

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Making a heist of things!

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This was a bad idea. He knew it was a bad idea. And yet... Cameron huffs and rolls his eyes.

“Alright fine, let’s do it. Let’s turn this party into a heist. But I want an even split on the proceeds. Fifty-fifty.”

Felicia arches her brow at that, a wicked little smirk playing across her lips.

“Oh? You want to go half and half with me? Hmm, are you sure you’ll be able to keep up, Cameron?”

Straightening up and squaring his shoulders, Cameron arches a brow right back at the cat burglar.

“Shouldn’t I be asking you that, Felicia? Only one of us has brand new powers, after all. Do you really think you can steal as much as I can?”

Maybe he’s getting a little too overconfident here, especially since he’s barely even used his new abilities for nefarious purposes so far, but all Cameron can think of is his escape from the Met. Not only had he taken down that SWAT officer with a single kick, but he’d also snuck away completely undetected under the cover of invisibility.

Between that and his new illusions, Cameron wasn’t sure how he could possibly come up short. Felicia though, doesn’t quite seem to agree if her wide grin and twinkling eyes are anything to go off of.

“Now *that* sounds like a challenge. We’ll make a game of it then, won’t we? Whoever manages to steal the most value wins!”

Cameron might be young, but he wasn't born yesterday. His eyes narrow as he stares Felicia down.

"Wins what, exactly?"

Stalking forward, Felicia plants a hand on his chest and then runs it up until her fingers are tucked under his chin. Leaning in, her lips mere centimeters away from his, she looks him directly in the eye and *purrs*.

"Whatever I want~"

Huffing, Cameron reaches out and grabs Felicia by the hips, yanking her flush against his body, her breasts against his chest. Her breath hitches as he leans in and steals a quick kiss before pulling back just enough to breath his response across her lips.

"Deal."

There's a moment of sexually charged tension between them that Cameron wholeheartedly believes is about to turn into them fucking on one of the pieces of gym equipment currently surrounding them. His hands even twitch with the intent of moving to cup and squeeze her ass cheeks so she can wind her legs around his waist and he can carry her over to the closest one.

However, just as his hands twitch... Felicia pulls back, escaping his grasp in a fluid motion that gives proof to her dexterity and all around flexibility. As she slips free of him, Cameron is left a little flummoxed by her sudden departure.

"The party is in three days, Cameron. But since we're now competitors, we can't exactly help each other prepare. May the best woman win~"

Cameron watches Felicia's ass sway all the way out of view, a tightness in his loins that he's well aware she's left him with on purpose. Then, a sudden chuckle from off to the side reminds him that they were never alone in the first place.

“She has you right where she wants you.”

Glancing over at an amused Lady Loki, Cameron arches a brow.

“Aren’t you supposed to be on my side here?”

Smirking, Lady Loki just shrugs.

“Certainly. Would you like some advice, my Champion?”

Cameron hesitates for only a brief moment before nodding. Might as well see what she had to say, really.

“Mm... don’t underestimate that one. She knows exactly what she’s doing and exactly what she’s about. It’s rare to find someone with such focus on one single interest. Her entire life is about the chase, about the next great theft. She will prove to be quite the challenging opponent at this ‘party’ of yours.”

Well... Lady Loki wasn’t wrong about that. Cameron inclines his head in acknowledgment of the given advice. It’s solid after all. He definitely shouldn’t assume he has this in the bag solely because of his new powers. Felicia had a lot more experience than he did, after all.

“You know, I’m surprised you stuck around when we started getting hot and heavy there. You left pretty quickly the other night. Almost like you were embarrassed or something.”

Lady Loki arches a brow and Cameron knows he’s probably treading on thin ice. But at the same time, his curiosity won’t allow him to set it aside. Why had she stuck around this time but not last time?

