

<Mercy> ***Session163***

<Mercy> The spectre of Sherbert smiles. Proudly, widely, manically. "The rising star of the Department of Magical Studies and Geneology, my assistant..." Sherbert's voice slows to a drawling crawl, like a talking children's toy whose batteries were running flat. "M..y.. a..s..s..i..s..t..a..n..t..."

<Mercy> "P..r..o..f..e..s..s..o..r.. T..w..i..t..m..y..e..r..."

<Mercy>

<Mercy> Standing in front of the personal offices door, about twice as big as he should be, is a pale blue unicorn stallion in a white lab coat. The stallion's proportions are all wrong. Not just larger than life, but skewed. Like a fish-eye picture taken from low down... or a flat children's drawing drawn from a foal's perspective brought to life.

<Mercy> Black filth oozes from the stallion's nose and eyes and widely smiling mouth. It seeps from under his clothes, draining colour from what it touches. Reality seems to bend around this monstrosity, like a magnet being placed against a computer screen, his presence disruptive, abhorrent, and upsetting. The black strings are his.

<Mercy> The towering Twitmyer-monster smiles wider. Wider than his face. He tugs on the strings and the other scientists clap wildly. His black, oozing eye sockets sweep the room... and settle on the group. He raises his right hoof.

<Mercy> Dangling from that hoof, attached to its own set of little black strings, is a beautiful white doll, about the size of a filly, but compared the monster she looks about as big as Mercy or Lavender. A long white mane and innocent red eyes... the 'puppet' is unmistakably Magicka.

<Mercy>

<Mercy> "Run! T-this way!" filly-Celeste pleads, before dashing through the open door into the corridor that leads to [Exercise] and [Magicka's Room].

<Mercy> The group hurtles down the short corridor, passing a closed door in a blur to run through the open door ahead of them. [Magicka's Room]

<Mercy>

<Mercy> (Room Description)

<Mercy> The room is pleasantly decorated in pinks and light pastels. A bed with a soft duvet and pretty covers sits in a corner against the wall, next to a low bedside table and well-stocked bookshelf. A small group of cuddly toys lie on the bed, with one particularly raggedy

well-hugged teddy bear doll tucked in beside the pillows while the other toys sit on top the covers.

<Mercy> Another bed sits against the same wall, this bed smaller and plainer with a simple metal frame. This bed is neatly made with well tucked-in sheets and has a thin, basic blanket rather than a duvet. There are many more cuddly toys on this bed, which otherwise doesn't actually look like it was ever used by anypony. Certainly not frequently.

<Mercy> A simple door connects to an en suite bathroom, just a w/c and a sink.

<Mercy> There's a desk for writing and drawing, and boxes for toys, and a chest of drawers for clothes, and a table with a few chairs. Fluffy toys sit on the table, mid-tea party.

<Mercy> In the corner, near another bookshelf, is a pile of colorful cushions and fluffy toys that would make for a very comfortable lounging area. Celeste lies curled up in the pile, listening to a lullaby coming from the music tape player in her hooves.

<Mercy> -

<Mercy> Artifica looks to Milia. Then scoots closer to her. Then wraps her in a hug. "We're safe..." for now, at least.

<Mercy> * Milia sinks into her wife's hug, at last letting herself relax. The softly lilting song drifting from her lips sounds just a little bit more at ease.

<Mercy> * Jasmine_Mistplume sits down next to Milia, keeping herself closeby in case something sudden happened again. She nods at Milia, and then looks over towards Celeste/ "Heya.... Im Jasmine. I'm gonna be a hero someday. So I promise to protect you, ok? How long have you lived here?"

<Mercy> <Lucky_Stars> "I'm not sure I get what's going on with that thing, you know something we don't, Milia?"

<Mercy> * Milia takes a deep breath as her song trails off. The shivering had stopped. That was good. To Lucky, she eventually responds, "No. At least, I don't think so. All I know is what my gut tells me. And what my gut was telling me is that if we stayed there for even a second longer... there would be less of us standing in this room right now."

