

CHAPTER ONE

KEVIN JASON—ALSO KNOWN as the superhero Bolt, the leader of the famous young superhero team known as the Young Neos—had faced a lot of challenges in his life as a superhero. He had fought dangerous supervillains, saved the world more than once, had faced certain death more times than most teenagers, and had even traveled to other planets and universes. A superhero couldn't go through all of that without developing confidence and learning how to put aside fear to do the right thing, especially if the lives of your friends and other people were on the line. Indeed, Kevin had thought that he was entirely fearless now; after all, if you could blow up a planet and live to tell the tale, everything else seemed pretty simple after that.

But as Kevin sat on a chair in a private room in the House, his hands folded over his lap, he couldn't help but wish he didn't have to be here today, facing the woman sitting across the table from him. The woman was not a dangerous supervillain with dreams of taking over the world or threatening Kevin's friends and family; in fact, she was pretty mousy and small, even shorter than him, despite being in her thirties while he was just eighteen. She was not even wielding a gun or some other weapon, but rather a recorder that she had placed on the center of the table to catch everything that Kevin said. If he had to, Kevin could easily overwhelm her without having to lay one finger on her, although he didn't think he'd need to do that today.

Still, Kevin was beginning to rethink agreeing to this interview. He had never been interviewed by anyone from the press before, even though he'd received several interview requests from the media ever since he rose to stardom after defeating the infamous supervillain Master Chaos last year. His mentor, Mecha Knight, had never allowed him to speak directly with the media, mostly because Mecha Knight did not trust the media for some reason. Then again, Kevin supposed that Mecha Knight and the rest of the Leadership Council wanted to make sure that neither Kevin nor any of his teammates revealed any of the Neohero Alliance's secrets to the media accidentally.

Now I kind of wish that they'd kept that policy, instead of making an exception for this woman, Kevin thought, looking at the reporter who was turning on her recorder and getting her notepad set up so she could easily take notes. *I'm so nervous that I don't know if I'll be able to talk.*

The reporter sitting across the table from Kevin was a woman named Virginia Gray, from the popular superhero fan website Neo Ranks. Neo Ranks was a website where various neoheroes (and supervillains) were ranked according to their popularity and accomplishments, but it also acted as the news site for everything related to super humans, supervillains, and neoheroes. Kevin himself was on the site, ranked at a solid 7.5 for his popularity and help in saving the world more than a few times. While Kevin didn't waste time obsessing over his rank like some people did, he did wonder why he was not at least an eight; after all, how many superheroes saved Earth from an alien invasion?

He doubted that Virginia would be able to tell him about that. The quiet, mousy lady was well-known on Neo Ranks for her interviews; in fact, she had even interviewed Omega Man, the leader of the Neohero Alliance. Kevin had read a few of her interviews prior to this interview to get a grasp on her style and he had learned that, while respectful of her subjects, she wasn't above asking them hard questions, up to and including the secret identities of her subjects, if they were kept hidden. He had no idea what she was going to ask him about today; she had said that they were going to cover 'Bolt's life, powers, and plans,' but that was pretty vague, so Kevin didn't have any preplanned answers. He

wished that his girlfriend and teammate, Blizzard, was here with him; she was usually better at interviews than he was, even though she was shyer than him.

Just keep calm, Kevin thought. Remember what Blizzard said about not letting your nerves get to you. Just answer the questions as truthfully and honestly as you can and don't worry about anything else.

That was easier said than done, though. At least the interview wasn't supposed to be very long; Virginia had told Kevin it would probably take them thirty minutes at most and then she would leave. Kevin wasn't sure he would last thirty minutes.

Finally, Virginia put her recorder back on the table and said, "Okay, Mr. Bolt, are you ready to begin the interview?"

"Yes," said Kevin. He was surprised at how confident he sounded; he thought he'd sound like a blubbering mess of nerves, but his habitual confidence must have been kicking in already, for which he was thankful. Maybe he wouldn't make a fool of himself now.

"Excellent," said Virginia. She took a sip from her water bottle grabbing her pen and resting its tip on her notepad. "All right, then. Let's start with an introduction, even though everyone who is going to read this interview already knows who you are."

"Okay," said Kevin. He cleared his throat and spoke as clearly as he could. "I'm Bolt, the leader of the Young Neos. I've been a superhero for a year as of this month and my super powers include flight, super strength, super speed, and the ability to shoot lightning bolts from my hands."

