

=now you can be a successful member of society /and buy the really cool runes/=

Sid: \*I am a damn successful member of society, it's just impossible to have a good job when you don't stay in one place more than a few days\*

Poppy: \*she leads them for about ten minutes, taking some really weird travel paths. At one point, a wall friggin' just. Lowers into the ground.\*

Sid: :I I'm never going to get this.

Gru: It adds character to the city. You can't say anywhere else does this.

Khole: this is amazing!

Poppy: It cuts down on crime, too! :D

Sid: How's that?

Sid: Gangsters can't find out where the fuck they're going?

Poppy: ovo Sort of! A lot of thieves don't want to deal with the city streets, so they try to escape into the lower levels of the city. nvn

Poppy: So, instead of cleaning up the streets, we just need to clean out the filters. ovo ...most people from inside the city know better than to go into that area, so, I don't feel as bad.

Sid: Like rats into sewers. \*spits\* It must make it easy to catch them if they're all down there-- yeah, exactly.

Gru: You make it sound like you're just scraping them off of grates, though.

Poppy: \*stops at a large door, pulling it open\* That's usually all it is. <: The city moves. There's lots of pipes, steam, cogs, and gears down there. If you don't know what you're doing, you won't last long.

Poppy: .... >: A lot of people don't think about that.' It's really strange!

Gru: /Oh/. Yeah, I see now. \*that's pretty horrifying, actually...\*

Sid: \*what is it with big cities and having hellishly dangerous areas underneath them?\*

Poppy: Well, in you three go! \*gestures, I am a gentlelady so I will hold this open for everyone.\*

Gru: Thanks. \*walks in\*

Sid: \*follows, what's this place look like?\*

Khole: Oh um, thank you, Ma'am. \*follows everyone in.\*

Poppy: You're welcome! <: \*steps in after them\*

Sid: So, how's this going to work? What are you looking for?

=ok fellas I'm swapping to describing now excuse me. the temperature has raised /several/ degrees just by walking through the door. the walls seem to have sharpened weaponry around them of various unique designs, and a large slab of rock polished to a shine lies in the middle of the room, acting as a table from the chairs around it. it's actually mostly cleaned off, save for a smattering of metal bits near the end.=

Khole: \*well this place is intimidating.\*

Sid: \*right, I'm taking off my jacket...\*

Gru: \*same here\*

Sid: \*only wearing a tank top under it. Lots of visible tattoos on the arms, some peeking out from under the tank top\*

Gru: \*just has his fishy scales\*

Poppy: Hold on a second-- /DAD!/ I FOUND SOME PEOPLE! \*/it turns out she has a much louder voice when she needs to shout. Doesn't sound strained or anything, just. Like someone turned up the volume\*

Khole: \*This place just got a whole lot hotter, oh boy.\*

Sid: \*tons of scars, too. Can't forget those\*

Khole: \*he's definitely staring again. more at Gru than sid though honestly.\*

"Dad": \*a downright thunderous voice booms up from below\* WHAT? ...FINE GIVE ME A MINUTE.

Gru: \*looking back, hello :)\*

Sid: At least we won't have any trouble hearing him, right?

Khole: \*Flushes and gives Gru a small smile before looking away, crap, what am I doing?\*

Gru: ? <:) Is everything alright?

Khole: W-with me? yeah! I'm fine j-just... I'm just fine! \*Waves his hand around a bit.\*  
Nothing to worry about here.

Gru: If you say so. \*He keeps staring at us, though\*

Poppy: \*is stretching a bit, aaah, it's nice to be inside where it's hot again.\*

Gru: \*has his water bottle out and is drinking from it\*

Khole: \*Just gonna keep my eyes forward, nothing to stare at here... nothing at all!\*

“Dad”: \*a HUGE spiky red man comes up, he.. seems to be working with some sort of glowing hot metal rod. with. his bare hands. slowly shaping it.\* Alright! BV Who are these people.

Sid: \*OK, that's definitely weird, and definitely scary. Even after all this damn time, I still can't get used to some of the shit half-bloods can do\*

Poppy: o<o They new to town, but were up on the rooftops testing guns with Miss Eris!

Gru: \*guy's pretty scary tbh\* That's right. We ended up giving her friend a ride, so we dropped in and ended up seeing a demonstration.

