

The Gang of Five

Role Play => Random Role Play => Topic started by: Pterano on March 26, 2019, 09:31:30 PM

Title: **After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **March 26, 2019, 09:31:30 PM**

((RP between Aabicus and myself!))

It's a godawful small affair...

As the strains of the song drifted through the beach front bar, Tony Stracci sat at the countertop, nursing a Seabreeze. The drink wouldn't be enough to knock him on his ass, but if he had a few more...

He wasn't planning on having a few more.

*But the film is a saddening bore,
for she's lived it ten times or more...*

Looking out to the crashing waves on the ocean, the white sandy beach stretched endlessly before him in either direction, looking like a never-ending ribbon as it twisted its way along the coast. Somewhere in the parking lot, one of his vintage cars was parked, drawing a small crowd that snapped photos of it and stood next to it for selfies and Instagram posts and whatever. This brought a slight smirk to the ferret's features as he watched the eager onlookers.

Tapping his claws against his sweating glass, he took another swig, then pulled out his phone.

*It's on America's tortured brow
Mickey Mouse has grown up a cow...*

Tapping his claws over the screen, he began texting Emilena Echo. He asked her to meet him here, having a few things to discuss in the aftermath of their saving the world, defeating Kalis, and becoming heroes. His flat cap was pulled a bit lower over his forehead, his vest, shirt, pants and shoes completing the look.

*It's about to be writ again
as I ask her to focus on...
Sailors fighting in the dance hall
Oh man, look at those cavemen go
It's the freakiest show
Take a look at the lawman beating up the wrong guy
Oh man! Wonder if he'll ever know...
He's in the bestselling show!*

As Tony listened to the strains of the song, he closed his eyes, enjoying the ocean breeze that came in from the relatively open air bar, the building lacking walls, and really only having a roof and floor. Sometimes... life was worth it...

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 27, 2019, 02:31:59 AM**

"..the thing about situations like that, Henri, is that you don't have time to think." Emilena forced the smile her public relations coach assured was making her more likable. "You just react, and do everything you can to stay alive. I only did what anyone would have done to survive."

"Now, you may say that, Emilena..." the talk show host laughed even though Emilena didn't find anything funny about their conversation, "...but you were practically the sole survivor. In fact, you're the only living individual confirmed to have been in the room when Vergil Speicher ended Rex's reign of terror and saved the planet."

"Well, wait, that's not true, there's Mr. Stracci and...oh." Emilena trailed off, realizing the interviewer was baiting her into revealing more about that climactic final battle. "You know I'm not allowed to talk about any of that, right?" she sighed.

"Of course, of course," Henri brushed off the notion with another fake laugh. "'Confidential incidents.' You've mentioned that you fully endorse the official story, and who are we to question the government?" The studio audience laughed as he turned to them expectedly for support. "I mean, when have they ever lied to us, right?"

"You calling me a liar?" Emilena growled, suddenly balling her fists. The laughter quickly died and the room grew awkwardly silent. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and counted down until her blood cooled. "Sorry. It's just that...a lot of people died during those confidential incidents. People I was very close to." She opened her eyes to stop the faces flashing across her vision. "Some died in front of me. Some we found the body afterward. And the remainder have gone completely missing. I know these are celebratory times for all you, but for me it involved losing almost everyone I've ever known. So, if you'd kindly stick to the topics we agreed upon when scheduling this interview..."

"Okay, okay," the host laughed again. "Pinkie promise. And make no mistake, we are all incredibly thankful for your sacrifices. But you gotta admit," his eyes glinted jokingly, "it helps at least a little to become filthy rich. I know I'd be buying another solid gold humvee if I were in your shoes!"

Emilena sighed and turned the television off as her on-screen counterpart decked the talk show host across the face. She was in her umpteenth six-star hotel; each was more expensive than everywhere she'd ever lived combined, but her bank account had so many digits she didn't see a reason to bother buying a permanent place to live. In fact, she felt more comfortable knowing that nobody could ever pin down her location. Not to mention, the one time she'd tried buying her own building she'd spent the whole night jumping at every little rustle of wind or creak in the woodwork. Even here, her ears twitched and she winced when anyone walked past her hotel room door. *Get a grip, Emilena...* she exhaled, rising up from her form-fitted massage couch and wandering to the window.

The setting sun cast vibrant rays over her hotel room, bathing her pale fur and making her look almost as orange as she'd been in her youth. Emilena knew stress could cause premature aging, but even she hadn't thought it was possible for a muzzle to turn grey before 25. Hell, for all she knew it was the Growth Acceleration procedure finally catching up to her. Whatever. She'd never particularly feared her own death, and it seemed even less of an issue now that everyone she'd ever known had already passed to the other side.

She glanced at the ornate desk, the main piece of furniture that had sold her on this room. She'd always wanted a big fancy desk, from her first day as a junior police officer in the long-destroyed city of Lanthae, but now she had nothing to do with it. No cases...no job...no need to even balance her expenses. No reason to live.

Thock. Someone lightly rapped against her hotel room door, causing her to grab a letter-opener off the couchside cabinet and leap to a defensive angle before her brain caught up with her reflexes. "Who...who is it?" she asked.

"Message for you, Ms. Echo," a stuffy British voice informed, and a laminated envelope slipped under the door. Emilena had all her calls cleared through the front desk, and the list of approved numbers was incredibly short. Waiting until the footsteps had faded down the hallway, Emilena inched forward and sliced open the note to read that Tony Stracci was inviting her to drink at a local bar.

