Chapter 5: Scissor Sister - Part 2

“Kell! Watch out!” Jozenby gets to his feet and stands in between the two, staring down the strange thief. He adjusts his goggles slightly and steps forwards, putting up his fists in response to the strange humanoid appearing. “He’s a stand user as well!”

“Oh, thanks, JoJo.” Kell says sarcastically, rolling her eyes. “I thought the stand appearing in front of him was only a coincidence.”

She puts her hands up in a shrug. “Look, let’s just take care of him, call the police, and they can haul him off. I’ve gotten in a couple of scraps myself. People like him are usually pretty weak small fries who think that the world revolves around them. Not that this dude is small, though.”

“...Right.” Jozenby hesitates, embarrassed that he hadn’t exactly thought things through for once. He was surprised that Kell was the one who was able to keep her composure in this situation-- he wouldn’t have taken her for someone who would stand her ground, let alone someone who had experience in fighting. Perhaps he had misjudged her.

The thief’s stand, which he had called ‘Wheat Kings’ appears in front of him, baring sharpened white teeth in a maddened glare towards its two opponents. True to its name, it had two long, horn-like protrusions on the sides of its head that seemed to be composed of wheat, and its entire body seemed to be covered in grain-esque armor.

Wheat Kings, with a brownish-yellow motif, stares down Kell and Jozenby with its green eyes while the man stands a safe distance behind it, away from any potential attacks from his two enemies. Like its user, this stand seemed to have a sort of gross beer belly-- the sign of a definitely unhealthy lifestyle.

“Small fry? You think I’m a small fry?” The man sneers, and jabs a thumb to his chest. “My name is Reed Burkhardt. I’m a *professional* food critic. Every day, I patrol the United States, hopping from place to place and trying each local restaurant on my way. And every day, I leave my very own review out of my own generosity. If anything, those geezers should be *thankful* for the publicity I’m giving them! In fact, they should be grateful that I even visited this backwoods trash heap of a town anyways.”

“See what I mean?” Kell asks, looking to Jozenby. “He just told us his name. He can’t beat us two on one, so let’s go after him together.”

“Really?” Reed frowns, angered that those two were ignoring him. “You’re not going to pay any attention to me? Fine. It’s your funeral, after all.”

“Kell, as much as we need to take down this man in the name of justice and security, I think we should exercise caution.” Jozenby warns. “We don’t know what his stand ability is yet, so we don’t really know how to deal with him.”

“So let’s test him. Both of us rush him at once.” Kell says plainly. Clearly, she just wanted to go back to her lunch-- she didn’t care about what possible dangers this man posed to them. “Like I said. Two of us. One of him.”

“...Alright. There’s not a better way to do this, so I suppose we’ll go about it your way.” Jozenby nods. He begins to glow with a golden stand aura, and takes position. “「Homecom-”

Before Jozenby could even finish his sentence, he is struck by a powerful blow from the yellowish-brown stand, and sent sprawling back onto the sidewalk once more.

“Does that guy ever stop talking?” Reed smirks, seeing the unconscious body of Jozenby tumble past a surprised Kell. “I guess I showed him who the real small fry was, huh? I’m surprised, honestly. He seems like all bark and no bite.”

The thief shifts his gaze to the young woman, and tilts his head confidently. “So, Kell, was it? What’s it gonna be? Are you gonna drag your little friend away and accept a loss, or are you just as stupid as he is? Come on, don’t let me down here. I’ve got high expectations, after all.”

“I pick option two.” Kell answers definitely to Reed’s taunt, not even having to put any thought into her response. “「Scissor Sister」!”

Before she even began to speak, she was summoning her stand-- but it wasn’t a humanoid of any sort. Rather, it was a large pair of scissors separated into two blades, with each one fashioned into what seemed to be an extraordinarily sharp and exciting single-edged sword. The hilts were hot pink and decorated with flowers, while the blades themselves were a lighter shade, but other than that, the stand seemed to be relatively plain.