“Dad”: hm! ....So.. you brought them here for...? ,:l

Poppy: You're always looking for potential new recruits. <:

“Dad”: >n> AHA. True! Alright what can you lot do?

Gru: Pardon me? \*that's a really broad question...\*

“Dad”: General skills! Things you would put forwards as ‘good at’ ,:l

Gru: \*That's better!\* I'm a musician. I specialize with the guitar, but can play harmonica, fiddle, piano, flute, and sing. Um...

Sid: He's a good hunter, too. Seriously. I've seen him brings rabbits back to camp after heading out with just some pebbles to throw.

Khole: S-sir, I'm a weapons expert and an amateur survivalist. I also have some education in art. \*though I don't know how useful that would be.\*

Gru: And Sid here-- he's great with machines.

Sid: I'm an automobile mechanic. :l I know how to work with robots as well.

Gru: \*Selling himself short as usual\* He can fix anything that's broken. Even devices powered with electricity. He knows a lot of things!

Behemoth: ...B) HA ...your from Acetate then? \*robots generally are from there..\* Very good. You! \*points at khole\* <n< how much of a weapons expert are we talking here.

Sid: I am. \*looking Behemoth in the eye\*

Behemoth: \*doesn't seem fazed! doesn't break eye contact either tho\*

Sid: \*didn't think he would, I gotta show him I can stand tall though\*

Khole: I grew up with guns sir, I-I've worked with them and collected them since I was young. \*I should have just said gun expert, weapon is a pretty broad term now that I think of it.\*

Gru: Oh, and I forgot to say, but Sid can kick anyone's ass.

Sid: Gru, c'mon--

Gru: He's amazing.

Behemoth: hm.. Alright. I have something that 'sid' here can definitely do. You \*nods at khole\* can probably help him out. ...Poppy didn't That ...place.. you go to sometimes with Ziz's kid looking for a musician? >:la I'd take him \*points to gru\* there. you two though can come with me.

Gru: ...Where is it? How long will it take? \*I don't want to be away from Sid.\*

Sid: \*doesn't move just yet\*

Poppy: Well! It's not quite noon yet, and Dad'll want to show those two what he needs done and what he expects. ovo And I need to show you \*looking at Gru\* an amazing place to consider working!

Sid: \*wants to ask something but. No, it would sound ridiculous... He just leans over to speak to Gru quietly\* I'll find you right after I'm done. Promise.

Gru: Yeah, yeah... \*I feel so dumb for being scared of being away from him for a few hours, I can't believe it\* I'll have Poppy bring me back. \*turns to her\* Alright. I'd like that opportunity very much.

Sid: \*squeezes Gru's shoulder before stepping away\* What's this thing I can definitely do?

Behemoth: FOLLOW ME B) \*off he goes! mind the tail sob. he tosses the hot iron beam into a vat of water as they pass causing a loud hissing and plume of steam to rise up\*

Sid: \*waves his hand in front of his face to get the steam out of it\*

Khole: Ah, g-goodbye Gru, \*Waves to Gru as he follows after Sid\*

=“This guy is intense”=

Sid: \*yeah. I kinda like him so far.\*

=“yeah!”=

Gru: \*waves back, but he's looking at Sid.\*

=you go down the stairs.. down.. past a HUGE FURNACE/FORGE where all that sweltering heat is coming from, past a few more workshops that have various people testing things out, and into a cooler area finally, where there's a large locked door=

Sid: \*damn it all it was hotter than hell and I'm still sweating\*

Sid: What's behind the door?

Behemoth: >v> This is the room where we keep all the tech we got from acetate.

Behemoth: a lot of it is probably dangerous, but I'm not sure how it works B\ but you might! so getting some info on any of these would be really helpful.

=“so... you get to mess with dangrous cool tech all day. wow.”=

Sid: ...Uh huh. So, by tech, you mean what exactly? Radios? Video games? Cell phones?

Behemoth: Weapons mainly.

Sid: Well, OK then. :I I can look at them. I have one from over there, myself, but I think I'm going to sell it.

Behemoth: ah. excellent! Job's yours. uvu

Sid: \*that was the easiest job I ever got. I've had people with clogged sinks that gave me more trouble than that!\*

=“you unclogged sinks? gross”=

Sid: \*I'm a handyman, demon, I fix things\*

=“ooohhhh..”=

Sid: \*gonna go in there and start looking around, though, let's check it out.\* Khole, right?