She couldn't help but smile. *I guess not everyone's dead and gone.* Seeing a friendly face might stave off the melancholy thoughts for at least a while.

Fifteen minutes later, she walked through the back door of the bar, bundled up with the same sort of heavy coat and sunglasses getup she used to give members of witness protection programs. "Please keep the press out," she said under her voice to the bartender, slipping \$500 on the counter, "and get me a Blue Cherry with ice."

She finally relaxed once she was next to Tony at the bar. "You seem to be taking to the celebrity life well," she teased, glancing at the crowds admiring his car. Thankfully, they hadn't noticed her yet. "It's nice to see you again."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **March 27, 2019, 01:10:24 PM**

As a familiar vulpine entered the bar from the back door (of which Tony had a good view of), the ferret smiled. He didn't wave her over though, and let her find him herself, as it was clear she was trying to avoid attention. "Heh, well... at least I'm a fairly nondescript ferret... they don't tend to notice me too often. I threw them off by dressing in normal clothes during all my televised interviews." he chuckled. "And as for my car..." he hooked a thumb behind him to it. "It was fortunately fairly quiet when I pulled in, and now I think it's just drawing crowds on the fact it's a rarity these days, and all those beachgoers coming up from the beach are taking note." he chuckled again.

"I don't mind though... they're welcome to those photos. How are you, Emilena?" he asked softly, offering her his paw under the bar. "It's good to see you again."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 27, 2019, 02:48:27 PM**

"You need to teach me how to do televised interviews," Emilena groaned. "I haven't managed to get through one without making an ass of myself." She regarded her friend, the only link to a time that otherwise seemed erased by the modern world. "You look completely like I remember...I can't fathom how you do it." She winced when she sat down in her seat; her lifetime of various injuries were finally catching up to her. "Kafke Dermanetics offered me a full-body reconstructive process. All scars removed, muscles and skin tightened, these missing chunks in my ear and tail could be regrown...but I don't know. You look at their showcase customers and there's something...uncanny about how perfect they look." She shuddered.

The bartender handed her a cup of light blue nonalcoholic beer, and she made sure to only take baby sips. The last thing she wanted was to start hiccupping uncontrollably. "So that's the big decision in my future. Not much else to do, or worry about when you're rich and famous." She handed over her credit card for the tab and glanced back at Tony. "What about you? Doing anything to keep yourself busy, or just enjoying the ride?"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **March 27, 2019, 04:42:12 PM**

"Hah well... they're harder than they look, for sure. I just tried to throw off everyone by dressing differently... not hinting that I dress from a bygone era." he shook his head, taking another sip. "Oh, me? Eh... well between those assholes doing something to rebuild my body and dropping me in that Duesenberg to now... eh... I've had some treatments here and there... the worst of it was covered when I was "revived" after my fall off the Death Road." he informed her. "I still have no idea what they did to me." he confessed. "Something along the lines of... what you stated. Reconstruction. Revival... I don't know." he shrugged. "I got an extremely rare car out of it, so I can't complain too much." he grinned. "I still keep some scars

though... the worst and what remained from our final battle I had removed though... but yeah under my clothes... there's some stuff there." he told her softly.

"I am..." he paused, looking out to the ocean once more. "Enjoying life, I guess you could say. I take my cars out on nice days, just to drive, you know? Head down the coastal areas, or just through some of the parks. It helps me think and well... relax. Other times I just go swimming or... whatever. I try to keep a low profile and enjoy my life for what it's worth... as I know it very easily could've gone the other way... and I'm damn lucky to be alive." he told her, looking right at her. "So yeah... I don't waste it." he nodded. "I savor every moment I have, if I can."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 27, 2019, 08:13:33 PM**

nearby to where Emilena and Tony were chatting, Zula the lioness was nursing a soda at the bar while watching a tv that sat in the corner. she was very fetching, with bright green eyes, dark red lips, and golden hoop earrings in her ears. She wore the uniform of a tennis instructor, 3 gold stars set above a pair of blue rackets set against a bright red background. "Corona Tennis Club" was spelled out in big letters on the back of her uniform along with "Coach Zula" on the front. currently she was watching a juniors tennis match, one of the players was a student she taught at the tennis club.

"come on Rocky, this kid has a weak forehand! Go after it!" she said softly as she watched the match, so far Rocky was up 6-4, 3-1, he simply needed to win this set to win the match. The screen next to the tennis match showed pictures of what little remained on Lanthae. Zula counted her blessing every day that she had been out of the city when it had been attacked. so many had been wiped out of existence, to the point where there wasn't even scraps of bone to recover.. Zula sighed as she sipped at her soda. Sure the tennis gig was great and all and the kids were eager to learn.. but being one of a few hundred folks to survive from Lanthae..outs of millions.. well the docs did say "survivor's guilt" was a real thing...

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 27, 2019, 08:48:59 PM**

"Good to hear reconstruction worked for you...I'll probably swallow my pride and do it." Emilena coughed, already feeling a bit tipsy. The bartender knowingly passed her a glass of water to wash her drink down.

