

Bifrost Terminal audition

THE BIFROST HAUNTING EXPEDITION

Ever since Cain spread its call for aid Origa has been busier than usual, many strangers from different locales looking for information or just tourists and locals wanting to meet these new folk. What they couldn't see is a ship, far away in the sky, an observer. Those who flew by described it as a fat armored Pelican, the uniform coloring hiding its cobbled looking construction, gliding in the calm winds as any real bird would.

Opening its mouth a floating platform descends, slowly, in it stands Queen Synthea, adorned in what looks like a traditional princess gown mixing deep and light blue, red gloves. The bright green energy from her eyes matching the core adorning her chest, finished with an absurdly tall blue crown. This fancy dress is actually a versatile power suit with many hidden weapons and support systems, made by her own hands to be a versatile and, most importantly, fashionable battlesuit.

Flanked by several small robots, all share a big bobble head with a screen for a face showing two green eyes that change size and shape with its actions, on top of a thin stick-like body and 4 floating limbs, connected by magnetism. Four of them have lil rotors in their heads.

She is one of the many who received Cain's plea for aid, a self proclaimed Psychic looking for capable hands to deal with a haunting on the famous Bifrost Terminal, according to her research it was once a hub for multiversal transportation, now abandoned after some 'sabotage', or so the corporate version goes.

Normally she would send one of her many creations to do the job but the letter talked about multiple haunts that were unaffected by traditional exorcism methods. Synthea has been looking for a good haunted place for years but in her world its difficult finding a paranormal spot that also wasn't guarded in foreign land, too much politics, not worth the trouble afterwards.

This Terminal offers multiple ghosts, completely unattended AND she is gonna be rewarded on top of keeping the ghosts she captures. Finally she will have plenty of subjects to study the afterlife and maybe, just maybe, figure a way to give her creations true sentience.

Synthea looks around the town, folk look at the newcomer with interest or concern, she waves at the people "dont worry folks! We arent here for conquest, just here to see the sights!" One of her lackeys pulls at her dress with a confused look, she turns to her minions, answering in an inaudible frequency only they can hear.

"No we are not! Now Spread out, ask around about information on the Terminal and-" Points an accusatory finger at them "Do NOT steal anything, we are not here to make enemies, got it?"

The lil bots do a cheerful beep and spread around town, using a text to speech system they ask simple questions to the locals. Except for the flying ones who start their rotors, spread a cape of sorts to their limbs and fly to scout the mountain path, like mechanical flying squirrels.

As for Synthea she moves, not so much walk as hovering slightly off the ground, using the same magnetic force as the minions, to a large structure not too far from the village, a large archway of pristine construction despite its years of misuse, only some dirt and vines growing at the base. A lil hole opens on her forearm, catching with the same hand a small device that she fiddles with near the Archway, three antennas pop and wiggle as she looks up, at the top a fine plaque, as gold as the rest of the archway's detailing, reading for the destination.

"Bifrost Terminal, this must be the portal" she presses a few buttons on the device "it's faint but got some remnants..." two of her minions arrive shortly after with a box, up to her waist in height but as twice wide as she is tall, filled of scraps, leftover pieces from previous inventions, with one hand she flips the box tossing the scraps on the ground with a loud crash, sets the box vertically close to the Archway, attaches thick TV on the side, her minions passing tubes and scraps.

"Can i help you" A voice breaks her work, she turns to see who interrupted her. Tall, with a limp walk, looks old, some kind of bodysuit equipped with military harnesses, an old leather cloak and a lil beanie on his head.

"Probably not, my machines are complicated" she answers, waving the scanning device back.

"Looks like a bunch of Junk to me"

Synthea fully turns to her new friend "And THAT'S why you cant help me"

"Never understood you techies" he says while adjusting his beanie "But I wouldn't mess with that thing, hasn't worked for years"

"Hasn't stopped me before, they aren't using it anyways" she plugs the scanner to the TV device and fiddles with some cables at the back.

The stranger looks behind the apparatus to see the lil robots assemble some sort of satellite dish, point at the Archway and move some cables to the box. Suddenly Synthea turns around pointing with both hands at the stranger.

"Hey! If your gonna stand there judging me at least give me your name"

The stranger takes a step back at the sudden accusation but adjust himself "Nigel Glade, I take it you're also got Cain's call for help?"