“Do you really think that anything you two mortals do together could possibly embarrass me? Honestly? Don’t be ridiculous, my Champion... I have seen and done things that would make your toes curl. No, I merely sought to give you privacy because I sensed that you both needed it, nothing more. As for this

instance... I could tell she was simply riling you up and would not actually give you succor.”

The Goddess’ eyes dart down to his crotch and then back up to his face as a lazy grin spreads across her features.

“I suppose if you were to come kneel at my feet and beg for it, I might be willing to give you succor in her stead, Champion~”

Cameron blinks, going a bit rigid at the offer. On the one hand, Lady Loki is gorgeous to the point of inhuman, her divine beauty more than breathtaking. On the other hand, he doesn’t know what the hell Felicia and him even are at this point, but he does know he doesn’t want to betray her. On the third more ephemeral hand... he also isn’t the kneeling, begging type.

“Maybe another time. Frankly, before anything else there’s another matter I wanted to talk to you about, milady.”

If she’s disappointed by his rejection, Lady Loki masterfully hides it. Instead she simply raises a brow at him, silently signaling for Cameron to continue. He hesitates for a moment... before squeezing at the horse headed cane in his hands and focusing on creating his most complex illusion yet.

It seems like they almost teleport, moving from Felicia’s home gym to his brother Brandon’s hospital room. Their surroundings ripple and change all around them... but in reality, it’s just one great big illusion, complete with the noises of the hospital and the beeps from the machines Brandon is hooked up to.

He knows Lady Loki recognizes that none of this is real, but she still looks around attentively until her eyes finally land on the illusion of his comatose brother.

“And who is this?”

Moving to the end of Brandon’s bed, Cameron looks at him. It feels almost surreal standing here at the foot of his brother’s hospital bed wearing the

costume he just developed with Felicia and Lady Loki. Even if he's not really in the hospital dressed like this, it's still strange.

"My brother. You dragged this particular secret out of me back in your demesne, if you'll recall."

Lady Loki makes a noise of understanding in the back of her throat.

"Ah. Yes, I see the familial resemblance past all of the tubes. Your brother sleeps then?"

Cameron clenches his jaw and slowly nods.

"He does. He's in a medically induced coma; kept alive by all of those machines you see. Otherwise, he would already be dead... they're the only things keeping his illness at bay."

Lady Loki advances on the illusionary bed, peering over everything Brandon is hooked up to. For a moment Cameron has an inappropriate thought about how silly it is that she, an illusion, is studying another of his illusions. Illusion-ception. The situation is too serious for him to snort in amusement or anything like that though.

When the Goddess stays quiet for a moment too long, Cameron breaks the silence again himself.

"You named me your Champion and promised me untold power. You've given me access to your magic... but its just illusions is it not? I'm tougher and stronger now and I can cast spells... but can I heal? Can I fix my brother? Can I save his life?"

Slowly, Lady Loki turns a lidded expression in his direction, her lips flat rather than curled up or down.

"As you currently are? No."

Cameron swallows thickly and nods, having somewhat expected that response.

“... What about you? If I can find evidence that says you no longer have to stay hidden, if you can come out of your demesne... could you heal him with your magic?”

There's a reason Cameron is asking this only after Felicia left. Because even as the desperate words leave his mouth, he's feeling rather foolish for asking them. Loki is not the God of Healing after all, and he wouldn't expect a female version of him to be any different.

In fact, he's quite literally asking a Goddess of Deception and Mischief to give it to him straight. Yes, Cameron recognized how foolish he was being. Yes, he was going to take anything she said with a huge grain of salt. But at the same time... he had to try. He had to ask.

To her credit, Lady Loki does not immediately answer him. She makes no attempt to immediately convince him that yes; she can do what he requires if only he remains faithful and helps her out first. Cameron would expect that from most deities... but then, perhaps a Goddess formally known as 'The Liesmith' was always going to be a bit more subtle.

“... Without examining him more closely, I cannot promise a quick and easy fix, my Champion. You mortals are... frustratingly fragile even at the best of times.”