"Is that why your name is Bolt?" said Virginia.

Kevin shook his head. "No. I got my lightning powers after I chose my superhero name. It's just a coincidence that my name matches with my powers."

"Lucky you," said Virginia as she wrote notes. "According to our research, you didn't develop your lightning powers until you fought Robert Candle, the son of Master Chaos, yes? Do you know why you developed those powers later than the others?"

Kevin bit his lower lip. He wasn't sure how to explain the origin of his powers; it involved a government conspiracy and an ancient alien spacecraft that even he didn't understand entirely. Plus, he was sure that the government would come after him if he let that knowledge be known to the general public. Or at least the government's Department of Superpowered and Extraterrestrial Beings and its enigmatic director, Cadmus Smith; after all, if they weren't above throwing him in prison on false charges, there was no reason to believe that they would let him walk free if he actually did something that could get him in trouble with the government.

Kevin just shrugged and said, "You know how it is with superhumans. We sometimes develop new powers out of nowhere, especially as teenagers. It's just part of my growth as a superhuman, that's all."

"And do you think you will develop any other powers or have you stopped growing?" said Virginia.

That seemed like a stupid question to Kevin, but he said, in a polite voice, "I don't know. I'm eighteen now and most superhumans stop gaining new powers at this age, so in all likelihood, I won't be developing any other superpowers in the future."

"Are there any other powers you'd like to have?" said Virginia.

Kevin frowned. "No, not really. I'm pretty content with the powers I have."

"I see," said Virginia. She finished taking notes and looked at me again. "And your father was the famous superhero Genius, correct?"

"Right," I said, nodding. "That's him."

"He was killed in February of this year by the son of Master Chaos, right?" said Virginia. "Did you see him die yourself?"

Kevin's throat suddenly became swollen with emotion, but he gulped it down and said, "Yes."

"Does his death still affect you?" said Virginia. "What do you think he would say to you if he was still alive today?"

Kevin gulped. Even though Dad's death had been months ago, it still stung whenever he thought about it. He had thought he had managed to mostly get over it, but he had not been expecting Virginia to ask such an emotionally difficult question, nor had he been expecting to feel that surge of emotion that nearly choked him. It made him wonder if he was as over it as he had thought.

"Yes, I still think about Dad sometimes," said Kevin. He sniffled, which surprised even him. "And I think he'd be happy if he was alive now. He always wanted me to do the right thing and I've saved the world more than once, so he'd probably be proud of me, I think."

"Did Genius want you to be a superhero or did he want you to do something else?" said Virginia. "Some superheroes don't want their kids to follow in their footsteps, while others have actually disowned their own children for refusing to succeed them. What was Genius like?"

Kevin bit his lower lip. "He didn't want me to be a superhero at first. He originally retired from superheroics so he could raise me with my mother. He only taught me how to be a superhero when my powers manifested and Master Chaos came after me and that was only so I could defend myself. He eventually accepted my desire to be a superhero before his death, though."

"Interesting," said Virginia. "Speaking of supervillains, you've fought quite a few over the last year; Master Chaos, the Visionary, and Mimic, just to name a few of your most infamous ones. Who would you say was the most difficult to defeat?"

"Boy, that's a tough one," said Kevin, rubbing the back of his neck. "Probably Robert Candle. He stole my powers, which left me unable to fight him for a while there, and he also killed Dad. But like I said, it's difficult to say for sure because they were all powerful and dangerous in their own ways."

"And is there a reason why you allied with Nuclear Winter to break out of Ultimate Max prison a couple of months ago?" said Virginia. "And why were you in Ultimate Max in the first place? What crimes did you commit to make the G-Men arrest and jail you?"

Kevin felt his temper rise, as it always did whenever he thought about this subject, but he said, in a calm voice, "Nothing. It was a misunderstanding. I was totally innocent. That was why President Plutarch pardoned me."

"But you broke out of Ultimate Max with several other prisoners," said Virginia. "And those prisoners—the supervillains Mimic, Firespirit, Steel Skin, Intellect, and Jawtooth—are still free, while Nuclear Winter and Enor are both dead and Rime has been pardoned like you. Why did you team up with those supervillains to break out of prison if you were innocent? Especially since all of them were members of your rogues gallery, aside from Nuclear Winter and Rime."

