

<uSeaGM> ***Group 4 Session 87***

<uSeaGM> Jasmine was carried to one of the empty beds in medical ward after her accident in the bathroom. The rest of the group are with her, and the Angels, Dr. Manner, Professor Twitmyer, and Magicka are already inside. The group arrive just in time to hear Magicka being scolded for 'playing with silly magic'.

<uSeaGM> Magicka's smile fades and she looks down at her hooves. "Sorry Professor."

<uSeaGM> Twitmyer smiles gently. "Won't you be a dear and cast Failsafe for me?"

<uSeaGM> Whisper gets up and marches over to poke at the Prof. "Um, excuse me, what are you talking about?" He says, just as Prism arrives with Berry in tow.

<uSeaGM> Magicka nods blankly and her horn shines with silvery light. A hum can be heard at the edge of hearing, and a second glow envelopes the first...

<uSeaGM> "Wait Stop!" Watch_Tower cries out too late, looking at Whisper with deep concern.

<uSeaGM> As the spell is cast, light erupts from Magicka's horn until it fills the whole room. Everyone can feel the force of it against their skin, like a wave crashing against the shore. The sharp, coppery taste of magic is left in our mouths and her butterfly wings melt away...

<uSeaGM> Whisper suddenly collapses to the ground, clutching his chest and gasping for breath. He lets out several hacking coughs, spewing blood on the floor.

<uSeaGM> *Session Begins*

* Watch_Tower rushes to Whisper. "crap crap crpa!"

* Prism stares in shock for a second, then her face twists a bit in rage, as she begins to unsling her assault carbine. "No, NO. This is not happening again, you fucking piles of shit."

<Prism> "You fucking killed my colt friend with your fucking irresponsible use of magic you racist fuckhead."

* Whisper lets out a wracking cough. Black bile comes up along with the blood.

<uSeaGM> Magicka gasps and tries to hide behind Watch_Tower, away from Prism.

<Watch_Tower> "Wah woah! Hold it!" Watch squeaks out throwing up a shield around Prism. "Focus on helping Whisper!..." He swallows "I...ne-needed your help to do this last time..."

<uSeaGM> The babe in Angel Delight's hooves starts to cry and Guardian steps in front of the group, slamming his hoof into the ground. "Calm down!" he orders, "What's wrong with him?"

* Whisper manages to start breathing regularly, but he sure makes a lot of wet gurgling noises.

<Watch_Tower> "Necromantic magic disease or something...we were holding it back with some magics..." He opens the shield so that prism can get to Whisper. "please....you can shoot that guy later..."

* Milia can hardly process what just happened. She was slumped over, sitting next to the bed she just unloaded Jasmine onto, attempting to process the events currently unfolding before her. One second, she was responding to Whisper. The next, she tastes metal in her mouth, Whisper is spewing blood and gunk all over the floor, Prism is swearing up a storm inside of a shield, and a

* Milia baby is crying.

* Prism is shaking with rage, but then just stops. She puts away her gun, and silently trots over to Whisper, hugs him, starting to sob. "Don't leave me..."

* Whisper spits up a few small, fleshy chunks. "Oh goddesses," he rasps, "not good..."

* Whisper weakly returns Prism's hug. "Help Watch...be okay..."

<uSeaGM> Professor Twitmyer looks taken aback. "Who do you think you- hmmf," he clears his throat, thinking a little more clearly with the gun put away. "Doctor, help the poor buck at once!"

* Watch_Tower takes a slow breath. Okay...he tries to go over what Prism had taught him the last time they'd done this. "Talk...me through...the anatomy...one...more time..."

* Whisper 's breathing is labored, and he can only seem to manage a few words at a time. "Prism...right here...love you..."

* Prism sobs, and begins to work Watch through anatomy again.

* Artifica_ hisses, "That magic spell was protecting him from a life-threatening condition... that's what."

* Watch_Tower calmly starts to build his spell.

<Watch_Tower> "just...focus on your love Whisper...and all the good things..."

<uSeaGM> Magicka slinks from pony to pony, keeping them between herself and Prism, until she reaches Guardian Angel. Whom she then hides behind. Magicka flinches at Artifica_'s hiss.

* Milia 's expression is worried. She simply watches from the sidelines. "Wh-... What just happened?..." she mutters dumbly. Her knowlege of magic was... limited.

* Artifica_ watches.... "Please, let me know if I can help." She looks to Magicka. "Hey... I'm sorry. I'm not mad at you. I don't think any of us are mad at you."

* Artifica_ turns to stare coldly at Twitmyer. "He's the one we're mad at."

* Whisper continues to take long, rattling breaths. "Breathing...hard...worse than...last time..."

<Watch_Tower> "It...progeessed really fast..."

* Artifica_ walks up slowly to Twitmyer, holding him in her gaze. "Pray we can fix this."

* Whisper nods and squeezes Prism...which comes out feeling fairly weak. "Don't cry...it's okay..."

* Watch_Tower glares back at the professor. "and if we can't I swear to CELESTIA I'll turn you into something horrible."

<Prism> "No, it's not...I kept telling you I could fix this...but I can't! I'm a glorified librarian, not anything actually useful. It's just happening too quick...and we haven't found any way to solve it...." Her sobbing intensifies.

* Artifica_ glowers, then stares to Watch_Tower. She starts to nod, but then thinks maybe justice would be transforming him into a pegasus. But, she quickly thinks, that's not horrible, and he doesn't deserve to have wings. What would she consider horrible?

<Artifica_> Finally, she admits, "Sorry, I'm drawing a blank. It really wouldn't be much of a punishment to turn him into himself."

<uSeaGM> "D-d-don't yell at the professor!" Magicka stammers.

<uSeaGM> Guardian Angel glares. "I'll not have threats made against those I am sworn to protect." Twitmyer takes a step back. "It's not contagious, is it?" Angel glares at him as well. "You. Are. Not. Helping," he states without warmth.

* Artifica_ trots to Prism. "What can I do. Please... I have all this magic... medical magic... I must be able to do something."

* Watch_Tower takes a calm breath don't lose your temper... "Can you try and heal the damage to his lungs while I focus on fencing it off..."

* Whisper hugs Prism. "You're smart...smartest...I ever knew..."

<Watch_Tower> "I'm sorry about losing my temper here..." He swallows "I just...can't lose a friend like this..."

* Artifica_ nods to Guardian Angel. "I'm sorry about Watch_Tower's threat." With a frown, she clarifies, "As for what I said, it wasn't meant as a threat. It was meant as a warning."

<Whisper> "Not dying...just...hard to breathe...", he pauses to suck in a few more breaths, "You got...time..."

* Prism casts a cold glare on Guardian Angel. "Regardless of the fact that I liked you before, the one you're sworn to protect just killed my coltfriend through irresponsibility. Therefore, you are my enemy too."

* Artifica_ then turns her attention fully to Whisper. "I'll do what I can." She puts a hoof on Whisper. "Please be okay..." Then focuses...

<Whisper> "Trying...to be..."

<Watch_Tower> "He didn't kill him... I think he is okay..." He swallows as things seem to start going better...

* Artifica_ looks to Watch_Tower, "Do you want a calming spell? If it will make casting easier, I can do that."

<Watch_Tower> "I think...that might help a bit." He admits.

* SadBerry is sitting on the floor, mostly counfused, partially scared, still traumatized

* SadBerry but in an overall state of quiet, so, at the moment she's not contributing to the already dire chaos

* Artifica_ casts Alter Chemistry on Watch_Tower, helping him find calm and focus.

* Milia can't exactly help with Whisper, but she can at least provide some... small comfort for Berry. She hopes. The zebra beckons to the small filly to come over to her.

* Watch_Tower now thinking calmer. "Okay...Art do you...still have that renew spell?" He asks calmly...."Try casting it here...It should help I've got it caged in."

* Whisper strokes Prism's mane. "Prism...do me...favor?"

<Prism> "W...what?" She turns back to Whisper.

* Artifica_ nods and casts as directed.

<Whisper> "Do you," he stifles another cough, "sing?"

* SadBerry hugs milia tight, doesn't say a thing

<Prism> "I've never done it before...but I can try..."

