

Welcome to the Steelslayer Pad!

Character Template:

Name:

Age:

Appearance: (picrews welcome!)

Skills:

Choice of weapon (can be melee or firearm):

Suited for: (put position here)

Are you the Traitor?:

Known History:

Intro Post:

Newcago, the city of steel. The city of endless night. It wasn't a natural night sky, no, but instead a constant overhanging [i]black[/i] over the buildings, like ink staining a canvas. The only thing that could pierce through the sky was that damned red star: Calamity. It tinted the night in constant crimson, minus the LED streetlamps. DC checked her mobile with a yawn, 4 A.M. She'd long gotten used to never knowing the time and having the odd schedules of Reckoners, in fact the darkness was almost comforting, but it still sucked after sleeping in a metal cavern deep underground. With metal walls, and ceilings, and furniture.

The fact was made even worse now that she was sitting on a steel sidewalk with a metal, barbed fence behind her. DC chewed anxiously on an expired lollipop while the Enforcement officers paced back and forth. Of course, the one night she finally gets out for some overground air, and of course that mission had to include blowing up a scientific building! [i]Of course[/i] she got away with it, but then DC tried to have some fun by snagging a woman's necklace and, well, now she's here. Chased down by Enforcement officers who refused to call her anything but 'subject' and now held for questioning on the side of the street to scare any other. She sighed, tapping on her communicator: a small Reckoner device that looked like a regular earbud. In actuality, it was connected to an encrypted network on their phones and let them contact any Reckoner they wanted. "So, um, I'm in a bit of a pickle," she whispered, "Is Prof or Tia on the line? If they are, uh, mute him. 'Cuz they might be a bit mad when they find out about this..." she chuckled sheepishly, fiddling with the lens on her goggles.

There was a loud bubblegum pop before a woman cleared her throat. "What kind of pickle are we talking about?" Noel. Either DC was about to be saved or she was fucked. "Like bread and butter or ghost pepper infused?"

DC glanced at the Enforcers circling her, then quickly grumbled. "Ghost pepper infused."

"That's not good. Give me a landmark. I'll be there in a jiffy." There was the sound of metal clashing together and a quiet "ow."

"I'm sure I'll make it in time. I'm fast."

DC glanced again, smiling as politely as she could to the men in military armor, then murmured to Noel once more. "I really really don't think this is the job for you. Can't you get Sara or something?" But who was she to complain about help? With a sigh, she quickly scanned the area. "Across the street from Westmore Bank. Hurry."

"Look, ghost pepper means people are probably going to get shot. So you want the person who's half bullet proof and one hundred percent firepower. I got this. I'll tell Sara but who knows where anyone is these days?" Noel's metal knees creaked audibly over the phone. "I can be at Westmore Bank in five

minutes. Try not to get exploded, okay?"

DC laughed. "Yeah, 'cuz I'm the one who gets exploded a bunch." Unfortunately, she laughed just a bit too loud. The larger Enforcer rammed the back of his heavy gun into her shoulder, causing her to tip over. "Ow! What the fuck, man?"

"Who're you talking to, subject?" The Enforcer hissed.

"Nunya."

"Repeat that."

"Nunya-busniess."

That only earned another hit, this time from the Enforcer on her other side.

"Tell them I'm Celine Dion. I'm sure that will prevent you from getting beat up." Noel snickered. "I said don't get exploded not piss them off."

DC rubbed her shoulder. "I don't care about your old people music taste. That's not going to work and I'm pretty sure I need to mute you soon."

"Wow, you wound me. I'm just trying to keep you in one piece."

"You couldn't even keep yourself in one piece!" DC spat through gritted teeth, and this time the Enforcers weren't so nice. The smaller one grabbed her shoulder and yanked her onto her feet. From there, the other reached into her ear and tugged out the small device. "Uh oh."

"What's this?"

"That's-" The Enforcer through it to the ground and stomped it with his metal boot, cutting the line instantly with nothing more than a little crackle.

Something soft hit DC in the back and made a soft squeak. How many times did she have to be hit in the back today? DC turned to face it, as did the Enforcers. It was a small rubber duck. Bright yellow with a painted on wink.

DC gasped, then suddenly dropped to her knees and covered her ears.

A bullet ricocheted off of the big Enforcer's chest.

"Hey, Circus Crew! Leave the girl alone or I shoot to kill." DC couldn't tell where Noel was, but she was here. And armed.

While the bigger Enforcer recoiled with shock, the smaller one wrapped his arm around DC's neck and pulled her close. She choked as he tightened his grip and put a gun to her temple. She tried to scratch at his armor and pry off her fingers to no avail, his grip tightening the more she fought. "You try something like that and she's dead," The Enforcer ordered. "Turn yourself over and nobody gets hurt!"