<Mercy> * Milia speaks in a lower voice, so as not to let the filly in the corner hear, as she continues, "You saw the tapes... Celeste could paste every single one of us in here effortlessly. She's way beyond our level. And when we saw her back out in that central frozen chamber, the mere sight of that black filth was enough to make even her flee for her life. We can't fight it. Not how we usually do, at least."

<Mercy> <Watch> "Who...is he." Watch says his protective instincts rising up. "We'll keep you safe."

<Mercy> Celeste glances at Jasmine, her eyes unsure. Disbelieving. She turns those same eyes on Watch when he promises a similar thing. "Y-you can't. P-Professor Twitmyer already has Her... has Magi. He's too strong!" The red-maned filly starts to shiver.

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<Mercy> * Watch 's eyes gleam a bit in barely restrained anger before he calms himself. "And what is he going to do with her...or use her for."

<Mercy> * Red_Mage turns back to Celeste. "Celeste, Twitmyer isn't a pony, is he?"

<Mercy> Celeste looks at Red_Mage in confusion. "I- I don't understand?" To Watch she answers, "H-he tells her what to do. He makes her use magic. He makes her hurt ponies."

<Mercy> -

<Mercy> * Jasmine_Mistplume nods, and glances at the door they came in from. "That wasnt Twitmyer back there, right? Just some remnant of something he left behind? When was the last time he was here?"

<Mercy> * Milia eventually speaks up in a low voice to the memory spirit still cradled in her hooves. "Large blocks of memory missing, and she thinks Magicka's her sister... a coping mechanism, you think?" A sad look crosses the passion-zebra's face. What a tragic life they had stumbled upon. "Goddess... Celeste probably doesn't even realize she's'dead'."

<Mercy> Lavender bites her lip as Milia finishes her thought. "She may not..." the spirit answers sadly. Lavender then glances over at Jasmine_Mistplume sitting beside them. "Whatever that was it can't have been the real Twitmyer. We met him and he was nothing like... like that. What we just fled from was more like a nightmare. Controlling and tall and looming in all the wrong ways. An adult seen from a terrified child's eyes."

<Mercy> -

<Mercy> * Milia 's smile hides the grinding of her teeth. So could could vaguely remember them? Interesting. She then asks, "Do you leave your room often?"

<Mercy> Celeste shakes her head at Milia. "N-no. Not anymore. I used to go with my si- with Magi, before." Celeste pulls a red bouncy ball from beneath the cushion pile and tosses it towards Berry.

<Mercy> * Berry hops and chases the ball. yaps at it a couple of times then trots back to the bed, all proud of herself, giving it to celeste

<Mercy> * Milia 's smile sags somewhat. "Right... and before, when you said you think you saw us, back in the great hall... you were running because Twitmyer was reaching out, right? " She

leans in and whispers, "Well, I think we saw him too... coming from behind that big door in the middle. What's in there? Do you know?"

<Mercy> "I think now I mostly sleep," says Celeste, a little distantly, before blinking as Berry returns the ball to her. She smiles and tosses it again, bouncing it off the floor for Berry to chase and catch.

<Mercy> "I used to visit the classroom and the playroom with Magi, like I did with my friends..." the little red filly claps her hooves as she watches Berry's aerial acrobatics and throws the ball again once returned. "The grownups couldn't see me. They were stupid and dumb. Magi insisted they give me a bed in here, too, but we just slept together anyway."

<Mercy> "Through the middle door?" Celeste replies, absently. "At the end is cold and dark. And before that, the cells where they kept Apollo. He was my friend and my..." she glances down at her hooves, shyly, her white cheeks reddening. "I liked him. I used to visit him by myself. They hardly let Magicka visit ever, and he wasn't allowed to tell her..." Celeste stops, looking at the ball in her hooves, before throwing it again for Berry. "The grown ups would be angry if she knew. Angry at her. So I couldn't tell Magi either."

<Mercy> * Milia listens with rapt attention. Apollo. Magicka's father. That poor stallion; what must have ultimately happened to him? In any case, now she was getting somewhere. "...What couldn't you tell her, sweetie?"

