

“Let me go.” I growl

In a world of being able to best anyone I can't stand the one person who can oppose me is the one person I want to oppose the least.

“Are you done.” She snarls back.

My heart leaps and I feel ashamed once again. Quickly the flames that I control flow through my veins again.

“I'm not wrong.” I say getting agitated. This serving to increase the flames that are in place of my hands. Growing bigger than ice around them.

She frowns. I don't know if she is being honest when she says my flames hurt her, or if this is a smart way for her to beat me. It always works. My shoulders slack, my arms drop, and the flames go to the size of a lighter before I close my hands on them. The ice disappearing immediately after. I look at her and see her smile.

“Yeah listen to your boyfriend Blaze. You don't want a repeat of last time.” The voice hits me like it always does. I can't tell if his voice brings it out of me or I hate him so much when I hear his voice I get fired up.

I immediately turn to him, feeling the ice before the flames that are an instinct of mine.

Our eyes meet. This kid, I think nearly snarling at him.

Zap! Every time I hear his name I feel the bolts he once would send through me on the daily. It isn't so much he was a bully. Just imagine two prodigies growing up next to each other. One seething with jealousy and hate but hitting a growth spurt first. He is older than me, and he has control of his powers I probably won't ever have. I am much stronger, but no one trusts me. My anger boils over as much as my powers escape my control.

If it wasn't for Angie, most of this school would be burned down. Zap would likely be dead. Then again maybe not, he has figured out a way to use my own flames against me, and to some extent redirect and control it. This single leap he took recently, greatly separated us now in terms of skill. Before our power level had always been close. I was always stronger when I would use my anger and though out of control it was well beyond his reach. It was somewhere in the last brush we had, it was certainly a moment where his lightning coursed through my fire. He as well as I confused about it, but it certainly moved the fire a different direction. I wasn't sure I saw it until I saw his face and since then his tormenting has reached an all-time high. Baiting me, trying to get me to lose control, at every opportunity. He doesn't just want to beat me and show everyone he has surpassed me, he wants to show he can do the one most impressive thing any of us could do, and tame my flames.

“Stop baiting the time bomb.” The voice means this situation has just made it to a new worse. Sandra jumps down from a tree apparently, she had been hanging out in or simply moved to. If Zap is as surprised as the rest of us are, he doesn't show it.

“Idk, I need some practice defusing the bomb.” Zap says without looking at Sandra who is on his side.

“Don’t call me that.” I growl, fighting back the pain I feel from that. I hate that more than anything. Some of the other students call me that behind my back. A term I’m familiar with but no one dares say to me, besides Zap and apparently, now Sandra. I’m sure he knows that cuts deep, I see the sick smile he has as my face contorts. It is one of the things that triggers me the quickest. Sandra doing it doesn’t bother me, she has a trump card on me and always will.

I can’t lose control with her around.

The ice around my hands becomes more apparent, it is like Angie hasn’t noticed that since Sandra has arrived I have relaxed. In fact, her ice has been getting more powerful despite my relenting since Sandra has arrived. Angie doesn’t know about the trump card, and that won’t be changing.

“What will you do about it” Sandra asks, eyeing me testily.

I bite back the urge to launch at either of them. “Nothing.” I say. Breaking Angie’s ice as I turn around.

I catch Angie’s wince, but it is if she is distracted. She must be surprised, by my response to Sandra as she is still staring at her. That’s a change of pace, I think. I walk into the line of vision between the two making sure Sandra doesn’t catch the look Angie is giving.

“Let’s get out of here.” I say to Angie.

Angie’s intensity doesn’t break, but she looks at me instead. Slight surprise is evident, not the relief or happiness I expect. She eyes me for a second, then her face eases. Then, the happiness is there. Okay she says taking my hand and hurrying me away before turning to face Sandra.

I look back too. Looking at the satisfied face Sandra has, and notice Zap eyeing her curiously. Everyone is surprised at my avoidance of the fight.

"I'm so proud of you." She says gushing. Angie has been trying to get me walk away from fights for years. We've always been attracted to each other. Not just physically but almost spiritually. When her powers emerged, it was not surprise why, Fire and Ice.