Khole: uh, y-yeah.

Behemoth: \*unlocks this door and opens it first sid whoa there.\* I'll leave you two to that. any information you find I'd like on the big table in the front room when you leave.  
\*will. leave them to it! ollies out I got metal to melt\*

=There are lots of racks and cabinets and tables, and everywhere, /everywhere/, guns. Guns, guns, guns. There's some strange-looking swords, too, actually, but mostly guns. Big guns, little guns, normal guns and weird guns. Some of them are recognizable as firearms; others just have the vague shape, but no barrel, no way for a bullet to exit. One just looks like a big rectangle with a metal prong at the end.=

Sid: \*looking around, and gingerly picks up a strange-looking plastic gun\* Holy crap, I always wanted one of these.

=“what is it though??”=

Khole: \*Holy crap look at all of this! looking around at everything! I've never seen weapons like this before.\* Some of these are crazy! the things people come up with.

Sid: A gun, of course. \*glances at Khole\* Yeah. I've never seen some of this shit.

=“should be cool figuring it out then!”=

Sid: \*and dangerous. What if some of these things are bombs?\*

=“oooh good point. well... this room seems sturdy??”=

Sid: It's not the room I'm worried about!

=“I don't know being crushed by the room collapsing would be pretty bad if the bomb doesn't outright kill you”=

=“...this.. is a bad line of thought to go down anyways /wow/”=

Sid: If something exploded in here I think we'd be fucking dead no matter what.

=“well let's just hope none of them are bombs then!”=

Khole: Y-you think one of these things could explode?!

Sid: You heard it from him. They don't know what this shit is. Like-- yep. There, look.  
\*points at a little milk crate full of grenades\* Those are fucking grenades.

=“uhoh we spooked peewee”=

=“oh hey! ..you gotta pull those first though right?”=

Sid: Yeah, you gotta pull the pin, but-- \*shrugs??\*

Khole: Jeeze, this isn't the kind of job I wanted, I should have taken mom's advice, found a nice quiet graphic design job, go freelance, art never potentially explodes on you.

Sid: At least they were smart enough to unload most of these things... \*I'm still not going to touch any of those weird ones just yet though\* Should have asked if there was somewhere we could take these to test them out.

Khole: maybe we can ask now?

Sid: Or we could just go look for an empty room.

Sid: One not filled with guns and bombs.

Sid: We need some earplugs, too.

Khole: I think it's safer if we ask about the empty room first.

Sid: \*that guy didn't strike me as someone overly concerned with safety\* Whatever. I don't plan on shooting any of these today, anyway.

Khole: right.... \*is no one else concerned about safety around here?\*

Sid: \*just taking a look at some of the more mundane guns for now\*

=They don't look much like the ones in Eris' shop, or the ones you've seen before, Khole. The materials are different, and so are the designs. They're sleeker, more compact, more refined. Less edges and protrusions. Some seem to have no metal at all in them, except for the barrel. None have rune slots.=

Khole: So, these guns all come from the place you used to live?

Sid: Yes. ...Kind of. I didn't live on the whole continent, of course.

=If you end up playing with some of these guns, Khole, you'll probably see mechanisms that you've never seen before.=

Khole: \*being very careful as he turns over one of the guns in his hands, don't want it to explode, please don't explode. these are so strange.\* Right of course... So um... are you and Gru like.... \*Gestures with his hand, Stop that Khole, that doesn't make any sense.\*

Sid: Like what?

Khole: you know...uh... s-seeing each other?

Sid: \*stops what's he's doing suddenly\* /No./

Khole: \*winces.\* S-sorry I-I didn't mean anything, I just- I didn't want to step on anyone's toes, and it just seemed like you were close- n-not to say you can't be close without being a couple- I-I'm really close with my best friend back home, so i'm not saying- \*puts the gun down and takes off and cleans his glasses.\* I'm sorry.

Sid: \*looks angry for the start of that, but eventually just puts his face in his palm\* Please just stop. And-- \*disgusted sigh\* Don't tell me you're-- was that what it was? You wanted to see if he was /available?/

Khole: \*flushes.\* I-I mean, yes, I didn't want to start anything if- N-not that I even have the guts to... \*puts his glasses back on and picks up another gun to look over.\* J-just forget I said anything.

