

Illy Ryann \*walking down the streets of NOLA, I breathe in the smell of the city. No place smells like here. Don't get me wrong, I miss my home on the island but I could also be in worst places. My thoughts drift to my brothers. Gods I miss them. Yes they were annoying and smelly but they were always there for me. How I wish I knew their fate. Sighing, I stop at the store to buy a few things before heading home. On my way to the cash register, I catch man looking at me. Normally I would dismiss him as some sort of creeper but there was something off, I could feel it. The panther in me could sense he meant danger. Doing my best to ignore him, I quickly pay for my things then head out the door\*

Illy Ryann \*I make my way down the street and can tell I'm being followed. Shards! Turing down a random street, I slip into a bar. I glance around and see it is full of people. Perfect. Using my powers, I do my best to mask my sent. I also make sure I walk around as many people as possible. Hopefully that will confuse the fucker who thinks he can follow me home. I head over to the bartender and lean across the counter\* Hey there. So my ex boyfriend is trying to give me some trouble. Would it be okay if I sneak out the back door? \*He gives me a once over then nods. I give him a quick smile then head to the door as fast as I can. Once outside, I head home as fast as my legs will take me\*

Illy Ryann \*After I get through my door, I close it and flip the lock. I know that if the man is who I think he is, a locked door won't stop him. However, the metallic clicking noise of the lock sliding into place makes me feel better. I also place one of my shielding rocks in front of the door. Its suppose to cover magical essences so outside forces can't sense what's inside. Praying to the Gods that it'll cover my presence, I head into the kitchen area, which also plays the part of my living room/ bedroom, and pull out my groceries. I don't know if you would count a loaf of bread, peanut butter, and a bag of grapes groceries but it's all I could really afford right now. Making myself a sandwich, I put the grapes in a bowl then head over to sit on my bed/couch\*

Illy Ryann \*Waking up a few hours later, I look around my now dark apartment. I must have fallen asleep after I ate. I put the grapes in the fridge and clean my dishes. When I finish, I decide to take a shower then head to bed. Pathetic I know but I don't have much going on for me lately. With the creepy man from the grocery store forgotten, I step into the bathroom. Twenty minutes or so later, I walk out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around me while I use another one to dry my head. As I head over to my dresser I notice something is different. Stopping in my tracks, I look at my window. A window that is now open\*

Illy Ryann \*My breath leaves my body as I stare at the window I KNOW was closed when I left. Whirling around, I quickly scan my apartment. I have never in all my life been so happy that my apartment was small. There weren't places for someone to hide. After coming to the conclusion that I'm alone right now, I head over to the window and slam it shut. Locking it for good measure. I then go check my front door, which is still locked with the shielding stone in front of it. My mind then tries to come up with rational reasons. Maybe the wind opened it, maybe I really did open it and just forgot, maybe aliens came to visit but then became shy and left. My heart is beating furiously as I head over to my dresser and pull out a pair of jeans and a tank top. Once dressed, I pull my hair back into a pony then pull on my comfy shoes. Grabbing my bag, I throw everything I posses into it. Which mostly consisted of a locket my mother gave me with one photo of my family in it, my camera and film, 4 pairs of pants, 3 shirts, a handful of undergarments, a pair of flats, and bath products. I place the bag over my shoulder as I grab my shielding rocks and slip them into the pocket of the only coat I own. Holding the coat close, I go and put the bread, peanut butter, and grapes into the grocery bag they originally came in. With one last glance around my apartment, I open then door and step out\*

Illy Ryann \*Standing in front of my apartment building, I look around the street. Where do I go now? Where is even safe? I don't know many people here. A thought strikes me. Maybe....she would understand if I told her someone was stalking me. I think I'm going to leave out the "I'm a tiger and have people wanted to rape and kill me" part. People tend to freak when they know the true me. Heading over to a payphone, I pull out my phone book and find the number for Amethyst Ayesha. I'm too broke to afford a cell phone so hopefully she'll answer a land line. I punch in her number and listen to the annoying dial tone praying she answers\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Hearing the phone ringing, I shove the paperback I was reading away, grabbing it. Opening it, I see a payphone number. Hmm. Odd. Hitting "Connect"\* Hello?

Illy Ryann \*Hearing her voice, I have to hold back a whoop noise\* Am? It's Illy. I have a kind of bold question to ask you. I have someone who is stalking me. I think they broke into my apartment but I don't know for certain. My window was open and I KNOW I didn't open it. Would it be okay if I crashed at your place? It would only be for a day or two. Just until I find a new place to stay. \*I know I am rambling but I'm trying to keep the panic out of my voice. Taking a deep breath, I wait for her reply\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Listening to her voice, she can hear the worry, the panic she has. Knowing that she was tough as nails when they hung out together before, she knows whatever this is, it's got to be something bad.\* You know you are always welcome, Illy. Do you remember where I live, after all this time? I'll get the guest room sorted for you, you're welcome to stay as long as you need to.

Illy Ryann \*sighing in gratitude\* Thank you Am. Yeah I remember where you live. I'm heading over now if that's okay. I don't want to be in this area for another minute. It's just...I don't want this to follow me. The person could be very dangerous and I would never forgive myself if he hurt you.

Amethyst Ayesha Be safe, Illy. \*hanging up, she headed upstairs, grabbing fresh sheets and blankets. Remaking the bed, she then filled up the bathroom...clean towels, soaps, conditioners, anything she could think of. From the sounds of it, Illy had left her apartment in a hurry and hadn't had time to grab anything of her own. Thinking back, she remembered they were about the same size. Stepping into her room, she rifled through her drawers, digging up a couple jeans, t-shirts, and some pajamas. Placing them on the guest room bed, she sighed. Grabbing her Glock, she slipped it into the hidden holster at her back. Might as well be prepared in case Illy didn't loose her pursuer on the way here. Double checking the alarm systems, the silent systems on each window separate from the main system, she was finally satisfied with the protection in the house, and sat on the porch swing to wait\*

Illy Ryann \*Standing outside of Am's, I ring the bell waiting to be let in. I see Am and a smile crosses my face. When she opens the door, I sigh in relief\* Thank you so much for letting me stay here. \*She motions for me to come in. After she locks the door, I follow her into her living room. When she turns to look at me, I smile\* Like I said, it'll only be for a few days. I grabbed everything I own so I don't have to go back to that apartment again. \*I shift the bag nervously on my shoulder as I look around her huge house. Wow do I feel out of place\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Ushering Illy into the house, she shuts the door and enters the code to reset the alarms. Adding in Illy's birthday, she makes sure that Illy can get in and out when she wants to. Seeing her standing in the middle of the living room, shifting uncomfortably, her heart went out to her friend.\* Make yourself at home Illy, I promise, the house seems big, but it was an inheritance. I'm hardly here, my job keeps me busy. Luckily you caught me in a down period. The code for the alarm is your

birthday. The guest room is upstairs, I set it up for you. Are you hungry? I've got a bunch of stuff in the refrigerator that needs to be eaten before I get sent on another assignment. \*Seeing that she still looks like she's intruding, Am grins\* There is Ben and Jerry's....

Illy Ryann \*I look at her with huge eyes when she says Ben and Jerry's. My God I haven't had ice cream in years. Swallowing, I shake my head a little then hold up my grocery bag\* I have my own food. I couldn't possibly take yours. It's nothing much so it shouldn't take up too much room. \*I glance at the stairs. She has stairs. I am happy to just have hot water. The thought almost makes me laugh\* Again, Thank you. I don't know where I would have gone had you not answered. I just hope he doesn't follow me here. \*letting out a breath, I look around the house again\* so have you just gotten back from an assignment?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Rolling her eyes, she grabbed Illy's hand, dragging her to the kitchen. The damn woman was always stubborn, refusing to accept help from anyone, even as a broke college student living in a dorm where they had pennies between them all.\* Sit. \*piling sandwich meat, pickles, bread, and all the fixings in front of her, she grabbed a plate, setting that down too.\* Eat. You remember Kaden? Yeah he's still around, and still a protective asshole. You don't want him to find out you're here, and that I offered food, and you refused. \*grinning as Illy rolls her eyes\* You know if I'm not happy, he's grumpy. \*nodding her head as she grabbed Illy's bag, depositing her meager groceries into the refrigerator\* Yeah, we did. It was....well, it was a mess. But, it's over. So I get a few days break before we get tapped for another impossible task. What have you been up to? Still doing photography?

Illy Ryann \*I laugh as she pretty much forces me to eat. Rolling my eyes at the mention of Kaden\* Yeah I know he is a protective bastard. And yeah. I'm still doing photography. Doesn't pay the bills but it does make my inner animal feel better. \*Biting into the sandwich, I hold back a groan and eat the whole thing in a matter of seconds. I give Am a sheepish shrug\* It's been a few days since I last had a full meal. Unless you count those little crackers they give you at restaurants. If you do then I have been eating regularly.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Growling at Illy, she shoves another sandwich her way\* You need to eat. How are you supposed to protect yourself if you barely have any energy at all? Damn, woman. That's it. We are coming to a mutual agreement. You're staying here. \*holding up her hand when Illy starts to argue\* Look, I'm gone a lot. I'd feel safer and happier if I knew someone was here IN the house every night, instead of leaving it empty. There are 5 damn rooms, I'm using ONE. There is a huge kitchen I hardly ever eat in, 3 bathrooms, I use one. Entertainment room that I hardly go in. And.... \*leaning close, because she knows this will win her over\* There is room in the back that I swear was once used as a darkroom. And probably could be easily converted back.

Illy Ryann \*gasping\* That is a low blow, ma'am. Very low. \*Giving her a close look\* If you are 113% sure that you don't mind...I would insist on paying rent. I can't afford much but I will give you all I can. \*Seeing that damned determined look in her eye which means she can NOT be talked out of something, I sigh\* I don't know how Kaden does it. \*Laughing a little\* Fine, I'll stay and protect your house. I'll keep the Ben and Jerry's safe, don't you worry one bit!

Amethyst Ayesha \*Grinning widely as she finally gives in, Am heads to the freezer, grabbing two pints of Ben and Jerry's\* Well, they do need a lot of protection, at least one week out of every month. Except I don't think either of us are adequate protection at that time. So, now that's settled....I do have a question. You, um...you know I've always had strange abilities. So, I'll just come out and ask. What type of animal will I be running into on late nights coming into the house? Just so I can prepare myself.

Illy Ryann \*choking on my ice cream, I look at her. I have always known Am and Kaden were...special. I just didn't know Am was able to sense my specialness as well\* I am a Tiger. I rarely shift though. Its safer that way. If we are going to be roomies, I should also let you know that I'm being hunted. Men came to my island and took my parents. My brothers and I scattered when we hit shore. I haven't had much problems with the Chasers until tonight. I don't even know if it was them. I just thought I would let you know...just in case. I know you are more that capable of taking care of yourself. It's just, they are what you would call...collectors. They kill things to make them rare, then enslave, sell, and breed with what ever is left. I just want to make sure you are aware of what danger you might be in. If you want me to leave I completely understand. As I have said, I would never forgive myself if something happened to you because of me.

Amethyst Ayesha A tiger? Nice. So, you'll be sweeping the rugs and cleaning the furniture if you DO shift, right? \*giggling, she then let out an unladylike snort\* Illy. Not many know this, but I'm trusting you because we're going to be housemates. Kaden and I work for a military branch called PsiForce. As the name suggests, its compromised of people with certain...abilities...that make them useful in the field. The only cases we take are those of a paranormal nature, things that regular law enforcement isn't capable of handling. This house is armed against the human variety of criminals, and warded against everything else. As long as you're in this house, NO one will get to you. Trust me, Kaden made sure I'd be protected at all costs. \*Digging around in a kitchen drawer, she pulled the extra key from where it was taped on the underside of the panel\* Your key, ma'am.

Illy Ryann \*I blink a few times at her disclosure\* Well dang, you have come far since our college days. Though, I shouldn't be surprised. You have always been the brave, ass kicking type. \*Taking the key from her, I nod\* Thank you. Really I mean it. For the first time I don't feel like I'm hiding. As for the sweeping, yes. If I shift I promise to clean everything off so don't worry. \*Eating more of my ice cream, I look up at her with a small smile\* You're not allergic to cats are you? I'd hate for Kaden to break ass on me for giving you an allergic reaction accidentally.

Amethyst Ayesha Hah. Like I get to kick ass with Kaden around. I was debating asking for another undercover assignment. But I know he'd kill me, since you're pretty much out of contact, and on your own. I'm just getting bored with chasing down the baddies and turning over the reports. I want a challenge. \*Thinking of her short fling with the lion, she chokes on her ice cream, mimicking Illy's earlier reaction\* Uhh...no. Not allergic to cats.

Illy Ryann \*I raise an eyebrow at that. There is really only one reason from someone to have that violent of a reaction to such a small question\* Let me guess. You got down and dirty with a smexy werecat? \*I wiggle my eye brows at her\* Come on now, spill the beans. This is what girl roomies do isn't it? Talk about sex while eating ice cream? We have all got our groove things on with some sort of were, it's normal...I think.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Groaning, she can feel the blush covering her cheeks\* Yeah. There was a lion. He was definitely a smexy werecat, as you put it. But it was just a fling...scratching an itch so to speak. And this discussion isn't happening. Because we \*using her spoon to indicate the two of them\* are anything BUT normal. We're like...did a U-turn in Kansas and ended up in Oz, and completely lost those damn shoes into thin air type of non-normal.

Illy Ryann \*laughing at her words, I shake my head\* Well I'm glad you got your itch scratched. As for the not normal thing, I don't think we are THAT abnormal. I mean I'm a hunted tigress who takes pictures of nature so I can blend in to avoid being raped and sold; and you have psychic powers that you use, while working in a top secret government branch, against supernatural entities. Okay fine, you are right. We lost the damn shoes. \*laughs again\*

Amethyst Ayesha Yup, they're gone. \*Finishing her ice cream, she put the rest back in the freezer. Dropping the spoon into the sink, she leaned down to hug Illy\* You're safe here. I promise. I'm gonna head to bed. Alarm is set, so if you need to go out, be sure to rearm it when you leave. I'll see you in the morning.

Illy Ryann \*Hugging her back, I give her a smile\* Thanks for being my friend, Am. Bed actually sounds like a damn good idea. \*Following Amethyst's lead, I put my ice cream away and place my spoon with hers. After we head up the stairs, she shows me my room and bids me good night. Walking into the room, my jaw drops. No. Way. I look around the massive area that could have held two of my old apartments in it. There are even clothes on the bed. One whiff and I know they are Am's. In this moment I have never been so grateful to another living being. Changing my clothes, I place my mother's locket on the end table and climb into the massive bed. I sigh and let my body relax, soon I'm fast asleep\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*She and Illy Ryann had settled into an easy friendship again, as it always had been. Neither was ever really in the others way, and at least this way, she had someone to talk to. Curling in bed, she sighed. She hadn't really thought much of her proclamation to Illy the night she showed up....the idea of going undercover, of doing a mission on her own. But it had niggled at her subconscious, like a half-formed idea that she couldn't shake. Forcing her thoughts to quiet, she closed her eyes, letting sleep take her under.\*

Delphine Oneroi Davis Ds \*She had been flitting through dreams a majority of the night and thankfully they were all pretty standard fare. She paused as a wave of loneliness and doubt assailed her. Sometimes the inner demons were worse than anything she ever fought with a staff or power. As she watched the scene unfolding her heart went out to the pretty blond woman and she stood poised to assist in whatever way she might need\*

Delphine Oneroi Davis Ds \*the woman sat in the dark, half dressed and appeared to be checking all her equipment. She was nervous yet determined. She had something to prove, to herself and the world. Her lips were set in a grim line as she checked the chamber of the pistol she was holding, dropped the clip, then checked it before locking it back into place. She sat it on the bed and then pulled on her boots, slipping her knives in before finishing her laces, placing the pistol in its holster she rose and went to the desk to grab her jacket. As in many dreams she seemed to phase from the darkness of her home directly to the darkness of an alleyway. She took great care to ensure her footsteps made no sound the pistol secure and warm in her hand. Her heart was racing and her mouth felt dry, and not for the first time she was questioning the wisdom of the enterprise. She mentally cursed as failure was not an option! She was committed and she would not turn tail and she would not be explaining her failure to a superior officer in the morning. She could almost see the look on Kaden's face if....\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*The leaves were dry and brittle under her feet. She could hear them crunching as she moved, and made an effort to slow, to be quieter. Why she had decided to take this job, to do this on her own, she'd never know. Oh wait, yes, she did. An image of Kaden and Arya, laughing and talking, leaning close to each other as she sat beside them came to her head. She loved Kaden, and truthfully, respected Arya. But their relationship was new. She wasn't meant to sit on the sidelines, to be a third wheel. They needed time alone, and she....she needed to find a way to separate herself from Kaden, to prove to herself that she was an equal person in their partnership. A soft snuffling sound reaches her ears, and she freezes. Tightening her hold on the pistol, she presses herself against the wall as a giant were strides past her. It looks like a normal wolf, but the power swirling off of him says he's definitely anything but normal. Her breathing comes sharp and erratic as his ears flatten to his head, his lips curl back, showing dripping rows of teeth. In her mind, she's screaming for help, screaming for Kaden, but not a sound comes out as he beast sees her, a low growl rumbling from his chest before he springs, launching his attack\*

Delphine Oneroi Davis Ds \*shots in rapid fire succession ring through the dark alley way. She barely spun out of the way of his gaping jaws. He was definitely injured, she could smell the blood. Or at least she hoped it was all his and she hadn't fucked up and given him another victim in her hesitancy. She heard an angry cry as he stepped on his now very injured leg. She took the moments distraction to drop the clip and reload. He lunged again but she could tell she had scored some really good shots because he seemed to stumble from blood loss and he had slowed considerably. No less angry, but she was now fairly certain she had gotten some mortal wounds with silver bullets. The creature snarled lunged and again missed. In moments that seemed almost slow motion she pointed the pistol directly at the creature's head and pulled the trigger. Moments passed before she reached up and felt the blood and spongy feeling of... ugh.. on her cheek. She had done it!\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Jerking awake, her heart pounding in her chest, she looked around realizing she was safe and snug in her bed\* What the hell was that? \*Heading to the bathroom, she splashed some water on her face and filled the glass to take a few sips before crawling back into bed. Without even knowing she was falling, she ended up back asleep, the dream she'd had the furthest thing from her mind, drifting away\*

Illy Ryann \*Waking up with a start, I sit up in bed and try to calm my heart rate. Stupid dream again. Usually I can busy myself with work or stress with making ends meet but since I moved in with Amethyst, things have actually been going well. I have even been able to save some of my money in hopes of buying a new camera. The unfortunate side effect of that is, I have let my barriers down. Whenever I do that, I start having terrible dreams about my family. This one was about my second oldest brother, Barker. He was always the trouble maker with a sarcastic come back for everything. In my dream, he has been captured and is being tortured. I hate these dreams. Back when I first moved to New Orleans, I had one about my brothers being kept in a zoo like animals. I don't know why my mind plagues me with these images but sometimes I feel like it gets a sick satisfaction from it. Sighing when I realize sleep is now out of the question, I stand up and head downstairs to try to find something to eat\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*This feeling of discontent continued. She had no idea where it had even come from, but unhappiness plagued her. She found herself tossing and turning, a decision made, then decided against...for, against, for, against, over and over again. In the back of her mind, she knew Kaden would never approve. He was like a big brother, he'd never let his kid sister go out on her own without knowing he'd be able to protect her. But, she felt as if her talents, her mettle had never been truly tested. Could she function as a member of Psiforce and be an equal member of this partnership? Could she help protect him, keep him safe as he kept her safe, for Arya? She didn't know. The answers eluded her. The only way to be alone, truly alone, was going under cover. She'd mentioned it to Illy a time or two, but at first it had been more of a joke. Now though, she was thinking more and more about it. Debating the pros and cons. Wondering if she could. If she dared.\*

Mack Thompson \*Sitting at the desk sorting through paperwork, it was almost impossible to ignore the slight form hovering in front of his office, her blonde head occasionally popping up to peer through the blinds before disappearing again. Great. Just what he needed\* Ayesha! If you've got something to say, get in here and say it. You're driving me insane.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Jerking as she heard the voice calling her, she hesitantly stepped into the office, shutting the door behind her\* General. I've been thinking, and I would like to request training for undercover work. \*Seeing the look on his face, she plowed ahead\* I know I haven't done much on my own, but I really think I could be a great asset for the agency.