Synthea nods, she touches 3 metal spikes near her feet, green sparks shoot from her hand to the spikes and in a single motion she commands them to fly and stab into the floor of the box, nailing it in place.

“Your here to watch or you wan’ me to give you a lift?”

He scratches his chin “Seems like you know what your doing so-”

“Oh do I know?” she gives a knowing smirk

“That gizmo hasn’t exploded yet, whatever happens cant be worse than hiking that peak”

Synthea lays one hand on the tv, bright green sparks flying around it, spreading to the TV and soon the whole contraption jolts to life. Sparks everywhere, the box itself shaking slightly with green energy pulsing from within and the dish at the back emits some noises.

From it the screen shows numbers and data from the connected scanner, Synthea taps on the keyboard to coincide the data and lock on the location. “oh yeah its all coming together”

“impressive, meddling with foreign tech without backfiring” says while taking a few steps back, just in case.

“Not my first rodeo with ‘porting tech, uses a similar tunneling magic to my world, besides” looks up from towards the dish before typing a few more letters and triumphantly spitting to pose back at Nigel “What kind of genius would i be if i couldn’t?”

Nigel crosses his arms, top half of his body leans on the side and raises an eyebrow “well Queen genius wouldn’t it be easier to turn the portal on?”

She huffs “I could but whatever is happening at the terminal sounds WAY more interesting, easier to... how do I say it in simpler terms” hand on chil while she looks up to the mountain “Instead of creating a new fan I’m just riding the wind, you feel me?” says while waving back at Nigel.

“hmmm... makes sense, so” he walks towards the makeshift portal, lightly knocking on the side “Can this thing ride the whole way to the terminal?”

waves both arms to her sides, hands pointing at her “wouldn’t be my stuff if it didn’t”

Synthea turns to her two minions and in the hidden frequency shares “I’m going up, contact the Pelicarrier to settle while i’m gone and gather information on the place” one of the minions tugs at her dress, she leans down and pats it at the head “don’t worry I’ll be fine, if I don’t call back in a few days you do have my permission to assault the Terminal”

Her flunkies salute her and make some motions at each other, talking in their own language.

“So they're gonna kill me or was that just noise to keep me on edge” Nigel says while looking down at a second squad of lackeys bringing a red cylinder, seems compacted but still about the size of his torso.

“just telling them to keep me informed of the outside, now” Synthea grabs the cylinder and swings it at her back, attaching it in place with her magnetic powers, then jumps in the makeshift teleporter “let's go already, don't wanna miss no geists”

“Aight don't be so pushy” he shimmies next to her, a lil tight but it will do.

As they fit in place one lackey jumps on top of the other to reach the teleporter's computer, with the press of a button the apparatus shakes, green lightning sparking about, the lights inside get brighter and just as quick a flash, they are gone.

As the flash fades our adventurers find themselves falling into a glass floor, breaking as soon as they make contact, Nigel pulls a knife and stabs into the wall to break his fall while Synthea activate her dress' thrusters, the extra weight of the cylinder making her land harder than usual, even cracking the floor a bit but at least the it didn't break completely.

“Hey Genius couldnt you have ported us to the floor?”

“Sorry i keep forgetting meat babies get old and frag-” as she looks up to answer Nigel's sass, she notices it. All of it. “This wasnt on the logs...”

“What in the bloody 'ell ya-” thats when he sees it too. That wasnt a glass floor, straight up to their location they see on that... roof? plants, neatly organized in sequence, the floor they broke through was a greenhouse roof? “Im... Im going senile now?”

“My eyes don't lie, i see it too” looking around their room seems to be some kind of office, desk on the supposed wall, Laptops and papers strun about like any other, as if they are the ones ignoring gravity. Could be closed given the lack of personnel and the only light is coming from the greenhouse.

On closer inspection Sythea actually landed on a screen, on a wall, she takes a few steps aside while Nigel jumps next to her. “You good?”

“Yeah, gotta take more than office appliances to break these boots, or dress”

Their conversation breaks, a noice, looking up they see a creature, humanoid but wrong, dressed as a gardner but the outfit doesnt fit right, like a starfish with 4 limbs cosplaying as a human, but pale and a hole in its 'face', no problems looking up and screeching at them.

