

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: More Squealer POV it is~

-x-X-x-

Obviously, she does the only thing she can do. What, surrender quietly? FUCK THAT! That was what these barbie-ass bitches were expecting her to do! Instead, Sherrel rears back her arm and throws the tool in her hands at Glory Whore.

“FUCK YOU!”

Then, she clamors out from under her truck and begins to run for the garage door. If she can just make it to Skid-

Of course, before she can even reach the door, Laser Cunt is already coming down in front of it, putting up a shield that blocks Sherrel’s path completely. The vehicle tinker howls at this. Where did these two sluts get off?! Didn’t they know there was like, unwritten rules or some shit!

Whipping around, Sherrel goes for another exit, but this time its Glory Whore who stops her, the blonde not even fazed by Sherrel’s improvised weaponry. An impossibly strong hand closes around the back of her neck, gripping and holding her in place as Sherrel shrieks and tries to break free to no effect.

“F-Fuck! Let me go! You stupid cunts, Skidsie will have your damn hides for this! Fuck you, fuck you, fuck YOU!”

“... Do we REALLY have to rescue this bitch?”

“He wants to give her a chance. And besides, she’s clearly on something right now. Maybe she’ll be... tolerable once she’s clean.”

“You don’t sound so sure about that.”

“Yeah, because I’m not.”

Sherrel hisses as the two blonde barbie sluts talk at one another like she isn’t even there. Glory Whore continues to hold her in place without issue too, infuriatingly enough. But then, Sherrel is a Tinker at the end of the day. She’s only as strong as her babies, and she can’t actually get to any of her vehicles now. Not that any of them are even prepared for tackling these two bitches... but she wasn’t going to admit THAT!

“You can’t just ambush people out of costume, you dumb cunts! I know you stupid bitches might not care about your private lives, but the rest of the city will shoot you dead if they find out about this!”

Adam had explained it to her, once upon a time. The ‘Unwritten Rules’. Admittedly, it sounded like utter bullshit to Sherrel. Where was the respect for HER secret identity when Adam and his Merchants came for her in her home after tracking her from the Boat Graveyard?

In the end, Adam had put it best in the same conversation where he’d explained the damn things in the first place. They weren’t really rules... they were more like guidelines. Especially when it came to villains. But the heroes were a little bit better about avoiding stepping on too many toes, usually. Even New Wave, for all that they didn’t bother with secret identities, tended to avoid pissing everyone else off by going after them in their civvies most of the time.

Of course, shit apparently changed. Sherrel is reminded of that Press Conference shit regarding Coil and him getting caught by the authorities. Hadn't Glory Whore rebranded there or something? And joined that new group, Covenant? Heh, their leader 'Portent' was actually pretty hot, not that she'd been dumb enough to say that out loud where Adam could hear.

But then why was she here with Laser Cunt? Had the other blonde also joined Covenant? Fuck maybe she did. But still, that didn't explain why they were being such bitches. They should have explained things to the others, even if they were fresh to the cape scene.

"That's not going to be a problem, Squealer. And you need to calm down. Do I have to knock you out?"

Sherrel grimaces at Glory Whore's threat. She knew full well just how strong the blonde barbie is. She'd even heard the stories of some of her 'accidents'. Word on the street was, Glory Whore would gladly throw a fucking dumpster at you rather than let you get away. And then afterwards, she'd have Panacea heal your broken, mangled body IF she was feeling nice.

Of course, then all that shit between Panacea and New Wave happened and suddenly Glory Whore was being a lot more careful according to the rumors. Almost like she didn't have her get out of jail free card anymore.

Except... now Covenant was sponsored by Panacea. And Glory Whore was part of Covenant. Fuck...

"I'll be good. Fuck, just... fine! Don't fucking break my bones you ape bitch!"

The grip on her neck tightens a bit as Glory Whore growls.

“Seriously? Maybe don’t call me an ape bitch then, you trailer park trash cunt.”

“Vicky!”

Sherrel grimaces, even as Laser Cunt tells the other blonde off. Glory Whore loosens up a bit, though not enough for Sherrel to risk lunging forward and trying to escape again. Oh how she wants to. Every fiber of her being wants to barrel towards any exit she can get to. Or turn and run for one of her babies. Fuck. Shit. Fuck.

“Let’s just... bag her and get out of here, yeah?”

Bag her? What the fuck does that mean? Sherrel yelps when she finds out a moment later as a bag is thrust over her head. It smells like car parts and gasoline and all that good stuff, so she knows they just grabbed the closest thing they could be find. Wiggling, she tries to fight a bit, only for Glory Whore to wrap her arms tightly around her midsection and whisper into her ear through the bag.