"Wait 'til I tell Brian, his head will explode." I grimace. Brains has figured out my issue with Angie. He knows not to let it drip, but he's so smart it didn't take him long to figure it out. Even if he is usually not so smart with people.

We make it to Brain's lab, and I haven't said a word. I didn't do anything this time, but Zap seem so distracted with surprise he didn't take the chance to push me further. That certainly won't be true most of the time. I've got to get control of my powers.

Smirking at me before she does it, Angie kicks the door open to Brain's lab.

"daooOogh" Brain knocks something down at the explosion.

A look of bewilderment on his face as he turns his face to the door. "I was so close to being done with that."

Angie smiles. It never gets old to either of us how easy it is to startle Brain. He is always knee deep in something, and a breeze can catch him off-guard when his brain is whirring. My smile ends as I realize how close he is to my Bike.

"Brains, what the shit?" I start.

He looks to the bike back to me, and sheepishly smiles. "What... Buddy?"

"BRO, What are you doing to my bike?" I asked tensely.

Brain looks at me, the bike and back to Angie. "What's got you in such a good mood."

"Aye don't mis-"

"-OH yeah. Guess who walked away from a fight with Zap" Angie beams at me.

Brain looks at me and me looking at my bike, mouth open. "Anyone other than Blaze!" He quickly retorts.

"No silly - " Beaming affectionately at me.

Before she can finish, Brain's, who had been rubbing his chin looking at me, turns to her, and both absent-mindedly and thoughtfully says "You, Sandra and Zap were all there." He takes a seat, never stopping rubbing his chin or curiously eyeing Blaze.

Her head slightly cocks to the side as her face screws up in thought, "yeah she was. She even called Blaze, Time Bomb, to his face."

Her face squints as she continues, "What am I missing?"

Brains looks up at her in surprise and then back to me. I was pretty sure he knew, but know I am sure. My face clearly communicating the need for him to stop talking.

“Nothing.” I say it so quick, I probably just made her even more suspicious. “Sandra and I haven’t been on the best of terms lately but, seeing someone besides Zap made me want to cool out. I hate that name,” I continue trying to progress Angie past this. “If I trip and go off, it just proves them right. I’m still the only person who can’t control their powers. Everyone else is expanding and I’m just... a time bomb.”

“Don’t call yourself that.” Angie protests.

“It’s true.” I say simply, slightly lowering my head.

“You are still easily one of the most powerful people around.” Brains chimes in.

My lip curls, “that makes it even worse that I’m not fully in control.”

Brain smile fades, his compliment use to appease me because it was true. I couldn’t fight Zap or even Sandra now. Pretty soon I will be nothing more than a liability, a Time bomb.

“Listen I’m going to work out.” I say heading to the door.

“I’ll join you.” Angie says.

“I’m better alone.” I say exiting the room.

I hear the door open behind me, but I’m already around the corner.

I should be practicing with my powers, but right now I hate them. They think the powers affect your personality, or derive from them. Pushing me to be brash and impulsive, free is what they use to call it. The way you can't truly control a fire, they thought I would be able to harbor it predict it. It never went that way. For every step I take in controlling my power, my powers take two steps forward. Not only am I not in control but I am losing control. If it wasn't for Angie...

I throw a last punch into the bag. The bags are pretty power resistant as this wouldn't be the first time I or someone else destroyed one. The flames came with that punch. I felt it happen, but it wasn't a choice, putting a nice exclamation on my rage. Sweat drips as I hold the punch.

"How did that feel." ... Zoe.

"Whatever." I respond.

Zoe is smiling at me, unaware of what had happened. Unaware of my rotten mood. Her normal unaware.

"You seem off." She says moving closer.

"I'm fine," I say, turning towards her with more anger than I meant.

She catches my face and smiles more, reading my expression incorrectly. She continues her saunter over to me as my body doesn't move angled away from her. She stops in front of the punching bag and leans on it.

I don't even turn back to the punching bag, and to where she is now standing. "I am using that," I mutter fiercely. Wanting her to catch on to my bad mood and leave.

"The punching bag? You aren't even looking the right way." The fact that she is off and yet correct makes me even madder.

"Will you get out of here. I want to be alone."

"Ah-ha!" she says, as if figuring out a major mystery "I was wondering where Brains and Angie were."