She found herself picking at one of her larger scars; a diagonal gash that traveled along her right wrist and up her arm to end somewhere on her chest. It would have been a fatal wound if Lily hadn't sacrificed herself to heal it. "But on the other hand, I can't help but feel I've cheated nature enough already. I signed up for premature aging when I enrolled in the Accelerated Growth Program, you know? And I earned these injuries, through my actions and choices. It only seems fair I suffer the consequences for once. Especially since society has miraculously let me off the hook for all the laws I broke." She sipped her Blue Cherry again. "I mean, shouldn't this be enough? It's like you said...we both really should be dead. Everyone keeps congratulating and honoring us, as if we did something right to survive, but they don't get it. It was pure *chance*."

She downed the whole glass of water to keep her hand from shaking. "I'm sorry, my therapist keeps saying not to talk like that. This is where my mind goes when I have nothing to do. I didn't grow up with money like you did, Tony," she admitted. "I'm not sure I'm cut out to have so much of it that my only job is to exist."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **March 28, 2019, 01:16:53 PM**

As Tony heard Emilena out, he was starting to grow concerned at the direction her conversation was taking. She seemed... aimless... and masochistic if anything. As if she felt

she didn't deserve any of it, and deserved punishment. Yes they'd certainly broken laws in multiple countries, but doing one huge courageous act apparently changed all that. He could certainly understand where she was coming from though. "Emilena... I don't know if... you really deserve any of that. I mean... have you figured on just taking a job and not worrying about the cash?" he asked, placing two claws on his forehead as he used them to rest his head against.

"You could still live a normal life, you just.. wouldn't be working to survive. That's feasible, right?" he inquired. "I mean I could always put in a call with the local police force if you wanted... I myself haven't really ever pursued that route but sometimes I've thought about it. And I mean... being in the Purifiers I absolutely had to work to earn my way. I just... I don't like the fatalism... you don't deserve it... you really don't. You *have* purpose... and meaning. Plus... you're a good friend; one I really respect. I hate to see my friends beating themselves up like this. Yes a lot of it was chance... but some of it was skill and things we did too. I just... is there anything I can do to try and elevate your mood?" he asked, not having gotten to the reason he'd called her out here yet... but he did truly hate seeing her in this state. He moved his paw down to take a another swig from his drink.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 28, 2019, 07:01:17 PM**

"You're right," Emilena agreed with a hiccup, pushing her glass away with alarm. "I should maybe look into getting a job. There's no way I could go back to private investigating, but I'm sure there's a police force out there with a cushy desk job." She didn't sound super thrilled at the prospect, though.

"And I'm really glad you consider me a friend," she added. "Things got pretty rough between us for a while there. That tumble you took in Bolivia was by my gang's hand, and I later keyed your car in retaliation. It's honestly kinda weird the history books are going to list me as a member of Vergil's crew, I was a hostile complication at best for most of it." She downed another glass of water. "But, if you're putting all that behind you, I certainly won't complain."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **March 28, 2019, 08:56:14 PM**

zula watched the last of rocky's match as rocky finished off his opponent with a blistering ace out wide. good work Rockuy! she cheered as she finished her soda.. as she put down a couple creds for her soida ' keep the change she said to the bartender. she got her coat off the next stool and prepared to head out when she noticed what looked like a familiar face sitting a few chairs down. ' Tony? tony Stracci? she spoke coming up to where tony was seated ' hi. i'm Zula, from the lab in Lanthae, we did some repair work on your car, remember? it was a fine example of mid 1930s car making, when the companies actually took pride in their work..and every car made was its own work of art."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **March 29, 2019, 10:43:30 PM**

"Heh... doesn't have to be a cushy desk job... field work suits you better... always has." the ferret responded, offering her a smirk and raising his glass a bit before taking a swig. "And uh, heh... the car was easily fixable, and I may have..." he looked up, smiling in a knowing way as he rolled his eyes. "Exacted justice on a few of your group I considered particularly obnoxious." he chuckled. "Not killed... well... one may have met with an unfortunate accident. The other, eh... let's just say he's sucking his meal through straws the rest of his life." he smirked. "So yeah... it's behind us. Bygones will be bygones." he concluded. "I actually called you out here because I was curious if..."

But he was interrupted by a lioness who suddenly spoke to him, and he turned, surprised he'd been recognized, but she seemed vaguely familiar. "Oh? You... know me?" he asked slowly. He

narrowed his eyes, and then recognition flashed within them. "Oh... oh yes I think so! You did some work on my... Cord I think it was." he nodded, waving a finger at her. "Yes, yes... I remember now. It's still one of my favorite cars." he flashed a grin. "I'm just here enjoying a drink with a friend. It's good to see you made it out of Lanthae." he gave her a nod, downing the rest of his drink. "Yes... they certainly were works of art back then... handmade in a lot of cases." he nodded sagely, a far off look coming into his eyes.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **March 30, 2019, 03:57:34 AM**

"Straws, huh? And I thought I was abusing my good fortune..." Emilena rolled her eyes, pushing her glass away so the bartender didn't refill it. She didn't particularly care about any of her gang connections except the core four, and far as she knew they all died in the assault on Kalis' flagship so whoever Tony cabbaged seemed an acceptable cost of retribution.