“I’d calm down if I were you. We’re about to be hundreds of feet up in the air, so unless you want to take a drop you’d almost certainly not survive, you should be very, very still so I can concentrate and hold onto you.”

Sherrel stiffens at that, even as she feels her feet leave the ground. And a moment later, there’s wind across her body as well, giving truth to Glory Whore’s words.

... Hang on a second. This didn’t feel like an arrest. Were they... were they fucking kidnapping her?! And what was that bullshit earlier about being RESCUED?!

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Flying is short, at least. The wait afterwards, however, is not. They keep the bag over Sherrel's head for way too long after getting her wherever they've taken her. She would have torn it off herself, but she finds herself strapped to a fucking bed of all things, her wrists and ankles bound in place.

Sherrel struggles, of course, but she's not exactly equipped for escape. The most she manages to do is accidentally get one of her tits to flop out of her tank top. She can't even get the bag off her fucking head...

By the time someone new finally arrives, the high from earlier has honestly worn off and Sherrel just feels tired... and more than a little afraid.

"Err... why is one of her tits out?"

Flushing at the sound of a male voice, Sherrel growls when Glory Whore answers a moment later.

"She did that to herself. I had to fly her over here, I wasn't going to touch her more than I had to. Especially if she was just going to do it again?"

Under the bag, Sherrel flushes. It wasn't like she was trying to pop a tit out in the first place! She wouldn't have done it again!

"Vicky... Crystal? Can one of you please..."

"Fine, fine. I'll get it."

Laser Cunt's voice along with the sound of footsteps signals her approach. Sherrel blushes a little as her breast is rather unceremoniously popped

back into her straining top. There's nothing at all sexual about the gesture, and in fact it's done with a certain degree of contempt. A moment after that, the bag is yanked off of her head and Sherrel blinks rapidly as she's forced to adjust to the light.

She's expecting to have been brought to some fucking dungeon or something, or at least a rundown warehouse... something like that. Instead, it feels like she's in a goddamn hospital room. Except obviously they wouldn't bring her to a hospital so... the Laverre Clinic, maybe?

Just as she's having that thought, the door opens again to admit the woman herself. Amelia Laverre walks in and looks Sherrel over with a frown before looking over at Portent.

"Are you sure about this?"

Portent nods.

"Everyone deserves a second chance."

Amelia sighs.

"Fine, but I don't do brains. Which means even if I clean her up, she's going to have to fight through the addiction on her own. She's going to have to want it."

Wait, what were they even talking about? Sherrel narrows her eyes as the healer bitch formerly known as Panacea begins to close in on her.

"Hey... the fuck do you think you're doing? What was that about cleaning me up? I don't need you doing shit to me! You hear me bitch, I don't want your goddamn healing!"

Glory Whore and Laser Cunt move in to stop Sherrel's thrashing, but if she's being honest... that's not what stops her in her tracks. Rather, it's the look in Amelia Lavere's eyes and the small smile on her lips as she reaches out to her.

"I don't really care."

What?! That was bullshit! Everyone knew Panacea ALWAYS asked for permission before healing anyone! That was like, one of her golden fucking rules! But then... this wasn't Panacea anymore, was it?

Amelia grasps hold of Sherrel's arm with her hand and almost immediately, Sherrel begins to sweat and pant. Holding up her other hand to ward off questions, the healer just grunts.

"Better to have her sweat all this shit out of her system. Fuck she's done a number on herself. Almost done. And... done."

Looking down at her, Amelia's evil smile grows a bit.

"You are now the healthiest you've ever been in your life. Brand new organs, brand new body. Same fucked up brain though, so good luck with that."

Before Sherrel can even muster up a response, Amelia lets go of her and turns away, walking back to Portent with a sigh.

"I have faith that you know what you're doing, Portent. And don't forget, I still want that one-on-one session later."

"R-Right... of course, Amelia."

And just like that, the healer is gone. Sherrel stares after her blankly for a moment before looking around the rest of the room with a gulp. There's Portent of course. And then Weaver, who honestly has a pretty cool but also somewhat terrifying costume. Glory Whore and Laser Cunt as well. And finally, there's just some blonde chick sitting in a chair, staring at Sherrel rather intensely.

Portent steps forward and Sherrel's attention focuses on him. He's even more handsome in person than he was at the press conference, she absently notes. And that's with him in costume too. There's just this... aura to him that can't be denied.

He pulls up a chair and sits down in it, smiling apologetically.

"I wish we could meet under better circumstances... Gearshift."

Sherrel jolts, eyes widening at a name she'd long tried to bury and not think about anymore. Instinctively, she shakes her head.