"Are you guys dating yet." She continues.

That is my second least favorite thing to hear.

"You know we aren't! What don't *you* get about wanting to be alone."

She frowns a little, "nothing, I sometimes want to be alone."

"And you get to be alone, always. So why can't you respect that from me." With her sometimes she frustrates me, but never in the way that other people do. I usually feel violent, but with her just incredibly annoyed and frustrated.

"Well I don't *always* want to be alone, but sorry, that is unfair of me. I just know sometimes I say that, and I don't mean it. I thought that's what you were doing. Sorry I'll leave you alone." The hurt on her face isn't exactly obvious, but it is there.

“I didn’t mean it like that.” I say beginning to feel worse for a different reason.

She grins hugely, “So you do want to hang out with me.”

A slight grin hijacks my face.

JUPERANIUM

Zoe's power is probably the least thing that can be considered a weapon. She basically projects forcefields and absorbs the special damages everyone else creates. She nullifies. What is surprising is her interest in combat. Where most of us seem personality wise linked to our powers her interest in combat with a defensive power is unique. One of the most skilled fighters at the school she relies on her actual hand-to-hand combat skills more than anything else.

When they were much younger, the two of them would spar. Through her powers she was the only one Blaze could really interact with, when he developed. The two sparred, and it took Blaze back to a place where when she had first developed his powers and his were in bloom. She was the only one who could go toe to toe with him.

There were people who matched better with Blaze, but there he had to maintain control. His weak point. With her it was different. Her ability to nullify meant no matter how much power he was exerting, she was able to keep it from going berserk. It wasn't control, but to Blaze, it almost made it seem that way.

Zoe had a secret in those fights. It was always more of a task for her to fight him. His power was wild, raw and untamed. If his blast were to fly elsewhere she would have to contain it. She would regularly use her power to encapsulate the two, making it seem to onlookers and Blaze that he was under wraps. Not much for attention they rarely fought around others.

Zoe has a weak spot for Blaze. True she could beat him in a straight fight. There was always a chance he was strong enough to overpower her. Even Zap was ineffective against her. The way his electricity worked was too simple. She could easily contain it, meaning it would be a matter of a fist fight, and that was her specialty.

Zoe had no interest in the notoriety the other two craved, and as a result not many actually knew of her strength.

All these thoughts ran through Zoe's head as she dodged a punch from Blaze. Pleasantly surprised as she did so, Blaze had misdirected her with his fire and went for an attack. Something she did frequently in their fights. Something she had tried to convince him to do more often but Blaze relied so much on his powers it was like he couldn't help it. His predictability was probably one of his weakest points.

Heat behind her as she calmly dodged between a barrage of punches caught her eye. She hadn't been properly sealing off the area and a flame was behind her. Blaze swept at her legs as she daftly backflipped over it but simultaneously refocused the barrier behind them.

She wondered why he wasn't going very hard. His fires weren't as hot as they usually were. She looked at him swing and saw the frustration, but also restraint. Something he rarely shows. Zoe had been simply being evasive, with Blaze that is an effective the best route. This wasn't the normal Blaze. This wasn't fun, and the fun is the only reason Zoe was here.

Blaze swung, the fire not even present. Zoe easily sidestepped it. BAM! Blaze hadn't even been keeping much of a guard, he normally doesn't have to. The punch Zoe threw landed and it was harder than a spar punch. It was a rough hit.

The fire came to Blaze's feet as he staggered a bit, an unusual thing for him. Anger, pain, surprise all slightly fueling his fire but he caught it. Stepping back, he balanced himself. Zoe the usually evasive and quick striker, stepped in instead. Another punch.

Blaze's eyes flashed red but there she was. Blaze struck back, still with no fire. Zoe spinning knocked his arm to the side so hard he lost balance. Stumbling, Zoe struck him with a knee. Off balance he lunged at her grabbing her around the waist and tackling.

As soon as her back touched the ground she flung her hands back balancing her self as she locked her legs around Blaze's waist. Blaze attempted to straighten up to punch her, the weight around his waist and where it pulled him making it impossible to throw a good shot. Instead Blaze dug his feet in, grabbed her and lifted with her still around his waist.

