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Archenemies online pdf

Popular Free Online Book Home > books 2018 > Archenemies (Renegades #2) Not sure what to say, Nova smiles back and shovels a pasta fork into her mouth. Adrian broke into a piece of bread, unleashed a cloud of steam. His expression is much as he says, It seems to me like he has been trying to help people. What about what you did, back in the Age of Anarchy? Hugh and Simon are both tense and Nova feels this isn't the first time they've had this conversation. There were no rules to follow at the time, Simon said. Authority code does not exist. We did what we had to do to stop the criminals running the city. But imagine if we were still operating like that. If every prodigy out there goes around doing whatever they want, whenever they want, all in the name of justice. It didn't take long for everything to fall apart. Society doesn't work that way, and we can't either. Nova bit the inside of his cheek. He agrees on some level — society does need rules and consequences. But who has voted for the Council to make those rules? Who should decide what punishment to serve for violating it? We know there's a lot of controversy over the Sentinel's actions, Hugh said. Good or bad, help or harm. But the fight at the shipyard shows that he's not... completely stable. He must be found and stopped. Neutralized, you mean, says Adrian, his jaw is tight. If it gets that way, says Hugh. The sentinel's rise is a good example of how important it is to keep a magical population under control. We need to make sure that the villains of this world can never rise to power again. I know there are some... uncertainty about Agent N goes around the ranks, but we can't have magically used their powers without restrictions. Speaking of, you know who the Sentinel man reminded you of? Simon said, and Nova had a different impression he changed the subject to avoid arguments. He gestures towards Adrian with his fork and Adrian is sucked in a quick breath. The comic you wrote as a kid. What's it called? Rebel X? Rebel... Rebel Z! Hugh said, his expression is enlightening. I forgot all about it. You're right, Sentinel does look just like him, doesn't he? Adrian's fork hangs a few inches from his mouth. You know about that? Of course we did. There was one summer when you barely worked on anything else. yes, but... I don't think you'll actually see it. I... I'm pretty sure I never showed it to anyone... Hugh and Simon have the decency to appear embarrassed. Hugh shrugged. We may have peeked through them when you didn't see. Can't help it! You're so focused and you won't tell us anything. We're very curious about what it is. And they're them. Simon said, as if his enthusiasm would soothe over the least issue of invasion of privacy. Did you ever finish it? Adrian lowered his fork and twisted it through spaghetti again, his shoulders toned. I got through three issues, then lost interest. That's definitely not good. I'm surprised you even remember it. I think it's fantastic, says Simon. I'm eleven years old, and you're my father. You should say that. I've always wondered if Rebel Z might be partly inspired by you really, says Hugh with a wink. He's not, Adrian deadpanned. Ah, well. Can't blame your father for wishing. What are we talking about? Nova alluded to. Nothing, says Adrian, at the same time Simon replies, A comic book Adrian started many years ago. About this superhero who has... Some kind of biological destruction is done, isn't it? Heaving sighs, Adrian explains, without much zeal, It's about a group of twenty-six children who are kidnapped by an evil scientist and subjected to a group of tests that try to turn it into a miracle, but only the twenty-sixth child survives the test. He transforms himself into a superhero and makes it his mission to take revenge on scientists and all his cronies. And then there will be a huge conspiracy of government involved, but I never got that far. It sounds good, says Nova, only partly tempting, because it's clear how uncomfortable this conversation makes it. He wanted to sympathize, even if it didn't seem like something upsetting. A comic book created many years ago — who cares? But then, he always hated when Leroy wanted to see his inventions before they were ready to be shared, so maybe he understood after all. Can I read it? No, he said. I'm pretty sure it was thrown away. I don't think so, says Hugh. I think it's in a box in the office somewhere, or maybe in storage. Adrian threw it looking colder than frostbite ice. Well, if you ever stumble upon it, I'd like to see, he said. Simon clears his throat, and Nova can sense he'll change the subject again before Adrian decides to never bring another girl to