"I... I dunno what you're talking about. Who the fuck is Gearshift?"

Rather than call her bluff, which even Sherrel knows is fucking weak as shit, Portent just sighs.

"Let's discuss what's happened so far today, alright? And then you can decide what you want to happen next."

What?

"After you were removed from the scene, Weaver and I hit the Merchant Stash House where Mush was sleeping, pulling him into a Cape Fight. We

sandbagged long enough for Skidmark to finally show up fifteen minutes into the battle in one of his subordinates' cars, where he was yelling and screaming angrily about where you were."

Sherrel curses under her breath at that. It's all too easy for her to imagine it. He would have been angry enough getting woken up by a phone call about the fight with Mush. But then to find out she wasn't at his side or in her garage across the street? Adam would have been furious that he had to ride to the battle in a shitty normal vehicle...

"At which point, Weaver and I insinuated several times that you had betrayed the Merchants and sold Skidmark and Mush out."

Wait, what? Sherrel's eyes are wide as Portent lays that on her like... like he's reading a goddamn grocery list!

"You fucking what?! Why the fuck would you do that?! Skidmark will fucking kill me, you douchebag!"

Portent just shakes his head, still smiling apologetically.

"That won't happen because once Skidmark and Mush were fighting us with all they had... Weaver and I stopped sandbagging, capturing them and all of the unpowered Merchants on the scene."

Wait...

"We just got done turning them over to the PRT and Protectorate less than an hour ago. As of this moment, the Merchants no longer exist, Gearshift."

The fuck... but...

“W-What about me though?! They aren’t just going to let you have me!”

Silence reigns at that and Sherrel’s mouth drops open in disbelief. Portent just shrugs.

“Legend and I talked. He’s under the impression that you turned on the Merchants for the chance to join Covenant and turn your life around. I didn’t disabuse him of that lesson, so as of this moment you’re being given a second chance, so long as you keep your head down and are willing to work with us.”

L-Legend?! Sherrel knew the Hero was in the city, obviously, but it hadn’t dawned on her just what that meant until now. Or that Portent apparently had the ability to just ‘talk’ to the fucking leader of the goddamn Protectorate and get him to... sign off on something like this!

“As far as most people are concerned, Squealer left town this morning. Where she went... who can say, in the end. And whenever Gearshift is finally ready to make her debut... it will be without any of that baggage weighing her down.”

Sherrel’s mouth opens and closes in disbelief. This... this wasn’t... he couldn’t... they shouldn’t...

This couldn’t possibly be happening.

... Could it?

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!

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A/N: Will try to keep this up to date at the end of every chapter, get on me if I forget please. Though if it gets too out of hand, might have to change it at some point.

Jason's current banked points:

100 Celestial Points

Jason's current banked power:

= Iron Fist (200 Points)

Jason's current powers:

= Flash Air (Gained in Chapter 1

= Transformation Pendant (Gained in Chapter 4)

= Keen Eye (Gained in Chapter 4)

= Blood, Death, and Demons (Gained in Chapter 6)

= Alchemical Prodigy (Gained in Chapter 8)

= Staff of Magnus (Gained in Chapter 13)

= Bind and Seal (Gained in Chapter 17)

= Hero of a Hundred Faces: Everyone's Leader (Gained in Chapter 20)

= Minor Regeneration via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 23)

(Taylor got Major Agility, Vicky got Major Intelligence)

= Restraining Order (Gained in Chapter 25)

= Focus (Gained in Chapter 28)

= Scarborough Fair (Gained in Chapter 30)

= Chaos Magic (Gained in Chapter 36)

= Major Regeneration via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 40)

(Taylor, Vicky, and Amy all got Minor Regeneration)

= A Collection of Magic Rings (x6 Cursed Rings, x12 Drawback Rings, x6 Buff Rings) (Gained Chapter 44)

= Jason: T3 Armor Ring + Blue Ring, Taylor: T3 Armor Ring + Expert's Ring, Vicky: Red Ring + T2 Heart Ring, Amelia: T3 Armor Ring + T2 Heart Ring (Handed out Chapter 46)

= Lucky Charm (Gained in Chapter 51)

(Currently worn by Jason as of Ch. 51)

= Presidential Suit (Gained in Chapter 52)

(Currently reshaped to be Jason's new costume while still looking like the old costume Parian made for him as of Chapter 56)

= Taylor, Vicky, and Amy all get Major Regeneration via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 57)

= Jason gains Major Intelligence via Blood Empowerment Ritual (Gained in Chapter 58)

(Crystal and Lisa both get Minor Regeneration)

= Second Skin (Gained in Chapter 58)