<Mercy> <Jasmine_Mistplume> "Angry about what?" Jasmine gets up and moves closer to Celeste, sitting right in front of her, holding out a talon for her to hold, to let her know she was there for her.

<Mercy> Celeste focuses on Jasmine_Mistplume as she approaches, seeing the blue jay-griffin properly for the first time and looking at her with the same wonder as when she'd seen Mercy and Lavender. "You're very pretty," she murmurs, "Magicka liked stories like that. Stories with fairies and dragons and knights. On her birthday she'd ask to visit Polo, so we could all read together..." Celeste glances towards the larger bed, where one teddy was tucked in snugly. "I think she knew I wasn't her sister." Celeste replies, answering Jasmine_Mistplume and Milia in a roundabout way.

<Mercy> * Milia 's mouth falls open. Getting somewhere indeed. "So... you know who Magicka really is, then," she concludes. "I had... wondered."

<Mercy> * Berry trots back with the ball. drops it on the bed and sits next to Celeste, then starts rummaging in her bags

<Mercy> * Berry and finds....

<Mercy> * Berry rarity's cloak! she tries getting it out of the bag, but it is actually tied at her neck, so she starts running in circles trying to wrestle herself! ohnoe! berry starts running faster, and faster and everypony knows how fast that filly can be

<Mercy> * Berry runs faster, lightnings start erupting from the blurry grey ring that the donkey is at the moment

<Mercy> Celeste's voice starts to sound different. Older. A young mare's voice coming from the mouth of a child. "Even despite everything else, we managed to be happy." Her eyes grow cold, her voice spiteful. "Until Twitmyer killed us, and took Magicka away."

<Mercy> Celeste blinks, her expression warming and her voice back to normal. "What's Berry doing? Is she okay?"

<Mercy> * Jasmine_Mistplume just looks at Celeste calmly, making note of her sudden change in voice and demenour, and places a talon gently on her hoof. "We cant change what happened in the past, but we will do everything to make things as right as they can be. She looks at Milia. "Hey, Milly?" She moves over towards Milia, and whispers. "...I think maybe.. she might be at war with herself right now. She might be creating the shivers without even

<Mercy> realizing it."

<Mercy> <Lucky_Stars> "Damn right we will."

<Mercy> * Berry in the meantime, she puts shades on celeste's muzzle and drops the forget me not book in front of her "sign" ZOOM "it" ZOOM "please" ZOOM "!"

<Mercy> * Berry a pink crayon drops on the book.

<Mercy> -

<Mercy> Celeste hardly has time to pick up the crayon (or raise her new shades) before, with a crackle of lightning and a miniature sonic boom, Berry... vanishes.

<Mercy> Berry reappears in a flash, less than the space of one heart beat later, sitting at the head of the biggest cuddly-toy tea party you've ever seen. In that one instant Berry had somehow managed to gather every soft toy she could find in the room and arrange them in neat, concentric rows sitting on the floor around the room's little table.

<Mercy> An incredible... no, an /impossible/ feat of speed and precision. Especially given that the toys were in various places around the room. Berry had even fetched the well-loved soft bear doll that had been carefully tucked in in bed.

<Mercy> *Session Begins*

<Mercy> Celeste gasps, astonished by the party Berry had created for her and the myriad of colorful guests she's gathered in the name of friendship.

* Milia 's ears perk to attention as her daughter erupts into a crack of lightning, only to disappear and reappear moments later... with a positively preposterous number of stuffed animals arranged neatly around the table. She knew her daughter was fast, but...

<Milia> "Sweetie!" she proclaims, awestruck. "How did you do that?!"

* Berry smiles proudly and breaths in to reply...

* Berry "i has no idea!"

* Berry "aren't they pretty?"

* Watch blinks. He doesn't say anything but his thoughts were pretty evident from the quizical look on his face. <did she just teleport?>

<Mercy> After a few moments of shock, Celeste approaches the table to join Berry, bringing the Forget-Me-Not book and the crayon with her. "W-wow..." she breathes, "I forgot we had so many."

* Berry is still smiling with her tongue sticking out of the mouth and all the mane ruffled "too many plushies doesn't exist!"