Cameron snorts in wry amusement, looking down at his brother's comatose form. She's not wrong. Brandon wasn't weak... he was never weak. However, his body had betrayed him. His mortal, human body had turned on him in a manner most foul and left him in this bedridden state.

“I understand. All I want is a chance, really. And I'm not going to give up, even if you personally can't help. I'm going to find a way to save him, no matter what it takes.”

Silence reigns as Lady Loki looks at him quietly for a long moment. Finally, her lips curl up into a smile. She takes a step towards him, and then another, until she's right in his face.

"I believe you. That determination... that is what makes you suited to be my Champion. I swear this to you, so long as you assist me in my goals, I shall assist you in yours. Even if I cannot heal your brother myself, I shall endeavor to help you find a way to return him to health. We are in this together now, you and I."

By the time she's done speaking, Lady Loki has his chin in her hand and is staring into his eyes. Cameron swallows, forgetting for a moment that she's just an illusion... an illusion made by him, as a matter of fact. The sense of touch feels real after all.

But then, just as suddenly, she's gone, vanishing from view and indeed pulling back from his mind entirely. All of the sudden, Cameron is alone with his own thoughts, standing there in the middle of the gym as the illusion of his brother's hospital room dissipates with the faltering of his own concentration.

... Seriously? Cameron looks down at himself and groans. Had he really just been teased by two gorgeous women back to back like that? For fuck's sake...

You know what? He would use this. He was going to win that competition with Felicia. He was going to come out on top and steal the most shit from the goddamn Kingpin at that fucking party. And he knew exactly what he was going to ask for once he won too!

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Three days pass in the blink of an eye. Cameron works day and night, spending most of the time alone with only intermittent visits from Lady Loki. Meanwhile, Felicia is off doing her own thing, getting ready in her own way. When they finally come back together on the night of the party, Cameron finds himself tight lipped... until he lays eyes on Felicia and his breath is taken away.

“Holy shit, you look amazing.”

Felicia blinks, slightly caught off guard by his honest praise. She flushes ever so slightly before recovering and giving him a wicked smirk. At the same time, she plants a hand on her hip and cocks it out, winking.

“Of course I do~”

Her outfit for the night is a combination between her usual costume and a fancy black dress. She’s wearing long-sleeved gloves that end in her usual claws and heeled leather boots beneath the dress. She’s also wearing her usual mask as well.

He’s dressed in his new attire, feeling pretty damn good about himself... but as good as he looks, he knows it’s the result of his powers. Felicia though? Felicia did all of that the hard way.

“... Don’t think this will distract me. I’ve got my eye on the prize.”

Felicia giggles and turns away, looking back over her shoulder at him as she heads for the door.

“You mean this prize?”

Her ass sways back and forth, making it clear she thinks she knows exactly what he’s going to ask for if he wins. Little does she know, Cameron is dreaming even bigger than that...

Regardless, together they make their way to the party via a car that Felicia has pick them up. And before no time at all, Cameron finds himself walking into a beautiful ballroom arm in arm with his mentor, staring around the place at everyone else. There’s no announcement or anything like that, it’s not that kind of party. But there’s certainly a lot of masked faces to mix in with all of the people in expensive looking dresses and suits.

Cameron can hardly believe his eyes as he soaks it all in... a lot of these people are villains he's only ever heard about on the news or read about online. But now... well, now he's moving among them. He's one of them, technically.

Ironically enough, it's not any of them that truly catches his eye as he and Felicia stop in the entrance of the party, however. Rather, it's one of the servers that his gaze falls upon. He's not sure why, they're quite literally dressed to be almost invisible... but the face is familiar. That's what gets his attention. He recognizes her.

And when he finally gets a second look at the server as she moves through the party, Cameron's eyes bulge out of his skull and it takes every fiber of his being not to blurt out her name from across the ballroom.

But seriously... what the fuck is Gwen Stacy, a Police Captain's daughter, doing here at a villain party?!

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!