Mack Thompson \*Leaning back in his chair, he steepled his fingers together, narrowing his eyes at her\* So, you are asking me to add you to the roster. Knowing that Kaleva would have my ass in a goddamned sling for it. What does he think? \*Chuckling as she looks anywhere but at him\* He doesn't know, does he? I'll admit, you like to live dangerously. \*pulling up her personnel file, he flips through it, conscious of her watching him the entire time\* You have racked up quite an impressive record with your partner. Why would you want to jeopardize that?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Inhaling sharply, she tried to think quickly. If she lied, and said Kaden knew, and he didn't, the ensuing explosion when he found out would make it impossible for her to do this again. If she didn't say anything, the General would know Kaden hadn't been told, and might not let her train. Biting her lip as he sees right through her, she watches as he starts reading through her reports, wondering what he's looking for. At his question, she tries to hold back a blush. How could she say that with Kaden having Arya, and hopes of her finding someone she would get along with....that she wanted to prove herself? That she was feeling like she was just "Kaden's partner", and not an agent in her own right?\* I wouldn't be jeopardizing anything. I can handle Kaden. I need something new, a challenge.

Mack Thompson \*He could sense her discomfort, sense that she needed something more. Truthfully, she was a good agent. Not great, not on her own, but good. If given the chance to be alone, to find her strengths, she could be great. No one had given her that chance. Shoving the papers back into the folder, he sighed, rubbing his temples between his thumbs\* Look Amethyst, I'm gonna be honest with

you. You've never done anything like this before. You are going to need to go through new training procedures, another mental and physical eval. If Kaden finds out, you're on your own. \*Waving her from the office, he booted up the computer, making the necessary change to her status that would allow her to begin preparing. God help him, Kaleva was going to be fucking furious when he finally found out.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*It had been hard as hell to leave a naked, sleeping Arya curled up in his bed. When he'd moved, her lips had curved in a pout even in sleep, as she clutched to his pillow, like that would help her rest while he was gone. Backing out of the driveway was a bitch, all he wanted to do was head back inside, strip, and curl up next to her for the rest of the day. Unfortunately, her other request had been banging around in his head, and he needed to at least keep his promise and discuss it with the General. Heading inside after parking on the street, he sighed as he walked up to the office gopher. The boy looked like he was going to piss his pants at the sight of him. Was he really that damned intimidating? For fucks sake. Shoving past the kid, he rapped on Mack's door with his knuckles\* Yo, boss, got a minute?

Mack Thompson \*Groaning as he heard the one voice he didn't want to hear. Shit. Did Kaleva find out about him approving undercover work for his partner? Not what he needed. It wasn't his place to deal with this crap. Motioning for Kaden to enter, he shoved the paperwork he'd been signing aside\* Certainly not the usual person I expect in my office without me having to drag them. What do you want Kaleva? I have actual work to do.

Kaden Kaleva \*Barely resisting the urge to flip him off and storm out, he had to force himself to remember that he was doing this because he promised Arya he would. That's it. Dropping into the seat uninvited, he leaned back, his arms crossed over his chest in a decent parody of a relaxed pose, though he was anything but.\* General. I'll try not to take up too much of your important time. \*Stopping himself from rolling his eyes, he shifted forward, resting his elbows on his knees\* Look, I know we got into some bullshit ethics conversations over my bringing a civilian in on the last mission. Thing is, she isn't a civilian. She's a were-panther. She'd be an asset on missions.

Mack Thompson You're kidding right? Do you even realize how much shit I'd be dealing with from the upper floors if I let you take your girlfriend out on jobs? No. It's not going to happen. \*seeing Kaden start to look agitated he holds up his hand\* Look, I understand that she's this shining star for you right now. You want to keep her with you all the time, rainbows shoot out from her feet. I get it. Sooner or later, probably sooner, she'd be in danger. She's not trained, she isn't military. You'll fuck up trying to protect her, and the operation will be shot, and both your asses will be dead or out of work. I can't justify this. \*Wondering if this is why the man's partner was jumping ship...it was an interesting coincidence\* Does Ayesha know you were intending on bringing a civvie into your partnership?



Kaden Kaleva \*Getting more pissed, his lips firm into a thin line as the General holds up his hand, stopping the rant that was forming in his head. Sitting back, he narrowed his eyes as Mack tried to lay out his faulty reasoning. He already knew the General was wrong, Arya had done amazing after the first shock on that mission. They'd saved the kids themselves, and got out alive. What more could he fucking ask for?\* No, Amethyst doesn't know. But she gets along well with Arya, and I'm sure she'd agree that Arya would be an excellent member to add to the team. \*Getting an idea, he controls his smirk and manages to turn it into a half-assed smile\* Understood General. Glad that, as usual, we don't see eye to eye. \*giving him a mock salute, he headed out. There are other ways to get what you want, and he was rather resourceful when he wanted to be.\*

Mack Thompson \*Watching as Kaleva left, he shook his head. That one was a loose cannon. He'd have to keep an eye out, he knew this wasn't over, not by a long shot. Somehow or another, Kaden would find a way to get the were into Psiforce, all he could do was protect their asses when he did.\*

Illy Ryann \*I wake up gasping for breath, trying my best to push the memories away. Far away. But they won't leave, they won't dull. The horror of watching my family get tore apart is still burnt into my mind. My breathing is still heavy and I feel like there is no air in my room as my memories shift. I remember seeing my parents get carted off in chains, the feel of Ailwin's arms around Turstin and I; keeping us close, keeping us safe. Barker holding Galyn near his side, all of us praying they didn't find us. A tear rolls down my cheek as I remember that Gods forsaken night, when my world was destroyed. By far the worst was watching my brothers walk away into the night. I was left of the beach, cold and alone, reaching out to them but they didn't turn around. Understanding finally came over the years, I know they wanted to stay together as bad as I did, but it wasn't safe. My heart rate begins to slow back down and I lay back, praying for a better sleep. As my mind drifts over my thoughts, I feel a sadness swell up inside of me. I don't really remember their faces, my brothers or my parents. Sighing, I sit up and walk out of my room wondering where Amethyst is and if she has anything to make me sleep. I make my way down to the kitchen and open the fridge. What kind of comfort food should I eat tonight? Maybe I'll toss some whiskey in it. Taking the ice cream from the freezer, I dish some out then grab my favorite bottle of whiskey. As I head back up the stairs to my room, I clutch the bottle to my chest hoping that my family is still alive\*

Mack Thompson \*After submitting the information for a new undercover agent to begin training, he groaned as his printer became possessed. Miles of paperwork spitting out, spilling over and to the floor. This was the damn part he hated. Grabbing everything, he tried to get them into as neat of a pile as possible before filling in what he could. Leaving the rest until he could get her new training scheduled, he shoved the whole mess aside, grabbing his coffee cup and going to take a sip. Damn it. Empty.\* Adam!!! Is there a reason there is no coffee in the coffee cup? Look, assistants assist. That is their job. Go and get me coffee, if you want a paycheck. We clear? \*Hiding a laugh as the kid rushes off, pale and shaking, he props his feet up on the desk, shaking his head\* Some days, it's good to be the boss.

Mack Thompson \*He'd set up Amethyst's secondary training, but hadn't been able to get a hold of her to pin down the actual times she'd be able to be there. Grumbling under his breath, he leaned back in the chair, thinking hard. If he were totally honest with himself, those two were his best agents. Why he'd agreed to this, he didn't know. Their abilities worked perfectly with each other. Without Kaden, he wasn't sure Amethyst would be able to complete the mission. It remained to be seen whether it would be just an extraction or if it was going to cause bigger problems however. A part of him wanted to contact Kaleva. To tell him what the little spitfire was up to. From her tone when she had arrived, he was almost ninety percent certain Kaden had no idea she was attempting this. As he reached for the phone, he forced himself to stop. This wasn't his job. If something happened, he'd make damn sure Ayesha knew the risks before leaving. That's all he could do. Hell, that's all he was ALLOWED to do. Needing a break, to get away from the choking mantle of being in a position of leadership, he grabbed his keys. Lunch out of the office was a rarity, but today, with so much weighing on him he definitely needed a break from these four walls.\*

Mack Thompson \*Cursing as his phone rang, his email beeped, and the voicemail button kept blinking at him. He ignored everything else and answered the phone first.\* Wait, what? When? Do we have anyone on the ground? Shit, no, I haven't looked. \*Pulling up the email he stared at the picture\* Damn. No, I have it. Might go up in flames or a blaze of glory, I honestly couldn't tell you which. Send everything you got, we are going to need it. Hanging up, he made the one call he didn't want to have to make, at least not so damn soon.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Jolted awake by her phone ringing she reaches to the side table and frowns when her fingers find nothing but air. Belatedly realizing she's sprawled across someone, she remembers. Selene. She's at Selene's place, and her phone would be.... dragging herself up, she spied her sundress in a heap by the door. Going to grab her phone out of the pocket she places it to her ear to play back the message, her eyes drawn to Selene shifting sleepily on the bed, the blankets dragged down around her hips. Mouth watering slightly, it takes her a few minutes to register the message the general had left. Shit. A mission. Car being sent to phone's GPS signal in ten minutes. And she stood here oogling. Bursting into action, she hurried to the bathroom, checking for embarrassing raccoon eyes. Dragging on the wrinkled dress, she vaguely remembered dropping her bag in the foyer.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Rushing to the door, she spotted a notepad and stopped to scrawl a note to Selene. "Needed at work for few weeks. Would love to see you when I get back. Think of me, Am." Putting it in the middle of the coffee table where she'd see it, she petted Winnie and told the dog to take care of Selene for her before slipping out of the front door. Seeing the black SUV at the curb she smiled gratefully. Thank God it was Jeffrey. He was a sweetheart. True to form he merely raised an eyebrow at her unorthodox attire and didn't say a word. Making herself as presentable as she could, she was nevertheless a bundle of nerves as she walked into headquarters. Mack looked nervous which didn't bode well for her.\* You called?

Mack Thompson \*Ushering her into his office, he frowned, watching as she seemed nervous. Good, she should be.\* I assume you know that you aren't here on a social call. You said you wanted this. Are you certain? \*At her nod, he tossed a file down\* Phoebe Callaway. Ever heard of her?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Nodding silently as she flipped through the papers, glancing at the data sheets and the type of woman she was, as well as all the information they had on her current whereabouts.\* Suspected terrorist. Family money. Said to be ruthless, why?

Mack Thompson \*Standing, he started pacing\* She's got a meeting with Stefan Patonocci in 4 days. She's been detained by our agents. We need a double to take her place. I don't want to throw you in this, not this soon, but the pictures don't lie. You're a damned doppelganger, a dead ringer for her.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Thumbing through the pictures, she realized he was right. The woman could be her twin. Holy crap, she was lucky she hadn't been detained before this by idiots thinking she was this Phoebe bitch!\* What's the objective?

Mack Thompson Information. We believe he possesses a serum that sends weres into a medically induced Trelosa. Obviously, this can cause a hell of a lot of problems. Phoebe for whatever reason is trying to buy quantities of it, but has finagled a demonstration. You are to watch. Learn if it does what he says it will do. Get to a safe point and wire us the proof. We'll take them down from there. You can't use agency issued equipment, he's too smart with that. We'll set you up with black market ones. Remember Amethyst, in and out. Do not blow your cover. If you fail, we can't extract you. The minute you leave this building you will be Phoebe Callaway. Suspected terrorist. You are on your own.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Nodding, she took the bag of cash he handed over, the new pistol, the forged passport and duplicate phone with the Greek Isles chip in it. Standing, she shoved everything into her bag\* I won't fail you general. \*Turning, she headed out, brief in hand. She'd read on the plane ride over there.\*

Mack Thompson \*Watching her leave, he looked at the empty chair next to the one she had sat in. A heavy weight settled over his chest. Deep down, he knew this was a piss poor bad idea.\* It's not you I'm worried about.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Her heart was pounding as she boarded the PsiForce jet. They'd leave her in Crete, and past that....she was on her own. They'd lightened her hair and updated her wardrobe to fit with what Phoebe most often wore. She felt itchy and uncomfortable. She was now, for all intents and purposes, a wanted terrorist.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Leaning her head back on the plush chair, she stared out of the window, head lost in the clouds. What the hell was she doing? Kaden wasn't here. Her partner, her friend couldn't protect her from what she had set herself up for. The agency wouldn't either. She was alone for the first time in years.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Being shaken awake, she glanced at her watch. Hell, she'd slept through most of the trip. Reading the information in the packets and memorizing Phoebe's habits and life had exhausted her. Still, after all of that she felt a little bit more optimistic about what was ahead of her.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Stepping from the plane, she felt a heaviness in her chest as they unloaded "her" luggage, and taxied down for takeoff. Immediately a younger man came running out, apologizing profusely for leaving her waiting. Knowing that she was expected to act a certain way, she sneered at him\* Yes well, you'll be lucky if I don't have your job. Be careful with those too, they are Louis Vuitton, and my belongings are worth more than your puny life.

Amethyst Ayesha \*As the boy practically runs off, she lets out a sigh\* This sucks. \*Spotting the small chartered jet from Stefan arriving, she was thankful the Psiforce jet had already left and no one had seen her getting out. Straightening her clothes, she discretely adjusted the small pistol in the thigh harness, straightening the chic dress over it. Flipping open a small hand compact, she checked her makeup and hair, shoving it back into her purse before raising a hand to shield her eyes to get a look at the man approaching her\*

Amethyst Ayesha Stefan Patonocci. What did I ever do to warrant a personal escort to your island fortress? Surely this isn't usual behavior for you. \*Nearly gasping as he strode forward and took her lips in a smoldering kiss, she checked her response, returning his greeting. This clearly was information missing in the reports.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*He tucked her hand into his, explaining that he didn't trust her safety to anyone else. Watching as he slipped into the pilots seat, she narrowed her eyes behind his head. Great, he had a pilots license too. The agencies information was sorely lacking. Fear beat at her. This was going to be made even harder, if nothing she'd learnt would help. Too bad for Stefan she wasn't giving up easily. Buckling herself into the adjoining seat, she braced herself for whatever came next.\*

Ailwin Ryann \*Still slightly panicked about the damn scent he'd picked up, he swore he smelled it everywhere he went now. Was he being followed? Not out of the realm of possibility. Dammit to hell, he wished he could contact his siblings, make sure they were okay. At least put them on the alert, something. An idea hits him, and he drags his beat up cell phone out of his pocket. Scrolling down, he laughed. Damn, he still had that asshole's number. Hitting "connect", he waited as it rang and rang before going to voicemail\* Kaleva, something is up. In South Carolina, think I'm being followed. Smelled tiger, but I can't find any trace of it. Hit me up if you hear anything or might be able to log a report. \*disconnecting, he shoved his phone back where it belonged, raking his hands over his head. This feeling was disconcerting, and worry beat at him. It was time to leave, again. If he'd been found, best he could do was keep moving, keep the trail from potentially harming his siblings he'd abandoned foolishly to protect them at their parents orders. Fuck that. There was power in numbers. Perhaps it was time to find them. If only he even knew where to start.\*

Ailwin Ryann \*Heading home, he carefully watched everyone around him before slipping into the apartment, flipping the lock as he did. Sure, if the chasers had found him, a lock wouldn't do a damn thing, but at least it would give him a moments head start. Grabbing his meager belongings, he shoved them into a duffel bag, before opening the hidden safe in the wall. Pulling out his life savings, everything he'd earned since he'd left the others, he shoved it into the bag and covered it with some clothes. One day he wanted to use it to find them a place of their own where they were safe. Until then, he protected his stash like a damn dragon with jewels. No one was touching his investment for his family. Slinging the heavy bag over his shoulder, he grabbed his guitar and slipped through the window at the back of the apartment, using the fire escape to get down to the street. After making sure that no one was around, he disappeared, his Aristos ability helping to take him somewhere else in the blink of an eye. Ah...New York. City of Lost Souls, and those that wanted to lose themselves. Inhaling deep, he relaxed when he didn't smell any trace of the one following him. Looks like this was going to be a temporary home for a few weeks.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Groaning, he shifted his body off of Arya's to locate his chirping cell phone. Who the hell would be calling him this early in the damn morning? Flipping it open, he listened to the voice mail. It was Ry. Well hell. He purposely never asked his informants names. He wasn't an asshole who would turn in his sources even when court marshaled, so the less he knew the better. Listening to the almost frantic message.....well, as frantic as Ry could get, anyways, he sighed.\* Dammit. I don't want to go to South Carolina. \*Knowing he had to at least check, he kissed Arya's shoulder\* I gotta go baby. I'll be back in a few days. Try not to cause too much trouble while I'm gone. \*Her sleepy grumble made him smile, but he forced himself to head to the closet, grabbing his "go" bag with essentials in it. Grabbing his keys, he dialed Ry again. As the call connected, he heard what vaguely sounded like a subway.\* What the fuck Ry. Where the hell are you now? There are no subways in fucking South Carolina.