* Milia visibly slumps at her daughter's answer. Well, she wasn't sure what kind of answer she was expecting... but she should have expected the one she got. "W-well... in any case, that was amazing! I've never seen someone move so fast." She beams a proud smile at her beloved, terrifying donkeydaughter. "Very impressive, love."

<Mercy> Roundabout lifts a pair of Professor Emmett Brown-goggles off of his eyes. "Great scott, Berry! You've outdone yourself this time."

* Artifica applauds Berry.

<Mercy> Mercy and Lavender clap their hooves together like a little pair of cheerleaders, before Mercy suddenly gasps. "Ohh! Idea! You know what always makes things better? A real tea party!"

* Berry is still discharging little static charges on the surrounding things, but the tea party thing already captured her attention "yus! teaparty!"

* Jasmine_Mistplume just stands back, with her arms crossed. She smiles at Berry and Celeste, but she was quite pensive; caught up in her thoughts, tring to think up ideas of how to fix things. She wasnt sure if Celeste could leave... but if she could, then taking her to Magicka came to

mind. If not that, then maybe the reverse. But if they couldn't find a way to stop the shivers, that could be a

* Jasmine_Mistplume problem. The shivers, which Celeste may not even realize she was making.... At least, that was what Jasmine believed.

<Mercy> "We could get out our camping supplies," Lavender suggests, "Just our kettle and a stove to put it on..." she smiles at Mercy, Milia, and Red_Mage, "Heating the water won't be an issue."

* Milia giggles lightly at her tiny twin. "I definitely wouldn't mind something warm and lovely right now to soothe my nerves... I've even got plenty of fresh-adjacent leaves in my bags. I made sure to harvest plenty of 'em back in Aquaria while I was gathering up as many seeds as I could find." She approaches her bags and starts to rummage. "Just give me a moment!"

* Milia takes her sweet time rummaging. While she's delicately sifting through the neatly packed greenery bulging from her bags, she mutters to Jasmine. "I think we need to take her with us."

<Lucky_Stars> Lucky stays quiet. She didn't seem to know what quite to make of the situation.

<Mercy> Celeste lays the Forget-me-not book on the table and signs her name in pink crayon on a blank page. She smiles at Berry as she gives the book and crayon back.

* Jasmine_Mistplume nods. "Yeah... I was thinking that. It could be a problem if shivers appear in a place crowded with innocent people though. And... I don't know if Celeste realizes that she may be the one making them manifest..." she whispers back.

* Berry "puts away the book and licks her new friend. soooo... do you like tea?"

<Mercy> The red-maned filly nods at Berry. "Um, I like it with sugar in." She then shyly adds, trying not to be a bother, "B-but it's okay if there isn't any."

* Berry frowns "isn't tea made of sugar?"

* Milia pulls out a batch of fragrant leaves and cradles them in her hooves. "...She doesn't. I'm almost positive she doesn't, at least. Right now, my working theory is that her form is determined by two things: location and mental state. This room represents safety and happiness for her, and so in here it's easier for her to hold herself together. But when she happens to wander out to

* Milia the rest of the compound... well... you saw the visions. Ain't no good memories to be found out there."

<Mercy> Lavender quietly joins in with Jasmine_Mistplume and Milia from her place on the currently-not-zebra's head. "I think Jasmine is onto something. All the strange other-worldly

things that have happened here, the visions, the things moving, the monsters... I think they're all from her. Representations or manifestations of her fears and shattered emotions."

* Artifica is having similar thoughts to Jasmine's.

<Watch> "We...had kind of figured that out a while ago I thought..." Watch says lumping into the conversation

<Mercy> Celeste giggles at Berry, her face smiling and happy ever since Berry's trick. "It should be!"

* Berry "also, this needs a picture! let's make the purrfect drawing of this party! everypony must be in it!"