* Whisper smiles serenely. "Whatever...song...you like..."

* Prism sings something softly to Whisper, a song she heard on the radio.

* Milia hugs Berry tight, stroking her mane gently. It was easy to see how positively shellshocked she was. And there were not many words that would help at this point, unfortunately.

"Everything's gonna be okay, sweet-heart... Don't worry..." Easier said than done.

<Prism> Radio...that gave her a very dark idea. But currently she was of the opinion that this place really shouldn't exist.

* Artifica_ frowns. "I can use renewal, but it will have to be maintained... and it will be draining enough that I won't be able to maintain it for long.

* Whisper closes his eyes and smiles as he listens to Prism. "Beautiful..."

<Artifica_> "And it will severely hamper my ability to render other magical aid. Unless we find a cure quickly..."

<Watch_Tower> "It been taking...a lot of strain to hold it back...and it's taking even more for me now...,but this is what it'll take..."

* Artifica_ turns glaring again at the professor. Then looks to the others, "Do you think a lung transplant would work?"

<Prism> "We...could take him to the Rangers." She offered. "Not that they'd help me....but if we had something to offer them, maybe."

<uSeaGM> Watch and Artifica's magic work together, first caging the Rot and then working to fix the damage as it was being caused... Whisper's breathing gets much easier.

<Prism> "I said I'd try to replace his lung with cybernetics...but good luck finding those outside the Rangers."

* SadBerry shivers in milia's hug "no it's not, he's going to be butchered...." the filly gets more and more agitated "stop, run away, don't..." suddenly, the filly screams "GNASH! PULL BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"

* Whisper sits up shakily, looking at Artifica_ and Watch_Tower. "Th-thanks. Anypony got something to drink?"

* Watch_Tower takes a deep breath. "I am deeply sorry for my temper earlier." he was feeling a lot calmer. "I was distraught because you hurt my friend...If there is anything that you could do to help...please..."

<Prism> "A lung transplant would work...but you'd have to have a genetically similar one. I originally thought of using Storm'sbut that idea went out the window."

* Artifica_ frowns. "I'm not going to be able to hold the spell for...." She stops, turning suddenly to Berry. "Berry?!"

* Artifica_ gets up and runs to Berry. "Berry? ! Berry, what's wrong?"

* Milia eyes go wide, staring down at the filly in her arms. "W-woah!... Berry?!... What's the

matter?!"

* Whisper leans on Prism. "Um...crazy idea but...could we try using the Killing Joke Watch got somehow? In a potion or something?"

<Prism> "Heavy side effects. You might end up worse than you were."

* Whisper chuckles weakly. "Yeah...like I said before, I might wind up shrinking even smaller, or something like that..."

<Prism> "You'd be best served forcefeeding it to these assholes."

* SadBerry looks at Artifica, visibly scared and whispers in a shadow of voice "the... the cannibals leader... killed gnash..."

* Whisper loses his levity. "Uh...you got anything to drink Prism? I still taste blood and...whatever that black stuff is."

<Prism> "I have my canteen." She searches her bag for it.

* Milia looks at Artifica as well, looking profoundly worried. She just shakes her head silently, mouth hanging slightly open in confusion.

<Prism> "Sorry for swearing so much...but my utter contempt for the --- I don't even want to call them ponies, here necessitates it."

<Prism> "I don't think I've ever hated someone so much."

* Watch_Tower approaches the professor looking rather small for a big Stallion.

* Whisper nods. "I know you're mad Prism. Not much we can do at the moment, though, without getting in trouble." He takes a large drink from the canteen and spits it out, then takes another. "Ooh, that's much better. Thanks."

* Artifica_ nods to Berry sadly. "Yes, Berry love. I'm sorry."

* SadBerry goes back tho that abstent stare she had before screaming and hugs back, not saying anything more

<uSeaGM> The professor looks quite ready to leave. "Hm, yes?" He asks Watch_Tower.

* Prism puts away her canteen.

* Watch_Tower swallows and repeats his earlier apology.

* Artifica_ floats out her brush and starts gently giving Berry brushies.

<Watch_Tower> "I was distraught to see my friend hurt." He says softly. "My threat earlier was

because I was...deeply afraid of losing him."

<Watch_Tower> "If...there is anything you can do to help him...please"

<Whisper> me tries smiling at Prism again. "Just...I dunno, imagine if Killing Joke made me into a fairy pony, like from the old stories." He chuckles weakly. "Maybe I could grant wishes then, huh?"

* SadBerry is brushed an calms down.

<Prism> "I don't think you want to be a Breezie. They die even if the wind picks up too hard."

<uSeaGM> "Well, ah, we can give him healing potions," Twitmyer says, thinking out loud.

<Watch_Tower> "I am afraid that those won't really help him."

* Whisper falters a little. "Oh...uh...well I always wanted to be bigger. Maybe I'd turn into Dr. Flankenstein's monster?"

<uSeaGM> "But a transplant?" He looks to Dr. Manner, who shakes her head.

* Artifica_ watches Watch_Tower. Then, nuzzles Berry. "I'll be right back. I have to talk to the bad man."

* SadBerry nodnods and sits there, behaving and resting her head against stripeymom

* Artifica_ walks up to the professor, holding him with an even glare. Her voice is damn cold. "You caused someone to cast a Failsafe spell in a *medical* facility. I shouldn't have to explain how arrogant and supremely *stupid* that was."

* Watch_Tower sighs quietly. "It...was worth a shot...please be more careful with your magic...in the future..."

<uSeaGM> "We don't have his family history or his medical history. The risk of rejection will be too high and we have few enough donors as it is." Dr. Manner says sadly.

* Prism agrees with Artifica completely.

* Whisper tries laughing a little. "Then we could go around scaring bad ponies."

* Milia wraps an arm around the filly, unsure of what to say. She had never heard of Gnash... Was that a hellhound name?...

* Prism pats Whisper.

* Prism tries to tune out everyone that wasn't Whisper or her friends.

* SadBerry licklicklicks mommy's leg

* Whisper nuzzles Prism. "What do you think? Good idea or not? The sexy batpony and her nightmare stallion. Of justice."

* Milia nuzzles Berry gently.

<Prism> "I'm better now."

* SadBerry is now known as The_Real_Watch_tower

* The_Real_Watch_tower is now known as Berry

* Artifica_ continues to glare, "And, unfortunately, your colossal idiocy severely harmed our friend. An act for which we **are** holding you responsible." She looks to Dr. Manner. "As vastly unlikely as it is, would you please check to see if Professor Twit here is even possibly a viable donor for Whisper?"

<uSeaGM> Professor Twitmyer draws himself up to full height, looking Artifica_ in the eye, and then bows. "I deeply apologise for my mistake. I was only aware of two patients, neither of whom would have been effected. Indeed, I had intended for Magicka to cast a much smaller spell but she does not know her own strength."

* Prism didn't look better though. It appeared she was on her last nerve.

* Whisper stops smiling so much and nods. "Okay...I just wanted to make sure. You're kinda scary when you're mad, Prism."

* Artifica_ blinks at the bow. Seems a bit taken aback, and more than just a little appeased. "Th-thank you for your apology."

* Watch_Tower swallows softly taking a seat. unsure of what to do.

* Whisper thinks for a moment. "Hey wait...these guys have power armor. Are we sure they don't have any cybernetics? At all?"

* Berry leaves her mommy and approaches this magicka pony, looking at her with sad and worried eyes, then licklicklicks her

<Prism> "I wonder if there are parts to build a makeshift radio out in the junkyard..."

* Whisper frowns. "Radio? Prism, what are you talking about?"

<Watch_Tower> "I'm going to go check on Whisper and Prism..." He says quietly to Arti.

<Prism> "Oh nothing. I just figured I could...attempt to contact my fam --- former family in an attempt to get a replacement lung."

<uSeaGM> Magicka nearly jumps out of her skin when Berry suddenly licks her. She had been

staring at something on the bed beside Jasmine...

<Prism> "I'm sure they'd be very interested in the location of Aquaria in return..."

