

<Mercy> ***Session 165***

<Mercy> On the group's way back to the underground train station called Sanctuary that had become a small, secluded (and rather misguided) city after the bombs fell, they encountered the masked unicorn stallion who had hijacked the city's internal communication network to broadcast his message of dissent against the over controlling, and downright lying, ruling council.

<Mercy> The masked stallion, who when asked referred to himself as 'the Brother of Hermes', gave the group an old keycard and requested that they take a look at a now-abandoned section of Sanctuary. Section 66, to be exact.

<Mercy> Section 66 and the surrounding labs had belonged to the Department of Magical Studies and Geneology, and was heavily (and hurriedly) sealed off behind blast doors and lies. Inside was where the department had carried out its most insidious and sinister experiments, like classrooms devoted to teaching advanced magic to scarily powerful children.

<Mercy> The group soon discovered that these children, and their unnaturally potent abilities, were the result of generations upon generations of selective breeding, careful upbringing, and, in some cases more than others, even genetic enhancements.

<Mercy> Over 200 years of rampant scientific progress and an ever diminishing set of ethics had resulted in a fluke. A filly they, perhaps sacrilegiously, named 'Celeste' who was far beyond the scientist's most optimistic projections. Far beyond anything that should have been possible. Far beyond even her own ability to control her powers.

<Mercy> So much so that even in death she still lingers, the psychic imprint of her distraught emotions being manifested in the physical world. Anger at being locked away as those she cares about are hurt, the anguish of a mother whose daughter was stolen from her, and the fear of a child left all alone in the dark.

<Mercy> Most of the group had actually met Celeste's daughter before, although briefly. Magicka was a mare who was at least as magically gifted as her mother, but who was much more comfortable with her power. While the notes on Celeste said she seemed like she grew up as a volatile scientific concoction who struggled at times to remain stable, Magicka was a natural.

<Mercy> Magicka choosing her own name with her first word was, perhaps, a sign.

<Mercy> Yet Magicka is even more trapped than her mother. Little more than a puppet, her actions and thoughts bound and censored by a deeply rooted psychological program of control and obedience. The pony holding those strings is Twitmyer, the current head of the Department who performed these atrocities. A pony who had chained a god.

<Mercy>

<Mercy> Celeste's vision of Twitmyer, a horrifying manifestation of a sinister controlling adult as seen through her childish, terrified eyes, had appeared blocking the way to the scientists private offices. Offices which included Twitmyer's own. A place which, even while Twitmyer was just the previous department head's assistant, must have frightened Celeste deeply. And a place which may hold clues about Magicka's psychological conditioning.

<Mercy>

<Mercy> After being chased by the Twitmyer-monster, the group followed Celeste's invitation and fled to her room. There they spoke to Celeste while she was in a place where she could be in control of herself. It was while talking with her that Jasmine and the others came to realize that all the otherworldly things happening here, including the Twitmyer-monster, were all coming from her. Even if Celeste herself didn't know it.

<Mercy> At first Celeste didn't believe Watch, Jasmine, Milia, and the others when they promised to protect her and to help Magicka. She was shy and scared, but slowly, warmed by the group's sincerity, kindness, and friendship, Celeste began to trust you. Tea parties are best solution.

<Mercy>

<Mercy> After some discussion, the group came up with a plan to help Celeste and her daughter. Jasmine had the idea of using Mommy Teddy, a cuddly toy with great emotional significance to both Magicka and Celeste, as a means of letting Celeste leave the lab.

<Mercy> When this didn't seem possible, Milia suggested using Lavender Dream's talents, as a Spirit of Memories, to infuse Mommy Teddy with Celeste's memories and emotions. The love she felt for her daughter and her rage towards Twitmyer. It was hoped that such a potent and intense burst of memories and emotions would help to break Magicka free of the control Twitmyer holds over her.

<Mercy> Lavender believed it was worth a shot, and Celeste agreed to help in any way she could, although some members of the group very rightly worried about what might happen if a being as powerful as Magicka had a freak out anywhere near a populated area...

<Mercy>

<Mercy> Milia, Celeste, and a pony-sized Lavender Dream performed their ritual around the bedroom's little table, pouring Celeste's hope and love and indignant rage into Mommy Teddy, turning the plush into a vessel for the ghost-mare's emotions. As the ritual comes to an end, Mommy Teddy seems to glow with a faint rainbow of light, before it fades into the toy's soft fabric.