Ailwin Ryann \*Standing at the terminal, he glanced nervously at the damn thing. Animals did not do well in captivity. That was what the hulking steel beast in front of him represented. Being trapped, unable to flash out if his pursuer happened to be there. His cell vibrated in his pocket as he heard the last signal for boarding. Thank fuck, a reprieve. Answering, he couldn't stop a smirk from curving his lips. Kaleva was...different. Brash, rude, but damn near unstoppable when he wanted something. He was the perfect person for this situation.\* Aw damn, did I disturb your beauty rest Kaleva? Pity, I'm sure the world will mourn, since you probably need it. I'm in New York. City is great to lose yourself in. Except I swear I smelled another fucking tiger here. I was going to hop the subway and then backtrack, see if I could get a glimpse. This shit is getting weirder. The chasers never focus on one of us too long, they just go for the easier target. Something's up, I can feel it with every instinct I possess.

Kaden Kaleva \*This was unheard of in most cases, but through the years he and Ry had become grudging friends, if one could call a series of phone communications when a case needed sorting a "friendship", still...he had to offer.\* Do, ah...do you want me to come to NY? I mean, I can't really do fucking anything, but I could scout out some of my sources there, at least see if there are other tigers in the area, then you'd know if you maybe scented one of them, not a Chaser. And hey man, just think, if they are sticking to you....they're not after your siblings. There is always that. You just have to stay one damn step ahead.

Ailwin Ryann \*Grudgingly. he smiled. Kaleva was a good agent, or so he'd heard. He also knew Kaleva had never told a single soul about his informants. He was a good man to have on your side.\* You know, normally I'd say to take your fucking help and shove it, but, I could use another set of eyes on this. There is a bar, on 3rd street, called "The Dive. I'll be there tomorrow at 7pm. \*Chuckling as Kaden asked how he'd recognize him\* Trust me, even in New York, I am rather unique. You'll know me when you see me. \*Disconnecting, he stepped backwards. Might as well not take the potential Chaser on a joy ride around the city just yet.\*

Illy Ryann \*Waking up gasping, I throw my pillow at the wall\* I am sick of these damn dreams! \*After untangling myself from my blankets, I throw open the door and go to find Amethyst. I am not the 'lets hold each other cry' kind of girl, but damn it I need someone to tell me not to worry. To tell me my brothers are fine and that I am just being overly hormonal or something. Maybe I am in heat, Gods that's all I need. To be horny as all get out and have nothing to quench it. Knocking on Am's door, I wait for her to answer. After a few minutes, I push open the door\* Am? It's Illy. Girl I am having serious problems I need...\*After pushing open her also empty bathroom door, I turn around. She isn't here. Heading out of the room, I walk through the entire house, even the garage. No Am. Fear begins to grip me. Running over, I quickly check the security system and see it is still armed\* Okay...she must have just went out or something. Stuck at work, yeah that's it. \*Returning to my room, I quickly grab my phone and check to see if she called. Nothing. That is not like her, we always keep in touch, even when I am stuck out in the swamps. I bite my lip in indecision as I debate calling Kaden. He'd probably freak the hell out\* Okay, Illy. You're going to wait a day or so, if she doesn't come back by then, you're calling him. \*The last thing I wanted was for Am to be with someone and have Kaden come kick down the door. Sitting on my bed, I wrap my blankets around myself and hope Am calls soon\*

Turstin Ryann \*The day was long. It seemed to keep looping itself over and over again. They'd bring in a body, he'd do his thing, and it would continue. Was this the life he chose? Yeah, he guesses it was. Turstin's thoughts drift to his family, even with them he was an outsider. Not really thought of but always expected to be there. When they separated, he wasn't all that sad. Finally he could live his own life, be who he wanted. Look how that turned out? He winces when he hears the door open. Not another one. Couldn't these damned humans stop dying for five minutes and give him some peace and quiet. Guess not. Turning around, he is momentarily surprised to see Laura. She makes him uncomfortable. Her soft skin, light eyes, and the fact that she wants to get into his pants.\*

Turstin Ryann \*At first he wanted to deny it, pretend he was just part of the shadows. Unfortunately, that became harder and harder to do especially with her offering herself to him every time they were alone. Turstin puts down his clip board with the latest human's cause of death on it\* What do you want? \*She bites her lip in a very distracting way and reaches behind her. At first he doesn't know what she is doing until the click of the lock reaches his ears. Without a word, I walks over to him and stares up into his eyes\* I know you want me Turstin. \*She goes to cup him through is pants but he dodges her hands\* I don't know what you mean Laura. I am just trying to get my work load done so I can go home. \*He goes to walk around the table but she steps into his way. Being with superhuman strength, he could easily make her move but if he did, she could get hurt. After a moment of staring at each other, Laura steps towards him and places her hands on his chest. Gripping onto his lab coat, she pushes it off his broad shoulders and lets it fall to the floor\*

Turstin Ryann \*Her hand moves over his chest, covered only by a thin t-shirt. The heat of her hands shoots lust straight through him. Gods when was the last time a woman touched him? One of her hands slowly cups him through the denim of his jeans. A gasp leaves Turstin as he feels pleasure for the first time in a long time. His cock becomes insanely hard to the point where his jeans bite into his sensitive flesh. Without breaking eye contact, Laura slowly goes down onto her knees and unzips his pants; freeing his erection from its confines. The sane part of his mind tells him to push her away. He is a damned tiger. What does he need a human for? He can remain in the shadows, forgotten and alone. His thoughts scatter as she slowly slips him into her mouth. Throwing his head back, a low groan erupts from his chest. Before he can stop himself, his hands become buried in her hair and he is slowly thrusting into her mouth. Turstin's eyes close and he continues to thrust.\*

Turstin Ryann \*As his cock hits the back of her throat, he feels her finger nails dig into his sides. The pain awakens the beast in him and an animistic growl leaves this throat seconds before he comes down her willing throat. Turstin's pants a little as he leans against the table behind him. The best within purrs and a sense of calm washes over him. Looking down into Laura's eyes, he sees the smug look on her face\* Thank you. \*She seems confused by his gratitude but soon stands\* Will there ever be anything between us? This doesn't have to be a one time thing, I'll happily do it again for you. \*Her eager expression fixed with her little lip bite almost succeed in breaking him. Slowly, he shakes his head\* No, Laura. There won't be anything between us. Go find a man who can treat you the way you deserve to be treated. Not someone like...me.

Turstin Ryann \*Her eyes turn sad as tears fill them. He didn't want to hurt her but at the same time, he'll never be more than half a man. Laura nods slowly and gives him a brave smile\* A girls gotta try right? \*Turstin gives her a small smile and returns her nod. After another lingering look, she turn and goes to unlock the door. Without looking back over her shoulder, she walks out and leaves Turstin alone. Fifteen minutes later, Turstin heads out into the night. What the hell is he doing? More importantly where the hell is he going? Letting his feet carrying him where they may, he finds himself at a bar. After a moments thought, he walks in\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Irritated now, he'd had Arya flash him to New York and forced her to go home with a promise to call as soon as he sorted shit. South Carolina wasn't that far away, when it came to driving, NY was a continent away. Growling to himself, he checked his watch. Ten till. Knowing Ry was probably already waiting for him, he slipped through the doors of The Dive, and squinted in the low light. Of course, they didn't have Bud, they had fucking Busch. He was going to kill his informant, that was all there was to it. Holding the can of beer like it was poison, he spotted a figure at the last table against the wall, predatory eyes gleaming even in the darkened bar. Tattoos covered most of the skin showing, and he seemed jumpy, too alert to his surroundings. Must be Ry. Dropping into the seat across from the man, he shoved the beer across the table\* Might as well drink it to settle your ass down, since I'm not gonna drink that shit.

Ailwin Ryann \*Raising a brow as a strange male sat at his table, he finally laughed as he recognized the voice\* Do you ever have a good day, Kaleva? Seriously. \*taking the beer, he took a deep swig before setting it down on the scarred bartop.\* I'd almost swear someone followed me here. You're right, in a way, that if they're after me they aren't after my siblings. I'm just tired and want this shit done and over with. I've scouted as much as I can, and I keep getting just....hints of a presence but I'm minutes too late or some damn shit, it's aggravating as hell. Please tell me your agency has some information.

Kaden Kaleva Unfortunately, your beloved family tree has more broken and mangled branches than even we can account for. Apparently weres don't like to be rounded up for a census, who would have thought. \*Smirking, he slid a manilla folder across the table\* This is the most we managed to get. Last recorded date was in the 80's, so I don't really set much faith in it. However, that means there have been weres settling here though, so there is that. \*scratching his cheek, he sighed, watching Ry flip through them\* Look, man, I'll do what I can. You? Don't do anything fucking stupid, cause I can't save your dumb ass. I'm here on private time, as a favor to you. Hell, the general probably hasn't even noticed I'm gone. I'll ask around, see what I can find out. Keep your phone handy. \*Nodding at his long-time source for paranormal happenings in the world, he shook the hand that Ry offered him and headed out. He'd do what he could, that's all he could do.\*

Ailwin Ryann \*The eighties. Fucking fat lot of help that did him now. Flipping through it just in case, he didn't see anything that stood out. Folding the papers, he shoved them into his pocket, watching as Kaleva left. Now what to do? Finishing up the beer, he grumbled under his breath before standing. Some fresh air would do him good, and maybe....just maybe he'd smell that asshole shadowing him again.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*The taste of the fucking Busch was still on his tongue. Damn that tiger. Stopping a man standing at a valet counter to a hotel, he shoved a \$5 bill at the guy\* Where can I find a damn Budweiser around this place? \*Thankfully, the man knows a place, and sends him off in the direction of the Cougar's Den.\* Figures...tigers and now cougars, all we need is fucking bears and wolves to round out the damn party. \*Finally spotting the neon light at the end of the street, he nodded at the bouncer, who opened the door and ushered him inside. This was more like it. Not a dive bar, but not one of those fucking classy places Amethyst liked to go to. Perfect ambiance. Settling at the bar, he couldn't help a small sigh of happiness as he took the first drink, barely noticing the man sitting next to him until he set the beer down, grabbing his wallet to put some cash out. As he turned, he sensed power. Instantly alert, he relaxed back into the chair, his eyes scanning the place covertly, until he was left with only one option....the male sitting next to him. Looks like conversation was in order. Signaling the bartender, she sat another drink down in front of the guy\* Cheers, man.



Turstin Ryann \*Turstin glances at the man next to him, then holds up his own Bud\* Yeah, cheers.  
\*Downing it, he signals for another one then places it against his head. Damn him and his weakness, now he wanted more than just one orgasm. Maybe he could find her again and..\* No! \*Slamming his beer down, he glances to the man next to him and gives an apologetic shrug\* Sorry man, the voices in my head said some shit I didn't like.

Kaden Kaleva \*Raising a brow, he glanced at the beer\* I've always found liquor is better for drowning them and shutting them the fuck up. \*glancing at the shelves, he held out a \$50\* Couple of double shots, Jack if you got it, Jim if you don't. \*As she runs off, he shakes his head. She was a cute thing, sure, but he knew when he had it good. Shaking his head again, he glanced over at what he was almost certain was another tiger\* As long as they aren't telling you to check what color my blood is or some shit, I got nothing but time tonight, wanna see if we can't drown the bastards?

Turstin Ryann \*Against his better judgment a small smile pulls at the edges of his lips\* Nah, they are saying I should bet on the game but I never do. \*Turstin looks up when the waitress comes back then pretends to not notice her checking him out. What is it with blondes today? Picking up one of the shots, he salutes the man next to him with it\* Sure, what the hell? I have had a shit day, lets blow my paycheck. \*He tips his head back and quickly swallows the disgusting alcohol. When Turstin goes to ask the man his name, he picks up a scent. Tiger? No, panther. The scent wasn't strong enough to be coming from him, so he would have to be around one. Turstin gives the man a closer look, preparing himself to flash out if the strange human makes any threatening moves\* Panther?

Kaden Kaleva \*Nearly choking on the shot he'd gone to take, he sat it down and sniffed at his shirt\* I smell like a panther? \*Chuckling, he finally swallowed the shot\* I..uh, I assume I've been marked in a way that doesn't leave permanent scars in case another were gets any ideas. \*Shrugging, he leaned back in the chair, his eyes moving to the TV to catch the score as it was being read off\* Possessive women for ya. You, I'm assuming, from the way you reacted on smelling another cat... tiger, or cougar, hence where you hang out?

Turstin Ryann \*He smirks then shrugs\* Tiger. Too bad we didn't meet sooner, I could have warned you women of any species are possessive, cats more so. Comes from the inner beast and what not. Even as kids, my little sister..\*He stops mid-sentence and takes another shot. Maybe he should stop, with the events from today plus the alcohol, it could make him stupid\* Anyways, yeah. Feline women mark their territory. I bet you didn't even know she did it.

Kaden Kaleva \*snorting, he took another swig of beer, relishing the fact that he couldn't taste the nasty shit anymore. Noticing that the guy had shut up upon mentioning a sister, he briefly wondered what happened to her, but figured that wasn't strangers talking over beer conversation\* Yeah, I know a few tigers and other weres too. Try taking Ben & Jerry's and at least once a month, you come away bloody. Eh, I don't mind, she can mark me if she wants, just means when I get my way, she can't pretend to be innocent of wrongdoing. \*Surreptitiously glancing at the guys hand\* You got a possessive little werecat at home?

Turstin Ryann \*He snorts\* Yeah, a whole bunch of them. I am the tiger mac daddy. \*He drinks another sip of beer, maybe it was the alcohol but he found himself confiding in this stranger\* I was jumped today by a coworker. She has been after me for awhile, I told her no, she insisted, an orgasm was had. Fricking humans... \*Turstin glances at the guy, then shrugs\* No offense. I wish humans weren't so susceptible to were persuasion. \*He laughs a little\* On the other hand, looks like it turned out well for you. Be careful when they start to want babies, after that always make sure you wrap your stick.

Kaden Kaleva \*Trying to hide a laugh, he failed miserably and started chuckling\* If you're drinking because you're strung out cause you got jumped by a woman who made you cum, dude, I don't think I have alcohol for that. I can knock some sense into you though, if you prefer? Seems like you should be buried between some sweet parted thighs by now, not sitting here fucking downing shots with my sorry ass. \*Snorting at the mention of kids, he couldn't help himself and glanced at his hand\* Yeah, I don't see that being in the cards.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin grins at the guys words, then sighs\* Since you know what I am, you probably know why I can't be involved with a human who has no knowledge of my world. Not to mention, what if we are mates? That's the last thing I need. She deserves to be with a human who can make her happy. Not a shell of a tiger who lives for nothing. \*Following his gaze to his hand, Turstin frowns\* Not mated?

Kaden Kaleva Sometimes a woman is happy with a man even if he feels he isn't the best thing for her...let 'em make up their own damn minds, and everything else will sort itself out. I've learned by repeatedly being beat over the head by it, that women know what they want, and won't be denied when we are being stubborn idiotic males. \*Quickly shifting his hand out of view, he shrugged\* Maybe you're right. Probably the best thing to not be mated. Who knows if she'd want to deal with me for that long. I'm not an easy man, and she knows it.\*shoving another shot to him, he gratefully took his to stop the conversation from going places he didn't want to go to tonight\* Name's Kaden. I'm just here on a friendly call for help, then I get my ass back home.

Turstin Ryann \*Taking the shot, he nods back at him\* Turstin. I wish I was just here on business, unfortunately I live here. Coroner at the local hospital. Wait..\*Turstin turns in his seat to give Kaden another suspicious look\* You said you were here to see a tiger. Are you telling me I am not the only one in this city? \*They probably weren't his family but knowing he wasn't the only weretiger here did help a lot. Maybe they even have a female who could use some tiger time\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Looking around, he made a face\* Yeah, life does suck for you a bit, don't it? Dead bodies in a city like this must be a dime a dozen. Hell, least you aren't bored. I'm...well, I go all over for work, but home is New Orleans. Couldn't imagine setting down roots anywhere else, the city grows on ya and don't let go. \*Shaking his head, he frowned a bit\* Ah...I was, yeah, but he don't live here, just here for a few days I think. Needed a bit of assistance.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin frowns at his words. Damn, he was really hoping to not be alone. Pretending it didn't bother him, he shrugged it off\* New Orleans huh? I have always wanted to go but...circumstances keep me here. Your panther in NOLA? I heard lots of weres live there, and maybe a few other things.

Kaden Kaleva \*Wondering how much he should say, he finally mentally shook himself. Weres were always handy as sources of information\* Yeah, Arya lives there...we still have our separate houses though, since I'm gone a lot. My partner Amethyst and I are, well, like law enforcement for those "other things" that run afoul of human laws. And yeah, NOLA is interesting. Weres, demons, vampires, all things that go bump in the night eventually find their way to New Orleans. It's why it's the perfect place for people like us, hell, we're international but some times don't even gotta leave our backyard.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin laughs at his words\* Sounds like a great place to be. I haven't heard of law enforcement for the other kinds of beings in the world. Guess I shouldn't be surprised. \*Grabbing one of the napkins and a small pencil, Turstin writes down his number\* Here, if you need help identifying a

body or something, call me. There's pretty much nothing I haven't seen, and no cause of death I can't figure out. It maybe a crappy job but i am good at it. \*Throwing down some money, he stands and pulls his coat on\* Out of curiosity, do you know any tigers where you are?

Kaden Kaleva \*Surprised that he didn't even have to feel the guy out as an informant, he tucks the napkin into his pocket, before sliding one of his cards over\* Likewise. If there is a situation you think could use some of our type of help, any tips to me get forwarded through the agency, or I just handle it personally. And trust me, they don't get the names of my sources, ever. \*As Turstin turns to leave, his last question has him wondering\* Actually, I do. You'd be surprised what NOLA brings together.

Turstin Ryann \*He thinks of asking Kaden about his sibling. Maybe with Nola being so diverse one of them might be there. But as he opens his mouth, nothing comes out. Even if he did find them, Ailwin had been insistent they never see each other again. The last thing he wanted was to be a pain in the ass to his older brother. Taking Kaden's card, he gives him a little nod in farewell then heads out of the bar\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*As the small plane coasted to a stop on the runway, she chanced a small glance around. She didn't want to seem too interested in the layout of the island. From what she could tell from the coordinates, they had flown into the Greek Isles, to one of the outermost islands, Kasos, if her information was correct. Sniffing disinterestedly, she unbuckled and rose, heading for the door.\* I assume my luggage will be taken to my rooms?

