

"Shocking isn't it?"

Shea stairs back in wonderment at John's little achievement.

"Well I mean I guess it's not that gr-"

"Okay, before I have a heart attack let me say two things." John nods back, slightly bemused by her incredulousness. "Okay, firstly, that joke was fucking horrible. Secondly how long have you known and why the fuck didn't you tell me sooner!?"

Shea paced back and forth, her hands on her head making wide gestures to nothing.

"Holly Fuck John do you know what this means!?" Shea exclaims waving her hands to the heavens.

"Why yes Shea, yes I do." At this point John has decided he might as well just enjoy the show, propping himself on the hood of his sister's car.

"Yo-you're an, an..."

"Yes."

"And that means..."

"Indeed."

"Holy fuck!"

"Listen are we going to talk or are you just going to keep shouting profanity?" Said John folding his arms.

"Screw you hoodie McEmo-ears, my favorite fuckbuddy just informed me he can shoot lightning from his fingertips!" Retorts Shea whilst pretending to zap John with force lightning.

"So I'm just your fuckbuddy now am I?" Inquired John dryly.

"Oh cry about it later." Shea replies. "My God what are we going to do?" She asks, as much to herself as to John.

John scowls for a moment, contemplating how to take his apparent demotion to "fuckbuddy". But he could see the concern in her face, and he knew for all her jokes she meant well. So with a sigh he leaves his spot and begins to walk over. Shea doesn't even seem to notice him approach. Slowly he wraps his arms around her, pressing the fingertips of his right

hand to a place just to the inside of her hip. Her special little spot. Immediately her muscles began to relax as she eases into his embrace. "No... stop." Shea mumbled, in conflict with her own feelings. But still John held on, slowly beginning to rock back and forth with her in his arms. Suddenly her muscles began tensing back up as she planted her feet refusing to get caught up in his sway.

"I said stop." Declared Shea more forcefully. Pushing away his arms in defiance she takes several steps forward to put distance between them. "Not now John, this is serious." Spoke Shea looking over her shoulder.

"You think I don't know that?" Replied John with a sigh. His patience running thin.

"Right now I don't know what to think." She responds.

"Well how do you think I feel?" Asks John, unable to hide the aggravation in his tone.

"I don't know John." Shea answered, stressing his name like an accusation. "How do you feel? Because apparently for God knows how long you've been dealing with this shit and I haven't known a damn thing!" Shea spoke, the fire returning to her voice.

"What was I supposed to say?" Inquired John in response. Raising the anger in his tone to match hers. "By the way I might be a fucking Aberrant?"

"You could have said something dammit!" Her voice now to the level of a shout.

"Why, so you could walk out on me for being a mutant?" Asked John back.

"Fuck you!" "You already did!"

Finally out of things to say the two just stared back at each other out of breath.

With a deep sigh John is the first to break the stare down. Almost collapsing as he sat to the ground. The weeks of barely any sleep taking their toll.

"We could have done something." Begins Shea, her voice now barely more than a whisper. "I, I-" "There's nothing to do Shea." Interrupts John. "If there was I would have tried it by now."

Again the room returns to silence. And again John's the one to break it.

"Listen if you want to leave I get it. Honestly I'd rather not drag you into all this." He resigns, rubbing his eye's unaware of Shea walking towards him. Something a swift punch to the face is quick to bring to his attention.

"Don't you ever ever say that again." Commands Shea her voice as cold as the winter ground.

"What is it you want from me?" Asks John in response. The shock taking away any anger he might of felt at being punched.

"All I want is to know that you're not leaving me. That some hazmat suited corpse fuckers aren't going to cart you away on a stretcher." Shea declares leaving John in a stunned silence as she makes her way to the door.

"Now get your ass up. My bed is lonely and I really don't feel like thinking right now." And with that she exits. Leaving John dumbfounded on the floor. Trying to work out what just happened.