<Mercy> *Session Begins*

* Berry stares at the rainbow thingie and is amazed! magic toys are best toy, and by far "woah! that's the best teddy ever!" also, she has a pony plushie, so she doesn't really feel jelly about the teddy toy. different tastes are different

* Berry "so, uhm... what now? we got and make tits mayor say he's sorry for being a meh friend?"

* Artifica considers that a fairly good if censored explanation of what now.

* Milia stays silent for several long moments after the glow of spirit magic fades. There are dark, tired circles underneath her eyes, the mare suddenly looking as though she had gone days without sleep. Without so much as a single word, Milia rises to four shaky hooves, trots around the small table to Celeste... before collapsing and burying her muzzle into the the filly's chest. Like

* Milia a child fleeing to her mother for comfort, Milia sobs into the ghost-mare's fur, giving no thought to how odd such a sight must look.

* Berry flapflaps next to stripeymom, a bit concerned, but is not sure if scary or simply worrying, so decides to perform the standard first aid procedure.

* Jasmine_Mistplume smiles softly at Celeste. "We'll be back as soon as we can, ok? And We'll bring Magicka with us! I give you my honor as an aspiring hero!" she motions to draw an X on her breast with a talon and nods.

* Watch is now known as Watch|

* Berry patpats mom's nearest part (probably a hoof of the plot) and says softly "there, there..."

<Lucky_Stars> Lucky slinks along with the rest of the group.

* Artifica moves to hug Milia, letting her wife rest against her.

<Mercy> Celeste looks... surprised? Or perhaps shocked as Milia embraces her, but the filly's grown-up eyes start to tear up, betraying how much she's missed holding another pony like this. How much she's missed just /being/ with other ponies. Celeste embraces Milia with her hooves, and Berry and Artifica when they join her, and starts to cry.

* Berry smiles at hornymom performing the standar procedure a lot better

* Watch| also joins into the group hug...may as well make it a big ol Hug pile!

<Mercy> Lavender Dream shrinks down, her own eyes starting to stream, and seeks comfort in Mercy's warm fluffy chest.

<Mercy> Mercy snuggles her sister close, stroking Lavender's mane while the other spirit cries into her fur.

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* Milia sobs for minutes that feel like they bleed into hours. She couldn't have possibly imagined. How intensely overwhelming such a ritual would be. How she would see /everything/ in such horrific clarity as it passed through her body and soul, imprinting upon her as though they were her own memories. The mare is trembling as the embrace of the warm hug wraps around her, and ever so

* Milia slowly, the tension in her body starts to drain, muffled, sorrowful sobs receding gradually into mere sniffles. The fur on her face is matted with tears and her mane is mildly disheveled as she withdraws her muzzle from Celeste's chest.

<Mercy> She looks up at Jasmine_Mistplume, who already seemed ready to head out and Hero it up. "We may need a minute or two here, Jas."

* Jasmine_Mistplume backs up slightly, and rubs the back of her head awkwardly. "...Right! right...."

* Artifica whispers, "Love?"

* Milia looks to her friends and family, and to Celeste, taking several deep, measured breaths in an attempt to calm herself. "**Sniff*... Y-yeah... I'm... I'm here..." she murmurs back to her wife. "...I'm okay."

<Mercy> Celeste trembles as she cries, but the presence of the group brings her comfort. With Watch| joining their hug as well, her sobs calm and quieten.

<Watch|> "We'll save her...and everything...will be fine." Watch says softly. "That's a promise from all of us!"

<Mercy> Celeste nods at Watch|, sniffing as her hooves release Milia and Artifica and Berry and the hug ends. "R-right," she says softly, smiling. "We'll save her."

* Red_Mage (~WebChat@Pony-ooh.sl4.76.208.IP) has joined

* Berry smiles at celeste "or we make our usual mess! but it will be a great ride anyway, just tag along!"

<Watch|> "No. Not this time. No Mess. We've got to start saving ponies"

* Milia drags herself up to a standing position, wobbling slightly as her body is freed from the soft, warm cocoon of hugs. It wasn't fair. She had wanted to stay like that forever. Where none of the hurt could get her /or/ Celeste. It was a nice thought, at least.

