

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

A/N: Lying low~

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“We’re going to lie low for now. We don’t want to attract the wrong sort of attention, after all.”

Cameron blinks as he sits at Felicia’s dining table eating breakfast with her the very next morning. They’d fucked long and hard last night and while his stamina meant he’d been the one to tucker *her* out for once, he’d still slept rather good when all was said and done.

That said, he would be lying if he tried to claim he hadn’t been pondering the situation he found himself in since waking up this morning. It would seem he wasn’t the only one either, given Felicia’s sudden interjection. Chewing and swallowing his latest bite of food, Cameron sets his fork down and gives her his full focus.

“I don’t disagree with you... but I’m not sure that’s going to work for *her* if you know what I mean.”

Before Felicia can even respond, Cameron hears a telltale scoff in his head and immediately knows his attempt at being vague has failed.

You need not speak as though I am some creature lurking in the shadows. You are my Champion, not my slave. Besides, I agree with your mentor. There is no need to rush recklessly to your death or detainment. Neither would serve my purposes very well.

Cameron blinks, straightening up a little bit in surprise. Lady Loki was a lot more reasonable than he was expecting her to be about this.

And why were you expecting tyranny from me, exactly? No, don't answer that... I can guess. It would seem being separated from me has led to my masculine self leaning further and further towards delusions of grandeur and conquest, no doubt to try and win the approval of Odin... approval he will never attain no matter how many planets he rules.

Felicia, sharp-eyed as ever, is watching his reactions carefully as Lady Loki speaks. Until finally, she smirks slightly.

“Not as much of a problem as you thought she was going to be, hm?”

Cameron arches a brow back at his mentor.

“I guess not. You got all of that just from reading my facial reactions?”

Shrugging one shoulder, Felicia cocks her head to the side.

“Well, not just that. There's also the fact that she'd be foolish to waste you on some hair-brained, ill-thought out scheme. Better to refine you and train you up first. No telling when she's going to get another chance like this.

See? I approve of your mentor greatly.

Well at least they were getting along, as strange as all of this was. That did raise the question though... if they weren't going straight to trying to find answers to Lady Loki's inquiries, what were they going to do next.

Before Lady Loki can answer that question, Felicia unknowingly does so, jabbing her fork in the air at him.

“Before anything else, we need to get an idea of what you're capable of now. Testing your limits and figuring out exactly what you can do as a ‘Champion of Loki’ will go a long way to helping us decide what we're doing next.”

The Goddess he found himself saddled responds with an approving hum and all Cameron can do is sigh as he finds himself finishing breakfast and then heading

to Felicia's personal gym afterwards. They'd been using this place for months now for his training to be fair... but today was decidedly different as Cameron found himself under a whole new microscope.

They start with the physical, with Felicia having him run on the treadmill, lift weights, and check to see how high his vertical had become. Not to mention his new reflexes and reaction speed, which Felicia insists she's not jealous of. By the time they're done with all of that, Cameron is feeling pretty damn good about himself... only for Felicia to quickly burst his bubble.

"Huh, well from what I can tell, you're no Norse God."

Cameron can't help but pout a little bit at that, even if he'd known he wasn't going toe to toe with Thor any time soon. Nor did he want to, no sir. Still, he can't help but look meaningfully towards the weights he'd just managed to lift, and then the mark on the wall he'd made with a marker as he jumped higher than he'd ever jumped before.

Chuckling at his put-upon expression, Felicia just shakes her head.

"Yes, yes. You're undeniably superhuman now. Last night in bed was enough to show me that. But... you've still got to be mindful. Could you beat Captain America in a fist fight? Strength for strength, maybe. But he'd probably kick your ass with that shield of his and the decades of fighting experience he can draw upon. And even someone like Spider-Man would wipe the floor with you."

There, Cameron has to make a noise of protest.

"Hey now! Captain America is one thing, but Spider-Man? *You* regularly went toe to toe with Spider-Man."

Something flashes in Felicia's eyes, reminding him that Spider-Man was a decidedly touchy subject for her and he probably shouldn't have said anything. But she was the one who brought it up...

Fortunately, she doesn't bite his head off in the end, merely shaking hers instead.

"It's really not that simple. You know, I thought I'd have more time to teach you these kinds of things. I focused on the important stuff first... how to sneak, how to skulk, and how to steal everything not nailed down... before going back and taking the rest too for good measure."

Looking a little exasperated, Felicia crosses her arms over her chest and huffs.

"Those skills are what you're truly talented in, Cameron. You're easily one of the best thieves I've ever had the pleasure of training."

He can't help puffing up with pride a little at that... though once again, Felicia's next words seem specifically designed to deflate him.

"Unfortunately you've gone from up-and-coming burglar to Champion of a Goddess in one single heist. It honestly happens way more often than you'd think, but even still... it does mean you've just become part of an entirely different world. A world I can't protect you from... not fully."

Another man might have bristled and gotten up in arms at the idea of needing protection. It was a blow to his 'masculine pride' or something like that. But the fact is, Cameron isn't an idiot. He fully recognizes what Felicia is trying to say. She's done a lot for him so far... but who knows if she can truly follow him where he's going now?

"Still, I can tell you this much. The people who run around wearing costumes and throwing shields and web... you can never assume anything about them. You have to do your research. Someone like Captain America is a symbol... but in terms of sheer strength and power, he's on the lower end. Spider-Man, meanwhile, can press lift around ten tons."