* Berry the filly gives some paper and crayons to Celeste, takes some for herself and starts drawing

* Milia nods and continues, "If she can even leave this area... we need to make sure to take an anchor with us so she doesn't absolutely lose it and start vomiting shivers and filth everywhere. That's a spectacularly huge 'if', though. It's also just as possible that she can't exist outside of this part of Sanctuary. I'm not exactly sure what sorts of limitations there are or aren't when

* Milia you're such an unbelievably powerful pony that somehow lives through being /murdered/."

* Jasmine_Mistplume nods at Milia. "Then maybe... we just need something to help her hold onto that safety and happiness. Something cozy for her to focus on.... while we escort her out of here." She looks over to Celeste, and then glances around the room.

<Watch> "well...umm spirit world shennigans are you thing...I can umm try offering maybe the hat from new hope..."

<Watch> "but that's the closest to being relevant..."

<Mercy> Celeste watches Berry for a few moments, then she starts drawing too.

* Jasmine_Mistplume looks at Lavender. "I... dont know much about memory spirits. But I was thinking, maybe we could try and find something here that means a lot to Celeste. Something with powerful positive memories associated with it? Im going to go over and ask Celeste about her favorite things."

* Milia smiles at Jasmine's comment as her gaze slowly wanders over to a particular stuffed animal sitting at the tea party. A well-loved teddybear that had been abruptly woken up from its cuddly nap. "I was more thinking... something that's already got plenty of good memories surrounding it." She looks between Watch Tower, Jasmine and Lavender. "Right now, let's just have some tea with

* Milia her. If she starts to associate us with a feeling of safety, too, then all the better."

<Watch> "...that was the joke Milia." Watch chuckles getting comfortable and casting his protection from anything including lava spell...what tea gets hot sometimes...

<Watch> "Anything that can be done there is all you."

* Jasmine_Mistplume nods at Milia with a smile. "Yeah, I agree."

<Mercy> Lavender rolls her eyes at Watch's "'joke'". "While helping a little filly feel better is a good job for a mom, I think that's something we can all contribute to." Lavender then sighs, looking pensive and unsure, before quietly continuing. "If... if we assume she's something like a ghost, then she may not be able to travel far from her... her remains."

<Watch> "It's a good job for a mom...we've got..." He counts. one two...three four...counting berry as a peer so half... "four and a half?" He pondered if his counting was off before shaking his head. "and...you've got it well underhand...."

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "...We've gotta at least try, right?"

* Milia rises to all fours... or, threes in this case, still clutching the small batch of plants. She's even got a couple stalks of sugar cane hidden in there! "Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of... bringing Magicka here is a sus as fuck prospect at best. I doubt Twitmyer lets her roam far from his greasy little grasp, and he's probably got her so well conditioned she'd erase us from existence

* Milia before we could even /think/ about touching him."

* Berry "i can touch anypony i like!"

* Berry goes "Boop!" on celeste's muzzle

<Mercy> Mercy blinks, trying to follow Watch's count on her hooves and looking confused. "Artifica, Milia... two more?" Mercy suddenly looks panicked, flying up to Lavender and taking her by the shoulders. "Are you a mom?!" Lavender just looks at her. Mercy gasps, "Am I a mom?!?"

<Watch> "Yes." Watch says making a suddenly serious face. "We're all moms now."

* Watch cracks into giggles at that point.

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

* Milia brightens up. "But, we can worry about that later. For now, I think it's time for me to fix us up some tea!" She sing-songs as she hobbles over towards the pot of water and starts a-brewin'. "I hope everyone likes it ♪leaf fla~vored♪!"

<Mercy> "Wait, I got it!" Mercy appears in front of Milia's nose. "You're my mom!" she declares triumphantly. "That makes you a double-mom, and then everything adds up!."

<Red_Mage> "Er, what /kind/ of leaves?"

<Mercy> Mercy nods smugly, as if she'd just solved a complex riddle, but then she blushes at Milia and covers her mouth with her hooves while wiggling back and forth. "But if you're my mom... that makes the things you do to me extra inappropriate!"

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Deciduous leaves, obviously! I know these things. I've got an eye for them" Jasmine exclaims, before making her way to the area where the tea party would be taking place. She sits down right next to Celeste and smiles at her.