Amethyst Ayesha \*As Stefan nodded, grabbing two himself and summoning another man to get the others, she followed him into the mansion, barely disguising her reaction. Apparently murder and black market arms payed well. Blood money, but still well. As he dropped her bags in the foyer, Stefan grabbed her arm again, leading her to a formal sitting area, his smile lecherous as he offered her a glass of wine, with the murmured tale of it being her favorite. Like she was drinking anything he offered her.\* No thank you, I've sworn off alcohol recently. Empty calories, you know.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Shifting around on the loveseat, she discretely adjusted her earrings, turning on the tiny microphone in them. The signal would be bounced pretty much from tower to tower, unable to be tracked, before it arrived at an undisclosed Psiforce safe house's hard drive. Hopefully, she managed to amass enough intel by those alone without needing to dig deeper and risk blowing her cover\* Enough of the stalling, Patonocci. I want to see the animals. That is why I am here, is it not?

Amethyst Ayesha \*As he turned to give her a sharp look, she feared she'd pushed too soon, but he sat the glass back down and stood\* As you wish, dear Phoebe. \*Taking her arm again, he started walking down the hall, making several turns until they reached a barricaded door. Her heart was in her throat. No matter what she saw behind these doors, she had to stay strong, and not give in to her visceral reaction.

Amethyst Ayesha \*As an armed guard steps aside, the bar across the door is pulled back, to allow the door to swing inward. The smell of wet fur and the sound of low growls assaults her. Some of the animals are repeatedly throwing their weight against the steel bars, the jolt of electricity knocking them back as they flash between forms for a few moments. Shaking their heads, they try again. And again. It's heartbreaking.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Realizing she'd gone silent, looking around, she forces her attention back to Stefan. To hide her complete and utter revulsion, the bile churning in her stomach, she gives him a tight lipped smile\* They're beautiful, Stefan. Have these specimens been treated yet?

Amethyst Ayesha \*As he shakes his head, he points to another locked door.\* Once treated, they are taken to barracks. We train them with shock collars. The trelosa makes them.... difficult to contain, so if they behave, they don't get shocked. If they cause trouble and can't be reformed, they are put down. \*Shocked by the casual way he's discussing intelligent creatures, she almost cringes. How could anyone subscribe to wholesale slaughter of another species, she would never understand.\* And after they are trained, what exactly are we to do with them? I am potentially spending a small fortune, I do like to know where my funds will be put to use.

Amethyst Ayesha \*He smiles, patting her hand\* Inquisitive female. Never you mind, your money will be well spent. \*gesturing to the cages, she sees bears, tigers, lions, leopards, panthers, exotic birds, wolves....pretty much every breed of Were she had come across, was represented here.\* The mated pairs we keep, and breed. The ones still in the wild are exterminated when found....they are of no use to us if they cannot be controlled. We have become their "boogeyman" so to speak.

Amethyst Ayesha \*She can almost feel her heart sink. Illy. Her family. Staring at the cages, she knew with sure gut wrenching feeling that this had been going on for a long time.\* You are still not answering my question, Stefan. I am beginning to believe you are stalling. Perhaps I shall invest in oil or lumber. I've heard both are lucrative lately.

Amethyst Ayesha \*His eyes narrow, and he grips her arm tighter\* Empty threats do not become you, Miss Calloway. As for your question, these weres will be set free, to a point. Free to mate, to find jobs in the private sector. They will become security, armed forces, even political careers can be filled with them. But they are mindless, and I, my dear, control their strings. \*he casts a glance aside to her\* Though, for the right price, of course, they can be trained to obey their new master. Think of it, a private security force who's only will, only reason for living is to protect you. To obey you. Why, you become almost as God. Power is heady, Phoebe. And I can give it to you.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Sick, she presses a hand to her mouth. To dissuade his attention, she coughed\* As long as my home doesn't start smelling this way, I'm sure I can be persuaded to take a second glance at this serum of yours. Before I leave, I would insist on a demonstration, of course. These are large sums of money we are discussing, Stefan. I must be assured that this little "experiment" of yours is not an empty investment.

Amethyst Ayesha \*He gives her a penetrating glance.\* Playing hard to get, are we, Phoebe? Enough of this for today. Let us retire, and discuss happier things. There shall be time enough to talk business. \*Thankful that she was getting out of there, she didn't even question anything he said, just gripped his hand and let him lead her out of his house of horrors. Determination filled her. She would succeed with this mission, and find a way to save every last one of those weres if she could. There was no other option.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Cursing, he tossed the phone aside. He'd been trying to get in contact with Amethyst for three damn days now. She never went this long without calling to harass him. Where was she, what was she doing, and more importantly, who did he have to kill for not alerting him? Raking his fingers through his hair until it stood on end, he frowned. If she was in the field alone he'd wring her pretty little neck. That's all that kept running through his head, that she could be out there alone and hurt and he didn't have a fucking clue about it.\* Damn women!

Amethyst Ayesha \*Her body crawled. She hated this job, hated what she was expected to do. But she kept reminding herself that it was for good. She could save lives, could stop this monster from hurting many more. What was the use of her and her body for a few measly weeks, if it meant she could stop him? Turning her head as he left the bed to go take a shower, she silently brushed a single tear off of her lashes. She'd volunteered for this, and she damn well was going to see this through.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Climbing out of bed, she quickly pulled on a teal colored pantsuit before hurrying to her room. Not that she had been allowed to sleep there. Digging into the back of the closet, she dragged out her suitcase, flipping open the false bottom. Grabbing the bag full of what looked like flat thin dimes, she headed off.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Sneaking into his office, she placed a few of the bugs near the desk and sitting area, then headed out into other areas of the house. She'd just finished her last sweep, setting a few under the couch springs in the library when she heard someone clearing their throat behind her. Her breath caught for just a moment before she deftly unhooked an earring, tossing it behind the couch on the floor\*

Amethyst Ayesha Stefan! \*turning, she forced a look of irritation on her face\* When you came to get me here last night, I didn't realize I had lost an earring. \*At his raised eyebrow and sardonic look, she felt heat color her cheeks in actual anger this time\* To you, I assume it doesn't mean much, but these are vintage Chanel. I will find it. \*Dropping to her knees, she dug around under the couch, feigning spotting the glint\* Oh, there! Shoot, it's all the way in the back. Well come now, I am a guest. Make one of your men move this behemoth and get my earring.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Finally the earring was safely back on her ear, and she let Stefan nearly drag her from the room. Try as she might, she hadn't been able to get him to take her to the other areas of the compound....yet. She would get there though, she just needed to figure out how to win him over. A smile curved her lips. She was a woman, he was a man. He wouldn't be able to hold out against her for very long.\*

Mack Thompson \*He was starting to get concerned. The bugs were coming in loud and clear, but he hadn't been able to make contact with Amethyst...er, well, Phoebe. She was supposed to get to a safe point and call every 3 days. She'd been there almost 2 weeks and hadn't called at all. He knew Stefan was a cruel, sadistic man. The reports coming in from elsewhere confirmed it. Yet he wasn't getting anything on the bugs that could help them. Amethyst must not have made it to the inner sanctum yet. Did that mean things were critical? Was she hurt? Had her cover been blown? Without getting that check in call, he had no way of knowing. Worse, even if she did manage to call, it was legally out of his jurisdiction. Impotent rage had him slamming his hand against the wall, not even noticing the bloodied cracked knuckles that resulted. She shouldn't have gone. HE shouldn't have let her. She hadn't been trained, she'd had no idea what she was getting into. Only good thing was that Kaleva didn't have a clue what he'd done yet. Thank God for small favors. When that explosion happened, he wasn't sure he could control the fallout.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*She must have passed some sort of secret initiation she didn't realize was happening. Over the past few days, Stefan had disappeared, leaving her more often than not alone. No security, no goons following her. She'd used the time as wisely as she could, since she still wasn't sure if there were cameras watching her every move, though she was sure they would be.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Trying to act as if she was supposed to be there, she took one of the books off of the library shelves, opened it and began reading as she walked, or at least, that is what it would appear she was doing on the footage. She was really examining the house, trying to make a mental blueprint of where things were, the layout of the rooms. She made it through the hall to the locked door without anyone stopping her.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Emboldened, she kept her nose in the book, until her toes touched the steel door plate. Glancing up, as if she'd been so distracted, she shook her head in confusion, before backtracking. So, when Stefan wasn't in residence, they didn't keep guards on the door to the holding pens. Not smart. Where were the guards, if not here? A sneaking suspicion filled her. Perhaps the training grounds on the furthest end of the property were in use, and that's where Stefan was.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*As she wandered back towards the main rooms, she silently mused on it. She hadn't heard a plane. He was obviously still on the island. If her gut was correct, some poor helpless weres were being beaten into submission right this second. Her stomach cramped tight in revulsion. How he could do this, and then come to the same bed she was in at night, disturbed her. He was obviously deranged and violent. She'd have to be careful....if he caught her wandering, there would be nothing she could do to save herself.\*

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin walks into the office expecting it to be like every other day, but today was much different. He first noticed that the scent in the air was different. It smelt like were. Walking over to one of the examining tables, he pulls back the sheet to see a young man. By his appearance, he doesn't seem to be more than 20 but Turstin knew that to be misleading. There were deeps gouges through out the man's body. His wrists and ankles had red blister marks. And around his neck was a thick red band with what looked like pen pricks every inch or so. He knew these marks. The red blisters are from cuffs that can expand and compress when the were shifts shapes. The red band comes from a collar that has spikes in it. The spikes keep the were from shifting when the capturers don't want it to. By the looks of the cuts, this were was experimented on. The air in Turstin's lungs turns cold and it feels like he can't move. The Chasers are here, in New York.\*

Turstin Ryann\*A noise makes him whip around and he lets out a relieved breath when he sees his boss. The tiger in Turstin demands he run, fast. There is no reason why this were should be here. Usually The Chasers do a better job at covering their tracks, unless this one escaped. Turstin takes a deep breath and starts to walk towards his coat to get his phone. He needs to call Kaden and tell him what's going on, then he needs to get the fuck out of New York. Just as he is about to reach his phone, the door opens. In walks a man and a woman wearing suits. Turstin's boss stands up and greets them. Even though their voices are low, Turstin can hear every word\* Man: My name is Special Agent Marks and this is my partner, Special Agent Gibbs. We have heard that a man was brought in late last night. He might be tied to a murder investigation so we need to take the body with us. \*The rest of the conversation is just white noise to Turstin. The Chasers aren't just in New York. They are here, in his office. He'd know their scent anywhere. Grabbing his coat, he decides to just call Kaden on the run. Just as he is about to reach the other door, his boss calls out to him\* Turstin? Where you going, boy? The FBI want to take this John Doe into custody. Come help me secure him.

Turstin Ryann\*Turstin tries to keep his breathing even as he turns around. The woman looks at him but then soon gets distracted by the man. Quickly pocketing his cell phone, Turstin walks over to the table and in no time the body is ready for transfer. The man looks at Turstin with a frown\* Did you locate a cause of death? \*Turstin shakes his head\* He wasn't here long enough. I didn't even get a chance to log his eye color. \*The man nods then he and the woman turn and leave. Turstin closes his eyes in relief and faces his boss\* I am not feeling well. Think I ate something bad. I'm going to head home. \*Turstin practically runs out the door before his boss can even respond. Once outside, he pulls out his cell phone and dials Kaden. After a few rings it goes to voicemail\* Damn it. \*He hangs up and tries again as he turns down the last street towards his apartment. Right when he hears Kaden's voice, he feels a pinch in his neck. Stopping, he pulls a small dart away from his throat and staggers as the tranquilizer goes through his blood stream. Turstin falls to the ground and watches his phone skid off into the street. The last thing Turstin sees is the man and woman leaving over him smiling\* We may have lost one were, but we just gained another. Alert the others.

Kaden Kaleva \*Grabbing for his phone as he headed to the truck, he flipped it open. Turstin? The were he'd met for drinks in New York? Strange. Hopefully it wasn't another fucking job, his life was currently loaded with items titled "Things that will piss Kaden off."\* Turstin? Yo, T? You called me asshole, so answer the fucking thing. \*Scoffing in irritation, he jams the phone back into his pocket. Damn weres got distracted by fucking everything when they were on the run. Going to turn, it hits him that he heard noises right as the call connected. Shoving his irritation and focus on other things down for a moment, he tried to recall what it was exactly that he thought he'd heard, but figures, when he needed to think, he'd been too fucking preoccupied.\* And if Am doesn't answer her god damned phone, I'm breaking her fucking door down.

Illy Ryann Okay Illy, you need to keep your crap together. Everything is fine, she isn't dead. Or.. \*I stop amidst my pacing and notice I am breathing heavy. It has been days, weeks, years since I have heard from Amethyst. Okay maybe not years but it has felt like it! What the hell should I do? She hasn't called, her work keeps redirecting me, bastards. Grabbing my phone, I scroll through my numbers and see Kaden's. Should I call him? Indecision gnaws at me as I decide if I should call him or not. On one hand, if she is in trouble Kaden will bust balls to help her. On the other hand, if she is undercover by herself and I call him, he'll blow her cover then she'll be mad at me. Shaking my head, I hit the dial button. I would rather her be pissed at me then be lying on a cold table somewhere tortured and dead\*

Kaden Kaleva \*As the phone rings again, he snatches it\* Fucking T, you better answer me this time. \*Hearing the soft female voice that sounds uncomfortable and hesitant, he pulls the phone away to look at the number. Not one he recognized\* Who the hell is this, and why are you calling me? I got shit to do that don't involve random telemarketing calls or some shit.

Illy Ryann \*Blinking in surprise at his outburst, I stomp down the urge to just hang up\* So you must be Kaden. Am said you were a giant ass. I am Illy, Am's roommate. \*I pause as I consider if I should tell him\* You know what, forget it. I shouldn't have called. Go back to doing your shit. \*Just as I am about to hang up, I change my mind again\* You know what, no. I am worried. So you can just take out your tampon and listen to me. Am left me a message saying she was doing some work thing and might be a week or two. So then I decided to give her till 3 weeks but now it's been 4. I've called her agency like 100 times and they just keep redirecting me and telling me nothing. So I am freaking out. Have you heard from her? Please say you have...

Kaden Kaleva \*Freezing, he stares at the phone. He vaguely remembered a shy girl with pretty eyes who'd roomed with Am at university. As he remembered, he'd used to watch out for all of them, but most never knew him\* Illy? Problem is, I'm her damn partner. If her ass was at work, I'd know it. \*It feels like ice fills his veins as he quickly spins into the nearest parking space.\* Four weeks, Illy? Are you certain it's been that long? Be very fucking certain, because someone is damn well dying over this if I find out she's doing what I think she's doing. Cause no, I haven't heard from her either, though it's not for fucking lack of trying. You're sure she said work? Wasn't running off with some new fuck buddy for a week or two? It was definitely work that she said she was doing?

Illy Ryann \*I snort\* No. I am mentally challenged and have never had sex. Clearly when she said "Hey Ill, I'm going to be doing a work thing for a week or two. I'll call you on my way home" It meant "Hey Ill, I'm fucking some guy will be gone for a month". I'm telling you Kaden, she said a week or two. I listened to the message hundreds of times. I have been trying for a week and a half for someone at your stupid agency to at least tell me if she is alive but they just keep redirecting me. She mentioned months ago she'd like to do some solo work but I don't know if that's what she is doing or if she is undercover. I didn't know if I should call you cause you might blow that cover or if she is in trouble. I don't know. I just know I'm freaking out and having major childhood flashbacks.

Kaden Kaleva \*Gritting his teeth, he wondered if it was possible she'd hear the noise over the phone. Sure sounded loud enough to him.\* Stay there. Keep your ass next to a phone. If she contacts you, alert me. If you ever get a god damned message full of static from an unknown number in fucking Timbuktu, you call me. The agency might not tell you, but trust me, they aren't going to get a fucking chance to turn me away. \*Knowing she was probably scared, he sighed. He wasn't good at this stupid shit\* Illy? Don't worry. I'm bringing her home. \*Hanging up, he reversed out of the spot he'd snagged. Mack just made the biggest mistake of his entire career, and he was going to damn well pay for it. Spinning into a side street, he took the turn on two wheels. Psiforce wouldn't know what the hell hit them.\*



Amethyst Ayesha \*She'd snooped as much as she was able, or as much as she was willing to tempt. She hadn't found the cameras in the main residence yet, but as she walked by an office, she'd seen the freeze frames of the security shots on the screen that they'd hurriedly minimized. So they were there. Keeping a close eye on her surroundings, she inwardly groaned as if seemed Stefan materialized through two locked doors, a trip step, and a magic circle.\* Stefan. How fortuitous to see you here. I had thought you'd disappeared off to play with your little pets again.

Amethyst Ayesha \*As a crease twisted his brow, she tried not to show a smile. One thing that always riled him was her treated his "genius" as if it was anything less than world changing. So of course, she did it frequently, as she'd been told Phoebe did as well. Money may make a good bedfellow, but it did not make a good companion. Forcing him to take her arm, she glanced around, focusing on nothing in particular\* Come, Stefan. I am growing tired of this endless show of money in the house. I want to walk, we're in the Greek Isles, I should at least see some of the grounds before I leave. Unless you'd rather I go wandering off alone.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Knowing that would get him moving, she allowed him to reluctantly take her for a walk around the estate. On the pretense of stopping to smell a particularly fragrant red bloom, she examined the building behind it. It was set up to look like a family chapel of some sort, yet why would someone put a large gate up if that was all it was? Glancing back towards Stefan, he checked his phone for at least the 20th time within the past few hours. Clearly something was going on, but what?\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Knowing she couldn't stall any more, she picked one of the flowers, giving him a small smile as he took it and tucked it behind her ear. Ever the perfect facsimile of a gentleman to any eyes that might be watching. Letting him lead her back to the main building, she ducked into her bedroom after telling him she'd be changing for the evening meal in order to hit the small transmitter for the disc she'd "accidentally" let fall out of her shoe.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Psiforce would now at least know where she was certain the captured weres were being kept after their injections if the worst happened and she didn't make it back. Forcing her thoughts away from such a dismal outcome, she sighed, dropping to the bed. Illy was more than likely frantic by now. Kaden even more so. She'd thought when they sent her here that it was going to be a quick job. It was turning out to be anything but. Soon she'd be out of here though, and hopefully her hard work wouldn't be in vain.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Squealing into the parking lot, he barely managed to shift the truck to "brake" before he was out, shoving his way past the guard at the door and making his way to the general's office. Not caring who the hell was in there, he opened the door so hard it hit the wall on the opposite side and bounced back. Stopping the forward momentum with a palm to the wood, he narrowed his eyes at the field agent already there\* Get the fuck out of here. Now.

Mack Thompson \*Cursing under his breath, he sighed and nodded to Jack. He didn't want witnesses to this temper tantrum anyways. Shoving himself away from the desk, he kept his eyes on Kaden as he walked Jack to the door, shutting it behind them as he gestured Kaleva to a seat\* I take it someone finally told you that your partner skipped town for a bit.