Wheat Kings' fist would only make contact with hard metal as Kell puts herself into a defensive position instead of an offensive one. With a flourish of her sword, she parries the fist and pushes it aside, then drives the hilt into the nose of her attacker!

"F-Fuck!" Blood gushes from Reed's nose, and he stumbles back, wiping it off with his odd leather gloves. He digs through his cargo pants pockets until he finds a worn tissue, which he shoves up his nose to hopefully soak up some of it and stop the bleeding. "You'll pay for that! Not only am I gonna knock you out now-- but I think I'll take your money, too! Heh! Yeah, that's what I'll do!"

"Will you shut the hell up and get your ass kicked already?" Kell retorts. She raises her blades again, and surveys her surroundings. To be honest, there wasn't much. A few scattered light posts, a couple of trash cans, and a few stray trees, but otherwise, it really was an old country town.

The young woman eyes Wheat Kings carefully, ready for any sudden moves he might make. With that, she starts to think. *"JoJo was right after all. I'll have to approach this carefully. I know there's an ability he has besides punching fast and hard. If I figure out what it is, I might be able to counter it."*

"Take this!" Reed shouting would interrupt her train of thought, and she raises her swords to block again. The fist crashes into the flat part of the crossed swords, and stays there. He had gone for the exact same attack a third time. However, at this point, something was wrong.

"That fist-- it's burning hot!" Kell yanks her swords away as fast as possible, noticing the painful first-degree burn beginning to form on her arm. Indeed, the knuckles of Wheat Kings had been heated up immensely since the last strike, and although Kell's swords could definitely take a hit, she didn't want that fist in contact with any part of her body.

One person might jump back, and try to reorient themselves after taking a hit. However, Kell was not that type of person. Instead, she leaps to the side. One sword was on guard, ready to defend against Wheat Kings-- and the other was touching the ground. Almost immediately, sword-like protrusions made of cement begin to emerge, forming a straight line that was making its way right towards the thief!

"Yipe! Wh-Wheat Kings! Help me out!" The stand, which was about to attack Kell, is suddenly withdrawn! It reappears behind Reed, and lifts him up into the air just as the sword protrusions reach it.

This would be a good plan, if the stone protrusions were made of cement and only that. Unfortunately for the villain, somehow, they were now a part of Kell's stand!

Of course, Reed had accounted for this possibility. Instead of cutting through Wheat King's feet, the blades would only bluntly hit a tough, ovular shell-- one that bore a close resemblance to that of an egg.

The young woman's thought process changes upon seeing this new development, and she begins to think once more. *"One of Scissor Sister's abilities is to give whatever it's touching certain properties, like durability or sharpness… but somehow, this guy has managed to circumvent that. Are those things on his feet… eggs?"*

All of a sudden, it clicked for Kell. The heat from a punch had been enough to give her a first degree burn, and now the man had developed tough egg shells over his feet. *"Wait a second… can this guy give his stand the qualities of whatever he eats? Bacon is hot enough to burn when it's fresh off the stove, and eggs are always part of a balanced breakfast. Plus, coffee gives people energy, which explains why it's so fast and strong. Huh. I guess our stands are kind of similar, then."*

The 19 year old faces her opponent, and removes her sword from the ground. With that, the blade-like protrusions disappear. It was clear that attacking Reed's feet wasn't going to work at the moment, what with those pesky egg shells protecting them. She would have to think of a different plan of attack-- and she had just the perfect idea in mind.

She clasps the two blades together, forming a full pair of scissors, which begins to shrink until it reaches a regular size. Carefully, Kell reaches behind herself and undoes her thick braid, letting down her extremely long, dirty-blonde hair, which now went as far as her ankles.

Snip!

In one swift motion, Kell cuts the extra five feet of hair, and grabs it with her left hand! Wasting no time at all, she wraps it around her right arm, making sure that it was touching her sword. Usually, she couldn't affect herself with her stand. However, by cutting her long hair and separating it from her body, she could vastly increase its effective range!