dinner. Nova, he started, tried his mustache with a napkin, how are things going in weapons and artifacts? Have you ever found... What are you looking for? Nova aims to be innocent as he says, What do you mean? I think part of your motive for applying to the department has something to do with your interest in Ace Anarchy helmets. Although Nova's heart felt like it was about to jump out of her skin, Simon looked nothing but jovial as he turned to Hugh. You should see it Replica. He saw it and knew it was fake. I'm impressed. He grinned at her. Have they shown you the original yet? Pushing his food. He said they showed me the box. Simon nodded. I hope seeing it for myself is a relief. You seem unsure when I say we have it well protected. Nova glances at Adrian, and he knows they're both thinking about the conversation they had during the Sidekick Olympics. He kept his face neutral when he said, Are you sure? Hugh guffawed. Now, don't you go get me into trouble, Adrian muttered. What? Hugh said. What are you talking about? It's just that Adrian thinks he might be able to get into it, if he tries. What are you doing here? Adrian? Wakakak Good thinking. Hugh stuck a pasta fork into his mouth, as if the conversation was over. I certainly haven't tried, adrian said. But I think it's possible. How do you do that? Simon said. Draw a door on it? A door! Hugh chuckles. Please. It... He hesitated, his eyebrows a little creaking. It's never going to work. Is that it? They all exchanged uncertain looks. Nova takes a drink of water, avoiding eye contact so they won't see the urgency of his starters. It doesn't really matter. Adrian would never try to get that helmet. But that brings up interesting points. There are so many magics, with so many abilities. How do you know the box is perfect if you never challenge anyone to get inside? It's just a box. Just a box. Hugh squeals, and momentary worries seem to have passed. It's an interesting theory, but there's no point speculating. I know myself and I know how my powers work. There's only one magic that can break into that, and it's not Adrian—he's giving Adrian a pointy owl —or anyone else we need to worry about. Oh, really? Nova's spine is tingling. Who's that? Hugh was hand-torn, exasperated. I! Nova raised an eyebrow. Because you can... Manipulating chromium again? yes, sure. Or I could make a sledgehammer to pick it up, if I feel damaging. But the helmet's safe. No one has yet got there, and no one will ever. Nova's pulse is getting faster, the beginning of the idea whispers deep in his mind. Chromium hammer? Is that going to work? Will a weapon made of the same material be strong enough to destroy a box? Only if it's made by the Captain himself, he suspects. As his electrolysis experiments suggested, the box was not made of normal chromium. Just like the Captain himself, the weapon... yes, it's amazing. Are you going to the gala tomorrow night? asked Simon, and Nova was so lost in his speculation it took him a moment to realize that he was asking him. Gala? he said, trying to remember what day it was. Is that tomorrow already? I had the right thought a few hours ago, Hugh said. have received many last-minute sponsorships and and draw together to be a fun event. Live music, fully serviced. This is going to be fun. Anyway, you have to come. You know, Nova, a lot of people in the organization are starting to look at you—the young especially. It would mean a lot if you were there. Nova forced a closed smile, despite her heart sinking from the implications of her words, and what had become of her in the eyes of the Renegades. Someone to admire, to honor, to emulate. This is Nova McLain. Superheroes, and scams. CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE NOVA REMEMBERS A LITTLE MORE about the conversation over dinner, which largely revolves around the Council's plans for an ongoing community outreach program. Eventually, Hugh and Simon got up off the table and started loading the dishwasher, moving like a well-trained team. Nova watches them for a minute, unable to fully align this simple household task with the superheroes who have defeated Ace Anarchy. So, start Adrian, draw his attention back to him. She looks more relaxed now and she suspects she's relieved that the food is over. You might need to go home? He blinked at her and almost started laughing. Home. Right. Smiling tightly, he said, What about the movie we never got? Read Free Books Online Home > Most Popular > Archenemies (Renegades #2)(65) Max laughs, but has no entertainment. He presses his back against the glass as Adrian steps forward again. We know you're not immune. So, come on, get out of here. It's not funny. No, see this? He lifts the charm. It was in the artifact