When you are close enough to them you can see Zoe's magic at work. Attempting to slam her he saw a spiral shape form around her. Pushing her body safely to the side, with her using the momentum to spin around him. She was on his back as he straightened up and kicked off while backflipping from him knocking him forward.

As he crashed to the ground he flung a fireball at Zoe, which she easily sidestepped. She was eyeing him. He was being bested easily. He had been trying to withhold the fire, suppressing his strength as opposed to controlling it. Anger.

He slammed a now flaming fist to the ground as he stood up.

Zoe simply grinned at him. Swaying in her favorite combat stance, ready to kickbox.

Swinging forward with an arm of fire. Zoe simply blocked it. Holding it over their heads and smiling, unaffected by the fire. Blaze sent a knee from the other side Zoe's right arm blocked it without ever breaking the eye contact or the smile.

Weak! The word echoed in Blaze's brain.

He yanked his arm back as the knee went back down.

Punching with the left but sending the fire with it. Zoe crossing her arms in an X blocked it. Usually the fire goes away immediately after contact so a block would make it go away. It stayed, puzzling Zoe. Blaze noticing it fired two more of the punch fire balls at her. The second shot pushing Zoe slightly off balance and the third blasting her off her feet. Pleasantly surprised at the move Blaze smiled.

Suddenly the fire flew back at him. Before it connected with Blaze he saw the transparent outline of Zoe's power encapsulating the fire. The force of the shot knocking Blaze off balance.

Blaze rising back to his feet. Saw Zoe standing up casually. Not in a fighting stance.

He thought he had done something impressive, but Zoe was not putting forth an effort.

"What are you doing?" She asked with an edge.

"Pretty cool right? I didn't even know I could do that." Blaze retorted.

Zoe rolled her eyes but smiled. "Not that, you've been better than this for years."

She wasn't wrong, and Blaze knew. His interest was in fighting under control, something that is a bit of a feat for him. He thought it wasn't as obvious as it was.

"Please, I'm doing fine." Blaze said.

"You think so?" She said sarcastically.

"You know it" Blaze smiled.

"Hit me!" Zoe said distantly.

Zoe's floating attention is offsetting but it is never present in combat. Which mean she indeed wasn't trying in the least. She had lost interest in the fight altogether.

He sent a blast her way. She easily knocked it to the side. Still standing casually.

Two more blasts. She didn't even bother moving. The transparency glinting in front of her as the fire went to either side of her.

Less joyful than he had been moments before. He sent a harder blast at her. The fire didn't even leave his hands.

Suddenly both arms yanked behind his back and were held behind him as if he was in handcuffs. Struggling a bit. He looked at Zoe who was no longer even looking his way. She absently waved her hand, and a new pair of non-existent handcuffs around his ankles. Then a cord connecting the two and forced the cuffs together. Falling on his butt, the invisible restrains forced his head towards Zoe who swiftly and smoothly dropped to the floor as he did. Hers far more casual and graceful. As his body adjusted from crashing to the floor he saw her sitting, looking at a transparent flower with fire running throughout it. The blast Blaze had tried to send, was trapped within it.

"So why won't you and Angel date each other?" She asked twirling the fire flower.

Blaze struggled to get out, this was a trick he hadn't seen her do before.

"You both like each other, Fire and Ice, what is more romantic than that?" She sounded a bit disappointed. Blaze's struggling prevented him from noticing.

Blaze getting frustrated. "This is a fight what are you doing? I don't want to talk." He had been enjoying the exercise the chance to escape his own head. He was still struggling but he couldn't do much against this.

"It was supposed to be a fight, but you won't fight." Her face changed, and a surprised look took the place as the fire and the transparency collapsed within itself. "Are you gay?" she asked turning to look at him.

Blaze paused surprised by the question. He stopped struggling and he simply replied, no. Confused by the line of questioning.

Zoe smiled. "You and Brains would also be a cute couple." Than her eyebrows shot all the way up "Or... that explains you and Zap's rivalry." She beamed.

Blaze started to laugh but the constriction from the shackles ending that in the uncomfortable position. "No" he said, "and what is this, let me go."

Zoe looked up "so what's the deal, why not with Angel."

Blaze paused again, no one calls Angie that.

She eyed him curiously at the stoppage. "Oh! Right... Angie." She frowned.