“Huh?” Reed raises an eyebrow. The young woman splits her blades apart, and they return to their regular size. “You’re… giving yourself a haircut? Now?”

Kell smiles slightly, and slashes forwards with her right sword! Usually, her stand had a limited range-- but her hair shoots forwards, sharpens, and hardens, adding an extra five feet. Then, more shoots forwards, acting as an extension for that section, and so on. Within seconds, she had closed the distance, even from a couple dozen feet away!

Her new hair blade reaches Reed effortlessly aiming for his leg-- however, instead of attempting it, the hair softens at the last second, and wraps around his ankle like some sort of whip! Then, it hardens again, becoming a cuff which would at the very least take some time to escape from.

The 19 year old yanks hard, and her opponent is forcefully pulled from his stand’s hands! Before he can react and make it catch him, his back hits the cement, and he lets out a surprised grunt of pain. “Urgh! Y-You evil little--”

“What’s wrong?” Kell asks. The blade that she had crafted with her hair begins to coil back towards her, dragging the overweight man with it. “Can’t handle a ‘kid’? I thought you were a professional food critic. You’re pathetic.”

Before she could catch Reed, though, Wheat Kings intervenes! With the power bestowed upon it by the magic of an espresso, it grabs the blade and snaps it in half, softening the cuff and allowing its user to escape.

“Guh… you’re tougher than your friend, I’ll give you that. But if that’s all the tricks you have, I’m afraid you’re out of luck.” The thief wheezes tiredly, pushing himself to his feet. Reed was clearly struggling a bit, and definitely running out of strategies to use against an opponent with as much versatility as Kell.

While her opponent tries to catch his breath, Kell surveys the area once more, and carefully formulates a plan. She wasn’t going to kill or brutally injure a man over a stolen breakfast-- but she could certainly trap him.

The young woman would turn to see Reed following after her, with Wheat Kings in close pursuit! With that, she makes a beeline for the nearest small tree, and raises a blade of Scissor Sister for attack!

With a powerful ‘chop’, she slices the tree almost completely in half from top to bottom, and deftly leaps through the middle in a unique display of acrobatics.

“You can’t run away from this! You started it!” Reed shouts angrily as he chases after her. He begins to step through the tree that had been split open. “Wheat Ki-”

All of a sudden, two huge, pink bandages appear, connecting the two sides of the tree with the ‘critic’ unfortunately situated in the middle! In the span of a few seconds, the wood clamps down over his right leg like a vise, becoming a wooden prison for the man and preventing him from moving!

By pursuing his target and underestimating his opponent, Reed had fallen right into Kell’s clutches.

“Looks like you’re not so tough after all.” Kell turns around, confident in her abilities, and faces the thief. “Now that you’re stuck here, here’s how things are going to work. I’m going to notify the police about what you’ve done. They’re going to come and take you away. Got it?”