* Whisper nods and sighs in relief. "Oh, good...for a moment I worried you were gonna make a death ray or something to fry ponies' brains. You had this...look."

* Milia catches sight of Magicka's stare for a brief moment and follows it, letting her gaze trail over to what she was looking at.

* Berry sits and looks for a moment at the unicorn, then tries smiling. it is a tired smile, asking desperately to get a smile back

* Whisper nudges Prism. "Like I said, though, shouldn't we ask these folks anyway? They have some tech, and if they have cybernetics then are at least a /little/ indebted to us now..."

<Prism> "Like they'd help. They're evil."

<uSeaGM> On the bed beside Jasmine is a little red and purple ball, glowing very faintly.

* Whisper looks sad. "Oh. I...I guess...Prism, you're scaring me a little."

* Milia gets up and approaches it. "What the hay?..." she mutters quietly.

<Prism> "Why?"

* Berry sees a ball! pretty ball! flapflaps there and sniffsniffs sniffs it! wise berry is wise, she doesn't- LICK! aw, scrap that =_ =

<uSeaGM> Mercy and Lavender are curled up together, looking very small. Their usual glow is much diminished, especially in the case of Lavender. In fact her usual purple colour has faded to grey, except for the parts of her nearest to Mercy, like her spirit sister were somehow giving her power.

<Prism> "Huh, what's going on over there...?"

* Whisper thinks. "You...you've got this look in your eye that I've never seen. Like...like you might really hurt somepony."

* Prism looks at Whisper. "I've never wanted to hurt someone more than I do now...that's probably why."

* Whisper folds his ears back and shrinks down. "Oh...right."

* Milia pats Berry. "Shhhh... I think they're sleeping, Berry..." she was a bit relieved to see the filly back to her old habits... but she couldn't help but frown. Lavender looked so tiny... Both of them did...

<Prism> "I guess...something finally got to me."

* Berry looks worried at the two spirits, pokepokepokes lavender "i... i think she's hurt...."

* Milia picks up the ball and cradles it between her hooves "Ohhhh no no no no... Please be okay you two... No more pain today, please..." her tone of voice is gentle and honestly, exhausted.

* Whisper hugs Prism with both forelegs, rubbing her back. "Prism, please don't go bad on me. Please. I don't think I could bear to see that."

* Watch_Tower slowly approaches Whisper and Prism. "So umm Whisper...how are you feeling?...it holding up alright?" There is a quiet tension in his voice.

<Prism> "Define bad in this twisted world..."

* Whisper looks up at Watch_Tower. "I'm feeling better, thanks. You and Artifica_ really came through for me."

* Watch_Tower lets out a slow sigh of relief like a some of the weight has been lifted. "That is good."

<Prism> "Thanks for helping him..."

<Prism> "Artifica too."

<Watch_Tower> "Prism...thank you for calming down...I don't think I could do it without your help...I was scared..."

* Watch_Tower realized only now his shield had still been standing and lets it go as well.

* Whisper looks down at his gore-smeared chest. "Uh...anypony know if there's a shower around here?"

* Milia gently holds the two spirits close to her chest. She rocks them back and forth as a mother would her child. The zebra stares down at the donkey, unable to hide the worry from her tired features. "I think you're right, Berry..." she puts on a faint, hardly convincing smile. "Don't worry though; I'm sure we can fix it somehow. Okay?"

<Prism> "This place offends...all of my sensibilities at once. I can't stand it."

* Berry nodnods to her mom. she says they're fine even if she looks a bit worried, still, she believes her mom and goes back to magicka, leaving her mom do the mojo

<Watch_Tower> "I know Prism..." He tries to smile. ",but it's...home to some good ponies too.."

<uSeaGM> The two curled up spirits are almost weightless in Milia's hooves. As she rocks

them, Milia notices that the pair feel a little warmer against her coat.

* Berry also, goes back staring at the magic pony

<Prism> "Those good ponies do nothing though, about the bad ones."

* Whisper rubs Prism's back. "Prism, I just...I dunno. Wanna help me find a shower? I feel icky with all this stuff on me."

<Prism> "Well...alright."

<Watch_Tower> "go take care of Whisper." Watch smiles. "just remember though some of these ponies...have ponies they want to protect too..."

* Milia was glad to feel a bit of warmth coming from them. Warmth was good. The zebra absently starts to sing quietly. It's barely audible. Hardly louder than a faint hum.

<Prism> "Trying to protect evil, is also being evil."

* Whisper gets up and heads out of the room with Prism, looking decidedly concerned. In the hallway he looks around for a sign indicating showers.

* Prism also needs to wash up....given what happened with Berry. (she might also need a bath too)

* Berry is a little bit stinking of pee, but probably needs somepony to tell her that because she doesn't seem to care

<Watch_Tower> "Prism...if Angel didn't protect them...he'd lose his family..."

<Prism> "Then perhaps this isn't the best place for them to be."

<uSeaGM> There is a communal shower room beside the row of toilets. It's fairly spacious, with half a dozen shower heads, and there isn't a lock on the door.

* Whisper looks at Prism and blushes. "Uh...want to...um...share?"

<Prism> "Yes, sure. Why not."

* Watch_Tower sighs quietly before trotting over to check on the others now. "so...what happened here?"

* Whisper turns on the shower and gets it to a pleasant temperature before stepping inside. He beckons to Prism.

<Prism> "I'd be willing to compromise my morals to save you Whisper...at this point, I don't care."

* Prism follows Whisper into the shower.

* Berry keeps staring at magicka

* Whisper frowns as he lathers up his hooves. "Please don't Prism. I don't want to see you turn into a cruel, heartless pony. I want to be okay. I mean I /really/ want to. But..."

* Whisper just sighs. "Anyway, if you spread your forelegs I can start scrubbing all that off your chest. It looks like...snot."

* Prism does so.

* Prism snorts. "I guess I'm not such a black sheep of the family after all."

<uSeaGM> Magicka looks ready to start crying. "Is... did I hurt... are they going to be okay?" She asks Berry, regarding Whisper and the spirits both.

* Milia looks up to Watch Tower, her singing trailing off a bit. She speaks in a low tone, though she continues rocking her spirits back and forth. "Mercy and Lavender are weak... I don't know why. Lavender especially..."

* Whisper scrubs at Prism's chest while looking at her quizzically. "What do you mean by that?"

* Berry looks at magicka and thinks for a moment, then offers "you are pretty. pretty ponies are nice. nice ponies don't hurt other ponies... maybe you say you are sorry and make peace?"

* Watch_Tower had managed to miss the spirits with his low per unboosted currently...,but upon them being mentioned he noticed. "I...had meant Jasmine...,but them too..." He sighs quietly.

<uSeaGM> As Milia sings, Strange Mercy glows more brightly and Lavender Dream regains some of her colour.

* Artifica_ joins Mercy. "Did the... Failsafe do that?"

<Prism> "I rejected that lifestyle. It's weird though, that my thoughts are that these ugh 'ponies' are so irresponsible with magic and technology, that I do not believe they should be entrusted with them at all."

<Prism> "As xenophobic as my family is, at least they don't fucking create propaganda posters and alter historical documents, and old stories."

* Milia releases a deep sigh. "Oh, right... She tried to kill herself." she says matter of factly. "She almost did."

* Artifica_ joins Milia, singing. She can barely touch the spirit world, but she lends all she can to the song.

* Watch_Tower pales a bit seeing Lavender and Mercy hurt like that. "I don't know if it'll

help...,but I've got her talisman...if that helps..." He quickly takes it off and sets it down in front of them all. Something struck him a bit odd at how matter of fact

<Watch_Tower> She said that.

* Whisper is silent for a moment, rinsing off Prism. "Um, would you mind cleaning me off now?" he motions to his chest. "I just...I don't want to see you turn into a pony who hurts others all the time Prism."

<Prism> "I don't want to hurt anyone but these ponies."

* Prism cleans Whisper.

* Milia frowns at Artifica, unsure. "Failsafe? What, ahh... is that what... just caused all this?"

<Milia> "Sorry... I don't know a whole lot about unicorn magic..."

