paper and i'll sign it.."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **August 25, 2018, 01:58:51 AM**

Awe was scavenging through the supply closet. "The achylsalts should be around here somewhere," He muttered as he continued searching.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **August 25, 2018, 08:57:16 AM**

Emilena gritted her teeth and clotted the blood as well as she could with toilet paper, but it quickly became a messy business completely unmanageable with her tools at hand. *Lily could not possibly have picked a worse time to contact me!*

Her leg wouldn't stop bleeding, and finally she gave up on saving her only article of clothing and wrapped the gown tightly around her new wound to stem the flow. *I'm not leaving out the door now...* she flashed a glare as somebody's shadow briefly passed under the door.

With few other options, she tested the ceiling and found that the linoleum tiles were removable. Even more, there was a pretty healthy space between the floors. After washing her hands in the sink to avoid leaving bloody handprints, Emilena hoisted herself into the dusty mess of wires that occupied the crawlspace. Balancing her center of gravity, she kept her body weight spread out and her hands and knees on the borders between tiles. It seemed safe enough to crawl on at least long enough to reach a different room...

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **August 27, 2018, 01:33:35 AM**

((Rejoining on LBT Rations' invite! Annd that's the Model J's reference picture:
<https://goo.gl/images/gzmK3B>))

Tony Stracci had been out of contact with the group for quite some time. He'd temporarily provided them a lift at the start of this, but things were getting serious once more. "Shit..." the ferret whispered, tearing off the note he'd scribbled earlier to himself on his fridge. He was pretty much alone these days, his father having passed away a year ago, leaving him a new house, some of the "legitimate businesses", and his massive automobile collection. The name of a hospital in the city was scrawled upon the note, and he committed it to memory; he knew where it was, having driven past it plenty of times.

They'd need a vehicle... but the problem (it wasn't so much one in his own mind) was he didn't have any of those crappy and under powered electric cars... he only had his gasoline burners down in the massive underground garage that rested beneath the manor (having been carved into the cliff the house rested on). His claw tapped on the marble counter top, his lips pursed, his brow furrowed, and a thoughtful frown on his features as he pondered how best to go about this.

He really didn't have much time to waste... he knew they'd need transportation, and need it soon. Looking off to the side, he pondered his ability to provide this... he'd need a big car... 7 passengers at least... but he hated having to bring one into these escapades... even if he had previously reinforced most of their bodies with much stronger compounds.

Smirking, he figured he'd just suck it up and take one of his father's most prized possessions out: the 1934 Duesenberg Model J. But first things first; he needed a weapon. Pushing himself off from the counter, he strode through a few rooms, the carpet padding under his feet before he reached a cabinet, sliding his thumb downwards along the electronic reader, which blinked blue and opened up the doors. Reaching in, Tony pulled out a Smith & Wesson M&P M2.0, shoving it into his waistband along his back, and grabbed a laser pistol for good measure.

Hoping he wouldn't need more than that, he shut the cabinet and moved to the elevator that led down to the garage. Closing his eyes during the ride and trying to steel himself for this, he waited patiently until the elevator doors swished open, and the lights snapped on before he reopened them. Everywhere chrome, bright paint, and exotic metal gleamed. The sight always brought a smile to his face, as he never took it for granted... never.

Stepping out and walking with his paws behind his back, his shoes thudded in the concrete room before he came to a stop in front of the massive Model J. Once America's most expensive and premier car (a vehicle that could cost \$25,000 in an era when a Ford was \$800), it was painted in a red on its front that met a semicircular black painted section that continued all the way to the back. Louvers on the engine cowling gave the car a swept back, rakish appearance, and the hood ornament stuck right at him like an arrow. Everything about this car denoted luxury, speed, and power. Smile growing, he admired the fine automobile for a moment, knowing that with its powerful straight-eight engine, it could outmatch many modern cars (once again, those electrics whirring along on the highway weren't much of a match for this beauty) with its torque and speed.

Heading around to the driver side door, he opened it up, and sat himself down on the leather seat. OK... time to start this beast up. Sliding the spark advance lever to the halfway position, he pulled out the choke, then turned the key in the ignition to generate electrical current to the engine. He then reached for the chrome starter control, and pulled it all the way out from the dashboard, listening as the starter motor began to turn over, kicking the straight-eight into life with no problems whatsoever; it was American engineering at its finest.

Pushing the starter and choke back in, he advanced the spark lever all the way down and smirked, nodding with satisfaction. Releasing the parking brake, he shifted into 1st gear to get the car rolling, then almost immediately shifted into neutral and then 2nd as he turned right and began driving for the garage's exit. The car slid smoothly along, the ferret seeing the big door rise up into the ceiling as he drove under it, then gunned the engine a bit to move up the hill and out into the driveway. Making a slight right again, he increased speed, listening to that throaty hum as he began winding his way down the road that led into the city.

"Well... I'm on the way." he said to himself, flipping his flat cap on his head as he took the westbound freeway, increasing speed (though not wanting to show off, he kept it in the slow lane despite his speed) so that he could be there in 15 minutes tops. No more wasting time... it was time to get back into the fight...

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris on September 02, 2018, 08:51:26 PM**

"Goddamnit!" Soren shouted as he quickly scanned up and down a shelf that he swore he had dug through previously.

Anne yanked open a drawer and hastily looked dug through the syringes. "Shit!" she exclaimed. "They're not here!"

Soren looked at the closet. It wasn't too much of a mess given that everything was labeled and thus, easy to look through. Still, they didn't bother with precisely putting things back in the right place. "The only place I could think of next is the pharmacy," he said. "And it's not like we can go raid that area."

Anne had a sudden spark of inspiration. "We can't go raid it but we can get them to bring stuff to us."

The mare then looked off into the wall but she was actually sending a message to Marita's phone: *Marita. Use the system to send a request for antidotes for a severe case of acute achysalt poisoning.*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 02, 2018, 09:47:10 PM**

Gt It' marita texted back after signing the documents for " anne" then headed out of the room she was in. fortunately no one was at the desk where the intercom was ' and so she turned it on " Attention all personnel: I We have a pair of patients , John and Jane Doe with acute Achysalt poisoning. We need all Antidotes in stock for treatment, and time is of the essence, Bring them to the Augments Section, rooms 19 and 20. Thank you"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 02, 2018, 11:05:01 PM**

I swear, if I'm the one to fuck up this stealth mission, Soren will never let me hear the end of it...

Emilena had reached the elevators by crawling as slowly as she dared in the wire-filled gap between the upper floor and the ceiling. Her original goal was to take the elevator to the parking garage, but after realizing she was eight floors from the basement but only two from the roof, she decided to take her chance with the roof instead.

After determining the coast was clear, she dislodged the nearest ceiling tile and used it to press the elevator summoning button. The second the doors opened she dropped to the floor, scampered inside and hid herself out of sight of the entrance as fast as possible. She remained plastered against the wall just to be safe as the elevator doors closed and it slowly shambled past one floor...two floors...she sighed with relief when it reached the roof.

"Hey, who are you?" asked a worker, stepping into the elevator from the roof and looking at the naked and bloodstained vulpine in surprise. Emilena quickly swept his legs out from under him and pushed him, sending his head cracking against the metal wall with a sickening thud.

Emilena bit her lip and dragged the man's unconscious body with her onto the roof. *OK, this is still under control...* she told herself. She didn't see anyone in the alleyway behind the hospital except Axel, so she pushed the body over the side, aiming for the dumpster. Her aim was unfortunately off...but the dumpster helpfully blocked the resulting splatter from the street's view. *Worst case scenario, they find the body in the morning and think it was a suicide. Best case scenario, Axel comes up with a way to hide it.*

With that problem 'solved', she looked around what seemed to be a depressingly bare-bones rooftop. *We just need to be gone by the time that happens...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **September 02, 2018, 11:32:15 PM**

As Tony blew down the freeway, the hospital began looming up in the distance. Perfect! He was almost there. As he took the proper exit, he began coasting down the ramp and pushed in the clutch and brake as he came to a stop at the street he needed, exhaling and tapping the wheel a bit, bobbing his head to a song he was playing out in his head, then downshifted to first to get rolling as the light changed and he turned the big Model J onto the proper street.

Immediately shifting into neutral and then second, he cruised along, releasing the big shift lever as he pursed his lips, craning his neck down a bit to look out at the windshield at the hospital. "OK so... let's see..." he said softly, sticking his paw out and lifting his arm at a right angle out the window to indicate he was turning right (not that anyone would probably know that signal anymore), but he moved his Model J into the parking lot and down towards the front entrance, spinning the wheel to turn down to receiving and intakes. "Wait..." he said to himself. "They wouldn't be coming out the front... would they?" he asked himself, the ferret glancing to the doors as he drove on by, shaking his front. "Nah... they'd be somewhere else... but where?" he asked, pulling out a toothpick and jamming it into his mouth as he

drove around the lot, receiving a whistle and a thumbs up from someone who was making their way towards the hospital's main entrance. Grinning, he honked the horn twice and waved to the passerby, and then refocused.

"Come on, come on..." he whispered, turning right and beginning to circle the building. He was astutely paying attention to all entrances and doorways, and noticed the alley that backed up to the building. Not seeing Axel though as he was behind the dumpster, as was the body that had just been tossed, he kept going, figuring he'd keep his eyes peeled and just keep circling... he'd see something eventually, and with how noticeable his car was... only his friends would recognize it as significant... everyone else would just either stare or pay him no mind as he drove around.

Keeping the Duesenberg in second gear, he began making a circuit, briefly contemplating parking, but figuring that'd be pointless as they might be exiting in a hurry. He could be heading in while they were heading out... better to keep his car ready to fly out of here at a moment's notice. The red and black Duesenberg kept up its circular motion, the ferret constantly watching the building and only occasionally flicking his eyes forward to make sure he wasn't about to collide with anything. Twirling his toothpick about in his mouth, he gnashed his teeth briefly as he tensed his body, ready to stop at a moment's notice in case someone raced out he recognized.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 05, 2018, 05:12:11 PM**

The bottle clanked sharply as Axel's foot connected. "*Son of a...!*" Axel jumped at the sudden noise and glared at the offending item as it rolled noisily further down the dingy alleyway, then resumed his nervous pacing, shooting nervous glances towards where the passage opened out onto the street.

Nothing... No sirens, no shooting... "Maybe we're getting better at this," he muttered to himself.

Letting out a long breath, Axel willed himself to calm down and stopped pacing, resting back on the dumpster shoved up against one of the alley walls.

He took a last drag on his cigarette, burned down to a stub, dropped it to the floor and ground his foot against it. He blew out a lungful of smoke.

A change in the light, a brief moment of darkness. On reflex, Axel glanced up.

Then dived to the side, squawking, as a shape slammed down from above onto the corner of the dumpster he'd been resting against moments before. It bounced off, then ended its journey on the alley floor with a crunch.

On his hands and knees, Axel stared in dumb shock at the shape... which he realised numbly was actually a person. "Oh jesus... what the *hell...*" Heart hammering in his chest, Axel slowly picked himself up. The body on the floor was male, wearing some kind of worker's outfit. Somehow, only a little amount of blood was dribbling from the guy's nose... but his forehead was caved inwards, and his neck was at an alarmingly acute angle with a knobby shape poking up under the side of his neck.

Eyes wide, Axel managed to tear his gaze away from the body and looked up in the direction it had come from, catching a quick glimpse of someone ducking out of sight.

Someone blasted a horn on the street. He flinched, the noise snapping him out of his shock. A glance at the alley's mouth told him nobody had noticed the guy's unfortunate... accident. At least, not yet. *The last thing we need is someone seeing this... Oh jesus, what do I do?!*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **September 05, 2018, 11:13:10 PM**

Awe slammed the cabinet he was searching shut. He took a deep breath and looked to Soren. "Now what do we do?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 05, 2018, 11:16:36 PM**

Emilena shivered as the evening wind sent chills through her fur. The sun had almost set and it was getting too dark to see, but a quick search of the roof confirmed there was still very little to help her get down. No supply closets or toolsheds, no fire escapes.

As daylight faded away, she sighed and resigned herself to the only real option she saw for escaping the stratosphere; the corporate skyscraper bordering the southern side of the building. With one fewer floor than the hospital, Emilena could probably make that jump without fracturing both of her ankles...or missing completely and falling to her death.

She gulped, chose an adequate starting distance and vaulted off the side of the building after a strained sprint. Luckily, it was dark enough that nobody from the streets below noticed as she sailed through the air, hit the faraway concrete roof and rolled out the shock with a pained squawk.

For several minutes, Emilena clutched her feet and waited for her heartbeat to return to a manageable level. She had a secret fear of heights (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341.msg400048;topicseen#msg400048>) and had made the mistake of looking down in the middle of her roofhopping stunt. *I am NEVER doing that again!* she promised herself, glad nobody could see her shaking and gasping for air hysterically.

When she finally felt able to crawl, she hobbled forward and tried the door leading into the top floor of the building. Locked, of course. Overall, this roof seemed to have even fewer options than the hospital's. And the exterior walls were smooth and almost entirely glass, no possibility of getting hand or footholds. Unlike the next building over, which had easy-to-climb balconies leading down every floor...balconies that were within jumping distance...

Emilena cursed out loud. *Goddammit fine...* she groaned inwardly. *Maybe one more time...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **September 05, 2018, 11:47:46 PM**

As Tony continued his circling, he was making his way back to the alley for the second time; he wasn't in the right position to see Emilena jump to the adjacent building, but as he drove around at the entrance to the alley, this time he did see Axel, protruding from around the dumpster, and slammed the brake and clutch in to bring the car to a sudden halt. Shifting into neutral and setting the parking brake, Tony rapidly exited the Duesenberg and made his way around the big vehicle's front to the alley. "Axel!" he called out. "Axel! It's Tony!" he stayed low as he moved on into the alleyway.

He drew his gun, just in case, but kept it pointed down. "Where's everyone else? And... *jesus!*" he came to a halt, eyes going wide at the corpse that was splattered on the ground. "What the hell happened?" he asked, confused by the sight.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 06, 2018, 02:18:22 AM**

Anne received the transmission via her horn. "We have to get to rooms 19 and 20 right now in the augments section."

"Why?" Soren demanded.

"I had Marita broadcast a fake code." She then began pushing both Soren and Awe towards the door. "Now come on before someone gets suspicious!"

The Human swore under his breath as he opened the supply closet door. Thanks to the code, the poison control floor was getting ready to receive two patients with severe achylsalt poisoning. As a result, there were doctors and nurses on high alert. A crash cart with an oxygen cylinder was at the ready as they

waited for the patients to be transferred to their floor.

"You two!" a doctor called as she saw both Anne and Soren. She motioned them over. "Give us a hand, we got two patients coming in soon! And it's bad!"

A bead of sweat ran down Soren's forehead as he tried to find a way to deflect the request. Luckily, Anne was ready before he was. "We have to get to the augments section, they've requested two staff from the poison control floor."

"Fine. Get going then!"

Anne nodded and quickly ushered Awe and Soren into the elevator and hit the button for the augments floor.

"Thanks," Soren said as he let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding.

"We're not done yet," the mare said. "We have to grab the antidotes and quickly get the fuck out of here. Once they find out that Marita's code was fake, they'll suspect thieves."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 06, 2018, 02:42:07 AM**

Marie had managed to make her way up to the Augments section, upon hearing maritas call, she had made her way to Room 19, and had collapsed onto the bed, looking for all the world like the drug had overwhelmed her. Thanks to maritas code, Marie would be given the Acylsalt antidote as part of the treatment, but the rest of them, would not be so lucky.

-
marita had gotten a quick text from Marie outlying her plan, and she contacted anne through her horn, 'Need to have one more of us pose as a patient. Maries already posing as a female druggie, we need someone to get to Room 20, so that my call looks legit. the quicker you do that, the better. Marita, Out'

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **September 06, 2018, 03:42:04 AM**

Awe watched as anne and soren left before going in a different direction. "Should be one of the others posing as a patient," he grumbled to himself. "it'd be easier to fool them with someone who actually needs them."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 08, 2018, 07:27:57 PM**

Axel spun around as he heard the tires screech to a halt on the tarmac. He tensed, preparing himself for a confrontation... but sighed with relief when he saw who was approaching.

"Tony! Shit, I..." He trailed off then shook his head. "I've got no goddamn idea, he just *dropped*... I think I saw someone up there..." Axel blinked, then indicated the wall of the building behind him with a trembling arm. "The others are in the hospital. I've got a feeling this, ah, this wasn't exactly unrelated."

Axel took a breath. "I was keeping a lookout, but, ah, can't exactly do that with this guy here." He glanced at the dented dumpster and hurried across to it, shoving the lid open.

Only to find the dumpster was filled to the top with trash. "*Of course*..." Axel tried to push the crap aside and make a space, but it was no use. He swore and lowered the panel. "No way we can fit him in there."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **September 08, 2018, 08:08:34 PM**

As Tony looked at the mostly pulverized corpse, he shook his head, quickly assessing the situation. "Put him under it. We don't have time to waste. Even with the garbage truck picking up the dumpster to empty it, odds of them noticing the body are slim as they're usually looking up to make sure nothing's wrong with the dumping. And even if they do... by that time we'll be well clear of here." he advised.

"Come on..." He put his gun back into his waistband behind him, and picked up a part of the body (probably an arm) and began hauling it towards the underside of the dumpster. "That doberman guy... what was his name? Buller? I can't remember... he told me you were all out here and might need a ride so... I brought something powerful and fast." he nodded back behind him towards the Duesenberg, idling at the entrance to the alley. "Once we stash this guy... we gotta get outta here. He looks like a worker and he was probably having a smoke break on the roof... meaning one of our friends most likely tossed him off. He'll be missed for his shift and that'll send the hospital on alert." he informed Axel, still assessing the situation and walking himself through it.

"I hope the others aren't... well in too much trouble. Would HATE to have to actually shoot my way in there. Not looking forward to taking on hospital security." By now, the ferret was pushing the body underneath as best he could with his shoes, trying to get him as up against the building as possible. "With any luck... he'll be mistaken for a dead junkie but... I wouldn't bet on that... anyway... I may keep circling once he's taken care of." he stated.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 09, 2018, 09:08:23 AM**

With a strangled oof, Emilena hit the balcony wall stomache-first and dug her claws desperately into the wood. With the wind knocked out of her she had to drop down to the next level before collapsing on the tin balcony floor and gasping for breath once again.

An ominous clear glass door showed the inside of the apartment itself. The lights were off and the room was pitch-black; Emilena hoped it stayed that way but she didn't want to give the occupant any additional time to wake up. Dragging herself to her feet, she looked down at the next floor. She was not looking forward to making that climb, especially considering she'd have to gamble on every level whether someone would be awake in their apartment.

She spotted another option as the last of the light left the night sky and a soft green glow clicked on from the courtyard on the connected side of the building. This complex had a gated swimming pool, and if Emilena could scale a few balconies sideways she could easily make the jump.

After a few pauses waiting for specific rooms to go to sleep before she trespassed on their balcony, Emilena dove off the corner of the building and went cannonballing into the heated pool after a harrowing eight-story fall. As she floated slowly into the shallow end, she debated whether she could just stay in the pool for a bit. *Nobody's here, nobody's probably coming, I'm sure the others can handle finding the—*

Suddenly she felt a slight twinge in her shins. Before she could even do anything about it, it spread to her toes. Then up her torso. She suddenly felt very sick. *Oh crap.* Buller's posion was kicking in!

Staggering out of the pool, she limped for the hospital, body slowly becoming more and more racked with pain. She hoped they'd managed to locate the antidote, because time was running out.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 10, 2018, 01:52:17 AM**

I'll go. Anne sent the message to Marita and Awe. Already, her legs were starting to go numb and tingle. A sign of achylsalt poisoning. Thankfully, her incredible drug tolerance kept the effects at bay but she knew that she had only hours to go before she slipped into a coma. The mare gave off a dark chuckle as she took the elevator up with the group; it looked like she wouldn't be faking the signs of acute poisoning. Thankfully it opened into the augments floor.

Anne quickly stripped off her clothes and tossed them into a linen hamper. She then lay down on a gurney. "Quick!" she whispered to Soren. "Get in an IV!"

The Human looked at her with a puzzled look.

"Goddamnit," she muttered. "I'll do it!"

Soren ducked into a supply closet and returned with an IV set that he handed to her. He watched as she got the needle in place and the fluids hooked up. It was reminder that Anne was intimately familiar with injections and assorted medical procedures due to her usage of drugs. "Go!" she snapped as she lay down.

The Human nodded and unlocked the gurney as he rolled it to room 20. "Got our second patient here!" he said. "Poison control confirms that she's got achylsalt poisoning."

Soren watched as the doctors and nurses arrived with the antidote syringes. Already he could feel the creeping numbness spreading from his toes upward.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 10, 2018, 03:52:47 AM**

Marita too was starting to feel the acytsalts start to affect her, she clenched her teeth as her toes began to tingle. Marita figured that she had 4 hours, top, before she was lapse into a coma. Marita slowly made her way over towards the Augmentation room where she had been to see "Anne", a nurse was in the room preparing the bed for a patient "I hate to intrude, miss, but I'm not feeling well" marita said. "I Mean, really not feeling well." The Nurse a cheetah, took one look at her and motioned for her to get into the bed. "Any symptoms?" the nurse Asked, pulling out a clipboard. "my toes are tingling, like sorta like they're falling asleep. except worse." Marita said as the nurse got an IV ready and hooked her up to it. the Nurse looked at Maritas arms which were starting to change color 'Achylsalts!' the nurse said with a hiss. "I'll put in a call for an antidote. When were you poisoned? Or do you not know?" A couple days ago. mugging. The knife the mugger used had something on it. I didnt think anything of it at first, but now 'Marita said. "I'm Maven" 'Well Maven just hold on.. We'll get you the antidote. pronto' the nurse, whose name was Cleera, said. 'She pressed the intercom. 'Request Achylsalt antidote for room 17, I have a patient here with symptoms of severe achylsalt poisoning. Request Immediate assistance, over."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 11, 2018, 10:19:32 PM**

"Axel?" Emilena staggered into the alleyway from the shadows hugging the opposite building. Her breaths were sporadic and her features were wracked with a sickly pallor. "What's with the fancy car? Is Tony...?" She started when she suddenly noticed the ferret standing beside him. "Oh, it is you! How...?"

She stumbled and clutched her forehead. "Are...uh..." Without further ado, she crumbled to the ground unconscious.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **September 12, 2018, 12:01:00 AM**

As Emilena wandered into sight, Tony quickly retrieved and raised his gun to challenge her, but lowered it as he recognized the very... naked vulpine. "Emilena?" He asked, surprised by this. But as she collapsed in front of them, he gasped, putting his gun back away behind him as he raced over to her. "Oh goddammit!" he cursed. Kneeling down, he felt for her pulse, finding it, but noting it was weak.

"What the hell happened?" he asked, looking to Axel. "We need to get her in the car! Now!" he instructed. "What are the others doing inside? Are they trapped or.. helping out?" he inquired, unsure on the situation as he bent down to start hoisting Emilena up so he could move her to the Duesenberg with Axel's help.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 17, 2018, 02:03:39 AM**

Soren watched as the nurses injected vial after vial into Anne's IV line. He didn't understand half of what they said or the vital signs on the monitor but it sounded like Anne had gotten a *huge* dose of achylsalts. Of course, he was instructed to stay back in the event of the mare suffering any adverse effects. He shot a glance at the Shetland mare; she seemed perfectly lucid and healthy. In fact, she was almost proud of the fact that she had mostly survived a dose of achylsalts that would have killed most others.

A numbness that climbed up his legs was a stark reminder that he was going to be the drug's next victim. He noticed that someone was pushing a cart into room 17 just across from Anne's room. The pharmacy technician was passing over an enormous amount of vials to the nurse in charge.

The Human discreetly slipped out of the room and peered into the room. He noticed Marita on the bed. She too had an IV line in-place. He held a finger to his lips as a sign for the Canine to not say anything. As he watched the vials being passed over and logged, Soren wondered how'd he'd get those vials to Axel and the others. He shot a glance over his shoulder back to Anne's room. Good, they hadn't noticed him missing yet. In the meantime, he wondered where Awe was. Hopefully, he wasn't causing havoc.

 Marie had an IV line inserted and she too, was getting the antidote.

Her phone buzzed with a message sent from Anne's horn: "How do we get antidotes for others?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 17, 2018, 09:31:16 AM**

' Need to find a 'flush shot", which is an inject-able version of the antidote. The drawback is, it knocks you out for 10-15 minutes, longer if you take too much. you'll need to find a place to take it that they will just thank you're taking a nap while you're passed out. Ask for 6 doses of flush shot, claim you have new patients coming in.' Marie texted. . Hurry, we dont have much time. Marie"

—
 marita briefly saw Soren, but pretended like she didnt recognize him. the IV and antidotes were starting to take effect, purging her system of the poison. Marita was starting to feel drowsy , a side effect of the medication. " How are you feeling Maven ' Cleera asked looking over her with her clipboard in paw ' Starting to feel better. 'Marita said " good good, you're likely feeling drowsy, its a side affect of the drugs that we've been trying to minimize , you may nod off a few times in the next hour or so, but your body should be cleaned out by the time you wake up. " could I have some water?' Marita asked ' Of course " Cleera said, going over to the sink and filling a medium sized plastic cup from the dispenser. she then walked over and handed it to Marita who began sipping down the water. " let me know if you need anything else, Maven ' Cleera said.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **September 23, 2018, 12:41:15 AM**

Awe wandered through the hospital looking for the others. While looking he overheard a doctor talking to a nurse. "Make sure that Mr. Olivieri gets his shot."

"Olivieri." Awe said to himself. That was the name of one of his targets a major underworld kingpin he'd been looking to get at for a while. He couldn't let this opportunity pass him by and followed the nurse from a discrete distance after he started walking.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 23, 2018, 05:18:41 AM**

(OOC: Skipping my turn since both of my characters are unconscious or asleep)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 23, 2018, 01:30:46 PM**

Anne had been stabilized and the staff had dispersed to attend to the other patients. She watched as Soren entered the room. "Things going okay?" he asked. It was a show to try and make it seem like the Human was a legitimate doctor.

The mare nodded and beckoned him closer. She had no phone but her horn implant had a text-to-speech system that allowed her to receive text messages. "I got a tip from Marie. Grab the injectable antidotes. We'll need six of them."

"What about you?" Soren asked.

"I'll be fine."

The Human nodded and looked over his shoulder. He saw Cleera exiting Marita's room and turning down the hallway. He took that as a signal to open the door and enter. He looked around and spotted the basket full of the autoinjectors for the antidote. He quickly grabbed all three of them and shoved them in the pockets of his scrubs. "Marita," he said. "We're almost done here...though I do wonder where Awe is."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 23, 2018, 03:15:18 PM**

Axel gaped as Emilena collapsed to the floor, snapping out of it at Tony's voice. Hurrying over to her, Axel stooped and grabbed her legs. "They're in the hospital, looking for an antidote to what Buller gave us." He nodded and together they lifted Emilena off the floor, making for the Duesenberg.

"Some guy told us he'd help out, they're... with him now," he grunted. "Got no idea what happened, something... something must have gone wrong... *shit!*" Axel swore as his foot caught and he always went sprawling. *What the hell...*

A strange numb sensation had started to work its way up his legs, his limbs starting to feel like blocks of wood. "Aw crap! We need to get her in the car now!" Reaching the vehicle, Axel and Tony bundled Emilena in none-too-gently. As soon as she was in, Axel slumped against the side. "I think the poison's doing something..." he tried to explain to Tony - but his vision had started swimming before his eyes.

Dragging his phone out of his pocket, Axel tried to focus on the screen... but the image just became a smeared mess. Fighting back nausea, he closed his eyes and held it out. "Tony, call Soren," Axel said slowly, his voice strained and sickly. "Ask him what the hell's taking so long."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **September 23, 2018, 06:13:49 PM**

As Tony moved towards his car with Emilena and Axel, he noticed Axel nearly trip, and he grunted, looking back to him, and widened his eyes. "Dammit... you OK?" he asked, realizing swiftly there was something wrong with how he was moving... he wasn't moving the way he normally did, even barring his usual clumsiness. And Buller had poisoned them? What was that crafty canine up to? Playing games with them no doubt.

Shoving Emilena into the backseat, he tried to prop her up as much as he could before Axel leaned heavily against the car looking like... oh no... the poison! It had to be the poison! Axel confirmed this shortly after, and Tony shook his head, feeling helpless as he tried to think of what he could do. As Axel fumbled for his phone, the rat seemed to be having problems looking at the screen. Dammit! Dammit!

"Um..." as Axel held the phone out for him, Tony nodded rapidly. "R-r-right! Right!" he agreed. "You get in the car! I'll swing around the front and pick everyone up!" he ordered, running around the massive front of the big Model J as he dialed Soren's number in the phone. "Come on... come on!" he urged quietly, practically throwing himself in behind the wheel of his still idling car. Setting the phone down briefly, he

pushed in the clutch and brake, released the parking brake, and shifted into first gear to get the car rolling. As it started to move, he immediately shifted into neutral, then second, and turned around the back of the building picking up the phone again. "Soren?" he asked, hoping he was there.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **September 23, 2018, 10:07:38 PM**

Awe continued following the nurse from a discrete distance. Though coming around the corner he made an immediate u-turn. He looked back down the hall and saw what he presumed the door to Olivieri's room and the police detective in charge of taking him in in front of it. Awe cursed to himself in German and walked away, it wasn't worth getting arrested he'd be able to get the crime boss another day. He started making his way back to the group.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **September 27, 2018, 10:11:05 PM**

Thats good to hear" Marota said softly ' Drugs are starting to take effect, I'm going to fall asleep in a couple minutes. Make sure everyone gets the antidote in them. Better make sure you take one yourself , so you dont collapse. I wager you're feeling the same effects of numbing feet I was. Its only going to get worse the longer you wait. Emilena and Axel are starting to feel the efects now, I'd wager, if they lose consciousness, they'll slip into a coma within a couple hours. Then, without immediate application of the antidote they'll die. Find, them, get them into treatment, then find a place where you can pass out for 10-15 minutes.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **September 27, 2018, 10:28:20 PM**

Soren moved to catch himself on the doorway as his feet gave out. "Yeah. I'm not sure I have much time left. I'll go find them."