“What in the wo-” suddenly a loud ‘thunk’, a cannonball flies to the creature, breaking through its arm as it tries to dodge it, a purple liquid sprays from the wound but as soon as the liquid touches ground, it evaporates.

“dang its fast” It was Synthea, arm cannon on the left, lightning crackling around it. As the creature goes for a lunge Nigel pulls a pistol, looks top heavy and loud, and fires 3 quick rounds, each round making a significant hole where it lands. Both jump away from the mangled corpse, oozing evaporating liquid.

One of Synthea’s feet land on the broken TV, making it flip and hit the cylinder behind her. “Ah this stupid THING” she turns and kicks the TV in half and the pieces. “Stupid office trash!”

“Any ideas?” Nigel points at the thing, despite the dismemberment the creature is still moving, trying to waddle towards him.

Synthea eyes widen, running a quick scan on the creature. “They remind me of some Ocean folk I had to deal with back in my world, could they be related...” She pokes at the writhing thing with her arm cannon.

Nigel looks around the strange office “Had my fair share of weirdos but this feels different, wait-”

A noise behind them, both face it, guns primed, the door on the wall, their floor opens, from it three similar creatures spring from it, all dressed in formal attire. One charges directly at them, pushed right back with one of Synthea’s cannonballs straight into their facehole. The other two jump on and about the side desks, the shots gracing them or blasting through the desks.

Some of the debris does fall according to our squad’s position while others seem to just float in place, as if stuck on time. One of the creatures leaps at Synthea, brandishing a suitcase but Nigel shoots it out of course, before she can thank him she fires at him, the cannonball barely missing his head while connecting with one of the creature’s shoulders, Nigel stabbing it in the facehole and kicking it away.

And yet the two mangled creatures stand up and charge again, Synthea enlarges her other glove into a big fist and smashes it into the ground, pulverizing it. Nigel channels energy into its knife and with two quick slashes it cuts the limbs before it can reach.

But the door at the back bursts open, more of them, from the windows and running from the greenhouse, different clothes, same hole faced things beneath, their screeches can even be discerned as a sort of speech.

“Too much heat! let’s make an exit” but as Nigel turns Synthea’s crown blue parts open, firing multiple tiny missiles at the back door, cracking it, spreading the things and part of the wall around. She ignites her thruster and flies towards it, punching

one of the things aside as it tries to jump. Nigel leaps into one of the desks and springs off to the new hole, passing Synthea.

The new room lines up with their perspective, but still strange, half of it looks like a school's backyard while the roof is the floor of some kind of construction site. Child sized creatures screech at them and attack while the top has workers with tools for arms follow close. One of them falls on Synthea mid-flight, trying to smash her face with a power drill but the frills on her crown close like a visor, blocking the impact and letting her grab the thing with her giant clove and toss it to the children below, hitting a good chunk of them, giving Nigel some space.

A creature still at the 'roof' fires nails at Synthea, she flies to her side and the armor manages to deflect the shots, some of them hitting Nigel in his pistol arm.

"GAH, THEY ARE HOT" With his knife he pushes the nails out, the wounds cauterized and healing, same for the bodysuit.

Synthea fires a charged cannonball at the nailgunner, piercing through it and the 'floor' behind him, she then ramps into the thing, big fist first and fully punches through, landing in some kind of resort looking area, with the pool at the 'wall', water and all.

Nigel tries to Jump through but one of the things intercepts him, straight into a wall, a few of the child things jump in as well, he shoots one down, with one motion he knifes the other one and lands it on the worked that has him pinned, allowing him to kicking them away, but more quickly approach.

Synthea looks down, tries to aim but its interrupted by water jets, swimmers in the pool are approaching. She turns, firing more crown missiles but most are shot down by the water shots. One of the workers with a giant wrench decks her in the visor, it holds but she sure felt it inside, knocking her back. Remaining her posture she morphs her big hand into a shield to block the water shots, a few of the swimmers jump towards her but she is able to smack them aside with the shield, shooting one of them into the floor.

Nigel is holding but a bigger creature, this one looking more like a disfigured hound, charges through the back wall. He avoids the charge, crushing some of the child-things but quickly turns to him and fires some kind of cold beam from its facehole, he jumps out of the way as it freezes where he was.

