

“Would you please, SHUT UP?!” Conner Bradley, yelled at the person in the backseat. She was an eccentric billionaire with a doctorate and 7 Phds, but to only a few, known as the notorious villain Project. She had the power of Energy projection and transformation, or the ability to use energy to make things with her mind.

Lauren Cris, also known as Trace, was the sidekick to The General, a superhero with the power of mind manipulation, telepathy, and telekinesis. Trace on the other hand, was an advanced hacker, with ability to code his way into just about everything.

“Hey ma’am, you kidnapped me. I can talk as much as I want to,” Lauren said behind her. This was true. The general and Trace had separated during a mission involving a jailbreak, and Project managed to knock him unconscious and stuff him in the backseat tied up, but unfortunately, she hadn’t thought about how much the young boy talked.

“More important question, why did you kidnap me?”

“You only asked one question though.”

“It’s still important.”

The light had turned red, and the car came to a stop. It was nearly one in the morning, and the windows were tinted, so Conner wasn’t really worried about anyone seeing her or Lauren. “I will let you know later.”

Lauren started to whine. “Tell me now, tell me now, tell me now, tell me- *gugh!*”

Conner had created a bowl of water and thrown it in Lauren's face. “If I knew you were going to act like a child Lauren, then I would have gotten you a car seat.”

Lauren made a sour face, then realized- “Wait, you know who I am?”

Conner rolled her eyes, staring at the light. “You go to a high school, it wasn’t that hard to find you. Besides, I took off your mask when you were unconscious, so your face is kind of on view to everyone.”

“Oh... does anyone else know?”

“Believe it or not, I can keep a secret.”

Lauren seemed to think about this for a second. “Can I know your name? It’s only fair.”

“No.” She brushed her long, dark chocolate hair out of her face.

“Fine. Then can I sit up front? It’s boring back here, and kinda cramped.” He emphasized his point by stretching out his legs and kicking the door to the backseat.

Conner rolled her eyes. “No, and for three reasons. One, you talk way too much. Two, you keep kicking my door, and three, you’re like, twelve, and twelve year olds shouldn’t ride up front.” The light turned green, and Conner started driving again. “Besides, I don’t know why you would want to be closer to me, seeing as I could kill you easily.” She put as much malice in her voice as possible for the last part.

She heard quiet scoffing from the backseat. “I’m seventeen, an adult according to JK Rowling.” He then sat in silence, surprising Conner when he managed to not speak for the next two minutes. “Ms. Project? Can I ask you a question?”

She was slightly concerned, but kept her eyes on the road. “Why not?” The next 15 seconds were silent, and Conner was about to turn around, before she felt lips on her ear, and hot breath yelling:

“Do you like jazz?!” Conner hit the breaks suddenly, causing Lauren to slam into the backseat, laughing.

Conner glared at him, as he continued to laugh, though not looking into her in the eyes. "Alright, you know what? You win."

Lauren used his tied hands to wipe his eyes. "What did I win?"

She rolled her eyes, for like the twelfth time after taking him. "You're riding up front, so you don't pull that bull again. I better not regret this," murmuring the last part to herself.

Lauren beamed, and, still unsure of how to Conner, wriggled his way to the front seat. He still had the disguise on his body, which was a black skin tight suit, with red and blue outlines clashing at each other. A logo with the word *tracer* traveled vertically from his upper thigh to his waist.

"Can I put on music?" She didn't answer. "Please? You aren't really a fun conversationalist, and I have this song that I cannot get out of my head."

"No. I'll put on music. I don't want your strange new day music to taint my car." Lauren opened his mouth to retort, but stopped. Conner took her phone, and connected it to the bluetooth. Pushing the shuffle, she got a long list of songs that started with See you again by Charlie Puth.

She meant to take this song off a while ago. "Nope, not this one." Conner was about to skip it before Lauren put his still tied hands on hers.

"Wait no, I like this one." She looked at him and grumbled something under her breath before moving her hand and letting the song play.

'It's been a long day, without you my friend, and I'll tell you all about it when I see you again. We've come a long way, from where we began, though all tell you all about it when I see you again, when I see you again.'