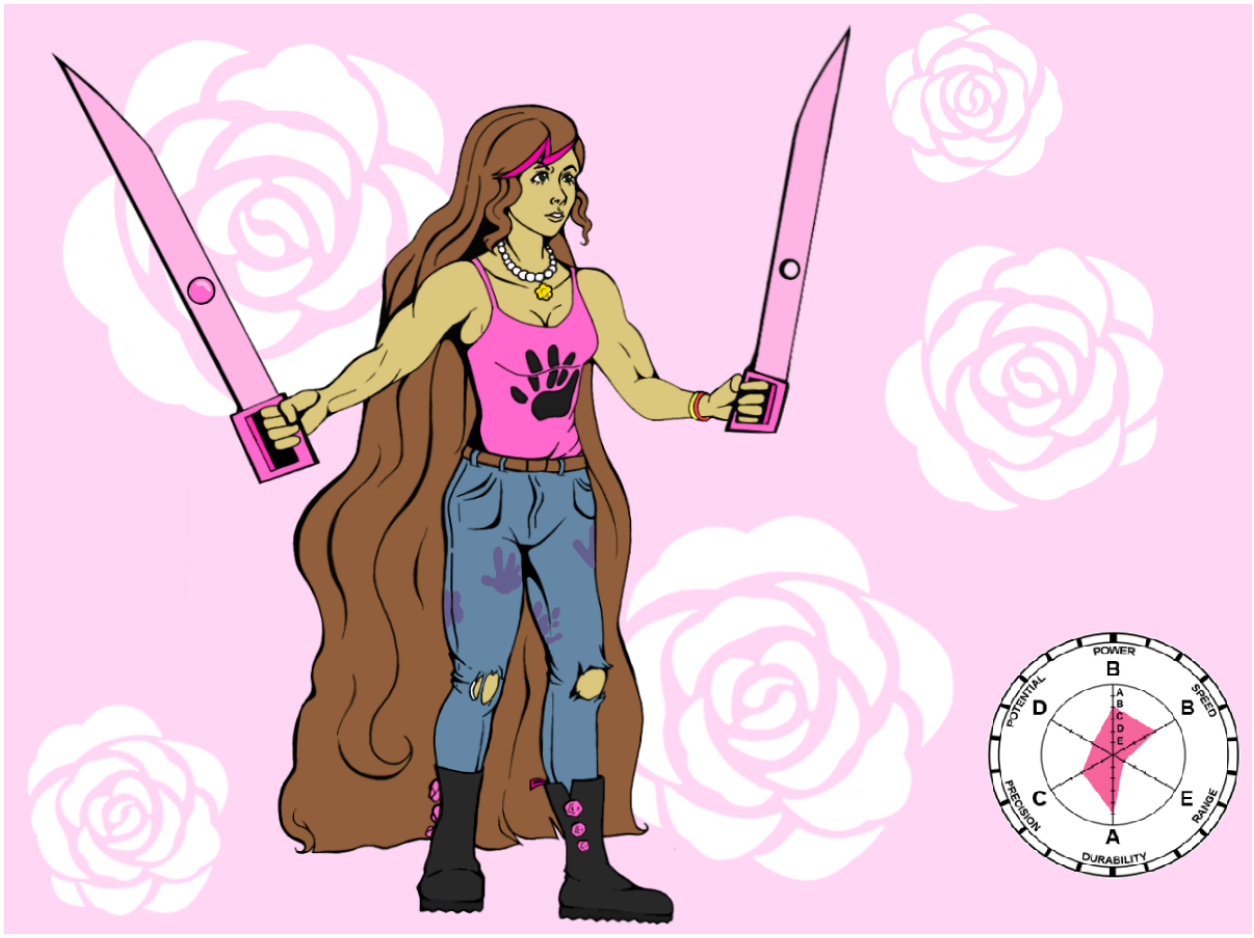
In response, her enemy only begins to laugh, despite his leg being lodged in the middle of a tree. “You think I’m stuck? You really are just as stupid as your friend.”

Wheat Kings appears besides Reed once more, and strikes a pose. With one look at a nearby clock, he smirks devilishly. “In fact… I’d bet that within the next minute, I’ll have you out cold. Now… why don’t we try for a round two?”

June 10th (11:12:05 AM)



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Stand:「Scissor Sister」
Stand User: Kellyanne Clipp
Power: B
Speed: B
Range: E
Durability: A
Precision: C
Potential: D

Ability: Scissor Sister, as the name implies, is a giant pair of scissors, around the size of Cloud's sword from Final Fantasy. While it is quite large, it can be freely shrunken down until it is the size of a normal pair of scissors. It does function well as a pair of scissors, but it can also split into two individual sword-like blades-- a style Kell prefers to use more often.

It has two primary abilities. First, the blades are more sharp and powerful than their appearance would suggest-- if a single blade is used to cut an object, Kell can choose for bandages to appear to connect the severed part, and after a while, they will be repaired. This can be useful for healing others, or restoring damage that has been done as the result of a fight. Second, while their ability is activated, Kell can choose for anything the scissors are touching to take on the properties of them-- particularly the durability and sharpness, which is useful if she wants to increase her effective range with her hair.