<Watch_Tower> "Would singing help them?" Watch lets Arti explain the magic thing...

* Whisper nods slowly. "I...I guess I just wish I could understand more." He thinks for a moment. "Prism, you said I should trust the rest of our friends more, right?"

<Prism> "Yes. At the very least you can trust them."

<uSeaGM> Magicka nods at Berry. "I- I'm sorry." She says so quietly that only Berry could hear.

* Artifica_ explains Failsafe. Then returns to singing to the two little spirits.

* Berry "also, stripeymom is super mommy, so she will fix it dor sure. how is it to have a horn? is it fun? i have wings, wanna barter?"

* Whisper continues. "When we're done here, will you go with me to see if he has a spell that would help us...I dunno, connect better? I know he has mind magic of sorts."

* Whisper gulps. "I...it scares me, but I'd do it if it helps us."

* Milia blinks a few times. The sheer stupidity of casting it in this location finally hits her. A bit delayed, but Milia FINALLY feels the sheer disdain for Twitmeyer that the rest of her companions had mustered. But, there were more important things at the moment, and she honestly didn't have it in her to be mad at the moment. She simply returns to singing, harmonizing with

* Milia Artifica and giving Watch Tower a nod in response to his question.

<Prism> "I will, don't worry."

<uSeaGM> Magicka shakes her head firmly at Berry's offer. The memory of her recent wings

fresh in her mind. "Um, I said sorry to you but I don't feel any better..."

* Whisper nods at Prism. "Thanks. First though," he smiles awkwardly and turns bright red. "Do you mind if I clean the rest of you?"

<Prism> "I don't mind."

* Watch_Tower briefly considered mentioning his apology...,but for now...he just wanted to sing...Watch...has a pleasantly deep singing voice...deeper than his usual speaking voice but not as deep as his helmeted voice.

* Berry nodnods "okay. this is mister roachie" shows mr roachie to the pony "he says hi"

<uSeaGM> Magicka blinks. "Hello Mr. Roachie."

* Whisper moves around and starts cleaning Prism's back, massaging where her wings met her back especially. "Uh...I heard this is good for relieving tension. Is it helping?"

* Berry smiles back "i was mean to him but then momy fixed it. i said i was sorry and now we're friend. this is how ponies do... i mean... ponies shouldnt' be mean at all, but when they do, they fix it"

* Berry nodnods

* Berry also, her ears flap all around

<uSeaGM> The snow-white unicorn bites her lip. "So I should say sorry to, um..." she glances at Milia cradling the spirits.

<Prism> "Maybe a little...but it's gonna take quite a bit to relieve this bit of stress. Between what happened with Lavender, then Milia and Jasmine, and then you..."

<Prism> "I'm probably becoming a little unhinged..."

<Prism> "I think....at this point, I am capable of doing something absolutely terrible."

* Whisper moves around in front of Prism. He hesitates a moment, looking around awkwardly, then pulls her into the tightest hug he can manage.

* Whisper pulls back and looks into Prism's eyes, concerned. "Then let's go work on getting you hinged again, okay?"

<Prism> "In a way, this is no different than a raider or slaver camp, to me."

* Whisper fights back tears. "Let's...let's just go see Watch, okay? Please?"

<Prism> "Alright."

* Watch_Tower continues quietly singing to the spirits.

<uSeaGM> Mercy's ears twitch. Once. Twice. Then she lifts her head and blinks sleepily. "I was having this strange dream where I was eating a blackberry..."

* Whisper leads Prism back down the hall and into the room. He sits down and waits until Watch_Tower and the others are finished.

* Whisper pulls Prism into a hug while he waits.

* Milia quiets her singing. She smiles down at the little spirit, unable to suppress a relieved chuckle. "Oh yeah? How'd it taste?"

<uSeaGM> Lavender Dream stirs and groans gently. "Was someone chewing my ear?"

<uSeaGM> "It was Milia!" Mercy insists.

* Watch_Tower smiles warmly

* Milia blinks. "Wh-... Hey!"

* Whisper quietly approaches Watch_Tower and pokes him in the side.

* Berry offers "maybe mercy was dared to nom lavender?"

* Berry "this kind of dares can go horribly wrong"

* Watch_Tower jumps. He'd completely focused on the little spirits...He flushed heavily. "uhh hey"

* Milia can't help but giggle. They were okay. Everyone was okay... well... maybe not, but, things were at least calm for the moment. That counted for something, right?

* Berry pokes magicka in the plot "they're all happy, this is the best time to say you're sorry"

* Whisper starts as Watch does. "Oh! Uh...I...I have a favor to ask..."

* Berry then sniff sniffs "hey, who's stinking of pee?"

* Milia looks down at the two now conscious spirits. "How are you two feeling?..."

<Watch_Tower> "err sure." Watch seemed a little more distracted by the well being of the spirits at the moment. "ask away."

<uSeaGM> Magicka sniffs Berry. "Um, you are..." She bites her lip again, and starts to slowly head over to the group.

* Whisper twiddles his hooves awkwardly. "Well, um...me and Prism are having some trouble

seeing eye to eye. And, uh, you have mind magic, so...can you do...something?"

* Berry blushes for a moment, then zips to the shower "gottagobai!"

<Watch_Tower> "wait..what?" Watch blinked.

<Prism> "I don't really think there's a magical solution to this."

<Prism> "And I'm pretty bad at making others see my point of view."

* Whisper looks back at Prism. "...I don't think his magic will fix it, but maybe at least we can understand each other better? Please Prism, I'm worried about you."

* Berry does the hottest of hot showers then screams because it is too hot then closes hot water and freezes herself then panicks and hates shower

<uSeaGM> "Like I've had a long nap." Mercy stretches. "I saw Lavender falling down so I went to catch her. And then I felt really really tired all of a sudden."

* Berry is now trying to stop shower by putting her hoofies against it

* Berry also, let the towel block the drain

<Prism> "I'm completely willing to compromise my morals to help Whisper at this point."

* Watch_Tower jumps as he heard a scream of a berry. "uhh if you are talking about making you change the way you think...I REALLY don'tfeel comfortable doing that...if you mean let you...well in to each other's heads...

<Prism> "He...doesn't like that."

<Watch_Tower> "I could try that..."

<Prism> "And I don't think he fully understands how much I hate this place."

* Berry is now hitting the thing with the soap tube. many bubbles were shed that day. they also start invading the other rooms

* Whisper nods at Watch_Tower. "Th-that...that'd be good. If we could see in each other's heads, or something like that."

* Watch_Tower blinks in surprise at Whisper's acceptance. "wait...what? are you...sure?"

* Whisper gulps and waits a moment. "Yes...I think," he answers Watch very quietly. "If Prism is okay with it."

* Berry grabs the hellish waterspitter with all her hoofies trying a chocking grasp! almost drown herself with resulting tsunami

* Berry "GERONIMOOOOOO!" charges into the fray again!

* Prism sighs. "I guess so. Even though he'll probably be scared of me afterwards."

<Watch_Tower> "We'll...talk more about this privately then..." He looked to Magicka as she approached earlier.

* Whisper nods to Watch_Tower. "Just tell me when you're ready." He then moves over to hug Prism again.

* Milia smiles at Mercy. "It's a good thing you did... You kept her safe, you know. You were all curled up together and sharing your glow with her."

* Artifica_ looks to Dr. Manner. "Well?"

<Prism> "Whenever you are. Let's get this over with."

* Berry is cornered! resorts to the oldest tradition of fight! toss random stuff!

* Berry when ammos are gone, hold your position with spitting and insulting!

<uSeaGM> "I'm sorry!" Magicka half-yells, roughly aimed towards Whisper and the spirits.

* Watch_Tower blinks in surprise. "umm...for what?"

* Whisper looks over at Magicka, then back at Prism. "Prism, please don't hate me for this." He gets up and walks towards Magicka.

<Prism> "Why would I hate you for it?"

<uSeaGM> Dr. Manner shakes her head at Artifica_. "I'm afraid potions are the best we can give you. Well, them and comfortable beds to stay in.

* Whisper stops in front of Magicka, looking slightly at her. He pauses for a moment. "So, you want wings?" he asks softly.