His legs were starting to feel like pillars of concrete but he knew that if he didn't hurry, he'd be dead in a few hours.

The Human hoped that the three would be enough to remove the achylsalt from their systems. Anne, Marita and Marie already had IV lines in place and the stronger antidotes administered. All he had was the three autoinjectors.

Soren immediately ducked out one of the stairwells and quickly headed down the stairs. Thanks to the effort driving up his heart rate, the achylsalts were circulating faster through his body.

Several times, he nearly tumbled down the stairs as his legs gave out but he managed to stumble out into the alleyway. He looked around and saw that it was empty. His fingers trembled as he grabbed his phone from his pocket. He swore as he realized that he missed a call from Axel.

He quickly called the number back. "Axel," he said. "I've got it. I'm in the alleyway in front of the--" Soren grunted as he tumbled to the ground. His legs refused to obey him forcing him to crawl for the dropped cell phone. He picked it back up and tried to see through the haze that began to cloud his vision. "In front of a pharmacy."

The Human didn't bother to hang up as he withdrew one of the autoinjectors and yanked off of the safety cap. Luckily, it had instructions on the side of the device. He pressed it firmly against his thigh and pushed the button at the top. Soren's lower body so numb that he didn't feel the large needle go into his thigh. Almost immediately, he could feel some sensation going back into his legs but drowsiness washed over him.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **September 29, 2018, 04:10:12 PM**

As Soren picked up, he must've naturally thought he was talking to Axel. "It's Tony." the ferret responded, but waited to listen to him. He was outside... in the alleyway they'd just left... goddammit!

Putting the phone on speaker and placing it on the seat next to him, Tony pushed the accelerator down and rapidly whipped the big Duesenberg around in a 180° turn and back the way they'd just come, the parking lot fortunately being big enough for such a maneuver. Easily pushing it up a little to race the big motor car back to the alley, he pulled up with a screech as he braked hard, seeing Soren upon the ground. Bringing the car to a halt by completely pushing in the clutch, he shifted back into neutral, then set the hand brake once more by pulling the lever back, listening to it click multiple times as it went into place.

Throwing the door open, he dashed out to Soren. "Soren!" He called. "Soren! Jesus!" Dropping to his knees, he began searching for the antidotes. "You OK?" he asked, paws groping for anything that felt like an injector or vial or something... and as he found two, he pulled them out, then tried to drag the human forward towards the car. "I brought transportation... the others?" he asked, grunting as he slid him along, releasing him after a few feet. "I'm going to help the others! I'll be back!" He told him, racing over to the car to yank the back door open.

"Here!" He handed an injector to Axel, and looked down at the nude Emilena. Well... the legs were usually good places to jab... he wasn't sure where... just somewhere along the thigh. Looking for a vein as best he could, he pushed the injector against her, then shoved the button down, hoping this worked. Tossing the "pen" into the backseat, he exhaled, looking around at Soren, then back to Emilena. "Please work... please work..." he whispered, unsure really how fast this was supposed to happen. Maybe she wouldn't regain consciousness for several hours... he just wasn't sure, as he wasn't a doctor.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **September 29, 2018, 05:58:44 PM**

Emilena let out a small gasp and her muscles relaxed. She couldn't roll over or move, but it was clear the antidote had done something. "Huh. Uhh, didne whom...unh." Her words were slurred and she drooled with every word. She barely glanced a glance at Tony. "You thins..." she murmured before exhaustion overtook her once again and she slipped into a relaxed stupor.

(OOC: Unless Tony or Awe have things to do, should we have a short timeskip soon to where everyone's waking up?)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **September 30, 2018, 04:45:19 PM**

Biting the inside of his cheek to desperately retain some awareness of his surroundings, Axel flailed with his hands and snatched the injector from Tony's grip. His vision was swimming so he couldn't make out the instructions on the side of the device... but he'd had some experience with injecting substances in the not-too-distant past to know the thigh was a safe bet.

At least you learned one thing in your shitty life, Axel thought somewhat hysterically as he unceremoniously tugged the left side of his jeans down and stabbed the needle into his leg. Pushing the button, he sighed as a cool sensation started to work its way down his leg, and with it some degree of feeling.

With a grunt, he flopped back in the car seat. The injector fell from his fingers and landed with a clunk at his feet. "Jesus, you guys cut it... cut it petty short..." Axel swallowed. His tongue suddenly felt like a lump of lead in his mouth. His head grew fuzzy, eyelids impossible to keep open. "Than-" Axel started to say. Then he collapsed, int unconsciousness and across Emilena.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **September 30, 2018, 09:59:24 PM**

Awe rejoined the rest of the group seeing most of them passed out except one whose face he didn't recognize. "I assume we got what we came for?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 02, 2018, 12:38:20 AM**

As Tony watched the antidotes start to take effect, he hoped to god or whatever existed that this worked... it seemed to make them pass out, but upon studying one of the tubes, he could see that marked drowsiness was a side effect so... perhaps... that was all. The ironic thing was, the hospital was right there... far better equipped to handle this than him, but they were trying to escape so... while he felt this wasn't the entire party, he wasn't sure what to do. They all had phones... they could stay in contact.

As some random person approached him whom he didn't recognize, Tony eyed him. "Hell if I know. Who are you anyway?" He asked, moving over to Soren's form and starting to drag him to the car. "If you're coming along, you can sit in the front. Plenty of room up there. I'm going to head to a hotel I think. Let them recuperate... it'll be close enough to the hospital that we can return here if we need to to pick more up." He explained. Opening the Duesenberg's back door, he placed Soren cleanly on the floor. He wasn't too worried about that, as the floor was carpeted and plush and would actually be quite comfortable.

Heading around to the front, he slid behind the wheel, released the parking brake, and shifted into gear as he brought the big automobile around in a semi-circle so he could head back the way he'd come and out of this hospital parking lot. There was a hotel close by, and as he pulled out of the lot and into the street, he watched the lights play off the red and black hood, flashing by in linear motions as he drove along in silence, keeping one paw resting high up on the wheel as he watched cars move by in the opposite lane. All were boring old electrics... sleek, angular, and all the same. No real excitement or thrill there...

Turning into the hotel lot a short time later, he headed down a ramp into the parking garage, and slid into a spot, killing the engine and looking behind him. "Now... we wait..." he commented, not even going to make the attempt to move everyone himself. Exhaling, he waited patiently, tapping his claws on the wheel before reaching over to the glove compartment, pulling out a book, and beginning to read as he settled back in the seat.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 02, 2018, 12:45:44 AM**

"The name's Awe. I offered my services to your friends to get the medication they needed," Awe replied after he had gotten into the front seat. Awe kept an eye out to make sure that they weren't being followed to the hotel. After they had arrived he looked to the driver of the car. "And your name is?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 02, 2018, 01:04:31 AM**

"Awe, eh? Sorry if I was a little blunt earlier... I didn't recognize you, and I've been through a lot with these guys." he explained, hooking a claw to the trio in the backseat. "My name is Tony, Tony Stracci." Awe would see he was a ferret of fairly typical build, a bit on the lanky side, with nothing too remarkable about his appearance save for his clothing seemed a bit out of 1920s Hollywood. He sported a vest, gray shirt underneath, slacks and a flat cap. He fit right in with the decor of the classic automobile they were sitting in. And of course, anyone worth their grain of salt would recognize the name Stracci as a former mob boss empire mostly turned legitimate in recent years.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 02, 2018, 01:16:00 AM**

"Ah, yes I've heard of you," Awe replied. "The mob boss turned legitimate." Awe chuckled a little. Awe was sure that Tony knew Marcus Olivieri was in the hospital they had just broken out of. "It's good to see

that you made the right choice otherwise we might not be meeting under such friendly circumstances."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 02, 2018, 01:38:27 AM**

"Well honestly it was more my old man was really the glue holding our empire together and I guess I just... couldn't fully follow in his footsteps afterwards. Power wasn't all for me... and I wanted to try... making more of a legitimate run out of it." he explained, scratching the back of his head. "I guess I kind of... accidentally met these guys... ended up helping them out... and we've been buddies ever since." he concluded, giving Awe a nod.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 02, 2018, 02:00:18 AM**

"It's always nice to have a friend or two around when you need them," Awe said. "I mainly wanted to go freelance that's why I quit my corporate job. I felt I could just do more outside of a corporate atmosphere." Awe kept his eyes open scanning around the parking garage with his eyes.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 02, 2018, 10:46:49 AM**

"Certainly is... and while I've kind of been out of the fight for a bit..." he nodded, looking into the back seat briefly. "It's good to be back. Heh... so... former corporate employee, eh?" he asked, grinning now. "I don't blame you on leaving... so you're like a... what?" The ferret noticed him looking about the garage, doing a casual scan as well. "Man with a certain set of skills?" he asked, grinning as he didn't go into much detail beyond that.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 02, 2018, 10:07:40 PM**

"You could say that," Awe replied. "I'm a former assassin for Werner Industries a major arms manufacturer. I may be freelance but that doesn't mean i'm heartless."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 04, 2018, 10:54:03 AM**

"Heh well..." the ferret grinned. "I had somewhat inferred that from your statements but..." he whistled. "Werner Industries, eh? I'm familiar with them... let's just say... did some gun running of their products for my father awhile back... and I always wondered about that too... if you could just switch off, being an assassin and all." he commented thoughtfully. "I'd have problems separating my personal life from the professional, but it sounds like you've found a way."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 04, 2018, 11:58:30 PM**

"Heh, it hasn't been easy," Aw chuckled. "Somedays I find myself wishing I was back on the old job, good paycheck, girls, booze money..." Awe grinned. "But those days are over, now I work for a better cause."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 05, 2018, 06:25:49 AM**

A short time later, Emilena groaned softly as she felt consciousness returning. "Erf..." she muttered. "Man, those achylsalts hit hard...and fast." She tried to sit up, but realized Axel's body was still draped over her.

"Did the others make it out?"

"The others are fine," Tony answered dismissively. "You're the only one who even passed out. Probably because of your underdeveloped immune system."

"My what?"

"You're a child. An eight-year old baby pretending to be an adult. The others know it. I know it. You're not fooling anyone."

Emilena caught something in his tone. "Tony? Are you...mad at me?"

Tony sighed. "Why the hell would *Tony* be mad at you?" He turned around, and with a flash of panic Emilena realized he was really Lily. "*We're* the ones with unfinished business."

"Lily!" Emilena tried to scramble out of the car, but Axel's body was pinning her down.

Lily stared daggers as she climbed into the Model J's backseat. "I sent you a message. I gave you a location. I *need you*. But you failed me. You've let me down, like you always do."

"I'm...working on it!" Emilena recoiled as Lily moved her hand towards her. "Wait, don't kill me!"

"I'm not killing *you*." Lily laid a hand on Axel, and his body started shriveling. Before Emilena's horrified gaze, the rat rapidly aged into a leathery withered corpse. "We had a deal. His life, for the location of the Purifier HQ. You failed at that too."

"Stop!" Emilena couldn't tear her eyes away. "Lily, change him back! I just need more time!"

"Too late. His soul is mine." Lily brushed her hand lovingly against Emilena's cheek. "Maybe you'll try harder for your own," she whispered mockingly, and her voice grew to fill the car. "*Find me. NOW. Or you're next.*"

Emilena woke up with a strangled gasp. "*Augh!*" Head spinning, she tried to sit up and smacked her head against the doorside handle. "*Augh!*" she repeated, this time clutching her head in pain. "Christ..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 05, 2018, 12:13:34 PM**

"Heh..." Tony smirked to Awe at the revelation. "Now that doesn't sound half bad! I mean I kind of was like that in my younger days... bit more reckless... always pissing my dad off..." he grinned, opening his mouth to continue, when suddenly, a noise from the back seat caused him to jerk upright and whip his head around as Emilena proceeded to strike her own head on the door handle.

"Jeez!" the ferret exclaimed. "You all right? You're safe... in the back of my car... we're underground at the moment." he informed her, hoping she wouldn't panic or anything like that, as there were a few others heading to their cars in the garage, all of whom he kept a close eye on. "You uh... OK?" he asked, jamming a toothpick in his mouth as he began twirling it a bit in the corner.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 05, 2018, 05:07:50 PM**

Emilena's dream-awakening had not fully prepared her for how dizzy she'd feel upon actually waking up. Her tongue felt like chalk and cold flashes left her skin feeling clammy. "Ughhh..." she groaned, burying her face in her hands. "I'm...fine." She shivered and elected to stay under Axel just for his warmth. "Considering I should be dead. Thanks, sincerely." She looked at the two in the front of the car. "To both of you. Tony for administering this stuff and Awe for being the only reason we managed to get it in the first place."

She wiped cold sweat out of her eyes. "That being said, I wouldn't say no to, maybe a sweater..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 05, 2018, 07:08:04 PM**

The sound of voices reached Axel. Dim, far away. *Urgh... who's talking? It's late, just let me sleep!* He groaned as he became aware of a deep, painful throbbing in his head, like a fist knuckling the inside of his skull. Had it been another late night? Too much to drink again? He didn't remember drinking... *Not that that means much, I guess.*

Axel grunted as something moved under him, a warm body. "Lily, what's -" His cheek brushed fur, and he stopped. *Fur?* Creaking open his eyes, Axel looked blearily around himself, blinking as he saw Tony sitting up front. Had they gone out together? But then...

Recollection hit him like a tonne of bricks. Eyes wide, Axel looked up to see who he was lying on, and he froze, mouth hanging open dumbly, when he saw it was Emilena.

"Yargh!" He jerked up, his back slamming against the door in his haste to sit up. "Christ, I'm sorry!" Axel winced as the sudden movement sent a jolt of pain shooting through his brain. "*Argh*, my head..." Taking a second to collect himself, he opened his eyes. "So we made it out? Thanks for getting us out of there Tony, saved our asses..." Axel paused when he noticed the other figure sitting up front.

"Oh... you're here too." He blinked at Awe, one hand still rubbing his temple. "So you came through for us... I, ah, guess I owe you thanks too. If we didn't get those antidotes, that could've been ugly."

Axel glanced across at Emilena, frowning as it only just dawned on him that she had nothing to wear. He hesitated, then unzipped his hoodie, offering it to her. "You can borrow this, if you want. Sorry about the, ah, stains..." As he held it out, Axel looked about. "Wait, where're the others? We've gotta go, if anyone finds out we were here..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 05, 2018, 07:17:06 PM**

As rat and vulpine came awake, the ferret offered them a small smile, and a nod. "Think nothing of it... when I heard you guys were in trouble... even if it might've been a trap... I decided what the hell? Get my ass down here and bail you out." He watched as Axel provided his sweater to the naked Emilena... which was good, as his dual-cowl phaeton wasn't exactly the most... private car you could be driving about in, even with the windows up.

"The others?" Tony wrinkled his snout up here. "Uh... I would assume back at the hospital. We're really only missing the hounds." he stated, referring to Marita, Rose, and Marie. "I figured the hospital was as safe a place as any for them... and since I figured we needed to get you three off the streets... I took the decision to drive a few blocks away to this hotel, which I knew had a large underground parking garage... perfect to just sit here unassumingly and wait for you guys to wake up." he explained. Pulling the toothpick out of his mouth, he tossed it aside.

"Anyway, we can head back over there if you want... it's only a few blocks away." he offered, resting his right arm on the back of the front seat so he could look at everyone involved.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 05, 2018, 10:09:56 PM**

"Would be a good idea to go get them," Awe noted. "They should be awake soon and will be needing transportation."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 06, 2018, 12:24:58 AM**

Soren muttered something as he slowly began to stir. He weakly pushed the door open and emptied what little was in his stomach out onto the pavement. He rubbed his head. "Fuck me," he muttered. "Anyone got some aspirin? Feels like my brain got reformatted."

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and spat a few times to get the taste of bile from his mouth. "Ugh, let's hope the others are doing better."

Anne was indeed doing better as the stage of poisoning wasn't as severe as the others. That and she had an IV line that was giving her plenty of fluids. She pressed the button for the nurse. Hopefully she could simply be discharged and they won't be asking too many questions about how she got poisoned.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 06, 2018, 12:28:50 AM**

Marita and marie stirred in their hospital rooms, both slowly feeling the after effects of the drugs used to clean out their systems' Marita sat up in her bed and sent a text to anne and soren " Up in bed. Feeling worlds better. will be needing a pickup. Marie will be getting out a couple minutes after me Will be waiting near the hospital enterance- MARita ' Marita sent the text, then grabbed a small mirror that lay on a tray near her and looked into it. Her arms had returned to their normal color, amd size, and Marita felt her normal energy return- the poison had drained her of much of her vitality and spunk.

-
marie was up in her hospital bed, looking at some magazines left by a previous patient Hmm. those Met gala dresses must cost a fortune" she said to herself.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 06, 2018, 12:45:04 AM**

Emilena slipped Axel's hoodie on gratefully, but wrinkled her nose at the prospect of returning to the hospital. "Honestly, can we just call them an Uber or something? We have no way of knowing if they didn't blow their cover. The place could be crawling with cops."

Then Soren's phone received the text and they learned the girls were fine. "Objection withdrawn, I guess," Emilena shrugged. "Let's grab them and figure out what to do next. Were we still planning to follow Buller's tip to the Durwent District? We don't really have any other leads."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 06, 2018, 02:43:27 AM**

"I'm pretty sure they didn't. You guys seem like the type who wouldn't blow their cover from what I've seen of you," Awe noted.

"And besides the cops that are there are busy."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 06, 2018, 06:07:28 PM**

Nodding, Tony winced as Soren's vomit just missed the running board... just. "Ugh... well... at least you're... getting better." He added, wrinkling his snout up at the stench, looking to all three of them. "I have a medical kit in the trunk... might have some aspirin in there." he commented. "Hold on..." Getting out, he moved to the back of the massive car, and undid the clasps on the trunk, throwing up the lid and hmmm as he pulled out the kit and began rooting around inside of it. "Aha!" he exclaimed, yanking out a bottle and replacing the kit, then shutting the trunk before he walked back around towards the front.

"Here you are!" He tossed the aspirin container towards Soren. "Let's get going then. We'll swing back around, pick them up and you said... Durwent District? What's down there?" he asked, sliding back behind the wheel and pulling out the starter button, listening to the straight-eight come back to life with a

grumble. No need to choke the engine or advance the spark, as it was a warm start. Pushing it back in, he looked behind him, then shifted into reverse, released the parking brake, and backed the big Duesenberg out into the lane. Shifting down into first, he began rolling, then up shifted into neutral and then second almost immediately.

"So uh... Buller... tipped me off you guys were down here... and he wants us to head to the Durwent District? What are we looking for next?" he asked, spiraling up the ramp and back out into the open air. Pulling out to the main street, he waited before turning left and into traffic, heading back the way he'd come about 30 minutes before. The wind blew his fur back a bit, causing the ferret to smile as he enjoyed the openness of the dual-cowl phaeton. Hospital was only a few blocks away, and it took them less than 5 minutes to cover that distance.

Making another left turn into the hospital parking lot, he cruised down the slight dip and looked for visitor parking, pulling smoothly into a spot and shifting into neutral to leave the engine idling, setting the parking brake once again with multiple clicks as he pulled the lever back. "OK well... someone text or call them and let them know we're out front. Hard to miss red and black Duesenberg Model J." he smirked, tapping a claw on the top of his door. "Durwent... that's uh..." looking up, the ferret thought. "30 minutes or so from here... not too far." he said softly, mostly to himself as he began plotting out their route. "Oh!" he turned around to the three in the back. "There's two jump seats you can unfold back there for them. Should be able to get everyone inside... though one may have to sit on the floor in the back in between the jump seats. Still... should be OK." he nodded.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 06, 2018, 07:05:47 PM**

"I can't remember if you met her, but there was this pink-furred teenager tagging along with us before," Emilena replied, extending her hand to Soren as if requesting some aspirin. "Two weeks ago we sent her and Rose to infiltrate a bar where a person of interest was frequenting. Rose blew their cover and things went to hell. Nobody knows what happened to Rose, but the purifiers had a tracker on Flora and our target has brought her to the Durwent District, at the spot on this map," she handed Tony the tourist pamphlet where Buller had circled a warehouse.

She felt a cold shiver trickle down her spine, remembering Lily's warning. But she repressed it. They'd wasted enough time at the hospital, and Lily might have just been a dream anyway. "The target is connected to whatever group has been framing us and the Purifiers in the papers, and sadly that's all we know about them. We're thinking a visit to pickup Flora might fix that."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 09, 2018, 12:28:23 AM**

Marita and Marie were soon discharged from their rooms, and they made their way to the parking lot MArota started as she saw the fancy Duesenburg " well, well Tony Stracci. He always loved his fancy cars.' Marita said a she went to the the passenger seat and opened the door, before seeing the others inside ' Hello everyopne. You all look, better" she stopped as she saw the vomit on the flor " well.. MOSTLY better. Is there room for Marie and I?' She asked.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 09, 2018, 12:31:19 AM**

Emilena leaned over the backseat and setup the jump seats Tony had mentioned. "You'll have to share these with Anne," she replied over her shoulder. "Where is she, anyway?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 09, 2018, 01:02:07 AM**

shes still inside i'd wager, probably getting released" Marita said " so the good news , is we've escaped the worst that poison could have done to us, and we have a lead on where Flora is. I have no idea where

Rose is, maybe Flora knows where she is, maybe not. Cant hurt to ask. The bad news, however is we are basically out of money. I think we're down to a few thousand creds."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 13, 2018, 01:31:32 AM**

Anne had opted to discharge herself from the hospital despite, the doctors insisting that she stay for overnight observation. In the end, they made her sign a disclaimer saying that she was doing so against medical advice and Darwin's Hope wouldn't be liable if she died or anything along those lines happened.

A nurse helped her into a wheelchair and a young Dhole slowly wheeled her to the elevator. The young Canine was trying to chat with her but the Shetland Pony's splayed out ears indicated that she wasn't interested.

Soon, she was stationed in the airy reception area of the front of the hospital. Despite the open atrium with the sunlight streaming in, the only attempt at decoration were some potted plants in the corner.

The mare tuned out the volunteer attempting to make small talk and decided to occupy herself by listening to all the phone conversations that buzzed around. While she was listening, she heard the company Brennan Synthetics being mentioned quite often.

Soren chewed up and swallowed the aspirin as there was no water available. The bitter taste of the pills evoked a long stream of profanities as he swallowed repeatedly in an attempt to get the taste out of his mouth.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 13, 2018, 04:01:01 PM**

Smirking as Marita came out, he nodded. "Well hello yourselves! And yep! Two jump seats in the back." he hooked a claw to the backseat as Emilena got them set up (perfect, as seven passengers was ideal for this car). Reaching around, he took the pamphlet from the vulpine and began looking it over, nodding. "Right... not too far then. I think I remember her... yes. Flora... right?" he asked in reference to the "pink furred teenager." Shifting into reverse, Tony released the parking brake and began pulling out, deciding that the wait was over, as they'd been idling a good 20 minutes, and he didn't want to draw further attention to them than was necessary.

Backing out of the spot, he put the car in first and began heading for the exit of the hospital. "So basically... Flora and Rose vanished... Flora we know at least her location... and our target is holding her... being linked to this group that's responsible for framing us and the Purifiers... got it." he nodded, turning right and heading back the way he'd come, but this time blowing by the hotel as they headed for the Durwent District. He rode along easily in second, sticking to the speed limit for now, not needing to shift the big Duesenberg into high gear.

"So money wise... I can assist with that." he told Marita. "Even if the hospital burned up your funds, wouldn't mind helping you guys out. Hey uh..." he looked into the rear view mirror, trying to catch Emilena's gaze. "Shouldn't we uh... maybe get you some clothes?" he suggested, passing one exit after another as they made their way closer to the Durwent District.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 13, 2018, 04:44:16 PM**

"I would appreciate that..." Emilena tugged Axel's hoodie to keep it as low as possible. "I'll pay you back. Someday."

Ten minutes later they'd pulled into the parking lot of a 24-hour supermarket. "I hope they have my size in black," she told Tony, stepping gingerly out of the car. It was very early morning, the sun wasn't even

up yet, so there weren't many other cars in the lot.

Still, Axel's hoodie barely covered her pelvic region, and she needed to do something about the dried blood on her legs. "Before we go inside, I need a quick wash," she muttered to Tony under her breath. Slinking to the back alley, she found a spigot and turned it on to create a flow of frigid water. "Cover me, woulda?" She handed him Axel's hoodie and began washing herself off as quickly as possible.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 13, 2018, 04:52:46 PM**

Nodding, Tony took the next exit, and drove a few blocks to the supermarket, pulling in and shut the engine off as he stepped out with her. "Not sure you exactly need to pay me back." he told her, shaking his head. "Still... it's the thought that counts." he admitted, stepping off the running board and beside his car as he shut the door.

Nodding to her again, he accompanied her to the back alley, noting that indeed she did need a bit of a clean up. As he took the hoodie from her, he turned around, holding the hoodie behind his back and clasping his paws back there as well as he rose and fell a bit on his foot paws, pushing up onto the balls before letting himself sink back to flat feet. "Mind if we talk briefly inside the store?" he asked, looking left and right in slow, sweeping gazes, but not turning around. "Just wanted to get your take on a few things while you pick something out."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 13, 2018, 04:58:59 PM**

"Yeah, of course." Emilena shivered violently in the drafty alleyway air as she turned the spigot off. "Y-you've been out of all this for a few months, I'm sure you could use some catchup. I bet that was one confusing hell of a reintroduction at that hospital."

She had to fight to keep her teeth from chattering. Luckily, the draft caused her fur to dry relatively fast, and she was able to take her hoodie back and limp into the supermarket.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 13, 2018, 05:38:09 PM**

"Good... and yes." he felt her take the hoodie, and began walking into the store without turning around, letting her draw even first before looking over to her. "So first off..." he began. "I need to know if there's anyone in the group you don't trust... I assume this isn't the case but... thought I'd know, just in case. Second... do you have some sort of... exit strategy against the Purifiers? I know at the moment our causes are kind of united and singular, but I mean... I assume at some point... you'll either strike back at them or just... quietly leave. So I was wondering about that." he explained, not making much eye contact as he was trying to avoid any curious onlookers picking up on them.

"Third... what exactly has been going on lately?" he asked simply, knowing she'd understand what he meant.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 13, 2018, 06:05:36 PM**

"We don't have an endgame, as far as I know," Emilena admitted, leading the way to the clothing aisle. "We honestly just tried it. Two months ago we all split up and went our separate ways, off the grid. Buller rounded us up without another thought. And I haven't had time to devise a new plan since we were racing the clock surviving his poison."

"As for trust...honestly, with the Purifiers gone, the rest of us have been here for the long haul." Emilena grumbled when she couldn't find a turtleneck in her size. "The Lanthae survivors. Awe's the only newcomer, but he had a perfect opportunity to do nothing and watch us die in that hospital..." She looked

approvingly at a black long-sleeved shirt. "Of course, that leaves Lily. Which leads into your third question."

She found a pair of black sweatpants and slipped them on without another thought. "The others don't know about this. Well, Axel does but he's too strung out to care. Lily's been...*haunting* the group, for lack of a better word." Emilena sighed. "She's retained some psionic powers from the Lanthae incident. She can heal or kill someone just by touching them, and she can regenerate from any injury. And I mean *any*. One time she threw herself into a wood chipper and I watched her reconstruct herself from the pulp."

Emilena shuddered. "I had to strike all these deals with her to stop her from killing everyone. I don't think she sees people as *people* anymore. I thought I had her under control, but now she's just disappeared. Without a trace. And that...that terrifies me," she confessed. "I can't control her if I can't talk to her. And she's too erratic to control herself. She could show up any minute and do literally anything, there's no telling what her goals are right now." She glanced at the self-checkout stands. She was ready to go, but if Tony wanted anything for himself, this was the time to get it.

Maybe she shouldn't be telling Tony all this...but at this point she didn't care. He was the only one of them with a shot at fleeing the scene and living a peaceful life away from all this. He deserved to know the whole situation he was getting involved in.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 13, 2018, 08:11:05 PM**

Nodding, he pursed his lips. "Hm... perhaps we should devise something." he told her quietly. "Best to have some sort of exit strategy. Buller... he was that aggressive... what was he? A doberman?" he asked now, taking something off the shelf. Why not? This might be the only opportunity to get some food after all.

"All right... all trustworthy... that's good... I just wanted to make sure... just in case." he commented, moving to the self check out and scanning everything, then paying for it. But as Lily was mentioned, he paused, and then outright narrowed his eyes. "Uh... that doesn't sound like she kept 'some' of her powers..." he commented, moving for the exit. "That sounds like... she became a fucking god." He commented. "Perhaps it's best we avoid her... she sounds totally uncontrollable, and extremely dangerous... wrap up the mission, then hunt her down if you want." he suggested, exiting out into the cold morning air. "I just think something like that could severely compromise us or... kill us." he commented.

"And Axel is strung out?" he inquired, raising a brow as he once more got behind the wheel, and started up the Duesey. He didn't mind that the rat was now in earshot. He didn't realize his old pal was... strung out. Backing out of the spot, he got the Duesenberg rolling again as they began to head back down the road. Only about 10 minutes to go now... and they'd be there. The headlights cut through the predawn gloom, and the instrument panel lights gave out a gentle glow so that Tony could see everything on the stately metallic panel, bathing his face in a yellowish light as he drove along.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 13, 2018, 09:28:30 PM**

The ink-filled capsules attached to the pants and shirt beeped and detached when the clothes were scanned through the self-checkout.

Before they reached the car, Emilena lowered her voice and explained one last thing about Lily. "We don't need to find her. Lily sent me a message while I was in the hospital," she whispered. "She wants me to visit her in our old hideout. But it's on the complete opposite side of the city, hours out of our way, and we don't have that time at the moment." She gulped. "And, frankly, it's something I should do alone since she's probably going to kill me."