If Scissor Sister or one of its blades is separated from her, Kell can choose to telekinetically will it back to her at a high speed.

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Name: Reed Burkhardt
Stand: Wheat Kings
Birthday: 3/2/89
Age: 27
Height: 6'0"
Occupation: 'Professional' Food Critic
Bio: Reed Burkhardt, as the youngest in a family of six, lived an oddly gluttonous life-- born to two professional chefs, he and his three brothers were always served the most luxurious and professional of foods, with every meal being of the highest quality. While he wasn't exactly 'rich', his standards of what good food was supposed to be gradually warped over time, to the point where he anything considered less than a delicacy was garbage. At the age of eighteen, he was kicked out of his parents' home for not caring enough to get a job-- and this event inspired him to become a 'critic', travelling across the world and stealing from various family-owned restaurants to make a living. This passion for eating eventually led to him developing his stand; Wheat Kings.

Chapter 6: Scissor Sister - Part 3

June 10th (11:12:10 AM)

Kell had taken a few seconds to process this information before getting back into a fighting stance, holding both blades up and making sure that she wouldn't get caught off guard by some sort of sneak attack.

However, there was no need-- she could suddenly hear the familiar sound of cracking wood, and would notice the shell of an egg developing over Reed's own, pushing the enclosure out of the way. Or, more accurately, it was developing over Wheat Kings' leg, which the thief had laid over his own!

Within just a few seconds, the man had freed himself from the wooden prison, and stands in front of his enemy menacingly.

Instinctively, the young woman dodges to the left-- and a moment later, an egg-covered fist of Wheat Kings strikes where her head had been, a brown, coffee-colored aura radiating from its body. She had dodged the blow by sheer luck, and would have surely been knocked unconscious if it had hit!

"Dang it… this guy is fast." Kell thinks to herself, staring at the stand, which was already preparing to strike once more. *"How do I get around him?"*

June 10th (11:12:18 AM)

Whoosh!

Another fist flies past Kell's face-- and this time, she could tell it was burning hot! One hit from this, and she would probably be out for good.

"Scissor Sister!" The 19 year old shouts fiercely. Once again, she lashes out-- this time at Reed, using her hair to increase her range once more. If she could close the distance, she'd be able to knock him out. Doing it within the minute would give her an odd sense of satisfaction, too-- it would let her know that she had beat him at his own game.

Unfortunately, before she could reach the man with her improvised grappling hook, Wheat Kings appears, knocking it out of the way!

Reed smiles. “You think the same trick will work twice? You’ve already shown me everything you’re capable of! Face it, victory is mine already. You can’t dodge forever!”

June 10th (11:12:30 AM)

And then Wheat Kings was upon her again, this time throwing a flurry of punches! At this point, it was all Kell could do to dodge his attacks, and she stumbles backwards, occasionally holding up her swords to block a stray punch that was pushing its boundaries.

However, this strategy wouldn’t work forever-- already, blocking the punches was beginning to produce sizzling first-degree burns over portions of her body, and she winces, already feeling the pain building up.

Finally, though, she would be able to spot it-- an opening in his strikes, and an opportunity to attack. Without hesitation, Kell decides to shrink her right scissor blade, which she drives down towards Wheat Kings’ arm!

Crack!

Unfortunately, the only thing this desperate attack would succeed in doing was barely crack the egg shell over Wheat Kings’ fist, which stand had used to block the attack!

June 10th (11:12:43 AM)

The scissor blade had lodged itself in the egg, not even being close to long enough to hurt the thief. Instead, the attack had resulted in Kell being put at a further disadvantage!

Already, the heat of the egg was starting to spread throughout her midsection. If brief contact with a fist had managed to give her a first degree burn, then prolonged contact with one was more than enough to make her eyes water.

To add onto the pain of a burn spreading throughout her body, she was now almost defenseless, with the numbers of blades she was able to use reduced to half of its former number. One blade couldn’t hope to defend against Wheat Kings’ speed!