Kaden Kaleva Skipped town? Fucking SKIPPED town? You make it sound like she packed up to go on a damn singles cruise or some shit. You and I both know she isn't capable of doing a mission on her own. She hasn't been trained, for fucks sake. Our specialties work best together. How the hell are we a team when my ass is stuck HERE and she's fucking nowhere to be found?!?!?! \*Slamming his hands down on the desk, he growled low\* Where. Is. She?

Mack Thompson Dammit Kaleva, you need to calm down! She knew what she was getting into. I didn't just let her go off just because she wanted to. I have full confidence in her capabilities. Just because she's 2 weeks outside her deadline doesn't mean she's dead somewhere. You need to watch your tone when you're speaking to me. I may have made a decision you don't care for, but I am still your commanding officer and I will have you seized for insubordination.

Kaden Kaleva \*Terror seized him. All he could think was that Am was in trouble, that she was undercover and had no way out and no backup. Dropping heavily into the chair, he glared daggers at Mack\* You may be the general, but that is my fucking partner. I should have been brought in on this and you damn well know it. Where is she, Mack? Fucking tell me. Stretching it out is just making me more pissed off and I can't guarantee I'll care if you have my ass arrested. Either tell me, or I'll find out myself, to hell with the agency.

Mack Thompson Kaden, you know you can't do that. \*Knowing that his words were hollow, 2 weeks was a helluva long time to be out of contact, he scrubbed a hand tiredly over his face, digging out the folder and tossing it across the desk.\* It was set up for her to get in, ascertain that the serum was in use, and then skip out to a safe point. Check in was every 3 days. She hasn't made even one of them. The bugs are in place and working though, so we know she made it there. Beyond that? I couldn't tell you. Kaleva. You don't need me to tell you, but I'll reiterate. She's undercover. She is out of our jurisdiction. No help from the agency will be forthcoming, and any agent employed by us will be imprisoned if he attempts to collect her. You may be one of my best damn agents, but I can't help you. YOU can't help her.

Kaden Kaleva \*Scanning through the documents, he strung together a few inventive curses Amethyst and Arya would have bitched at him for using. She was impersonating a fucking terrorist. A terrorist meeting a ruthless drug dealer and tycoon dealing in black market psychological warfare. Shit shit shit! Shoving the folder back at the General, he scowled.\* You will seriously just let her fucking rot over there? Let this Patonocci fuck hurt her, torture her? Fuck you, and fuck the agency. \*Standing, he dug around in his pocket, dropping his ID and his weapon on the wooden desktop\* I'm going after her, General. With or without your assistance. You want to wipe me off the fucking map, go for it. But I'm bringing her home. You got 24 hours while I set shit up to do the right thing. I see a warrant at my door before then, and trust me, they'll come back in body bags.

Amethyst Ayesha \*The day had finally come. She'd lived as if she was Phoebe Callaway for weeks. Apparently she'd pulled it off. Though her skin crawled with the memories, her mind balked at realizing she'd allowed Patonocci to be welcome in her bed for a job.....she knew that what she had done was worth it. She would stop this megalomaniac from taking more lives.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Letting him guide her arm into his, she followed at a sedate pace as he led her to the guarded wing. At a nod from Stefan, the armed men stepped aside and they moved through. Ignoring the low rows of cages that she had seen before, she kept her eyes straight ahead. If she locked gazes, if she saw them she'd say something stupid or reassure them that help was coming. She couldn't be THAT confident that Stefan wouldn't just kill her on the spot.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Past the banks of cages, more filled then empty which broke her heart, was another door. Giving him a questioning look, he simply shook his head, urging her to go through it. Fine. Whatever he had to show her was past that door, she'd be damned if she let a chance to foster more hate for him slip away.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Wrinkling her nose as the scent of antiseptic hit her, she looked around. Realizing she was in a surgical room, she covertly glanced around through lowered lashes, looking for where the serum is kept. Not seeing anything, she almost jumped as a hidden panel opened in the wall across from her, briefly showing a cold room before a man brought out a tray of medical equipment, one syringe laying on top.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Closing her eyes and breathing deep, she heard one of the weres being dragged in, cursing the entire way but the collar he wore prevented him from doing much. As he was shackled to the hospital bed, she watched in silence as his skin was prepped and the liquid injected into his bicep.\* Does it hurt them?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Stefan's laugh grated on her nerves but she controlled the flinch as he stroked her shoulder softly\* My little fiery one, always wanting the best bang for her money. No, amare, they are animals. They don't hurt like we do. Though, I'm sure I can add something to yours, if you want maximum control over your security.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Scowling as he called her "love", she pushed his hand away on the pretense of leaning closer to see the were who was now going through convulsions on the table. After a particularly rough one, he passed out, body going limp. Not feeling pain, her ass. Stefan took her hand again, pulling her from the room\* After he wakes again, he'll be taken to the barracks and trained. Taught to disobey means pain. He'll make a good soldier yet. After all, animals are meant to obey their masters, yes?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Not able to even form words, she mutely nodded her head. She'd seen that the serum existed. That it worked. She needed to get to the extraction point, but from the iron grip he had on her, she doubted it would be possible any time soon. Please please let Illy have gone to Kaden. That was the only thing seeing her through, since she know by this time....PsiForce wasn't coming. She was alone.\*

Mack Thompson \*Staring at the wall, he muttered under his breath, scrubbing a hand across his face. Shit. This was all his fault, she hadn't been ready and yet he'd fallen for the guileless female needing a chance to prove herself bit. He was a damn born fool. Looking around his office, his medals and awards, he cursed again. He'd followed the rules, done his duty to his county, and where the hell had it gotten him? He might lose his job, but he wasn't letting Kaden go without some sort of help. Palming his phone, he sent a text to meet him at his address. Grabbing his weapon, he holstered it at his back and he snapped out a warning that he was leaving for lunch and wanted to be left undisturbed. Making his way to the car, he had a moment to wonder if he was making a bad decision, but brushed it aside. She was one of his agents. He'd sent her there, he'd damn well give Kaden the tools to bring her back. Whatever it took.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*After meeting Mack at a safe house, he'd taken a few unlicensed weapons, Am's passport and badge, and a copy of the information he'd need to get a "rogue" agent back into the states and through customs. He'd also snagged an extra counterfeit badge...just in case. Praying like hell that he'd be able to fucking get there, he'd also gotten copies of the coordinates and all of the information Am's bugs had been forwarding. Turning into the driveway, he rested his head on the steering wheel for a moment. To him, this was the most important fucking job he'd ever taken on. He'd either return with his partner, his sister, or he'd damn well die trying. He'd take the asshole who kidnapped her down with him too, even if it was the last thing he did. Sighing, he headed into the house, calling out for Arya.\* Baby? \*As she stepped into the room, he couldn't keep a smile from twitching his lips before he forced it down\* You said you wanted something to do, a job. If you're willing, \*sliding the extra badge across the coffee table towards her\* you're the only one I would trust at my back. I'm going to bring Amethyst home.

Arya Rheagar Slipping onto a chair at the table where Kaden sat she eyed him curiously. He had a tone about him that she rarely heard. Seeing the badge slide across the table she reached for it. Brushing her fingers over it lightly "Are you sure? And Mack? Mack doesn't mind? "

Kaden Kaleva \*Scrubbing a tired hand over his face, he leans back in the chair, taking the moment to relax since after this he wouldn't be able to.\* Arya, she's in trouble. I can feel it. Everything in me is telling me to go rescue my partner, since fucking Mack can't or won't do it. He gave me that badge for you, albeit a little unwillingly. So he's aware that you'll be going. I've got weapons, ammunition, GPS coordinates. Just need a damn plan. The place is bound to be fortified and heavily guarded. But I'm not leaving Am there alone. She thinks Psiforce won't rescue her, and they won't. But I'll be damned if I will let a badge stop me. \*glancing almost sheepishly at Arya\* I..ah, don't have my actual one. I may have surrendered it in anger. Mack gave me counterfeit ones. I assume once I get back I'll get reinstated, but, fuck, if I don't, I'll do something else.

Arya Rheagar She sat and listened to every word he said. Getting up she went over, threw her leg over his thighs and sat in his lap. Her hands going to his face as she cupped him, making sure she held his gaze "We will get her baby. We won't leave her there. Anything you want me to do, I'll do it. You tell me what the plan is, what we have to do, and we will get her out of there."

Kaden Kaleva \*Almost as if he had been expecting her to say no, it was too dangerous, a weight lifted off of his shoulders instantly. Tightening his hands around her waist, he pressed his face to her throat, closing his eyes as the scent and warmth of her surrounded him.\* Mack is trying to get the last transmissions. After that, I guess we're on our own. Hell, he hasn't even heard her on the tapes in almost 2 weeks. They're all expecting the worst. I can't fucking think like that. We're bringing her home, that's all I need to know. \*Pressing a soft kiss to her collarbone, he leaned back into the cushions, holding her to him. Right now, she was his damn rock, his everything, the one holding his world together.\* Thank you sweets. For being willing to go, to do this with me. I'll protect you, you protect me, that's how this shit goes, huh?

Arya Rheagar Her hands went around to the back of his head as he kissed her. She held him tight against her. Getting the feeling that he just needed her. So she held him. "We will get her baby. I'm in this, all the way. Anything. Ame will be fine" She only hoped that was true. Prayed it was. She never knew really what to do in these situations but she would be damned if she left him alone in this. He needed her and she would be there. Pulling his head back from her neck she gazed down at him. "I promise Kaden, right by your side is where I'll be. Anything you need me to do, I'll get it done." Tilting her head down she kissed him softly.

Kaden Kaleva \*Sighing, he let her presence soothe him. He honestly had no damn idea how this was going to play out, but he knew he wasn't willing to lose either of the most important women in his life. Somehow, someday, they'd all get home unharmed. Lifting her into his arms, he carried her to the bedroom, setting her gently on the bed so he could slide in behind her.\* Have I mentioned I love you yet today? \*Nuzzling her throat, he wrapped his arms around her, holding her smaller frame tight against his larger one.\* Sleep, Arya. Tomorrow we go drag Am back from hell.

Arya Rheagar Wrapping herself around him he all but melded her body against his. "No, but I do love hearing it" Sneaking a kiss to his lips "We will get her Kaden." Her eyes fluttered shut, as she then opened them slowly "I love you, you better get some sleep too"

Amethyst Ayesha \*Something had gone down. She didn't know what, but the complex was unusually silent. Everyone was in the hospital part of the wing, and she hadn't been invited again. Every time she'd tried to peek, she was rebuffed by the guards. What the hell was going on? Who had they captured? Surely that would be the only reason for the secrecy, if they'd captured someone who was important to them. Scowling, she paced in the hallway, casting hate filled glances towards the closed door. Dammit! She desperately wanted to know what was going on. She'd determined that she had enough information, and was going to stage an escape shortly, but now....now she was stuck. She couldn't leave until she found out what was going on. Staying put her more at risk of being discovered, but it couldn't be helped.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Spreading papers across the dining room table, he made check marks on everything they needed to be aware of, notes for things he thought they needed to look into further. Staring at an oceanographic map and a topographical map of the area they assumed Am was in since the GPS was pinging off a nearby tower, he frowned. Grabbing one of the aerial views, he cursed. It was a fucking island. Damn near impenetrable. He couldn't ask Arya to flash them straight onto the island, it was too dangerous. They'd have to get close enough, and figure out how to get to it from a safer vantage point. Shit!\*

Arya Rheagar With a towel wrapped around her she padded into kitchen when she saw Kaden at the table. Resting a hand on his shoulder as she looked at what he was doing "This where you suspect Ame is?" He had been fretting over this plan for days now, Arya had seen his worry increase. She wished there was much more she could do for him.

Kaden Kaleva \*Turning his head to press a soft kiss to Arya's hand, he glanced back down at the papers scattered over the wooden surface\* It's where the GPS locator is pinging from. Or at least, the nearest tower. \*Raking his hands through his hair, he closed his eyes, leaning his head back as worry swamped him\* There isn't any easy way in. It's a god damned island. You can bet he's got it fucking protected too.

Arya Rheagar Once he finished talking, Arya turned Kaden around and pushed him to sit on the table, with his thighs apart she stepped in between him. Her hands on his face as she looked at him "As long as we have a plan baby, it will work out. I have faith in you and I'm sure Ame does too. And if you believe in yourself and us, I have no doubt we will get her and us out alive." He was the one man she would trust with her life, the most capable man there was. She brushed her lips over his lightly "How long till we leave?" She needed to get him to stop thinking about it for awhile. To take his mind off it. She could see it was starting to consume him and everything he thought. He would start to doubt himself and his ability if he kept it up.

Kaden Kaleva \*Letting out a heavy sigh, he kept his eyes closed as Arya's fingers stroked his cheeks, leaning down to give him the sweetest, gentlest kiss. Opening his eyes to gesture at the maps, he dragged her into his lap, seating her on his thigh so they were both facing the table\* We leave tomorrow. I'm supposed to wait for clearance from Mack, but fuck that shit. I told him I was going, that I was taking you with me, and I refuse to let him throw red tape up to stop us. \*Pulling one of the maps closer so she could see, he pointed out tourist destinations near Crete\* They won't have official mention of us arriving by land or sea, so we have to set up a hotel room under false names. We're going to have to play tourist for a day or two, canvassing and getting information. Crete is the nearest port to Kasos. He's got to be getting his supplies from there. I refuse to put you in danger or Am, by rushing in without doing the proper reconnaissance. \*Giving her a crooked grin, he brushed a finger over her shoulder\* Ready to play the consummate honeymooners, vacationing in Greece, sweets?

Kaden Kaleva \*They'd flashed to Crete early that morning. There was no point in forging airline documents, because the ones looking for them would know that Arya was a were. That fucking terrified him. Not only did they have his partner, his sister, they could take his heart. Determined that he'd do damn well everything he could, he slung an arm around her shoulders holding her close to him. Keeping her body shielded with his own. Sure, he was human, but he could heal. So could she, but every mark on her perfect flesh would make guilt run deeper, that he'd brought her here to this. Tugging a silk scarf from one of the vendor carts after tossing some change to him, he leaned close, wrapping it around her head and tying it under her hair, letting the edges blow in the slight breeze behind her. Using the motion, he whispered\* We've been followed since we got to the hotel. I think they've got some way to monitor the rytis. They're aware of us. Let's play off being tourists and see if we can get closer to him.

Kaden Kaleva \*Finding himself grinning in spite of everything as Arya spun in a circle, her gauzy skirt flowing around her, he shook his head. She was beautiful, too fucking beautiful. Letting out a growl as a few of the men in the square cast her admiring looks, he snatched her back into the safety of his arms\* I swear, I'm going to end up killing someone one of these fucking days. \*Keeping a tight grip on her arm, he let his gaze quarter the area before ducking between two of the cáva shops, Arya filling the air with mindless chatter to hide his intensity. Pulling her behind him as he turned, he waited. Hearing tentative footfalls, he tensed. As soon as the shadow fell on them, he reacted, grabbing the idiot around the throat, pinning him against the limestone wall.\* Who sent you? \*The man didn't answer, so he shook him, banging his head hard enough into the stone to rattle whatever brain cells he had.\* Give me one good reason to let you walk away. One fucking reason, when you've been following me and my woman for hours. \*Ignoring Arya's hand on his arm, trying to get him to back away, he leaned closer to his target\* I will find her. And I will slaughter every fucking one of you that I have to, to get her home.

Kaden Kaleva \*Mercilessly, he tightened his forearm over the grunt's windpipe. He heard Arya gasp as he stepped away, dropping the body to the ground. Looking around to make sure no one had saw, he dug a small vial from his pocket. Finding a vein, he quickly injected the liquid, then he grabbed her hand and lead her out of the narrow causeway.\* Baby, if he went back and reported what we were doing, we'd lose our window. He'll be fine. Wake up in a few hours, disoriented as fuck and not remember anything about today, but fine. \*Shielding his eyes from the sun, he pointed across the rolling waves\* There's our target. Time to go find someone who knows how to get there. \*Patting his pocket, he smiled grimly. He just hoped he had enough bribe money and things hidden up his sleeve to make this shit work.\*

Mack Thompson \*Glancing at the clock, he breathed out raggedly. No contact. Yet he couldn't help wondering if Kaleva had gotten to Crete, if he'd found Amethyst. Mack couldn't stop thinking that if he hadn't fallen for her act of wanting to do things on her own, that this wouldn't have happened. He'd lost an agent, possibly two. He'd let Kaleva take a civilian into a damned dangerous assignment. He could only sit back and wait, hoping things turned out the way he wanted them too. If not? He'd have some explaining to do back at base. Let's hope it didn't come to that. Raking his fingers through his hair, he he flipped on the laptop, unlocking it before bringing up the audio from Ayesha's tracers. He'd taken to listening them for most of the hours he was in his office, searching for something, anything that let him know that she was still alive, that there was still hope.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Closing her eyes, she felt her breathing settle. Stefan had been busy most of the day with whatever victim they'd brought in yesterday. From what she understood, they were attempting to "weaken" the were to make him more pliant for the serum. She hated being here, yet she knew she couldn't leave yet. Something inside her was clanging a warning, that she needed to find out who had been taken, so that she could make sure all of the weres could eventually be saved if they were still there.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Just as she started drifting off, she heard the click of the door opening and shutting. Keeping her breathing even, she inwardly cursed as she heard clothes falling to the floor, the rustle of blankets being shifted as Stefan crawled in bed naked behind her.\*

Amethyst Ayesha I don't believe I gave you permission to enter my quarters at indecent hours, Stefan. \*Knowing what was coming, she tensed just before his hands tightened on her shoulders, spinning her around, his half-assed apologies filling her ears. Resigned to her fate, she tipped her head upwards, allowing him to press his lips to hers. He stank of sweat, stale liquor, and were. His eyes were bright even in the low light...she knew he'd come to her after beating the new addition here. How she hated him.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*After suffering through his clumsy manhandling of her for a good 10-15 minutes, gritting her teeth as his fingers tightened around her waist as he came. She breathed a silent sigh of relief as he rolled off of her, landing on the bed next to her. Gathering the blankets in her hand to shove them away, she made straight for the bathroom, ignoring his query on why she always washed after he visited her. Too bad he didn't take the damn hint. Stepping under the shower, she closed her eyes, letting the water from the shower head hide her tears.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Soon. That was her constant refrain. Soon she'd have the information she needed, she'd escape and Psiforce would take him into custody. She was saving lives, it was important. Yet, alone with the heated water erasing his marks on her flesh, she had to wonder....would anyone save her?\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Leaving Arya sleeping in the hotel room with strict instructions not to open the door to anyone but him, he headed out into the streets. Finding a discount cell store, he made his way around the small block, paying attention to anyone that seemed to be following him. Convinced that he'd managed to identify the two that were on him, he ducked under an awning into a cafe. Passing through the line of people waiting for their orders, he twisted through the small employees only entrance, flashing his badge to keep the workers quiet. Slipping out of the back exit, he retraced his steps, heading inside the store to buy a disposable phone and an extra SIM card.\*



Kaden Kaleva \*Discreetly leaving the shop, he slowly ambled along the market stalls, keeping track and making sure they hadn't found him again. Fucking nuisances, that's what they were. Getting far enough from the main crowds, he dialed the switchboard for Psiforce, punching in the various re-routing codes that agents undercover used to contact their handlers. After a few moments, the phone rang. Answering, he curled his lip at Mack's abrupt "What do you want?", wishing he could just drop it in the fucking Koiliaris river. \* If you don't want a damned rogue agent on your hands, asshole, hang up, try again, and take a less shitty tone. I'm not in the fucking mood. What's going on with orders? What's my game plan once I get into the damn place?