Her ears perked up when she heard he had a proposition, but then a stranger interrupted so she flipped her collar up and slinked down in her seat. She'll have to remind him after he'd dealt with his fans. Though Emilena ended up glancing over despite herself when the newcomer mentioned she was from Lanthae. There were so few survivors of that city, it was surprising to run into one after all this time. She gave Zula a polite nod, more acknowledgment than she'd originally planned on giving.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 03, 2019, 10:18:19 PM**

I'm sorry to interrupt your talking with a friend' Zula said with a small smile ' She turned to Emilena ' Hi. I'm Zula. I did some work for Tony back in lanthae.. which feels like a lifetime ago. do you guys mind if i sit down with you for a bit?" she asked " its just that theres so few survivors from Lanthae these days that i try and talk to as many as i can. No offense intended, of course. If you'd prefer i not sit down, thats fine." Zula said.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **April 07, 2019, 08:59:57 PM**

Tony smirked to Emilena's response, though Zula continued, this time introducing herself to Emilena, and asking if she could sit with them. Sighing a little, Tony motioned to the stool behind Emilena. "Sure..." he said. *So much for me making a private offer...* he thought, knowing he had to be more cautious from here on out.

Meanwhile, as the pair was talking to Zula, a black car had pulled up into the parking lot, having coasted to a stop smoothly with the customary whoosh of a digital vehicle. As the door opened upwards like the wing of a bird, a very interesting creature stepped out into the bright sun. He was like a cross between a velociraptor and a dog, his upper body in particular resembling a dog's, though with articulate arms and hands. The lower body sported raptor legs with long toe claws protruding upwards. He was sporting a very unique patterned black and red fur combination, looking suave and well cut. His clothing was sharp, almost looking like a tux, but not quite as dressy and expensive as one. But he knew that his pursuers were close... and he had to find a way to ditch this thing safely... in a way that... killing him wouldn't necessarily allow them to retrieve it.

Glancing to the beachfront bar, he smirked as he saw some patrons inside. Perfect! A living host would do best... and prevent the host from being killed as well..

Heading across the lot, he entered the bar, pulling out a jet injector, and walking up quickly behind Tony right as Zula was taking a seat; pressing the jet injector flush against Tony's skin, he pulled the trigger, injecting the ferret as he slapped his neck and turned around, giving out an "Ow!" in surprise. "What the fuck, dude?" the mustelid asked, in absolute shock at what

had just occurred.

"You'll be fine." the creature responded in a low British accent. "Damn!" he said suddenly, dropping the now empty injector and pulling out an H&K USP and flipping off the safety as he saw two black SUVs screeching to a halt just outside the bar's parking lot on the street. "You might want to get back." he warned them, keeping the pistol down for the moment so as to avoid alarming anyone.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 08, 2019, 12:03:01 AM**

Emilena should have been more prepared for the situation to suddenly get dangerous; she'd been so focused on Zula's unthreatening intrusion that she didn't realize they were being accosted until Tony was already injected. Swiping a table knife from the counter, she swiveled her barstool around and slashed at the newcomer's neck, but he was more than prepared for the attack and nimbly dodged without even changing position. "Urgh!" she grunted when she lost her balance and crashed to the floor.

Her vision was spinning as she tried to get her bearings. *God, I'm getting old...* she admitted to herself, after what felt like an agonizingly long time before she could hoist herself to her knees. But the silver lining was that she'd had time to realize that Tony wasn't behaving like he was being attacked. "Tony do you know this guy?" she wheezed, holding her knife more defensively as the crowds outside scattered in a panic from the SUVs' reckless arrival. She'd pulled a muscle in her arm; her younger self would be ashamed at how little it currently took for her body to start falling apart.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **April 12, 2019, 10:22:25 AM**

Tony's eyes went wide as Emilena took a fall when that odd creature narrowly dodged her assault. "Dammit!" he exclaimed, seeing the other fellow draw a gun. "Ah shit!" he bent down to help the vulpine back up to her feet. "Not in the slightest! We should probably get out of here... whatever he injected me with... don't feel anything at present but... this place is about to get real hot!" he pointed out, numerous thug looking goons emerging from the SUVs. The red and black dino-dog opened fire on them, immediately dropping one, though they quickly returned fire, causing Tony to stay low with Emilena.

"Can you move?" he asked her, looking her over. "My car is in the lot... they're straight ahead, and it's off to the left so... we might be able to get around them... they're probably after him... so... if you need help moving, let me know." he told her, keeping his head under the lower part of the wall so they wouldn't be taking any bullets to the skull as rounds began slamming into the bar...

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 12, 2019, 07:37:10 PM**

Zula was pushed off the stool and onto the ground by the assailant ' Hey! watch where you are going!' the lioness said in a flustered voice, as she slowly got to her feet. then the bar erupted with the sound of gunfire and zula dove lolw to the ground' Look' she called to Tony. my apartment is close buy, and I have bandages if her leg is banged up.. ' Do you guys have a car? i walked here from the apartment, and i think we need a quick get away." she looked out towards the street. Hanging out near apartment building was a holosoign that changed to show a large cop with a badge. ' Chief broadstreet here ' the cop intoned. ' reminding everyone in Corona that the speed limit is being changed next week from 60 to 65. Tickets for speeding are also been increased by 50 creds per offense, the first ticket is now 300 creds. So please, watch your speed. Anyone with questions, please contact the Corona police department at the number of the bottom of this screen. "

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 12, 2019, 09:54:03 PM**

"I'm fine," Emilena assured, massaging her bicep. "Zula, stay low!" She tried to pull the lioness behind the bar, but as bullets punctured the woodwork she realized it wasn't doing much for cover.

She hesitated. Tony and Zula wanted to flee, but should she? This was her first time feeling truly alive in months. She never thought she'd see live combat again; half of her wanted to stand up and ask the secret agent for a gun so she could cover him. *Worst case scenario, one of these thugs might shoot me and I'd bleed out in front of everyone. I could stop withering away, they'd remember me in my prime like Lily and Nairda and...* Suddenly she realized with horror where her urge to stay was coming from.