warehouse. I think it might protect against forces like yours. Max gawked at her. What? Adrian is a quarter of the way to quarantine. She tries to remember at what point she began to feel the effects of Max's power when she rushed in to save Nova, but that night was a blur in her memory. He keeps going. Slow, hesitant steps after slow, hesitant steps. He barely breathes, waiting for the slightest warning sign that the pendant may fail. He clearly remembers the numbness that had gone into his hands before. The way his body feels like it's moving through molasses. The sensation of plugs being pulled from her belly button, and all her power flowing out through it. How close was he to Max when it started? Obviously he's closer now, but he feels completely normal. Nervous and nervous, but still normal. He's more than halfway there. He passed the Merchant Tower. Strode long City Park. Max's eyes narrowed, scared, but curious, too. The focus is glued to Adrian's feet, seeing him pass through the city they've built over the years. Adrian reached the place where Nova had collapsed. Nearby building blocks are still boring fell, although broken glass shards have been removed. Forgotten road sign dropped dropped Max's hands, scattered to the floor. If you lose your powers because of this, Max whispers, I'm not responsible for that. You shouldn't be responsible for that anyway, says Adrian. He continues to try to dispel Max's belief that he has done something wrong. It's not his thing he's like this. That's not a magic mistake. Three-quarters of the way into quarantine, Adrian started smiling. Still petrified, Max didn't return it. I feel fine, says Adrian, unable to keep some distrust out of his own tone. He came to stop three steps away from Max. Close enough that he could reach out and put his hand on his shoulder. And there he is. Max budged, at first ducking out of touch, but then froze. His eyes widened. Starting to laugh, Adrian pulls Max into a hug, crushing him in one unrelenting hug before letting go. I feel fine! He said again, ruffling Max's irregular hair. Good, even. I can't believe it worked! The laughter is getting louder. Except... I can trust him. Because of course it worked. I really knew it was going to work. By the way, you need a haircut. Draw something, max demands, ignore his glee. Fast. Adrian pulled out his marker, still beaming. Of course, bandits. Any requests? Max shook his head, and Adrian stepped closer to the window and pulled out the first dear thing —the Renegade pin, as he gave nova at the trial. When he pulls it completely out of the glass, Max gives a little squeak of surprise. How? Adrian meets his eyes, and under stunned disbelief, he can see the beginnings of the possibility filtering into the boy's mind. For most of Max's life, he has been separated from the people who loved him, everyone except Hugh, anyway. And Hugh may love Max, but he's so busy, trying to squeeze his father's syding responsibilities between Council meetings and public appearances and occasional heroism. When was the last time Max sat next to someone and played video games and ate snacks in the morning? Ever. That's when. He's never experienced anything like it before. I have the best idea, says Adrian. Tomorrow, I'm going to bring some chips and soda and super greasy pizza and I'm going to actually slaughter you in the Crash Course III marathon all night. Unless you prefer, I don't know, learn to play backgammon or something, and then we'll do that. It doesn't matter. It's up to you. Let me know. Max shook his head, confused. Adrian, how's it going? he repeated, stronger this time. He grabbed a medal and flipped it over, checking the back, which contained a mirror image of the protective hand. What the hell is this? how does it work? I don't know! Adrian said, still beaming. It protects against diseases and toxins and so I just thought - I'm not poison! I'm not sick! I didn't mean it that way. It shouldn't have worked! Max dropped the locket. I shouldn't have. But it is. And next, I'm going to give myself a tattoo of this symbol, says Adrian, pointing. It will make me permanently immune, and then I can give this charm to anyone who wants to visit you. Can you imagine the look on Ruby's face? And Oscar, and Danna? They'll be so excited to come see you. And Simon, of course. He's panting, leaning forward. . Simon. He's going to... I don't even know. I'm sure she'll cry. The Dread Warden crying? Max said. Let's get it in the movie. She said it jokingly, but Adrian could say she was overwhelmed, and on the verge of tears herself. Did you say tattoos? Total 134 Pages: Previous061626364656667686970Next Previous061626364656667686970Next

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