Conner would never let anyone know this, but she despised the song. Not because it was bad, just a painful reminder of what happened 12 years ago.

She was going to get her child, their first day of kindergarten was over. She was listening to the song, as she arrived at the school. The parents were told to pick up anyone seven and younger at their classrooms. When Conner got to the classroom, she looked around for a little mop of dark chocolate hair with Hazel eyes. Nothing. Wondering if she by chance ended up in the wrong class, she called for the teacher.

"Mr. Guding? Hi, I'm looking for Lauren Bradley? He's my son."

Coran Guding gave her a warm smile as he looked at the list. His smile slowly turned into confusion, and he looked at Conner.

"What's wrong?"

"Lauren Bradley was already picked up a little bit ago, by a Conner Bradley. Do you know her?"

Conner felt like puking. "I- i'm Conner Bradley!"

Coran looked at her, sensing her rising panic. "Ma'am-"

*"How the h*ll did you get someone mixed up with me?! Where's my son?!"*

"Ms. Bradley, she had all the correct information. She provided a name, phone number, address, and even an ID."

"An I-" She pulled out an ID with all of her information. Before anyone could say anything, she turned and ran. There were no security cameras inside, so she had to hope they

were able to pick up something. They couldn't. Nobody could find her son, and after months, and years of searching, she didn't find him.

She was brought back to the present to find Lauren screaming along to Toxic by Britney Spears.

When Conner first took him, she had a brief thought that maybe it was him. His last name could have been changed. His eyes and hair were different, but that could be with contacts and dye. She still tried to keep her hopes down, just in case. It wasn't weird for two boys to be named Lauren.

"I didn't know that you listened to Britney." Conner yelled over the screaming.

Lauren shrugged. "It's my mom's favorite song."

"Oh."

"Yep! Ms. Gen would listen to it all the time, almost everyday. When she was doing work, or..." Lauren was going on a rant, But Conner had stopped listening. He said mom, and Ms. Gen, talking about the same person. She knew that Trace would call The General 'Ms. Gen', so it meant...

"The General is your mother?" She asked suddenly.

Lauren had been shocked out of his rant.

"Uh, no?" He started to panic slightly.

"You aren't really supposed to answer a question with another question."

"I- Uh- I wasn't- She's-" Lauren started to breathe slightly faster. Conner looked at him.

"Hey, it's alright kid, i'm not going to hurt you for answering a question." She could have sworn she heard him say 'it's not you i'm worried about'.

The music was the only thing preventing silence in the car. Bringing up The General gave her a thought. What was taking her so long? It had been nearly six hours since she kidnapped Lauren, it wouldn't have been too hard for her to figure out that she had him. At least this gave her a way to figure out who The General was.

The two had been quiet for about fifteen minutes, and Conner wouldn't admit that she hated every second of it. It was incredibly unnatural for the boy to be this quiet.

"Are you hungry?"

"What?"

"Are you hungry?"

"Oh! Uh..."

"Alright you're thinking about it, you're hungry." Conner had learned two things about people and hunger. One, Younger people were generally more pressured with dietary habits. Two, if someone says no too quickly or hesitates when asking if they're hungry, then they are.

"Well, I can't. Ms. Gen wouldn't like that." Lauren mumbled.

Conner raised an eyebrow. Why wouldn't she like him eating? He already looked really thin, and the suit wasn't really helping either. "Too bad. You're my prisoner, and I say what happens, so you're eating, whether Genny likes it or not."

Lauren let out a grin. "She hates that name."

"I know, that's why I said it."

The two fell into another silence, this one, more comfortable than the one before. Conner pulled into a 24-hour McDonalds, and pursed her lips. She hadn't been to a drive through since before her Lauren was taken.

"Are we at McDonalds?" Lauren asked, slightly excited.

"Is there a problem with that?"

"Of course not ma'am, I've just never been to McDonalds before. Ms. Gen says it causes health problems and I'm not allowed to eat it."

Conner couldn't help but smile at his excitement over the simple fast food restaurant. She parked the car, and went to go for the door.