* Milia looks to Mommy Teddy, up until now having given no thought to if the ritual had actually worked. But as she stares at the fluffy toy, she starts to notice. How it stands out against the backdrop of the rest of the room. How the red bow tied neatly around its neck seems just a little too vivid, and how its button eyes glimmered just a little too much. Everything about it was just

* Milia a little too real. A subtle change, but the weight of the memories they had implanted into it was plain as day to see. It had worked.

* Artifica keeps next to Milia, letting her wife feel her presence, her body heat. Ready to be leaned on if needed, or just to be a reminder that there was someone to lean on.

* Berry gets up after group therapy and waits for the caravan to start moving for the next stop. probably more tea? who knows

<Artifica> "Shall I carry it?" Artifica asks, following Milia's gaze.

* Milia looks back to her wife, a beacon of warmth and love and motherly kindness, and smiles. "...I think that would be best," she replies softly. "I can't think of anyone who would take better care of it."

<Mercy> Lavender lingers in Mercy's embrace. "I-it's been a long time since I performed a ritual like that. I remember it being draining, even then, but this was so much more intense." She looks at the teddy bear on the table, the center of their performance, and then over at Celeste. Lavender smiles. "I think this will definitely be worth it."

* Berry looks at jasmine "soooo... last bird or donkey going on scout mission is a rotten carrot?" then lowers her body for a running start

<Red_Mage> "Well, if it isn't...I doubt we'll have much time to care."

<Mercy> Mercy sweeps Lavender into a loving, affection, obviously lewd dip-kiss, before letting her sister go so they can both rejoin Milia.

<Watch|> "Much...as I love hug circles...we need to get moving..."

* Jasmine_Mistplume looks down towards Berry. "Hmm.... that might not be a bad idea!" she turns to the others. "Im gonna check up ahead with Berry while everyone gets ready!"

<Watch|> "Not just for Magicka...but there are other ponies waiting on us." Watch says slowly standing.

<Watch|> "I'll go with you two"

* Berry smiles and trots along with jasmine

<Mercy> Celeste stands. "Okay I'm... I'm ready to face The Profess- to face Twitmyer back in the lab. I think," she says, her nervousness clear in her voice.

* Artifica gently picks up Mommy Teddy and places her safely in her saddlebags.

<Mercy> The teddy bear feels strangely heavy as Artifica lifts it, but it is a reassuring weight. Similar to the feeling she gets with Berry lying on her back.

* Watch| follows along with those two. He was only reaffirmed by this newest duty. He wasn't going to let the ponies of new hope down.

* Milia nuzzles her wife affectionately. "I love you so much, sweetie..." She then looks down to Celeste and gives her a reassuring smile. "We'll be with you. Let's go."

* Berry puts on her baba loey hat and her super hero mask while trotting

<Mercy> Celeste nods at Milia and takes a deep breath, before trotting out of the bedroom door with Jasmine_Mistplume, Berry, Watch| and the others.

* Berry "so, you see? there's nothing to be scared of!" points a hoof in front of her "nothng at all!"

* Milia turns to follow, trotting side by side with her darling wife. As Lavender and Mercy take their place upon her mane, she looks up to the memory spirit. "You okay, sis?" she whispers.

<Mercy> The group walk back through the short corridor they'd run through before, passing the door to an 'Exercise' room to head back into the main lab... Where the Twit-monster presumably awaited them.

* Berry is not scared at all, probably because you have to realize the danger to be scared of it

<Mercy> Lavender gets a squeeze from Mercy before she answers Milia. "I'm fine. We did something very important. Something I'm very proud to have been a part of." She smiles, "Now it's everyone else's turn to get to help."

<Mercy> The door to the main lab opens, and there the Twitmyer-monster stands. Right where you left it. You aren't sure if it moved at all since then. Larger than life, its proportions skewed like a picture drawn in real time from a low-down child's perspective, the monster grins with its overly wide mouth filled with sinister teeth.

* Berry sighs and takes a step towards the thing "hey you, boring mc-boredom, king of bored ponies! i has news for you!" makes a pause "you are not interesting! so, if you want to be friends start acting like a good mannered colt, or go trying to scare yourself in your room!"