* Milia responds to Red Mage, "Green ones?" And to Mercy's proclamation... she blushes. Furiously. At least it helps the water heat up nice and fast! "...I'm your mom /and/ your sister?" she murmurs. And your lover... and your soul-mate... and and and...

<Mercy> Celeste draws and draws. Since Berry had asked for a picture of the tea party, with everyone in it, that's what she draws! She looks up at each member of the group sheepishly as she tries to draw them, furtive glances gradually become proper looks as the activity helps to overcome her shyness. She even gives Jasmine_Mistplume a little smile when the griffin sits next to her.

* Milia looks down, embarrassed. Sometimes, being a shaman was confusing. And sexy. And by sometimes, I mean all the time.

* Red_Mage shrugs. Green at least meant the plant was healthy. Healthy /for/ you was another story, but life without risks would be boring.

* Berry is adding elements of interest to her party: shadow-filly, the friendly cloud, the bearded station master, big bad... stoopid big bad, he is always in the stoopid pictures! mebbe he was related to a certain robbie rotten?

<Watch> "It's a shame this place is teleport warded...I'd just teleport to a lounge or soemthing and raid it for tea..."

* Red_Mage asks hopefully, "Is there perhaps any creamer or sugar around?"

<Mercy> "Umm," Celeste asks Jasmine_Mistplume, shyly, "Could you show me your wings again, um, please? I saw when you stretched before... your feathers are pretty colors." The most-griffin-shaped of the figures Celeste was drawing has her wings open, like a totem pole.

* Milia wastes no time in bringing the teapot around to everyone, dutifully filling up their cups with steamy hot goodness. To the two fillies' cups she adds a half of a sugarcane stalk each, as a special treat. Yes, she fully expected both of them to just start chewing on it and completely ignore the tea. She had just gotten done serving everypony when Red finally speaks up.

* Milia looks sheepishly to the stallion. "Sorry, Red... maybe you can convince one of the girls to share with you?"

<Mercy> "Did somebody say crea-*mmmff!*" "Quiet, Mercy."

* Berry looks in her saddlebags, there's one last pre-war food ration, it could be carrots of cookies, who knows? luck knows!

* Red_Mage waves a hoof. "Nonsense. They can have theirs if supplies are limited." He then follows up, half to himself, "We really should get some proper teamaking supplies, though..."

* Jasmine_Mistplume blinks, and blushes. She stands up and puts a talon behind her head and rubs it awkwardly. "Ehehe... thank you..." and she nods, spreading her wings out for Celeste, in all their glory. "Its all thanks to Milia. I used to only have one wing... but she helped me get my wing back."

* Berry it is sweet! so it can be shared for sweet tea! berry shares

<Mercy> Celeste beams at Jasmine_Mistplume. "Thank you!" and quickly starts coloring in her wings. One with various blues and whites, the other just whites with a few bits of light grey that could sort of give the impression of feathers. Celeste seems quite happy.

* Berry stares at celeste's drawing "wow, you're good!"

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "Of course!" Jasmine beams back at Celeste. "Um, so.. if you dont mind me asking..." Jasmine says, as she holds her pose for Celeste. "Is there anything special and important to you? Something that keeps you happy even when things are kind of hard?"

* Milia smiles at the interaction between Berry, Jasmine and Celeste. If she didn't know better, this whole situation could simply be a heartwarming snapshot of domestic happiness.

* Milia notably, has not touched her tea yet. Her expectant glances shift 'subtly' between the steaming beverage and her tiny little passion spirit sisterdaughterloversoulmate.

* Red_Mage sips his tea slowly.

<Mercy> Celeste also takes a few moments to politely sip her tea. She seems to like it... but she enjoys the sugar cane more, of course (after initially treating it with the wariness that all children treat strange 'veggies' that have been snuck onto their plates.)

* Berry is chewing tea, sugar cane and her share of the sweet all at once, mostly chinking but enjoying it at the same time. dogs, go figure

24Berry is probably chewing some parts of the mug too

<Mercy> The red-maned filly blushes after Berry's compliment. "Th-thank you," she murmurs, before replying to Jasmine_Mistplume. "I like being here, in my room," she says. "Um, when you first came in, I was scared. But you're all nice. I like you. I like having friends."