With one last forced smile, she climbed back into the Duesenberg, swapped Axel's hoodie for her new longsleeved black shirt and returned it to its rightful owner. "So," she asked the group, "when we reach Flora's safehouse, who's coming in with me and who's keeping the getaway car warm?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 13, 2018, 10:32:00 PM**

"I'll go with you," Awe said. "If you need someone in a fight I'm your man."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 14, 2018, 12:11:14 AM**

As Emilena shared that last bit of info, Tony stared dead ahead as they moved down the highway, that anxiety in the pit of his stomach rising. She would go to find Lily... to be killed? But then... that... would just mean Lily would continue to exist... and potentially destroy everything... what kind of a solution was that?

It left him feeling unsettled as he moved onto the exit and towards the Durwent District. "I'll go." he said. "There isn't anyone in this city that would know how to even drive this car if they tried to steal it so... I think we're good. I don't mind leaving it alone." He commented. "I can show whomever stays behind how to start it as well... since it'll be a hot start... won't be complicated." he assured them.

Moving the little knob on the steering wheel downwards to switch off the headlights as the car approached the warehouse, the sun was just starting to rise. Tony also turned off the dash lights, and steeled himself as he bumped the Model J along the uneven road and pulled up to the correct one. "OK... here we go." he said, not switching the car off just yet as he waited to determine who was going in, moving the massive shift lever down into neutral and setting the parking brake.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 14, 2018, 03:01:02 AM**

(Durwent District)

While warehouses stretched in every direction from the block the Model J was currently parked in front of, this particular street contained what few luxury houses sat in the dead center of the industrial section. Due to being surrounded on all sides by factories, they were dotted with the heaviest air purifiers on the market, and the unmistakable architecture of the ultra-rich permeated the structures.

These houses were only affordable (or even desireable) by owners or high-ranking employees of the Durwent factories. Getting in or out would not be easy, as these residents were almost certainly protected by the best security systems money can buy.

"It's a lonely life out here, I won't lie. Usually Emile and I won't see anyone but the other farmers for months..."

Flora groaned sleepily as a documentary on the television began infiltrating her dreamless slumber. She hadn't been wholly aware she'd fallen asleep after her afternoon romp with Bianca (<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1d9V0zeKk-G3mqRbmXH2Yx4eHS8nYanCx8iU6WeuCJIQ/edit>), but now that she looked over she saw that it was almost 4am, and her partner was no longer in the bed next to her.

"So are you saying your polyamory is normal for people out here in the Lanthae Wastelands?" the reporter on the TV asked, pressing his microphone towards a pair of dirt-streaked vulpine farmers.

"It takes an unusual sort to even want to live out in these deserts," chuckled the husband. *"No internet, no entertainment, no contact with the civilized world...you get to know your few neighbors REALLY well."*

Flora clicked the TV off. "Bianca?" she called out, tentatively climbing out of bed. "You...still here?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **bushwacked** on **October 14, 2018, 01:24:35 PM**

Axel stared at the properties across the street as the Model J slowed to a halt. He blinked, coming to the same conclusion as Emilena - there was no way whoever designed these houses didn't account for any intruders.

"Don't count me in for a fight like this guy," he said, waving a hand in Awe's direction. "But they'll have security systems coming out the ass over there. I should be able to see where they are, help get around them. And I could do with the fresh air."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 14, 2018, 03:49:22 PM**

Bianca came in the room, her eyes bleary ' Hi Flora, got called out for a late night craving by one of the guards. Cheap git, gave me just 3 creds more than the food cost. " She sighed. " ah well, I got him his food, and hes happy. You've been sleeping for hours. Out like a light. And I had my evening chores to take care of. " She said, taking a seat in front of the large screen TV.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 14, 2018, 10:44:11 PM**

(OOO: I posted a character sheet for Kintoki in the discussion thread)

Emilena nodded and glanced at Soren, the last car occupant to decide on his post. "Looks like we're breaking into a residential house, not a warehouse. This might be a good thing for us. Once we've found the right house, I think the first thing we should do is cause a power out. Few people would notice this late at night, and we'd have a few minutes to enter the building while the systems switch to the backup power supply. Soren and Awe, you're the professionals in this matter, what do you think?"

Flora smiled and gave Bianca a quick kiss while she walked by. "So you just gonna live here now?" She asked, even while walking to the kitchen to make herself some food. "I mean, you know I'd love that, but I don't want you to get in trouble with your bosses."

She clicked the light on in the kitchen. She hadn't done the dishes in a few days due to hanging out with Bianca, and she certainly didn't feel like doing them now, so she opened the windows and pushed the curtains aside to get some airflow. She turned on the stove and started boiling a pot of water for ramen, not even noticing the old-fashioned car sitting a short ways down the street.

Kintoki was sleeping in his bedroom-slash-security observation room.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 15, 2018, 06:57:08 PM**

Anne was slumped against the seat and currently asleep.

Soren was pondering over what Emilena said. "That'd work but we have to keep in mind that there may be a battery back up system that can instantly switch over to keep things going until the generator kicks in." He rubbed his chin. "I saw we take out all three of these at once. And then we get going." He then noticed the faint golden bands of the sun peeking through the dark, glassy towers of the industrial buildings. "But we have hurry. Those guys might be starting work soon and then we'll be in *real* deep shit."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 18, 2018, 03:34:26 AM**

"An simultaneous attack on both the backup and main could cripple them," Awe noted. "Do we have a map of the area of the area and locations of the generators?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 18, 2018, 04:43:29 AM**

"We don't even know which house is the right one, so that's the first step." Emilena unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed out of the car. "Everyone split up and start checking houses. Look for a building that doesn't have a sticker advertising the security company, since I doubt Brennan would trust a third party with their security. Might be other clues too."

She headed west down the street, eyeing the closest house. This one had a lot of used lawn equipment and looked to be halfway through finishing a garden renovation, so she doubted it was the safehouse. She continued onto the next one.

Unfortunately, the house with Flora visible from the kitchen window was eastward down the street...

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 18, 2018, 11:48:08 AM**

well i've bneen told to keep an eye on you, so you'll see quite a bit of me ' i wont be ' living' with you per se, but i'll be a regular presence.' Bianca said going over to the window and loking out as shree scanned upward and down the street she noticed a number of people walking around, loking at the houses ' Flora! get away from the window! there's.. weird-looking people coming up the street! could be thugs, Purifiers, Gods-know-what!' close the windows! pull up the shutters! Now!' she hissed ' closing the window and shuttering it., then heading into the kitchen.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 18, 2018, 06:48:31 PM**

Shutting off the Duesenberg, Tony exited, and began walking down the street after locking the car. He went east, while Emilena was going west it seemed. He wasn't immediately sure if others were following him just yet. As he strolled along, looking nonchalantly at the houses, he saw Flora through the kitchen window of one, and suddenly, before he could react much, one of the windows was shuttered up and closed off to him.

"Hey!" the ferret whispered loudly back to Emilena, hoping she hadn't gone too far as he half turned his head to see her. Snapping his claws twice, he subtly pointed to the home, not raising his arm from his side to do so, but thrusting it forward just slightly to point in its direction before resting it at his side again. He then kept walking, not wanting to break stride lest he arouse suspicion.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 18, 2018, 09:48:30 PM**

With a bang, the door to the back room swung open and Kintoki stomped into the kitchen, causing Flora to squeal in surprise. "Where are the Purifiers?" he snarled. He was already wearing his heavy metallic exoskeleton, but his youthful face diminished the fear he hoped to provoke.

"There aren't any, Jesus!" Flora exclaimed, spilling boiling water on the stove and causing a hiss of steam. "Bianca's just paranoid, it's probably the neighbors!"

Kintoki saw the Great Dane and blinked in confusion. "...Who are you?"

"Oh please, she's been here all day. As if you weren't on your cameras watching us have sex a few hours ago," Flora rolled her eyes.

"I did nothing of the sort!" Kintoki protested, flushing red. "Is that why you're naked in the kitchen at four in the morning?"

"I woke up for a midnight snack! Is that illegal?" Flora snarled.

"Yes! I have to report everything you do to Coxon." Kintoki suddenly noticed the wide open window. "Speaking of which, you can't leave windows open like this! This is a safehouse, not a hotel!"

"But it's stuffy in here," Flora protested.

He quickly shut and locked the window, then drew the curtains shut. "Too bad. Now go back to bed and don't make any noise until I've confirmed the perimeter is secure."

"OK, but don't shoot Bianca, she's allowed to be here!" Flora called after him as he marched to the front room. Grumbling, she re-opened the curtains and took a look for herself at the intruders. The only one she could make out was an unfamiliar ferret minding his own business. "*Secure the perimeter*, godsakes, what is this, a war zone?"

Then a very familiar vixen approached from further down the sidewalk. She stopped in front of the house, and she and Flora locked eyes.

Flora felt a cold flash wash over her. "Errr, maybe I'll put my clothes on, just to be safe," she stammered, darting to the bedroom as fast as possible.

Outside, Emilena quickly gave Tony an affirmative nod and rushed back to the car. "We've IDed the right house," she jabbed her thumb surreptitiously. "Let's move it. Awe, Soren, Marita, if you got any tricks now's the time."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 18, 2018, 10:41:30 PM**

So you've seen Flora?' Marita said coming up to them, she had been looking on the other side of the street. She looked at the house, noticing a pair of security cameras over the front door. 'hmm' twin camera, which doubtlessly feed into a main control room, and i would imagine the interior rooms all have cameras. this doesn't look like the hardest security system i've gotten into. first off, blinding these outside cameras alone would alert security, so whoever is watching would get forewarning. There are two options. we do a domino, where we progressively blind and overload the system, which would, also kill all power in the house. then theres the tidal wave option, where everything is shut down at once. we would have, maybe 10-15 mijinutes to get flora out, by my calculation, before power would return sand security would send out a trigger warning. . less than that with the domino, maybe 3-5 minutes"

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Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 24, 2018, 12:44:23 AM**

Soren turned to Anne. "Can you help us with eavesdropping?"

The mare's ears swiveled back and forth as her tail swished. She shook her head. "Transmissions are encrypted. I have an older model implant so I can't break them. You're on your own for this. All I can do is detect signals and electromagnetic fields. I won't be able to listen in to the contents."

"Good enough." Soren licked his lips as he tried to still his pounding heart. He looked at the door. The door was flanked by two security cameras and he suspected that the door was probably reinforced. He then turned to Anne. "We'll take out the back up battery."

Anne nodded. "Sounds fine to me. Unfortunately, I don't think we have any weapons."

"Hopefully some gardener left some tools lying around or something. We'll make do." Soren then nodded. "Let's do it."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 24, 2018, 02:05:33 AM**

"Soren's right," Emilena revealed a trowl and handed Soren a pair of shears she'd swiped from next door. "Next house to the west was working on his lawn, these were the most concealable options but anyone who wants to rummage, they're still over there."

She glanced at Awe. "This is your forte, just let us know what to do and we'll get to work."

Kintoki walked into the bedroom, where Flora was just fixing her newly-donned shirt. "I don't see any evidence of intruders," he reported.

"I'm *shocked*, shocked I tell you." Flora rolled her eyes. "Can you stop blocking the TV?"

Kintoki folded his arms. "Well, aren't we in a good mood. You know that if your girlfriend causes any more false alarms, I'm going to expel her from the premises?"

"You could try. What, are *you* going to go buy groceries? Walk around Target dressed like the Iron Giant?" Flora scoffed. "You wanna threaten Bianca, go do it to her face. She's on your payroll, not mine."

Kintoki grumbled as he walked into the kitchen. "What exactly is going on that caused your outburst?" he asked Bianca. He glanced out the window. There was indeed a car parked further down the road (Duesenberg Model J, if he recalled his old silent movies correctly) but it was too dark to make out the occupants. And considering its anachronistic and well-kept appearance, he assumed it was simply one of their wealthy neighbors returning from a vintage car show.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 24, 2018, 02:30:14 AM**

"I'll take out the security systems," Awe said. He looked to the others. "Once the system and lights are off go in and start clearing rooms. As for weapons, take them off the guards after you've taken care of them."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 24, 2018, 12:53:09 PM**

As Tony wandered nonchalantly back down the street, crossing over to the other side to avoid suspicion, he approached his Duesenberg with his paws thrust in his pockets. "I've got a Glock 19 on me." he said softly as he padded on up. "I did bring a laser rifle as well if anyone wants to use it." he looked around him. "It's in the trunk..." Walking around to the back of the car, he popped the latches and opened up the literal trunk attached to the back of the Model J on the luggage rack, revealing some spare clothes, the med kit from before, and the laser rifle in the bottom, just poking out from underneath the clothes.

Glancing to the house, he looked back down again. "Just act like we're coming back from a long trip." he said quietly, pretending to root through the trunk as he actually moved some of the clothes out of the way. "They're looking over here but not in what I'd say is a suspicious fashion." he commented, not looking back up. "I wouldn't mind taking part in the assault... covering anyone who needs it... helping protect the withdrawal."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 27, 2018, 07:53:26 PM**

I saw a bunch of people walking up and down the street looking in at windows ' Bianca said. " they arent there NOW, but they were there. i'm not known for overreacting Kintoki, I've been here long enough for that reputation." she sighed ' flora is shall we say a touch lax about security, leaving the window open where anyone can see her." then turned to kintplo ' shouldnt you be handling outside security? that is your job. my job is to be the meal gopher." bianca said. ' speaking of which its almpost time to go on a early breakfast run. i'll need about 100 creds or so. you want something specific, better tell me now.' Bianca said.

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Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 27, 2018, 08:34:57 PM**

Kintoki's face softened. "I'm sorry, Bianca, you're right. I shouldn't let Flora get under my skin like that." He handed her a 100c chip. "Get me one of those alcoholic energy drinks they sell at the gas station. I don't need any food."

He glanced out the window again. Besides the neighbor's fancy car, he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary. "If you saw creeps peeking through the windows, we need to heighten security. You should take this as well." He handed her a lightweight silver pistol with a snub barrel. "This brand fires cartridge-free bullets with self-contained propellants. Thirteen shots, no recoil whatsoever, perfect for untrained users. If anyone bothers you, come back inside immediately and warn me."

He pressed a button on his arm. "Also, let one of my Tactical Defense Roombas escort you to the car." A compartment opened up and three small black discs came rolling out from under the sink cabinet. "I'll have two patrolling the outside and one in Flora's room. They're armed with heat-sensitive optical scanners and can fire 200 armor-piercing rounds a minute."

One of the TDRs buzzed obediently to the front door and waited for Bianca. Another left out the petflap on the backdoor and began its route around the house. The last one rolled into Flora's room, who looked at it curiously.

Emilena quickly passed Axel the trowel and grabbed the laser rifle. "Positions, people. Awe, we'll be waiting for your signal."

She crawled to the hedges separating the safe house from their neighbor and crouched behind them, out of sight. Checking to make sure the laser rifle was loaded and cocked, she kept her eyes on Awe, ready to open fire to defend him if he experienced any trouble.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **October 27, 2018, 10:18:03 PM**

"Got it." Awe approached the outside power source and placed a small charge on it. He took cover and gave a three two one countdown on his fingers before pressing the button. The security cameras went offline. Awe rushed to the door taking position next to it and signaled the group shooting out the lights above the door with a silenced pistol. "now all we need is the power to go off for the building."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 27, 2018, 11:07:13 PM**

Bianca pocketed the credit chip and turned to head out ' i shouldnt be long . 15 minutes tops." she finished and headed out of the door, just as the security cameras went dark.

_marita was typing away on her computer, and beginning the overload prgran. ' 30 seconds to input ' Marita said. the lights will be out in a few seconds"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **October 28, 2018, 03:21:42 AM**

Bianca's roomba whirred as it escorted Bianca down the front porch.

Inside, the lights died on cue. Kintoki cursed and set his arm cannon to charge up. "Flora!" he shouted. "Come to me, quickly!"

"Give me a gun!" Flora pleaded, as she saw Kintoki sprint into her room. "Something to defend myself!"

He shook his head. "Can't, Bianca has it." Fiddling with the Roomba, he sent it rolling out if the room. "Let's hope they don't get this far," he muttered. "This house has more than a few tricks up its sleeve..."

"Who? Are you sure this isn't just a regular powerout?" Flora asked anxiously, brandishing her bedside lamp.

Outside, Emilena darted across the neighbor's side of the hedge and started vaulting over to enter the backyard. She didnt get far when she heard something robotic priming itself, and several rounds of machine gun ammo sent her scrambling back where she was. The automatic fire ended the second she'd left the safe house premises. *What the hell was that?* She peeked over the hedge. Whatever spotted her, it was either too dark or too small to see.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **October 28, 2018, 01:15:55 PM**

Tony moved to cover Emilena on the right, closer towards the front of the house, but he stayed more towards the middle, then drifted left towards the back as he watched Emilena head over the hedge of the neighbor's yard. As he moved to the right angle of the back corner of the house in order to cover her in the background, he heard the same powering up whine.

As he scanned the predawn darkness, the barest hints of light splitting the sky, he narrowed his eyes when gunfire erupted, driving Emilena back over the hedge, and it soon ceased shortly after. As Tony looked to the ground, having noticed the trajectory of the bullets as they buzzed the hedge, he saw a... was that a Roomba? A small vacuum puck on the ground? There looked to be an opening for a gun barrel, and he raised his brows, then took quick aim and fired off two rounds at it from his Glock, the bullets glancing off the armored surface with whirs.

Quickly ducking back behind the hedge, he panted. "Robotic drone guard! Looks like a Roomba!" He whispered to the vulpine. "Armored shell, but the laser may be able to take it out!" he told her.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **October 30, 2018, 07:34:00 PM**

Soren and Anne had taken out the battery backup by the time Awe planted the charges. It was a simple task with Anne and Soren ripping out the wires that connected the rest of the house to the battery shed and its . He hadn't taken the weapon Emilena offered him as he couldn't separate the pruners to turn them into a crude dagger. Instead, he opted for a large rock that he picked up next to the battery housing.

The lights suddenly going out inside the house indicated that Marita's virus had done its work and knocked out the power.

In addition to the robotic guards, two guards, a Human and a Komondor exited and swept over the backyard. The large canine sniffed the air and scowled. "Intruders," he said. His voice had a thick, Hungarian accent, hinting at his homeland.

The Human flipped down his eyepiece and scanned the spacious backyard. There, he saw two hot spots that stood out against the cooler grass. "There!" he said, pointing at a clump of bushes near the backup batteries. He raised his pistol and fired before the Komondor shoved his hand down. "No! Shoot backup power and big fire happens! We get in close!"

The two then ran towards the battery shed.

Soren bit his lip and softly cursed as one of the bullets scraped his arm. "Go!" he growled at Anne.

Anne nodded and they both padded behind the power shed. "Now what?"

Soren held up his rock. "Let's give them something to *really* worry about!" He gently opened the door and saw the batteries connected to the power grid. The control panel inside was indicating that the wires were broken. He then smashed open one of the batteries, its plastic casing yielding to the rock. Soon, the air was filled with a distinct sweet metallic odor as the clear electrolyte leaked out from the crack. He saw it begin to smolder as it started reacting with the air.

"Hurry!" Anne replied as she heard the footsteps of the approaching guards.

Soren said nothing as he ran after Anne. Hopefully, the fire that was going to erupt would get the guards' attention.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **October 30, 2018, 07:49:12 PM**

Bianca walked down the street with the roomba in front of her , she had missed the commotion by literally seconds and had no idea of the goings on behind her. The roomba had accompanied her before on previous food runs, as a security measure, in this sort of neighborhood, no one was stupid enough to walk out of their house without some security and the sight of roombas leading or trailing people was common. " Bianca was looking at a list of food places within walking distance that were open this early and had good food.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 01, 2018, 01:36:28 AM**

Emilena gritted her teeth. With Tony's help, she targeted the ground and fired her laser rifle. It missed completely, but the light helped her draw a bead on her target and the next shot blasted the Roomba into a charred husk. Vaulting over the hedge a second time, she smashed her rifle butt against a window and cursed when it proved to be shatterproof. "Bastards. Can you get me some light?" she muttered, fishing a bobby pin out of her pocket and trying to pick the lock. She heard Soren having adventures in the front yard, but she trusted him to keep himself alive.

Nobody had heard from Awe in a while, she wondered if he'd infiltrated the building. But with stealth thoroughly compromised, there was little reason not to try and break in as soon as possible.

Kintoki clicked a flashlight attachment on the upper receiver of his rifle. "Bastards think I can't take them?" he muttered aloud, trying to psyche himself up and sound macho in front of Flora. "Those Purifier thugs are gonna have another thing coming!"

"Oh please," Flora rolled her eyes dismissively. "I've seen these particular Purifiers murder an entire convenience store full of cops. In seconds from now, they'll be on you like flies on honey."

"Shut up!" Kintoki snapped, hitting his radio. "Kranz, Áder! Status report!" he barked. "Do you see anything?" He swung the flashlight beam wildly around the hallway leading out of Flora's room.

"You don't want your last words to be that dumb question, right? Say something poignant, before its too late." Flora smiled, knowing she was agitating him and hoping it helped Emilena's team gain the upper hand.

Bianca's Roomba detected bodies in the Model J and chirped angrily. It readied its machine gun but waited to see evidence of hostile actions. Decades of AI research had managed to create surprisingly versatile defense drones that could detect most ranged weapons and knew to air on the side of caution. However, if Bianca shouted the code word ('*Rochambeau*') it would treat any nearby humans as hostile threats.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 01, 2018, 01:56:02 AM**

Awe by this point had infiltrated the building and was clearing it room by room. He hadn't run into any significant resistance so far but he had a feeling that he would soon. He soon came across a guard and crept up behind him before covering his mouth and jamming his silenced pistol to the guard's head. "You're holding a woman here you're going to take me to her or I'll be the last thing you ever hear."

The guard however decided to play dumb. "What woman?"

"Wrong answer." Awe replied shooting the guard in the foot who let out a muffled scream but due to the tightness of awe's hand was barely audible. "Care to try again?"

"She's on the second floor." The guard moaned.

"There, was that so hard?" Awe replied before pistol whipping the guard who fell over unconscious. "She's on the second floor guys." Awe signaled the rest of the group.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 01, 2018, 02:07:42 AM**

Good work " Marita said ' By my estimation, we've got about 10 minutes before the power comes back on, and whoever owns the place will have security called in, of the 'break your legs and/or neck type. So get up to the second floor, grab Flora and lets get the hell outta here' Marita said .

_ Come on Roomba!' Bianca said " motioning the device to move in front of her " I dont want to have to wait in line at the Breakfast Hole like last time. Last time it took me 20 minutes and the guards reamed me out because the food was cold. I dont want that to happen again, not least because I'll lose my tips." she sighed. " sometimes being a meal gopher sucks " she grumbled as she continued walking down the street, she had reached a crosswalk which led north, the Breakfast Hole was 3 blocks north of her current location, normally this was a quick back and forth kind of job.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 01, 2018, 02:22:16 AM**

"Copy that." Awe replied before aiming at a guard who was rushing at him firing two shots into him.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 01, 2018, 08:44:46 AM**

Bianca's roomba chirped and gave up on the Model J, following her past it and down the sidewalk.

Emilena similarly gave up on trying to pick the lock and instead melted the hinges off with the laser rifle. "Keep an eye out for movement," she warned as she and Tony entered the house, "but make sure it's not

Awe before you—"

She broke off as they came across the body of the guard Awe had knocked out. "Oh sweet, dibs on his gun." Returning Tony's laser rifle, she frisked the body and nodded approvingly at his silenced Glock. "Holy crap, this pistol has select fire," she remarked, turning the selector. "Next bitch I see gets to help me test the full-auto."

"Not another word, Flora, you hear me?" Kintoki warned, pointing his rifle at her to prove he was serious. "Boss says he needs you alive, but but he didn't specify anything about your *kneecaps*."

He then regarded the door, relishing the stunned silence his threat had earned from his ward. "Whoever's out there!" he called out, anticipating his foes were approaching. "Maybe we can talk this out? I think we might be able to help each other, settle this like gentlemen..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 01, 2018, 11:05:45 PM**

Awe was creeping up on the room from the ceiling. Where he saw guard he knocked them out taking the rifle off of one. He approached a room with a single guard out side. Awe dropped down silently grabbing the guard and covering his mouth. "Nod your head is the woman you're holding in this room?" Awe asked. The guard nervously acknowledged awe's question. Awe put the guard in a sleeper hold and silently set him on the ground before getting a flashbang out. Awe checked to see if the door was unlocked from the side so he wouldn't be in the firing line.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 02, 2018, 12:00:40 AM**

"marita heard Kintokis voices through her control of the Security systems 'Awe' Hes willing to negotiate. Remember, we dont want bloodshed if we can avoid it . Tell him, we only want Flora. If he gives her up, We let him go, no harm, no foul. Parley, if you have to. " Marita spoke into her communicator.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 02, 2018, 12:08:04 AM**

As Emilena fragged the Roomba, Tony moved to follow her in, and as they encountered the unconscious guard, Tony was handed the laser rifle back, and gladly took it, putting his Glock away, as he figured it was too small caliber for this operation. Good back up but right now... he needed firepower.

As he covered their backs, moving up to the second floor, he fired off a burst of red light that cut a surprised guard in half who moved around the corner to pop him, having utterly failed to do so as he was now in two pieces, a look of utter anguish and shock on his features as he collapsed cleanly in two. That squishy sound they made when they hit the floor... still drove Tony's stomach in knots.

Backing up the stairs, they arrived outside the door where Flora was being held, Awe joining them out front. Sighing as he heard Kintoki yell from inside, Tony took a knee, aimed the rifle high, and shook his head. Giving one glance to Emilena, he whispered to the vulpine "Fuck talking it out; I could fire one blast through there and likely take his head off." Though the ferret wasn't exactly sure where Flora was, and didn't want to accidentally hit her.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 02, 2018, 12:21:41 AM**

Awe put the safety on the flashbang. "What are your terms?" he called back to Kintoki.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 02, 2018, 09:30:19 AM**

Emilena was covering their rear; she saw movement coming up the stairs and attempted to scare it with a short burst of suppressing fire, but she wasn't expecting her pistol's insane cyclic rate; it burnt through her entire magazine within a split second. Cussing quietly, she switched it back to single-fire for next time. But this meant she couldn't participate in any firefights Tony and Awe started against Kintoki.

"I can guess why you're here," Kintoki called through the door. While talking, he tapped his helmet and it began scanning their heat signatures. His sensors take a while to penetrate these thick safehouse walls, but in sixty seconds he'd know exactly where his conversation partners were standing, which would give him the advantage if they pushed through the door. "You see this girl as a loose end, and are here to silence her. Well, she's under my protection and I can't let you hurt her. Also, we've had her for months, she's already told us everything of value. You should just walk away, you have nothing to gain from taking this innocent young woman's life!"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 02, 2018, 10:34:03 AM**

As Kintoki spoke, Tony began lining up a shot against where the voice was coming from, trying to triangulate it and keep him talking, but not for too long. The laser beam could easily cut through the door and decapitate him, but he'd need to get the height correct. He'd keep this incredibly brief, so that they wouldn't be wasting time so that the other could get the bearings of their opponent.

"We're not here to kill her! We're here to retrieve her!" Tony called back, keeping his rifle leveled. "Enough of your men have died today! Let's prevent any more senseless bloodshed! She was a part of our group you might say awhile back, and we're here to simply take her back with us. What'll it be?" he asked, keeping his intentions vague; if he gave the speaker a timeframe, that'd just tip him off to when they prepared to storm the room, so Tony held up two claws and then formed a zero with his paw, mouthing the words "seconds" to Awe, to indicate they'd go in in 20 seconds if this guy didn't answer.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 02, 2018, 08:42:36 PM**

The guard attempted to scale the staircase again, so Emilena took advantage of the lights being off and vaulted downward, hitting him in the face with both boots. She didn't see that there were two of them until they were all tumbling down the staircase in a dogpile.

She was seeing stars by the third time her head smashed into a stair, but her element of surprise still helped her recover faster than her targets when they all finally hit the floor. Pinning the one directly underneath her, she dug her teeth into his crotch and ripped out a chunk of flesh, then pounced the other one. He swung a knife and left a large gash in her cheek, and she retaliated by raking her claws through his neck. As he clutched his throat, she wrestled the knife away from him and finished him off, then stabbed his equally-incapacitated partner to death.

Panting in terror, she tried to extricate her from the bodies and slipped on the blood. Hitting her head on the ground a fourth time, she blinked dizzily and gave up on standing right away. She just needed a second to...get her bearings...

"Is there any way you could prove to me that you have her best interests at heart?" Kintoki asked, stalling for time. "I care deeply about her safety, and--"

He broke off suddenly as Flora swung her bedside lamp in a wide arc and smashed him directly in the face, breaking his nose and sending his helmet flying off with a loud THUD. "How's *that* for innocent, you prick?" she snarled as he hit the ground in a daze. "Gonna shoot me in the kneecaps *now!*?"

Rapidly changing plans, Kintoki decided his best chance of surviving was to pretend he'd been knocked unconscious.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 02, 2018, 10:02:39 PM**

Awe heard the ruckus going on and broke the door down. He saw presumably the man who they'd been negotiating with and a single woman inside. "You Flora?" He asked as he went to check Kintoki out lowering his pistol.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 03, 2018, 12:01:47 AM**

"Who the hell are you?" Flora asked bluntly, cocking her head to the side. She kept the bloodstained lamp brandished and glanced behind Awe, hoping to see a familiar face before she assumed this newcomer was on her side.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 03, 2018, 12:09:01 AM**

"Name's Awe. Your friends hired my to help them with their problem and I agreed to accompany them to rescue you." Awe kicked Kintoki to make sure he was unconscious.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 03, 2018, 02:23:04 AM**

Just before Kintoki was knocked unconscious, Kranz had reported that the backup battery bank was on fire. Áder was busy trying to put out the fire. He had called for some additional guards to help extinguish the creeping, bluish flame. Thankfully, the battery shed was concrete so there wasn't much risk of the fire spreading. But even so, they wanted to minimize the damage. To make matters worse, the ionic liquid electrolyte was an excellent solvent and dissolved firefighting foams. Water was the most effective but for obvious reasons, it was not a good choice around live electrical equipment. That left sand and dirt, which was currently being heaped on the fire.