"I used to think the big issue you had with Zap was simply because you two are the strongest, but you never try to compete with Angel. Which is weird because she is the best person for you to work with and is also stronger than you."

Blaze scrunched his face up, realizing he wasn't as convinced as he thought, he let out, "She's not stronger than me."

Surprised Zoe looked at him, "Why do you think that?" As Blaze's face showed him thinking it over Zoe continued. "Is it because she doesn't fight much?"

Blaze had stopped moving all together. He had never really thought about it. Angie was always able to conceal his fires, but he also never tried to really get past her ice. He assumed he could break it, but it had been a very long time since his anger had even gotten him past them for even a moment. He thought he was the one holding back, he hadn't even considered if she had an issue even if he wasn't holding back.

"You've lost, your edge." Zoe sat back leaning on her outstretched arms.

Blaze face contorted into a smirk. "Even if Angie is stronger than me, that's one person."

Zoe laughed "you can't even break out of my locks and it isn't something I can do that well."

Shoulders slumped, Blaze responded "you are probably the strongest person here, so two."

Zoe looked at him "And are we just going to ignore Zap."

"He isn't stronger than me, he just has better con--" Blaze stopped and went back to trying to escape.

Zoe looking to him with nothing but patience, said nothing.

Blaze aware of the gaze, wouldn't look up.

Zoe moved closer to him. Lowering her head so his lowered head could not miss hers. "Is that why you are holding back?"

Blaze attempted to use his fire to burn it not realizing Zoe could feel his feeble attempt. He refused to let her, or anyone know how much it bothered him. How weak he felt. The fact he pushed his powers so hard to grow because he enjoyed being powerful, and he wasn't at least able to control himself. How much it bothered him that Zoe had new tricks like this she could use at will and he was just a timebomb, the kamikaze.

As the word hit him, he lit up briefly, using a fair amount of his strength. Flames popping out his hands, but not where or the way he wanted to use them. His trademark flames, out of control.

He took a breath. Head rising as he did so, accidentally bringing his eyes up to Zoe. Who was still patiently looking at him. He tried to look away and suddenly the chains sprung tighter forcing him to look dead into her eyes. She was inches from him.

The tears at the edges of his eyes unable to hide he tried to pull to one side. Zoe grabbed his head. "Tony it's okay, you can't get better by avoiding it."

"You don't understand" voice rising with pain. "I'm not like you. I'm just a ticking time bomb." Tears now falling freely from him. "I can't control myself. Eventually I'm going to hurt someone close to me."

Disgust and pain now fueling him. He reached and covered his face, breaking the invisible chains. It was one of the first times he had felt the pain from the fires on his skin. The contact of his fingers to his face ignited where they touched. The tears catching fire like gasoline. He screamed out in shock rolling back.

Through his eyes he saw Zoe Looking around in fire, confused and shocked unsure of what had happened. She was now standing, circled by flames. She looked at him, a scared look on her face. The flames from the tears had reached his eyes, obstructing his vision. The fire rushing through his body following the trail of the liquid in his body which had become gasoline. His eyes clicked back on. The thought of Zoe around fire, he had broken her constraints. He had lost control Zoe was in the fire. There was a full blaze now.

It had finally happened. He had done it. Zoe! Zoe, who was like a little sister to him. All because of these damn fires. They were burning him, intense pain that he was brushing off. He hated it, and it was as if it was ready to square off. Turning on him, it was attacking him, ready to consume him, like it had consumed Zoe.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh" Hate, anger, rage, disappointment bubbled inside him, his body bursting into flames, he struck out and punched the flame, ready to destroy it. To his surprise, his blow connected. Pausing for just a moment before the anger returned. He was able to kill it. Able to fight his issues in a way he not only understood but was good at.

He struck at another burst of fire shattering it like the first one. With this the fire seemed to notice. At first it was wild, now it was directed. Exactly, what he did with it. The fire exploded at him in the direction where Zoe had been swallowed. He punched it, but this was harder than the other ones. It pushed back and did so successfully.

*Harder*, he thought. Fire exploding from his elbow all the way up to his fist. This was more than he had made, in a long time. The fire began falling back. The flames, as if watching, decided to join in backing up the immense flame that was finally starting to lose. All of the flames congregating together in one place, including the flames that had once consumed Zoe. By now she must have been lost. This was his fault he thought. As his focus shifted, the fires began winning in pushing him back.