The deciding factor came when her former boss, Chief Broadstreet, appeared on the television. *That old codger is still working the streets?* She hadn't heard from him in years; she figured he'd died or at least retired by now. The gunfire suddenly felt oddly nostalgic, flashing her back to the dozens of dangerous cases they'd worked together. *Well, if that stubborn bull can keep existing, I can too.* "I've got a car in the back," she replied to Zula, gritting her teeth and sprinting for the back door. "Sorry Tony, but I think you've lost another priceless vintage..."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **April 12, 2019, 10:46:41 PM**

As Emilena suddenly broke for the back door, Tony ground his teeth together. "Goddamn it!" He was about to follow her, but hesitated, as the agent ahead of him calmly dropped another one. "I **can't** do that!" He hissed back to her, not breaking in her direction, but drawing a Glock and keeping low as he sprinted out into the parking lot, ducking behind a big SUV, and snapping his eyes closed for a moment, his teeth still clenched. "Get out while you can! I'll try and circle around and meet up with you!" He yelled over to them, a bunch of patrons running in between him and Emilena. He wasn't about to open fire on any of them and draw attention to himself.

The agent glanced to his left, seeing Tony out in the parking lot... asset was on the move... but that's fine... they so far hadn't noticed him... which was a good thing. So long as they didn't know he had it... he was safe. Dashing off more to the left and the edge of the bar, he fired fluidly to try and keep them back.

As Tony peered around the SUV on the safe side of it, he didn't see anyone, so dashed in between cars, sticking low, and heading for his own, which happened to be one of his favorites: his convertible Daimler De-36 drophead coupe. Because it was probably only one of a kind at this point, he **couldn't** abandon it. It was irreplaceable... and of course... he'd just picked today to bring it out when he was getting shot at. "Goddamn bastards," he growled. It wasn't his fastest car by far... but so long as this didn't turn into a car chase... he'd be fine.

Peering out around the next parked car, he narrowed his eyes, then saw a goon running into the parking lot, most likely to flank that bastard who'd injected him. Popping out from his cover, he shot the guy in the back, causing him to fly forward and into the pavement, his SMG clattering to the ground.

By now, the agent was falling back, as the bar was getting rushed by too many enemies at once, so he was keeping lower, heading for the back of the bar, and unsure yet which direction he'd be breaking in...

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 12, 2019, 10:59:53 PM**

Emilena staggered into the back parking lot; the assailants were focused on the secret agent, which allowed all of the bar patrons to escape with their lives. "Zula, where's Tony?" She asked, looking around wildly. "Come to think of it...where's my car?"

It appears her chauffeur had fled when the shooting started. *Goddammit Wikus...* "Zula, you said you walked here?" she asked. "We might need somewhere to hide out for a bit, figure out what Tony has to do with all this."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 14, 2019, 04:58:56 PM**

we can go to my apartment, it will be just the 3 of us ' Zula said, my girlfriend Mukua is likely still at the tennis club, giving private lessons to a few of the students. she and i spend long stretches at the club, 14-16 hour days are common before tennis tournaments. Anyway, you lot like dont care much about what i do, you just want a place to crash.. My apartment is two blocks down, its the tall white building to the right. my apartment is on the 3rd floor. its pretty nice, has a good view of the beach from the main window, large tv and fridge. if you guys are hungry, we just went shopping for food yesterday. so we have loads of stuff. ' Zula said ' keeping croached down as gunfire continued inside the bar.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **April 17, 2019, 10:22:12 PM**

Tony dashed to his massive car now, which fortunately was a right-side driver, making it easy to get in on this side. As he slid behind the maroon wheel, he pushed the started button and grit his teeth. "Come you sonofabitch, come on you sonofabitch, comeonyousonofabitch!" he rapidly urged, exhaling when the pristine straight-eight came to life. "Yes! Thank you!" he praised the Daimler. Releasing the parking brake, he pre-selected 1st gear, pressed the shift pedal in, and got the machine rolling, pre-selecting 2nd almost immediately with the lever on the side of the steering wheel and soon shifting into that next. As he spun the big car around the lot, he headed around behind the SUVs, most of which weren't manned now due to the goons entering the bar.

As the mammoth silver and maroon car coasted into view of Emilena and Zula, the ferret waved to them. "Hurry up!" he called, slowing down as he pre-selected 3rd gear, but didn't shift, as the car could easily slow roll in 2nd. This would be for later when they needed to take off. The car could comfortably sit five with its large seats, so space wasn't an issue. Once they were inside, he was ready to tear out of there like a bat out of hell.

In the bar, the agent suddenly let loose with a small grenade, letting it obliterate the first three goons to enter, and he used the cover to start to exit, firing as he did so. Seeing the big car with Tony in it, he figured he may as well stick with the guy and explain what happened... but first he had to escape...

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 17, 2019, 11:02:27 PM**

"Tell your girlfriend to stay where she is if she's not home," Emilena advised. "Trouble tends to follow us, and she'll be safer staying away." She glanced at the lioness. "In fact, if you want to just cut and run, this is the time to do it. I won't tell anybody, and it's honestly the right call." She took a deep breath. "The people who hang around me and Tony don't have the greatest survival rates."