Soren and Anne entered through the open back door. Thankfully, the little bits of sunlight filtering in from the windows let him see how ornate the kitchen was. It was a classic Old World style kitchen with wood and granite making up the majority of the counters. The dining table that served as the centerpiece was a sleek glass and chrome construct that oozed modernity. "Shit," Soren muttered. "This guy's loaded."

"Yeah," Anne said, her ears swiveled around as she tried to pick up any sounds. Her ears suddenly pricked up as she heard footsteps. "Soren! Get a weapon!"

The Human quickly snatched a large filet knife from the knife block and kept it by his side.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 03, 2018, 02:23:49 PM**

As the room was stormed after the scuffle within, Tony moved in, scanning around with his rifle at the ready before lowering it, and then looked to Flora. "Hey... you ready to get out of here?" he asked, grinning, keeping his rifle only slightly lowered, but still at a ready position. "We're here to retrieve you. Emilena's behind me, Soren and Anne are somewhere downstairs... this is Awe... our newest member. I think I met you awhile back; Tony. Tony Stracci." he offered his name, still looking about just in case, but confident Emilena could protect their backs.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 04, 2018, 06:59:53 AM**

Flora relaxed when she saw Tony; she remembered him from outside the strip club, plus he knew the names of her old teammates. "Flora Hapsburg. Though I guess you probably already know who I am." She dropped the lamp. "Yeah, let's fucking bail," she muttered, glancing one final time at Kintoki, who unbeknownst to her was still emulating a coma patient as well as he could.

Emilena had just staggered to her feet when Flora reached the bottom of the stairs and cursed in surprise at how much blood the vixen was covered in. "It's okay!" Emilena assured, leaning against the wall for support. "Most of it is theirs. Just...come on." Shaking her head to clear her vision, she limped back towards the backdoor to leave the same way she and Tony had entered.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 04, 2018, 11:56:40 AM**

"Yep... kind of remember you." The ferret nodded, allowing her to pass by him before backing out of the room, rifle still at the ready in case some freak was hiding in the closet or something (he'd seen enough horror movies to know, plus, he now had to watch everyone's back as the positions had been reversed). Backpedaling out of the room, he began to head down the stairs, keeping a close eye on everything in case someone decided to come barreling out one of those doors to his left or right.

As they reached the ground floor, Tony glanced briefly behind him. "You OK?" he asked Emilena, noticing the gratuitous amount of blood she was covered in, and hoped most or all of that was not her own. As he heard stomping footsteps to his left, Tony swiveled the rifle and fired, his energy beam lancing through a surprised guard as he froze on the spot, dropping his gun with a clatter before he too fell to the ground. Checking the charge on his rifle, Tony sighed as he was relieved to see it still held 70% battery life, the green bar emitting a healthy glow and bathing his face in a slight aura.

"Clear back here! Let's go!" he called to the front, ready to make a dash for the Duesenberg as soon as they were outside.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 04, 2018, 02:41:10 PM**

Have you guys got Flora?' Marita said through her communicator " if so, get her in the car and lets get out of here.'

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 04, 2018, 10:01:52 PM**

"We're on our way out with her now." Awe replied. Awe raced out of the room placing the unconscious guard sprawled in the hallway so anyone chasing them would trip over him.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 05, 2018, 01:23:23 AM**

Emilena grimaced. "We'll talk about it later," she replied to Tony, touching the new hole in her cheek and wincing.

Flora suddenly tripped over Awe, sprinting for the backdoor. "Gogogo!" she hissed urgently. "Roomba!"

Emilena ducked outside, and Flora quickly followed, but the Roomba didn't even enter the room. "We're okay," Flora breathed as its robotic whirring faded down the hallway. "Sorry, false alarm. Guess it's headed for the kitchen."

Emilena nodded. "Awe, tell Marita to recall everyone. Let's blow this joint." Flora helped her climb awkwardly over the hedge. Neither of them knew the Roomba was headed for the room where Soren and Anne was...

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 05, 2018, 01:56:39 AM**

"Marita, we're getting out of here. Regroup with us and get everyone over here now!" Awe shouted urgently into the radio.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 05, 2018, 11:27:20 AM**

I'm in the Duesenberg' Marita said ' just finishing downloading the data from the safehouse security system. theres a lot, and it looks like the location of Brennans headquarters is on there as well. I'll need to plug the coordinates into a mapping grid, but we can do that once we are in a safe and secure location.

Tony, can we crash at your place for a bit? we need time to rest recover and Debrief Flora. also she needs to call Bailey, let him know thats shes safe and sound, and that he can get off my back about the matter' Marita said. Just get in the car, and lets floor it out of here. Nice work everyone"

-
Biamca reached the checkout line and paid for her meal. the roomba turning around and following her as she headed out the door.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 05, 2018, 03:39:28 PM**

"I don't mind! Nobody else is using my house but me!" Tony radioed back, barreling out the back of the house and leaping over the fence, performing a clumsy roll as he sprang back up to his foot paws and began charging across the intervening lawn and into the street, running diagonally across the pavement, listening to his shoes *slap-slap-slap* the asphalt as he moved.

Reaching the Duesenberg, he threw the driver's side door open, piled in, and pulled out the starter knob, listening to the straight-eight turn over and roar into life as he gave the throttle a little gas to get the engine going. As he looked around, he did a quick head count, and slapped the wheel. "Shit!" he uttered. "Are Soren and Anne all right? Anybody see them?" he asked, whipping out his Glock as he scanned the street in front of the house. He kept the car idling, not releasing the parking brake or shifting into gear yet, as they didn't quite have everyone.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 05, 2018, 10:07:47 PM**

The noise was a butler who had gotten up early to prepare the kitchen for a dinner party. As he entered the kitchen, Soren leapt out from behind the pantry door and held his knife to the man's throat. The man started to scream, but Soren gently drew the knife across his neck, leaving a thin red line.

"W...what do you want?" the man stammered out.

"Nothing. You never saw us." He then turned to Anne. The Shetland Pony mare grabbed the man and shoved him into the pantry. She forced the door shut and tied the knobs together with an apron hanging from it.

It was then that the squat "Roomba" guard rolled into the kitchen. "Run!" Anne exclaimed. It came not a moment too soon as several plates exploded as it fired at the duo. Soren swept his arm and knocked over a glass jar of flour, hoping it would obscure their escape somewhat. He wasted no time in following Anne out the back door.

"Damn, looks like they got the fire under control," Soren said as a bullet from the guards who were previously fighting the fire nicked his cheek. He sprinted towards the front yard where he knew the rest of the crew were located.

Anne sent a message out to Marita and the others.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 05, 2018, 10:46:44 PM**

The flour did the job; the Roomba's sensors were blocked, its treads got clogged and it swiveled back and forth blindly as its targets escaped.

Back at the Model J, Flora couldn't help but whistle in appreciation when they reached the ride. "Damn, you traveled in style," she complimented as someone inside opened the door to let them in. Emilena grunted as Flora ungraciously shoved her rear end through the car door to make room for herself. "There's Soren, let's book it!" she shouted, covering her head as the Hungarian guard and his buddy fired at the car. "This old car was built with protection around the engine right? I don't wanna explode..."

Kintoki staggered to his feet, clutching his broken nose. Stomping to the bathroom, he assessed the damage in the mirror and whimpered as he saw his nose bent out of shape. Taking a deep breath, he tweaked it back into place with a painful wince. Washing his face off and grabbing a towel to stem the bleeding, he retrieved his helmet from the bedroom floor and paced quickly down the stairs to see whether his men were able to stop the rescue party from getting away.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 06, 2018, 12:07:42 AM**

Hello' flora' Marita said, moving over so Flora could grab a seat" Good to see you're still in one piece.' She said as she finished downloading the data from the security systems. " They didnt rough you up, did they?"

—
Hi Flora " Marie said from the back seat " Glad you seem to be ok. Having to serve as a decoy isnt fun, but better than having to break into a heavily guarded house. Not my strong suit. I ended up grabbing a pair of garden shears as a weapon. Just in case Poison Ivy decides to drop by, or something " marie shrugged.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 06, 2018, 12:22:43 AM**

"Let's hope Soren and anne show up soon." Awe remarked. "They will be on us in a hurry when their power comes back on."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 06, 2018, 12:30:26 AM**

We have 5 minutes before that happens " marota said. " she turned as an blurb popped up on her computer " they're on their way. Should be out in less than a minurte. have the car ready to go" Marota typed a response message and sent it to Anne ' Have Flora. get in the back seat if you can. we're moning out as soon as ytu get in Marita"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 06, 2018, 12:46:23 AM**

As Soren and Anne moved out of the house, Tony covered them, firing to their sides with his Glock as the two guards opened up behind them. "Yep! Modified it! Most of my cars are bulletproof... had them rebuilt to withstand problems like this one!" the ferret exclaimed, squeezing off another round as he dropped the guard standing next to the Hungarian, the fellow spinning about like a top before hitting the ground.

As human and pony filed into the vehicle, Tony smiled at Flora's compliment. "Yep! Only way to travel! Best of the best of the 1930s! OK... let's get the hell out of here!" he threw the car into gear, released the brake and off they went, Tony almost immediately shifting into second so he could floor it. Moving the big lever first into neutral, then second, the car was off and roaring along, the ferret firing off a few more rounds from his Glock at the Hungarian as he took off down the street. "We aren't sticking around here! Marita I believe suggested we head back to my place to regroup... provided that's OK with everyone else." he spoke up, wincing as a couple of bullets glanced off the Duesenberg's side but otherwise did no damage.

"Heh... love these modifications." he muttered, shaking his head and whipping the big car around the corner and down onto another street that led out of the development, and eventually, back toward the highway. "I'm surprised they had such a force at that place!" he commented, shaking his head again and gripping the wheel. "Was like a goddamned fortress." He glanced in the rearview mirror just to make sure they weren't being followed, but didn't see anything initially. Beginning to relax a little, he focused more on the drive, as driving tended to settle his nerves. "Everyone all right back there?" he asked, turning left and heading onto an on ramp for the freeway. Circling on the ramp about 180°, the big car was soon zooming down the highway at good speed, Tony keeping it around 75 mph for now, though the car could easily do more than that.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 06, 2018, 12:52:20 AM**

"Your place sounds good to me tony." Awe replied. "Mine would be far too small for all of us."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 06, 2018, 01:35:36 AM**

Flora wasn't sure why she should be in the backseat, but acquiescently climbed over the middle seats, apologizing to Axel. "Ummm...hi," she said to Marita and Marie awkwardly, the ones currently filling both jump seats. She hadn't seen these two since the incident at the bar, and for reasons she didn't know she had a much more favorable view of them. "Uhhh...sorry for how I treated you two before," she said quietly, keeping their conversation quiet enough for just the three of them. "I'm...glad to see you both. Where's Rose?"

Emilena lay her head tiredly against the window, exhaling with relief as the guards gave up attempting to shoot the wheels out. "That could have gone worse..." she muttered.

"Intruders gone, sir," the accented voice of Mátyás Áder, the Hungarian guard, came filtered through Kintoki's radio. "With hostage. No casualties on their side, far as I can see."

Kintoki took a deep breath. "You did good," he reported back, expanding his channel to radio every guard, living or dead. "All units, report to the surveillance room in the basement. Do not pursue suspects, I repeat, do NOT pursue."

He killed the radio and opened his computer. Checking the security system, he noted that the Purifier team's hacker had downloaded the data packet just as planned. *Operation was a success*, he reported to Coxon on their private instant-messaging system. *They've got Flora and the location of Brennan HQ*. He hesitated, then added: *They have a red Duesenberg Model J and a couple of unexpected teammates. I'll be writing up and sending you itemized descriptions as soon as I've interviewed and sorted out the surviving guards. Good luck, sir.*

Kintoki heard the safehouse door slam shut above him, and a low humming indicated the yard's self-

cleaning system was disposing of any outside evidence of the firefights that just occurred. Kintoki knew he'd have to speak to the neighbors and compensate them for any damage to their houses and lawnwork, but he had a more immediate matter to attend to. His remaining guards (and families of the deceased) were entitled to enough money to retire overnight, the agreed-upon compensation for engaging in firefights with targets they weren't allowed to harm. He had a lot of paperwork ahead of him...

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 07, 2018, 12:07:40 AM**

Awe took the time to make a silent prayer for the guard he'd killed. "What's our next move?" Awe asked.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 07, 2018, 01:15:44 AM**

Tony spent the time on the highway maneuvering the Duesenberg around other cars, passing them when he felt they were moving too slowly, and keeping up a steady pace, the big straight-eight giving out its distinctive throaty whine as he drove along. The old gas-burner's noise helped calm him after the infiltration and firefight... never a dull moment with this group... and those firefights were always fights for his life.

But those thoughts faded as he focused on the drive, and the feel of the car moving around him. The engine block was one of the biggest of all time, even by modern standards. Super cars rarely got out of the 200 cubic inch range... his Duesey sported a 420 cubic inch engine. Pumping out 265 horsepower (320 for the supercharged models), it was a beast in its day, and more than adequate now. It made him smile, and settle back into the very comfortable seat, exhaling a little as he guided the car north and east, to where his manor was located.

"Well... regroup at my place." the ferret responded to Awe, looking over to him briefly. "And asses the data we gathered... find our next target..." he commented, keeping his body reposed against the seat. "And yeah... could've been worse... fortunate it wasn't." he agreed with Emilena. "Didn't lose anyone either... so that's good." Tapping his claw a bit on the wheel, Tony frowned at a slow car ahead of him. The Duesenberg moved with authority as he merged lanes and blew by the slower car. "Hate that bullshit." he muttered. "Drivers that can't keep up with traffic." Shaking his head, the ferret appreciated his Model J for its raw power, having nudged it into third for the cruise back to the house. Taking the exit, he eased the car up the winding drive to his large home on the hills above the city, and then down the ramp and into his mammoth underground garage. As the lights automatically kicked on at the car's entrance, they illuminated gleaming painted vintage cars of all sorts and shapes, lined up in two wide rows down the long garage.

As he slowed to a halt, then backed the car up into its slot, he turned the key, killing the engine as he set the brake. "OK... everybody out! End of the line! Elevator is off to your left... it'll take you up into the main house." He explained, sliding out now and beginning to make his way over to the elevator doors at the far end.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 07, 2018, 02:57:42 AM**

Soren touched his cheek where the bullet from one of the guards had scraped him. The blood had dried but it hadn't scabbed over yet. He hopped out of the expensive vehicle and looked around the expansive underground garage.

Anne whistled as she looked at the expansive garage. It was practically a museum with exotic cars that ranged in age from contemporary custom built gas-burners to cars that were older than her grandparents. She then headed to the elevator after Soren.

The elevator was surprisingly beautiful with mirror polished walls and ornate brass fittings that gave it the distinct charm of a bygone era. Soren said nothing but looked around. To him, he found the fixtures a bit outdated despite their elegance.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 07, 2018, 03:20:27 AM**

Awe whistled in awe at the number of vintage cars. "Nice collection." Awe remarked. Awe entered the elevator and took a look around. "Nice elevator."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 07, 2018, 04:07:32 PM**

Emilena climbed out of the car. She wished she could stay to admire Tony's garage, but she needed to clean herself up and take care of the long gash in her cheek. "Tony, could you direct me to the restroom? Also, you wouldn't happen to own a sewing needle, would you?" she asked.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 07, 2018, 04:28:06 PM**

Nodding as his shoes echoed throughout the garage, Tony looked to Emilena. "Yeah sure thing." he replied. "I'll show you when we get up there. I have a sewing machine... you could probably take the needle out of it." He explained. Smiling as he entered the elevator, he nodded to Awe. "Thanks... appreciate it. Oh and the elevator heh... had it imported." he commented, rocking on his heels as they arrived in a study style room. A brown leather couch rested up below a window, and scores of books reposed on bookshelves built into the wall. A gun safe was recessed into another wall, and hallways led off right and left.

"Nearest bathroom is second door on the left down the left hallway." he pointed for Emilena. "The sewing machine is in the corner over there. Feel free to remove the needle. Threads should be underneath in the cabinet. Can I get anyone anything?" he offered, shoving his paws in his pockets and rocking back and forth on his paws.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 08, 2018, 02:37:58 AM**

"Scotch double with ice please." Awe said taking a seat on the couch. "Also, do you have a gym?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 08, 2018, 09:14:53 AM**

Flora shuddered as the others left the car and, eventually, the garage, leaving her alone with Marita and Marie. Her instincts reminded her what happened last time she was stuck in the back of a car with Marie, but her heart told her that even if that happened again, it's okay because Marie has her best interests at heart. "Ummm, so how are you two doing these days?" she laughed nervously to break the silence. "You're not mad at me...are you?"

Tony's bathroom had a hybrid bathtub-shower that was easily the most luxurious thing Emilena had ever stepped in; she suspected it alone cost more than the entire apartment she'd owned in Lanthae. She'd originally planned on keeping her shower brief in the name of expediency, but she couldn't resist testing every single setting of the adjustable spigot and lathering her fur with scented gels from every single bottle. Tony's bathroom even came with a clothes-washing and drying slot in the wall, a more advanced version of the same model Emilena once owned. (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341.msg380023#msg380023>)

After she realized she was falling asleep in the steaming bubbly water, Emilena forced herself to dry off and tend to her sliced-open cheek. She was still carrying her garrotte from the hospital (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550.msg469471;topicseen#msg469471>), which she

hadn't ended up using, but she could now wash and disassemble it to make practical use of the surgical thread. Wincing with every stab, she sewed the hole shut as well as she could and used hydrogen peroxide and bandages from under the sink to clean and cover it from view. Wasn't the finest care she could receive, but it would hold until she saw Lily again.

Which was a coming event she couldn't help but worry about. Now that Emilena knew she shared a mental bond with Lily, she had to wonder how much Lily could ascertain about her situation. Here at Tony's house, waiting for Marita to decrypt files that would take hours to complete, Emilena's first real break started now. If Lily was aware of that, she would almost certainly punish Emilena for not immediately coming to her aid like she'd demanded. *And you know what?* Emilena growled into the mirror, doubting Lily could hear her. *I'm kinda sick of living my life in fear of you anyway. Maybe I WILL come over there and test a little theory I've got on your regenerative powers...*

With a quiet DING, Emilena's clothes returned from the slit in the wall. Sighing, she got dressed and left to find the others.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 08, 2018, 12:47:55 PM**

Nodding, Tony went over to a mini-bar and rooted through the fridge, bottles clinking as he tried to locate some Scotch. Pulling out a bottle, he poured a double shot into a glass after dumping ice in it, and walked over to Awe, holding it out for him.

"So there is... you go through the living room over there...." He pointed to his right. "There's a staircase in the corner. Go down the staircase, and you 'll find a corridor. Around the corner and second door on the right, there's a gym. It's got nice windows that look out over the hills and city so... help yourself." the ferret smiled.

Moving over to the couch, Tony plopped down on it, exhaling. "Quite a day." he stated aloud to no one in particular. Spreading his arms out to rest on the couch behind him, he tapped his paws in alternating patterns until Emilena showed up. "Find everything OK?" he asked. "I guess we have to decrypt our information now, yeah?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 08, 2018, 10:50:10 PM**

"That'd be the next step, yeah," Emilena nodded. "I'm planning on letting those of us with more technical backgrounds worry about that. Either way, I doubt we're going to approach Brennan's HQ before nightfall, so for the first time in a while we have an open day ahead of us."

She glanced at the bar. "You wouldn't happen to have Blue Cherry, would you?" Blue Cherry was a non-alcoholic beer she used to drink when she was a cop; Emilena's tolerance was too low for the real thing.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 08, 2018, 11:00:35 PM**

"Heh... sounds good to me." Tony acknowledged, nodding. "I don't mind taking some time off. Damn firefights always get my adrenaline racing far too much." He admitted, getting up and stretching his arms over his head. "I think I might, yeah." He nodded, walking over behind the mahogany counter and opening up a bigger fridge back there. "Hmm... I drink that from time to time... even though I'm definitely more of an alcohol person." he admitted. Pulling out a bottle of the blue stuff, he shut the fridge and walked over to her, holding it out, a vanilla porter in his other paw, which he soon cracked open and took a swig from.

As he looked out the windows to the gathering daylight, he shook his head. "So I guess we got most of the day ahead of us. I took the Duesenberg out around 4 AM if I recall so..." glancing to his watch, he noted the time. "8:45 AM. If we get there by dark... gives us most of the day, as you said."

He rolled his wrist out, holding it in his free paw as he did so. "Do we need any supplies?" he asked, looking to her now. "Things for the coming assault? I could make a supply run if we don't have it here." He suggested. "I've got guns in the safe, but not sure if we'd need anything else." He took another drink from his beer.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 08, 2018, 11:20:12 PM**

"It's tough to say before the brainiacs see what we've got in the stolen data." Emilena gratefully took the Blue Cherry and took a sip. Normally, she'd just drink water, but these past days had taken a toll on her. "Guns are a safe bet though. I'd love some 9mm ammo for my new silenced Glock, and maybe a combat knife."

She glanced left and right; only Awe was in listening distance. "Also, don't go telling everyone, but I might be making a short personal trip before nightfall. It's about...that thing we discussed before."

She sighed. "I said I expected Lily to kill me when we next meet, but that's not exactly true. She needs info from me. I have a lead that could reveal the location of the Purifier headquarters. I stop being useful to her once she gets that, so naturally I've been procrastinating on following that trail." She took another sip of her drink. "Of course, if I wait too long without contacting her, she may realize I'm stalling and that I'm just a loose end that will never fulfill my end of the bargain."

She hiccupped, and suddenly remembered why she didn't drink Blue Cherry anymore. "So I was thinking, my best chance of survival might be an unexpected strike," she explained, setting the glass down quickly. "Arrive for our meeting and sucker punch her when she thinks I'm cooperating. Then figure something out while she's dead and regenerating."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 08, 2018, 11:32:09 PM**

Awe nodded his head and took a drink. "Ah thank you Tony." Awe looked outside at the rising sun. "I was always more of a night owl I never appreciated the sight the sun rising could do." Awe coughed a few times before taking another drink.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 08, 2018, 11:33:50 PM**

As held the cold beer in his paw, he frowned a little, nodding as she began speaking about her personal trip. "I can provide ammo." He said softly, taking another swig. "Right... so... she needs Purifier headquarters... if she could wipe it out for us..." He replied in quiet tones. "Might be worth it. But as said... she may be safer dead." he reiterated. He nodded a second time as she mentioned she could strike in an unexpected fashion, coming up with something while Lily was regenerating. "Atomize her maybe... blast her to bits... I dunno... gonna have to be permanent. Throw her in a fuckin' incinerator." he shrugged here.

Tasking another drink, he thought now, looking off to the side. "Won't say anything to the others, don't worry. If you need a ride... I could provide that as well. Hell..." he smiled now, looking back over to her. "Might just go for a spin right now anyway... helps me relax and unwind after nearly having my life snatched from me." he half-joked, chuckling. Growing serious again, he looked right at her. "You think you can do it? End her? In a... permanent fashion?" His snout was down, his eyes intently upon her.

Looking over to Awe, Tony nodded. "No problem. And eh... yeah I guess... I prefer the night too." he admitted, looking at the sun climbing in the sky.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 08, 2018, 11:56:53 PM**

"It honestly might," Emilena nodded. "Though I'm a little worried about a Lily who's wiped out her primary enemy and needs to find a new pursuit to occupy her time."

She covered her mouth after another hiccup. "Incinerator won't work, I've seen it. I guess I should explain; for the last two months--at least before the Purifiers found us again--the two of us had been targeting serial killers. Lily would pose as a vulnerable victim, usually a hooker, and I'd tail her john back to his place. If he killed her, I'd knock him out and leave video evidence for the police. Lily insisted I get as much footage as possible, which means I had to see some...disturbing things happen to her."

Emilena shuddered. "This gave me a lot of opportunities to witness exactly how Lily's body prioritizes the healing process. It seems to treat the head as the 'base'; it's always the first thing to regenerate, and the rest of the body grows out from there. One guy had kept her head as a souvenir, and the rest of her body grew back out from her neck stump."

She took a deep breath. "I apologize for having this conversation while you're enjoying a drink. But I was thinking...it's possible that if I beheaded her and trapped her head in some sort of reinforced box--titanium or some very solid material--she wouldn't be able to regenerate. She'd just be stuck in that box...forever...as a partially-regenerated head."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 09, 2018, 12:12:55 AM**

"True enough... as said... probably safer dead." he commented, taking another drink, and smiling as she stifled a hiccup, or attempted to. He then listened intently about the setups... and Lily's regenerative powers. He swallowed, but didn't mind the talk, as he just chugged a bit to force any bile back down his throat. As Emilena explained that placing Lily's head in a box might be the way to go... he raised his brows. "Well first off... that's OK... I don't retch easily." he replied. "Second... that... might work." He frowned, nodding. "What about complete destruction of the head? Throwing it in a tree masticator or something." he suggested. "Those things tend to turn logs into dust." he pointed out.

"Still..." he moved his head slightly to the side. "Head in a box may work. I just hope she couldn't use her powers for anything else if... she's still able to do that while alive." he mused aloud now. "Wouldn't want her escaping after all. But if you think it has a chance... then... I say go for it. I could provide whatever assistance you need... for whatever it's worth." the ferret concluded.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 09, 2018, 12:24:52 AM**

"The head regenerates from being completely destroyed, like the rest of her. Leaving it intact would keep variables to a minimum." Emilena bit her lip. "I don't think she'll even feel any pain; she wouldn't have regenerated far enough to even come back to life. I can handle the...unpleasant part, but I would appreciate if you have an appropriately-sized safe or other airtight container. And of course I would appreciate someone to drive me out there. But you're putting yourself at risk if you do that," she warned. "There's nothing stopping her from killing you, though you'd probably be fine if you stayed outside in the car."

The hiccups were dying down, but when Emilena realized it might be her last drink ever, she downed the rest anyway. "But be prepared to leave quickly if she walks out and I'm not with her. Success or failure, our meeting shouldn't take too long..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 09, 2018, 12:42:37 AM**

Nodding, he stroked his chin a little. "I see... well... I suppose I could come up with something around here. If not, the guy who machines all my parts for rebuilding my cars' engines and such could probably whip something up. He's a master... and has resurrected and recreated engines and parts people haven't seen in over a hundred years." he explained. "So yeah, if I don't have something around here, I bet he could make it."

He thought, closing his eyes, and then reopened them as he took his beer to about halfway down the bottle. "Mm... I could stay outside in the car. Sounds like I'll need something fast if she does walk out... suppose I could run her over to buy myself some time if I needed it but... that won't be an issue. I've got enough cars down there with good power and torque." He smirked. He ran his claws through his head fur after pushing his cap up a bit. "Hm... well... guess the first step is seeing if I have anything here. If not, place a rush order with my guy, but since it's a simple box, he should have it done by the time we even get there." he told her. "When would you want to leave?" he asked, taking his beer down to a quarter left.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 09, 2018, 01:35:58 AM**

We're glad you're alive ' Marie said ' we dont know where Rose is because she was last seen with you when we got separated. we have gotten word rom her for weeks ' MArIE Sighed. " truthfully , Bailey's been riding my ass once he found out the Purifiers got you. the deal was we keep you safe and he'd pay us a lot of scratch to keep an eye on you. And, more importantly to keep everything hush hush. Well the hush husg part is long out the windiw, but thees still keepng you alive. " marita said. " We would both appreciate if you'd call Bailey, Tell him you're with us and that you're fine. and well, vouch for our atching you, or something. I'm prety sure tony has a bunch of phones in his house, just ask for one and take a few minutes to call Bailey. I need to work o getting the info I Got from the safehouse decrypted. the security on that computer system was pretty wak, like there were almost letting me have the data ' Marita mused. '

Why dont we head in?' marie suiggested ' i dont know about yiou girls byt I could defiitely use some food. " hiopefully tony doesnt mind if we grab some stuff from his pantry."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 09, 2018, 01:41:20 AM**

Awe finished his drink and walked to the gym. "let's get some training in." he thought to himself.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 09, 2018, 01:56:09 AM**

"So long as you prevent her from touching you, you could beat her in a fair fight easily," Emilena nodded, standing up. "Lily still has no combat skills whatsoever, it's just that she can drain your body of energy or put you into cardiac arrest with the tap of her finger." She crossed to the bar and started washing her glass. "I'm ready when you are, to be honest. I've never been one to delay the inevitable, and who knows? If all goes well, maybe I'll have time to actually enjoy relaxing in your elegant house."

Flora nodded. "I can call Bailey, of course! I wouldn't want him to think badly of you, you two are some of the kindest people I know."

She followed them into the house and, sure enough, there was an old-fashioned rotary phone sitting nearby. After several failed attempts to figure out how to dial rotary, Flora managed to reach the operator and put in a collect call to Nigel Bailey. "You got a lot of nerve calling me up under her name." Flora was surprised by how bitter he sounded; she'd never heard him this full of barely-repressed rage. "I'm tracking your line as we speak, and you're not gonna like who I'm sending your way."

"Uhh, Nigel, it's me."

"Flora!?" Bailey snapped in equal parts anger and surprise. "Is that really you?"

"Hi..." Flora answered quickly.

"Flora, I am so sorry for not listening to you," Bailey started. "You repeatedly warned me not to leave you

with those crackpots, and I ignored you. I got distracted by the money, they were offering to shelter you on the cheap. But I guess we got what we goddamn paid for!"

"Umm...I mean, I know I said a lot of mean things about them..." Flora looked back at them nervously. "But--"

"I'm getting you out of there," Bailey assured. "Where are you? I'm sending my guys, you warn those dykes not to lay another *finger* on you or it's the last thing they'll ever--"

--Bailey!" Flora interrupted. "You're wrong. They're good people." Stunned silence answered her. "Rose has my best interests at heart, and so do Marita and Marie."

"But-but-but they dragged you into multiple shootouts! With *cyberterrorists*!" Bailey stammered. "You told me one of them tried to *rape* you!"