Cameron's eyes bulge out of his skull at that. Everyone's Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man, the guy who spent most of his time dealing with street-level crime around New York City... was that strong?! How the fuck did New York still have

a crime problem?! No, rather, Cameron knew that things like that tended to escalate... which begged the question of how New York was still standing, all things considered?!

But then... that sort of explains it, doesn't it? It dawns on him then what Felicia is trying to say.

"... He pulls his punches, doesn't he?"

Felicia smiles slightly, clearly reminiscing about something.

"He *pulled* his punches, yes. Given his semi-retirement, these days if he's suiting up the threat is almost certainly big enough to warrant him going all out. He better be going all out..."

That last part is muttered under Felicia's breath and Cameron is pretty sure he's not supposed to hear it. But, well, enhanced senses had come along with the enhanced everything else. Felicia's eyes dart up to meet his only a moment later and he can see that she knows he knows what she just said. Before it can become an issue, Cameron clears his throat and offers a crooked smile.

"Well then, I suppose we should be lucky we only warrant his sidekick, huh?"

The crack at Ghost-Spider draws a chuckle and a derisive snort from Felicia, who clearly enjoys hearing him badmouth the spider-themed heroine. But then... she shakes her head at him.

"Ghost-Spider is just as strong as Spider-Man. This is exactly why you need to be mindful."

What?! That girl from last night was capable of lifting ten tons and all of the other physical feats that came with such strength?! But then...

"How the fuck did you manage to escape her then?!"

Felicia preens under his awed tone, pretending to inspect her nails for a moment.

“I’m just that good, I suppose.”

Then, she gets a bit more serious, though she’s still smirking.

“But also... luck. Lots and lots of luck. Good luck for me, bad luck for her. Just like I told you last night.”

Right, she had said all of that. Still, it’s a little hard for Cameron to wrap his brain around. Part of him suspects Ghost-Spider must be pulling her punches with Felicia just as much as Spider-Man did... perhaps out of respect for her mentor if nothing else.

Obviously, Cameron really didn’t want to find out if that same consideration extended to him or not... his new status as a Goddess’ Champion aside.

“But yes, you have stepped into a world of monsters, Cameron. First by encountering Ghost-Spider so early on and then with your run-in with Lady Loki. You’re stronger now, but don’t think that makes you any more than a slightly bigger fish in a very large ocean.”

Cameron nods seriously to show he understands, prompting Felicia to grin again.

“That’s not to say we can’t have fun exploring your new toys though. Next up, let’s see some of what I got a glimpse of last night. You’ve got something like illusions now, right?”

Yeah, something like that. Cameron tries to draw upon what he was doing last night to ‘suit up’ so to speak... but nothing happens behind him probably looking constipated. At least if Felicia’s snickering is anything to go off of anyways.

Missing something?

Lady Loki's own amusement makes Cameron realize what he needs and as he fights through the urge to slap his forehead with his palm, he turns to where he put down his nifty new sword cane near the entrance of the gym.

As he steps towards it, Cameron reaches out unthinkingly... only to yelp a little as the horse-headed cane comes flying through the air to land in his palm with a meaty smack.

"Huh. That's nice."

Snorting at Felicia's words, Cameron turns back to her, cane in hand.

"Alright, let's see here."

This time around, his attempt at transforming takes all of a second as the emerald eyes of the horse head at the top of the cane glow. There's a flash of light across his body and when he looks down again he's wearing the green and gold four-piece suit from last night.

"Interesting. Very interesting. A bit on the nose with Loki's colors... but you look like a completely different person. Hell, you look like a Loki Cosplayer."

Blinking, Cameron glances to his left where a long mirror covers one of the private gym's walls. She's right, on top of the fancy four-piece suit he's now wearing, his features are disguised too, just as they were last night. And now in the light of day... yeah, he does look a bit like Loki, annoyingly enough.

Hmph, I see nothing wrong with your appearance. No one will be able to identify you at least, right?

Cameron huffs, gritting his pearly white teeth for a moment. The problem, obviously, was that he didn't want to do flashy or 'in your face'. He was a thief, a cat burglar for fuck's sake! He wasn't supposed to be attracting attention; he was supposed to be ducking it... regardless of the face he was wearing.

Reaching out, he nudges things... and is glad when his new Goddess doesn't try to fight him. Just like last night, Cameron is able to switch things around until he's wearing all black. His clothes still have an undeniable quality to him, but he's replaced the four-piece suit with a long-sleeved black top and a pair of black pants.

More than that, he's shifted his facial features around a bit more so he looks less like Loki and more like... someone else. Not himself, obviously. And the one thing he can't seem to escape is that his eyes are a glowing emerald green.

Huffing, Cameron studies himself in the mirror for a moment before glancing down at the last glaring issue... the horse head cane itself. Unlike his attire and the illusion covering his face, the cane resists his efforts to try and transform it into something that doesn't make him stand out like a sore thumb...

Well, what would you have it be? Do you Midgardians not appreciate a good cane these days? Even if you don't need one, it certainly adds to your look does it not?

Lady Loki, as it turned out, had strong opinions on fashion. Felicia was a little bit more understanding at least.

"Hm. As cool as the cane is, its very distinctive. Either you need to revert a bit and build a more subtle look around it until it blends in, or you need to transform it into something else, like a watch or something."

She's right. The question is which route to go...

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