As if on cue, Tony pulled up in his massive convertible and Emilena sprinted across the parking lot for it. The car hadn't looked that large when she'd only seen it an angle from the far side of the bar, but now she couldn't believe people in the 1940s used to drive vehicles this big. Speaking of the car's old-fashioned construction... "We don't have to worry about this car breaking down or exploding if the bad guys shoot it, do we?" she asked Tony, vaulting over the

door without bothering to open it. She ducked down under the seat, not wanting to risk keeping her head in the enemy line of fire.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 17, 2019, 11:14:48 PM**

not a chance ' zula said rushing over and climbing into the back seat with a hurdle that would have done credit to a hurdle jumper at a state meet. 'you'd better get going ' she said too tony " Head straight. then turn to the right . my apartment has a private car garage. i'll let us in with the entry key and you can park wherever you like. I'll explain to Mukua that you are guests, we have friends over pretty regularly, so she wont care. I think she likes playing hostess' She chuckled. ' so you guys can grab some drink and food while you plan your next move. Eat what you like' She said to Tony.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Pterano** on **April 17, 2019, 11:40:11 PM**

"Not gonna happen!" Tony replied to Emilena, whipping the car around so that it was pointing straight down the street. Pushing the accelerator down, he floored it, moving the big car forward at a good clip as he finally shifted into 3rd. Rocketing down the street, he could see the apartment. "At least it's an enclosed garage..." but before he could finish, the bar erupted in a fiery explosion behind them, causing Tony's eyes to widen as he looked in the rearview mirror. "Goddamn! What the hell happened back there?" he asked, gulping as he turned the Daimler into the garage's opening, having previously downshifted to 2nd to do so.

"Back there", Agent Dartmouth had placed a plastic-explosive, blowing most of the bar to hell as he escaped in the utter chaos, most of his opponents now dead. Having run into the street and taken cover behind a dumpster, he peered from behind it and saw the big and very conspicuous car pulling into a garage two blocks away... perfect... easy enough! He'd find them... and then he could explain things.

As Tony rolled through the garage, he picked a spot well clear of other cars, and gingerly nursed the big boat into a spot, doubting he completely fit, but not caring at this point. Shutting it off, he exhaled. "Hoo! Glad I saved this one! It's irreplaceable, essentially." he said, opening the door to allow the others out. "So.. lead the way." he said, climbing out now and holding the door open for them.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 18, 2019, 12:00:10 AM**

foollow me ' zula said opening a stairwell that lead up to the main apartment building. after a couple flights she opened the door to the third floor, amnd held it open for Tony and Emilena before closing. this floor was almost maze like and there were no direction placards on the ewall to show where each apartment was. Zula went left, then right, then right again, then 3 straight lefts, 2 rights, a left and then four more rights, before finally stoping in front of a door at the end of a curve in the hallway. she opened the door with a ket, and revealed a room, that was well organized and kept neat. a decent sized tv screen hung in the wall. the only sign that thee as any clutter was a bag with 3 tennis rackets sticking out of it, as a uniform that said 'coach' Mukua' on it, that covered the racquets. " just make yourselves at home guys ' Zula said ' can i get you anything to drink ? wine? beer? Soda? theres snacks in the cabinet over there, either crackers, raisins or granola .' She said.

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **April 18, 2019, 01:07:26 AM**

Emilena's ears perked in alarm when the bar exploded; she could hear it even from her position on the floor of the car. *Thank god everyone had enough time to evacuate...who the*

hell were those guys?

She crawled out of the car and followed Zula to her apartment, which was nicely upper-middle class. Emilena realized she'd never lived in a place like this; overnight she'd gone from the fringes of society to the 1%. "Thanks for offering to let us stay," she mentioned to Zula, pouring herself a glass of water from the sink. "Let me know what this is costing, I can financially compensate--" She suddenly realized that she'd left her credit card on the counter of the bar. "--Uh, let's discuss that later. Tony, are you okay?" She brought him a glass too. "Let me see your neck. How is the injection point feeling? Are you experiencing any unusual symptoms?"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **April 25, 2019, 06:07:45 PM**

dont worry about ppaying. Guestsare guests. this isnt like a club where you have to pay to get in ' Zula said, as she went over to the fridge ' a note on the top freezer door ws from Mukua she would be home at 6:30 " well you guys will get to meet mukua, she'll be home in a few minutes' Zula said. ' hope you guys like Italian, shes bringing home fettuccine alfredo and batch of those giant breadsticks 'Taste of Italy' makes. they're delicious and very filling. ' Zula smiled, pulling out her cellphone and dialing a number ' hi Mukua, its me. are you headed to taste of italy? we have guests over right now, and we will likely need an extra order of noddles and breadsticks.. " of course" came the reply ' I'm heading there now. i'll be home in 15 minutes at the latest. just show them around, and have them sit wherever they like. let them watch whatever they want on TV, that sort f thing. you can make introductions once i get home see you in a bit." zula hang up and turned to emilena. ' just follow me. we've got 10 rooms in this apartment' main bedroom, and a pair of guest bedrooms. 2 bathrooms. tv room. storage closet, and laundry room. '

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 12, 2019, 10:38:28 PM**

When Tony seemed to be doing okay, Emilena handed him his water and turned to Zula. "Sure, let's check the place out." She didn't mention she was mostly examining its durability in case of an attack.