There was a loud sigh. Noel jumped off the Westmore Bank roof, her metal legs clanging and cracking the pavement slightly. DC cringed. She could already hear Prof lecturing her about the damage to her hips. She straightened out her goggles as she gave everyone a large grin, the gap in her teeth obvious.

"You guys are no fun. Always have to get violent to get your way. I'm here, you can drop her now." She

waved her hands.

But the Enforcer holding DC gave no sign of releasing her any time soon. If anything, DC felt the cold barrel dig deeper into her forehead. DC moved her attention from the arm constricting her to the many devices in her belt and bag, using her teeth to pull the pin of a homemade bomb and sticking it on the Enforcer's neck, right where the armor and cloth met. When the Enforcer pulled back to inspect it, DC made a break for it.

"Run!"

"A sticky bomb?" Noel ran after her. "Nice touch! A little risky though."

"I panicked!" Bullets flew by the pair, but with just a few clicks... Flame and smoke lit up a block, the blast seen from thousands of yards away. It was an impressive little device. Maybe too impressive. DC just barely made it out of the blast radius, but was still caught in the wave afterwards and sent flying to the end of the street. She rolled for a bit, only stopped by her head smashing into the curb.

Noel was slammed to the side, crashing through one of the building's windows.

From inside all the smoke that covered the block a shadowy figure walked pretty much silently towards DC and Noel.

Despite the chaos around, her voice was quiet and calm, almost scarily so. "Well you two sure made a mess."

Noel crawled out through the window, looking very unsteady. "The bomb was not my idea. This time." She looked behind her back into the room she had just violently entered.

Another voice joined the group, though their figure was not to be found. For Noel, the voice came in with heavy static and cuts. DC didn't hear it at all (thankfully). It was a soft voice, but not quiet and calm. Quite the opposite. "Whoever's idea this was," Tia snarled, "I'm going to kill them. Do you know how much trouble you've caused!?" Tia sighed and clicked her tongue. "Reenforcements are on the way. Nyx, get them out of there. There's a tunnel into the underground a couple blocks away. DC, Noel, Prof and I have some [i]very[/i] choice words for you when you get back." Tia sipped at her can of Cola loud enough for everyone to hear, then left the call.

Noel winced. "Okay. We're needed at the base. I just... have to find my foot first."

Nyx frowned. "We have about five minutes until reenforcements arrive so you get until I go get DC to find your foot. If you don't find it in that time we're leaving without it and you get to use me as support to hop." She said simply.

"You got it boss!" Noel gave Nyx a two-fingered salute before diving backwards through the window.

"Can I use you as support, too?" DC coughed as she struggled to push herself off the ground. She rubbed the side of her head, probably bleeding but she'd suffered worse, then finally came to sit up. "I think I fractured something..." she mumbled, rubbing her left leg. "Anyone got bandages and steel scraps? I might be able to make a rickety brace."

Quickening her pace as she heard DC speak, Nyx headed over to her and quickly looked the girl over before shaking her head. "We don't have time for that. I'll just carry you back, alright?"

DC cooed, her hand over her chest. "My knight in shining armor."

Nyx rolled her eyes and shot her an unamused look before carefully lifting her up. "Cut it or you're getting carried like a sack of potatoes."

Noel emerged from the window again. "Found it!" She held up a metal left foot, sparks shooting from the severed ankle.

DC looked over Nyx's shoulder and shot Noel a thumbs-up. "I'll fix it for ya if you give me half your dinner rations for the week."

"Half for a week? I'll put some duct tape on it for that price."

DC pouted. "One third?"

"If anyone's getting extra rations for the week it'll be me as payment for saving you two." Nyx interrupted. "Now let's go."

Noel reached into her bag and tied a knot around the foot, pulling the string through a gap in her leg. "That should do it! Let's go."

DC's head throbbed and she rubbed it again, then looked up at Nyx. Through a dazed giggle she reached up. "Uppies?" she even made grabby hands! "Pwetty please?"

Noel dissolved into hysterical giggles. "DC really is the baby of the group."

Nyx gave an exasperated sigh and gently tossed DC over one shoulder before turning to Noel. "Let me guess? You need 'uppies' too? Or are you going to get going and walk like a big girl, because we need to get out of here."

Noel slowly recovered from her giggle fit. "Oh, my weight would crush you like a tin can." She pushed her hands together and mimicked the sound of metal crunching before making a [i]pop[/i] with her lips. "Bye bye, Nyx! Let's get going." Her grin was as wide as ever as she practically started skipping towards base.

