

The bipod nestled against the rooftop edge with ease, like it was made for it. Urban combat gear was made to be versatile, but it was like fate had made this rooftop for him.

Behind Agent, Avian took off, leaving him alone on the rooftop. Before him Warehouse Ninety Two stood surrounded by a shimmering barrier. Humans could pass through, but bullets and energy attacks would be deflected. The barrier would drop during the fight, and Agent's work would begin. Inside two dozen villains stood, arrayed to protect the building. The warehouse shield extended a fair distance from the pier it sat on, cutting across the West Side Highway and halting traffic. There was room to fight inside, beneficial to heroes and villains alike.

Agent's crosshair drifted from target to target. He checked the rapel he'd use to get to street level when his spot got exposed, then settled back. He'd know when it kicked off, and when he could start shooting, until then, worrying was pointless.

Instead, Agent practiced his breathing. In. Hold. Hold. Hold. Out. Again and again. Calm, careful, precise. Gun and shooter, one and the same.

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"Okay, go," Avian said, a cringe failing to stay off her face. Omni managed to keep himself from sighing by using suppression techniques he had used.

The assault had begun, dozens of heroes battering the shield, slipping in and out to harry the villains. Avian had informed Statuesque of her plan, and he had approved, so long as Violetta showed up in a reasonable time frame.

Omni flashed Avian a smile and turned, charging the shield. The unnatural shimmering white stood stark against the black sky over New Jersey. Behind him he could almost feel Avian yearning to go with him. She'd be going into even more danger, yet she would be in two places at once, doubling her danger if she could.

The wall came up fast. Behind it a man in jeans and a faded jacket, a chinese mask on his face, half horns and anger. His body became mist for a moment, the mask the only thing solid, and then they were face to face, a mere few inches and an impenetrable barrier between them.

"Still getting used to those powers eh? Good. I got your ass beat."

The man in the mask didn't respond.

"I know, I know," Omni responded as if the man had talked, "I'm not one to talk, but hey, I've had mine for a while, and mine grows faster than most. See, it taught me how to build *this*."

Omni held up a ray gun with a flourish. As the man looked up his left hand flashed through the barrier, a beam of light piercing the man through.

It was over in a heartbeat. The man crumpled, mist pouring off of him, and then nothing. *One down.*

He supposed he should feel bad. He had never killed before. He had never needed to. But the internet was a wonderful and horrible place, full of all sorts of information on how the government turns ordinary recruits into killing soliders. On how to remove remorse. That had seemed useful in a line of work that may one day require him to kill someone who cannot defend themselves. Someone who's power works on a giant scale to flatten cities, but couldn't kill a simple person standing in front of them. They existed. They were rare, but they existed.

So Omni felt nothing. No, not nothing. Nothing worth noticing. The tiniest twinge.

Relearn empathy.

He made a mental note to add that to his todo. Unlike most people, his mental lists didn't get forgotten. One day, one day he'd learn how to hold on to all the guilt at doing what needs to be done, while also being able to do it. He'd learn how to let go of all of it healthily.

Hopefully psychologists would figure that out soon so he could learn it.

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Victoria shed her dress in a moment. A portal to her apartment in New York, and she began dressing. Pants. Boots. Top. Jacket. What a jacket. Of all her looks in all the years, the jacket was a top five.

She slid two knives in her belt. Anti-magic fields were real, and a long lifetime taught you caution. She still hadn't mastered the use of firearms. She'd get around to it one day. Knives, though. Even Omni would be hard put to match her with knives.

Taking a moment to check herself in the mirror, she portaled to the South Pole. Rule number one was never, ever open a portal from a place you kept private to public, which meant portaling to somewhere no one was watching, no one would see, and then portaling to your true destination.

Avian was on her in a moment. "It's already started. Let's go!"

Victoria closed her eyes, feeling her way past the shield, and into the warehouse. She grabbed the layout, felt out the machine, where large objects felt like people.

She opened her eyes and nodded. "Violetta Taxi Service, your need is our deed," she said with a smirk, opening a portal in midair.