"Uh, Ms. Project?" He held up his tied wrist.

"Oh." She put her hands on the ropes, turning them into a rubber snake.

"I could have sworn I've seen someone else do that- That is so cool Ms. Project."

She smiled. "My name's Conner, Lauren." She opened the door to the car and got out. She heard the other door open, and Lauren ran to catch her, already walking ahead.

When they got inside, most of the place was empty, there was just a small group of teens, and another woman with a Labrador service dog.

When they approached the counter, the bored man at the counter instantly perked up, seeing new customers.

"What can I get for you?" He asked

Lauren looked at Conner, who was looking up at the menu. "We'll get...." While Conner made the order, he wandered around the restaurant. There was a table next to the group of teens, which is where Lauren chose to sit.

"Hey!" One of the girls from the other people called to him. Lauren turned around, looking at the group. "Are you a cosplayer?"

"Oh, yeah. Do you like it?"

A different boy from the group spoke. "Dude, you look just like Tracer. If you told me that you were him, then I would probably believe you."

Lauren grinned at that.

The first girl spoke again. "Well, my name is Mona," she pointed at the other boy. "That's Major," and lastly, she pointed to the other two girls at the table. "That's Lisa and Jazz." The group waved at him.

"I'm Lauren, it's cool to meet you guys."

"Is that your mom? She is so pretty," Jazz asked, motioning to Conner.

"I wish... but no, that's my mom's friend."

"Dude, you should have her cosplay as Project, and your mom cosplay as The General. It would actually look awesome-

Lauren chuckled at the idea. "That would be pretty cool, not gonna lie."

Conner came over, sticking the receipt onto Lauren's forehead. "Listen out for the number. I left something in the car." She didn't wait for an answer as she walked out of the door, heels clacking on the hard tiled floor.

Conner unlocked and opened the door. While she was looking, she heard a buzzing in the backseat. Conner was quick to make a gun, but realized that there was a phone in the back. It wasn't her phone, it was Lauren's.

"What the..." She picked up the phone.

-17 Missed Calls From Ms. Gen-

-152 unread texts from Ms. Gen-

Those were the notifications on the phone. Conner's brow furrowed. Maybe she was looking for Lauren? She remembered when Lauren had gone quiet multiple times in the back. He was texting someone, but why hadn't he asked for help?

Upon opening the phone, she read through the text messages, and thought she might be sick to her stomach. Conner expected how a normal mother would react to her kid being taken, but the conversation was far from that.

12: 52 am

Ms. G- Where are you?

Take the L- In the back of a car-

Ms. G- You've been gone for almost five hours. Are you trying to run away? Because I thought I taught you last time about what would happen if you tried again.

Take the L- No Ma'am. I was taken by project.

Ms. G- Why haven't you escaped?

Take the L- I've been unconscious

*Unconscious

Ms. G- Well obviously you're conscious now. Why haven't you escaped?!

Take the L- She'll torture me.

Conner nearly laughed out loud. She knew that Lauren knew she wouldn't torture him. She hardly ever tortured people, especially people who were still minors.

Ms. G- Do you mean to tell me that I haven't trained your body enough to handle torture? Do we need to go over this again?

Take the L- No ma'am. I'm sorry.

Ms. G- I don't need your apology. You have until one to get out of that car, and WITHOUT your powers. We don't need you revealing anything else.

Take the L- Wait, but that only gives me six minutes!

Ms. G- You should have already been out of the car. Don't argue with me Lauren.

Conner stared at the phone. She read the conversation again, and dropped the phone. What exactly had she just read? It had been almost half an hour since it happened, and she wasn't particularly scared of The General, but if the text was implying what she was almost certain they were implying, then she was worried for Lauren.

"What type of mother does this do to her kid?" She asked the question out loud to herself. What powers had she been talking about?

Lauren was four years old, sitting on the floor drawing an apple. Conner was reading a book on the couch, right in front of him.

"Mommy! Look what I did!" There was a picture of a half red and green apple on the paper.

