

WARNING: This story contains spoilers. You may wish to read the Project Epsilon story (<http://clockworkmansion.com/forum/index.php/topic,8787.0.html>) before reading this.

Also, remember that this is [b]not canon[/b] and I had to take some liberties with Tapewolf's characters.

"Breaking and Exiting"

"*Drat!*" Professor Shreve spat. He had been fiddling with his cell phone for the past several minutes.

"I *told* you it wouldn't be easy to get reception out here!" the incubus next to him said. He was a poodle in dire need of a trim; you could barely even see his eyes from all the fur in the way.

"I *have* to make this call, Falkirk! You know I always call to tell my daughter goodnight whenever I can't come home for the evening!"

They were in the middle of ISIS' first field trip ever for all the freshmen. They had teleported away from most civilization and were now smack-dab in the middle of Moore Forest. Falkirk put his hand on his forehead and sighed.

"Right, right. Go on then, go wander around a ways and see if you can pick up a signal. I'll take care of the students. Just don't lose sight of the campfires!"

"I know that! I'm not stupid!" Professor Shreve walked out into the trees and Falkirk just rolled his eyes.

"*Seriously*, Dad? The 'important thing you forgot' was your *iPawd??* You had us turn around and break back into the school just for *that?!'*"

"It's my iPawd, Mike! My *precious*! You know I can't live without my music!"

Michael pushed his hand to his brow and growled. They had slipped away from the group at Ben's behest and summoned Ben's wife's Warp-Aci, Caisi, to teleport them back to ISIS. They had climbed back in one of the windows that Ben had rigged unlocked in case one of his pranks went sour and he had to make a quick getaway.

"*Fine*," Michael whispered, "we're already here, so we might as well just get it and get out. Where did you leave it?"

Ben twiddled his fingers. "I'm not sure. I had it in Basic Magic class, when I was so bored 'cuz they weren't teaching anything I didn't already know. And then there was the gym, when Jesse was shooting hoops with me. Oh, and the cafeteria."

Michael sighed. "Well then, we'll split up. I'll take the classroom. You take the gym..."

"And I'll take the cafeteria!!"

Michael spun toward the giant armadillo incubus and hissed, "Will you keep it down, Jesse! What part of 'we're not supposed to be here right now' did you miss? And why are you even with us anyway?"

Jesse put his hands on his hips and grinned hugely. "Your father and I fought in honorable combat! That makes me and him brothers now!"

Michael looked nonplussed. "You call that 'honorable'?" He shook his head and continued, "Never mind, we're wasting time. Just go."

Ben made his way to the gym. Security was surprisingly light, thankfully. He slipped in through the double doors and immediately slid back to the side behind a bin of basketballs. Someone was standing in the middle of the dimly-lit gym; he could sense their mind-shield.

The person was definitely a 'cubi. Ben could make out their headwings through the darkness. Ben cast a quick night-vision spell on himself. The 'cubi was dressed from head to toe in a pitch-black armored suit. They were holding a rod that glowed slightly in Ben's magic night-vision—definitely an enchanted stun-baton. Over their eyes they wore what appeared to be a pair of night-vision goggles.

"Whoever this guy is," Ben thought, silently thankful the 'cubi had not been looking his way, *"he's definitely not faculty."* If anyone had been watching, it would have appeared that Ben's body flickered slightly as he moved out from behind the bin. He made his way around the 'cubi to the other door, staying behind their head at all times.

Suddenly, the 'cubi spun towards him. *"Crap!"* Ben squeaked.

"Your emotions give you away!" the 'cubi shouted as he lunged towards Ben.

Ben made a funny face as his attacker's baton went right through his body as if he weren't even there. The illusion shattered and the real Ben appeared several feet in front of his attacker. Before the 'cubi could realize what was going on, Ben had hit him right in the face with a stun spell. The 'cubi fell to the ground, his momentum carrying him forward a little on the slick floor.

"Booyah, sucker! You just got *Ben't!*" Ben crowed, pointing at the fallen 'cubi with both hands.

