

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

A/N: Cameron decides his look

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Staring down at the horse headed sword cane in his hand, Cameron sighs. In the back of his mind, alongside Lady Loki watching, he can feel that the cane will resist his attempts to change it. It wouldn't be impossible... but it wouldn't be easy either.

More than that though, setting aside things like difficulty... the truth was, Cameron agreed with his 'patron goddess', deep down inside. The sword cane was cool.

"Alright yeah. I do think I want to try and work around the cane a bit. I just don't quite know where to start."

Felicia cocks out a hip and takes her chin in hand, studying him for a long moment.

"Well... you probably want to look less like a cat burglar and more like a gentleman thief then. Which means going back to the suit, just with some color changes."

I knew I liked this one. She continues to speak good sense.

Cameron lets out a huff of amusement, prompting Felicia to arch a brow.

"Something funny about what I just said?"

"Wha- no, it's not that. She's just singing your praises in my head. Ugh, it's a bit annoying that I'm able to hear both of you but you can't hear her..."

Felicia nods at that, a look of frustration on her face as well.

“Yeah... not a bit fan of the feeling of being watched in my own home all the time either...”

Hmph. I suppose I can understand that. Of course, it would be simple enough to solve this problem.

Cameron furrows his brow, his mind immediately going to the obvious... completing Lady Loki's quest so she knows whether or not she can actually poke her head out of her demesne without getting smote by Odin. However, that turns out to not be what she means at all.

Don't be ridiculous, we both know that won't be happening any time soon. However, I have given you access to enough of my magic that you can make illusions, can you not?

... Huh, now there was an idea.

In Cameron's defense, it's not exactly an intuitive use of his new powers. But reaching out with his cane in hand, he focuses and is able to craft an illusion of the Goddess he'd seen when he'd been transported to her domain. Then, with a bit of a flick and twist, he connects her presence in his head to the illusion instead and...

“There we are. Well done, my darling Champion.”

Felicia stiffens up as Lady Loki suddenly appears to manifest in their presence in all of her inhuman glory. The gorgeous goddess smirks, even as she looks around absently for a moment. It's not like it was anything she wasn't seeing already through his eyes, but at least this way she could be her own person... after a fashion.

“Hold on a second, I thought you said you couldn't risk coming out lest the likes of Odin come down on your head. I'd really rather not lose my house in a divine fist fight, please.”

Lady Loki lets out a laugh at that, shaking her head.

“You need not worry. I am still safely tucked away in my demesne. This is merely an illusion crafted and maintained by my Champion, one that will allow me to interact with your world in a... limited fashion. Truthfully, I cannot do more than talk to you like this... but that should be enough for our purposes, no?”

Felicia licks her lips and shoots a glance at Cameron before finally just sighing and letting her shoulders slump.

“Alright then. I suppose this is better than not knowing when exactly you were watching through Cameron’s eyes all this time.”

“Mm, precisely. Now, back to the matter at hand... I understand why my Champion cannot wear my colors too openly, not when my male self is still at large and apparently a big enough nuisance that it would bring my brother Thor down upon our heads. Still... there’s no need for us to go truly drab and boring, right? Especially since it wouldn’t fit with the cane anyways~”

Cameron does not gulp or freeze as both Lady Loki and Felicia turn predatory gazes on him. He is not afraid of women and their fashion senses. Really, he isn’t!

That said, he does spend the next hour feeling a bit like a dress up doll as the two females hog the majority of airtime, bandying ideas back and forth between one another and accepting very little input from Cameron himself.

He might have complained some more... if he didn’t find himself liking the look they came up with for him a fair amount. It truly does come out well, incorporating the four piece suit from before but with darker colors. A bit of Loki’s silver still, but no emerald and no gold... only black, to fully differentiate him.

By the time they’re done, Cameron looks like he belongs in a fancy gala rather than robbing a museum... but then that’s kind of the point, isn’t it? He has superpowers now, and everyone with superpowers has their own aesthetic, their

own look. Better for him to look like a dapper gentleman thief rather than one of those spandex wearing freaks like Ghost-Spider.

That said, even after the women are satisfied and Cameron is standing there staring at himself in the mirror... he is not fully satisfied. Something is still missing... something to make the outfit truly his, rather than just a run of the mill suit.

And then it hits him. With a grin followed by a burst of motion, Cameron covers the shoulders of his suit in black feathers, effectively giving the outfit epaulets. He twists back and forth as he studies the addition, while Felicia groans.

“Ugh, and here I was about to say we should consider revisiting the name thing. You know now that you’re going to have powers and an entirely new look, you don’t have to stick with Crow, right? You’ve basically got a full reset here, Cameron.”

Lady Loki is a bit more supportive, humming as she approaches and tilts her head to the side, studying his feathered shoulders.

“An intriguing choice. Hm, would it look better if you were to add a cloak, perhaps?”

“No! No capes!”

Both Cameron and Lady Loki turn their eyes to Felicia at that outburst, prompting Felicia to flush. She nevertheless crosses her arms over her chest and stands her ground, putting her foot down.