"Because I had to get out to stop a worse supervillain," said Kevin. "My team and I have been working hard to track down and recapture the villains who escaped with me. Trust me, I want them back in prison just as much as anyone else. I wouldn't have allied with them if circumstances didn't force me to do it."

"And who was this 'worse' supervillain you needed to stop?" said Virginia. "According to my research, it was White Lightning, your long-lost twin brother, wasn't it?"

Kevin rubbed his hands together under the table. He would have to be careful about how he answered this question, because the true story behind the supervillain he needed to stop implicated the federal government and also touched him personally in ways he didn't want the rest of the world to know about. "White Lightning wasn't the villain I was trying to stop. He was just the pawn of the

real villain, Mastermind, who was trying to take over the world. But I stopped him and saved White Lightning, which is another reason why President Plutarch pardoned me.”

“And White Lightning is currently a member of the Young Neos now, yes?” said Virginia. “Even though, prior to joining the team, he had attacked several towns and cities under the directive of Mastermind?”

“White Lightning was not a supervillain,” said Kevin. He tried to keep his tone civil, but it was hard because he didn’t like the way Virginia talked about his brother. “He was merely manipulated into working for Mastermind due to his mental condition. He’s not a bad guy.”

“What mental condition does White Lightning have, exactly?” Virginia asked. “I didn’t know he had one.”

Kevin bit his lower lip again. The truth about White Lightning was that he had been experimented on by the government ever since he was a baby, which left him a lot of trauma, although he had made a lot of progress over the last two months and was doing much better than he had before, but Kevin couldn’t say that. “It’s personal. You just need to know that the Neohero Alliance has been giving him all the therapy and help he needs so he won’t be a threat to anyone.”

That was true. Ever since White Lightning had joined the Young Neos, he had worked with a therapist hired by the NHA to help him deal with his trauma and become a normal human being. In fact, White Lightning was currently in a session with his therapist, which was why he was not here with Kevin.

“I see,” said Virginia. She jotted down a few notes before looking back up at Kevin again. “Does White Lightning have powers similar to yours?”

“Yes,” said Kevin, nodding. “Our power set is basically the same, although I’m a better fighter than him due to my experience.” Kevin didn’t mention White Lightning’s healing factor, mostly because he didn’t think that it would be wise to let the world know everything about his twin, especially if any supervillains happened to read this interview once it was published.

“So could you beat White Lightning in a fight, then?” said Virginia.

“That’s an odd question,” said Kevin.

“It’s one of the questions submitted by Neo Ranks readers,” said Virginia. “There is a huge argument online over which of the two Lightning Brothers could win in a fight.”

“Lightning Brothers?” Kevin repeated.

“Oh, that’s just the term that your fans have made to refer to you and your brother,” said Virginia matter-of-factly. “Anyway, please answer the question, if you can.”

“Well, okay,” said Kevin. He didn’t know how to feel about his ‘fans’ making a nickname for him and White Lightning, but he supposed it wasn’t bad. “See, that’s kind of a funny question to ask, because White Lightning and I have fought before and—”

Kevin was interrupted by the door to the room slamming open abruptly, causing both Kevin and Virginia to look over at it in surprise. Then someone who looked just like Kevin ran into the room. He was practically Kevin’s doppelganger, wearing a full-body white and blue costume that contrasted sharply with Kevin’s own black and red costume. The doppelganger also had bright green eyes, which were bright with excitement. He came to an abrupt stop and looked directly at Kevin, totally ignoring Virginia like she didn’t even exist.

“Brother!” said White Lightning, a big, goofy grin on his face. “There you are! Em told me that you were in here and I came to see you.”

Kevin smiled somewhat awkwardly at his brother. ‘Em’ was what White Lightning called Blizzard, whose real name was Emily Ricker. He didn’t know why White Lightning called her that, but Blizzard

didn't seem to mind (in fact, she thought it was cute), so Kevin didn't worry about it. "White, what are you doing here? I thought you were in your therapy session."

"We finished early," said White Lightning, clapping his hands together excitedly. "Miss Gee told me that I did good today, so we finished early so I could come see you!"

'Miss Gee' was White Lightning's therapist. Her real name was Gina Asuka, a kindhearted therapist from New York City who came to Hero Island to do White Lightning's therapy sessions. White Lightning always called her 'Miss Gee' for some reason, probably for the same reason he called Blizzard 'Em.'