She smiled at the picture. "That's an amazing picture-"

"Look at what I can do!" He put his hand on the picture, making a strained noise. The picture of the apple disappeared, and in Lauren's tiny hand, was a half red and half green apple. He grinned, looking at Conner.

"That- that is amazing sweetheart." Conner's face mirrored Lauren's. She couldn't help it. Her child had powers similar to hers. "Do you wanna see what I can do?"

Lauren nodded, shaking his head so hard that Conner thought he would get whiplash. She picked her book up, and created an apple to match Laurens.

"You know what we should call it?"

"A mix and match?"

"A heterocromia apple."

Lauren stared at her, as if she had three head spider on her neck. "A heto- hetocomb-"

"Never mind my love, you'll figure it out when you get older."

The phone buzzed again, and Conner shook her head, blinking back any moistness that had built in her eyes. The newest text was illuminated on the screen.

1: 44 am

Ms. G- Why are you ignoring me? Is this supposed to be some sort of payback for you figuring out that i'm not your biological mother? 12 years ago, I saved you from a monster, and I have raised you to become a hero. You're reading this, I can see that you did, so answer your phone. Now.

Conner's mind raced, millions of questions at once. She wasn't Laurens biological mother? And what did she mean saved him? Was Lauren her child, taken from her 12 years ago? She had to ask him what his powers were, and try to see if he could remember anything about her.

She felt a small ping of hope in her gut. She silenced the phone, slipped it in the back pocket of her black jeans, and got out of the car.

That's when she heard a scream. "Lauren? Lauren!" She ran into the Restaurant. The man at the counter had his face submerged in hot oil, and the woman was staring in shock at her service dog, with broken legs. The teenagers were hiding under a table, all ghost faced.

"Hey, hey," she ran over to the teens first. "Hey, what happened?"

It was quiet for a moment, until Mona spoke up. "You wouldn't believe us."

"Try me."

Mona was hesitant, but then spoke up. "We were sitting here, talking to Lauren, and then the guy at the counter just stopped and dunked his own face in the oil. That's when The General showed up. We thought she was going to check the dead guy, but then she came over and slammed Lauren over, talking about escaping or something. That's when we found out he was actually Tracer, and The General was his mom.

"The dog could sense that something was wrong, so it started growling at the general, about to charge. Then she looked at the dogs owner, and broke the dog's legs with her telekinesis. Lauren was screaming at her to stop, and for a moment , they just stood there. Then she hit him with something and knocked him out, and dragged Lauren out." Mona looked borderline hysterical, and Conner obviously could see why.

"Alright," she kept her voice calm, to coax the four from under the table. To say she was mad was a major understatement. "Do you know where they were headed?"

They all shook their heads. "Even if we did, what would you be able to do?" Jazz asked.

Conner zipped up the leather jacket she was wearing, and pulled up the hood. In the pocket, was a mask, meant to cover only the eyes and the upper half of the face. She never did understand why heroes had such complex costumes.

"You're- you're Project," Major stuttered out.

Conner nodded. "Call the police. I have to go save my kid." She turned and walked out. She took her hands, placing them on the car. Her eyes glowed red briefly before the car changed into a Street Glide motorcycle.

"Hold on Lauren..." Not bothering with a helmet, she swung her leg over the bike, and turned it on. Pulling the phone out of her pocket, she opened it up, looking for the contacts. Lauren's contact, also known as take the L (Conner smiled at this) and found the home address. She had no idea if this is where Gennifer would be taking Lauren, but it was worth a shot.

An hour drive later, Conner found herself in a more secluded house on a hill, other houses miles away. She walked up the entryway stairs, and tried the door. It was locked. Not wanting to damage her heels, she slipped them off and rammed her shoulder into the door. This was a stupid move, considering she could have easily dislocated her shoulder, but the door had been bashed open.

She grabbed her shoes and walked into the house. The inside was dark, and empty. There were no shoes in the entryway, and it seemed that no one was home. Still she went to explore. Couches were neatly aligned with the way, and there was a bookshelf across from one.