"Marie meant it out of love." The neurocotics in Flora's system (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550.msg441155;topicseen#msg441155>) sent her heart aflutter, and as she gripped the phone she imagined it was Rose's soft hand. "Don't send thugs, Nigel. I want to stay with them. I...I think I love them too."

Bailey whistled. "You're suffering from PTSD," he answered. "Some sort of Stockholm Syndrome. You don't even sound like you. Flora, I got you into this mess, and now I'm getting you out."

"Bailey--!" Flora heard him hang up on her. "Crap." She hung up the line. "Um, Bailey's still not happy. I think we might need to watch our backs going forward..." she confessed to Marita and Marie.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 09, 2018, 05:50:13 AM**

Awe was lifting weights in the gym while listening to music. "Nothing like a good work out to destress."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 09, 2018, 12:39:49 PM**

Tony nodded, thinking on it. "Well... good to know she can't destroy my car." he smirked. "Heh... relaxing... would be amazing. I should really recharge the laser rifle but... it's got enough for a decapitating shot if I need to use it." he stated, pulling out his Glock from his waistband and ejecting the clip. "I think I'll reload this as well." he stated, heading over to his gun safe, pressing his thumb on the reader, then scanning his eye so it would open up.

"So after we leave..." he told her, slapping in a new clip to his pistol with force. "Garage door will lock behind us and go into security mode. So long as there are people in the house, the automated defenses won't activate, but if everyone leaves the house and the system detects nobody inside, security will come online and they won't be able to get back in... so we may want to tell them don't leave unless they absolutely have to, as they won't be able to get back in unless I'm present." he informed the vulpine. "We could just tell them we're making a supply run or something... whatever." he suggested.

"Take what you need." he motioned to the safe, and then whipped out his phone to place a call with his machinist. "Hi Jerry... yes it's Tony... I know you're just opening up, but I need a rush order... willing to pay your usual rush fee. It's easy though; if by the time we arrive, which should be... eh probably an hour and a half from now..." the ferret said, checking his watch. "You could whip up a very small box of your strongest titanium alloy, that would be great! It needs to be smaller than an average human head... I know those are unusual dimensions, but it's what needs to happen... I'd say if possible half the size of a human head." he ordered. "Great! All right! I'll be right over!" the ferret hung up, and smiled. "Should be ready by the time we get there." he spoke to Emilena.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 09, 2018, 06:19:10 PM**

"That's great, thanks again Tony," Emilena nodded. "Honestly, it will be nice having backup at this meeting. That's more than I expected to have, I usually don't involve other people in my business." She gave a rare smile. "It's weird having an ally who goes out of their way to ask how they can help."

She grabbed several 9mm magazines from the safe as Flora, Marie and Marita walked into the room. "Hey you three. Tony and I are going on a quick supply run. Can you let the others know that at least one person needs to stay here to prevent the automated defenses from activating?"

"That shouldn't be a problem, I'm certainly not planning on going anywhere." Flora replied. "Where are you running to, Tony? Could you bring me back a musical instrument? Literally anything, it could even be a kazoo, I just miss writing songs."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 09, 2018, 06:39:24 PM**

"Heh yeah well... figured I've been inactive enough... I have a lot of ground to make up so... may as well start now." he smiled, nodding. "And yeah... I guess that would be odd in some circumstances." he agreed. "I'm just trying to do what I can... not mess up." he stated.

As Marita, Marie, and Flora entered the room from the elevator, Tony nodded to them, and listened to Emilena's brief little explanation, nodding in approval as it was accurate. Blinking, he looked to Flora. "Erm... uh... I'm not sure we're heading to any place really like that... but... I guess maybe if something's on the way..." he kind of trailed off here, not being very musically inclined himself. He didn't really know too many music stores around here.

"Anyway, help yourself to the kitchen, just don't overdo it." He cautioned. "It's very well stocked. We're mostly just getting more ammo, some weapons, and perhaps some food shopping... unsure yet. We're kind of making this up as we go." he explained. "Anyway..." placing the Glock back behind him in his waist, he nodded to Emilena. "Let's head out. Give me a call if you need anything or don't know how to turn something on." he smirked, walking to the elevator. "We'll be back in a few hours." he informed them, hitting the button for the elevator.

Riding the brass elevator down to his garage, Tony exited, the lights kicking back on and illuminating the shiny rows of vastly different painted cars spread out before them. "So uh... I had three ideas for fast cars... you feeling more open or enclosed?" he asked Emilena, smiling slightly.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 09, 2018, 06:46:27 PM**

Now that she was washed and bandaged and hydrated, Emilena could really appreciate the stellar collection of vintage vehicles Tony had accrued. "I say it a lot, but I still can't believe you're risking your life with us," she breathed in awe. "You've got it made here."

She thought about his request. A closed car would be more strategically secure, but she'd also like to feel the wind on her face one last time before Lily kills her. "Let's do open," she grinned, only slightly worried at the number of indulgences she was taking on account of her possible imminent death.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 09, 2018, 08:50:45 PM**

((So here's some photos of the Crane-Simplex: <https://goo.gl/images/eNKPJk>
<https://goo.gl/images/q8mXGL>
<https://goo.gl/images/UfRjt9>
Interior front of a different model: <https://goo.gl/images/coeVB1>
Different model top down with unfolding windscreen: <https://goo.gl/images/TTMCrJ>
Back with the cabinets and unfolding jump seats: <https://goo.gl/images/sDmGMW>))

"Aw heheh... well yeah... I guess I do..." He rubbed the back of his neck. "I dunno... I guess there's something to be said for friends... and for the thrill of it all..." he admitted. "But yeah... it'd be nice if someday I could just leave all the gunfights and risking my life behind me." he admitted, wandering over to the Duesenberg to retrieve the laser rifle.

As she suggested open, he grinned. "I was hoping you'd say that! Been wanting to take this baby out for a serious spin for a long time now." He began walking down the rows, stopping at a gorgeous blue and cream colored, massive, older looking car. It was a convertible... a large one, and was the definition of open air touring. "So while this thing may look ancient, you will not see a finer example of automobile ever made in the 1910s." he grinned, patting its hood. "This is an incredibly rare Crane-Simplex... it may even be the only one of its kind remaining... if you were insanely rich around the time we were killing each other in the First World War, you'd buy this... but I mean insanely rich. The chassis alone started at \$5,500... which is about \$150,000 in today's currency... and the custom coachwork? Pfft... tack on another \$175,000 in today's currency... you're looking at the equivalent of an over \$300,000 car." he explained, smirking. "Its astronomical price drove away most buyers... making it rare even for its day... but for those lucky enough to own it... well..." He opened the passenger side door now to show off its lavish interior, being all maroon leather seats, nickel plated instrument gauges, and wood paneling.

"The back has a footrest, wooden drawers for storing things, and an unfolding windscreen you could put up for a bit of extra protection if you didn't want the wind blowing in your face." he outlined. "The most impressive thing though... is the engine. 563.7 cubic inches... massive by any standards, 110 horsepower straight-six capable of propelling this beauty at 90 mph... easily! For 1916... that was insane! I have NO idea what in the hell they thought people would be doing back then, considering all the roads were dirt, mostly rural, and pockmarked with holes, but for over 300K in today's money back then... you were purchasing a real super car... a car that could easily put anything it drove by to shame. You have to keep in mind... in 1916, most cars were barely putting out 40 horsepower, and doing about 25 mph. This car was a beast... owned by the likes of John D. Rockefeller and Frederick Vanderbilt. Unfortunately..." Tony climbed in, and began pumping a lever on the dash to get some gas into the engine. "They were only made for about two years before the First World War caused them to shift focus to aircraft engines... and never again were Crane-Simplexes made..." he sighed, turning on the electric switch and sliding behind the wheel.

Pulling out the choke, and and retarding the spark with a lever on the steering wheel, the ferret then pushed in a small pedal on the floor to engage the starter. As the engine began to crank into life, it turned over a few times and then started up with a cacophonous roar, filling the garage with its noise before Tony advanced the spark by moving the lever back up, causing the engine to even out into a smoother, steady hum. Pushing in the choke, he grinned to her. "Well let's go! We got an overpowered human to end!" he called, patting the seat next to him.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 09, 2018, 11:33:39 PM**

Emilena narrowed her eyes at the manual choke, completely unable to guess how it worked. "Uhh, I've never admitted this to anyone, but...I actually never got a legal driver's license," she confessed as they drove through the hills away from Tony's residence. "They gave me a state-issued ID when I passed through the Growth Acceleration program, and nobody ever brought it up while I went through basic training. Lanthae squad cars had an emergency self-driving feature and I just used it until I'd taught myself to drive."

She rolled down the window. "It's pretty amazing what you can get away with by just letting people assume things of you." She glanced at Tony. "Speaking of which, do you think Awe's being completely honest with us? You've had more 1-on-1 time with him than I have. What's his endgame?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 09, 2018, 11:55:55 PM**

Tony put the car in gear, then released the parking brake, and pulled out of the garage, the door opening and then closing behind them. Tony yanked the shift lever down into neutral, then into 2nd as they began heading through the hills, the car lurching forward, indicative of its power. It required double-clutching,

but he knew how to do that as easily as normal shifting. "Really?" he asked, looking over to her with a smile as the wind whipped about them, the ferret taking the car into third gear now. "Heh... well... I mean most cars nowadays drive themselves... auto features and all that... driving something like this... it's different. You're... you're almost a part of the car in a way... you control when you shift... how fast you go... and can control it in icy conditions, etc." He explained. "I love it... my electric car... it's great and all... but it just drives itself practically... it's like you're sleeping, you know?" he asked, looking over to her briefly as they merged onto the highway, Tony shifting the Crane-Simplex into fourth gear, the big "land yacht" starting to accelerate into higher speeds, wind rustling his fur as they really got going.

"My dad found this at uh... I can't even remember now... an auction I think. So damn rare... it's the rarest car he ever purchased, and he's acquired some rare ones!" he conceded. "Lots of power, as you can see." he moved the old vehicle smoothly by one of the electrics, the driver staring at them in surprise as they went by, probably not expecting a car well over 100 years old to be faster than a modern convenience. "I have to admit... I much prefer vintage luxury cars... so much more torque and power and appointments but... eh... it's my thing I guess." he shrugged, grinning now. "This is what I really like though..." He moved the second lever on the steering wheel, the one that wasn't the spark advance, and soon, he took his foot paw off the accelerator, and the car was maintaining its speed on its own. "Hand throttle." he pointed to the lever. "It's like a very early and primitive cruise control. So long as it's set, car goes the same speed. If I move it, it'll adjust the speed. Pretty damn nice, really."

"Awe?" he asked, looking over to her briefly again. "Uh... I think he's being genuine. I mean... without having spoken in depth with him... I'd like to think he's sincere... he answered my questions... of course... that doesn't rule out good training but... he was upfront... asked me a few things... and I mean look at it this way... when I was parked with you guys in the Duesenberg in the hotel parking garage... he could've killed me then and there... and all of you, given you were all incapacitated. Could've wiped us all out on the spot... and didn't. That's gotta count for something, right?" he asked now, passing another electric. "Endgame well... I don't know... I need to observe him more but... I suppose time will tell. Your guess is as good as mind." he admitted.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 10, 2018, 12:50:07 AM**

"He absolutely doesn't want us dead," Emilena agreed. "Or arrested. He had a golden opportunity to blow our cover at the hospital, but instead he salvaged the entire heist." She shook her head. "While offering to join our team, he told us that he's primarily employed by a single company to look out for their best interests. I can't help but wonder if he's using us to gain info on Brennan, and whether we'd be letting the cat out of the bag if his employer discovered what secrets Brennan is hiding." She shrugged. "I just can't really trust that a company who employs Augmented freedom fighters for corporate espionage would be any better than Brennan itself, and I don't like how disposable we become after helping Awe infiltrate Brennan's HQ. Am I reading too much into this?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 10, 2018, 01:51:08 AM**

As Tony cruised along, he listened to what the vulpine had to outline, and he chewed his bottom lip, mulling over her words as he kept his eyes on the road. "Um... I don't think so." he replied, shaking his head. "I think you have valid points... if he's out to learn more about Brennan... and his employer is as well... then... it is possible we'd be expendable after that. So... if you don't trust him... that may be the best course. I don't know... it's hard to say right now whose side he's on. We should be wary... maybe keep a gun on him... discreetly... if you know what I mean." he told her, settling back into the comfortable seat a bit as they drew nearer to the machinist's shop, their first stop on this escapade. "Oh and... who is Brennan anyway? What do we know about him?" he asked.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 10, 2018, 02:13:00 PM**

Give me the phone ' Marita said and she redialed the number ' Hello Nigel " Marita said as bailey answered on the other end " Look, Marita I have no idea WTF you girls did to Flora but that shit needs to

stop now! shes acting like an Branch freaking Davidian!" Nigel, We just got her back, about an hour ago ' Marota said " and furthermore any claims that we tried to assault her are complete BS. Why would we try to harm someone who has been placed in our care, and who is worth literally millions to us in full health? Further we know you, we know that if we did anything to harm or upset her, you'd turn us into freaking rugs to wipe your feet on!" true' Bailey sighed. " flora hated us, at first and didn't want to be put under our care in the first place. So, this whole slog started because she rebelled. There's only so much you can do if a teenager doesn't want to listen. You know that.'

Wheres Rose? shes the one I trusted of you three , after all. I didnt know this would go so pear shaped. ' We dont know where she is " Marita said " well, shit. ' Bailey sighed. " look, you got Flora back, alive. Good, that shows you're not utterly hopeless. if you want that money I promised you , you make damn sure she doesnt get grabbed again, and you are not to lay a finger on her. Understood? And-and get her back to normal! She sounds like a passenger on the Love Boat!" Shes a teenager, Bailey when they fall in love, its deep and illogical. I was a teenager once after all, I know what thats like" Whatever you have to do to fix her, do it!" bailey snapped. " I want her back to the girl she was when I sent her to you! Well could you send us some of her music videos? that could help. "Bailey paused in thought for a few seconds before answering "Ok.. fine..I'll send you ' Dance All Night" Resist the Urge" And Groove to Me". theres "Twisted All up" too but thats really just a demo. We were still working on it before this happened. Hopefully watching that will help. I'll send the "Live" versions too. The real trick, is explaining my stars absence. Its been weeks." Why dont you say shes working on that music video? it can take weeks for a film star or singer to get a part or a song down. " A whole month , though? most of the music videos we shot took a couple days to get down! " Say shes going Retro" Marita said. " are we talking 2030s retro, or really old school, like Vogue-era Madonna? ' whichever took longer to get done. " Fine Madonna then. check your email. bailey out' bailey said and hung up the phone. Marita sighe then turned to Flora ' well Bailey wuil be sending us some of your recent music videos to watch Flora. Wants you to work on the one you were working on before all this started. Thank you can do that?"

_ Bianca headed up the street stopping as she show the carnage around the safe house ' She rushed inside as best she could while carrying bags of breakfast food " Kintoki! FLora! You there?" She started before stopping as she beheld a pair of dead guards lying in the hallway ' What the hell happened here!' Bianca fairly screeched.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 10, 2018, 04:43:23 PM**

"That works for me. So long as at least two of us aren't blindsided if the other shoe drops," Emilena nodded.

She sat back. "Brennan Synthetics is the name of the company. The founder, Richard Brennan, went missing two months ago. (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550.msg444482;topicseen#msg444482>) All we know is that Brennan was responsible for those Augments blue-screening earlier this year, and they've got enough political influence to scapegoat the Purifiers and sweep everything under the rug. The weird part is, Soren thinks the kill patch was intentionally pushed, but we can't figure out why a cybernetics company would willingly cause a PR disaster this large. Their stocks have plummeted and financially they may never recover."

She shrugged. "Lily thought they were being setup by a third party and the Purifier deflection was a hastily-arranged cover story, but she went AWOL before revealing why she thought that. Me, I'm not sure what to think."

"Yeah, sure!" Flora piped up excitedly. "Will you watch them with me? Or, uh, if you're not into pop, that's okay. We could queue up YouTube and watch whatever music videos you're the most interested in." She gave them a loving smile. "I just like spending time with you, no matter what we do."

"Bianca!" Kintoki came rushing up from the basement. "Voice down, please, don't wake the neighbors!" He lowered his voice. "The Purifiers ambushed us and kidnapped Flora. But it's all right, we're pretty sure

she was in on the breakout. They're not going to harm her."

The surviving guards filed out of the basement. Most looked extremely excited or pleased and each was clutching a golden credit chip. Kintoki handed a similar one to Bianca. "Under no circumstances are you to follow Flora, okay?" he commanded. "Let her go. Honestly, you're a good-looking woman, you can do a lot better than her anyway." He motioned to the blood and corpses surrounding the safehouse, which was already being chemically absorbed by an aggressive cleaning solvent being secreted from the lawn and carpet. The walls were also slowly cleansing themselves of blood and sealing bullet holes with caulk. "That there is a million credits. You've earned it. Go retire somewhere quiet, and remember your vows of silence. We'll be in touch if you break them." His tone indicated she wouldn't want that to happen. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to leave as soon as possible to reach Brennan HQ before dark. If you want to stay here and make sure the self-cleaning subroutines finish their job, I'll wire you an extra 500 credits for every photograph of a safehouse room looking spotless."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 10, 2018, 05:24:19 PM**

As Tony slowed, pushing the hand throttle back up and taking manual control of the car by pushing his paw back on the accelerator, he took an exit, pushing in the clutch and brake as he began to roll to a halt on the off ramp. "So..." as the Crane-Simplex coasted to a stop, and Tony shifted back into first gear as he took it onto a smaller road after waiting at the light, he looked over to the vulpine. "How about we have each others' backs on that? I watch him as you do... if he moves against us 'unexpectedly', we'll be ready for him. Two guns on him are better than one, right?" he asked, smirking as he shifted through neutral, and then second, then neutral and into third as they got rolling into a higher speed.

As she outlined what had happened to Brennan Synthetics, he tried to process it all, and figure his way around it. "I see... so... basically... they get blamed for blue-screening Augments... their stock is tanking... Brennan is gone... and Purifiers were blamed... but Lily thinks there's more to it than that." the ferret commented, following along as he downshifted to turn onto another road. "Well... perhaps you could ask her before you end her." he suggested. "And... we need to think about who has the most to gain from this... it's neither the Purifiers nor Brennan Synthetics... Purifiers are coming under heavy fire... the company is in the toilet... who's left? Augments?" he asked, looking over to her now. "Some... competitor to Brennan Synthetics?" Turning right, Tony took the Crane-Simplex down the final road that led to his machinist.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 10, 2018, 05:38:58 PM**

"Well, not to beat a dead horse, but Awe's employer would greatly benefit from a powerful competitor going belly-up," Emilena pointed out. "Plus it would explain why Awe knew enough to find us in that bar." She shrugged. "If you're comfortable finding a way to work this into an innocent conversation, I'd love to learn the name of Awe's employer. I'm sure he'd be suspicious if I asked, but you two have already shared several male bonding discussions. He might trust you enough to just tell you the truth."

Emilena glanced out the window, trying to ascertain where in Seryet they were, but the area looked unfamiliar. "I'll try to get more info from Lily as well. It's usually pretty easy to get her talking."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 10, 2018, 05:58:53 PM**

Alright I'll stay here for the rest of the day and make sure they complete the job. i'll email you the pictures' Bianca said, as she slipped the million creds into her pocket, " then i'll join you at HQ , i won;t have a place lined up for a few weeks. Shame about Flora, I was starting to like her too " Bianca said handing some of the food she had gotten to the guards, who grabbed whatever they wanted as they funneled out of the basement, soon the food was gone., and both the gusards and kintonki had gone, leaving bianca alone in the slowing self-repairing safehouse. Well alone, wasnt exactly true: the rooma that followed her efvverywhere was still there. bianca sighed as she began walking around the safehouse ' way to ditch me flora ' she said softly to herself.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 10, 2018, 05:59:13 PM**

As he thought about it, it made far more sense, and as the massive convertible bumped its way into a parking lot, he exhaled. "Right... well... they could be behind it then, if they stand to benefit. That makes the most sense to me too...it's not the two parties suffering... it's whomever is gaining the most out of this." he stated, trying to be logical. "I could try and ask him but... if he's trained... he may not be so loose as to volunteer that information but if he does..." Tony paused, bringing the Crane-Simplex to a halt in a parking spot outside a nondescript concrete single story building that spanned the whole block. Shifting into neutral, Tony pulled the brake lever back and turned the electric switch off, shutting off the mammoth car.

Closing his eyes, Tony thought back to the conversation he'd first had with Awe, searching for the name, then reopened them. "When we first spoke, he mentioned to me that he was a 'former' employee of Werner Industries... but that now he's 'freelance' mercing. You think he's being honest?" he asked. "Or you think he still actually works for Werner Industries? I know a bit about them... weapons manufacturer... arms trade. Did some running for them back in the day." he explained, putting his arm over the seat as he looked across to her.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 10, 2018, 06:21:24 PM**

"Its possible," Emilena replied. "Though most freelancers I know peddle their trade to get paid, and he's working for us pro bono." She nodded thoughtfully when Tony revealed he knew Awe's former employer. "I don't know anything about Werner off the top of my head. I'll do some digging tonight, when we get home." Assuming she gets home...

She noticed they'd pulled into a parking lot. "Anything I should know about meeting Jerry?" She asked. "'Don't make eye contact, let you do the talking,' that sort of thing?" Even without his business connection, Tony was naturally far more charismatic than her, and she was prepared to give him the limelight no matter what sort of person Jerry turned out to be.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 10, 2018, 06:42:24 PM**

"That's true... which to me doesn't make any sense... why work for free? And also... why leave a cushy job with a ton of benefits, as he claimed they had, to go freelance it with no benefits and unsteady pay?" he inquired. "I think he may have just switched roles in the company... but we'll see." Opening his door, he stepped down onto the running board, and then the ground. "He's a nice guy... he's got no tics... really admires my old cars so... you don't have to guard yourself or anything." he assured her, as Jerry, a zorilla dressed in overalls emerged from the front door, spectacles perched on his snout as he broke out into a wide smile.

"Tony Stracci, as I live and breathe! What the hell is that?" the zorilla asked, pointing behind the ferret to the Crane-Simplex. "Is that REALLY what I think it is?"

"1916 Crane-Simplex my friend! Might be the only one left in existence!" Tony spread his arms wide.

"Son of a bitch... I didn't know you owned something like that! I've tooled a lot of engines for you but nothing of that caliber!"

"Heh... yeah well... it's the rarest in my collection so... it rarely gets to see the light of day." he confessed, giving the zorilla a nod. "Anyway... I've directly debited the amount into your account. You have what I ordered? This is Emilena, my associate." the ferret introduced the two, hooking a claw over to the fox.

"Pleasure to meet you." Jerry nodded to her, and produced the box from behind his back. "Strongest damn alloy I have... slightly smaller than a normal human head... will this suffice?" he asked, holding it

out to them. Looking over to Emilena, Tony raised his brows and put his paws behind his back.

"Well... what do you think, Ms. Echo?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 10, 2018, 07:29:58 PM**

(Ooc: haha I had to Google zorilla, and I'm glad I did, at first I thought you meant a zebra-gorilla hybrid (<https://www.deviantart.com/pixel-pushers/art/Zebrilla-Gorilla-Zebra-Hybrid-722610059>))

"Pleasure to meet you!" Emilena shook his hand warmly. "If you think the car's nice to look at, I hope you get the chance to ride in it one day. Purrs like a cat and faster than a bullet." She flashed a warm smile. "Stay on Tony's good side and you never know!" she joked.

She took the box and whistled approvingly. "Oh, this will do just fine," she nodded, testing its corners and finding it airtight and unyielding. "Perfect size too, you certainly know your craft. Thank you so much for finishing this on such short notice."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 10, 2018, 08:02:27 PM**

((Hahah definitely not! We are talking about a striped polecat!))

At Emilena's description of the Crane-Simplex, the striped polecat's eyes lit up. "Oh! I don't doubt it at all! That was the world's first super car in a way! I'd love to tinker with it at some point but... heh... to get a ride in it would be an honor and a pleasure!" he admitted, nodding.

"You might someday! And if it needs work, you know you're the first one I'm coming to." the ferret informed him. As Emilena inspected the box, and approved of it, Tony nodded gratefully.

"Oh of course!" Jerry responded. "Tony is my best customer, and relies on me for very unique requests so... this was fortunately relatively simple. Won't ask what you need it for, but I'm glad you approve; I know it's definitely not for one of your cars, but hey! Wish you luck with it all the same."

Shaking Jerry's paw, Tony gave him another nod. "Well thank you very much, friend. We should probably roll, as we have a prior engagement, but as usual, your workmanship is high quality."

"Of course! And you open it with a push of the button on the side, and can lock it with your thumb, if you want." Jerry explained, pointing his claw to the thumb reader on the side. "It can be reprogrammed, but you need to be bring it back here." he told them.

"Right! Well... excellent work, as always. Can you direct me to Lily's location?" Tony asked, starting to head back to the car. Opening the door, he slid back behind the wheel, Jerry intently watching from behind his glasses as Tony pushed in the starter pedal on the floor, the engine turning over and coming to life with a nice roar that caused the zorilla to grin. There was no need to choke the engine or regard the spark, as it was a warm start.

"OK so... what neighborhood is she in? Section of the city." Tony asked Emilena, looking over to her.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 11, 2018, 01:00:44 AM**

Emilena waved politely to Jerry as they got back in the car. "It's in the cellar of one of the co-ops between the Warren and Zolyiak Districts," Emilena explained. "Basically just turn into Carriage Hills once we hit 8th street and I can direct you from there."

She kept looking at the box. She briefly wondered whether she should come up with an excuse for

carrying it, but Lily honestly probably wouldn't even pay attention to anything beyond getting what she wants.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 11, 2018, 12:09:22 PM**

"Ah yeah... OK! I know where that is roughly." Tony nodded, shifting into reverse so they could back out of the spot as he released the brake. "Sounds like not a great place... but it's certainly not the worst either. There are plenty of worse locations than Carriage Hills." He pointed out, putting them back into first gear to get rolling by sliding the shift lever from all the way forward to about midway back.

As the Crane-Simplex began conveying them back to the highway, he tapped the wooden wheel with a paw. "So what's your plan?" he asked, merging back into traffic and increasing speed. "You going to go in while I wait outside and try and kill her without her anticipating it? Or something else?" He set the hand throttle so he could take his foot off the accelerator, moving the car along at about 75 mph now as he stayed in the middle lane, passing by slower traffic in the right.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 11, 2018, 05:38:15 PM**

"Yeah, it's a lower-middle class area," Emilena replied. "This particular co-op's been empty for almost a year, landlord went bankrupt and government's been dragging its feet on doing anything with the house. I'm pretty sure somebody had been cooking meth in the cellar before we showed up."

Emilena watched cars zip by at an insane rate; nobody on the road could keep up with the Crane-Simplex' raw horsepower. "I have to play everything by the book, or she might suspect something's up. Crawl through the hatchpiece, get her into a dialogue, and shoot her at some point before she can tag me."

The last complication Emilena kept to herself; she had no way of knowing if their mental bond allowed Lily to read her thoughts. If Lily knew everything she had planned, her gambit wasn't going to get very far. Just to be safe, she mulled over the details from her old sleeper agent training (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=13105.msg423268#msg423268>) and tried to shield her mind from outside interference.

Flora poured herself a bottle of the most expensive whiskey she could find. "So wait, do we actually have to work on a music video? How are we going to do that? Do you have a camera?" She thought, and supplied her own answer. "We could use your cell phone, modern phones have killer cameras, with all the megapixels. This could be fun!" Truth be told, she was just looking forward to an opportunity to spend time with Marita and Marie. *Too bad Rose isn't here*, she thought wistfully, *especially since she's the only one with an acting and dancing background...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 11, 2018, 10:38:53 PM**

Even Tony had to admit, he was surprised at the good clip his Crane-Simplex had, passing electrics on the right hand side with minimal issues, whilst a few passed him on the left who were pushing close to 90... which he could easily do, he just didn't feel it necessary right now, as there was no need for that kind of speed at present. The leather seat was rather comfortable, and he nodded as he listened to her explanation.

"OK well... doesn't sound like a horrible neighborhood, then. Not that... anyone could drive this car, even if they wanted to steal it." he smirked. "Shift lever is way different than your standard H pattern after all." he explained.

"All right." he nodded again. "Just be careful... take nothing for granted... and if you need the backup... I will provide it." he told her, exiting down another ramp into the Carriage Hills neighborhood, slowing to a

halt, then shifting into first and then second as they started moving down 8th Street. "OK so... where are we going from here? You direct and I'll get you there." he told her resolutely, having pushed back the hand throttle to nothing, going back to the accelerator pedal to control the car. He had left the top down for the entire journey, having loved the feel of the wind in his fur, but now... it was time to get serious... time to... end Lily.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 12, 2018, 12:56:59 AM**

"Right there," Emilena gulped, pointing out the two-story house at the end of the street. It looked identical to every single other house on the block save for the *Forclosed* sign. Emilena realized it had been less than three months since she and Lily had hidden here. *Jesus, this has been a hell of a few months...*

She took a deep breath as the car rumbled to a stop. "Remember, if she comes out and I'm not there...floor it and don't look back." Unbuckling her seatbelt, she crossed to the fence and pushed aside the decorative boulder covering the crawlspace into the cellar.

"Lily...?" Emilena muttered under her breath as she squeezed through the crawlspace. There were their boxes, and Lily's laptop plugged into the far wall, but her nose was the first thing to realize something was off. Instead of being hit with the familiar musk of a dusty suburban cellar, the safehouse smelled like formaldehyde and aged blood.

It didn't take long for Emilena to locate the source; Lily's old planning desk had been converted into an operating table, and Lily herself was shackled to it by hands and ankles. She wasn't breathing, and as Emilena got closer she could make out a very familiar pattern of scars and needlepricks across her body, the exact same phantom wounds Emilena had developed the past few months. The freshest incision was the seven-letter word carved into Lily's thigh; the same one that had brought Emilena here in the first place.