Mack Thompson \*Raking a hand tiredly through his hair, he frowned at the phone\* Kaleva, trust me, neither am I. I do not have time for this shit. Brass is bearing down on my neck, I tried going up chain of command. CIA and FBI are out. I can only assume Patonocci has someone in his pocket. Interpol, same deal. No one is touching it.

Kaden Kaleva \*Cursing, he started pacing, different scenarios playing in his head. If this asshole had contacts in the major agencies, anything he did was tantamount to terrorist activity.\* Fuck! \*Every instinct was screaming to get Arya the hell out of there, to go in and get Am himself. Yet he knew he couldn't get her out alone. Forcing emotion back, he kept his voice steady.\* What do you want me to do, Mack? I'm going in, regardless of what the jackasses up top think.

Mack Thompson I know, Kaden. If I was in your place, I'd be there too. Look. \*Backing up, he shut the door to his office, pulling the blinds\* We may have an option. Mossad has a target on Patonocci's head, him and his whole crew. Turns out he's been running shit through their country, stealing their teens for black market. They're tired of him. I told them we have an agent in Crete. \*pausing for a moment, he could almost feel the energy cracking over the line. Kaleva needed to keep his damn cool, or this was over before it started\* Kaden. They are willing to take the fall.

Kaden Kaleva \*He knew this was unprecedented. Mossad always had a price, but it served to stop his pacing, at least.\* God dammit. What do they want, General? I know they have a price. I want to know whose blood money I'll be paying for this. \*When Mack went silent, he drove his fist into the limestone river wallway next to him.\* Tell me. What. are. the. fucking. terms.

Mack Thompson \*A bubble seemed to form in his throat. He couldn't be sanctioning this. Yet, his agents were his family, regardless of how he acted when he was in command.\* Death, Kaleva. They want them dead, everyone on that island. They call it the Island of the Devil. And they want it wiped out of existence. Their price is notoriety. They want to be known as the one who stopped him in their country, which means we don't get the backlash.

Kaden Kaleva \*A mirthless smile crossed his face as he contemplated it.\* That, I can fucking do. \*Hanging up, he pried loose the backing of the phone, taking the current SIM card out and crushing it under his boot. Turning, he headed back to the hotel. He had an assassination to plan.\*

Mack Thompson \*He was doing his best to keep everyone off of Kaleva's ass. He'd hidden the badge that he'd tossed on the desk, and not told anyone that Kaden had resigned, trying to keep him under the agency's protection. After hearing the soft sound of Amethyst's voice on the transmitted feed, he now knew that she was alive. He just needed Kaden to get his ass there before the woman blew her cover. He wanted to try to contact Kaden and Arya, find out their plans for getting into the complex, but he didn't dare. The less he knew of this, the better. If shit hit the fan, he couldn't have his name linked or his men and women would lose their last line of defense between them and the goons upstairs. He wasn't willing to risk his entire team, even if it meant hoping like hell that Kaden and Arya could pull this off.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*She'd been caught today. For some reason she'd tried to sneak into the hospital wing, but the guard who had apparently just went to the bathroom or something had suddenly appeared at her side, grabbing her upper arm in a bruising grip. Fighting his hold, she scowled as he led her straight to Stefan's office to attempt to get her in trouble. When Stefan had heard what she'd been up to, his lips firmed, as he looked at her with a calculating look in his eyes. She had to fix this, and quickly. Hell, here, she was Phoebe Callaway. Ruthless terrorist who'd grown up with a tyrant leading her way into the family business. Lifting her chin, she glared at Stefan\* Am I a prisoner here? Is that what this is alluding to?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Jerking away from the guard, she stomped towards Stefan, pure feminine fury etched on her face\* Need I remind you that MY blood money paid for some of this little mansion you find yourself in? That my "charitable donations" helped fund the creation of the serum? That I myself have given you over \$500,000 American dollars for the first batch of these soldiers? I do believe that as one of the ones directly funneling funds into this little charade of yours, I should be able to see the effects and what you are working on.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Spotting his incredulous look, she masked her terror with indifference by sheer force of will. Had she over-calculated? Misjudged? Had she blown her cover with that little tantrum? As Stefan stood, she forced herself to not cower, to meet him as an equal. She'd started this battle, and she couldn't back down now or he'd definitely realize something was wrong.\* If I don't see what the results of my cash flow are, consider our arrangement terminated.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Stefan moved, his arm covering hers in a light but firm grip\* "I did not realize you were so inquisitive on the darker side of our business, madam. Please, let me enlighten you." \*His lips quirked in a small sneer, but he nevertheless lead her towards the medical wings.\* "I trust once you've assuaged your interest, you will be placated that your funds are being used wisely, Miss Callaway."

Amethyst Ayesha \*Holding her breath, she forced her heart rate to settle. She'd won the battle, but not yet the war. Feigning indifference to what she would see was paramount. Now that she knew Psiforce had likely written her off, it'd been weeks since she'd been able to contact them...her mission now was simply to survive. To gather as much intel as she possibly could until she could get herself out. And then she'd come back with reinforcements and take them down. Bracing herself, she eyed the steel door as Stefan swept it open, gesturing for her to lead the way.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*The smell of antiseptic and coppery blood filled her nose as she stepped into the cage room. Mournful ebony eyes stared at her from behind the bars, as if they'd lost all hope. Once glorious predators, they'd been reduced to skin and bones. Blinking back tears, she turned her head on the pretense of examining the room.\* Please tell me none of these are my purchases, some can barely lift their heads. How do you expect them to guard a damn thing, Stefan?

Amethyst Ayesha \*As he pressed a hand against her lower back, ushering her through the room, she barely resisted a shudder. As he spoke, it became harder to contain her disgust. Turns out those pitiful creatures were part of his "breeding" program. Ugh. And to think, she'd let this monster in her bed to get the job done. Some scars would never heal. Moving away from him, she glanced into the medical room, spotting no one in there\* So where are the rest? I assumed you were training at least some of them, or haven't your little experiments yielded anything promising yet?

Amethyst Ayesha \*At his smirk, she inwardly cheered as he led her to a side door. Walking out into the sunshine, she marveled at the odds. It was a gorgeous day, the sun was shining and the scent of fragrant island blooms filled the air. Yet she was with a man who quite possibly was evil incarnate, who used this land to torture proud weres into submission. There should be a dark cloud of shame hanging over this island, as if the nature gods themselves didn't want to touch it.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Letting him direct her to the small barracks behind the main building, she cringed. The place stank of sweat, fear, and burned flesh. As the long row of industrial lights were switched on, the dried blood on the floor was illuminated. Low moans came from "soldiers" on cots, their ankles chained to the floor. Some tossed and turned in feverish nightmares, others lay silent, staring at the ceiling as if they'd already given up.\* "Come, sweet Phoebe. Let me introduce you to the captain of your guard. He's a very special one, I think you'll see that your money has been well spent."

Amethyst Ayesha \*Following him with pain tightening her chest, she glanced into the glass room he indicated. A man was chained to the bed, stained scrub pants on his legs, his chest bare. Lacerations and dark bruises covered his skin. His chest rose and fell rhythmically, but he wasn't sleeping, no. Sizzling icy eyes opened to slits as he watched them, retaliation in his eyes. She supposed they were attempting to break him, by the large splashes of crimson on the glass walls, the assorted torture implements scattered across a small counter in the corner. A small cattle prod sparked from where it lay near the sink, probably left on to remind him of what happened if he didn't just submit. Judging from the slight curl of his lip, they hadn't managed yet.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Unwillingly, her pulse kicked up a notch. He really was magnificent. She imagined what he'd look like unblemished, his large hands holding her hips, those bright eyes staring down at her in possession. His muscular chest pinning her to the nearest horizontal surface as he forced her complete surrender. Wicked heat pooled low in her belly, and she forced herself to turn away. Whoever he was, he was now among the list of ones she needed to save from this hell. Her indulging with a victim of Stefan's wasn't part of the plan.\*

Amethyst Ayesha He'll do. \*Inspecting a few more of the weres on the cots as she passed, she sighed. So many lives destroyed by this man standing next to her. If it was the last thing she'd do, she'd save them and give them a chance to live again. Ignoring Stefan's quizzical look as she demanded to be taken back to the main house to freshen up before supper, she hoped he hadn't noticed her interest in the captain. Slipping now would mean death. Not just to her, but everyone on this damn island. She couldn't fail. She wouldn't fail.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Balancing his phone on his shoulder, he motioned for Arya to bring him a pen. As she manifested one and pressed it into his hand along with a small notebook, he gave her a grateful smile, briefly distracted by the sway of her ass as she headed back into the bathroom to finish getting dressed. Damn, his woman could make him forget a lot just for another glimpse of what was his.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Shaking it off, he focused back on the phone call. Mack had overheard Am's voice on the sensors. Stefan had finally taken her into the main barracks where the asshole had gleefully fucking counted off each "group" he had. By their counts, the island had at least 50 weres in captivity. Some in the main mansion in what sounded like a separate wing that was used for breeding. Scowling, he almost broke the pen in half. Fucking diabolical asshole.\*

Kaden Kaleva General, we aren't equipped to move that many men. Especially not potential hostiles. There's no telling what they've been through. I won't have Arya trying to flash them all. She would put herself into danger, and I won't fucking let it happen. \*Clenching his free hand into a fist, he slammed it on the cheap hotel desk top, causing Arya to peek her head out from the bathroom with a curious look on her face. Waving her back in, he muttered curses under his breath for a moment.\*

Kaden Kaleva Find us a god damned extraction strategy. We'll get in, secure the island. We'll need medics, evac specialists, possibly a friendly to keep them docile till we can get out of international waters. Make it fucking happen or we're grabbing Am and getting the hell out of there, damn the rest. Mossad can clean up the shit if they want to own it.

Arya Rheagar Sliding a hand over his shoulder trying to calm him a little "Baby, I'll do what I have to. I'm stronger than you think I am" She knew how he felt about this. Kaden was protective. Probably a little more than he needed to be. "We have to do what we can. We have to get Ame and the rest of them out. Trust in me and your team babe"

Kaden Kaleva \*Reaching up to run his fingers lightly over her hand, he just shook his head\* Problem is, I don't think we have a team, sweets. Just you and I, and a fucking trained force of up to 100. Shit. Let's hope at least some are friendlys and haven't been completely turned yet, that's all I'm askin. \*Tilting his head to kiss her palm, he dragged her down into his lap\* We'll get through this. If the worse happens, we get the fuck out of there with Am and we'll come back with reinforcements for the rest.

Arya Rheagar Seating herself in his lap, a hand in his hair as her fingers brushed his scalp gently "Then its you and I, and you need to let me do it. Don't treat me as your girlfriend, treat me as a team member. " Slowly she leaned in and kissed him, hoping to take a little of the edge off. She needed to relax him a little before they headed out.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin came awake to a pounding in his head. Wincing as a bright light was suddenly shown into his eyes, he jerks away from it with a snarl. Voices break through the fog in his head and he suddenly freezes as the last thing he remembers flashes through his mind. The chasers came into his office looking for a body and then knocked him out when he tried to escape. Memories of his past flash through his mind. The screaming, the smell of fire, watching his siblings walk away. Turstin's heart begins to beat faster and he hears a near by beeping speed up. Forcing his eyes all the way open, he finds himself in some sort of lab. Even more worrying are the multiple tubes and wires running from his body into some machines. A man dressed in white walks over to him and leans forward so his head blocks out the bright light\* It's awake. Good, bring over my tools.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin begins to open his mouth to tell the fucker that he wasn't an it when a pain goes through his body\* There will be no need for you to talk now, Were. \*The pain increases but Turstin keeps his jaw closed tightly. If this is how he is going to die, then he won't give them the satisfaction of hearing him scream. Looking down, he sees needles in both of his arms, pumping some sort of liquid into him. He realizes that the liquid is what is causing his pain as it spreads through his blood stream. Even now, his legs are beginning to burn and it feels like his chest is on fire. After what seems like an eternity, the Man in white makes an annoyed grunt and turns off a few machines\* This one is stronger than the others. The serum won't work if he keeps fighting it like this.

Turstin Ryann \*The man sighs and walks over to the door and presses a button. After a pause he talks into the intercom\* Bring in Waltz. This Were needs to be broken before we can do any more injections. \*An animalistic growl leaves Turstin and he locks eyes with the man in white\* Do your worst you smelly fucker. \*The man doesn't react to Turstin's outburst but continues to wait by the door. A few minutes later, it opens to reveal another man. This one however is bald and is wearing all black. The man in white leans towards the man who must be Waltz\* The rest of us are leaving for the night. We need him to be docile by the morning so we can continue our experiments. Don't kill him yet. We haven't seen strength like this before and his body could answer a lot of questions. \*Without another word, all the other people in the room leave\*

Turstin Ryann \*Left alone with Mr. Clean, Turstin narrows his eyes at him and takes a deep breath. There is no way in fuck he is letting these bastards break him. If not for him, then for his siblings. He owes this to them. Waltz walks slowly over to Turstin with a blank look on his face. Picking up a muzzle, he wrestles it onto Turstin's head and places the metal bar in his mouth. A nasty metallic taste covers Turstin's tongue and he growls in pent up frustration. He is a fucking Tiger. This human wouldn't stand a chance against him. Pulling against the metals cuffs that encase his wrists, Turstin roars out his frustration when they don't even budge. His futile attempts seems to entertain Waltz. The bald bastard walks over to the table and picks up a small pair of pliers. He soon returns to Turstin's side and attempts to grab one of his fingers.\*

Turstin Ryann \*Finally succeeding, he places the pliers at the tip of Turstin's pinky nail and pulls. Turstin clenches his jaw tight as pain shoots through him again. Waltz then begins to remove every one of Turstin's fingernails on his right hand. By the time he is finished, there is a bloody pool on the floor and his hand is twitching uncontrollably with pain. Waltz's breathing is labored and there is a sick light in his eyes\* You ARE a strong one. \*If Turstin didn't know any better, he'd say the bastard was aroused. Narrowing his eyes, Turstin whips his head from side to side as he pulls against his bonds again. Spit drips from his partially open mouth and drips down to his bare chest as he continues to struggle.\*

Turstin Ryann \*The bastard just stands and watches him, almost savoring his defiance. When Turstin finally stops struggling, his wrists and ankles are worn down to the bone. Waltz continues to look at him for a few more minutes then reaches over to pick up what look like brass knuckles. These however, have tiny spikes where the knuckles are at. Putting them on, Waltz gives him a sadistic grin\* I'm going to break you little cat, I'm going to make you bleed and scream, then I'm going to make you watch as I cum. If you are a good little pussy, I might even let you have some milk. \*Pure, unfiltered rage fills Turstin and he roars against the gag. If it is the last thing he does, he is going to get free from here and skin this fucker alive\*

Turstin Ryann \*Days later, Turstin is strapped to a bed in a hot, glass room. It smells of shit and metal. He tries to keep the images of the last few days from driving him mad. The unspeakable things they have done to him threaten to break him. Growling at the thought, he shakes his head to clear it. He will never break. The door squeaks open and two men walked in. The man in white and the man who keeps wanting Turstin to refer to him as Master. Like he would ever call anyone that. The man in white picks up the blasted cattle prong and walks over to Turstin slowly. He made the mistake of underestimating Turstin once and he almost lost his life. The other man snorts at his hesitation\* It's just an animal, stop giving it so much thought. You need to get this one in line. There is a buyer here and this one is going to be the captain for her forces. Get him obedient. \*With his final words ringing in the room, the man turns and leaves. The man in white looks down at Turstin with a frown\* Just be a good cat and break. For both of our sakes. \*Turstin answers him with a loud, defiant bellow\*

Turstin Ryann \*He hurts. There isn't a part on him they haven't defiled. Today they have at least put him in what appears to be pants, though they are so soiled and dirty he can't clearly tell. Something was going on. They haven't had him in clothes before, why now? Turstin tries to keep his breathing calm and even. He will not let the pain get the best of him. His eyes flicker over to where the cattle prong rest and he resists the urge to shudder. They have touched him in places where cattle prongs should never be. Looking back up at the ceiling, he sets his resolve that this will be where he dies. In this stinking, hot, evil room. Voices bring his attention towards one of the windows and he sees The-Not-Master man with a beautiful woman. Her blonde hair looks silky and soft. Turstin can't remember what soft felt like. There is a sadness in her eyes that soon turns to lust. Anger flares in him at the sight of her want. So many people here have looked at him that way, so many have indulged themselves in his helplessness. But unlike theirs, hers seems to be more appreciative. Growling at the unlikely thought of her being an ally, he glares at them both with all the malice he feels. So this must be the buyer. If he has it his way, she'd only be buying his corpse\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*She'd left her window open, which was probably a stupid thing to do. Loud bellows had echoed across the yard from the barracks most of the last few hours. Finally, everything had quieted. Stefan had come in to check on her, but, he stank of the barracks and she'd turned him away. He'd left pissed off, but she'd be damned if she'd welcome him to her bed after knowing what he had been out there doing. Unable to help herself, she waited until the house was quiet in deep night, glancing at the clock that read 2am. Crawling from bed, she quickly dressed in a black cat suit, tying her hair back and hoping it wouldn't show if anyone was looking outside. Sneaking through the halls, she did her best to avoid cameras as she crept through the back door, darting around the small ornamental trees and bushes to reach the barracks.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Freezing as the gate creaked, she glanced around, making sure no one came running. No one did. Taking a breath for courage, she slid through the hastily cracked door, keeping to the shadows. Strange, there didn't seem to be any security on this place at night. Making her way through the main room, she approached the glassed in section. Sliding the door open as quietly as she could, she tried to orient herself as to where he was at again\* Hey...could you maybe say something, so I can find you? \*Keeping her voice low, she hesitated, waiting to see if he'd even answer her.\*

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin is just about to drift off into another fitful sleep when he hears his door quietly open. What is this now? Another late night torture session? He builds up the energy to roar at them when a soft voice catches him by surprise. The gentleness of it almost hurts his ears. Unsure of what to do, Turstin opens and closes his mouth a few times. Finally he finds his raspy, low voice and croaks out\* Who are you?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Using his voice, she steps inside the small glass room, sliding the door shut behind her. Taking the small flask from her hip belt, she felt her way along the wall until her hand collided with his clothed knee.\* Oh! I'm sorry! \*Quickly moving so she didn't hurt him more than he already was, she waved the flask of cold water around near where she thought his hand would be. He was a were and could see better in the darkness than she could\* Take it, it's water. I'm....no one important.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin almost laughs at her awkwardness\* In case you haven't seen, Girl. I am tied to this bed. Keep your water and your pity. I have no need for either. Get on with the torture already or get the hell out.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Her eyes narrowed as he told her to get out\* Yeah, because clearly, I'm here in the dead of the night, dressed like Catwoman, holding out water because I'm going to torture you. Look, I'm going to try to give you a drink. Don't bite me. I bite back. \*Shifting upwards, she brushed her hand along his stomach, finding his chin with her fingers. Deftly flipping the lid on the flask, she held it up to his mouth\* Just drink for me, okay? I'm trying to keep you alive until my partner gets here dammit, he's got to be on his way. I'm not with the idiots who run this place, trust me, I'd rather die.