The guest quarters were small but well-furnished, one for her and one for Tony. Emilena nodded approvingly as Zula showed her the various rooms. "How do you afford an apartment this large on a tennis coach's salary?" she asked, surreptitiously feeling the walls. They were insulated wood, not much protection if bullets started flying. *Bullets...* she realized her firearms were back at her apartment, which was almost certainly being watched by now.

The television was on; it was an empty channel, but it reminded her of seeing Broadstreet on the screen at the bar. "Um, Zula, could I borrow a phone?" she asked. Whatever that agent had injected Tony with, she suspected the forces chasing it weren't going to let it slip through their fingers. If the government was involved, she couldn't trust her bank account or what few contacts she'd kept in touch with since entering the public spotlight. *I need someone who will loan me a gun. And nobody would expect me to contact a police chief I haven't met in years...hopefully.*

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 21, 2019, 09:03:11 PM**

Sure ' Zula said digging out a phone from her purse and handing it to Emilena. ' Just remember to give it back once you are done.' she smirked.' as for how do I afford this/ The combined income from mukua and my jobs. Plus we also teach privately"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 21, 2019, 11:07:07 PM**

(OOC: I posted a character sheet for Storch in the Master List (<http://www.gangoffive.net/index.php?topic=16065.msg481015#msg481015>). He's going to be my other character, a secondary recurring villain.)

On the other side of town, a grizzled bat flew through the darkness with one eye open. Well...one eye open most of the time. To be honest, it was so dark at this point that he was navigating mostly via muscle memory than by tracking any of the fleeting lit windows or neon signs down below.

A buzz in his pocket roused him from his semi-conscious flight. Murmuring wearily, he fished his smartphone out of his pocket just long enough to activate text-to-speech, hitting a thermal so he could compensate for the loss in height from temporarily occupying a wing. "Phone, read the message."

It cheerfully chirped the name of the sender: his ex-wife. *"DID YOU DO YOUR WHATEVER?"*

"Tell her yes," Storch wheezed. He always lost his breath by the middle of this particular flight; he couldn't stop in bars or hostels immediately after a hit, nor could he trust public transportation to deliver him to the outskirts of the city. Combined, that led to a long and thoroughly unpleasant journey into the mountains.

The phone buzzed from a new message. *"WERE YOU PAID?"*

"Yes..." Storch gritted his teeth as a flush of cold air chilled him to the bone. His body didn't hold up like it used to.

"HOW MUCH?"

He did some mental math. 40,000 credits for the banker, and 10,000 for his lawyer... "Tell her: '30 thousand credits. How much do you need?'"

"I'D LIKE ALL OF IT, IF POSSIBLE. JOEY'S GOT A COUGH, AND SKYLER REALLY WANTS TO GO TO SPACE CAMP. PLUS MY FOOD STAMPS WERE DENIED."

Storch sighed. He'd already warned her that would happen if she didn't get a job. "Space camp, huh?... Tell her I'll send 40k."

She didn't reply again. Storch gratefully saw his cabin up ahead and landed none-too-gently on his second-floor balcony. Limping gingerly through the only entrance that wasn't booby-trapped, Storch quickly grabbed a matchbox from the kitchen and lit the living room fireplace before collapsing with a weak shudder into an armchair. It would take hours for the flames to warm the room, but just being sheltered from the chill mountain air was enough for now.

He almost fell asleep right then and there, but his combat harness was cutting into his joints. Wincing gruffly, he forced himself to stand and remove his flight uniform despite the draft. Goosebumps quickly covered his skin, his thin greying fur doing little these days to insulate him. He cast a disgruntled look at his feeble hearth; it was supposedly a mechanical fireplace and he'd love to see instant full-power flames like in the commercials, yet he could never get the darn thing to work. "Well, a cold night never killed me before..." he grunted to his sniper rifle, laying it on the drawing table. Tomorrow they'd go hunting for small wildlife to eat, but for tonight he only wanted to sleep.

He was halfway to the bedroom when his phone buzzed repeatedly. His brow furrowed; only his most trusted, highest-paying clients got three buzzes. Sighing and rubbing his eyes, he checked the text.

He recognized the contractors; he'd worked for them in the past. He also recognized the

targets; a handsome ferret and heavily-scarred vixen he'd seen on the television a lot. And finally he recognized just how many zeroes were in the bounty. "Jesus almighty..." he breathed, double-checking the details. "With exclusivity?" His hands shook as he almost dropped the phone. "What in the hell did these two do?"

He glanced at the inky blackness outside his windows and sighed. Looks like he would be going hunting tomorrow...but not for food.

Emilena took a deep breath. *Maybe he'll have changed his phone number...he likely switched providers after Lanthae was destroyed.* She couldn't decide if she hoped he'd answer or not. She'd changed so much since they last spoke; there may be nothing left of the upstart junior officer he'd always known. Would he be proud of what she'd become? Would he have seen her face splayed across the worldwide news?

She took a deep breath and dialed the numbers. The call went through...though she could only wonder if it was connecting to her intended recipient. "Rucker? If it's you...this is former Officer Echo."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 29, 2019, 04:01:34 PM**

Echo? my my , this a surprise. Whats the occasion?' Rucker Broadstreet had developed a reputation over his long career of being scrupulously honest, any cops that were crooked , got summarily walked out of police HQ. " dont tell me that you are in trouble again. you always were in trouble of one kind or another when you were on my force. "

_ the door to the apartment opened, and mukua entered, slowly staggering under a large bag full of takeover from the restaurant. Hope everyone likes mac and cheese and fettuccine alfredo ' she said softly as she set the food down on the kitchen table. the portions of food were enormous , easily enough to fed a decent sized family, or party. " Help yourselves"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 29, 2019, 10:10:00 PM**

Emilena's breath caught in her throat; she hadn't heard her old boss in years, and she found herself regressing back into a junior officer as his commanding voice set the tone of the conversation. "Goddamn, you sound like you haven't aged a day. I don't know how you do it..."