Conner walked into a hallway, and opened the first door. It was a master bedroom, but it seemed about as homey as a cave. There was a four-poster bed in the corner, and a dresser on the other side of the room. Two doors were along the wall, and Conner assumed it was a closet

and bathroom. She closed the door. The next two rooms she went to was a storage closet, a bathroom, and a coat closet. When she opened the door to the last room, she was met with a smaller, much more comfortable than the first.

The bed was also in the corner of the room, comforter lazily thrown on the bed. Clothes were hanging halfway out of a tall white basket. The desk had a computer on it, a speaker that was left on was illumination colours of the rainbow. The most distinct thing about the room however, was the sketches all over. A picture of a gun was on the desk, a dog covering some other pictures on the bed, but the one that caught Conners attention the most, was a picture of an apple, hanging on the wall. It was coloured, half red and half green, with the words 'heterochromia apple, I now understand what that means' at the bottom.

Conner felt her entire world light up at that sentence. Lauren was her child, the one taken from her twelve years ago. She just stared at it for a couple minutes. But every second she stood there, the more infuriated she became. The supposed 'hero' had kidnapped and mindwiped her baby. There was no way she would let that slide.

She pulled the picture off of the wall, and that's when she noticed it. There was a tiny control panel behind the picture, and when she opened it, there was a little switch. She flipped it, and the wall behind the laundry basket had split open, a staircase going down. Conner blinked, and walked briskly down the stairs.

She found out, it was some sort of secret lair, but for heroes. Then she saw him. Lauren was sitting on the floor, hands cupping his head with his hands. He must have heard her coming down the stairs, because he looked at her with glazed over eyes.

"No..." Lauren murmured.

Conner would later kick herself for this, but she ran to him. Crouching down, she called him. "Lauren.. Hey!" But he wasn't looking at her, he was looking behind her. Conner had just enough time to put her arms up before something struck her, nearly knocking her out. She fell on her back, kicking out at whoever hit her.

Conner rolled over, jumping on to her feet. The General was standing across from her, a bow staff in her hand.

"Project. What do I owe the pleasure?" The last words sounded like venom coming from the older woman's mouth. Conner was in no mood for any witty banter, so her response to the snarky comment was a glare. "What's wrong, Something bugging you?"

"I'm going to kill you," Conner whispered, eyes glowing a bright red as a silver dagger appeared in her hand.

Gennifer looked at her, eyebrow raised. "You, think you, can kill me? What's your problem Project, other than the fact you torture, kill, and make people miserable?"

Conner's rage was still climbing at alarming rates. She let out a small chuckle, which grew, and turned into a bloodcurdling cackle. Her volume had reached a couple decibels below a yell. "You, you have the nerve to ask me, what's wrong with me?" she pointed to Lauren, who was looking at the floor, knees pulled to his chest. "But if you must know, my problem started twelve years ago, when my own child was taken from me."

"That sounds like bad parenting on your part-"

“And I would have thought that my Lauren and your Lauren were two different people, until I saw the heterochromia apple.” Gennifer was quiet now. “So, you take my child from me, and have the audacity to treat him like this?!”

“I saved him, from a monster. I mean look at you now, how much worse would he be if you had raised him?”

“By manipulating his memories? And for what, you wanted a kid with powers?” The two had a silent standoff, tension thick enough to choke.

Then Gennifer spoke. “Want me to give him back his memories? Fine.” She snapped her fingers, and Lauren jolted. “But it’s not like you’ll live long enough to do anything about it.” She held the bow staff in a defensive position.

Project grit her teeth, and looked at Lauren. He was staring back at her, an indeterminable look in his eyes. She turned back to The General, and charged.

She slashed at The General, ducking under the swing of the staff. The General kicked at Project, which gave her the opportunity to grab her foot and twist. She spun around, using the staff as leverage to keep herself up, and used her other foot to kick at Project’s hand. Both were on their feet, and General lunged at Project, using her telekinesis to push the knife away from any striking points. She dropped the knife as she was tacked onto the floor, punches swinging at her. Project wrapped her legs around General’s waist, twisting sharply to get her off.