* Jasmine_Mistplume holds up a talon and waggles it at the Twitmonster. "Ah-ah-ah! Nope! You aren't scaring anyone anymore today, bub!"

<Mercy> Each of the corners of the large lab is a separate section devoted to its own field. Running between each corner in a clear corridor, forming a + sign between each of the four sides of the square room.

<Mercy> The space around Twitmyer is blackened and distorted, stretched and shrunken and bulging at the same time, like placing a magnet against an old computer monitor. Dangling from one hoof is a beautiful white filly-puppet. The reality-altering distortion is coming from her.

* Milia smiles warmly at the response, reassured by her sister's words. Her smile is shortlived, however, fading as soon as they approach the main lab. Time (and tea) had dulled the edge of fear she had felt the first time they had been through here... but as she sets eyes upon the monstrosity awaiting them, a familiar chill runs up her spine. She wouldn't be getting anywhere near that

* Milia thinks if she could help it.

* Berry stares at the doll, her eyes growing three times in size "plushie!" the filly darts at the toy trying to hug it

<Mercy> The monster smiles, gesturing towards the group, towards Celeste, and the warping distortion spreads towards you... "NO!" Celeste yells, taking a step forward and stomping her hoof down.

* Artifica steps forward with Celeste, intent on keeping Mommy Teddy forward. "Berry, stay!" she chides.

* Berry groans but stops her rush, sitting where she is. why does she have to be such a good filly! a punk filly would have ignored mom and got the pretty plushie... still, a punk filly would have hated a white plushie, so... uhm... okay

<Mercy> The monster stops, its smile unmoving, and its head cocks at a sudden 45 degree angle. "Magicka isn't yours!" Celeste continues as Artifica steps up next to her, her voice growing in strength with every word. "These ponies... my friends are going to rescue her! /We're/ going to rescue her!"

* Watch| feels the overwhelming urge to pose and thus does so. Celeste had given them the bad ass boast and it Behooved them to follow through with it! And putting on a smile like he'd seen some heroes put on. "That's right!" He'd add in his support to her statement!

<Mercy> The monster... frowns. Its smile doesn't move but it becomes somehow less smiley. The strings that connect his hoof to the Magicka puppet start to snap, with more breaking away as Watch| adds his support.

* Watch| points to the creature. "You've no more power here!...or Anywhere else. Celeste and Magicka are going to be free!" He was starting to feel the hotblooded of his Stone'y form in a good way right now!

* Berry feels a change in the wind. sniffs the air and whispers "a climax..." turns to serious pone in a split second, lowers the hat on her eyes and grabs the guitar, starting to play a fitting final confrontation boss fight music

* Jasmine_Mistplume steps up next to Celeste, and then hops into the air, hovering there with her arms crossed. "Dont'cha know? The bad guys never win! And you are oooooone baaaad guuuuuy! You cant rule through fear if no one fears you! Youre just a big dummy with no power!"

* Lucky_Stars speaks up. "What you've done is unforgivable. You're going down."

* Artifica smiles. "Good Berry. That's the song."

* Berry and she just said

<Berry> "ok"

* Milia swallows dryly and stands her ground. She was admittedly less gung-ho than her friends... but even exhausted and emotionally tapped as she was, their confidence was rubbing off on her. She offers no defiant shouts of her own. Only a quiet call to action up to her tiny soul-mate. "[Strange Mercy]"

<Mercy> Celeste's confidence grows as Jasmine_Mistplume and Lucky_Stars add their voices of support, the filly-ghost taking another step forwards with Berry's song at her back. "I'm not afraid of you anymore!" More inky black strings snap and the monster seems to be shrinking.

<Mercy> Mercy flares to full size above Milia, hovering in the air with her hooves crossed in the same pose as Jasmine_Mistplume, forming an imposing symmetry with the young griffin. "Yeah! You are going doooooown! And not in the good way."

<Mercy> Celeste takes a deep breath. "You have no power over me!"

<Mercy> The Twit-monster staggers like it has been struck, and the puppet falls, as if in slow motion, from its grasp.

* Berry starts walking around the room while playing the guitar in a crescendo

<Mercy> Lavender gasps, watching the Magicka-puppet fall. "Berry, catch her!"