* Milia looks up from the spirits, eyes widening at the sudden, awkward, half-yell. She opens her mouth to comment, but remains silent until Whisper finishes addressing her.

* Berry arrives from the showers, a triumphant smile on her face. also, she's leaving a trail of water and being followed by a cohort of bubbles

* Artifica_ sighs. "And what about the test for Professor Twitmyer?" After a moment, she blinks. "I'm sorry, did you think I was joking or threatening when I said that? I assure you, I'm very serious."

* Berry arrives next to her friends, completely soaked and does her thing. you know, the doggy

shake

* Artifica_ eeps and regrets not being able to cast shield.

* Milia instead looks over to Berry. "Ahhh... Berry, sweet-heart, did you just... have some sort of bathing catastroph-AUGH!"

<uSeaGM> The Doctor blinks, then looks at the professor. Twitmyer nods. "Err, sure. We'll need a blood sample of course-" she says, before being second-hand showered.

* Berry "i killed the evil shower!" in a different room, the camera closes in on a knotted shower hanfle getting larger an larger

* Milia squeezes her eyes shut as Berry shotguns the immediate area with water.

<uSeaGM> Angel Delight instinctively shields her little one with a wing.

* Milia wipes a bit of the water from her immediate face area. She looks back over to Berry, wagging her hoof to the side to shake the wetness from it. "Oh, did you now? What makes a shower evil? You're all clean! Isn't that what they're supposed to do?"

* Whisper looks at Magicka with understanding. "I always wanted wings too," he says quietly, "or maybe a horn. You...you just did what you were told. I don't blame you."

* Watch_Tower approaches Magicka ignoring his sudden shower.

<uSeaGM> Twitmyer looks at his very wet lab coat. "Magicka, we should be off. I'll speak with the Council about arranging accommodation for you all during your stay. Sorry again." He steps out the door.

<uSeaGM> Magicka 'eeps' and quickly follows behind him.

* Whisper trots quickly after Twitmyer and plants himself in front of him. "N-no. I have something to say to you."

* Prism looks at Watch and shrugs.

* Watch_Tower looks to Prism and whispers. "uhh...are we sure this is our whisper?" He seemed surprised and impressed by how confident Whisper seemed to be acting.

* Berry blinkblinks, now happy and clean "it isn't good at all! the evil shower boiled me and cooked me and then it won't stop for any reason, so i chocked it and made a knot! i am smart!"

<Prism> "I like when he's more confident."

<Prism> "I just wish someone was able to present an argument to me that can convince my way of thinking is wrong."

<uSeaGM> Twitmeyer pauses for Whisper. "Yes?"

* Milia gasps, feigning shock and indignance. "How dare it do such a thing! That dastardly fiend! Surely it deserved it, then!"

* Whisper glares up at Twitmeyer, shaking. "Wh-who are you to make Magicka give up her wings? They weren't even pegasus ones. Sh-she had one chance to have something she's always dreamed of and y-you wouldn't let her have that."

* Milia thinks about what Berry said for a moment. "...Wait, you did what now?"

<Whisper> "And to top it off, you're in charge of all this horrible racism against pegasi. D-don't t-tell me I don't know what I'm talking about either."

<Watch_Tower> "I...like him this way too..."

* Berry "i knotted the shower deal! no more water! YAY ME!"

<Berry> *dead

* Berry smiles proudly in front of her mother

* Artifica_ blinks. "Wat?"

* Whisper continues, even with tears streaming down his face. "I h-h-had to live with one. He was awful. B-but you d-don't g-g-get to treat nice ponies like the Angels that way."

* Whisper takes a long, shuddering breath before continuing. "P-professor, you are either a very bad or a very stupid pony. You owe the Angels an apology. Y-you owe my marefriend one too."

* Watch_Tower approaches Whisper giving him a pat on the back...He didn't say anything but He offered the his support to the buck

* Prism sighs at Watch. "While...what happened earlier didn't help matters, I think this place offends me because I'm still Junior Scribe Prism deep down."

* Whisper stands on his tip-hooves, leaning up and forward into Twitmeyer's face. "You owe Magicka an an apology and an afternoon with wings. And you owe me new lungs," he whispers icily.

* Watch_Tower quietly speaks to Prism. "Well...umm if you go through with Whisper's idea...you'll be able to see...for yourself..."

* Milia makes a mental note to go check the shower after the doorway is clear... It would be a little awkward to try to slink out now. Instead, she returns the smile to Berry. "G-, uhh... Good work!" Milia then beckons for Berry to come over to her. "Come on over here and let's get you dried off."

* Berry follows stripeymom, all happy and proud of herself

* Whisper turns around sharply and walks away from Twitmeyer. He goes back to Prism's side and almost collapses against her. "I...I think I just got us kicked out...um, can I call you love? Or honey? D-do we have special somepony titles yet?"

<Prism> "You can call me love. That makes me happy."

<uSeaGM> Twitmeyer pats Whisper on the shoulder condescendingly. "My dear boy, as I'm sure you've noticed Magicka's spells can be very potent. Indeed, magic may behave strangely in her presence. I was worried that with those wings she might lose control over her movement and hurt herself. An enclosed environment like this is no place for a pony with wings."

* Milia sets Mercy and Lavender down on the edge of Jasmine's bed, then giving Berry a gentle hug. She then starts radiating heat with her weirdo fire powers. Not /too/ much, of course. In the absence of a towel, this would have to do.

<uSeaGM> "As for you, we will do all we can. I'll also speak with the Council about letting you into the Eastern tunnels. Although why you should want to do that is beyond me."

<Whisper> ((check that, Whisper is still in front of Twit))

* Berry is gettin' all warm and dry! stripey mom is supernice mom!

* Milia ruffles Berry's mane. "That's not too warm, is it sweet-heart?"

* Whisper bares his teeth, shaking with rage. "Oh. I see. So my marefriend can't be trusted with her wings either? Are you gonna slap chains on them? What about the Angels?"

<Prism> "Can't control themselves in an enclosed environment? What? My kind normally lives in enclosed spaces, so that's a load of bunk."

<Whisper> "Do all you can? Do you have replacement lungs? Because if not you might as well treat an amputation with a bandage."

<Watch_Tower> So Magicka's magic is apparently really potent Watch made a note. "Whisper calm down. He is talking about for a pony with unstable potent magic..."

<Prism> "And we have wings."

* Berry nodnods, then realizes the meaning of the question and shakeshakes her head "nope! it is super comfy and nice warm!"

* Berry "i love you mom!"

<uSeaGM> "Given the circumstances we will have to postpone the transformations for now. Magicka is too agitated with all the goings on, but you have my word that she will receive our help as soon as Magicka is able." Twitmeyer clears his throat. "Some members of Guardian's

squad will be assigned to show you around and look after you. We may speak again later." He steps around Whisper and leaves.

* Milia giggles, giving the squeaky clean filly a gentle squeeze. "I love you too, Berry."

<uSeaGM> "Um, sorry again," Magicka apologizes, quickly following.

* Watch_Tower blinks. "wait a second..."

* Whisper ignores Watch_Tower, glaring at Twitmyer instead and wishing he had a horn with which to set stupid ponies on fire. He goes back and collapses against Prism, still visibly shaking.

* Watch_Tower suddenly understands. "You're the one who transformed her!"

* Artifica_ steps up and gives Magicka a quick hug. Then moves over to Berry, smiling. "Oooh, clean Berry!"

* Whisper 's voice is ice cold. "Love, I still want Watch's spell. We have plans to make. I understand you now. I just disagree with the method you wanted."

* Watch_Tower takes a quiet breath. "Sir I am sorry."

* Berry looks proudly at hornymom "superclean! i killed the shower!"

* Prism looks at Whisper. "I never told you about any method, did I?"

* Berry "i killed the raid boss!"

* Whisper shakes his head. "No, but you sounded like you might hurts lot of ponies. Am I right?"

* Milia blinks upon being reminded about the shower. She gently releases the filly in her hooves. "Speaaaaking of that..."

* Milia glances over to the doorway. No more confrontation taking place...