In any case, Kevin said, "Wow, that's great, White, but I'm kind of busy at the moment. Didn't Blizzard tell you that?"

"Busy?" said White Lightning. For the first time, he noticed Virginia, who was staring at him with a look that Kevin didn't like. "Who are you?"

White Lightning didn't say that threateningly. He sounded like a little child inquiring to the identity of a stranger that his parents were talking to. It was kind of endearing, although Kevin did feel a little embarrassed by the way his brother talked even if he understood why White was so simpleminded.

"I'm Virginia Gray, a reporter from Neo Ranks," said Virginia quickly, before Kevin could say anything. "And I'm interviewing your brother."

"Vir ... Virgin ..." White Lightning struggled to pronounce her name. "Vir ..."

"You can just call me Gray if it's easier for you," Virginia said in a tone that was a little too helpful for Kevin's tastes.

"Gray," said White Lightning. A relieved smile appeared on his face. "I can say that."

"Good," said Virginia. Kevin noticed she subtly turned the recorder in White's direction. "So, White, now that you're here, why don't you sit down and answer a few simple questions with your brother?"

"Okay," said White Lightning. "If Bolt likes you, I do, too."

Kevin, however, jumped out of his chair and said, "Uh, no, actually, White Lightning needs to leave. Right, White?"

"I do?" said White Lightning in a confused voice.

"Yeah," said Kevin as he walked over to his brother, grabbed him by the arm, and led him to the exit. "You need to go and get something to eat in the Meeting Room. It's almost lunchtime."

"Oh, he doesn't need to leave, Bolt," said Virginia. "I can incorporate him into the interview. That won't be a problem."

"No, it's fine," said Kevin. "White gets cranky when he doesn't get his peanut butter sandwiches. Right, bro?"

"Yes," said White, nodding. "That is true. But I still want to be with you."

"I know, but we can eat lunch together after I finish my interview with Virginia," said Kevin. "Once the interview is done, then I'll go and join you in the Meeting Room, okay? I think Stinger is playing video games there, so he might be willing to let you play with him. Wouldn't that be fun?"

White's frown turned into a smile. "Yes. Okay, I go. Thanks!"

White suddenly left the room without Kevin having to show him out. He even closed the door on the way out, whistling a funny little tune that Kevin didn't recognize, leaving Kevin and Virginia alone again.

Kevin rubbed his forehead. He was glad that he managed to get White out of here. While White wasn't a bad person, Kevin didn't trust him to talk with an inquisitive reporter like this. And it wasn't just because White might accidentally reveal classified NHA information to Virginia, although that

was a part of it. Kevin just didn't want White to get drawn into celebrity; he was worried that someone might try to take advantage of him due to his naivete and simpleminded nature.

Kevin went back over to his chair and sat down on it. "Now, where did we leave off?"

Virginia looked disappointed by the fact that she wasn't going to get to talk to White, but then she shook her head and said, "Yes, well, let's move on from the White Lightning questions, then. Can you tell me about the new school for superhumans that the Neohero Alliance and Independent Neoheroes for Justice are working together to open?"

Kevin smiled, glad that Virginia wasn't going to ask him about his brother anymore, but at the same time, he found it suspicious that she didn't want to talk about his brother more now that he was not going to answer her questions. But he decided it wasn't worth worrying about; if she was not going to ask him about White anymore, then that was fine by him, whatever her motives were.

"Well, I can't talk about it too much just yet, but I have been helping with its planning, although in an indirect sort of way," said Kevin. "It's going to be called the Theodore Jason Academy for Superhumans and it will have two hundred students once it's open."

"Yes, we know the name from Omega Man's announcement of it earlier this year," said Virginia. "But who is Theodore Jason and why was the school named after him?"

Kevin frowned. He thought everyone knew that Theodore Jason was the real name of Genius. After Kevin had been imprisoned in Ultimate Max a few months back, his own secret identity had been revealed to the public, since Ultimate Max prisoners didn't get to keep their identities secret. It had only taken a few determined hackers to find out who 'Kevin Jason' and, of course, his father was. Cadmus Smith had still not apologized to Kevin for doing that, but Cadmus never apologized to anyone for any reason, so Kevin didn't see any reason to badger him about it.

Some journalist, Kevin thought, but aloud he said, "Theodore Jason was the real name of my father, Genius. The school is named after him because he always loved learning and education, especially the education of young superhumans into how to use their powers responsibly."