Synthea shield tackles one of the swimmers down into Nigel's floor, looking down as she tries to weigh the situation and the possibilities while her cannon charges. The mangled swimmers on her floor rise back up as she fires a charged cannonball at the ones at the pool. Too fast for the water to cut, the sheer speed and mass shakes the water enough to divert the water jets, some of them hitting the hound thing at the button, barely wounding it.

Nigel shoots at the wounds, cracking it a bit more as he leaps into the thing, shoving an energy charged knife into the wound so hard the impact bursts out the other way, decapitating it, the head crushing some of the worker-things.

The thing's body starts swinging its limbs madly, hitting most of the workers' things, Nigel tries to jump towards Synthea but the limbs are swinging in the way so he flips and dodges them down into the floor, shooting some of the child things in the way. But more, smaller versions of the hound-thing run out of the same wall. Some of them also jumped out of windows in Synthea's room. Then, hope.

A bright light opens at the end of Synthea's room, a figure walks from it extending its hand "QUICKLY BEFORE IT CLOSSES" it screams.

Synthea looks down at Nigel and waves "Sorry old man, nothing personal!" A mentally ball, like the head of her lackies is launched from the middle of her dress into his floor, she then morphs her cannon arm into a shield and pushes her thruster to max power, flying towards the light, knocking the hound-things out of the way and taking the stranger through the portal with her.

As soon as she lands on the other side the portal closes, her thruster fuming, her armor dented and wounded but the cylinder is intact and she is alive. She is also on top of the stranger. She jumps back to make space, then thumbs up to the stranger.

"Thanks for the save there! I'm Queen Synthea how about you"

The stranger waves "you can call me Overseer, for now"

With calmer times Synthea gives a good look to the stranger, a large cloak that cuts off right up the elbows and knees, showing bare arms and legs covered almost fully in dark markings, tattoos perhaps? at the top a tall mask that hides all but her bright purple eyes. Strapped to her back a large book of sorts strapped to her back with a proportional belt across her torso.

"Ah keeping it professional, smart" Synthea reaches back for the cylinder, when she moves it in view one of the child-things are clinging to it "HANDS OFF MY STUFF" she pulls the child-thing out of the cylinder and punts it across the archway down the mountain, and it hits her "Wait... this is the top!" she turns back to see the Terminal and a small encampment up front "Oh so the teleport did work, just a bit bussi- oh OH NO" she looks back to where she punted the creature "I SHOULD HAVE KEPT IT FOR STUDY! AGH!" she screams while smacking her visor in frustration, stops to fold the visor back into frills, then keep smacking her head.

"Could have been a good study, What about yer friend back ther'?" points at where the portal was.

"Nigel? eh, dude is tough and I did leave a lil helper to keep tabs on, maybe after the Terminal I can find a way to get him out, sadder I study that bodysuit closer, was

giving me some strange readin- Eh” She looks to the side, with her enhanced eyes she sees a light amongst the darkness, its one of her flying Drones, missing part of its rotor and only gliding due to its lil flight wings. She catches it as it approaches.

“Wow at least one of you made it! winds seem to be stronger than I thought” she pats the lil minion, with a small beep its body slowly retreats to its head, rotor follows with a little push, the head itself compacts to about half its size. “Just rest and you’ll be good as new” She tugs at the red belt in her waist and deposits the lil bot in her ‘dress’ with a loud clank as she lets it spring back in place.

“All right!” she strikes an accusatory yet dramatic pose pointing at the Overseer.
“Portal, readings, creatures, what you know!”

The Overseer chuckles

“Boss, magic, vermin, simple”

She speaks with a bit of an accent, not always but there is a tick every so often, reminding her of those crazy lightning wielders back home.

“That doesnt answer my QUESTIONS!” she raised her arms in frustration

“Hmm tell you what, maybe when we get into the terminal I can tell you more”

“Is that a teamup I smell? with weirdo witch i barely know”

“I did saved ya, And you are better armed than lil’ old me”

“Yeah because THAT you only have baking recipes in that book”

“This old thing?” she holds a corner of the book while turning to the side to give Synthea a better view “Oh this is just for research”

Synthea frowns, before she can make a witty comeback Cain comes running towards them.

