

“Misha..?”

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“MISHA!”

The lynx jolted awake, reaching out to grab the mouse before her and shake the computer from its dormancy. A big yawn crawled across her features while a shadow stretched over her form. Misha’s hazel eyes turned to look towards the wolf above her, standing in the light.

“I’m awake...” The words barely escaped her lips, her eyes drooping closed. A quick glance at the clock read ten to nine.

“Have you been asleep all shift?”

“No.. I got some work done.” The feline yawned again, stretching back in her chair.

“Most of it at least, it was just some images for the editing department.”

“Well are you still going to be heading over to the monster marathon at Matt’s place on Sunday?”

“Yeah!” Misha gave a slow nod to the male wolf. “A full day of alien and monster movies right? Should be fun!” She just barely began to nod off again as the wolf walked passed her. She brought her hands up to her face and rubbed her eyes. Thankfully her shift at the news station had provided some rest, and she was grateful that there was a low workload today and her manager didn’t seem to care.

The lynx ignored the lights of the office, turning to her computer again, the occasional glance at the blank walls of her cubicle. She switched between the files on her editing program, looking over the blurred photos from night cameras in the downtown streets.

She smiled at the potential headlines in the office chat room, the writing teams were discussing various reports for tomorrow’s morning report. They were all referring to the possibility of a new vigilante on the streets of Vancouver, or perhaps some sort of crazy monster considering the panicked confessions given to the police by those apprehended. Misha couldn’t help but give a tired laugh.

“You have no idea do you? More of a mixture...” She whispered to no one in particular. The lynx was amused by everyone’s theories, but just like any news station the reports were always a little off. Just a little.

Her hazel eyes followed the ticking second hand of the clock. Soon enough her shift would be over, she would clock out and the local streets would play host to this monster vigilante. It wouldn't be much longer now.

The sunlight dimmed over downtown Vancouver, and soft droplets of rain fell down onto the concrete and steel of the buildings. Misha pulled herself onto the rooftop of the office, the light of the setting sun against her back.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." A few steps forward and the feline leaned against a ventilation box, pulling brown gloves over her hands. This was her third night doing this, the third night playing the vigilante, the hero. Of course, Misha wasn't the only one in the world. She was just one among many, another in the growing roster of heroes and villains in the world.

But unlike those who were able to expose their identities to the public or had the resources to make their own equipment to fight and disguise themselves, the lynx had neither the time nor resources. Misha had done this for three nights this week, putting herself to use in the streets of Vancouver and its surrounding municipalities.

She wore just an assortment of clothing from home until she figured out something more solid to use. Long brown gloves that reached to her elbows, steel toed boots, and just black. Black jacket, black pants, hair pulled back...

She wasn't very good at this at all, but in the end it took everyone a while, right?

At least that's how she figured it went.

No one had their outfit picked out from the very first day, did they?

Her hand brushed across her face and let out a sigh. The last few times she had made the stupid move not to cover it in any fashion, though no one had come knocking on her door or recognized her, luckily. That was going to change tonight. She shuffled through the inner pockets of her jacket and soon she pulled free the dark grey cloth she had stuffed in there. Colour coordination wasn't important right now, disguising herself was, especially with all the monster theories already going around.

They weren't completely wrong.

Misha pulled the cloth over her head, rubbing the fabric around until it settled into place. It was a poor example of a mask, but it excellently covered everything but her eyes, ears, and hair.

“This will have to do until I can figure out something more. Maybe one of the army surplus stores have something I can chop up into a proper outfit..”

She let herself stretch in the rain, arching her back inward and feeling a chill down her spine. The dark fabric of her jacket pushed backward in various spots. Smooth black tendrils pushed their way through a set of four openings on the garment’s back. Eight wires of flesh whipped around her briefly before six of them retracted, leaving the top set free in the air. She shuddered as the skin closed over them.

“Mmmrrmm...” Perhaps one day she would be a little more used to the feeling, but for now it was still quite alien to her. Which wasn’t too incorrect considering she had just managed to sprout a set of tentacles.

She gave a quick roll of her shoulders and turned her head, feeling the pops within. She needed to stretch more often, but then being stuck in a cubicle for hours at a time didn’t help. Her eyes set forward on the adjacent building in the east. It was a little bit taller than her own rooftop but on the bright side there wasn’t a huge gap of street between the two of them, only a narrow alleyway.

Misha started off slow and then went off into a run towards the edge as fast as she could manage. It didn’t take her long considering the limited space, and soon enough she hit the ledge and jumped. Before gravity could completely take hold of her, the tendrils on her back extended upwards towards the second rooftop.

She could hear the brick above her crack as spikes launched from the end of her tentacles and dug into the damp material. Soon enough her body was being hoisted up at the height of her jump, and with her free hand she caught the edge of the roof and pulled herself up.

“Aah... Good...” She had done lighter tests before, pulling herself to the top of smaller one or two story buildings in the middle of the night, but nothing like this. Only grabbing stuff with the tentacles and other tests to make sure she was capable of things.

Misha was thankful that she didn’t just simply fall to the ground several floors down, but her tentacles didn’t seem to wear out any. She turned towards the south, standing at the edge of the rooftop and looking down at the sidewalk below while the rain bounced off the back of her head.

“Time to try something bigger.”