"Very interesting," said Virginia. "Will you or any of the other Young Neos be students at the school?"

"No," said Kevin, shaking his head. "We're going to attend the opening ceremony next month, but we're not going to be students. For one, most of us are too old, and for two, we all already know how to use our powers responsibly anyway. Also, classes would get in the way of our duties as members of the Young Neos."

"Of course, of course," said Virginia. "Some critics of the school have expressed concerns that it won't teach youngsters anything else other than how to use their powers. Are there any other subjects that will be covered by the school?"

"You'd have to ask Mecha Knight about that," said Kevin. "He's the one in charge of school curriculum. But I think so; we Young Neos have tutors who make sure we keep up with our studies, so I don't see why the Academy wouldn't."

For some reason, Virginia seemed disappointed by that answer. Did she want Kevin to just come out and say that they weren't going to educate the students? That was a bizarre thought.

"And is tuition free?" said Virginia.

"No, parents have to pay a yearly fee, although I don't know what it is," said Kevin. "I do know, however, that we have scholarships for young superhumans who can't afford the tuition fee, although again I don't know how to get them exactly."

"Do you think that the federal government should open schools for young superhumans?" said Virginia. "There's been some discussion of that recently in modern politics, especially after all of the

damage that White Lightning has done. President Plutarch has endorsed the idea, as have several prominent members of Congress from both parties. What are your thoughts on the subject?"

"No," said Kevin bluntly. "That would be a terrible, terrible idea."

"Why not?" said Virginia. "Don't you think that all young superhumans should have a chance to learn how to use their powers responsibly? Don't you think that that would save the country millions, maybe even billions, in property damage often caused by untrained young superhumans losing control of their powers?"

"Well, yes, maybe, but ..." Kevin shook his head. "Look, I just think it's a bad idea. Can we move on, please?"

Virginia looked at Kevin suspiciously, but then she nodded and said, "Okay. Let's look at some of the reader submitted questions. I have a list of them here, so let me see if I can find a good one."

While Virginia scrolled through the questions on her phone, Kevin felt relieved that they weren't talking about the schools anymore. The reason he opposed government-run schools for superhumans was because he had seen what the government did to White Lightning and he was afraid that the government might use such schools to experiment on unwitting kids. And maybe not even just kids; after all, the government had run Project Neo for decades, in which they performed all kinds of experiments on adult test subjects. Cadmus Smith had told Kevin that the government had shut down Project Neo two months ago, but that didn't mean that the government was simply going to leave superhumans alone. It wouldn't surprise him if it turned out that the government had other secret projects and programs related to superhumans still active, maybe even worse than Project Neo.

But Kevin didn't want to say that aloud because he didn't want to sound paranoid, even though all of his concerns were well founded. But telling her his concerns would have meant revealing the truth about White and he didn't want to do that at the moment.

"Ah, here's a good question from our readers," said Virginia. She looked up at Kevin. "A reader from Nashville asks if you are going to become an official member of the Neohero Alliance now that you are eighteen, which is the minimum age that a superhuman can join the NHA and, if so, who will succeed you as leader of the Young Neos."

Kevin folded his hands together under the table. He had not expected to be asked such a question, even though it was one that had been on his mind since the defeat of Master Mind two months ago. He didn't sense anything wrong or malicious with the question, however, so he said, "Most likely, although I haven't gone through the initiation process yet. In order for Young Neo members to graduate to full NHA membership, our membership needs to be approved by a majority of the Leadership Council, as written in the NHA's Constitution. The Leadership Council hasn't voted on my membership application yet."

"So you cannot be a member of the Young Neos and the Neohero Alliance at the same time?" said Virginia.

"Correct," said Kevin. "The Constitution forbids it because it would lead to conflicting duties, since the Young Neos and NHA often deal with different threats and have differing responsibilities, despite both being part of the same organization."

"Then who would succeed you as team leader?" said Virginia. "Your brother?"

That was another question Kevin wished Virginia didn't ask, because he quite frankly didn't know the answer. It was up to the departing team leader to pick his successor, unless the team supervisor—Mecha Knight, in this case—decided otherwise. But Mecha Knight had told Kevin that he trusted Kevin to choose a worthy successor, so Kevin had spent a long time thinking about which of his teammates would be a good leader. He was currently torn between Stinger and Blizzard, because they

were two of the more experienced and responsible members of team, but he still didn't know for sure yet. White Lightning was not even under consideration; he just wasn't leadership material, in Kevin's opinion.