“Was that the Archway? does it actually work?”

“Actually It wa-” Synthea slides in front of the Overseer.

“IT WASNT the Archway, i just hijacked the frequency to guide MY teleporter up here, speaking of you guys have a vermin problem in those dimensional tunnels, crazy stuff”

Cain squints, trying to wrap his brain around what he is hearing, he knows of the Archway portals but he was never familiar with its workings. And what vermins? could they be related to the spirits in the Terminal?

The Overseer lands a hand on his shoulder. “You good bud? You must be the Psychic right?”

“Oh right yes, just a lot on my mind. Thanks for offering your services, what are your names?”

The Overseer strikes a dramatic pose, legs somewhat spread, one hand down and back while the other flexes, hand in a fan position pointing at her mask “You can call me The Overseer! I come in place of my boss Cass to see the spiritual dissonance in this place”

Synthea, not to be upstaged, tries to use her thrusters but they only emit smoke, still damaged from the fight, so instead she uses her electromagnetic powers to levitate, lighting sparking all over her body, arms outstretched.

“You can call me QUEEN SYNTHEA, Commander of the synthetic legions and mechanical genius!” she lowers her hover until she reaches the ground next to the Overseer “And I have come to personally get rid of all those pesky spirits in the Terminal”

Cain is a bit amused at the eccentricities, not the first weirdos he had to deal with but If they got here at least some of their bravado is justified. Cain adjusted his posture to look a bit more confident. “Oh right yeah, Yes I am Cain, I'm the one who called you here, You came just as we were about to enter actually, plz follow me.”

Both shrug and follow the man to the main group. Many folks from different worlds, introductions are made but of course when Synthea has to bring everyone's attention to make a single clear presentation.

“Behold TRUE GENIUS” She charges up the cylinder with her electromagnetic energy and flings it in the air.

It Expands, the bottom opening for a few orange parts to fly off, making way for an extra segment that pops out, another cylindrical chamber but this one sideways like a roller. Synthea hovers a bit further from the ground, two of the orange pieces wrap around her forearms forming new arm guards with an extra segment making for orange knuckle dusters, a red disk divides down middle and both parts attach to the sides of her waist, a new orange visor attaches to her face, covering only her eyes, the orange tint blocking most of the light except for two beady green lights looking out.

Finally the larger segment attaches to her back, as she descends, crackling with power, she creates a loud clang sound by smashing her fists together.

“I am QUEEN SYNTHEA and This is my Queen Battle Dress - Ghost Keeper!”

A few clap, some are impressed by the display, some doing it to be nice while most are indifferent or busy doing their own preparations. Just like that they go back to what they were doing before.

Among them the Overseer approaches while sarcastically clapping “Good job Queen, good job showing your hand so early to possible competition”

Synthea scoffs “Im just playing fair, showing exactly what they have to deal with, besides those ghosts are gonna be mine one way or the other”

“Hmmmm sure thing big shot, just dont cry when they inevitably crack your armor like an egg” she says pointing at her existing cracks from last battle “Happen’ before eh?”

Synthea covers the wounds “As if they are as relentless as those vermins”

Cain hears part of their conversation, Vermins in an interdimensional tunnel.. he should have asked for more but he cant stall any longer. All these people took their time to come and help in this dire situation, he has to go back in there and face that... thing.

They depart from the Camp to the gates of the Bifrost Terminal, during the walk Cain notices Synthea to be focused, some small green crackles around her suit, she raises her eyebrows in a mocking manner.

“If your nervous you can just leave, I can still pay you part of the bounty since you actually came here”

Synthea’s eyes open wide, glaring back at the Overseer “ME afraid? bah! nonsense! i’m just concentrating”

This catches his curiosity, he raises an eyebrow “oh? on what?”

Synthea points at one of the cracks in her left pauldron, much smaller than it was before, the other cuts near it has also disappeared “Fixing my stuff! cant be ghost hunting looking like this”

Cain looks aside for a sec, trying to remember any time she had to repair the armor, if anything she added more “Strange, haven't seen you take that thing off for repairs”

“easy” she grabs part of her dress for him to touch.

It feels almost as flexible as cloth but cold to the touch, heavy too, like a lead balloon. “Auto-repair metallic cloth?”