An intense hate and despair overwhelmed him. *No more*, he thought. He looked at the flames around him, *I'm a monster*, he conceded. He hated this strength more than ever. For once, he didn't want the power at all. If he hadn't had this, if he hadn't built it Zoe would be fine.

He relented and the fires pushed through him. As if surprised, themselves the fires went past him, stopping to encompass him. Blaze was over it, and he dropped to one knee, ready to quit.

After a brief pause, the fire yanked up. Clearing his sight to see Zoe laying on the ground the fire above her. He looked at her. She weakly looked up at him, he could barely see around her except the flames. She weakly reached out her hand. The fire made a perfect circle around them. The fires seemed to consider him and his submission

Suddenly, the fires went up to the top of the dome. Gathering, to hit with as much force as possible. He opened his arms welcoming his demise. The fires just waited, watching him for a moment. They then instead angled towards Zoe, whose arm had lowered, and body had turned towards the flame seeing what was coming next.

He had never seen Zoe so weak before. Downed. He had done that to the most powerful person he knew. The fire was angling itself towards her poised to launch. Blaze, finally noticing the fire were no longer prepared to end him but instead Zoe. He couldn't back down. As he looked at it, the fire lunged.

Blaze exploded forward. Had it not been for the situation this moment would be worth celebrating. From his knees, and elbows down his body was surrounded with flames. It all pouring out as he lunged towards Zoe to deflect it. Almost as if in slow motion he watched it. He was moving faster than he ever had, but it was so close. He put all of his might into going faster. It was like a jetpack of fires appeared on his back and moved even faster.

He barreled into the ball. Knocking it flying. It launched out the dome of fire as it left. For a moment it travelled on check. And then it was like a rubber band had caught it. It kept going but it went slower and slower. And then, faster and faster back at him.

He stood in front of Zoe defensively.

It was coming back defiantly picking up speed as he had. Blaze looked to Zoe, who looked back at him with a smile on her face. "You have to stop it," she said weakly, pointing to the ball. "Use all your strength, I'll make sure we are okay."

He nodded though in her condition, he doubted she could do much. The ball was hurtling toward them.

There was something blaze had worked on, he had discovered it by accident. He could expel his anger sometimes. A blast of fire that came straight from his arms. More powerful than his blasts. He had

done it a few times into the air without using much of his strength. It was his strongest focusing of energy.

He clapped his hands creating a fire, and let it all go, his strength, power, emotion, pain, and rage. The sheer force of the blast cut through the ball. The way it hit was unique. The ball despite the whole kept going. It was being tore down but it wasn't stopping. The fireball began opening and clamping around it, as if filtering down the force of the blast. The fire was certainly thinking.

Blazes entire being was being put into the blast and the fires were all over him. He needed more, and for the first time since his powered had manifested he pushed himself past exhaustion. He pushed fires from where he had none. The flames yanked from Blaze's body. It was all out. He faltered and fell to one knee as the flame left him. Everything he had went into that. He was for the first time in a very long time out of fire.

The ball was clearly being overwhelmed. He knew before the fire ball was out that he had won. His strength was obliterating the ball. It was to the point, it was clearly overkill. He briefly caught a glimpse of Zoe transparent boundaries. Mixing around the flame as it died out.

He looked down at Zoe who was sweating profusely. Her eyes were darting around, something she did when she was testing her limits.

Zoe looked at him, "Try to pull back your fire." She said strained.

This was new, Blaze had never tried this but usually not much fire remains. He looked for it with my eyes closed, and attempted to yank the fire to me. The blast began to turn around or slow. The fireball broke from all around it.

Zoe continued. "Feel it and yank it all back okay, and don't stop."

I nodded. Puling even harder. It all started to pull back. The huge flame headed slowly back.

The fireball was pulling away, defeated. Suddenly it began forming again, it quickly balled up and took a final shot at the energy I was pushing it was on the verge of coming back. The retreating fireball gathering on the other side. Getting bigger and bigger. The blaze was headed to Blaze now instead of coming for the ball. Suddenly the ball dug in and launched towards the beam. With no time to recover, it launched. Pushing the path towards Blaze with the attacking fireball at the end. Awestruck Blaze watched as it hurled towards. Just as he went to block the fire hit him. The regular fire he has always felt. Not attacking him but simply returning to his heart where it rested.