Aloud, however, Kevin said, "Oh, well, that's a great question, but it's something I want to announce to the public myself once we get everything in order. I'm a pretty private leader and like to keep my cards close to my chest until it makes sense to play them, you know?"

Kevin felt proud of himself for answering that way. He had learned it by watching the way Omega Man dealt with reporters; whenever they asked a sensitive question that pertained to something important that needed to be kept a secret, Omega Man would always answer it in that manner. It always made Omega Man sound like a clever and intelligent leader and reporters—never the sharpest tools in the shed—always bought it. Kevin hoped it would make him look the same way.

Virginia, thankfully, seemed to be like most reporters, because she said, "Oh, I understand completely. It's just that the topic of the identity of your successor has been a big one among the online neo fandom ever since it was confirmed that you were going to apply for full membership in the NHA. Lots of flame wars have erupted on Neo Ranks and neo fan social media groups in recent weeks over this subject."

Kevin grimaced. He never spent much time online among the 'neo fandom,' although he knew that Treehugger, one of his teammates, did. Still, he was vaguely aware of the periodic controversies that would erupt in those groups over the most trivial things, such as when Kevin and Blizzard's relationship became known to the world, which had infuriated all of the 'fans' who had paired Kevin and Blizzard with other people. Blizzard even received death threats from some of Kevin's teenage girl fans about this; that was why Kevin didn't think too much of their 'fans.'

But he said, "Well, you guys will know when you know. Trust me, we won't keep that particular fact a secret once my membership into the NHA is approved by the Council."

"Right," said Virginia. "Well, it looks like we're almost out of time, but we have time for one last question from the fans. Are you ready for it?"

"Of course," said Kevin, feeling relieved that the interview was almost over (although he was surprised at how quickly the time had flown by). "Shoot."

Virginia looked down at the notepad for a moment before looking back up at Kevin and saying, "Are you and Blizzard going to get married?"

Kevin blinked. "What?"

Virginia leaned forward, looking far too eager for Kevin's taste. "Our readers want to know if you and Blizzard intend to take your relationship to the next level. Can we expect a wedding announcement any time soon?"

Kevin scratched the back of his neck. He and Blizzard had been in a relationship for several months now, but they hadn't discussed marriage. Perhaps that was because Kevin was eighteen, while Blizzard was seventeen. Technically, they could get married, but for some reason Kevin had always thought of marriage as something that would happen in the future, when they were older and more experienced. He hadn't realized that Neo Ranks apparently had a lot of readers who were interested in knowing that; even Mom hadn't asked him when he intended to propose to Blizzard. It was especially bizarre that Virginia seemed so interested; creepy, even.

"So?" said Virginia. "What's your answer?"

"Well ..." Kevin tried to think of a way to phrase it without saying anything that might get him in trouble with Blizzard. "I know your readers are interested in hearing about this and all, but it's like

my decision to name my successor. I like to keep such things to myself until such time as it makes sense to reveal them to the world."

Virginia looked incredibly disappointed by that answer, but it was only for a second. In the next instant, she was writing down notes and turning off her recorder, saying, "Well, Bolt, that was a good interview. You can expect to see it on Neo Ranks' front page sometime next week, after my editor approves of it."

Kevin sighed in relief; he hadn't realized just how tense he had been throughout the whole interview. "Glad that that's—"

Kevin was interrupted by a sudden alarm blaring. It caused him to look up in surprise, while Virginia almost fell out of her chair in shock.

"Bolt!" came the preppy, affable voice of Carl, one of the House's AI systems. "So sorry to interrupt your interview, but there's reports of a new threat in New York City that Mecha Knight needs you and the rest of the team to deal with!"

"Understood," said Kevin. He stood up and gestured at Virginia. "Carl, help Virginia leave the House and Hero Island." He looked at Virginia apologetically. "Sorry I can't see you out, Virginia, but these kinds of threats need our immediate attention. You understand."

"T-That's fine, Bolt," said Virginia, pulling herself back up on the chair. She readjusted her glasses, which had gone askew on her face when she fell. "This was a really great interview and I cannot wait for our readers to read it."

Kevin nodded, but didn't say anything else, because he just took off out the door, already shouting for the rest of the team to gather on the roof to take the Neocopter into the city.