Emilena suddenly realized she wasn't alone and whirled around to see someone behind her wielding a frying pan. "Get back!" Emilena gasped, preemptively kicking them in the stomach. Her assailant had slow reflexes and took the full brunt of the kick, and with a flash of surprise Emilena recognized their cry. "Lily?" she stammered, stumbling backwards. "What the...?"

"Oh my god, Emilena! I didn't realize it was you!" Lily lowered the pan, wincing in pain. "I'm so sorry, you should have announced yourself!"

"I didn't, I...I saw the table! Who the hell is that?" Emilena leaned against the wall for support, catching her bearings. She'd dropped Jerry's box, and couldn't see where it had fallen in the dark.

"Are you alright?" Lily stepped forward to help, but Emilena motioned her away. "The body on the table is why I called you. It's the psionic monster that possessed me in Lanthae."

Emilena glanced at the body again. "Wait, really? I thought that thing was long gone."

"I did too..." Lily sighed. "Until it came after me. I left the others to keep you all safe. I...knocked it out with my powers, but now I don't know what to do." She looked pleadingly at Emilena as the vulpine walked over to examine the body. "Nothing I've tried will kill it, I can only keep it sedated. Please help me."

Emilena narrowed her eyes. Lily wasn't acting like the dangerous sociopath she was expecting. "No offense, but you seem a little more...polite? Than the last few times we've met?"

Lily turned away in shame. "You don't have to mince your words. I was insane. I'm really, really sorry about what I've put you through." She looked back to see Emilena hadn't lowered her defensive stance. "Seeing this beast again was...humbling. I realized I'd abandoned those I truly cared about. You, Soren, Axel..." she gulped. "I was becoming just as bad as it." Her lip quivered. Emilena couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Which is why I want to kill it," Lily finished. "Turn over a new leaf. Finally put the past behind me."

The two stared at each other for several strained seconds. "Please, Emilena," Lily whispered, cheeks flushing red. "I need you."

Emilena looked from the monster's body, to Lily, and back. She sighed. "This isn't how I thought this meeting would go... but okay."

Lily teared up. "Emilena...it means so much to hear you say that."

"Yeah..." Emilena pointed her thumb across the cellar at their old boxes. "Did you try my old katana? It can cut through anything, especially with the micro-vibrate setting."

Lily's eyes brightened. "Oh! Why didn't I think of that?" She quickly sprinted over and rifled through the boxes. After a few seconds of fruitless searching, she realized what was going on.

She turned around to see Emilena wielding her pistol, while standing to block both the exit and the operating table. "Lily was there when my katana got destroyed..." Emilena narrowed her eyes at the imposter. "Plus I know Lily wouldn't have used a frying pan when she can kill someone with a touch."

Lily's clone sighed.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 12, 2018, 12:14:17 PM**

As Tony pulled up to the house, he shifted into neutral and then set the parking brake, listening it to click back into place. Relaxing, he looked over to her. "All right... good luck... and if neither of you come out... I may head in after you... we'll see. If I see her come out..." he twisted around to reach into the back seat, pulling the laser rifle up and resting it on his lap. "I'll cut her head off then floor it." he nodded.

He'd parked far enough away from the building that anyone coming out probably wouldn't be able to react in time and race over to his car before he took off, and briefly considered heading up a house just in case, but figured he was OK. He was technically parked in between the lot the house was on, and the next house over, favoring the next house over in fact. He watched as the vulpine exited, and bit his lower lip, producing a toothpick that he promptly jammed his mouth as he watched her head inside. "Fuck..." he whispered to himself. "I hope this works."

As he left the Crane-Simplex idling, he impatiently drummed a claw on the wooden wheel, hoping everything was going all right in there. The rumble of the car was almost agonizing, but he had to keep it running, as he didn't want to risk a rough startup just in case things went south. He needed to be able to drive and drive quickly if it wasn't Emilena exiting the property.

An idea struck him, and the ferret undid the clasp on the passenger side of the split windshield, moving the glass upwards 45 degrees. This was normally to provide fuller ventilation to passenger and driver but now, Tony had an unobstructed line of fire to the house, and wouldn't have to shoot through the windshield if he did need to open up.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 12, 2018, 05:06:46 PM**

"I don't want to fight you," the fake Lily started.

"What, now that I can fight back?" Emilena snarled.

The imposter nodded. "I won't lie. I've read your file," she dropped her pan and raised her hands. "I know you would kill me in a fair fight."

"Then you should have read it harder, because I've killed surrendering opponents before..." Emilena swiped the scalpel from the operating table before her opponent got any ideas. "But first I want to know who you are and why you lured me here!"

"I'm a clone. The Purifiers grew me using the same pod and the same DNA you and Mr. Whent used to create the Lily you know."

"Are you working with the Purifiers then?" Emilena demanded.

"No, I abandoned them first chance I got. I'm only in this for myself." She motioned to Lily's body on the table. "If I can kill her under the right conditions, conditions I have setup in this room, I can steal her psionic powers. I've already worked with Mr. Whent to sever her totem with him, it was preventing her from dying."

"What's a totem?"

"A mental connection caused by two minds inhabiting the same body. Lily formed it when she briefly inhabited Mr. Whent's body back in Lanthae (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341.msg403237#msg403237>). Mr. Whent broke that connection after we lured her to an alleyway and tranquilized her."

"Axel agreed to that?" Emilena asked.

"He was pleased to be rid of her! Wouldn't even take payment." The clone balled her fists. "But it wasn't enough. I performed the operation a dozen times, but she just keeps reviving herself. I've spent a fortune on black market sedatives, she's been clinically dead for weeks, but *she won't stop healing!*" She glanced at the word carved into Lily's thigh. "Until you sent that message, and I realized she must have another totem. One even stronger, strong enough that you two were sharing wounds. She can't die while you live."

Emilena almost asked when Lily would have had the chance to inhabit her body, but then realized the most likely occasion. (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=12341.msg398629;topicseen#msg398629>) She glanced at Lily. "Hmm. And if you had been able to kill me right now, and it had all worked...what then? What were you planning on doing with these powers once you had them?"

The clone shrugged. "Honestly, I haven't thought that far ahead. I just want them." Her eyes glinted. "We're both clones, she's no more original than I am. Why should she get them, while I don't?"

"Because life isn't fair." Emilena lowered her scalpel. "But we might be able to come to an agreement. If I help you get those powers, will you help my team? We're preparing to go on an extremely dangerous mission, and we could really use a medic."

Lily's clone raised her eyebrows. "I...why on earth would you trust me with that?"

Emilena tossed the scalpel aside, where it embedded into the woodwork. "If you're a clone of Lily, you've got her brain chemistry. You've got her predilections. And, in all honesty, you look and sound more like Lily than she has for these past few months."

The clone's hands trembled. "I don't understand."

"You could have carried a gun and just shot me when I walked into this room, you could have murdered Axel because he was a totem. But you didn't. And that makes you more of the Lily I remember than the person on this table." Emilena holstered her pistol. "I want my friend back, before she became an amoral, narcissistic psychopath. If that has to be you, I can live with that."

The clone gulped. "But...I'd have to kill you. Your bond is stronger than the one Lily had with Mr. Whent, it's an outright mental link."

"You said you put Lily into a state of clinical death," Emilena pointed out. "Do that to me."

The clone bit her lip. "I don't have the tech to bring you back out."

Emilena sat down. "Then the millisecond you get those powers, you know what to do."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 12, 2018, 05:27:35 PM**

As Tony tapped his claw on the wooden steering wheel, his breaths were coming out in something that resembled pants, the ferret's anxiety rising with the passing minutes. He kept glancing to his watch, then shook his head. "Stop it! It'll be fine!" he whispered to himself, but the tension didn't dissolve. As he kept his gaze on the house, he figured he'd head in there in 30 minutes if no sign of anyone emerged by then. So far it had only been... glancing to his watch again, Tony could see 10 minute had elapsed. OK... 20 to go.

He ran his paw over his facial fur, matting it down and then pushing it up in an awkward fashion. He had half-expected the house to explode in bright beams of light or... something; some sort of epic battle, but there was nothing. As he sat in the comfortable leather seat, he felt the idling Crane-Simplex continue to rumble a bit beneath him, the straight-six still running as he still impatiently waited for something to happen; the house to explode... beams to shoot out... the ground to rumble... Lily to emerge... Emilena to emerge. But it was quiet... if he didn't know what was going on in that house, he'd say it was just a normal day in this neighborhood.

Rubbing his nose, the ferret glanced to his watch again... only a minute had passed. "Dammit..." he whispered. "I need to calm the hell down." Gripping the wheel with his left paw, he sat in the big car, and continued his vigil. The fact that no sounds emanated from the house... good or bad sign? Emilena was either very efficient... or something had gone wrong. But either way... he'd wait... give it the full 30 minutes, and then head inside. That would be more than enough time for someone to emerge, after all.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 12, 2018, 05:40:28 PM**

The minutes dragged on. The sun reached the top of the sky and began slowly ambling towards the horizon.

Right on the thirty-minute mark, someone suddenly emerged from the crawlspace. Lily winced at the sunlight, but it didn't stop her from creeping out to the sidewalk. Without even a glance at Tony, she began sprinting away from the house at a breakneck speed. Reaching a nearby fence leading to Carriage Park, she vaulted it and disappeared from view.

Emilena's first feeling of resuscitation was a series of electrical shocks that sent her body racking. Her adrenaline levels were going into overdrive, and she wasn't causing it.

She gasped, a deep ragged gulp of air that made her chest feel like it would pop. Emilena pressed her palms into her eyes and ground her teeth in pain as she rolled onto her hands and knees.

"...Fuck..." The vulpine reached under her shirt and grasped the vasculator she'd stolen from the hospital (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550.msg469268#msg469268>). "I'd really hoped it wouldn't come to using this thing. What the hell happened?" She tried to stand up. "Thought your dumb ass was going to revive me!"

She slowly realized she was alone. Other than the entrance to the hideout hanging open, there was no sign of where the Lily clone had scampered off to. *Bastard left me for dead...maybe she's not as different as I thought.*

Emilena checked on the corpse on the table. It had gone into rigor mortis, and its eyes were glassy and lifeless. And still, Emilena felt a need to check for a pulse. She'd seen Lily die so many times before, after all...

But after every check she could think of, plus more than enough time for Lily's healing powers to have restored her to life, Emilena was forced to conclude that her old partner was finally dead. She sighed, finally feeling the gravity of her actions. "Lily..." she couldn't resist confessing aloud. "I'm sorry. I don't

know if I made the right choice, but you didn't leave me much of one."

Morning was almost over. The team would be waking up, and she needed to leave. After shutting Lily's eyes for the last time, Emilena squeezed out of the hideout entrance and sealed it shut behind her. "It's done..." she gritted her teeth as she slipped into the car, clutching her chest. "She's dead." She looked pale, almost as pale as when Tony saw her in the hospital alleyway.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 12, 2018, 06:03:31 PM**

As Tony gripped the rifle and prepared to head in, noting the time was now up, he tensed, seeing Lily emerge from the house. "Shit!" he whispered, getting it ready to fire through the windshield. As he raised it up, he prepared to fire, but she took off running, not in his direction, fortunately. Watching her go and leap a fence, he cursed. "Dammit!" That meant that Emilena was dead... and a freaking psionic psychopath was now on the loose!

Opening the door, Tony was preparing to hop out of the car to retrieve Emilena's corpse, still gripping the rifle, when he saw her emerge, and froze. "What the... hell?" he asked quietly, getting behind the wheel, and hoping this wasn't some trick... though Lily wasn't capable of those kinds of things... or so he thought.

As she reentered the Crane-Simplex, he kept the laser rifle in his lap, though this time, it was pointed at her, and his paw was on the trigger, even if it wasn't raised. "What the hell are you talking about?" he asked, looking to her with confusion. "No she's not! I just saw her leave the house and head into the park! What the hell happened in there?" he asked, his eyes searching her for answers, and ready in case they were suspect. He noted the very pale demeanor... like when she'd come out of the hospital, poisoned. What the hell had taken place in that house?

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 12, 2018, 06:17:30 PM**

Actually Lilly' Marita said as there was a popup message on her computer" "Theres am email from Bailey . i'm to shpw these videos. ' you made them, prior to this current slog ' MArita said " She turned on the video for ' resist the urge" and turning the settings to full screen ' This was one of your rearky videos Flora " she said asan image ogf of a very young flora appeared on stage, dressed in what looked like green spandex of some kind.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 12, 2018, 08:05:37 PM**

Soren thanked Tony for the ride and safehouse and soon got to work analyzing every scrap of data he could lay his hands on. Of course, the news about the deadly augments had spread and in many cases went out of control. Brennan Synthetics was a shell of its once successful self.

Anne looked over the news and papers that were scattered over the elegant wooden table. "So, while I was in the hospital, I overheard someone mentioning that a bunch of of removed augments had been stolen."

Soren shrugged. "Big deal. Happens all the time. They're cleaned but it's illegal to reuse them them without complete disassembly, cleaning sterilization or recycling them for raw materials. OF course, people don't give a shit."

Anne continued. "Yeah, but I overheard some cellphone calls to Brennan Synthetics about 'picking up the evidence'."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 12, 2018, 09:54:20 PM**

"That wasn't her. Things...didn't go according to plan. " Emilena rested her head against the window, exhausted. "The Purifiers cloned her, same way we did back in Lanthae. The clone had Lily captive and unconscious, and a plan to finish her off once and for all. I cooperated with her, and now Lily's dead." She took a deep breath. "I can guarantee it, checked the body myself. But I think I screwed up trusting that clone. There's a chance she stole Lily's powers for herself."

She glanced at Tony's rifle, still pointed at her. "The only good news is, she seemed a lot more sane than Lily. And I don't think she expected me to survive. So we've got that going for us if she bothers us again."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 12, 2018, 11:47:22 PM**

Awe returned to the living room with a towel around the back of his neck and covered in sweat. His long sleeved shirt was over his shoulder. "Where'd tony go?" Awe asked getting some water.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 13, 2018, 01:02:02 AM**

After considering Emilena's words, Tony relaxed, and released his grip on the trigger, picking up the rifle and tossing it back into the rear of the car. "All right... though I fail to see how this improves our situation any." He commented, shifting into gear and releasing the brake to get the car rolling. "I mean if that's a clone running around... haven't we just substituted one for the other? The fact she'd leave you for dead doesn't bode well for us... it's a rather callous act after all." He pointed out, shifting into second.

"Still... I'm glad you made it out of there alive... and that you yourself aren't an imposter... I wasn't sure at first when I saw her leave... I don't think she has abilities like but I wasn't sure." He explained. "If we see her again, we'll deal with her then... if not... whatever I guess." He sighed, shaking his head.

"Heh... gave me quite the fright though." he smirked. "When I saw her come out first I figured you were dead... was going to head inside to retrieve your body but... fortunately that wasn't needed. Anyway... you made it, and that's really what I care about most." he concluded, moving up the on ramp to the highway now to take them back to his place. He figured they could stop at a supermarket or something... pick some things up to make it look like they'd gone on this supply run. "Do you feel like you at least accomplished your objective?" he asked, looking briefly over to her.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 13, 2018, 02:00:30 AM**

"She acted like she wanted to join our team. Said she'd heal us, like Lily used to." Emilena shook her head, disgusted. "I let my guard down. I shouldn't have trusted her," she admitted, rubbing her forehead and leaning back in the chair. "But in the long run, I think we're still better off with Lily dead. At least her clone isn't actively haunting my dreams and threatening to murder Axel in his sleep."

She sighed, looked over, and gave Tony a rare smile. "You were a huge help today, both at the hospital and here with Lily. I owe you one. It's weird to think we hated each other's guts back in Lanthae. I certainly never thought I'd one day consider you a trusted teammate, much less a friend."

"He went on a..." Flora trailed off, distracted by Awe's chiseled abs. She shook her head to regain her focus. "Um, supply run. Said he'll be back soon."

She sat down and watched her old music videos on her phone. "Oh, god, not this one," she felt horribly embarrassed. "Our original plan had been to use a green screen to swap my body out with that of different animals. But the guy we hired was awful, and it looked terrible. We couldn't afford to reshoot or scrap the project, so the record company made us ship it with me just wearing a green bodysuit for no reason. I'm so glad the internet almost immediately forgot about it."

She scrolled down to her unfinished current project. "Actually, we might be able to finish this with Tony's house as a set. It's one of those music videos that tell a story constantly spliced with footage from a concert. Bailey's already got the concert footage, so we just need to film the frame narrative." She glanced over at Awe again. "You know, buddy, you look like you just walked off the cover of a romance novel. Want to act in a music video?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 13, 2018, 03:25:21 AM**

If Awe did notice Flora staring at his abs he didn't say anything of it. Though he chuckled at flora's question. "I never really thought myself the music video type." He took a drink of water. "Plus there's also the fact this bailey might not like an ex corporate assassin in one of his videos."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 13, 2018, 12:07:35 PM**

As Tony drove along at higher speeds, he moved over to close the windshield so Emilena wouldn't have the wind blowing right in her face. There was enough of that with the top down, after all. He nodded. "Yeah... probably best she is dead... maybe not so good her clone is running around but... I guess I can't entirely blame you for trusting her... I know you and she had history, after all. It's hard not to when you feel like at some point... there may be a chance to regain what was lost." he admitted. "I know that feeling all too well."

As she thanked him, he looked over to her. "Sure... yeah... of course." he replied, surprised. "And I'm not sure I necessarily hated you... I don't hate many." he pointed out. "But dislike? Sure... still... I knew this was important to you... I had nothing better to do... and it seemed like the right thing to shoot for." he smiled back. He hesitated at the friend bit. "Well... that's good to know as well. It used to be I trusted Axel the most but now... given his... vacillation, to put it mildly... I think you've risen to the rank of most trust on the team with me. And someone I'd see as a friend." he informed her, smiling once more.

"I'm sorry you didn't get what you wanted out of this... I don't blame you, as said, for hoping otherwise." he shook his head. "Sorry about the rifle thing back there as well... my mind was going a million miles a minute... when I saw her emerge... thought it meant you were dead... I honestly wasn't expecting to see you come out so... I didn't process the situation correctly." he confessed, moving by a slower car as he stuck once again to the middle lane for now.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 13, 2018, 09:43:04 PM**

"Don't even apologize about the rifle," Emilena assured. "I'd have done the same. I'm glad you kept your head about you." She watched the white lines in the center of the street zip underneath their car. "The others probably won't ask, but if they do, you think we should be honest with them? I was hoping to just kill Lily and put this behind us without bothering anyone, but the clone's existence ruined any chance of that."

They rounded a corner, and she listened to Tony turning the car's wheels and leaning on the brakes. She realized that, for the first time, she genuinely cared about whether one of her teammates survived. Beyond tactical or personal benefit, she wanted Tony to survive this and enjoy a quiet civilian life, more than she wanted that for herself, or Axel and the others.

Axel. She remembered something the clone had said, and suddenly her demeanor shifted. "Actually, you know what? I'm probably going to talk to Axel either way. The clone said he helped her kidnap Lily, I want to find out what he knows."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 13, 2018, 11:31:24 PM**

Tony cracked another smile at her words. "I'm glad you won't hold it against me. I... honestly thought you'd be dead when I saw her emerge so... my brain was scrambled when I saw you but... I'm glad we worked it out." He nodded, moving into the residential area near his home now. "As for what to tell them... heh... we *could* do some shopping if we want to keep up the pretense of supply run." he smirked. "I could give you my phone so you could order some stuff from the massive mart that is close to my home. I have an account there, and they get it ready for you so that by the time you get there, you just load it into your car and go!" he told her.

But as she brought up her final point, he paused. "Mmm... damn... Axel... helped the clone kidnap Lily? The actual hell? Then yeah... we have to ask him... forget shopping... we'll just come clean with the group." He nodded, turning down the road that led up to the manor. Determination was on his features, though the ferret was currently unaware of Emilena's thoughts on him, and hoping he'd make it. Downshifting through neutral into second as they made their slow way up to his home, Tony meandered the big "land yacht" closer to the house on the hill.

Heading down the ramp into the garage, Tony drove down the row of cars to the Crane-Simplex's vacant spot, before he came to a full stop, shifted into reverse, and slowly backed the big car in, looking behind him to make sure he didn't hit anything as he did so, leaning out over the door to get a clear view. Once satisfied with the back up job, Tony put the car in neutral, set the parking brake, and killed the motor by flipping the electric switch. "OK... home again!" He declared, opening the door, retrieving the laser rifle, stepping onto the running board, and then hopping to the ground. "I have to say... really enjoyed taking the Crane-Simplex out... first time I ever drove it for any real length of time and... it really exceeded expectations." He smiled widely, admiring his car for a moment, then looked over to her.

"Well... feel free to confront Axel... I'll be backing you up. You know the way." He smiled again, giving her a nod and putting his paw out towards the elevator.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 14, 2018, 09:43:49 PM**

"Well, in that case, thanks for letting me ride along on its maiden voyage." Emilena, smiled, climbed out and walked inside.

"You're no fun," Flora muttered when Awe politely declined. "Hey! Did you get my instrument?" she called out when she heard them return.

"We forgot, sorry." Emilena poked her head in. "Anyone know where Axel is?"

Flora rubbed her jaw in thought. "Actually, now that you mention it, I havent seen him since we all got out of the car."

When nobody could offer up Axel's location, Emilena sighed. "You know what? Maybe that's a blessing in disguise. I really dont want to have this conversation with him anyway." She collapsed on the couch, exhausted. "For the first time in months, I'm just going to relax and forget about all this crap until the tech people have decrypted the files."

"Oh yeah..." Flora looked at Marita. "Do you need to go help with the files we stole? We can put off the music video if we need to."

"The music what now?" Emilena muttered sleepily from the couch.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 14, 2018, 10:01:36 PM**

Awe put his shirt back on and sat near the bar. "Flora was gonna make a new music video, she offered me a role but I politely refused."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 14, 2018, 11:16:57 PM**

Bailey wants us to finish up a music video Flora was working on. Tony, do you mind if we use your house as a backdrop for it?' Marita said , looking over from her computer.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 14, 2018, 11:35:23 PM**

"Was my pleasure." he answered her. As they reached his living room, Tony waved to everyone. "Hey guys... what's up?" He stuck his paws in his pockets, then sauntered over to one part of his big, L-shaped couch and plopped down on it, listening as Emilena asked for Axel, but he hadn't been seen since exiting the Duesenberg. Odd... where the hell was he?

But still... the fox quickly shifted into relax mode, and the ferret had to admit, that sounded awfully good. Reaching for a glass, he got up and poured himself a Scotch, then sat back down and closed his eyes, taking a sip. "Heh... not a bad idea." he responded to her. "I may go for a swim in a bit..." he cracked an eye open, and checked his watch. Not even noon yet... perfect. He had a pool out back on his balcony, which was propped up on stilts embedded in the hillside. Taking another sip, he appreciated the feeling of not having to do anything, and the relaxing drive back he'd had, which had helped him otherwise calm down from an intense situation.

As Marita addressed him, he cracked an eye again and frowned. "I suppose... just don't mess anything up... no rowdiness, all right? And maybe upstairs... because I need some peace and quiet for the moment." he told her.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 15, 2018, 02:11:41 AM**

"You got a library tony? I do enjoy a nice book after a mission." Awe said getting another drink.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 15, 2018, 07:46:31 PM**

"Yeah it's uh, upstairs. It's quite expansive because I like my books... mostly nonfiction though, but there is some literature in there as well... mostly some of the greats." He informed Awe, pointing to a staircase off to the right that led up. "It's uh... make a left at the top, then two doors down on the right." He explained.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 15, 2018, 08:42:56 PM**

Emilena had fallen asleep on the couch.

Flora led Marita and Marie upstairs. "So, what sort of plot were we thinking for this music video?" she asked. "Remember, no dialogue because the music will be playing over it. Some sort of romance storyline is the standard fare for this sort of thing, cause no offense but you two are a bit old for a 'wild girl's night'-style party video. Unless..." Her eyes lit up. "Oooh, want to do a kidnapping plot? I could meet one of you on Tinder, arrive at your luxurious 'house' for a date and you drug me, tie me up and we do some crowd-pleasing sexy bondage shots. Then we end with a plot twist, like I pay you money and show that it was completely consensual and preplanned."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 15, 2018, 11:06:49 PM**

Or we could pay you upfront then whisper in your ear, then go some close face close ups, before we get into the 'over 18 subplot' and we can wear stuff to make us look younger too" Marita said. I'm sure there's stuff in our makeup kit that can make us look like teens" Marie said. eyeliner, hair styling, things like that."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 15, 2018, 11:44:42 PM**

"But then there's no twist. Look, who's got years of experience making these, you or me?" Flora rolled her eyes, then realized she was being rude. "Sorry, sorry, you're the boss," she amended hastily. "We'll do it your way. And yeah, if you got makeup, I'll see what I can do."

After a few hours in the bathroom working on both ladies, Flora nodded approvingly. "That turned out better than I expected," she confessed, stashing the eyeliner. "I think with some creative angles you could pass for teenagers. Now what are we filming first?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 15, 2018, 11:45:35 PM**

Awe went to the library and got himself the book The Complete Works of William Shakespeare before returning to the living room and fixing himself a drink. He sat at the bar and started reading King Lear.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 16, 2018, 06:08:16 PM**

As Tony heard Awe reenter the room, he opened his eyes, and noticed he was carrying his two volume "The Complete Works of William Shakespeare" in its leather bound edition. "Oh... didn't know you were a Shakespeare reader... would've pegged you for something else." the ferret smirked. still sitting back on the couch, his arms up and resting on the couch's top portion.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 16, 2018, 09:58:10 PM**

Awe chuckled at Tony's comment. "My adoptive father is a huge fan of Shakespeare. I spent every free time I have reading his works while I was training." Awe cracked a smile. "Shakespeare's always resonated with me."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 16, 2018, 10:37:47 PM**

"Interesting." Tony commented, nodding. "You're a learned man, Awe. I didn't expect you liking Shakespeare... but kudos to your adoptive father for bringing you up with it... I'm impressed." he remained where he was on the couch as he spoke, tapping it with his paws. "Heh... what's your favorite play?" he inquired.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 16, 2018, 10:47:42 PM**

"Hamlet for sure." Awe replied taking a drink. "A story about a man getting back at his wicked uncle."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 17, 2018, 10:06:45 AM**

we film the beginning of the ' party. this will interspersed with already filmed dancers so it looked like we're at a big party' Marie said. " we could go for a ' Great Gatsby sorta vibe. "

Marita looked at herself in the mirror, at the all the world she looked like a 18 or 19 year old. " Great work Floor. " i look like i'm just starting college.'

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 17, 2018, 02:41:50 PM**

"Well he does, but he also loses his life." Tony pointed out. "Not many survive that play but... then again... I suppose in his position... I'd do whatever it'd take to get back at my uncle too." He nodded thoughtfully. "Hamlet's probably my favorite as well. Did like the Taming of the Shrew, and Coriolanus." He commented. "Hamlet is rather hard to beat though... it's... one of the best things in English ever written, in all honesty." he confessed, nodding.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 17, 2018, 04:08:54 PM**

Flora shrugged. "Okay." She took Marita's phone and filmed a sample shot. "This thing has great quality," she nodded approvingly. "I bet its got all the megapixels."

Leading Marita and Marie out of the bathroom, she turned the phone on and started recording them. "So, uh, start dancing I guess?" she directed.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 17, 2018, 11:33:57 PM**

Marita and marie started to dance. the dancing would be edited into the already shot footage so it would seem as though they were not by themselves. " maroe swayed to and fro, like a teenager would at a prom. Marita spun and twirled, making tight circles as she moved. the girls moved in and out of view, as Flora held the camera.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 17, 2018, 11:39:33 PM**

"Yep." Awe replied taking another drink. "I also enjoy those two as well. He really was a good writer."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 18, 2018, 04:03:38 AM**

"Okay, awesome," Flora nodded. "That's great." She reviewed the footage. "So did we want to film actual story scenes now? And what's the story gonna be? Since you dont want to do the kidnapping plot, we need dramatic tension from *somewhere*."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 19, 2018, 09:51:22 PM**

Well. i was thinking we move from room to room, as we do so, you come in, looking for someone to hang out with for the evening' marie suggested. " so we;ll e\ shoot in this room, here-" she showcased a fine looking library' For a few shots. marita will be playing the daughter of a 'Big game hunter" Marie suggested. " I want action that doesnt come out the barrell of a gun.' Marita said with a smirk.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 19, 2018, 10:01:04 PM**

"Sounds good to me!" Flora continued filming as they moved from room to room, getting plenty of shots of the extremely photogenic house. When they had enough transitional footage, Flora handed Marie the phone. "It's all set to record, just tell me when to come in."

Flora stayed out of sight until she got the signal, then walked into the room, looking around shyly as if for a date.

Emilena woke up with a jolt once she realized she'd fallen asleep. Looking around, her brain oriented and she remembered she was in a completely safe location, surrounded by people who weren't going to shank her. *I don't normally fall asleep like that...need to get ahold of myself.*

She noticed Tony was talking with Awe and wondered if he was learning any useful info about Awe's possible allegiances. "Tony, you mentioned something about a swim, is there a pool?" she yawned, stretching on the couch. "Nothing like cold water and a few laps to wake yourself up..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 20, 2018, 07:16:33 PM**

"He was... one of the most prolific of all time for English speaking authors." Tony commented, smiling as Emilena jolted awake, the ferret smirking over to her. "Heh... welcome back." He greeted her. "And yes... so... basically... you go through this room." he pointed to his left. "Which is like... part of the library, and then make a right into the kitchen, and straight ahead if you keep going is the sliding glass doors to the back balcony... pool is out there. Just don't fall over the edge. I have a railing but the balcony itself is extended out over the cliff on stilts." he informed the vulpine. "I may join you now that I think about it." he commented, stroking his chin.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 20, 2018, 08:10:47 PM**

"Sounds great. You're welcome to join as well, Awe," Emilena offered, dragging herself to her feet and away from the warm spot on the couch. She left the room was halfway to the balcony when she spotted something more important than the pool; Axel was standing in the conservatory, smoking and looking at the exotic plants.

