

I sighed and opened the phone, dialing Willow's number. It went straight to voicemail as always.

*"Hey guys, this is Willow, the one and only. Tell me your name and number and I'll get back to you as soon as I find my phone. Love you!"*

When I closed the phone I saw Harry in the glow of his own cell phone looking at me with a soft smile on his face.

"You really love her." Harry said.

"Yeah," I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"Why didn't you tell her?"

I pinched the tips of my fingers. It was all I had to keep myself from getting sad.

"Because I'm an idiot. A scared stupid idiot. I don't know why I screwed it up."

Harry chuckled. "Man, you are a teenager. It's completely normal."

"You say that like you're not a teenager."

Harry shrugged. "No, I'm just smarter than most."

"Humble, too."

"Obviously." Harry quipped. "No, look. I'm sure she feels the same way."

"I'm pretty sure she has a thing for you actually." I curled in tighter around myself. The cold aluminum of the floor was beginning to sink into my bones.

"Me?" Harry laughed. "Dude, you have no idea."

"Why?"

"Willow is great, and beautiful, but not my type." Harry smiled.

"I thought everyone loved redheads." I chuckled.

"Yeah, man... but... I kinda... play for the other side." His face was full of amusement as he spoke.

"Other side?" I blinked.

"Yeah, you know." His grin grew wider.

"Oh. OH. You like guys?"

Harry nodded, his eyes full of amusement.

"Sorry." I didn't know why I was apologizing.

"Don't be. It's not a big deal. But listen, when me and Willow hung out she talked about this guy she liked. Aaaaand I think she was talking about you." He nodded his head towards me.

"She never said." I looked down at my hands.

Harry shook his head. "You can't expect her to know how any more than you did."

I curled in on myself a bit. "I'm going to make it right, Harry. I'm going to save her and I'm going to tell her I love her."

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"I know perfectly well what I am doing!" I shot off a second bolt, weaker this time as the pain subsided.

He deflected it again, but this time the cold stare was replaced by something I couldn't read. Curiosity? Anger? I stopped looking at him for something I could use to fire up my powers again. A power pole a few hundred feet away had been knocked over and its wires were sparking with live electricity.

I vaulted off the ground and ran for the sparking wire. I didn't hesitate to grab it and within seconds the energy coursed through my body. My hand was in severe pain and my heart was throbbing uncomfortably. The wire still in hand, I turned toward Grey who was staring at me like I had sprouted extra limbs. The energy and pain coursing through my body built more and more and I held out my free hand toward Grey. His eyes only just registered what was about to happen. A shot like a flamethrower burst out straight toward him crossing the gulf between us in a matter of seconds.

He stepped toward me, and when the flame was about to connect, a shield formed around him as he walked closer to me.

"Where is she?" I screamed over the roar of fire.

His brow twisted into confusion. "Who?"

"The girl you kidnapped! Willow!" I dropped the live wire and the fire shunted to a stop.

He stopped in his tracks and stared at me. Recognition passed over his features. "You're the guy she spoke of."

"She knew I was going to save her."

"She knew no such thing. She said you would be great one day if you learned to control your powers. How did you manage that?" He glanced down at the live wire cracking at my feet.

I grabbed the wire again and shot off another bolt. He quickly and easily deflected it just like the last ones. I stopped thinking and started rapid fire bolts, hoping to catch him by surprise. Every bolt I fired he deflected, walking closer to me.

"You are mistaken" -- *Deflect.* "—if you think I am the cause for your-" *Deflect.* "—friend's arrival here."

"If you aren't-" *Bolt.* "-then who is?"

"Why don't you-" *Deflect.* "-ask her?"

"WHERE IS SHE, THEN!"

The arm that he had used to deflect my bolts rose up and pointed in the direction of the Spiral. There the light from the teleportation wave illuminated a dozen or so people arriving from parts unknown. Standing next to an elderly man was a redheaded girl of 15. Willow. She had an ear tilted toward the old man as he talked and pointed to the destruction. Far off I heard the shouts of Jacob's men ordering every building searched. From the Spiral more and more Isiroans appeared to confront the invading Alliance. Willow and the old man stood in place. Willow surveyed with a slow look until she was looking right at me. Our eyes met and I stumbled forward toward her. She spoke to the old man, then traversed the hill toward me. Grey followed after me and the old man followed after Willow. She stopped on the other side of the walkway. I moved toward her, but her strong voice stopped me. "Did you cause this?"

"I did it for you! To save you! Quick we can get out of here!"

She shook her head, looking like someone who was about to scold a child. "Eugene, what you have done here is unforgivable. People have DIED."

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