2:31am that night. 550 Burrard Street, Bentall Five

The halls were silent, a single pair of eyes peered out the windows of the thirty second floor down into the streets below and sighed. The raccoon twirled his keys as he rounded the corner, he could have sworn that there had been noises outside but there was nothing. At least nothing that he saw.

It was just another boring night at the Coalition offices, guarding some fancy computers owned by a high end tech company. It paid well, but it was dull. He made rounds along the companies offices on the upper floors.

He passed by the stairwell, whistling lightly. He would be glad when he could move to another company, somewhere he had things going on to keep himself busy.

It was about then he spied something he hadn't noticed his first time through the hall. A phone, sitting screen up in the middle of the hall. The brand wasn't clear to him, not that he could tell, a lot of models looked the same nowadays. A slow approach to the device, when the guard found himself blinded all of a sudden. An intense light emitted from the device.

Just then a wire was pulled tight around his neck, pulling him back. His hands were quick to reach up to free himself, and then a quick pressure to his face. Suddenly his blinded vision went dark and he found himself in the embrace of unconsciousness... Or perhaps death?

The lights in the hall flickered off one at a time and varied group poured in through one of the office doors.

"All right, our windows is ten minutes. Find the tablet. Go."

2:47am

It would be something known as fate that day for Misha that she would come across the sight before her. Halloween was months away, it was much too early for a bunch of people to be playing dress up. However those in the streets below looked like soldiers. The lynx pulled herself low to the top of the awning, swinging underneath with assistance from her tendrils.

The police maybe? They were carrying a silver case of some kind.

It wasn't until they approached a parked van on the sidewalk that her view of them changed. She scanned the back of the vehicle moving in from the shadows.

"Coalition..?" They were a tech company, but these men clearly weren't security.

One of them was tampering with the door, clearly trying to break in. However that was not what concerned her most of all. The group, all four of them, were wearing something weird. Their grey gear shifted and blurred in the light of the night, almost like some sort of optical camouflage. It made it hard to pin down any details on them and she couldn't tell what their species were, they were no visible tails or ears.

Then they caught her in a critical mistake. They were indeed a trained team of some kind, at least enough that she knew she had been spotted. The four were acting a lot more cautious and one of them turned in her direction, raising a weapon.

A pistol? She couldn't see. Whatever tech they were using was making it hard to tell, but the lynx backed around the corner and waited. One of the tentacles crawled down her back, against the concrete of the building, then the sidewalk, staying still in the shadows.

She waited for prey, and soon enough it came. Two of them approached and the tendril spiraled upwards around them in the silence, by the time they noticed it wrapped tightly around them and squeezed. She didn't know who they were, but she wasn't about to deal with any person that had hostile intent without reacting in turn.

A tighter squeeze, then she tossed them out into the silent street. Soon enough perhaps a camera would notice, with someone behind it, or a late night security guard would spot them.

She could only hope that it either rendered them unconscious or at least hurt them enough to give her some time. The remaining two watched as their comrades were picked up and tossed onto the street. They wasted no time, raising their weapons and moving forward.

The first thing they spotted was bright eyes glowing in the darkness just when a set of dark tentacles poured from the shadows. They opened fire, but soon enough they suffered a similar fate to their partners. One slammed against the side of the van, face to the glass and shattering the window on the passenger side. The second found himself wrapped up, squeezed, and tossed hard against the railing at the steps of the tower.

Misha rolled out from the shadows, grasping the handle of the briefcase, releasing the other soldier from the side of the van.

“I don’t know who you are but stealing vehicles is wrong you know.” She died a little inside. Not the best line but then when you were dealing with professionals you didn’t really have time to think up anything cool to say. Did actual real life superheroes even do that? She would have to do some research.

She gripped the back of his head and pulled him down, using another tentacle to slam into his abdomen and right into the concrete. Good enough. These two seemed down. Her tendrils pulled her onto the top of the van and she rolled over it, making one last effect in combat.

A quick sweep over the ground to knock the recovering soldiers off their feet. Misha whipped to her right, bringing down another tentacle on them in a slam right into the pavement just as she had with the previous.

From there the lynx was off, her tentacles extended their spikes and reached upwards. They grabbed the side of the skyscraper opposite to the Bentall tower and pulled the feline upwards. She reached into her pocket as she ascended upward.

“Might as well call the police.” She fumbled with the disposable cellphone for a moment, dialing 911 and once she reached the rooftop she let the sound of the voice on the other end pour into her ear.

“Hello, I’d like to report a robbery at Coalition. Y-yeah, they had weapons and...” She sounded her best to sound scared as if she had been involved before panicking and hanging up, it wouldn’t be long before sirens could be heard in the streets below.

“Ugh..” She slumped against the rooftop doorway and dumped the metal briefcase into her lap. “Now what did you try and steal..? Besides a vehicle...” At least she hoped she took something stolen, it would have been a shame if she had taken something else, like their own gear.

She flipped up the clasps and pulled it open slowly, the insides of the case was a soft foam and in the middle was the most interesting object, or not. A black brick sat in the centre of the foam, she reached forward but kept her hand hovering over it. It was completely smooth, didn’t appear to have any distinguishing features of any kind.

Perhaps it was some kind of storage device? There didn't appear to be any sort of connection ports on the brick at all, at least not that she could tell. Was this really what they were planning on taking from Coalition? It had to be returned at least, eventually.

"You're important whatever you are. Four unmarked soldiers wanted you, which means you must mean a lot to someone, but you're just a brick..."

"Mmm... What have I gotten myself into?"