* Berry nodnods "the best way to have friends is going around and make more! you should try!"

<Mercy> Celeste looks over to the cuddly toys, and lifts out the well-hugged soft bear doll in a dress which had been tucked into bed when the group arrived. It looks hoof-made, unlike some of the others which were likely pre-war and cleaned up. Celeste wraps the bear in her hooves. "This is Mommy Teddy," she says. "She's my favorite, and Magicka's too. We used to bring her everywhere with us."

* Red_Mage glances casually around the assembled group as he finishes up his tea.

<Mercy> Mercy needs no encouragement (or permission) before diving into Milia's untouched tea cup. "Oooooohhh~" she purrs, sinking into the hot water like it was a relaxing bath. Steam soon starts to rise.

* Jasmine_Mistplume smiles softly at Celeste, and then looks at Milia, and gives her a nonverbal nod. She sits back down as Celeste was done drawing her, and picks up her cup of tea and... somehow gives it a sip, despite her beak situation. "Mommy Teddy? I bet she works really hard to keep you safe. Mommies are good at that."

<Artifica> "Thank you."

* Milia gleefully hoists her Mercy-fied tea up and give it a nice, long sip. Her tongue may or may not wander out to show its appreciation for the little bundle of sweetness that had graced her cup. "Hmhmhmhmhm~... Sho shweet~..." she coo's.

* Milia catches Jasmine's look out of the corner of her eye and offers a light nod in return. She was still listening to the exchange between catbirb and filly, of course.

* Red_Mage smirks. "And to think, some of us only have our horns to warm up our tea."

<Lucky_Stars> "Speak for yourself, heh."

* Red_Mage raises an eyebrow at Lucky. "And what secrets of tea-warming have you uncovered?"

* Berry is done chewing her tea, gulps everything with a sound of crashed pottery, metal and stuff and sits next to celeste, but doesn't interrupt the big ponies talking. instead curls there and get some Zs

<Mercy> Celeste nods to Jasmine_Mistplume. "Yeah..." she sets the bear on her lap and continues drawing. Along with the group there are a few other figures as well. A red-maned

white-coated filly, a white-maned black-coated colt, and another filly between them all in white. "Finished!" she announces, showing the picture to Berry and anyone else who cares to look.

* Berry hops up and looks at the picture "wow, these are a lot of ponies! who is this one? and this one? and this one?"

* Red_Mage looks up at the picture, setting down his now empty cup.

<Lucky_Stars> "By heating up the old fashioned way, with a hot plate."

<Mercy> "This one is me," Celeste explains, "This one is 'Polo, and this one is Magi."

* Berry nodnods, then adds "polo? he looks cute!"

* Red_Mage glances over at Lucky. "Well...yes. That works too, and without all the magical exertion. And the need for heat-based spells." He pauses and rubs the back of his neck with a forehoof. "...I suppose that /does/ make it a better choice overall."

<Lucky_Stars> "Yeah, but I can't really show off, now can I?"

* Milia releases a sigh of Mercy-tea filled happiness and offers, "I dunno... you could probably give Celestia a run for her money with the whole sun control with that TK of yours. Just yank it on down to your kettle... I think that'd qualify as flashy."

* Red_Mage smiles slightly. "I was once told, 'if you got it, flaunt it'."

* Milia giggles and swishes her tail back and forth. "I like that advice." She then turns to look upon Celeste's picture, her chest swelling with motherly glee. "Ohhh sweetie! That's lovely! Everyone looks so pretty and happy!"

* Jasmine_Mistplume silently admires the drawing for the moment, smiling as Celeste excitedly shows it off. She finishes her tea, and take a moment to compose herself. They would have to tell her eventually, and they would need her full cooperation and trust. There was never really going to be a better time. "....Celeste... would you like to see Magicka again?"

* Red_Mage suddenly pauses, glancing cautiously at Celeste to see her reaction to Jasmine's line of questioning.