* Milia shuffles her way out of the room. "...berightback."

* Artifica_ pulls out her brush and starts giving dryhappyberry brushes.

<uSeaGM> When Milia steps out into the corridor she is confronted with an expanding pool of water that is escaping from the shower room.

* Watch_Tower swallows quietly. He...wanted to talk to that buck now more than ever...

<Whisper> "Because I don't want nice ponies like the Angels to get hurt. It's just...you're a doctor, right Prism?"

* Milia steps in wetness. It's easy to see where it's coming from. "Oh, butts."

* Watch_Tower approaches the Doctor.. "Excuse me mam..."

* Berry has brushies. is so happy she doesn't even remember why she was sad

<Watch_Tower> "can...you please explain...the umm...entire circumstance? I think there is a lot...we don't know

* Milia wanders into the shower, dreading what she might find.

* Prism looks at Whisper. "...nice? Guardian Angel is just as evil as any of em. And no, I'm not a doctor officially, I am just very learned about medicine."

<Prism> "It was something I started to study because I was interested. I never had the chance to get any certification...."

<Whisper> "Well, sometimes ponies get tumors from radiation, right? And then a doctor cuts out the tumor, right? So the rest of the pony is healthy?"

<uSeaGM> The doctor raises an eyebrow. "The entire circumstance? About what?"

<Watch_Tower> "just what is going on here...with the angels. The professor...and Magicka?"

<Prism> "You really are just furthering my argument with my example. The ponies here are likely already indoctrinated."

<Prism> "I just need someone to convince me that this place is redeemable in some way. Because one or two nice ponies doesn't make it redeemable."

* Berry when the door is opened, nothing happens. milia can see a ridiculously bloated tube just in front of her getting bigger and bigger, a small ball of soap floats around the place, then it hits the tube

<Berry> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-8mSM35QE5M>

* Whisper stops and thinks. "I...I don't know if can do that without seeing more of it. But I am with you on Prof. Jerk. I don't like him. He needs to go."

<Prism> "If there was a slaver who fed starving orphans, you'd still burn down his camp. Why is it any different with this place?"

<Prism> "That's why I'm giving it some time. If we can't find a solution to your lung problem in the time it takes for Watch and Artifica's magic to falter...then I'm gonna do everything in my power to make sure this place doesn't thrive at the very least."

* Whisper hugs Prism. "We'll find something. I just don't like picturing you as cruel and heartless. The Prism I'm in love with is kind." He frowns. "Still, this place is losing points with me too. And

fast."

<uSeaGM> Bedside Manner shrugs. "What do you want me to say? The Angel's are my friends. I've known Delight since we were kids. I think Twitmyer is aptly named, but his real problem is the giant stick shoved up his arse."

* Milia 's eyes widen. "Oh, fuck. Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!" she scrambles to try to stop what she cannot hope to stop. She is /far/ too late. All she can do before the inevitable happens, is offer one final thought to the aether:

<Milia> "HOW DID SHE EVEN DO THA-*SPLOOSH*"

* Artifica_ sighs. "The professor is... more than just arrogant. He is insanely irresponsible. Failsafe is not a small, targeted spell. It's not a /toy/." She scowls. "He treated a powerful magical weapon like it was a toy... it was no different than if he'd been waving around a loaded gun in a marketplace and it went off."

<Watch_Tower> "I mean he mentioned the transformation, and they lasted years. He said Magic had strangely potent magic..."

<Prism> "That particular spell...used to be one of my specialties you know. Artifica is 100 percent correct."

* Artifica_ stares at the floor, "Hell, the fact that it nearly killed one of my friends is almost beside the point. What he did was /criminally/ stupid." She frowns, "And that sort of thing has to have repercussions."

* Berry offers "maybe magicka is supercorn! WOAHH! a super pretty hornypony!"

* Milia is lost in the torrent of water that bursts forth from the broken showerhead. Sliding easily on the soapy, slippery floor, she's tossed against the far wall, slamming into it as a vicious spray of water keeps her pinned. She grits her teeth, trying to wriggle away from it. It's far, far harder than it has any right to be.

* Berry "and during night she puts on a cloak and fights evil!" starts flying around making battle sounds with her mouth "WOOSH! ZAP!"

<uSeaGM> "I don't know much about Magicka. Only that she's the one who can Transform ponies for a really long time. I think her mother did it before her, too. But I never met her mother. Magicka does seem to know Guardian though."

* Milia concludes that Berry was right. This shower is a demon from Tartarus and it needs to die. The zebra resorts to a similar tactic as her adopted daughter: swearing at it as she tries to get away.

* Berry "i want to be magicka's friend and get into the superponies squad too! she can be my

sidekick!"

* Watch_Tower closes his eyes and considers a moment. "I have one....more question...what happens to ponies that others find out are pegasi?"

<Milia> "YOU FUCKFACE! YOU HIDEOUS NIPPLE! YOU DIARRHEA APOCALYPSE! SUCK MY DICK! YOU MOUTHWASH ENEMA! I'LL KILL YOU! YOU... YOU... YOU EGG!"

<uSeaGM> The doctor blinks. "Nothing, of course. It would be against the Hermes act. Accidents are rare but they do happen, of course. Like with Angel Delight outside."

* Milia is far, far too frustrated to coherently swear anymore. She raises a hoof in front of her and braces herself, walking straight into the stream. She had to reach the handle!

<Watch_Tower> "Hermes act?"

* Watch_Tower is beginning to rethink his stand of accepting Twit again, but he wanted full details...before deciding

<uSeaGM> "It's a lesson about 'loyalty and sacrifice'. The kind they love shoving down your neck when you're a foal." The Doctor rolls her eyes, but she continues.

<uSeaGM> "It is the story of how Hermes gave up his wings in disgust when all his fellow pegasi chose to abandon Equestria and seal up the sky behind them. The newly formed Council of Sanctuary Station decreed that this sacrifice was proof of his loyalty and that he was not to be judged for the craven actions of the other pegasi."

<Watch_Tower> "I see." He closes his eyes. Yup no love for Twit. "Thank you." He says calmly.

* Milia 's entire body is aching by the time she traverses the mighty 7-or-so feet required to reach her goal. With a roar of triumph, she slams down a hoof onto the brass handle and twists it. She is soaked from head to hoof, but finally the monster is dead!

<Watch_Tower> "So in order to stay pegasi have to give up their wings."

* Watch_Tower trots to rejoin the others

<Prism> "That's awful."

* Whisper 's eyes suddenly go wide. "Prism, love, I gotta go do something. I'll be right back."

* Whisper gets up and silently walks up to Watch_Tower and slips a hoof into Watch's bags, feeling very carefully for something.

<Prism> "The only good thing is that they aren't complete barbarians about it, and use magic instead of a hacksaw."

<Prism> "Though if something happened to Magicka." She shudders.

* Milia immediately strips down, tossing her now soaking armor, cloak, helmet, and powerhooves off to the side of the room. Now completely naked, she rears up onto her hindhooves and tosses her forelegs up in victory! "REST IN FUCKING PIECES!" she screams, then bursting into flames as if to punctuate her battle's end.

<Watch_Tower> "So I understand now...Yeah. This stable prefers to hide them...I was hoping that that maybe they were protecting the angels."

<Prism> "I still consider them no different than raiders, slavers or the Enclave."

* Whisper slips out a Sparkle-Cola bottle, empty except for a blue snippet of plant. He quickly pockets it and heads back over to Prism. "Prism, I got a little something to help us with Twit," he grins.

<Prism> "They're a danger to ponies outside."

* Milia sadly, forgot she was currently on a very slippery surface. "Oh, shi-!" she yelps, before slipping and falling onto her muzzle.

* Artifica_ turns to Angel and her newborn foal. "There are... other places you can live, if you don't want your child to grow up here. Better places." She grimaces a little. "We... are on a quest where many lives hang in the balance. But as soon as we are able, we would be happy to help your family move anywhere you'd chose."

<uSeaGM> Looking up at the shower taps, Milia notices that they make a :D face. It looks like it's laughing at her.

* Whisper leans over and whispers into Prism's ear. "I got us something better than just killing him. I got Killing Joke."