Nyx's eyes narrowed as she followed, keeping pace easily. "You both are absolutely insane..." She mumbled under her breath.

DC felt her face start to heat up, her vision getting cloudy and then dark. It felt like she was laying on top of a space heater. And then, the entire world went to black.

When DC returned to reality, she came to a very welcome one. Well, mostly. It was nothing more than a big, metal room. Big enough for equipment to be laid out in specific corners, bedrolls in the other corner, and a big table in the middle. Benches lined the walls, protruding from the steel, and stools circled the table. The room was lit by nothing but lanterns and the occasional sparks of wires from the unfinished ceilings. There was only one other room: the think room, as DC dubbed it. There was where she and Noel would meet their fate with Prof. DC cringed looking at the curtains only few were allowed to pass through.

"So, I'm assuming I'm not dead?" DC groaned, poking the wires of the Harmsway attached to her leg.

"Not yet," The redhead sitting at the table said, not even looking up from the laptop in front of her. Tia's brows were knit tightly and she sipped at her soda every few seconds, as if the carbonation was the only thing keeping her from blowing up.

Noel was sitting on the bed roll next to her, trying to figure out a way to connect the wires for her foot to

her leg. She hissed as the electricity shocked her. DC covered her mouth in an attempt to stifle a laugh.

Sara, who had one hand deep inside a bag of chips and the other hand inspecting a small vial of poison, tutted quietly.

"You aren't putting those back together with the power of friendship Noel."

"I'm also using the power of 'you're my foot so listen to me.'" Noel wiped a layer of sweat off of her forehead. Her ginger hair looked greasy. She should probably shower soon.

Sara walked over and offered both of them the bag of chips. "Girl as a dancer, real feet don't listen to you. What makes you think that hunk of metal is going to?"

"Because it likes me...?" Noel looked up, sucking on the tips of her fingers to get the burn to go away.

"Your hunks of metal like me, Noel. All it takes is half your rations..." DC interrupted.

"Your concept of half will leave me starving. Electrical tape won't."

Sara snickered. "I'm going to have side with Noel on that one. Although hey, it is an acceptable standard, especially when I'm borrowing that wine."

Tia coughed loudly, readjusting her cherry red glasses once she did. "You know, that's a lot of talking for the wounded. Maybe that means you're ready to talk to Prof? Or do you need another minute to get your bearings?"

Noel let out a loud cough. "Oh... suddenly I'm ill..." She slowly laid down on the bed roll.

Sara giggled and patted Noel's head. "I think this one's feeling a little off balance."

"Hey!" DC shouted, "I'm the one who still has a concussion! I vote Noel goes first."

Noel coughed louder. "Oh... I'm being claimed..."

Tia's expression didn't change for a moment. "You do realize Prof can hear all this, right? There's only a curtain to separate the rooms. I doubt evading him will earn you any good favor."

Noel quickly sat up. "Fine. I'll... go." Her face sombered, absent of her usual grin as she haphazardly tied the foot back to its place and walked towards the curtain.

Sara, for her part, patted her on the back gently and whispered, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Don't worry, I've got your back! Its all about the presentation."

Nyx on the other hand wasn't quite as encouraging. She sat at the table with her hood up and a glass of Cola in her hand, who knows how she managed to acquire it. Her silver eyes could barely be seen from underneath the hood as she whispered. "Good luck. You'll need it."

Sara rolled her eyes at Nyx's words, muttering quietly. "We've been blessed by the Eldtrich Goddess."

As Noel passed by, Tia quickly took her arm. Her hold was gentle, despite the irritated look on her face. She glanced at DC, still rubbing her head, then looked back at Noel. "You can wait, you know. Until your leg is fixed. Prof wants to talk to DC, anyways. She's the one in bigger trouble."

Noel shrugged. "Waiting will only make it worse." She swallowed, her eyes getting a little distant.

"Maybe he'll take pity on me if I'm crippled." She smiled but there was no joy in it.

Tia smiled at her, as comforting as that could be. "I know Prof," she shook her head, "He will. And like Nyx said, good luck." She let go of Noel's arm. Tia peeked at Nyx, then refilled her glass of Cola with one of the unopened cans next to her and gently pat her hand. Then, she finally returned to her work.

Noel nodded and finally went through the curtains.

As Noel disappeared into Prof's 'think' room (or study, whatever he wanted to call it), DC sighed loudly. "Fine, fine," she mumbled, "I don't want to be the coward here." DC pushed off the wall beside her and readjusted the bandage and harmsway on her leg, then awkwardly limped through the curtains.

Tia watched silently, offering no such sympathetic smiles to her. She wouldn't need them.

Nyx inspo pic Its sooo cooolll

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