<Mercy> Celeste beams at Berry and Milia. The temperature in the room had gotten noticeably warmer than it was when they first entered it, now pleasant rather than chilly.

<Mercy> Celeste then looks at Jasmine_Mistplume. When she speaks her voice sounds a little older, but this time it seems sad rather than a cold anger. "I would like to see Magicka again," she admits, "But I don't think I can. I... I can't leave."

* Milia 's expression falls. Damn. Damn damn damn. So their fears were justified. "...I'm sorry, Celeste," she sadly murmurs. Moments later, she hesitantly asks, "What if... what if we could bring her here? To you?"

* Jasmine_Mistplume gently lays a talon on her hoof, to comfort her. "Maybe.... but perhaps we could try? What if you had a guardian watching over you, to protect you from all the bad and scary things out there? We're here to help....in any way we possibly can, and Mommy Teddy is here for you, too." She looks to Milia. She had anchored Mercy and Lavender to a fetish. They weren't the same as the spirit of someone who was deceased, but.... "Milia, do you think you could try... tying her to Mommy Teddy?"

* Berry tilts her head a little and asks the simple question "why?"

* Milia chews her bottom lip. "...I could try, but I can tell you right now it wouldn't work." Her attention flickers momentarily to Celeste. She had said herself that she can't leave, so this news shouldn't be a shock for her to hear...

* Artifica sighs. Then offers, "Can we try to bring her here?"

* Milia looks back to Jasmine. "She's not a spirit, as you know them. She's a ghost." She makes sure to then quickly add, "But... I do have an idea for how Mommy Teddy can help. If Celeste wants that."

* Red_Mage raises an eyebrow, curious.

<Mercy> Lavender Dream bites her lip. "Ahh, I wish I knew more about these things. I'm a memory spirit, not a death spirit. If I were then... then maybe we could help her more."

<Jasmine_Mistplume> "It is up to Celeste... but I think we should at least try any option we have available to us." She bows her head slightly, looking at Celeste. "Will you let us try?"

<Mercy> Celeste glances at Milia. "Bring Magicka here?" Hope flashes in her eyes, before flickering away. "You'd have to get her away from the Professor, you'd have to rescue her... he'd make her stop you."

<Mercy> Celeste then frowns, looking between Milia and Jasmine_Mistplume. "What do you mean?"

* Watch shivers at the mention of more death spiits. He'd spent far time under their presence

* Berry thinks for a moment, then asks "round and round, isn't there something that you can do to help her? i don't know... uhm... a lollipop?"

* Milia takes a deep breath. This was risky. "You're right... he would. But it would be /you/ that ultimately ends up rescuing her, not us." Milia sets her cup down and points at the bear in

Celeste's lap. "That was Magicka's favorite, right? And yours? Then it makes a perfect vessel. Not for you; but for your thoughts and feelings and emotions. For your /memories/."

* Milia leans forward, resting her forehooves on the table. "I want to try to imbue your memories inside of Mommy Teddy, so that we can deliver them to Magicka. And I want to try to make them so strong that it has a chance of, if not breaking what Twitmyer has done to her, at least jarring her enough to give us a chance to get through to her."

<Mercy> Roundabout rubs his chin, then clicks his fingers and *poofs* a comically large round swirly lollipop into existence, then passes it to Celeste.

* Red_Mage gasps softly.

* Berry nodnods in approval "waaaay better now"

<Mercy> Celeste seems very surprised by the sudden giant lollipop. She takes it and starts licking (but really this is a two-filly job) as she listens to Milia. She casts her gaze downwards, hiding her eyes behind the large circle of candy. Celeste's breathing gets faster, like she was scared, but still she replies. "Okay. I-I want Magi to have Mommy teddy. I want to help her." She lowers the lollipop so she can look at Milia and the group properly. "I... I'll do it," she declares.

* Milia smiles. A smile that betrays a faint edge of worry. "Good... thank you, Celeste. I promise you we'll do everything we possibly can so you can see your daughter again."

* Milia turns to look at Lavender. "...I'll need your help, sis." Her smile turns into a smirk. "As usual."

<Mercy> ***End of Session for Group 4***