Confused he looked down at Zoe. Who had a meek smile and a thumb up on a resting arm. "That was dope" she says.

Blaze kneeled beside her, he wanted to pick her up, but he was too weak.

She smiled faintly. "Remember we use to take naps together after spars." Holding her arms out to him. Ready to embrace him like they had done so many times when they were younger.

Blaze collapsed down next to her. Grabbing her and pulling her on to his chest. Before passing out.

Leaning from his chest. Zoe took a final look around. One little flame remained. She waved at it, and like the fireball before launched it self at the sleeping blaze. Zoe popping the bubble around it like a bubble before pushing the flame back into Blaze.

Whispering "This will be our little secret." To the flame as she dropped it onto blazes chest. Sinking in the moment it touches him.

Zoe smiles and closes her eyes on his chest.

JUPERANIUM

When Blaze woke up still in the training room, that no one but Zoe ever used. She was snug on his chest still. Blaze had certainly remembered using a huge amount of strength something that was incredibly dangerous for him. It was odd, the only thing strong enough to defeat him had been himself. He typically thought of the blaze as a second piece of him, but for some reason after seeing it turn against him, and leave him, It now felt more like a piece of him. The same way it would be weird to consider an eye a separate entity. He didn't really despise his strength, it was simply the lack of control of them.

"How do I get control?" He voiced out loud.

"Practice" Zoe said sleepily as she raised herself up and stretched out. "You did good!"

Void of any injuries, Blaze's eyed her narrowly looking at her suspiciously, fears whirring in his head.

"What do I have something on my face?" Zoe asked rubbing her eyes and around her mouth.

"Zoe, my fire was all over you, how are you perfectly fine?" Blaze questioned.

Zoe stopped for a moment biting her lip, looking around. "I guess you really couldn't let your powers hurt me." She smiled sheepishly and stood up.

"Maybe I'm just super tough." She shadowboxed than put her hands up triumphantly, still bouncing.

"I'm the best" she muttered repeatedly under her breath shadowboxing again. "I'm the best."

Blaze couldn't help but smile at her goofy antics, thinking about the fact that they were both okay, and happy he had been able too use his power up.

"You should still have at least some ash on you, or something" he wondered aloud.

She stopped and looked toward him quizzically "Is that what turns you on?" Smiling in a way she thought was sexy, but jokingly.

"THERE YOU ARE!" Boomed out from the door.

They both turned towards the door Angelica had just bound through and was now making their way toward them. All the while Zoe still shadowboxing

"IM HERE!!!" Zoe blurted out in response. Dropping the Shadowboxing movements but not the stance.

Angelica's face twisted in surprise. "no, Zoe, not you" she said weakly.

"I'm most certainly here" Zoe responded, doing another shadow boxing punch. "and I'm the best" she added quietly.

Without responding and after looking strangely at the odd antics, Angelica turned slowly from Zoe and over to Blaze.

"After you ran off Brian took the liberty to go back to working on your bike, thought you'd like to know." Zoe explained.

"Well he kinda always does that, no big deal." Blaze said nonchalantly.

The confusion on Angie's face huge, she turned to Zoe. Who was back at the shadow boxing, but peered over at Angelica's gaze. Angie expected Zoe to be as confused but she just beamed at Angie at told her "I told you I was here."

Breaking the surprise from Angie's face, she turned back to Blaze and asked "You don't care that Brains is tinkering with your bike?"

"Nah whatever he is a genius anyway, what is the worse that could happen." Blaze responded finally rising to his feet.

Angie was confused and rightfully so. He would almost always immediately take off towards Brains lab to try and stop him. Her face rigid with confusion the entire time Blaze walked over to her.

"Let's get out of here" he said when he finally made it over to her, grabbing her hand to lead her. "Zoe we are going to grab some food want to come with?" he shouted over his shoulder.

"Sure, the best got to eat too." Zoe said beaming at him mid punch.

She skipped over to them and meeting them as they made it to the door.