A Sudden Discovery Leads to a New Change

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Summary

One day, after going down memory lane from a dream she had, Jane starts to feel things and decides to talk them over with her friend Lambert, along with her plans for the future. Little did she know that her future was about to take a turn in another direction and was about a phone call away in London. (Post-Thor 1 canon divergence AU...kinda)

Notes

This one-shot was originally posted on tumblr as a “writing exercise” to help me get back into the swing of things (weeks before I even started on my other fic in fact), but I’ve decided to post the bad boy here too and do more with it. I'm thinking about turning this whole thing into a series of sorts.
Long, long, long ago, in a vast universe that was rich in mana and overflowing with aliens, monsters, spirits, humans, humanoids, cyborgs, robots, and animals, there were two powerful robotic beings that existed alongside each other. Strange as they may have been, in both appearance and mannerisms of speech, the two beings were some of the strongest warriors this universe has ever seen, with powers and abilities that were almost unheard of for non-organic creatures to have:

The power to create new life in the world of technology, industrialization, agriculture, and medicine.

The power to destroy entire civilizations and planets (worlds).

And...

The power to revitalize broken civilizations, planets, and people.

The two were, in all fairness, considered gods among mankind and non-humans in general, and rightfully so. But even with their given titles, these two weren’t always so benevolent and forgiving. At least, not in the very beginning they were, and they didn’t always get along with each other.

Before, the two robots traded many blows, and not once has either one ever had their match ended in a tie before. That is, until their last battle.

Everything went to hell when a fleet of alien-like battleships appeared out a wormhole before the two and attacked them, and so, the two robots, that were once arch-rivals, declared a truce and fought off their foes. It was through this battle alone where the two discovered that they not only enjoyed fighting side-by-side together, but they also declared each other as rivals as soon as the battle ended. It was the start of a new beginning, and hopefully, the start of a new friendship.

Over the course of time, everything sort of stayed the same. The two still battled one another whenever they crossed paths from time to time, but their fights weren’t as heated as they were before. Their fights were merely just friendly spars. To them, it was a test of strength, and they wanted to make sure that neither one was slacking off or completely shirking their training all together.

Still, fighting wasn’t the only thing they enjoyed. The two went on exploring expeditions and flew from galaxy to galaxy, visiting different planets on the way there. They even checked out the many different universes that were nearby in those areas. After all, these two never turned down the opportunity to see unfamiliar sights and learn new things when it came to this.

Occasionally, they came across other beings that were causing trouble and wrecking havoc on other planets, either from trying to take them over or trying to destroy them. Through their efforts upon defeating these groups, the inhabitants of these planets thanked the robots for saving them, and much to their shock, they began to worship the two as gods of sorts.

And soon after that, the two were given new names, only because of the fact that they didn’t have one when the people asked for it.

Voltron, the Lion of Elements, and Sincline, the Dragon of Light and Darkness became their names. And these two became known throughout many galaxies as the Cosmic Guardians and Defenders of the Universe. They were liked by many and hated by others. They became a symbol of hope, peace, and protection for those who cherished them and a symbol of jealously, rage, and hatred for those who despised them and wanted them gone forever.
Some groups banded together while others hired mercenaries or assassins to take care of them, but it was all inevitable. In the end and one by one, they fell before the fearsome might of the duo. Their fame along with their names started to spread from there, reaching beyond the edges of their own neighboring galaxies and universe to the vast unknown.

Unfortunately for Voltron and Sincline, and much to the shock of all of their fans, their legend soon came to an end. The two had finally met their match, and it was at the hands of an alien group that conquered and destroyed many planets, baring the name ‘Galra Empire’.

After the two finished off the group and their emperor, a dying Voltron gave the rest of his life force to a severely broken Sincline and pushed what was left of him, which was his head and arms, into a wormhole. The weakened robot dragon traveled through space and time and crash landed on some backwater planet in another universe.

Sincline thought nothing much of the little peaceful yet underdeveloped blue and green planet he landed on, and once he deemed the place safe enough to stay put, the cosmic alien god glowed white and went into a deep sleep.

Maybe, just maybe, his services won’t be needed anymore. He can finally be at peace for once. Sincline had done enough saving, protecting, and fighting back at home to last him a lifetime, one that he, secretly, started to tire from.

But little does he know that meeting a group of different people over the course of time, visitors from all over with different hopes, dreams, and ambitions, will reach him, and that their company along with their words and other secrets are the keys to his awakening—

“Why do you keep on reading me the same story over and over again when I already know how it’s going to end, Sensei?”

The teacher paused then placed the book they had in their paws down with a small sigh. They looked up to see a young girl no older than eight move from her spot on the couch to sit on the floor in front of them. Then she reached over and grabbed the book, and began tracing over the letters inked into the crisp white pages with small delicate strokes of her fingers. She had short dark brown hair with honey blonde side swept bangs, that were colored red at the tips and on her ends, and golden brown eyes that shined amber under certain lighting.

“But, Sensei… Jane Foster, it is always good to remind ourselves of the events that have taken place in history, our history,” they emphasized the last two words with a look and a huff that had the young girl turning away from them with her head down in embarrassment. “And this book, along with the others I have read to you before, serves as a reminder of where you and your family’s origins came from. Where my origins came from.”