=“wow what is even going on here”=

Sid: \*puts down the gun in his hands and walks up to Khole. Really close\* I won't forget it. Now you listen to me, and listen close. Don't try anything with him. Don't even think about it. \*pauses for a second, and his face switches from thunderheads of anger to a shudder and a momentary flash of disgust\* Am I clear?

Khole: C-crystal, sir.

Sid: Good. \*turns and keeps his back to Khole as he works\*

Khole: \*I shouldn't have said anything, that was so stupid! What was I thinking! I should have left well enough alone, It's not like I had any sort of chance anyway, who am I kidding?\*

Sid: \*fuming so hard it's amazing the air isn't toxic\*

???: So, you're not seeing this Gru fellow, but you're chasing off suitors? \*the voice is echo-y and seems. To be coming. From somewhere on the ground.\*



Sid: \*looks downwards\* Who the fuck said that?

???: \*There's a low, rumbling laugh\* Me, the city.

Khole: \*Looks down, the city can talk???

Sid: I'm not in the mood for games. Who is it?

=“down.”=

=“the grate”=

=There's a grate with a latch in one part of the floor.=

???: \*starts laughing again\*

Sid: \*hops over and pulls that fucker open, looking down into it\*

Khole: \*Follows him to inspect the grate as well\*

???: \*There's a man grinning up at you both with a huge, wide smile and bright teeth. His face is streaked with soot and sweat and his coppery red hair is spiked back from his face. His eyes are calm and relaxed, but, everything you can see about this guy says otherwise. He looks quite a bit like the man you were both hired by, but younger.\*

Sid: \*doesn't look pleased. His teeth are a little bit bared, face is covered in a sheen of sweat...\* Eavesdropping, eh? \*bastard.\*

Khole: Are you supposed to be down there? \*I heard someone say that being below the city isn't safe.\*

???: More like taking a break. \*heaves himself out. He is. Huge as well and has a spikeball tail\* Don't change the subject. You're chasing off suitors?

Sid: \*too angry to consider being intimidated\*

Sid: \*the audacity of this motherfucker\* The fuck's it to you?

???: More like, what's it matter to you? If the boy wants to ask your friend out, let him. \*straightens up to his full height of wow that's tall and sturdy\*

Sid: \*grits teeth\* You don't know me, and you don't know Gru, so keep your damn nose out of our business. I don't gotta explain /shit/ to you.

???: -v-a Then, the only answer I can come up with to explain you being so protective of this friend... is that he's utterly incompetent and incapable of making decisions for himself, since that's how you're acting.

???: If you've got faith in him, take a step back and let him make his choices on his own.

Sid: \*single laugh of disbelief\* You really don't know anything about him, or me, if you think he has trouble making his own damn decisions.

???: Then, why are you trying to make them for him?

Sid: \*face twists up\* I know what he wants, and it isn't... \*this little twink.\* It isn't Khole.

???: \*puts a hand on Sid's shoulder\* Then, let him handle it. It sounds like he's got a sharp head when it comes to decisions.

Sid: \*going to move this guy's hand off his shoulder\* ...Don't, just don't touch me. ...Please. Let me get back to work.

???: \*shrugs and moves his hand\* I'm not stopping you.

Sid: \*turns around and goes then\*

???: \*raises and eyebrow at Khole\* And, you don't need to go asking best friends for permission to court a person. It's cute, in an old fashioned way, but he's the one you should talk to.

Khole: I-I guess, but it doesn't matter anymore, I'm not what he's looking for.

???: \*shrugs\* Maybe. But you won't know unless you ask. -v-

Khole: \*Lowers his voice\* and have chuckles over there kill me?

???: \*grins\* Ahh, yeah, see, that does complicate things. -v-a Don't worry, kid. There's plenty out there.

Khole: ... yeah, I guess.

???: But, I've slacked off for long enough. If Dad notices me up here I'll get to listen to why it's important to stay on task with Commander Leviathan's kid off of their island. \*vague handwaving, it's all really weird sounding to me, /living on an island./\*

Khole: Uh right, good luck with that.

???: No need for luck. |> I've got strength and know-how. \*climbing back down a ladder and pulling the grate shut\*

Khole: Right.

Sid: \*learning how to take apart one of several identical rifles piled on a table. Trial and error without a manual, unfortunately, but at least I don't have to deal with that /fucker/ any more\*