She landed on top of The General, who shot up, headbutting her in the nose. Project let out a small cry, blood coming out of her nose. Project reached out, grabbing the knife. She got her hand around the handle and stabbed down. The General shifted out of the way, so she only got a graze on the inside of her arm. Project looked towards Lauren, only to find him missing, and the door to the secret hideout closed.

‘Good.’ She thought. Project suddenly felt a sharp pain on the side of her head, knocking her off General, and landing on her back. She had used her telekinesis to hit Project with the bow staff. It charged again, but this time, project grabbed the end, using the staff’s momentum to drive it into a wall. She loomed over Project, and she used the moment to drive her heel into The General’s leg.

She let out a grunt. Project’s high heels had reinforced titanium blades on the bottom. The General growled. She grabbed her leg, forcibly pulling it out. Project kicked her other foot, which was stopped by The General’s telekinesis. Hot white pain erupted in her leg, as the other woman twisted it nearly 270 degrees. Project let out another cry. Both of her legs were pushed down roughly, and The General smirked.

“Not as tough as you claim, huh?” Unbeknownst to The General, Project had landed on top of something. Whatever it was before, she didn’t care, as her hand slipped under and changed it into a gun.

“Sure.” Project fired three times. The first two missed, but the third one buried itself in her shoulder. She clamped a hand to her shoulder, screeching. She hit the gun away from Project.

The bow staff came out of the wall, moments from fatally burying itself into her neck. It never happened. The Staff stopped on the floor, right next to a large rock. This surprised both females, who turned in the direction of where the rock came from. Standing at the entry doors was Tracer, mask on, an electronic drawing pad in his hands, and his eyes glowing red.

Despite the heat of the moment, Project let out a huge grin. The General looked furious. "What do you think you're doing?" She asked Tracer, every ounce of venom in her voice as possible.

"You lied, and manipulated me for years. And, it's obvious that I'd choose my mother's side." He then started grinning. "Also, you never took me to McDonalds, so there's that." She stalked towards him, as he took the picture from the gun from upstairs and transformed it into the real thing.

"You wouldn't use that on me. You don't have it in you to kill."

Tracer shrugged. "True, but she would," he said, pointing at Project, who picked up the gun from earlier, and took a shot. Tracer covered his eyes at the last second, as the bullet wedged itself into the back of her head.

She fell forward, dying almost instantly. Tracer didn't look as he went over to project. "Hey Ms. Conner, are you ok?"

Conner's eyes were closed, her breathing slightly ragged. Her leg was at an awkward angle. "Yeah, yeah, just give me a second. My leg hurts." She waved a dismissive hand in a random direction. "Why don't you go get your stuff

"My stuff?"

"I mean, unless you want to stay here."

"No! Um, Ms. Conner?"

"What?" she asked, cracking open her eyes.

"If your leg is busted, how do we get back to wherever you live?"

"Can you drive?" She saw a hint of mischief in his eyes. "You know what, never mind. I'll call a friend or something." Conner let out a small laugh at the pout on his face.

Lauren made a small hmph noise. "Wait, I have something to help you!" He drew a picture of a cane and handed it to her.

"I can't tell if you are genuinely trying to help me, or you're just calling me old." He grinned and shrugged at that, and trotted to the stairs. Conner knew that there would be a lot of things happening, and this would just be the beginning to a crazy couple months, but for the moment, she was just going to lay there.

-Five months later-

"For the last time Lauren, no." Conner muttered.

"Why?"

"Because I said so!"

Months after the incident, the two had caught up with each other about the past 12 years. He became close friends with Mona, Major, Lisa, and Jazz, after transferring to the school. The four had been quietly listening to Conner and Lauren argue about why fruit juices couldn't be called fruit sperm.

"You can't go to restaurants or to normal people and ask, 'Oh yes, may I have a cup of apple sperm?'"

"Can't go up to normal people, *mememe*, I'm so cool because I'm an adult." Lauren mocked her, sticking up his hand to represent a mouth.

Conner rolled her eyes, creating a packet of pacifiers, and throwing them at Lauren. She had just enough time to block a box of adult diapers thrown at her.

End~