She gave Murkua a polite wave before moving to a private room. "I don't know if you've been following the news at all, Rucker, but life's gotten a bit more complicated for me since we last spoke..." she sighed. "Jesus, I don't think I could even begin to explain everything that's happened to me. But yes, I am in trouble and I could use your help." Her voice cracked. "I was in the wrong place at the wrong time, and now someone wants me dead. Someone connected, I've lost access to my bank account and my property. I'm not asking for police protection, but I could really use a gun. Any gun will do, you know I'm trained with all standard-issue police sidearms." A remote possibility suddenly sparked in her mind, and she couldn't help but add, "That being said...you wouldn't happen to have my old assigned pistol, would you? Serial number XCCFRM G17?"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 29, 2019, 11:11:09 PM**

G17 Glock. 15 rounds 9mm.' Broadstreet said " yes i still have it. Its stored in the discipline wing of the police building. all the officers who we fire, we take and keep their weapons on display. we never officially fired you, you know, technically you are still on the force, just under probation, which by the by has long since expired. so, if you want to officially be reinstated,

you just need to fill out a couple forms and we'd get you a fresh uniform, Echo. you also have a large number of payments headed your way, as your probation didnt affect your pay. let me pull out a calculator here.. hmm. you have 2 years of back pay.. at your old salary of 20 an hour, that 800 a week, 3200 a month 38400 a year, 76800 total. basically 77 grand'. Broadstreet said. "so how do you want it? creds card or check?"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 29, 2019, 11:34:33 PM**

Emilena dropped the phone in shock. Not only did they still have her personal gun, but they were also ready to take her *back* at a moment's notice? She could be a police officer again?

Her mind alit with the possibilities of settling back into the law and order she'd always known. Of redeeming herself for her sordid past. But then reality caught up with her; as much as she wanted to, she couldn't sweep all her crimes under the rug. While she wanted desperately to pick the phone up and agree wholeheartedly, Broadstreet deserved the whole story. She wouldn't begin her second stint as a lawkeeper while hiding a walk-in closet full of skeletons.

"Chief," she started, scrambling to return the phone to her ear, "I'm...honored to hear you'd consider taking me back. And even that you'd treat it as if I'd never left. But I've been AWOL for two years, and I've committed so many crimes...I've peddled millions of credits worth of illegal substances. I've killed people. I've stolen vehicles, disrupted foreign governments, I even maintained a longterm sexual relationship with what turned out to be my biological brother." Her cheeks reddened. "Now, I *have* received a presidential pardon for all those things, so technically they no longer apply. But you have a right to know before letting me re-enlist. My moral compass didn't turn out as strong as I always thought it was."

She remembered he'd mentioned something about probation payments. "If you still want to give me that backpay, I'll need it as a creds card since I can't access my bank account. It'll help keep me and Tony alive as we sort this business out. And if I survive this, I'd love to come back to work...if your offer is still on the table."

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **Nick22** on **May 30, 2019, 12:02:06 AM**

Broadstreet listened to her story and sighed ' let me get this straight. you were on probation then we lost track of you, and in that period you did a whole bunch of sordid and unethical crap? you sure have a lot of skeleton s in your closet, dont you Echo ? and I'm not even going to touch your relationship with your brother. Still, an offer is an offer. get this matter settled with Stracci, consider this the penance for the illegal crap you've pulled over the past 2 years. , now according to this file , you got a full pardon for those transgressions, so legally speaking, you're clean. But theres a big difference between innocence based on deed and innocence based on technicality. i do not want any further nonsense involving you echo, am I clear? i run a clean ship here, or at least strive to keep it clean. i do the best I can with what I have. I will be sending you a package in the next few hours. it will contain a few things you will find useful, besides, of course the money. your contact on this case is a young lion named Struphorn. been on the force just over a year. rather headstrong but his loyalty cannot be questioned. excellent with a gun, in fact he won the office target accuracy challenge with a score of 7, 560 points with 45 perfect targets hit. you re to arrange a meet with him at the earliest possibility. am i clear, Officer Echo?' Broadstreet said firmly"

Title: **Re: After the Storm**

Post by: **aabicus (LettuceBacon&Tomato)** on **May 30, 2019, 12:42:00 AM**

"He scored a 7?" Emilena nodded approvingly. She'd never scored better than a 4, though she'd always been one of the lower-ranked officers when it came to firearm accuracy. "I understand and agree with everything you say, chief; I'll be squeaky-clean from here on out." She wasn't sure she'd be able to live up to that promise, but that was a problem for a later

date. "I really appreciate your help here. And if I survive this, I'll prove your trust was in the right place." She hesitated before hanging up. "It's...good to hear your voice again, Rucker. I hope you're doing well."

She returned to the kitchen and gave Zula her phone back. "Thanks again. And nice to meet you, Mukua. My name is Emilena." She grabbed a bowl from the cupboard and spooned herself some fettuccini alfredo. "We hope it's not too much trouble to house a pair of strangers at such short notice."