“I’m serious. Capes are a killer on your movement. You basically have to have years of experience to make one work. Either that or a magical cape that literally has a mind of its own.”

When Cameron gives her a curious look at that strangely specific example, Felicia just rolls her eyes.

“There’s this dude who calls himself the Sorcerer Supreme. His cape is alive and that’s about all I know about that. Regardless, you don’t want a flowing, flapping piece of garment that will fuck up your movements through the air and potentially snag on every corner and edge and piece of metal you find in the city. No protégé of mine is going to be caught dead wearing a cape... and you *will* be caught dead, because capes are a literal life ender!”

Wow. Okay. That was... impassioned. Glancing to Lady Loki, Cameron shrugs apologetically.

“Sorry, she is sort of my mentor.”

Chuckling, Lady Loki just shakes her head.

“No offense taken. I understand the argument well. Even if you are tougher than the average Midgardian mortal now, it is still best that you do not test your new durability too much. Besides, getting a cloak snagged on something? That sounds humiliating.”

It really did. So... no capes. Cameron studies himself once more in the mirrored wall of the gym, seeing if there’s any last changes he wants to make to his new ‘costume’. He’s dressed in all black with silver accents from head to toe, and the black feathers on his shoulders really make it clear he’s not just some well-dressed man in a suit, but actually someone who might be capable of more.

His face is still uncovered, but with his illusions he can just change his features anyways to maintain his secret identity. Although...

“Should I wear a plague doctor mask, do you think?”

Lady Loki looks confused by the question, doubtlessly unaware of what a ‘plague doctor’ is. Felicia though just shakes her head with a groan.

“Oh god, the edginess... I can feel it eating away at me from here. You would have been so great as my Little Mouse.”

Cameron rolls his eyes at Felicia's antics, the corners of his mouth twitching upwards as he fights back the urge to grin. At the same time though, he kind of agrees with her point. He doesn't need to be *that* edgy about things. The sword cane is already plenty edgy enough.

With one last look in the mirror followed by a decisive nod, Cameron turns on his heel and looks to Felicia and Lady Loki.

"Alright then... I think I've settled on a look. What next?"

Felicia is quick to jump in with a wicked grin.

"Next? Next we go to a party, of course."

Wait what? Cameron stares at Felicia in disbelief.

"Hold on a second, just this morning you said we were lying low for a while. Waiting for the heat to die down, right? What do you mean, a party?"

Lady Loki watches on with some interest and some amusement as Felicia plants a hand on her hip and cocks it out.

"There are multiple forms of laying low, Cameron. We're not about to throw you at the Avengers so you can ask Thor how his dad is doing or anything like that. That's where we're laying low. But at the same time, we should still be schmoozing a little bit."

Schmoozing. Cameron lets his face do the talking here, incredulity shining through his expression. Felicia just laughs.

"I did just pull off a successful heist, and if the criminal elements of New York City don't see me peacocking over it, they will start to wonder what I'm hiding. And we definitely don't want that. Besides, with your new look, nobody should be connecting you to that 'Loki sighting' at the Met anyways."

As Cameron hesitates, Lady Loki hums and nods.

“It does sound like the sort of thing to be doing. Perhaps you can even use any connections you make to eventually inquire after my first task for you.”

Felicia looks less certain at that.

“Eh... getting information about Asgard out of New York’s criminal underworld doesn’t seem too likely, but stranger things *have* happened. The chance isn’t zero, I guess. Someone like Kingpin is always weirdly connected, for all that he seems so intent on taking over New York and just New York to rule from the shadows.”

Cameron’s eyes bulge at that.

“Hang on, Kingpin? We’re going to a party hosted by the Kingpin? That’s... that’s a lot, Felicia. He’s dangerous...”

Felicia scoffs.

“Don’t be ridiculous. We’re all dangerous, Cameron. Kingpin is just... he’s like a big shark. Stay away from his teeth and you’ll be fine.”

That sounded way easier said than done. Then again, Cameron wasn’t some normal baseline human anymore. He had power in his own right now, along with all of Felicia’s training from the past six months. Of course, thinking about her training did bring another question to mind.

“Hang on a second. Are we just going to Kingpin’s party to mingle... or are we going to the party to rob the place?”

Felicia blinks... and then lets out a giggling laugh.

“Oooh, I like the way you think, Cameron. I mean, obviously I would have snatched something while I was there, but I definitely wasn’t going to make a big show of it. Then again, what better way to stress test your new illusions, right?

We could potentially make off with some of Kingpin's most valuable pieces right under the bastard's nose and he wouldn't even notice."

That... Cameron was not trying to put such an idea in Felicia's mind! That definitely didn't sound like laying low! And yet, now she's looking at him all expectantly and excitingly and Cameron is left torn.

By all rights, he should do the responsible thing and turn her down. Robbing the Kingpin on his second true outing and his first official outing in his new get-up seemed... ill-advised.

But at the same time... it would be quite the feather in his cap, wouldn't it? If they could pull it off anyways...

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