“Special metal alloy of my design, Haven't figured how to make it self repair but with my powers i can basically ‘weave’ it back together”

Cain nods and continues walking. The Overseer walks from the other side.

“Bio-organic metal?”

Synthea recoils from from the sudden appearance, her sensors didnt even pick a sound “Whathehell- No just multiple metals molded”

“An’ yet it mimics flesh pretty closely, fascinating, maybe you can show me how it’s made when we are done here?”

“First- Thank you, Second- I barely know you but if you work for me, I’ll consider it”

The Overseer smirks “you wish, sorry Queen, already got a boss”

“heh, maybe you can’t take me to this ‘Cass’ boss of yours and we can have a chat, you know boss to boss”

“Maybe, if you live long enough”

They both chuckle. As they walk Synthea ponders to herself. “Even this close my sensors still have trouble getting a good read, what is it about her, him? them? voice sounds female enough, no identifiable gender characteristics, skin tone seems off, do detect some traces of magic and.. something else, gotta keep an good eye on them”

They have reached the grand golden doors, still beautifully engraved, as much as the limited lights can tell you, untouched by the years of harsh winds and extreme cold, same for the rest of what you can see of the structure, not even snow, almost like nature itself is avoiding the place.

Cain sighs and walks in front of the group, with one hand he pushes the doors open, these gigantic slabs of metal moving as if it was nothing, perhaps some automation is still present, could it be the ghosts helping? lightweight materials perhaps? Synthea’s inquisitive mind races with possibilities.

The Hall inside is gigantic, her scanners can barely reach the top. Dim cyan lights give just enough glow to illuminate the beautiful black marble flooring and walls, just as the rumors said the place is eerily quiet but otherwise it’s all intact, as if the inhabitants left yesterday. After all these years it could be the work of the spirits? Do they have a perpetual energy cycle? The tech here could be worth salvaging.

As soon as everyone is inside the doors slam shut on their own, startling most. Looking at the Door Synthea can see it, a presence in the door, does not have a solid form but a wall holding their only exit shut. Just as quick ethereal winds flow through the area, all concentrating a few meters ahead.

All coalescing in a twister of cyan magic and shadows, inside this twister forms a vaguely humanoid silhouette, two piercing cyan lights where its eyes would be. An imposing voice booms through the hall.

"The powers that be finally decided to do something about us, huh? I should've figured when that idiot—" An arm-like wisp gestured in Cain’s direction for emphasis, “—came in here whimpering about being here to help. Let me guess, they told you to get rid of us by any means necessary? That they would pay handsomely for your

service. Hmph, typical. Now you're trapped in here with me. I'll tell you now: in the Bifrost Terminal, I am creator, judge, and jury. Nothing happens without me knowing.

"You are all still in one piece because I decided you should be. So, explore the terminal, ask questions. You are all here for a job, aren't you? Well then, allow me to assign you your task: figure out how to free the souls trapped in this godsforsaken facility. And as incentive, the first among you to succeed freeing all of the spirits here shall be allowed to leave The Bifrost Terminal. As for the rest of you... If you don't finish first? If you slack off or annoy me and your fellows instead of putting your nose to the grindstone? Well... I'll leave that to your imagination."

You can practically feel the predatory grin in that final remark.

Thus the entity disappears just as quickly and violently as it appeared, the whole group is silent, processing all this new information. The Overseer seems more puzzled than worried, as for Synthea?

Her scans couldn't get a good read on the entity itself but she got a trace, a footprint on the energy, no reads on it at the moment but could be useful if that thing appears again, find its hiding spot. Either the twisting magic messed with the reads or that shadow isn't its real form but a vessel of a bigger fish.

It would be a lie to say she isn't scared, but fear has never stopped her. Call it bravery or stupidity, but in a way she is excited. She is trapped here already, no need to waste time worrying about if or buts, she has to focus on the now. She came to capture ghosts and any tech she can swipe, a central spirit just means more work, more information to study, and potential power to usurp and wield.

Now Synthea has never been much for politics but she gotta play the social game if she wants to get out of here with her price. While mysterious, sticking to this 'Overseer' may be the best bet, if anything to keep an eye on them, her instincts say they had something to do with the teleportation malfunction and such abilities could prove useful.