“Just in time, too!” Reed smiles cockily. “You’re finished, Kell!”

June 10th (11:13:55 AM)

Wheat Kings lashes out with one final punch, intending to hit the young woman head-on. However, at that moment, something strange happens.

CRACK!

In an instant, the blade that had lodged itself inside of the egg returns to its normal size, skewering Wheat Kings' hand! At the same time, a similar hole appears over Reed's palm, dripping blood onto the dry sidewalk and staining it a brilliant crimson!

June 10th (11:12:59 AM)

Reed lets out a shout of pain and sinks to the ground, blubbering something about his cooking skills being ruined, and slowly but surely, Wheat Kings begins to fade away. The villain had lost his focus, and because of that, his stand had completely disappeared.

Alongside the disappearance of Wheat Kings, the burning sensation fades from Kell's body, and she breathes heavily, exhausted after the seemingly long fight. Before the thief could even begin to get his bearings, she runs over and strikes his head with the hilt of her sword, causing him to fall completely unconscious! As soon as she made sure that Reed truly was out cold and not just faking it, she recalls her stand, then stands back, satisfied with the work she had done.

She looks at her hair that had been scattered about from the fight, and in a breeze, several band-aids appear, reconnecting it to where it had been cut and allowing it to look as good as new. With that done, she takes a flowery hair band from her pocket, and puts it up into a neat ponytail, resolving to fix it while she was driving back to her car with Jozenby. *"Speaking of Jozenby, I should proba-"*

"Marvelous!" A familiar male voice calls out from behind her, accompanied by impressed clapping. Kell sighs audibly, and turns to see the familiar goggled face of none other than Jozenby Gatts, who was looking on in approval. "Simply marvelous!"

"You… what?" Kell raises an eyebrow, confused at this display.

“I hadn’t expected you to stand up so well for yourself.” Jozenby muses, completely oblivious to the fact that his sudden behavior might be considered weird. “Using your own body as a weapon, and knocking out your opponent with minimal damage… I have to admit, that was an excellent show! I wouldn’t have even considered hurting yourself in order to get your opponent to drop their guard.”

“How long have you been awake?” The young woman crosses her arms, staring at him with a look of disapproval.

“Oh, I was only pretending to be unconscious.” Jozenby replies casually, shrugging off her glare. “I figured that since you were handling yourself so well, I might as well stay back and watch. Plus, learning the secret of your stand wouldn’t hurt either.”

“...You’re a real jerk, you know that?” Kell scoffs, rolling her eyes and putting her hands on her hips. Despite Jozenby’s lack of helpfulness, she didn’t seem to be too upset with him-- after all, there wasn’t anything else she could expect from an analytical, extremely weird person such as him. In fact, she seemed almost entertained. “JoJo, that was a dirty trick you just pulled… but I forgive you. I should have known better than to think you were the kind of guy who’d get taken out by a single punch.”

“Of course. It would have taken at least half a dozen to bring me down. I’ve counted.” The man stands up, casually brushing himself off, and turns to face Kell. “Anyway… would you care to go back and get our lunch? With any luck, the hosts might be able to direct us to some sort of mechanic here.”

“You know what?” The young woman smiles slightly. “I think I’d like that.”

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Stand:「Wheat Kings」
Stand User: Reed Burkhardt
Status: Retired

Power: C
Speed: B
Range: C
Durability: C
Precision: D
Potential: B

Ability: Wheat Kings is a humanoid, close-ranged power stand, reflecting Reed's desire to taste culinary perfection and his unhealthy obsession with food. It has a simple, yet versatile ability-- when active, it can take on the properties of whatever the user has recently eaten. For example, if the user were to eat hot bacon, it would be able to transfer that heat to its punches.

While it is powerful, it does have a couple limits; first, it can only take on the properties of what Reed has eaten. This means that it can't poison its opponents, or gain other abilities from objects that a normal human wouldn't be able to consume. Second, it can only take on the properties of what Reed has eaten recently, meaning that its effectiveness will vary depending on the time.