* Prism looks at Whisper and whispers back into his ear. "Maybe put it in the water supply here...maybe the joke would be giving them all unhideable pegasus wings."

* Berry listens to this discussion, doesn't really understand a lot of it

* Berry "mom,,,,, what are they talking about?"

* Milia dizzily stares up at the tap. It had only let her think she had won. Look at it, mocking her. "...a fucked up place for monsters..." she groans, half dazed.

* Artifica_ blinks. She was focused on Angel. "Who, dear?"

* Whisper 's eyes go wide. "That's...genius. Prism, I can't believe you thought of that."

<Prism> "Well, I can't believe I thought of that either....don't actually do it though."

<Prism> "Because that could easily backfire."

* Artifica_ looks about. Then gets up and walks over to Prism and Whisper. "Don't do what?"

* Whisper jumps and starts laughing loudly. "Hi there Artifica_! Me and Prism were just, uh...what were we talking about again?"

<Prism> "Something I probably shouldn't have even thought of, because it is highly cruel."

* Berry "i dont' know but everypony acts like she's angry and stuff... what is going on?"

<Prism> "I just hate this place...it's making me really conflicted."

* Artifica_ looks at Prism and Whisper suspiciously. "Then maybe you shouldn't be talking about it?"

<Whisper> "Heh...yeah. Just, uh, hypotheticals though! Not like we'd actually go so far as to acquire dangerous magical materials!"

* Milia stumbles to her hooves. Unceremoniously, she swipes at the tap that had caused her so much grief with a forehoof. This place was already broke as shit. What was one more shower tap on top of an entire bathroom and medical ward?

<uSeaGM> Angel Delight looks conflicted. She glances between her baby and her husband... until Guardian takes her hoof. "You are mine, and I am yours. I will be with you no matter what happens."

<Whisper> A big drop of sweat rolls down Whisper's face. He hopes Artifica_ is really bad at knowing when ponies are lying.

* Artifica_ narrows her eyes. "Good, because one Twitmyer is enough to deal with. I don't need two more in my own party."

* Watch_Tower sighs quietly and trots over to the angels. "umm sorry about all the noise."

<Prism> "I just made a comment that I really regret."

* Whisper gulps. Heh. Yeah. He's jerk. Hopefully he gets his someday, in a manner entirely not caused by anypony."

<uSeaGM> Angel Delight smiles, relieved. "I'll have to think about it," she answers Artifica_.

* Artifica_ suggests, "And if you were to somehow accidentally come across dangerous magical materials, I suggest you turn them over to Watch_Tower or myself. Just to be safe."

* Prism looks at Whisper in a, no, we need to find another way, sort of way.

* Artifica_ turns back and walks over to Angel Delight. "And how's the little Angel doing?"

* Whisper sighs and looks at Prism regretfully. "Should I put it back?"

<Prism> "Yes."

* Whisper winces. "Should I tell Watch?"

<Prism> "No."

* Milia , thoroughly pleased with her shower...icide, heads back to the group. Wordlessly, she enters the medical ward. Naked, on fire, and somehow also soaking wet at the same time. She'd get her gear later. When it was dry. Right now, she just needed to sit down.

<Prism> "...I haven't decided how I feel about what to do with this place...but somehow I think that would've been the wrong way to go about it."

* Whisper nods and walks silently back over to Watch.

<uSeaGM> Delight strokes her baby's mane. "Much better, now that the shouting has stopped."

* Berry stares at stripeymom for a moment, confused "you met the showermonster too?"

* Milia stares down at her daughter. She just nods. Her expression is dead serious.

<Watch_Tower> "Really am sorry about that." He looks over at Prism and whisper. "I...wasn't expecting my friends to get hurt..."

* Whisper avoids detection by Watch and carefully slips the bottle of Killing Joke sample back into the other stallion's bags...

* Berry looks at her mommy with renewed respect. they were both monster hunters now, they were two of a kind flapflaps on her back and curls

<Whisper> ...and feels the lid come loose.

* Whisper quickly extracts his hoof and gulps. "Watch..."

<Whisper> "I'm sorry. You, um, may wanna take off your saddlebags right now. With magic."

* MonsterHunterBerryX has two bestest mommies

<Watch_Tower> "What...did you...do?"

* Watch_Tower looks to his bags slowly. He takes no chances and just teleports out from under them.

* Whisper whimpers. "T-took the killing joke for a little bit and tried to put it back without you

knowing but the lid came off and it's in your bags and I'm really really sorry!"

* Prism facehoofs.

* Watch_Tower pales a bit. "please tell me it didn't touch you"

<uSeaGM> Watch_Tower's saddle bags fall to the floor and sit there... ominously.

* Whisper shakes his head. "I'm sorry! I was just gonna use to scare Twit!"

<Watch_Tower> "You could have just used a gun...jeeze that'd have been safer even..." He takes a breath slowly

* MonsterHunterBerryX "killingwut?" immediately goes inspecting!

<Prism> "No, because that would've caused copface to get uppity...." She muses.

* Watch_Tower immediately lifts Berry magically. "woah now nope! Arti would kill me."

* MonsterHunterMiliaUnite hums to herself, eyes closed, just relaxing. Until those words were said. "... Wait, excuse me?"

* Whisper starts crying. "I'm sorry! I was just so mad at him! He needs to go away!"

* MonsterHunterBerryX trottrots but it doesn't work! "ohnoe! mom i'm cursed! i can't trot!" flapflaps... not working either!

<Watch_Tower> "did...you get touched?"

* MonsterHunterMiliaUnite stares at the group on the other side of the room. "/Excuse/ me? Killing joke? Did I just hear that right?"

* Watch_Tower gently sets Berry down.

* MonsterHunterBerryX "i wanna see the prettyjoke!"

* Whisper cringes. "I'm SORRY! It was a stupid idea, okay!?"

* Watch_Tower puts a shield up around him and his bag to keep others from getting in while he tries to fix this.

* MonsterHunterBerryX is shielded outside! oh well, it's shield licking time then

* MonsterHunterMiliaUnite snaps her attention to Berry. "Berry, /stop/! That stuff is dangerous, okay? Just... just stay away from it!"

* MonsterHunterBerryX lick lick li-ZAP! "taftef like zaps...."

* Whisper looks over at Milia. "Yes, there is killing joke in Watch_Tower's bags. Yes, I took it.

Yes, I was gonna try and scare Twitmeyer with it because he /deserves/ it!"

* Watch_Tower slowly floats the bottle out and upturns his bag. "Going to sculpt it in this time...have to shatter it to get it out..."

* Prism just sits to the side. "I told him to put it back..."

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy sleepily climbs onto Milia's shoulder. "Is a thing? Can I burn it?"

* MonsterHunterBerryX watches as watch plays with the pretty flower. is so jelly!

* Whisper leans on Prism. "The lid slipped off..."

* MonsterHunterBerryX "mommy! why colponies get all the prettiest toys!"

* MonsterHunterMiliaUnite stares at Whisper. More of a glower, really. "Yeah, no shit it was stupid." She sweeps a look to everypony in the room. "Why the fuck are we carrying around a nightmare plant that kills you 95% of the time with a single touch that actively seeks you out to do just that?"

* Watch_Tower hopefully finds the plant.

* Whisper shrugs. "W-Watch would know. Not me."

* Prism sighs.

* Prism exits the room.

<uSeaGM> "Sounds like a thing that could do with a burnin'. Just sayin'..."

<Watch_Tower> "Because I was hoping that it might help...The stuff is rare and I know that someponies might use it for a cure...or who knows what."

* Whisper gets up and hurries after Prism.

* MonsterHunterMiliaUnite stares at the fire spirit on her shoulder. "Yeah. I agree."

* MonsterHunterBerryX goes looking for an prettier flower

* MonsterHunterBerryX finds mom instead, climbs up and curls again

<Prism> "Maybe I shouldn't be here."

* Watch_Tower unless anything stops him secures the plant and sculpts it into a glass prison.

* MonsterHunterMiliaUnite sighs. She looks at Watch Tower, exhausted. "...And why didn't you tell us about this, first? You're way, way smarter than me, Watch, and even *I* know how bad fucking news killing joke is."