Turstin Ryann \*Her gentle touch makes Turstin jump a little. He wasn't used to people touching him before his stint in hell and here all the touching is just pissing him off. He locks his eyes on her face and sees the sincerity in her eyes. Could she be lying? Could this be another way to try to break him? It's most likely a yes but he is so thirsty, he decides to risk it. Opening his mouth, he allows her to pour the cold water down his throat. An involuntary low groan escapes from him as the water gives him the first bit of peace he has had here. After he has drank his fill, he lays his head back down\* Thanks, I guess.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Closing her eyes in relief as he decides to trust her, she breathes out a low sigh. Without realizing it, she relaxed enough to allow her miniscule powers to spread across her nerve endings, seeing what powers they could sense and possibly use from another. Recognition floors her. She'd felt that signature before. Gaping at him even though in the dark she couldn't actually see him, she slides her palms back down his chest, pressing her hands flat against his warm skin, teeth digging into her bottom lip as she sent out her powers again.\* It can't be.

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin sucks in a breath as the woman's hand goes down his body. Arousal flares deep inside of him at her touch and he growls low at the feeling. He will not allow her to control him. Especially not like this. Her words register in his mind and he scrunches his face up\* What can't be? And stop touching me, I'm not your pet.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Biting her lip hard as he growls, the sound making her almost shiver though she forces it back, she yanks her hands away from him, wrapping them around herself\* You're....you're a Ryann. You are Illy's brother. At least, one of them. Aren't you? \*Rushing on before he can stop her, she blurts it out\* I live with one. Illy, I mean. I...hell. I'm not supposed to still be here, but something told me to stay and it must have been you. The agency has probably written me off by now, but I know my partner won't. He's going to be so pissed I went undercover without telling him. I need to get you out of here. If I bring in lightning, will that break the chains, you think?

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin's mind goes completely blank. No fucking way...no..\* You...you know Illy? Is she safe? Is she alright? You better not be fucking lying, I'll rip you to pieces if you are. I swear to the Gods I will...\*Hearing her nonsense about bring in lightning, he blinks a few times\* Are you high or something? Where are you going to get lightning from?

Amethyst Ayesha \*Hearing noises from the other room, her heart skips a beat. Ducking low to hide herself with his body in case anyone looks in, she leans closer, trying to keep her voice quiet\* She's safe. I let her stay at my place so the Chasers wouldn't get her. There will be no ripping to pieces. \*Looking left to right as she hears heavy boot steps, she glances upwards, not seeing a light, but a sinking feeling fills her. Closing her eyes as her stomach somehow finds it's way to her throat, she just shakes her head.\* If you believe in a God, start praying now that Kaden is already near. I shouldn't have told you any of this. What if they had cameras? What are they doing in the barracks so late? There was no security when I came in!

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin lets out a sigh of relief as he hears her words. His sister is safe. Thank the Gods. Her sudden movement catches his attention as does her hushed words\* Haven't you heard? I'm their favorite past time. They sometimes sneak in here after dark to..well to put it delicately...pass the time. Can you sneak out before they get in here? \*Even though they barely met, he didn't want them to capture her. No one deserved to be put through the pain he has experienced, especially a woman who was friends with his sister\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Glancing around, she sighs\* I don't think my powers have anything to help me in this situation. Kaden, maybe. Mack, sure. Me? Not really. Hence why I generally don't go undercover myself. Damn. \*Trying to think of a way out, she eyes the cattle prod still lit up in the corner.\* Could always give them a taste of their own medicine. \*Shaking off the idea as soon as she had it, she heard the glass slide open, booted feet on the linoleum. A startled question as to what she was doing here was the opening she needed as she dashed between the two men, crying out as one snagged her hair. Stomping on his instep as she lifted her hand to plow into his nose, she heard cartilage crack and muttered a soft apology as he at least let go of her hair. Taking one last look back at Turstin's wide eyes that she could now see with the lights on, she shook her head mutely, silently begging him to keep his mouth shut and stay alive. As she heard the first man on the radio, she ran like her life depended on it, because it really did this time.\*

Turstin Ryann \*Turstin watches at the woman handles her own. Fear grips him as she glances back at him. He wants to yell out for her not to leave him but stops himself. There is no way she can help him now, at the very least she should save herself if she can. Watching her run out of the room, Turstin does his best to distract the two men, he even called one a bear fucker for added effect. They hit him in the head a few times before vowing to come back and finishing what they started as they run after her. Turstin only hopes she gets free and maybe, just maybe, comes back for him\*



Amethyst Ayesha \*Sides heaving, breath sawing out of her lungs, she ducked through the door, barreling past a few more guards so quickly they didn't register her until she'd already passed them. Leaping the small gate leading to the boathouse, she ran along the rocky beach, making her way to the servants entrance near the kitchen. One by one she'd lost her pursuers as they drew back. Instinct warned her that she should be leery, but her clairaudient and clairsentient abilities had gone quiet in her mad dash for freedom. Hastily bringing her heeled boot down on the lock, it broke apart under the strain. Flinging herself inside, she slammed the door, struggling to get her breath under control. Hearing a small noise she glanced up and froze.\* Stefan.

Arya Rheagar Kaden had spent days going over the plans, going over maps of the island. Ways to penetrate inside without getting caught. She knew he was being overly cautious. He didn't seem to like the thought of sending her out on her own. She was capable of more than he knew. She just had never put it to the test. She had never used her abilities to the fullest. And what better way to do that, than to go in and get his best friend. She would do anything for him. And this was only a small thing. Placing her glass on the counter top, she walked over to him. A hand sliding up his back to his shoulder, with her free hand she pointed to a place on the map "What if I go in that way? And you take this side. That way you can free the ones there, and I can get Ame from this way?"

Kaden Kaleva \*Closing his eyes as Arya's soft touch soothed him, he opened his eyes to look at where she pointed\* Problem is these topographical maps are several decades old. Fucking Patonocci has kept himself walled off since then. We can't guarantee that the place is set up the same. I went out on one of the fishing crews yesterday while you were scouting here on Crete. They're only allowed to get within 200 yards of Kasos, after that it's considered private property. \*Frowning down at the papers again, he pointed at one of the areas that the fisherman used for their unloading points.\* I think if they can get us here, they'll be so busy dropping their nets that we could probably slip off the back of the boat and swim for the island. Here, look. \*Showing her another map, this one an erosion and soil quality one that Stefan didn't seem to have a problem with keeping updated since it theoretically couldn't tell anyone anything, he smirked\* Bastard slipped up. Check the erosion here. It's going too fast, he can't station anything here that could end up sinking. So we know at least this is a clear shot in, and there is a bank of trees to prevent more damage from wind on that side, which should provide cover. We could split up there, you heading around this way which should get towards the main residence. From satellites, it looks like the outbuildings are over here, so I'd go that direction to start hopefully getting us some help while we're there.

Arya Rheagar Her eyes followed every movement, every thing he suggested. She nodded as she slipped into his lap "See baby, I knew you would find a way." He never really did give himself much credit. He sold himself short all the time. "Whereabouts are they keeping Ame? Do we know for certain where she is?" Ame, was her main focus, the one person she needed to get out of there. As soon as she got to her, they could use her, and they both knew that Amethyst would want to help. "So we swim from here, won't the fisherman notice we are gone? And alert someone? How long do you estimate we would have till an alert goes out? Can we take our own boat out maybe? To that point and then just swim? That way no one really needs to know we are here?"

Kaden Kaleva \*As she crawled into his lap, he curled his hands around her hips to adjust her more comfortably across his thighs\* From the bugs she placed, we assume Am is in the main house. The signal is too distinct to be coming from the opposite side of the island, where the trees would block it more. \*Grinning wolfishly, he shook his head\* The captain won't allow them to alert anyone. He doesn't know it all, and can't be briefed. But awhile back his wife was killed when she ran afoul of Patonocci and refused his advances. The fishermen know something is going on at that island, but don't know what. We can't bring them in, they're just workers and don't know how to fight. But they'll get us as close as they can, and go on with their day. If anyone notices them, they've got their fishing licenses up to date and have a right to be there. If we took our own boat, it'd be more suspicious. Foreigners fishing in their waters, where their livelihood isn't tolerated well. \*Brushing a soft kiss across her shoulder, he sighed unhappily\* I still don't fucking like it. But it's the best plan we got. You get in, get Am. I'll try to free as many of the weres as I can. We go in armed. \*Knowing he was asking much, he gripped her chin in his hand, tilting her head towards him to look into her eyes\* Arya, baby. Mossad wants a clean sweep. Do you understand what that means?

Arya Rheagar Now that made more sense to her. They wanted to help. "Can the Weres help themselves once they are freed? Or do we have to get them off the island also? Will the fisherman help with that at all? They don't necessarily have to be completely involved and I understand about them not knowing how to fight, but can they take some Weres back to the main island?" She was sure he had thought about all of this, and why she even mentioned it she wasn't sure. He knew more about this sort of thing than she did. She was more of a, You go there, do that, then do this, kind of girl. She would do whatever it was he wanted of her. "A clean sweep?" She shook her head softly "Maybe, you should explain it to me clearly?"

Kaden Kaleva I'm not sure if they'd be willing to help. Being caught with the weres on their ship by anyone from Stefan's circle is a death sentence. I told Mack we want evac specialists. If Mossad is backing it, they can fucking pay for it. We just need to secure the island and wait for backup. But if anything goes wrong, I want you and Am out of there. Don't be a hero baby, and don't worry about me. Once you get Am, if you sense even the slightest hint of trouble, get yourselves safe. \*Sighing at the confused look on her face, he fucking hated that he was getting her into this shit. Lifting her to set her on the table, he moved to kneel beside the bed, pulling out his duffel bag. Inside under his clothes and necessities, he grabbed the steel lock box, taking it back to the table with him. Using the key on his key ring to open it, he showed her the gleaming silver Berettas nestled in the case, surrounded by ammunition\* Clean sweep, Arya. Not one of those bastards will be leaving the island. I won't ask it of you. I just don't want you to look at me differently. This is my job. This is my life.

Arya Rheagar She felt a little stupid for not knowing all of this. But she had kind of left him to it and let him just tell her exactly what he needed of her. But that look on his face when he started on the second part. She could see clearly that he didn't want her involved in this. He just had no other choice. He didn't understand that she would do anything for him. He was her life. She would do anything that he asked of her. As he pulled out the box, she peered down curiously. Even smiling as he pulled out the Berettas "Oh Kaden, You do know I don't need a gun to kill right? I can just use my powers? My abilities? I haven't used them for that purpose, but if its for my life, yours and Ame's. I have no problem doing that." She wouldn't even bat an eyelash at it. They were bad people. Not fit to walk this earth. Reaching out she cupped the side of his face "I know who you are Kaden, and doing this, watching you do what you have to, won't change that" Sliding off the bed she took him into her arms, her lips meeting his "I love you the way you are, nothing will ever change that. We will do this together. Get this done and get out of there with Ame. I will show you I'm not as fragile as you think I am"

Kaden Kaleva \*Snorting, he shook his head\* Not fragile, sweets, never fragile. You put up with me. You're a hell of a lot stronger than most think. \*Everything in him rebelled at the thought of her taking a life. He wanted to forbid it, didn't want her to bear that stain on her soul. He'd rather deal with his own scars than for her to ever have them. But he knew, to her, this was part of helping him, of being with him. Glancing at his hand, he resisted the urge to curse. He wouldn't admit to her, but he was kind of waiting, wondering if the fates thought he was right for her, or if he just knew he was, and they could fuck off. He'd feel better knowing she was protected though.\* You don't think they'd be drained, if we do have to flash out some of the prisoners, love? I don't want you to use your powers so much that we can't escape if we need to. \*Breathing her scent deep into his lungs, he had the moment to hope that she had enough faith for both of them, because he was making himself fucking sick with worry. The two women who meant the world to him were going to be in danger, and it was his fault. Nuzzling her throat after breaking the kiss, he buried his face against her neck, his arms around her.\* We will all make it out. There is no other option.

Mack Thompson \*He'd spent all day on the phones with the big brass from upstairs. Someone had tipped them off that Psiforce was running a skeleton crew, their best and brightest team had disappeared. Shit. Trying to cover as best he could, he had dug out their vacation requests and edited them to be longer, but now he had to justify why they were allowed so much vacation time. As if he didn't have better things to do. Ignoring the ringing of the phone yet again, he turned to the biggest issue. He'd received a fax from Mossad late last night. Glancing at the paper, he quickly reread it before crumpling it in his fist. Tossing it into the shredder, he found himself staring at the wall opposite him. This was the first time he'd ever put an agent in his situation. If he had his way, it would be the last. Hopefully Kaleva was strong enough to do what had to be done, or Psiforce would come under fire from more than the bigwigs upstairs.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Her lip curled in disgust as she tugged at the chain that connected her to the four post bed. The key was hanging on the wall by the door, too far away for her to get to, tempting her on purpose. The bruise across her cheek stung and throbbed but she refused to show it, instead keeping her head high. Stefan had told her she was lucky she was a female with connections and money, or he'd have thrown her in the barracks with the weres. She shuddered at his threat again. She knew if he told them that her money had supposedly paid for their torment, she wouldn't survive being at their mercies.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Thankfully, he'd kept her in her original quarters, the heavy steel leg irons might be trapping her, but she wasn't surrounded by angry, drugged up weres with an axe to grind. Shifting, she inspected the skin of her ankle where the heavy metal was resting. As she suspected, her earlier attempts to get free had chafed her, small bruises and sores being constantly rubbed by the cuff now.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Sighing in despair, she glanced up as the door opened, one of the security force dropping her daily meal off for her. It was tepid soup, a stale piece of bread, and flat water but she was so hungry she ate it all, handing over the tray to be taken back downstairs. Moving to curl up on the bed, she made a face. Soon Stefan would be back. Would question her about where she came from, who she was. He'd punch and slap, threaten and grip her cruelly in his hands as he shook her so hard her brain rattled.\*

Amethyst Ayesha \*Once or twice he'd even tried to coerce her with sex. There was no more kindness, no warm up like he'd strove to do before when she'd first taken the assignment. Just brutal mating meant to shame her, to force her to spill her guts to make him stop. She was more stubborn than he thought though. She wasn't going to give in. No matter what it took, she'd survive. And she'd damn well get Illy's brother out with her.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*The wind was at his back as he stood at the bow of the battered fishing boat. The captain would get them as close as he dared, waiting to get smoother waters before he'd alert them to jump. The island of Kasos was getting closer and closer. Waves were choppy and he'd bet there was a damned hell of an undertow. He wished they could just flash in, but since they'd been followed the moment they had flashed into Crete, he didn't trust the bastards not to have someone monitoring the Rytis.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*They'd never have a chance of getting off that rocky beach if flashing in alerted anyone, so swimming it was. He'd placed their weapons in waterproof plastic bags, slinging one over his shoulders as he wordlessly handed one to Arya. His heart was pounding, adrenaline pumping. It wasn't even the mission, this was simply life for him. It was sending Arya in alone, without backup, until she could reach Am.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Unbeknownst to Arya, he'd stashed a few flares in his pack. Once they separated, he planned to disperse them under the tree line. The blaze would draw security his way, leaving her section hopefully clear as he used the short dunes to escape towards the back of the property. She'd have a fit if she knew he was putting himself in danger, but if she wanted to be treated like a team member, she'd damn well get it. In this, he was the superior fucking officer, and she would do as she was told.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*His mouth tightened into a thin line as they approached the feeding grounds, his hand reaching out to catch Arya's, squeezing tightly for a moment before letting go. Keeping close attention on Kasos for any sign of movement, he turned as he heard some of the men shouting. Realizing a small, sleek airboat was heading their way, he grabbed Arya's hand, ducking around to the starboard side. The water was still dicey, but they had to go, now. Tightening her pack on her shoulders, he grabbed her and kissed her roughly before tossing her into the choppy waves, following right behind her.\*

Arya Rheagar The ride out was a little tense. Both of them keeping their thoughts to themselves, not saying much at all. She could tell he was running on adrenaline. Hers hadn't quite kicked in yet. Though it wouldn't be long. As soon as they reached the island she would be kicked into gear. She was adjusting her pack when Kaden grabbed her, his kiss was rough, not that she had time to enjoy it before the iciness of the water hit her. She held onto him for a bit, before he pointed out that they had company. Shit. Taking his hand under the water they both swam to the island. Making sure that they weren't being followed, or even spotted. Crawling up on the shoreline, they kept to the shadows, the trees. "Be safe baby, and don't worry about me ok? We will all be fine." Leaning in she kissed him again as she whispered in his ear "I love you"

Kaden Kaleva \*Making his way through the chilly water with Arya at his side, they dragged themselves up to the rocky beach. Frowning down at their soaking wet clothes he forced himself not to worry about a water trail, no one they met would have time to alert anyone anyways. Snorting as Arya tried to ease his mind, he just shook his head. He'd worry until they regrouped and got the fuck off of Hell island. Returning her whisper, he watched as she turned, heading off to the west side of the island and hopefully to Am. Waiting until she was far enough out of sight, he set to work carefully rigging the flare guns to each tree with a filament line attached to each trigger. Getting a few yards away, he pulled as he ducked under the last tree, watching as orange flares lit the area. Hearing a shout, he couldn't keep the smirk off of his face as teams were mobilized. Watching the flames start to creep up the trees, the sap just spurring the fire on, he started moving, the rocky incline keeping him hidden from view, dropping to a crawl as soldiers came running to find out what the hell had happened. Hoping Arya's way was clear now, he was praying she'd be able to find her way through the massive house quickly.\*

Arya Rheagar There was something in his eyes that made her a little apprehensive about leaving him. She couldn't put her finger on it, but he was either up to something, or just knew something she didn't. She had to push it out of her mind to leave him. Taking a deep breath she headed west. She had memorized the map of the island and where they suspect Ame was being held. She didn't want to make one mistake. But as she rounded the corner, she stopped quickly. Slamming herself up against the wall. Fuck fuck fuck fuck. That guard wasn't supposed to be there. "You can do this Arya. You can, just.. do what you are supposed to do" Pushing herself off silently, she carefully made her way to him, wrapping her arm swiftly around his neck, she twisted his head. With a snap he dropped to the floor. Arya stood over him panting. He was her first kill. She had never had to do that before. But she didn't have time to freak out, she had to keep going. The door, that's the one she had to go through, then through the hall. Trying it, she smiled when it was unlocked. Slipping into the dark hall, she really wanted to just flash to the room where they suspected Ame was being held, but Kaden had cautioned her for days about keeping her powers leashed. Apparently, somehow they can be tracked. And he didn't want to use that till they were ready to leave.