Emilena doubled back to the garage, fished Marita's laptop out of the backseat of the Model J, and joined him. "Axel, you're good with computers, right? Marita's focused on some stupid thing involving a music video, so I think it falls to you to sift through this safehouse data. She mentioned it contained the location of Brennan's HQ, where we were hoping to head next."

Axel scoffed. "Yeah? Whatever, sure. It's not like I had anything better to do anyway."

Emilena didn't hand the laptop over right away. "Hey. We've been through a lot, and I hope you know that if you ever need to talk, I'm here."

Axel took a long drag of his cigarette and blew it in her face. "Don't you worry, only thing bothering me is that Tony's got the zinnias right between two racks of succulents."

"Well, that might be more true than you think," Emilena replied, wrinkling her nose. "I just visited Lily today. Now she's dead."

Axel inhaled his next puff too quickly and coughed for several seconds. "What, really?" he gasped.

"Yup. Less than twenty minutes ago. Tony drove me to our old safehouse for a meeting, and she was all chained up and drugged out. By a woman who looked just like her." Emilena studied him, looking for a reaction. "She used me for some voodoo magic, stripped Lily's powers and stopped her heart. Lily never even felt it."

Axel flicked his cigarette stub into a bird-of-paradise. "Well, thank god. Didn't think anyone could do it, but if she's really dead, I owe you one."

"Axel, have you met this doppelganger of Lily?" Emilena pressed.

Axel rolled his eyes. "She told you something, didn't she? Look, when I followed Flora into that alleyway, nobody told me what was going on. I just did what I had to do to leave in one piece. To be done with Lily and all the bullshit around her." He threw his hands in the air. "Which is how I'd like things to be, even right now. Just consider me removed from that whole little sordid affair. Case closed."

Emilena sighed. "OK, Axel. If you don't want to get involved, I won't tell you anything else." She allowed him to take the laptop from her hands and stride out of the room.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 20, 2018, 11:11:35 PM**

Awe finished his drink and closed the book. "Think I'll take you up on the offer. Just let me take to book back to the library." Awe took the book back to the library and walked in the direction of the pool.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 21, 2018, 03:43:28 PM**

Tony pushed himself up off the couch, and headed for a changing room to slip out of his clothes and into his swimming trunks. Having accomplished this whilst Emilena was talking to Axel, he emerged out onto the back balcony, gazing out over the city, the sun framing everything as his house faced west out the back. Padding over to the pool's edge, he smiled, gazing down at the fluid surface, before placing his paws above his head and launching himself off to dive in. As the water encased his body, surrounding all aspects of him, he paddled briefly under the surface, then swam for the top, breaking the water and inhaling as he looked about him, filling his lungs with a hearty and audible gulp.

Running his paw over the top of his head fur to smooth it back, the ferret smiled, then kicked his body sideways to start enacting the sidestroke.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **November 21, 2018, 05:12:27 PM**

Anne had found her way out to the pool. She lay on one of the chairs and inhaled the cool dusk air as she took a pull from her bottle of beer. She rather enjoyed the dark, malty flavor of the beer. Framed by the sun were the featureless towers of Seryet City. A faint oceanic scent hinted at the algae farms in the outskirts of the city.

Soren was busy poring over his notes in the study which looked and smelled like a library from a monastery. A glass of seltzer spiked with some lemon juice served as his refreshment. He rubbed his forehead. The music video that Marita and the others were doing did not interest him at all. That and he *really* didn't want to appear in a music video that would certainly be seen by thousands if not millions.

He got up to walk around to try and clear his head. He decided to head to the outside for some fresh air...which was easier said than done, given the sprawling layout of the house. But the Human managed, finding his way to the conservatory and taking a seat next to the open window that let in a fresh breeze.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 22, 2018, 12:17:32 AM**

Emilena finally reached the balcony. "Turning into quite the party out here," she remarked, stripping down to her knickers and diving into the pool.

After holding her breath as long as she could, she came up on the other end gasping for air. "You know, Tony," she panted, "I expected this to be more hot tub-sized when you said it was on the balcony, but you actually managed to fit a whole pool out here. This property continues to amaze."

She started swimming underwater laps, only taking breaths when she tagged the other side of the pool. Thirty minutes of this and she'd have met her daily exercise regimen for the first time since this ordeal started.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 22, 2018, 01:04:15 AM**

Awe arrived and stripped to his shorts before diving into the pool. "Nice pool Tiny." Awe remarked after he surfaced.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 22, 2018, 01:22:00 AM**

As Emilena and Awe joined him, the ferret blinked, not quite expecting Emilena to have nothing to wear save for her undergarments, and as she dove in, he found himself slightly admiring her form a bit more than he wanted to before she dove in. But as she broke the surface, he smirked. "Heh... yeah well... that comes from having a shitload of money and not knowing what to fully do with it. I think some actors have similar setups or... something." he rolled his eyes. "But thank you." he smiled, nodding to them both. "I'm glad you approve." He then pushed off from the wall and began doing some laps as well, doing the front crawl as he began heading back and forth, kicking off one end and moving to the other fluidly, being well versed in the different forms of swimming.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 22, 2018, 01:39:47 AM**

Awe lay floating on his back on the surface of the pool. "I'm also a student of history as well as a fan of Shakespeare." Awe's athletic physic was a bit of a pride symbol for him. But his missions for Werner Industries had left him his fair share of scars mainly internally.

"I mainly study the second world war."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 23, 2018, 05:07:33 AM**

Axel reached the study and, noticing Soren's notes were already occupying the desk, selected a plushy armchair and opened his laptop. Sorting by recent, he found the info dump and began decompressing it.

He sighed as he scrolled through seemingly infinite files, all with unintelligible numbers and letters for file names. There was a lot to sift through...

After thoroughly waking herself up, Emilena dragged herself out of the pool and joined Anne on the reclining deck chairs. She noted that Awe had almost as many scars as herself. "Awe, if you don't mind me asking, did you ever serve in the military or law enforcement?" she asked. "That's an impressive scar collection for a corporate hitman."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **November 24, 2018, 03:18:51 AM**

Nodding, Tony smiled slightly. "Heh... same here... my library is mostly non-fiction as it's a lot of books on history. Used to be big into the Second World War myself... still kind of am, but then I took a greater interest in the conflicts around the late 19th and early 20th centuries... technology was really exploding at the time, so yeah... Sino-Japanese, Spanish-American, and Russo-Japanese are some of my favorites... but I really do like history in general." He pulled himself up out of the pool now, his fur matted and water dripping off him as he moved to a deck chair.

Settling back in it, he placed his paws behind his head, and gazed up at the sky. As Emilena asked a question of Awe, Tony's ears pricked up a bit and listened, as he was curious about the answer.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 24, 2018, 04:02:58 AM**

Awe showed off the scar of a rather nasty gash on his right thigh after swimming to the edge getting out of the pool. "I got this from the mission that gave me the name Awe. A piece of pipe from the refinery came flying at me after it exploded." He showed a cut across his left arm. "This was from a training accident with my trainer. Though I will say I haven't served in the military or police... at least officially..."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 24, 2018, 06:22:53 AM**

As Awe recounted his battle scars, a mischievous smile played across Emilena's face. "Hey, Awe, you up for a friendly spar?" she asked. "I bet I can take you. First to knock the other in the pool wins!"

She leaped out of the chair in case he was open to the idea.

Axel lit another cigarette and sighed as he clicked through yet another file. Most of these contained records of encrypted messages, messages he couldn't read but he could tell where they were being sent. If he could just reverse-engineer the actual location from the numerical coordinates the computer used to connect to the other computer...

And then suddenly divine providence offered him an opportunity. For a single message, the safe house sent somebody else a picture. Pictures were loaded with alt data, and far easier to track than text. He'd be able to extract the receiver's MAC address at absolute minimum.

Axel didn't expect to care about the photo itself, but nevertheless his jaw dropped open when he reverse-encrypted it. *Oof. The others are gonna want to see this...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 25, 2018, 02:49:32 AM**

"What'd you have in mind?" Awe asked scratching his chin as his tail twitched.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 25, 2018, 06:38:25 AM**

Emilena assumed a defensive stance and she tested the wooden balcony floor with her paw pads; it was sturdy and provided more than enough traction. "Simple and straightforward. No weapons, no using augments, no permanent damage. If you can get me in that pool, I'll owe you a beer."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 26, 2018, 03:48:24 AM**

Awe assumed a similar defensive stance. "You're on." Awe rolled his tail up so he wouldn't be able to use it.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 26, 2018, 05:51:55 AM**

"Gonna make me make the first move, huh?" Emilena murmured. She dropped to one knee and attempted to sweep Awe's leg out from under him, angling so a fall would send him into the pool.

Axel stood up, having found the data they were looking for. Finishing his glass of scotch, he began the slow walk up to find the others and report on the location of the Purifier base.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 27, 2018, 12:54:25 AM**

Awe did a side flip dodging Emilena attack placing her between himself and the pool. "You'd be surprised. I am quite the gentleman."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 27, 2018, 02:46:51 AM**

Emilena narrowed her eyes and darted sideways, realizing the dangerous position he'd put her in. "You'd better not just dodge the whole time," she growled, keeping her center of balance low and going for an open-hand strike into his shoulder. "This is a spar, not a ballet!"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 27, 2018, 05:10:08 AM**

Awe blocked the strike and delivered one of his own to Emilena's shoulder. "I don't plan on dodging the whole time. Only when you are on the offensive."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 27, 2018, 07:48:20 AM**

Emilena grunted when she wasn't able to dodge the strike in time, but recovered quickly enough to scramble back to her starting position. Since Awe appeared to use a very defensive combat style, she hung back, both to recover from the hit she took and force him to go on the offensive.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 28, 2018, 03:31:09 AM**

Awe delivered another strike keeping a close eye on Emilena for any tricks. He also made sure not to reveal any clues as to what his next move would be.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 28, 2018, 03:36:53 AM**

Emilena deflected it with her forearm, simultaneously dodging to lessen the impact. It still sent shockwaves rippling up her arm; Awe had strength and size on his side, and Emilena realized she'd need to change her strategy. Maneuvering herself so she was between Awe and the pool, she kept her stance

wide hoping to bait him into rushing her so she could dodge around him and use his own momentum to force him nearer or into the pool.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 28, 2018, 03:50:18 AM**

Awe knew while he had strength and size on his side he knew Emilena had speed on hers. He thought about how to effectively beat her. "Your move." Awe commented.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 28, 2018, 04:32:28 AM**

Emilena grumbled when he didn't fall for the bait. Her gut warned her to stay back, but her impatience got the better of her and she jumped forward, attempting a stunning kick to his solar plexus.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 28, 2018, 04:53:17 AM**

Awe grinned seizing the chance and used her own momentum against her to send her flying into the pool. But awe admired Emilena since she had fought well.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **November 28, 2018, 08:41:33 AM**

Emilena hadn't expected him to act so quickly, and before she could even figure out what happened he had counter-struck her kick and sent her flying head over heels into the pool.

She came up spluttering and quickly grabbed the edge of the pool to orient herself. "You're...faster than you look," she finally admitted once her head had stopped spinning. "I concede defeat."

Axel, meanwhile, saw Soren in the conservatory and decided to tell him first. "Hey, I found out where we're headed next." He handed Soren a paper printout of the Google Maps result from inputting the coordinates of the IP Address.

(OOO: Serris, if you or bushwhacked had ideas/plans for the locale/setting of the HQ, wanted to leave that in your hands. Bushwhacked didn't say anything particular about the location Brennan Hq was)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **November 28, 2018, 11:50:08 PM**

"You fought well." Awe complimented. Awe offered Emilena a hand out of the pool. "Haven't had a good sparing match like that in a while."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **November 29, 2018, 09:20:56 PM**

Bianca was walking out of the the safehouse, after waiting a full four hours for the entire place to be clean ' she had sent at least 50 pictures to Kintoki, which would net her a 25000 creed bonus. ' the roomba beeped as a car pulled up alongside the street and a lioness climbed out of the drivers seat. she was very fetching, with bright green eyes dark red lips, and golden hoop earring in her ears. she wore the uniform of a tennis player, several racquets resting in the passenger seat indicated she had just come from playing a match. ' Can i help you? Bianca asked. " Actually i was going to ask you that. i noticed you walkingh down the street earlier, and was going to ask of you needed a ride. Outside of this part of town, things get really dicey really quick.'

Yeah, hence why I have this roomba following me around' Bianca said " And you are?" oh, forgive me. I'm Zula. I work part time at Mr Jiangs augment repair ship on downtown Seryet, when I'm not instructing kids on playing tennis. its a 75-25 breakdown or thereabouts. Tennis 75% Jiangs 25%. You look sorta familiar. ' I'm Bianca' Bianca said quickly. ' Could you take me to 35th and Green? I need a change of attire, and well I dont look all that hot in this getup. Zula is it? for some reason your name rings a bell. did you work as a receptionist somewhere? " Yeah I did at Jiangs old place. the pay was lousy, and that's when patients actually paid their bills.' Zula sighed. 'Just hop in back, your roomba can come too. ' the roomba climbed in before Bianca and settled on one of the seats ' Do forgive the clutter, ' I'm just handed back from my latest tennis instruction. We have a tournament against Bright Falls next week, and some of the kids have very weak serves that will get them killed in a match. " Zula said. Bianca buckled herself in. the car smelled like tennis balls but otherwise was very nice. " I hate to impose, but do you have anything to drink? I'm rather thirsty and haven't had the chance to get anything to eat this morning. I've been.. running errands. ' " Oh, of course! There's Diet Coke in this cooler. there's mini-cans regular cans or liter bottles, help yourself.' Zula said with a smile. Bianca flipped open the cooler, which had several cases of Diet Coke in it, along with 6 1 liter bottles. ' Bianca took one of the bottles and found an empty cup in a container. the soda was ice cold to the touch and tasted great. Zula pulled away from the curb and began driving down the street.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 01, 2018, 02:31:08 AM**

Anne's ears were splayed to the side as she drifted between sleep and wakefulness in the cool sea air. She bolted up right as she got an incoming message from her horn.

Her frustration soon turned to excitement as she realized who was calling her. She turned to Tony. "Hey, Tony, I just got a call from my cyberneticist." She was of course, referring to a black market one. "My parts came in. So you got a discreet car that I can borrow for an hour or so?"

Soren accepted the piece of paper and looked it over. His eyes widened as he realized where the location was. The Human blinked a few times and took a sip of his now flat seltzer. "The fuck!?" he blurted out.

He sat on a stone that made up the wall. The pungent scent of the exotic flowers in the greenhouse was making his nascent headache worsen. "Axel, are you absolutely positive you got the right location? Because according to this printout, the IP address is originating from *several miles offshore!*" Soren didn't mean to raise his voice but the situation did rile him up a bit.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 01, 2018, 02:50:13 AM**

"It's pretty clear, feel free to double-check but there aren't many ways to slice this sort of signal." Axel shrugged. "The guys in that safehouse kept chatting with somebody on, like, I guess a houseboat or something, I dunno." He looked at the paper again. "Or I guess a boat would be moving around, so like, an ocean lab?" He glanced at the balcony, where some sort of scuffle had been audibly going on for the past minute. "We should probably let the others know."

Emilena accepted Awe's help to climb back out of the pool. "You gotta teach me how you countered that kick," she remarked, shaking her head to help regain her balance. "I had all my momentum behind it, and you just flipped me on a dime."

She heard Anne's question and glanced over. "You're sure your contact's not compromised, right? We've made a lot of enemies, any of them could be using him to lead you into a trap."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **December 01, 2018, 03:05:14 AM**

Awe chuckled in response. "Sure I'll teach you. You may find it in handy one day." Awe sat down on one of the chairs by the pool.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 01, 2018, 03:58:41 PM**

Tony had been resting, having retrieved some sunglasses, and placed them over his eyes. He'd watched the fight a bit, but had kept his eyes closed during some of it, mostly drifting in and out of his thoughts. As he heard Anne address him, he looked over to her, swiveling his head to do so. "Oh uh... discreet? Not really sure about that.. most of the cars I own are all vintage... I have my electric... which I guess looks just like everyone else's... it's a nicer model, but still pretty run of the mill." he explained. "You can take it if you need to. It drives itself, so you really just have to sit back and let it take you to whatever destination you program it with... that is... if you think it's a good idea." he added, noting Emilena's words.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 02, 2018, 06:32:03 PM**

"Works for me," Emilena grinned at Awe's offer, before Axel walked somberly onto the balcony.

"Hey, people." Axel passed out printouts of the same data he'd given Soren. "So, good and bad news. Good news is, I figured out where Brennan's HQ is. Bad news..."

Emilena squinted in surprise at the data. "Wait, you mean that circled coordinate set in the middle of the ocean?"

"I mean, 'middle of the ocean' is overstating it, but yeah," Axel yawned. "It's about three miles off Seryet's coastline. There's no publically-registered buildings out there, and I didn't see anything too exciting from the bluffs on Google street views, which makes me think they're in some sort of submerged lab."

"We have to break into an underwater lab?" Emilena repeated. "How exactly are we supposed to do that?"

"That's up to y'all, my job was just to find it," Axel shrugged, leaving and heading for the bar. Now that his work was done, he wanted a drink.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 19, 2018, 05:29:41 PM**

Anne nodded. "I'll take my chances. The guy's someone who owes me some favors." She didn't specify what the favors were but from the way she spoke, it was pretty obvious said favors were probably spectacularly illegal.

She then turned to Tony. "Anyways, thanks for the electric, just show me the way to your garage and I'll be on my way."

Soren watched Axel leave the poolside area to go get a drink. He examined the map more closely. "Well," he said. "Looks like we'll have to get a boat or something. A fishing trip should work as a cover story." He brought up his cellphone and checked out the location. A frown crossed the Human's face. "Or not. Looks like that particular area is listed as a protected offshore zone." Protected offshore zones were locations that were off-limits to public boat traffic. They usually marked mining, power generation or other industrial zones and were usually protected by autonomous drones as well as crewed patrol boats.

He checked the surrounding areas for anything that could help them get to said lab.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 19, 2018, 09:01:13 PM**

"If we abandon all notion of a cover story, we could still try to get there by boat," Emilena suggested. "Paint it black, go by night, feign ignorance if we get discovered. Maybe even confess to a much-lighter crime like fishing in a protected space, I think the penalty for that is just a large fine."

She grabbed a towel and dried herself off. "That still won't help us actually get in. Even if Tony happens to own a half-dozen sets of scuba gear, what would our plan be for even gaining entrance? We cant exactly shatter a window. Awe, you got any gadgets that could get us into an underwater lab?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 19, 2018, 11:47:18 PM**

Marita smiled as Flora entered the room. ' hey there! some kinda party huh/' she said kindly as she came up to her. " what are you here for?' she said. the loud music made it hard to hear at times. "I'm just here for the music, really. " Marie was enjoying a drink at the "bar" and was scanning the ' crowd." shots of various dancers were shown.

Zula continued driving, As Bianca slowly drank her soda in the back seat. ; As the Drive continued Bianca felt herself beginning to nod off, she didnt realize how truly tired she was (She had been up since 4 in the morning , after all)." you Ok?' Zula asked as Bianca stifled a yawn ' sorry< I worked really late last night, and Am paying for it now " Bianca said. " well, I'm headed back to my place, if you need to crash on the couch , thats fine. We all need our 40 winks, right?' zula said. " you can hekp yourself to whatevers in the pantry. i think i have some granola bars and crackers in there."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 20, 2018, 03:27:47 PM**

Tony had been semi-listening in, chewing on his bottom lip. Yeah... his father had owned a ship... but it wasn't something that would be capable of being moved easily... plus it'd be ridiculously conspicuous. Oh well...

Hopping off his chair, he shoved his paws in his pockets, still dripping moisture a little. "Sure... this way." he waved his paw for the pony to follow, and headed back into the house, weaving his way through the rooms until they got to the old brass elevator. Hitting the button for a descent, he began whistling a little as he rode down into the garage, the lights kicking on automatically as they arrived. "First one on the right." He pointed to the sleek looking electric car.

Walking over to a panel, he pushed his paw against it, causing it to slide back, revealing the key fob. "Here you go. Just don't wreck it. Door will open automatically for you when you reach the end of the garage, and upon your return." he explained.

He went over to a locker, pulling the door open with some spare clothing so he could change, having mostly dried up in the sun. Keeping the door so it blocked his body from view, the ferret went about slipping out of his bathing suit and into something more akin to an Edwardian motorman's outfit. Shutting the locker door, he sighed, and went over to his vehicles, walking down the row until he came to a beautiful brass era red painted 1910 Elmore. Pulling himself up into the driver's seat, he rested his arms against the big wooden steering wheel. Exhaling, he looked ahead.

Should he go on this mission? Risk his life again? Risk drowning or worse out at sea? Pursing his lips, he tapped his claws rhythmically on the old car's wheel, turning the options over in his mind.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **December 21, 2018, 11:07:29 PM**

"not really. But I do have the training to get down that far." Awe scratched his chin. "I could call a contact of mine to get a submarine to take you guys there. He owes me a few favors."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 21, 2018, 11:25:57 PM**

"Uhhh, doing...good, I guess?" Flora shrugged helplessly. "I'm sorry, I just don't understand," she admitted, breaking character. "There's no talking during a music video, the song is put on top. And if Marie's drinking at the bar, and you and me are here, who's filming?"

"A submarine ride? Well, that'd certainly be one to check off the bucket list," Emilena nodded approvingly. She glanced around and noticed that only herself, Soren, and Awe remained on the balcony. "Maybe we should rekindle this conversation once everyone's in the same place," she remarked, putting her clothes back on now that she was sufficiently dry. "Give everyone a bit of time to marinate and then regroup. Actually, speaking of marinating, dinner's always an easy way to get everyone in the same room. Either of you two interested in helping me cook up a big bowl of pasta and garlic bread?" It was one of the few things she knew how to cook since she once went undercover at an Italian restaurant during her police career.

(OOO: If anyone's interested in reading that story, PM me and I'll send you a link!)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **December 21, 2018, 11:47:51 PM**

"Sounds good to me! I could also make some ginger snaps for dessert." Awe said smiling.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 22, 2018, 12:57:20 AM**

I have a couple security cameras filming ' Marie said " We can edit out the part where i talked or reshoot it. Why dont we take a short break? the lights are making my eyeliner start to run ' she suggested. " she pulled out her phone and dialed a couple commands on it. the cameras returned to their normal positions, and marota sighed ' normally you have a director and extras for this thing. Don;t you normally have the same director for your videos?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 22, 2018, 05:41:31 PM**

Yeah, his name was Skyler Blake," Flora shifted her feet. "He was okay. He and Bailey knew each other from back while they were nobodies, so Bailey did most of the talking and I never really interacted with him except when he told me what to do. I don't think he'd be available to come film this though."

Flora took a deep breath. "I think we can get this done. Let's film it your way. Take two." Flora left the room and returned, looking chipper. "Hi!" she smiled. "Always nice to see a friendly face! What's your name, stranger?"

Emilena poked her head into the garage. "Tony, there you are. Awe and I were thinking of cooking dinner for everyone, mind if we use your kitchen?" She noticed the withdrawn expression on his face. "Is everything okay?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 22, 2018, 06:44:44 PM**

Tony jerked his head upward at Emilena's voice, his arms still resting on the wheel as he looked out over his sea of cars, the Elmore fortunately riding much higher than most of them. Inhaling, he slumped a little, using the wheel for support. "Yeah that's fine." he responded softly, not exiting the car just yet. "Hm?" he blinked, realizing she'd asked him if anything was wrong. "I just..." He began to reply haltingly, pondering how best to word this. "I don't know about my merit to this upcoming mission." He slid out from behind the wheel at long last, stepping onto the running board and then down onto the floor as he began making his way forward slowly, eyes wandering over the line of cars to either side of him. They all gleamed in their different ways, having unique facets and points to them.

Trailing his claws over a teal 1948 Delahaye Type 135, Tony smiled slightly. "Putting your life on the line over and over again can wear you down... and I have reservations about... other things as well." he shifted his gaze up to her here, coming to a halt a few cars away from the elevator. "Either way, I guess I just... came down here to think." he concluded, offering her a little shrug as he spread his arms out to either side of him before letting them fall back down.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 22, 2018, 07:15:27 PM**

"Well, let me know if you'd rather be alone, but I'm here to listen if you want it." Emilena rested her hand on the other car door but didn't enter until she received more of a signal that he didn't just want to be alone. "Just know that you're not obligated to do anything, the whole team is already in your debt. Hell, we were in your debt before you let us stay the night in your huge awesome mansion." She smiled. "That goes double for me, since you listened to my problems and even helped solve them. If there's a way I can help you in return, I'll do it."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 22, 2018, 07:39:28 PM**

The ferret returned her smile, giving a smaller one in return, and nodding a little. "Heh, I couldn't consider any of you in my debt." He responded softly, tapping his claws lightly up and down on the fender of a blue and cream 1925 Locomobile. "Well I'm glad I was able to do that for you." He nodded again. "I really am." He narrowed his eyes, looking off into the distance, as if thinking. "Heh... I wouldn't even know what to ask for." He confessed, looked back to her at this juncture. "But if I can ask you something... why the sudden change?" he asked. "I mean I know I've been kind of out of the loop for awhile, and I hope this doesn't offend you but... I don't remember you being this kind and well... concerned over others' well being, my own most of all. I do distinctly remember you being... well different, let's just say." he informed her, curious as to her answer.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 22, 2018, 08:39:54 PM**

Emilena grinned. "You know I was a police investigator, right? I can play any role I want." She broke eye contact. "It's just that for the longest time, I didn't see any of you as important enough to put on an act for. Originally I planned to arrest Mr. Almaya, immediately get my badge back, and never see any of you again."

She sighed. "I must admit, and I know this will sound odd, but another reason is that everybody's turned into even more of an asshole than me. I'm not used to relying on other people, but the truth is that we're going to need this team intact if we hope to get through this alive. In the past, Axel and Lily were the sane and compassionate ones that kept us all held together, but now that they've taken my job as the self-centered asshole, I'm adapting for the survival of the group."

She climbed into the car and sat down. "You've changed a lot too, you know. Consider that when you first met us, you were a Purifier grunt who betrayed them on a dime just to save your skin. And before that,

you abandoned your family to join them. Now, dozens of firefights later, you're the only person on our team who isn't prioritizing their own self-interest. You've turned your family business into something legitimate, and you're spending time, money and your own safety making things right for a small group of former enemies with nobody else left."

She grinned again. "I can't name one other person who could do all of that, who could change themselves so drastically for the better. So I don't want to hear anything more about whether you have merit. You've earned your merit in ways few ever will."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 22, 2018, 09:55:44 PM**

"Heh... of course." he smiled in response to her first statement, even smirking a bit. "That... was my assessment as well." As he listened, he closed his eyes, flashing back to those days... Lily and Axel... the compassionate ones... Lily was a homicidal maniac with too much power... now fortunately deceased; who knew what her clone wanted though... and Axel... poor guy went from being a good friend to a washed up drunk who seemed very self-absorbed. His eyes snapped open as he heard Emilena opening the Locomobile's door. Smiling, he did the same on the driver's side, tugging it back so he could step up onto the running board and settle down on the comfortable, plush, dark blue leather seat.

"Heh... you have good taste." He commented. "This is such a beautiful car. Was very expensive in its time..." He swung the door shut now, and looked down to the blue rug his paws rested on, and the nickel plated dashboard. "I think my favorite thing about this car are the dark blue artillery spokes on the wheels... really gives it a dignified appearance." he sighed, tracing his claws over the nickel plating with almost a sort of reverence.

As she spoke next about how he had changed, he pursed his lips, staring at the various instruments on the dash, and tracing a claw over the Delco starter lever, running the claw back and forth. "Heh... I guess I just... I don't know... inheriting everything and losing my father... was a humbling experience... made me realize I can't take anything for granted... nor should I." he sighed again. "And how about you?" he asked, glancing over to her as they sat side by side in the upscale Locomobile. "You feel you've changed? You mentioned putting on an act earlier... so which is this? Actress Emilena... or more vulnerable Emilena?" he inquired slowly, still running his claw on the starter lever.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 22, 2018, 10:10:22 PM**

"Adult Emilena, to be honest," she admitted, leaning back in the comfy seat. "Pretending to be nice was just...how I thought grownups acted. Or at least, it's how the wardens in the orphanage did." She glanced over at him. "Most people get a childhood to experiment with who they want to be, to figure themselves out. I opted not to have one. For as long as I could remember I'd already been pretending to be an adult, so I decided to enroll in the Growth Acceleration program and make that a reality." She shrugged. "And I still think I made the right call. But a nine-year old is missing a lot of the nuances and experience one needs to function in the real world, unless they choose to see everything in black and white." She sighed. "The police gave me such a simple way to view right vs wrong...I still miss things being so simple."

She glanced at him. "What about you? You've never really mentioned your childhood. Did Don Stracci let you be yourself, or did you grow up living a persona as well?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 22, 2018, 10:40:42 PM**

He nodded a little at her admission, pulling his claw back to rest it on his lap as he watched her speak. So there was an orphanage and... his head rocked back a little at the Growth Acceleration program she'd been a part of. "Holy shit..." he whispered. "I don't think I knew that about you!" He exclaimed. "Jumping from nine years old to an adult..." He nodded. "Yeah I mean... there'd definitely be some formative things missing there. But yes... I guess the police force would at least give you a... somewhat simplistic view on the world." He admitted. "I just... I never knew... I never knew that." he emphasized. As she paused, and

then said she missed things being simple, he pursed his lips again. Yeah... those were true words. He pined for the days where he didn't have anyone threatening things he cared about... where he could just take a car out for a drive... not worry about having to shoot people or using his fists... what happened to those days? And... perhaps reclaiming them was partly why he was hesitating now.