* Whisper blinks at Prism. "Huh?"

<Prism> "I can't even stop myself from making stupid comments like that. It feels like I'm going to end up working against everyone's interests."

<Watch_Tower> "I told everypony about this earlier"

<Watch_Tower> "I really did..."

<Watch_Tower> "I mean I know the stuff is a bad idea, but not telling you all would be stupidly suicidal"

* Whisper shakes his head. "Prism, you're really stressed and part of what just happened is on me. We all make mistakes sometimes."

* Milia rubs her forehead tiredly. "Okay, well obviously I wasn't in the loop for that tidbit. Ugh, fuck me..."

* Milia takes a few deep breaths. "Sorry, I'm just... I'm really fucking on edge right now, after today." She stares at the unicorn. "Is there /any/ good reason Mercy shouldn't just torch it right this second?"

<Watch_Tower> "well no chance of it getting out now." He holds up the cube of glass. "unless someone steals it again..."

* Berry offers mommy her knight of hte roses plushie. it's super relaxing

<Watch_Tower> "honestly because I'm unsure if it might do something to mercy?"

* Prism heads back inside looking a little downcast.

* Whisper pulls Prism into another hug. "We made some mistakes, okay? B-but I still love you. I still wanna be with you."

* Whisper buries his muzzle in Prism's mane. "And I know you can fix me. I know you can."

<Prism> "No I can't. I don't possess the resources to do so."

<Prism> "And I'm not sure we can find them in two days time."

* Whisper pulls back far enough to look at Prism. "But you're smart. Maybe I can even help you think of something. And maybe that lung transfer will work out."

* Berry turns her head to prism and whisper "you coul ask magicka. she's superpowerful, if you tell ehr how to do it she can make it!"

* Milia just sighs. She was doing a lot of that lately. "...fine. As long as you have it contained. But I /really/ don't fuckin' like the idea of carting that stuff around. It's a Goddess-damned disaster

just waiting to happen. And we've had /enough/ fucking disasters lately." Milia then turns to Berry, her expression softening. She doesn't take the doll, but does scoop the filly

* Milia into a hug. The gesture itself was enough to help. "Thank you, Berry..."

* Whisper thinks quickly. "Um...maybe you can talk to Milia? Maybe you and her can cook up some crazy potion together?"

<Prism> "Being smart without a proper outlet to use those smarts is pretty useless."

* Berry is hugged, hugs back and puts the doll and mister roachy in the hug too.

<Watch_Tower> "I honestly agree...I actually planned on teleporting with it someplace once we got outside again and leaving it."

<uSeaGM> Strange Mercy drowsily drapes herself over Milia's shoulders like a living neck warmer.

* Prism eyes Watch. "I'm all for burning it."

* Milia hugs Ms. Dolly and Mr. Roachie too. And Mercy! What a warm hug this was!

* Whisper chews his lip. "I...maybe you and Watch can invent a new spell that'll help?"

<Prism> "And I'm not sure I could offer Milia any advice at potionmaking. Alchemy is something she has experience with...not me."

<Watch_Tower> "Think of it like this." Watch says calmly. "The stuff is rare...and likely to be needed in curing existing...victims."

* Prism looks at Whisper. "Don't really know if I can help invent a spell. I lack a horn."

* Whisper lowers his head. "Oh...okay then. I...alright."

* Watch_Tower replaces it in his bag for a moment. "besides..."

<Watch_Tower> though*

<Watch_Tower> "I will admit this does have me worried"

* Berry trots to prisn and whisper and hugs them.

<Watch_Tower> "I thought it was safe enough...the last thing I was expecting was somepony else...taking it from me."

* Whisper cringes and whimpers. "I'm sorry Watch..."

* Berry hugs for a while the two evil ponies. they looked sad, sads need care

* Watch_Tower sighs quietly and lowers his shield replacing his bags on his bag. "It's fine...just please don't do it again."

* Whisper sniffs and nods. "I w-won't...are you mad at me?"

<Watch_Tower> "not really." He admits. "The buck strikes me wrong too..."

<Watch_Tower> "oh! I just thought of a big reason not to burn it."

<Watch_Tower> "Smoke..."

* Prism isn't evil.

* Berry hugs all the same even if not evil

* Milia raises an eyebrow. "...I wasn't suggesting we burn it in /here/."

* Whisper pats Berry on the head, not sure how to respond.

<Watch_Tower> "Where were you planning?" Watch asks curious

<Watch_Tower> "we're kind of underground and going underground..."

<Prism> "Thank you Berry."

* Milia shoots Watch Tower a 'really?' look. "... Outside? In the junkyard? I'm /pretty/ sure we could get permission to head out for a few minutes, considering the circumstances."

* Berry licks the two ponies and goes hugging Watch_Tower too, because she doesn't want him to feel left out

* Watch_Tower hugs berry back happily enough.

* Whisper sits looking frazzled, unused to donky licks.

* Berry pickpockets the gullible stallion and takes pretty flo- no wait, just hugs

<Watch_Tower> "If you are really so inclined...I can trust you with it."

* Berry then goes hugging birdcop. salutes. birdcop, you were framed, but berry noticed the grin on minuscule face. this won't go unpunished. it's a promise

* Berry hugs birdcop some more because there's a bigger chance of messing with vital medical stuff

* Milia outstretches her hooves. "If you give it to me, it's getting destroyed. I know that much is obvious, but, just saying."

<Watch_Tower> "Let you go burn it...,but I think it's safe enough where it is...and it didn't exactly

try and escape or anything when I was catching it..."

* Prism just sits down. On the opposite end of the room than the Angels of course, since she hates Guardian now and just...waits.

* Watch_Tower fishes it out. ",but if it attempts to escape or anything because it catches a hint that is your plan I take no responsibility for THAT part."

<Watch_Tower> "Worst comes to worse if we need another sample. I can teleport back to where we found the plant previously." He sighs. "This is much safer"

<Watch_Tower> "uhh keep Arti with you just incase when you break the glass."

<Watch_Tower> "I really don't want to risk any funny business"

* Milia nods. "I think we'll be able to handle it. I don't plan on giving it a chance to get away."

* Watch_Tower gives it over finally. It's in a cube shaped prison...Watch resisted the urge to make it a pokeball.

* Milia sets the glass GENTLY down on the floor and grabs a pillow, stealing the case from it. She puts the cube inside of it and ties the end in a knot. It was easy to carry, and another layer of protection in case something stupid happened.

* Whisper walks over to Watch_Tower. "I'm sorry."

* Berry ends up sleeping on jasmine's bed, suckinh the lion's tail

**Ring Ring* *Ring Ring* Goes an old-style telephone on the wall.*

Only Watch Tower seems to notice.

* Watch_Tower blinks and looks around heading to the wall. "it's...fine whisper..."

* Milia trots over to Guardian Angel. "Terribly... terribly sorry to bother you, but can you maybe let me outside for a few minutes? You know... to do the thing."

* Whisper follows Watch_Tower. "No, it isn't. I put everypony in a lot of danger. After I said it was a bad idea having that stuff." He hangs his head. "And after you trusted me too..."

* Berry catbird tastes like chicken

<Watch_Tower> "Whisper. Nothing bad came of it." He sighs. "If nothing else..." He smiles. "This makes things safer."

* Whisper doesn't look convinced. "I guess. You, um, don't know how to fix my lungs...do you?"

<Watch_Tower> "I...have ideas...,but none I am sure will work."

* Watch_Tower answers the phone he heard ringing and swallows looking around to see if anyone else had noticed...and seeing none had.

"Precious child of mud and clay. . . When your paint cracks what lies beneath?"

The phone goes dead.

* Whisper looks up at Watch eagerly. "What ideas. Please."

<Watch_Tower> "umm...Whisper...do you see a phone here? an old one?"

* Whisper blinks. "No...should I?"

* Watch_Tower breaks into a dry sweat before swallowing. "I don't know...,but I do and it rang...I answered it...and now it's gone."

<uSeaGM> *End of Session for Group 4*