His hair blew back slightly as a magic bolt whizzed past his head. Two more 'cubi in the same outfit had come through the door he had originally entered. Ben growled and assumed a defensive stance, his hands burning with magical fire.

In the cafeteria, Jesse stumbled around the tables and benches, his huge body making it difficult to bend down and look under them. Fortunately, there weren't too many tables. The school being for 'cubi, only every other student actually ate there.

Jesse had just gotten down on his hands and knees to look under the last table when something struck him on the head. He immediately curled into an armored ball and rolled away several yards, the blow barely even fazing him. He uncurled and looked in the direction he had come from.

Several 'cubi were rushing towards him, covered in black outfits and wielding stun batons. His wing-tentacles stretched out quickly, pulling a nearby bench to his hands. Jesse charged with his makeshift bludgeon, his speed defying his bulk. With one swing, he sent three of his attackers flying.

The rest of his attackers turned to leave the cafeteria in hasty retreat, Jesse bellowing as he chased after them.

Michael poked about the classroom. His father never sat at the same desk, and he couldn't recall which one he had been sitting at today. He grumbled a bit and checked under yet another desk.

Suddenly, he felt someone reach around his neck. He quickly flipped and kicked, throwing them over himself and into a wall. He sensed someone else approaching, but he was ready this time. He hopped out of the way and up onto a nearby desk, kicking a stun baton out of their hands. He jumped away into a more open area, an ebon-clad 'cubi chasing after him.

The 'cubi threw a series of jabs and kicks at Michael but he didn't give an inch, blocking and dodging and returning with some palm-thrusts and kicks of his own. They were evenly matched, every blow failing to make an impact on either of them.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, Michael could see another 'cubi rushing at him. He quickly bounded across the desks to the opposite side of the room and shifted into a Shaolin offensive stance. Before his opponents were halfway across the room, he was already lashing out with his feet and fists, fire flying

from them. The firebolts hit the two unprepared 'cubi and knocked them back into the far wall next to the first one that had attacked him.

He quickly booked it out of the room as his stunned but still conscious assailants stumbled to their feet.

Ben rushed through the outer second-floor hallway and nearly ran straight into his son coming out of a classroom. Jesse joined them from the opposite side, panting slightly.

"Hey guys, guess what!" Ben said in between heavy breaths, "It was in my back pocket the whole time! Oh, and there's some..."

"Goons in black outfits running amok, I know," Michael interrupted. "There's two in the classroom behind me right now."

"I've already floored a dozen of them," Jesse said with a note of pride. He pointed his thumb behind him. "The way behind me is clear. Let's go!"

The trio turned in the direction Jesse had come from and halted as three 'cubi rounded the corner heading straight for them. "You were saying, Jesse?" Michael growled. They turned and five more 'cubi approached from the other side. The two 'cubi that had attacked Michael were almost at the classroom door now.

"Ugh, I hate being surrounded," Ben said. "It usually means I'm going to get hurt."

"Not quite surrounded," Jesse said, grabbing both Ben and Michael by their arms. He lept backwards with them clutched to his chest, his armored back smashing through the window.

The trio used their wings to soften their landing and bolted away from the school. All the while, Ben began to re-summon Caisi.

....."Why all the fuss about Jyraneth, anyway?" Richard asked. "How's she different from Daryil? Both clans are run by an insane tri-wing who have their followers carry out their every will..."

"The difference is," Falkirk explained patiently, "That Daryil has a few basic, common-sense rules and leaves the rest up to his clan. He stays on good terms with his children so that they want to obey him, and will willingly carry out any favours he wants done as a friend. Jyraneth, on the other hand, ruled by fear and anyone who annoyed her in any way would be executed and their soul destroyed on charge of treason or heresy. Any questions?"

But before anyone could answer, a sloth burst into the tent dressed in the typical garb of a professor from Illiath's. This new professor had obviously been running and was out of breath. "Professor Falkirk!" he gasped.

Falkirk briefly saw two fox incubi and a gigantic armadillo incubus following the sloth as the tent flap fell back down.

"This had better be important, Professor Shreve," the poodle said irritably. "We have a tricky political problem thrust into our hands..."

"Forget all that," Shreve said. "The school has fallen!"

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