But she had asked him a question, and the ferret swallowed. "Um..." he started out softly. "I... didn't like my father's strict demeanor... and when I found out what he really did... I disliked it even more. I rebelled... did my own thing... but jeez... childhood... it was..." he shook his head, looking out through the windshield. "It was nice... rides in these cars... family outings... my father was generous... strict but generous. But no... he expected me to follow in his pawsteps... and threatened to cut me off from everything if I didn't... so... as said... rebelled. Joined the Purifiers... and now... I guess I settled on a bit of a compromise. Reconciled with my father but... turned his empire into my own vision... not his." He commented, looking over to her now, and resting a paw on the steering wheel, giving her a small smile.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 23, 2018, 06:44:59 AM**

"Axel never told you?" she asked, cocking her head. "Yeah, I was the fifth, that's why my last name's Echo (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/NATO_phonetic_alphabet). It was a government initiative to reduce the underage homeless population. But the program was cancelled after a single run, when all eleven of us wound up with severe personality issues. Now that I think about it...only 3 of us didn't get ourselves killed within the first year doing something stupid. So, it's not the sort of past I go around telling everyone about."

She sighed. "If I'd known you didn't know, I might not have brought it up. I don't want you thinking I'm mentally stunted or anything. Trust me, it was a choice of desperation. Not everyone's childhood has fancy cars and family outings..."

She relaxed her muscles and let herself sink into the chair. "Just make sure you take care of yourself. You actually have something to live for. A business, a family, a legacy." She chuckled. "That being said, plenty of people have those, and it doesn't make them happy. Sticking with us might be your only chance to ride in a submarine. Oh, I forgot to mention, Awe says he knows a guy who can get us a submarine."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 23, 2018, 12:08:09 PM**

He pondered it, but the last name made sense. "Oh... well I don't think I would've judged you negatively or anything... the fact you've survived more challenging situations than most people have ever been in in their lives means you really aren't mentally stunted." He shook his head. "As you mentioned... it was desperation... I might've done the very same thing in your position." he confessed. "Saw it as the easy way forward and the way to get out." he nodded.

As she sank into the seat, he did the same, leaning back and resting now, finding it much easier to do so in one of these cars than anywhere else in his mansion. Perhaps it was the solitude... or perhaps it was the sheer beauty that surrounded him, but whatever it was, he had always had a much easier time down here than upstairs. "Oh?" he perked up, raising his brow. "An actual submarine? Must have a lot of crew manning it... unless it's one of those remote drone type deals." he commented. He briefly considered letting her know about his own ship, but figured it wasn't worth bringing up. "Heh... I guess that's why I partly came down here... you mentioned taking care of myself... that's part one of my musings... part two is well... the merit thing. I mean sure I might be a great guy or what you said but... I only have very basic firearms skills... almost no combat training... I can back you guys up easily enough but... this mission sounds like a whole new level... it's not just me providing transportation to some neighborhood... we'll be out at sea... and I'm not sure if my ability to back you guys up is going to be very useful. Now you might argue an extra gun is an extra gun but... compared to your skills, I don't want to be a liability out there. You guys have been together awhile... fought together... understand each others' abilities and form cohesion." He pointed out.

"Me?" he pressed a paw to his chest. "I don't want to do more harm than good." he shook his head.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **December 23, 2018, 05:02:06 PM**

"See you in bit!" Anne called as she got in the electric. The car's door automatically opened as she got close. She even noted the driver's seat had a hole in the back for her tail. Usually, she'd have to tuck her tail to the side but this time, she could let it naturally go back.

She pressed the ignition button (even though it was an electric, it was still an ignition button due to decades of tradition) and the motor came to life with a low hum. She disengaged the brakes and headed out where the garage door automatically opened, letting in the late afternoon sun.

Soren looked over the area and rubbed his temples. There was a seaport nearby. The Human sighed. Looks like they were going to be breaking into yet *another* industrial facility. Luckily, that was something they were getting quite good at.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 23, 2018, 08:48:50 PM**

"Don't worry about that," Emilena shook her head. "*None* of us are the right people for the job. It's a miracle we've gotten this far. And you've been there from the beginning, so don't sell yourself short. You're not an outsider like Awe, you're a veteran part of this team."

She closed her eyes. "That being said, this is dangerous work, and if you did retire to a supporting role in our plan, I'd be at least relieved knowing one of us will survive. I can even help come up with a cover story if you don't want the others learning it was voluntary. But don't leave because you think you're letting us down, or that you aren't good enough to help us."

She sat up. "And don't decide anything until you've had some dinner; everything seems bleaker on an empty stomach. You have any requests? Gotta be something pasta, that's all I know how to make."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 24, 2018, 01:57:41 AM**

The ferret pursed his lips again, and shifted his mouth to one side before moving it back. "Well... I'd describe myself more as an absentee part of the team. Here and there, in and out." he waved his paw in a circular motion. He considered her words, chewing on his bottom lip. "Thank you... if I do decide to step aside... it's good to know you'd come up with an excuse for me... I haven't decided yet though." he admitted. "I think it's not necessarily that I'm not good enough..." he trailed off, not finishing, as if there was more on his mind, but he wasn't voicing it.

"Heh... all right... deal." he nodded to her request to not decide anything until dinner. "Uh... carbonara is my favorite but... I'm not sure you know how to make it, plus it's kind of finicky. I could show you though... if you want." he smiled slightly. "Or if you just want to keep it simple... I really don't mind. I'm Italian after all... pasta is my blood." he chuckled. He made no move to exit the Locomobile, sitting back in its seat for now as he waited for Emilena's response.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 25, 2018, 06:39:02 AM**

"Carbonara...never even heard of it," Emilena admitted. "But I'm prepared to learn." She climbed out of the car. "And Awe likely wouldn't mind another helping hand. It'll especially be nice having someone who knows where everything is in the kitchen."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Pterano** on **December 25, 2018, 09:02:08 PM**

"Yeah I... kind of figured you wouldn't know what it is." He smirked a little, nodding as he looked down, hearing the passenger door open as she began exiting the car. "Sure... go up without me... I'll follow in a moment or two. I just... want some solitude for a moment, if that's OK." he told her, looking over to her as her head was now even with the car's compartment due to how high it rode off the ground.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **December 26, 2018, 04:46:46 PM**

I'm Anna ' Marita said in character " just here to have some fun. Dance the night away. Gotta do it before the school prom, otherrwise I'm in for it from the other girls. particularly Jenna and her little clique. So, ;lets dance!" she smiled.

Zula kept driving into the heart of the city, while Bianca downed Diet cokes to keep herse;f from falling asleep completely. " She can drank nearly all the middle sized sodas yet she couldn't shake the weariness that hung over her like a bad omen. ' How close are we to your place?" Bianca asked " 4 blocks away now. Just help me carry in this tennis stuff and then you can crash on the couch. I'm heading to work in a couple hours so we can hang out until then.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 26, 2018, 07:30:15 PM**

"Of course, take your time. Awe and I will try to keep the kitchen in one piece until you arrive," Emilena assured, closing the garage door behind her.

She searched the mansion until she found Awe. "Were you able to contact your submarine guy and see if that offer's on the table?" she asked.

"Hi, uh, Anna!" Flora plastered a smile on her face. "Okay, let's dance!"

She tried to follow Marita's lead. It was weird dancing when you couldn't actually hear any music, but it wouldnt be the first time she'd had to do that for a music video.

(OOC: I left a post in the Discussion thread for a possible angle we could tackle the underwater lab infiltration. Let me know what y'all think)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **December 29, 2018, 12:39:55 AM**

Awe was finishing the dough for the ginger snaps when Emilena walked in. "No, I thought I'd get the dough for the gingersnaps ready first." Awe placed the ready dough in the fridge to cool. "And now since t's done I'll call my contact." Awe pulled out his phone and dialed a number speaking in German when he got through.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **December 30, 2018, 04:09:58 PM**

Emilena tried to eavesdrop on Awe's call while she prepped the kitchen for cooking, but she didnt speak German and couldn't glean much from his inflections or tone.

Once a pot of water was boiling and the kitchen was prepared for pasta, she started making the garlic bread and tomato sauce, planning to leave the pasta itself to Tony.

Flora stopped dancing with a tired oof. "That's probably...enough footage, right?" she gasped, wiping her forehead. "So what now? Are we gonna edit it into a video and post it online? I know the password to my official YouTube channel."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 01, 2019, 02:16:02 PM**

hmm we'll need to edit it yeah"marita shrugged ' how long does that normally take? i've never done a music video before, so this will be all new to me." She said, as marie came up to them, having finished filmingg her dancing parts. ' Well, once the editing is done we can see how we did. I imagine you work with extras regularly." Marie said.

Zula pulled up in front of a brownstone apartment building, that looked like t dated from the late 1800s. the building stones were weathered and mossy in areas. ' Zula popped the vans rear hatch, revealing, bins of tennis balls and rackets. ' Just carry as much as you can.' the lioness said to Bianca, who soon joined her. Bianca opted to carry the balls which were bright green in color and smelled like they were fresh out of the can. " those balls havent been used yet. They will be, with my next training lesson." Zula said.My room is the second floor Room 210. its slightly towards the center right as you get off the stairs."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 02, 2019, 07:59:19 PM**

"Nigel always insisted postproduction take less than a month," Flora shrugged. "Not that I ever touched any of that. We always hired freelance video editors cause they worked for pennies."

She opened the laptop and searched for video editing software. "Is this thing an Apple? I remember using iMovie once when I was young, it was braindead easy."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **January 04, 2019, 01:21:56 AM**

Awe's tone had gotten a bit more excited to give a word. Awe hung the phone up and put it in his pocket. "Sure hope you guys know how to use military style sucba gear." Awe commented to Emilena. "Cause I got us a ride. took some convincing but i got it done." Awe sat down on the couch. "It'll be a bit cramped since it's an older submarine though."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 04, 2019, 02:51:13 AM**

Emilena grinned from ear to ear. "Hell yes." She'd eventually put the pasta on herself; it wasn't that fancy dish Tony had mentioned (at least, she assumed there was more to it than assorted pasta shapes with tomato sauce and parmesan) but there were at least enough of these so everyone get their fill. "These should be done in about 15 minutes. I'm gonna start prepping the sauce. Ginger snaps are looking good, by the way."

Flora found the video editing software and opened it. "All right, let's... hey, what's up?" she muttered angrily as the program refused to accept the footage. A quick google search revealed that this software didn't accept .flv2s. "Oh for the love of..." The comment section suggested a free converter, so she converted the footage to .mp7 since it was the only available format that Marita's video editing software accepted. "There we go. Hmmm..." The footage now had a watermark along the bottom. Flora zoomed

the footage in so that lower chunk of the video was missing. "It's a bit blurry now, but I mean, who wants to see our legs anyway, right?" she joked.

She watched through the professionally-done half of the music video sent by Bailey's film studio. "Hmm, our new footage doesn't sync up super well," she admitted. "But we might be able to hide that with an establishing shot." By now it was too dark to go outside and record one, plus Tony probably didn't want his exterior in a music video for the world to see, so Flora found a site with Royalty-free stock videos and purchased a time lapse featuring the outside of a mansion. "OK, now let's add some text that says '*The Next Day...*'" she murmured out loud...

She slowly got lost in the act of video-editing, working with what she had to sync it together with what Bailey provided. Almost twenty minutes passed before she sat up. "Okay, so Bailey's footage of the concert is unchanged," she reported to Marita and Marie. "And after that, this transition implies it's the next day, I meet you girls at this mansion, and then we dance, and...uh, we didn't have enough dancing footage so I looped it a few times, and stuck the song on top of it..."

Together they watched the new video, which hard cut to black the second the song ended. "I think that looks good!" Flora smiled, setting the project to render.

"Hey," Emilena stuck her head in the room and made Flora jump. "Dinner's served in a few minutes. Head to the dining room if you want pasta."

"We'll be there!" Flora grabbed the newly-rendered video and uploaded it to her official YouTube channel, ignoring the thousands of unread notifications. "Hope people like it. I've never edited my own music video before. This was fun!" She beamed at them. "Especially because I got to do it with you two!"

Emilena, meanwhile, had sleuthed out Soren and Axel to give them the same spiel she'd given Flora.

"Yeah, I'm not really hungry," Axel admitted, taking another swig from a bottle.

"Too bad, come anyway," Emilena's eyes flashed in irritation. "Awe and I put a lot of work into this goddamn food, you're going to at least stare at it. Plus we all need to talk battle strategy, Awe's got us a way into the underwater lab but we need to nail down specifics."

Axel grumbled as the vixen left. "You coming to dinner?" he asked Soren, hoisting himself out of his seat with a grunt.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Serris** on **January 04, 2019, 04:59:20 PM**

Anne had found her location. It was a somewhat decrepit looking electronics store with assorted computers and other electronic goods that were not months, but *years* out of date. That and most of the companies were no longer in business. In fact, she even recognized one of the items: a wearable radio eavesdropper similar to her horn but it relied on a wire coil hidden inside a shirt and a small bone conduction speaker disguised as a bandage.

There was a Tegu sitting on a blanket a few feet away. The reptile's clothing looked to be rather scraggly and they were selling what looked like some bootleg pills. She ignored the reptile and stepped into the shop, which was dimly lit and kind of scraggly looking. A sad looking plant sat in the corner of the shop.

"You see anything you like?" a Chinese man asked, his heavy accent betraying his recent arrival.

Anne nodded. "I'm actually looking for the latest Screaming Wire album." Screaming Wire was a Hong Kong based industrial rock band that was quite popular with the rougher parts of society. Of course, being a store that sold only electronics, it did not sell albums of any sort.

"In back. Follow." Anne followed the man through a door with a tattered and outdated calendar that was clearly a free gift from some company that went under quite a while back.

Soren's stomach growled and he looked at his empty glass. "Yeah, I haven't eaten a good meal in a while," he said as he got up and followed Axel.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 04, 2019, 05:29:10 PM**

Emilena cursed as she scalded herself on a large heat tray while moving the massive pot of pasta into the dining room. "Dinner!" she shouted, dinging a little kitchen bell for added effect.

She set down the parmesan shaker next to the massive platter of garlic bread right as Axel entered the room. "Whoa," he commented. "We expecting company, or are a half-dozen people really supposed to eat all this?"

"I only know how to cook in restaurant portions," Emilena admitted. "And who knows, maybe Awe's a heavy eater. By the way, he's made ginger snaps for after dinner so save some room."

"Well, I don't want dinner, so can I have them right now?" Axel folded his arms. Emilena defiantly served him a large plate of assorted pasta shapes with a ramekin of sauce.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 07, 2019, 01:12:44 AM**

Marita stole a peek at the notification, most of which were connected to responses by Floras fans discussing her 'absence' " the official line is that you are busy working o your next music video" Marita said to Flora " technically, you are, but I dont think any of this fotage will actually get into the final Video. "

-
Let just get something to eat' Marie as she entered the dining room, and took a whiff of the massive pile of garlic bread ' Geez! Thats a TON of garlic bread! give me.. i dont know , about 10 pieces of that. OH1 and i'll try of the pasta too. Do we have any Parmesan to put on it?' she asked.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **January 07, 2019, 04:48:05 AM**

"Eat dinner first, you're gonna need the energy. I find it best to go on a mission with a full stomach." Awe said before eating some of the pasta he'd put on his plate.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 07, 2019, 09:54:14 AM**

Right, the mission debrief. Now that Awe had reminded her, and everyone was in the same room, Emilena broke the ice on explaining their situation. "Awe has managed to secure us a submarine and diving gear, so we're probably going to be infiltrating the base from the water if possible. Speaking of which, Axel?"

Axel busted out his phone. "Yeah, I had a couple ideas, but only one that works with going in like Red October. So, a submerged lab needs to vent heat, cause the water around it is basically serving as a permanent insulator. This is normally done through massive dedicated vents. For a lab this size, we'd be able to fit in them no problem."

Flora passed Marie the parmesan and began dipping her garlic bread in tomato sauce. "Where does the heating vent lead to?" she asked mid-munching.

"Probably the filtration room. But we wouldn't be going that far." Axel brought up a schematic of an underwater lab. "This map isn't Brennan specifically, but they'd need to follow the same rules of

architecture. Heating vents are treasure troves for microbes and algae, so they're always connected to maintenance hatches for cleaners or repairmen to get into them. We find one of those, we're in."

"Okay, so what special equipment will we need other than the submarine and scuba suits?" Emilena asked.

"An acetylene torch to burn any grates out of our way." Axel racked his brain. "And I guess, like, weapons. You know, the usual." He looked around. "Any other questions? Opinions?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **January 08, 2019, 10:28:23 PM**

"We'll need to keep quiet. Most security at places like this is heavy. Having broken into many myself." Awe noted. "Suppressed weapons and melee weapons, but we should also be ready just encase we loose surprise."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 08, 2019, 10:41:12 PM**

Emilena nodded and glanced at the clock. "It's 5pm right now. Ideally, we'd leave under the cover of night." She glanced at Awe. "Where will the sub be, and how soon will it be ready for us to head out? If we could disembark at 3am, that'd give everyone 8 hours to sleep before the mission." Not that anyone had to rest if they didn't want to, but Emilena was feeling plenty tired; she hadn't had a full 8 hours of sleep since Buller ambushed her yesterday morning. *I can't believe that was only 48 hours ago...*

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **January 10, 2019, 10:09:46 PM**

"It'll meet us just off the coast at 2am." Awe replied. "Won't be a comfy ride. Oh and be ready for the smell. It's an old diesel electric submarine."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 15, 2019, 03:26:48 AM**

(OOO: Timeskipping to 1:30am, half an hour before the submarine heist. Feel free to post what your character did during the 8-hour break if you want, but it feels like the RP ground to a halt at dinner)

Emilena's first sensation was the feeling of weightlessness, of being surrounded by a comforting warm gel. She couldn't move, but as she'd just been born, this didn't bother her all too much. Her world was small but safe, letting her slowly learn how to move and stretch while exploring her existence with absolute security.

Her second sensation was the sound of murky voices infiltrating her slumber. "I don't know about this, Rhaegson. We could just store the DNA sample and test it once we've rebuilt in Seryet. It'd be safer."

"Oh come on, it's a piece of fuckin' hair!" The second voice was snide and commanding. "You gonna carry it in a baggie for three months? No. I wanna know who was so goddamn important that those freaks smashed their way in here and turned this place into Pelvanida just to clone 'em."*

She was growing bigger. Her hands and legs were taking shape, hair was growing on her scalp. Light started penetrating her eyelids, and the cloning pod started feeling constricting rather than cozy.

Before long it was done. The pod drained itself of the viscous green goo and the door hissed open, and she took her first stumbling steps into the world.

"Wait," gasped the first voice. "That's...that's the woman Lupis has been chasing! Does he know about this?"

"Feel free to ask him," the other answered dismissively, "we're standing in a puddle of his brains right now."

She groaned as she opened her eyes and saw her surroundings for the first time. She was standing in a heavily damaged laboratory. Bloodstains, bullet holes and burn marks pocked the walls, and the floor was coated in a mess of various bodily fluids. A larger man in a labcoat was staring at her in fascination. The smaller man, in a crisp business suit, wore a look more akin to disgust. "She's nobody I was expecting..." The smaller man narrowed his eyes. "What the hell were they playing at?"

"We'll study it," the larger man assured. "See if we can find out what Lupis was so interested in."

"Nah, we don't got time for this right now." The smaller man drew a silenced pistol. "We're in the middle of a big move and there's too many eyeballs from the feds." He cocked it and poked the barrel into her chest. "We'll clone another one in Seryet."

Something in the man's tone, and the barrel stabbing painfully into her ribcage, warned her she was in danger. In a panic, she whacked the gun with her hand as it went off. The larger man screamed as the bullet ricocheted off the cloning pod and embedded into his leg. "Fuck! Goddammit!" he cursed, glaring at Rhaegson with watery eyes.

Rhaegson was more interested in the cloning pod. "Well, I'll be," he chuckled. "You bitch, you made me shoot the DNA receptacle." She'd stumbled backwards into the pod, and was staring at him in terror. "Guess we're stuck with you." He put his pistol away. "Okay, wash her up and maybe knock her out until we've got her in Seryet."

"You shot me!" the larger man snapped angrily.

Rhaegson rolled his eyes. "Then fucking get some Neosporin and then do it. Jesus." He hit a button and the cloning pod resealed, locking her inside. "She'll be here when you get back."

She heard their steps walking away. A soft light shone from the ceiling of the pod, letting her see her reflection in the metal; a brown-eyed, dark-skinned human.

"Oh, shoot," her reflection suddenly said. "Sorry Echo, you weren't supposed to see into my memories. Don't worry, I'll fix this before you go to sleep again."

Emilena awoke in a cold sweat.

After several minutes digesting everything she'd just seen, she sighed and sank deeper into her pillow. *Goddammit, I thought I was done with Lily butting into my dreams...* Once her heartrate had settled down, she climbed wearily out of bed and staggered down the hall to splash her face in the bathroom.

(*referencing an incident in 2008 where gunmen assaulted and murdered most of the staff in an American research facility)

Flora was sleeping on a couch in the living room, having drunken herself to sleep on liquor from Tony's bar. Hiccuping drowsily as her 1:30am alarm went off, she rolled over and abruptly crashed to the floor with a resigned groan.

Blinking blearily, she remained strewn across the floor as her brain pieced together the plan they had decided on last night. *Sleep for 8 hours, then drive 30 minutes to the coast and meet the submarine...* she yawned. "Fifty credits says someone sleeps in and makes us late..." she bet the couch leg.

Five minutes later her alarm went off again, reawakening her with a jolt. As she swiped snooze, she noticed her own name flashing across the News app notification.

Andy Margolis, Clickpop reporter

Fans of DJ Xyler just received their first cryptic clue as to what happened to the missing icon. At 5:21pm last night, Xyler's YouTube channel unexpectedly uploaded a new music video, though its bizarre

production quality has left critics baffled and fans worried for her safety.

The video (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ucVikTmg7A>) starts out normal enough, with standard Skyler Blake production quality, but by the second half has descended into a nonsensical hodge-podge of camcorder and security footage. Xyler herself appears dancing with several other women who have not been identified. Columbia Records has since taken the video down and has not commented on why or how it was published in the first place.

So, was it a promotional stunt gone wrong? A half-finished project accidentally made public? Or is DJ Xyler being held hostage and this was part of some sort of ransom notice? In any case, at least we can finally put to rest any theories of Xyler having died in the assassination attempt at Topical Amphitheater.

"Wow, geez. Everyone's a fuckin' critic..." she muttered, dragging herself towards the bar. "Well *I* thought it was a good video..."

After taking an Amaretto shot in a futile attempt to wake herself up, she limped like a zombie towards the bathroom to relieve herself.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 16, 2019, 01:55:43 AM**

Marita stirred as the alarm went off, and she looked around at the fold out cot she had been given. Marie groaned as she stirred next to her ' And i had such a nice dream. i was at this fine arts school, where i was drawing old buildings to put on postcards ' Marie groaned. ' You, do artwork? Thats more of rose's thing.' Marita said as she stretched , feeling her toes and claws crackle as she did so. ' I miss her terribly. Its been weeks now and no word at all, and.. Marie, I think she;s dead. " Until we find her body somewhere you cant give up hope entirely' Marie said as marita pulled out her computer, which had a clip of the 'video' they had made with Flora, and the comments were running about 100-to 1 in favor of ' this video stinks' " so much for our promising careers in music." Marita said with a sigh. ' what do you expect from a cell phone? its not going to have the same production value as a professionally directed and edited video. '[Marie said as she changed into a fresh outfit.

Bianca stirred from her sleep and blearily looked over at a clock that hung on the wall which read 1:40. the Tv had been left on, She had been watching.. well she didnt really remember, show News program. Now there were a trio of people discussing a music video of some kind. the quality of the video was not great.. it was grainy, and blurry,. "it looks like someone went to the " Blaiir Witch " school of camera holding ; Bianca yawned " Either that or its a home movie or some kind.' The roomba that had been guardiong her and the flat, moved back and forth on the ground, beeping every so often as it bumped into a tennis racket that had fallen on the floor. Bianca decided to see if there was anything in the pantry to eat. she had just crashed on the coach after finishing moving Zulas stuff into her room. 'that had been several hours ago, apparently, and now she was hungry. tthe light in the kitchen flicered slightly, the bulb probably needed to be replaced, but that cost creds, and Zula didnt have much in the way of extra creds. Nor, as it turns out, did she have much in the way of food. there was a half container of milk, some thick baloney slices and and a jar of grape jam in the fridge, a quarter loaf of white soft bread and some crackers in the pantry, and a large case of Diet coke in a small space between the fridge and pantry. ' baloney.. and Jam sandwiches" Bianca sighed as she took out the scant food that was available to her.. As She was sliding bologna between 2 slices, Zula entered from the front door carrying bags of food ' Sorry i'm late. Jiang had a augment repair that went 3 times as long as we thought it would. had to remove the part, find out its burnt together, and spent out 6 hours slowly separating them, so we can get a replacement part made ' Zula sighed. ' also forgive me but i borrowed that gold creds card of yours, I spent about 500 creds, to get all this food. ' I'd been living on bread and jam for the last couple weeks. I'll pay you back once Jiang pays me next. Which will be.. lets see .. Friday. Should be a decent sized amount too, what with the double shift tonight." Zula said as she pulled out , milk, cereal granola bars, peanut butter and several other food products. " its ok, you're giving me a place to crash, so we're even' Bianca said, as she took out a box of fruit snacks from the bag.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **f-22 "raptor" ace** on **January 16, 2019, 02:45:56 AM**

Awe had spent the majority of the time in the gym. One of his augments allowed him to keep going for longer. Awe wiped the sweat from his brow from the workout. Awe left the gym and got a tall glass of water from the kitchen.

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 25, 2019, 05:41:36 AM**

"Hey!" Emilena complained when Flora opened the door to the restroom. "I'm in the shower! You had to have heard the water running."

"I did, but I got to piss really bad." Flora raised the toilet seat. "Why didn't you lock the door?"

"Last time I was in a Stracci mansion, they auto-locked." Emilena focused intently on the far corner of the shower while waiting impatiently for Flora to finish and leave. "Do you know if everyone else is awake yet?"

"I saw the mercenary in the kitchen. Don't know about the others." Flora flushed and washed her hands.

"Ugh. We were supposed to leave at 1:30, that was two minutes ago," Emilena sighed. "Hopefully Awe's contact isn't on a tight schedule."

Flora started washing her hair in the sink. "You know, you still owe me a conversation. We made that deal (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=14550.msg432060#msg432060>), way back in the day."

"I'm more than prepared to honor it, just there's hardly been a chance." Emilena grumbled as her shower turned lukewarm due to Flora stealing the hot water. "But if you really want it to happen while I'm cornered in the shower, sure."

"Well, to be honest, back in the day I was going to ask you for help cutting and running from this whole ordeal." Flora rifled through the drawers, locating a hair dryer. "But now that I've found true love, I'm invested. I *want* to be a part of Marita and Marie's adventure. I want to keep them safe."

"I honestly don't care." Emilena pursed her lips as she heard Flora testing the hair dryer. "Umm, is there any chance that could wait until I'm gone?"

"I know you don't like Marita and Marie," Flora answered, ensuring the hair dryer was plugged securely into the wall. "You've always said such hateful things about them. So I'm giving you one warning. Don't ever say another rude thing about my girlfriends again."

"'Girlfriends'?" Emilena scoffed. "Look, I've known them a lot longer than you, and I'm not going to tiptoe around them just for your sake. Sorry."

"Oh yeah?" Flora abruptly pulled Emilena's curtain open and brandished the hair drier menacingly. "What if I tell you," she threatened as the vixen recoiled in surprise, "that if you *don't* promise, I'll *throw this in there with you* and--"

Emilena punched her square in the throat. Flora's eyes went wide and she gurgled in surprise as Emilena followed up with a karate chop to the forehead that sent the folf's head smacking against the mirror. Emilena maintained her startled combat stance even as Flora slid to the floor, out cold.

Sixty seconds later, Emilena was dressed, dried, and opening the door to Marie's and Marita's room. "We need to talk," she said simply, dropping the unconscious folf on their bed. "What is the whole story on this girl? How did she get involved with us in the first place, and why does she suddenly love you so much she tried to kill me in the shower just for insulting you?"

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **January 27, 2019, 11:44:00 PM**

"Our job was to keep an eye on her. We're getting paid a lot of money to do so. As for why she suddenly has a major crush on us, well we couldn't tell you" Marie said " Some sort of love potion, or something, I don't know. Until a few weeks ago or so she couldn't really stand us. So her change is a complete 180. ' So she threatened you for you not really caring for us, and you knocked her out?" Marita said " Truthfully I can't find any fault with you defending yourself, she was completely over the line' She sighed. " she's lucky you only knocked her out. You could have killed her."

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **January 28, 2019, 12:55:21 AM**

"So you didn't drug her or anything?" Emilena furrowed her brow. "Hmm. Well, we're about to break into a high-tech laboratory, maybe we'll get the chance to run some tests on her."

She glanced at the door. "I need to check on everyone else so we aren't too late to meet Awe's contact. When Flora wakes up, can you talk to her and dissuade her from doing something like that again? I don't want to leave her behind, but I also don't want to get backstabbed while 200 feet underwater."

(OOC: I've written an epilogue

(<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1hIkUuGCo5GpJ7R0tlanjJewVEYZfLzFDx5GTUGCP64M/edit>) for this RP since it seems to have breathed its last. Of course, if we ever revive it, I'm more than happy to de-canonize this and we can continue the story as usual, but I don't want the story to forever end unfinished.)

Title: **Re: Blanking the Slate**

Post by: **Nick22** on **February 24, 2019, 11:45:44 PM**

zula finished putting the food away then moved to the couch to relax' ' is there a place i can sleep ' bianca yawned. ' i mean, i nodded off on the couch here, but that's not something i want to get in the habit of. i just want a room, that i can store some clothes and have some privacy. ' well, this is a rather small apartment' Zula said ' there's only 1 shower. so if you want one and i'm already taking one then we'll just have to share a shower.' " i'd be ok with that' Bianca said.' alright, then.i usually take a morning shower around 10, and an evening shower when i get home from work. since it is so late tonight, i'll think i'll hold off until tomorrow. unless you want one, i suppose." I'm really tired, so why don't we hold off on the shower until tomorrow? right now, if you could just show me to my room. 'I'll just crash onto it most likely ' Bianca yawned ;' Follow me then" Zula motioned with her claw.