

Origin Story

It was an odd brunch, even discounting the way that the supervillainess and the superheroine clearly knew each other's secret identities. Although that was distinctly weird, itself. But when I asked about it, they both shrugged.

"It's just one of those things, dear," explained the supervillainess (accompanied by dagger-eyes from the superheroine). "People with powers always recognize each other. Normal people simply can't."

The superheroine interrupted, idly touching my arm. "Yes. We've never been able to figure out why. You'll find it very handy, though."

I buttered my roll. "I can see how that could be an avan... wait, what?"

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