* Berry opens a wing to grab the puppet as it falls, and give monster the mariachi move

<Mercy> Berry gives Twitmyer a satisfying *Whack!* to the face in the same graceful movement she catches the falling puppet, continuing her song and her mariachi-style playing back towards the group.

<Mercy> Mercy fist-pumps in the air and cheers, "Yeah, get him Berry!" before dropping back into a fighting stance as the monster stirs.

* Berry offers the plushie to anypony wanting to grab it

<Mercy> Twitmyer rises up, now only a head taller than a regular pony, but still creepy and imposing. Its sinister smile has twisted into a snarl of rage, and it screeches an unholy sound as it lunges towards Berry and the group, stretching out inky-black tentacle-like tendrils formed from the ooze that seeps from its body.

<Lucky_Stars> "Oh, GROSS." She grabs her hammer.

* Jasmine_Mistplume charges forward as Twitmyer lunges at Berry, unafraid of the desperate monster

* Artifica reaches out with her magic and takes the plushie that Berry offers.

* Artifica has quit (Ping timeout: 121 seconds)

* Kkat (Mibbit@Pony-t2i7e6.res.rr.com) has joined

* Kkat is now known as Pony_78982

* Pony_78982 is now known as Artifica

* Milia is the furthest away from the mockery of a pony... but she is the first to follow up upon Berry's attack. Her eyes alight with righteous fire, the zebra's link with Mercy sends the passion spirit forward to descend upon the twisted Twitmyer faster than a single hurried syllable could leave a pony's lips. The passion spirit collpases on him like a descending sun, lashing out with

* Milia a fully of rapidfire strikes too quick to follow, leaving horrific burns with even the merest brushing of her hooves.

<Mercy> The monster reels from this onslaught, it's tendrils lashing out at Mercy in retaliation but the spirit's unnatural agility lets her dart away in time.

<Mercy> Two powerful TK bullets knock Twitmyer off its hooves, but Red_Mage's follow up uses the last of the magical reserves the stallion had left. Fire lances from his horn but cuts off early, his spell dying with a sudden *k-thung!* like a blocked drain.

* Jasmine_Mistplume rushes at the twitmonster, and slices at the tendrils that were lunging at Berry first, before she darts around the monster, flying gracefully and dodging and weaving through flailing tentacles, countering with her own clawed fury, bringing them down on each and every tendril in her sights.

<Watch|> "Artifica!" Watch cries out. "Most of us are pretty beat up!...Cast your healing spell...my magic will carry it through to all of us!" Watch declares his horn glowing in preparation.

He had already prepared the spell before this conflict had gone off and so now he focused on putting something else...into action with a roar he once again provided the spell-

* Berry the donkey simply sits where the monster tried to hit her before the others kicked in and blows a raspberry at him "and if you think you can stop us then you need to think again... because we share a feeling and that will never end we won't let you hurt our people, we won't let you hurt our friends"

<Watch|> That he had so many other times cast. However something about this Massive stone wall of magic seemed uncannily different...in part because Jasmine seemed halfway through the wall...seemingly able to pass through it freely?!

<Mercy> Jasmine's lightning claws carve out chunks of inky blackness as she cuts at the tendrils, each blow leaving a bright blazing slash in the air with an afterimage that lingers for seconds. One tentacle is completely severed, while the others writhe and flail outwards.

* Artifica nods to Watch. Her horn glows fiercely as the unicorn whose mane looks like ice cream pours healing magic into Watch's spell, spreading it to all of her friends and family.

* Lucky_Stars smiles as she's reinvigorated. She was looking to hammer this gross thing soooo hard.

* Watch| rapidly focuses his magic into Arti's magic almost in sync..to his surprise she was a faster caster than even he was He manages to keep up his efforts nicely though!

* Lucky_Stars manages to find a spot to hide. When she's sure the monster doesn't notice her, she uses the moment to strike.

<Lucky_Stars> Lucky charges the Monster, and delivers a double-slam with her hammer. She wasn't sure it was going to go down that easy, so she'd slip back behind cover.

<Mercy> Lucky's hammer strikes the Twit-monster like an angry bolt of lightning, causing the beast to stagger as she slips back out of sight...

<Mercy> ***Continued next time, in G4 Tea Parties are Magic***