Kaden Kaleva \*Slipping around the back of the barracks, he inwardly cursed. The guards were supposed to be on split shifts. Apparently their intel was faulty. More worried than ever about Arya and Am, he shrugged it off. He had to keep going. Pulling the Beretta, he laid on the sandy ground under cover and screwed the silencer on. Taking aim, he took out first one, then the other before he could sound an alarm. Breathing deep, he leaped to his feet, sprinting the last bit of distance until the stucco building covered him. Making his way slowly around, he spotted the last of the 3 guards they knew manned this place trying to call someone on a walkie and getting no response. Before he could call for a head count, Kaden was on him, biokinetic powers centering and forcing their way to his heart. Squeezing tight, he felt the last gasp of air being expelled as his powers shorted out the mans heart. The massive heart attack was quick, but probably not painless. Using the butt of his gun to break the cheap lock since the guards didn't have any keys on them, he darted inside the building.\*

Arya Rheagar The corridors were dark. For a normal person they wouldn't be able to see anything, but lucky being a Were meant they had perfect night vision. She stopped at the top of the hall, there was supposed to be a guard to her right. Poking her head round the corner carefully she smiled when he was exactly where he was supposed to be. Getting the jump on him, once again she snapped his neck. Finding this the most easiest method for her. Kaden said they needed to go in with a clean sweep. It had been a little hard for her to accept that. But when she went over what these people did, she found herself not feeling guilty for it. They deserved it. It took her another 2 minutes to get to the room. The door was locked of course. But the one thing she had been working on was picking locks, since she couldn't use her abilities. That took her another 2 minutes. She was getting frustrated that it wouldn't unlock. But finally the door clicked and she entered. She gasped slightly as she found Ame tied to the bed. Hurrying over she whispered her name "Ame? Amethyst...are you ok?" Scrambling to the bed, she ran her fingers over the chains. Of course, she couldn't just be tied by rope now could she "Is there a key in here? It will take me a few minutes to unlock them if I have to pick them"

Amethyst Ayesha \*Hearing a body drop outside the hall, she sat up straight. That didn't sound...normal. Listening intently, she felt a smile curving her lips for the first time in a while. Someone was trying to pick the lock. No one here would open that door without Stefan's approval, and then they'd have a key. Without meaning to, as she recognized Arya's voice, tears trekked down her cheeks. She was saved. Nodding her head, she tried to find her voice, hoarse from disuse this past week besides the talk with the were.\* It's....it's by the door. Taunted me. \*Scrambling upwards, she lifted her ankle, wincing as she jerked the cuff over aching skin to get the lock within view for Arya. Suddenly remembering her promise.\* Kaden?!?! Where is Kaden???

Kaden Kaleva \*Spotting the long rows of cots, he blinked, realizing these weres were not going to be able to help them. Some seemed close to madness already, he wasn't about to set them loose on a fucking island his women were on. Spotting a small tunnel leading to another door nearer to the house, he followed the earthen tunnel as it sloped downwards. Pushing in the steel door, he grimaced as he saw the medical equipment. Outside the glass windows, rows and rows of cages. Quickly making his way out, he shook the first were in human form up that he saw.\* Are you infected? Fucking answer me. \*At the slow shake of the bear's head, he barely listened to the explanation that the breeders had to stay healthy before he was shooting every damn lock in the place, surrounded by weres who had a bone to pick.\* All humans on the island die. The two women are mine. Leave the barracks for now. If you can flash after we sweep, you can leave and no one will know you were here.

Arya Rheagar She hated the tone in Ame's voice. First thing they needed to do was get liquids into her when they were safe. "Ok" Quickly she went to the door, snatched the key down from his post. "I know babe, i know" One by one she let the chains clang to the floor. "He's safe Ame, hes on the other side of the island, getting to the other were's here" She helped Ame up from the bed "Are you ok to walk?" With an arm around her waist they headed to the door. "I'm supposed to take you straight off the island now... but, since when have i ever obeyed Kaden's orders? So i thought we would make our way to him and help. Then I'll get us all out of here."

Amethyst Ayesha \*Breathing a sigh of relief as the cuffs dropped, she rubbed the sore skin for barely a second before she was helped up, Arya's arm around her. As soon as she realized Kaden was in the thick of the fight, her energy renewed and she broke away. The weres on this island were drugged, some almost beyond repair and her partner was alone.\* Did he give you a weapon? \*Accepting the beretta Arya shoved at her, she made sure the silencer was tightened as she hurried into the hall, stepping over the dead guard.\* I have to get to the tiger. I promised. I can't leave him here alone! And

Kaden. Oh god, Kaden is fighting them all. What have I done!?!?!? \*Her voice was edging on hysteria, but she refused Arya's comforting gestures, shrugging off her hand when Arya had tried to wrap her arm around her again.\* Go find Kaden. Help him. I'm keeping my word. \*Taking off, she sprinted down the main stairs, getting more worried that no one stopped them. Either they were all dead already, or they were all after Kaden. Hearing Arya fast on her heels she growled low. Didn't the woman realize Kaden would be seriously overpowered!?!?!? Remembering the 2nd door in the infirmary, she changed directions. It'd be quicker. And hopefully they'd find Kaden in between.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*After letting loose the captive animals, they ran everywhere, hot on the scents of those that had hurt them. He couldn't blame them, not really. He'd be out for blood too. Heading back into the medical room, he methodically smashed every vial of serum he could find. Grabbing all of the notebooks, his lips twisted in a grimace. He'd been told to bring any formulations he found back to Psiforce to be "studied". Yet, he didn't trust anyone with this intel. Flicking a lighter, he dropped the pages into a metal wastecan, dropping the Zippo down on top of them and watching it burn. Hearing noises behind him, he jerked around, barrel of the gun pointed at a bald man in black leather.\* I wouldn't move if I were you. Quicker than he could focus on the movement, he felt the sting of something hitting his side. Jerking it out, he stared at the throwing knife, coated in his blood, before the asshole was on him, pinning him to the floor. Baring his teeth, he wrapped his hand around the fuckers throat and started to squeeze, ignoring the bites of pain as another blade found its mark\*

Arya Rheagar Arya stood there shocked for a moment, she ran after Ame. She was torn. To follow Ame or go to Kaden. She knew he would be pissed if she went to him without Ame. Spinning Ame around to face her "I can't. If i go to help him without you" She shook her head "Let me come with you, i'll help you then we will go to Kaden. Or get Kaden and then do what you need to do?" Once before she used to feel a jealousy of the relationship that Kaden and Ame had. But she had come to realize that's all it was, a relationship of friends and nothing more. She had never known that kind till Kaden. Ame took off again in a run, Arya just followed. She wouldn't let Ame out of her sight. She had full faith in Kaden and that he would be ok. He had to be. For someone who had been tied up, Ame could move. Lucky Arya was fit enough to keep up with her. "Where are you going Ame? And who is Tiger?"

Amethyst Ayesha \*Breathing roughly, she kept the gun in hand but pressed her free hand against the stitch in her side. Nearly plowing into someone who was coming from the opposite direction, she gasped as she recognized the cologne, heard Stefan's voice liquid with amusement, calling the prisoner "her" tiger. He knew. Somehow he'd sensed her awareness of the male and he'd use it against her. Was the tiger already dead? Did she cause him to lose his life? Refusing to think on it, she shoved Arya to the side, using her mental powers to speak to her.\* ~Find Kaden. Now.~ \*Knowing that Stefan wouldn't go after Arya if she kept his attention on her, she met his gaze head on.\* Jealous that I'll never be yours, Stefan? \*Trying to grip the gun with fingers slick from stress, sweat, and nerves, she managed to aim it at him.\* Take one step before my partner gets here, and I promise you at this range I won't miss.

Kaden Kaleva \*Letting out a bellow, he shoved at the mack truck currently straddling his chest, fully aware that he was losing enough blood that Arya was going to be fucking furious. Trying to get ahold of skin to use his powers, he cursed as he realized baldy wore some kind of skintight suit under the leather. Probably to protect himself from weres with powers. Damn! Relaxing his grip, he left himself go limp. His breathing slowing on purpose, making it appear that he'd lost the will to fight. As soon as the bastard gave him an opening, he was taking it.\*

Arya Rheagar This was why she wasn't an agent. She hated to leave Ame, but yet, she knew she had to get to Kaden. "Kill him Ame. Do it now" She took off running, Kaden would know what to do. Tearing down the halls, she burst through the doors. Making her way to the barracks, she came to a halt when she saw him on the ground with a guy on top of him. Rushing towards him, she threw him off, a punch to his face. "Kaden... Ame..." She grabbed his hand to pull him up. "We have to go to her"

Amethyst Ayesha \*Knowing that Arya was out of the way of the line of fire, she relaxed marginally. Letting out a cry of pain as Stefan fisted her hair, tossing her against the wall, she sank down to her knees. She was so weak from captivity, from being hurt. She just wanted to go to sleep for a bit. Trying to struggle to her feet again, stars winked in front of her eyes as a heavy boot stomped across her midsection, bouncing her head against the wall again. Forcing strength into herself that she didn't know she had, she raised the gun. He laughed. He had the nerve to throw back his head and laugh at her. Squeezing the trigger, she swore the laughter echoed for long moments after he hit the ground, the dime sized hole in his forehead the only thing letting her know he had stopped. Tugging her knees up to her chest, she stared down at him, trying to force sadness, emotions for what she had just done. Yet she was numb. He was a monster and had deserved to die, though she hated taking the chance to kill him away from the ones who really deserved it.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Gaping as Arya was suddenly in front of him, he raised a brow as she lifted him upwards. Taking a moment to stop and stab the man in the chest, he dusted himself off, making sure she couldn't see how hurt he was as he followed behind her at a run. Am was in trouble. It seemed like wind was whistling through his ears, he couldn't hear anything, couldn't focus on anything. His partner, his little sister needed him. As much as he wanted to stop, to breathe, to patch himself up he couldn't risk it. Skidding into a marble hallway, he yanked Arya to a stop as he saw Am huddled on the floor, arms wrapped around herself. Moving slowly towards her, he reached out a hand\* Am? Little bit? You have to come back to us now. We gotta get the fuck outta here.

Arya Rheagar The moment Kaden pulled her to a stop, she gasped seeing Ame on the floor. Her heart broke for the female. As if she hadn't been through enough already. As Kaden knelt down to her, there was a look about Ame that didn't sit with Arya. Something in her eyes. As Kaden turned to look at Arya, it was then that Ame scrambled to her feet and took off. "AMETHYST" She didn't make it very far before she collapsed again. They both ran to her. "What is it." She turned to Kaden, remembering something from before "Tiger. She said something about Tiger." There was a change in Amethysts expression. "Does that mean anything to you Kaden?"

Amethyst Ayesha \*Struggling to her feet, she batted away whoever's hand had come near her. No one was touching her. Not again. She had to make it to her tiger, she had promised she'd set him free. He needed to meet his sister, he needed to get out of here. If she left....she didn't know what would happen. Falling to the ground again as the world tilted, she vaguely wondered why the floor was lopsided as she slid. Funny, it didn't seem topsy turvy earlier. Subconsciously aware that she more than likely had a concussion, she grabbed the edge of the table nearest her, pulling herself back up. Nodding frantically at the woman's words, Arya. It was Arya. And Kaden. Relief filled her but she had to go. Ducking away from them, she ran as fast as she could down the corridors, finding the side door that led into the gardens and around to the barracks.\*



Kaden Kaleva \*Watching with narrowed eyes as he realized Am must be concussed, he took a moment to kick Patonocci's body as hard as he could before limping after her\* Dammit, Amethyst, we have to leave. Now. \*Usually that tone brooked no argument, but Am kept trying to run. Hearing Arya's words, he turned, confused\* Tiger? What tiger? God damn that fucking woman, she's going to get us killed. \*Heading out the door to grab her, he fully intended on forcing her to leave\* When I get her in my arms, just flash us out. She'll heal quickly once I can tend to her, and then she'll calm the hell down.

Arya Rheagar Shaking her head at him "No. Kaden, we can't. It's important to her." She ran ahead of Kaden. Intent on following and helping Ame where she could. She saw how important it was to her. Kaden was just going to have to deal with this. Tossing her head over her shoulder, she knew he would be angry. But he would follow. Finally she caught up to Amethyst. "Where is he? I will go in." Woah, she was surprised by the look and shake of Ame's head. "Ok, ok. But at least let me help? I know this is important to you. I will not let Kaden take us away without helping you here." Not that he could, since she was the one who had to flash them away.

Amethyst Ayesha \*Yanking at the door, she had rushed in, ignoring the weres spread out on the cots. She figured Kaden had some sort of a game plan where they were concerned. Slipping on the cheap linoleum floor again, she gasped as her side protested the movement, but hearing Arya's voice next to her helped her steady herself some. The thought of Arya freeing him made her see red, shaking her head violently when she pictured it. No one was touching him. He'd not want strangers touching him. Nodding her assent that Arya could help, she saw the glassed in room he had been in last time. Sprawled out across the medical bed, the Tiger was broken, bleeding. Silent anger seethed inside of her. Hopefully Stefan had found a nice hot place in Hell to pay for his sins. Yanking the door open, she rushed to his side, peeling back his eyes to make sure he was alive. Relief coursed through her, dissipating some of the anger as she gently ran her fingers down his cheek, tears running unchecked down her face. She knew he'd be punished because of her. But this...this was excruciating. Holding back a soft growl as Arya started trying to unchain his ankles, she pressed her hands against the cuffs on his wrists, using her powers to force the mechanisms to open to her.\* We need to get him out of here.

Kaden Kaleva \*Stunned, he followed the apparently rogue women with a scowl on his face\* Important to her? The fuck is that shit? We're on an island we haven't managed to clear yet. I need to call the evac squads to get these weres doped up and transported safely. And she's gone unhinged about a god damn were? Pick one, we're surrounded by them, and lets get the fuck outta here. \*Coming to a stop inside the barracks as he saw tears covering Am's cheeks, he frowned. She hardly ever cried. What the fuck had happened to her on this godforsaken island?\* Am, listen to me. The teams will be here, they'll get the tiger or whatever the hell he is out of here and keep him safe. We need to go. You can't do anything more for him.

Arya Rheagar She wanted to slap Kaden. He didn't get it. It was so plain to see. He was just making it worse. She pushed him away from Ame. And turned to her, softly she spoke "Go to him. Get him and come back to me. I'll take us away from here." Turning back to Kaden, she pushed him away from the room "Do what you need to do Kaden. Call in the team. As soon as they are here, we will be gone. You are not stopping her in doing this. If that was me there, would you leave me there?" She knew if she put it in that way, he would understand. "Stay out here Kaden. I'm going to go and see if she needs help. But you are to stay here. Do what you need to do and make sure no one comes in." She wasn't sure how well that would wash over with him. He wasn't one to take orders. He did with Mack, but they were always reluctantly. Stepping quietly into the room. She stood back "Ame? Amethyst. What do you need me to do?"

Amethyst Ayesha \*She didn't even know where she found the strength. She'd tried for days to get her own cuffs off, yet his peeled away as if they were made of paper. Barely hearing anything Arya was saying to Kaden, she looked up as Arya stood next to her.\* I need him safe. \*Glancing at Kaden's back as he disappeared, she knew he was probably pissed and she couldn't blame him.\* Can you flash him to my home? Then come back for us? I need to know he's out of here before the teams get here. They'll take him away. I won't let that happen. \*Not waiting for a response, she grabbed the gun at her side. Knowing Arya would do what she asked even if she didn't understand why. Following Kaden, she was determined to pull her weight and help clear the island of any last stragglers, even if her head was woozy and she really wanted to sleep.\*

Kaden Kaleva \*Pissed off, he stomped out, leaving the two of them alone with "Tiger". He had a niggling sense that he knew the guy. But his body was so mangled he really couldn't tell. Something told him he'd met this man before though, and not knowing pissed him off even more. Ruthlessly plunging into the network of pathways, he didn't even ask questions, just shot first, anyone in uniform was fair game. Hearing Amethyst coming up behind him, he ignored her. He'd figured she'd send Arya away first. After doing his final sweep, he tugged the remote from his pack, hitting the red button that signaled the teams waiting teams could flash in. Where the hell did he know that guy from? It was going to drive him insane. Turning back to Am, he crossed his arms over his chest. She wasn't ready to hear his diatribe, so he bit his tongue. Later, after she'd healed, she'd never take another fucking undercover job again. Finding a smooth rock, he dropped down to sit, lifting his shirt to inspect the damage as he waited for his woman to take his ass home.\*

Arya Rheagar She wanted to take BOTH of them. But before she could grab Ame, she had already left the room and was beside Kaden. Sighing to herself, she grabbed hold of the male and flashed with him to Amethyst's house. Setting him on her bed, she quickly left again. Coming in between Ame and Kaden. She pulled her gun from her hip. As she saw the look on Kaden's face, the way he turned to Ame, Arya laid a hand on his shoulder and shook her head, speaking softly "Not now baby. Come on" Helicopters roared above them, signaling the team had come in. Taking Amethyst's hand in hers, Arya flashed them all back to Ame's place. She watched with a clenched heart as Ame raced to her bed. Tears rolling down her cheeks. Arya turned to Kaden "Leave her be baby. Come on. Lets go." They would come back and check on her later. But she needed a little time now. And Arya was certain Kaden wanted to take a strip out of her ass. With a heavy sigh she flashed herself and Kaden back to his place. She might as well get this over and done with.

Wondering what is going on with the tigers? Why Amethyst couldn't leave him?  
Keep watching for the next installment in the Psiforce world!