“Lambert-sensei…” Jane looked up and back at her sensei out of the corner of her eye. Her teacher was a strange one considering that, for all intents and purposes, he was a large talking dog with dark blue and light grey fur that was sky blue on the top part of his head and back. He also had bright green eyes, large pointy wolf-like ears, short black claws on each paw, and a long sickle-like tail that laid perfectly still on the hardwood floor behind him. “You mean you and my mother’s origins…” she pointed out in a matter-of-fact tone of voice. “Her background was from Rie—Rei… Reize Maxia while yours was from Ter…Terca Lum…Lumireis. Well, originally it was!”

“They’re yours too, Jane,” he corrected her with a slight smile, proud of the girl’s success in sounding out those two difficult words and pronouncing them, despite the slip up. “You were born from two different worlds that came from two entirely different universes after all. Though your case is…well… quite unheard of in this universe,” he said. “And especially on a planet that hasn’t
discovered the existence of other planets, universes, or extraterrestrial life out there yet,” Lambert mumbled that last part to himself.

And yet despite that, Jane still heard him.

“Regardless, I know they’re out there,” she said. “I know that other worlds and aliens exist... somewhere. I just have to find them all!” the young girl exclaimed and then mumbled out, “Maybe I can build some kind of bridge and go from there?”

Lambert smiled at Jane’s enthusiasm and determination. “And you will. I have faith that you will become something that this world hasn’t seen yet, Jane,” he can already tell that his young pupil will be a handful for many others when she grows up.

‘Not that that would be a bad thing of course.’

Still, he will pity whatever poor fool she decides to pick on and run circles around them, the dog mused with a smirk.

The young girl beamed at him, pleased that there was someone else other than her family, Uncle Erik, and a select few from school supported her and her dreams.

“Jane! Lambert! Dinner’s ready!”

The two stood up and looked outside the window located on the other side of the attic, surprised to see a night sky full of twinkling stars instead of a fading orange sunset many hours before. Time sure flies by fast when your nose is buried in books.

“We will continue your studies when you get home from school tomorrow,” Lambert told her as he took the book from the girl and put it away. “And after that, we will continue where we left off in your training from yesterday.”

Jane pouted at the news. “Do we have to, Sensei?” she whined.

“Yes.”

“But they’re so boring! I’d rather read or light the campfire pit out in the backyard and watch the stars instead of just training for five hours, three days a week—”

“Jane.”

“Yes?”

“While I am glad that you’re serious about the readings and looking forward to them each and every single day after school, you also need to put forth that same effort into your training more because I’m now starting to see that you’re slacking off in our sessions, doing less than what you’re supposed to be doing and putting more time into other...things that can always come later after, not before,” he explained in a stern manner, looking down at the girl who had gone quiet at the sudden change of tone in his voice.

“Why are you always so hard on me? Much harder than my teachers at school?” she quietly asked.

Lambert said nothing as he walked up to Jane and stopped right next to her.

“I’m hard on you because I believe in you. Honestly, I do, from the bottom of my heart...” he began in a lighter tone of voice, paying no mind to the widening of the young girl’s eyes as he whispered in
her ear. “I care about your progress, your education, your goals, your dreams, your ambitions, and most importantly, I care about your overall health and success in life. I don’t want you to undercut yourself or perform below your own expectations because I know you can do better. I’ve seen it before, time and time again. You’ve went above and beyond anyone’s expectations, especially mines when you really didn’t have to, Jane,” he pulled back and looked at the girl with soft eyes.

“Lambert—”

“Never settle for anything less when you can always go for more because you may one day regret it, and I know you Jane,” he gave her a serious look that immediately had her clamping her lips shut. “In the end, you’re gonna end up being disappointed in yourself for not trying. For not pushing yourself hard enough when that moment of opportunity came to you…” Lambert said then added, “If it ever does at all. These types of things in life come and go before you even know it, so it’s always best to be prepared, okay?”

“Okay…” she crossed her arms across her chest.

Jane didn’t like these types of lectures. She got enough of them from her mother and, sometimes, her father and Uncle Erik, and now she was getting one from her own dog—technically he used to be her mother’s back when she was a young adult…until she assigned him to her four years ago, but that doesn’t matter seeing as she and her mother both share him now.

Still, he was right. The longer she listened and looked at her sensei, mulled over everything that he said in her mind, it all made so much sense. She couldn’t find any fault in his words or reasoning. It sucked that someone else’s logical and critical thinking rivaled her own, especially a smart and intelligent dog that just so happens to be much more than what she’d expected, or was much greater than hers sometimes, but the more she looked into her dog’s green eyes and saw something in them, she realized that she didn’t mind it one bit.

And that was shocking to her because she always liked to be right, to be the more logical one compared to everyone else who weren’t so logical at times.

“Fine…” Lambert tilted his head at the young girl’s second response.

Jane pouted for a few seconds and with a sigh, she unfolded her arms, leaned forward, and wrapped them around him in a hug instead, completely catching the dog off guard. “You’re right, and…I’m sorry for trying to get smart with you,” she mumbled into his fur, tightening her grip on the dog as she buried her face in Lambert’s neck and completely missed the flash of shock and some other emotion in his green eyes.

Lambert recovered and looked down at the girl with a raised brow. The sudden apology was a bit unexpected, but seeing as Jane Foster isn’t the one to go out of her way and say ‘I did something wrong’, then on top of that, immediately apologize for it after acknowledging the problem, without anyone pointing it out to her first, he was actually impressed. And he doesn’t get impressed that often.

Still, he wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

“And I’m sorry too,” Jane pulled back and stared at Lambert. “Never doubt that I don’t believe in you…” the young girl stifled a giggle when he closed his eyes and lightly nuzzled the side of her face. “Or support you and love you, Jane. I do, it’s just that I’m not going to baby you and treat you like a little kid or something fragile enough to break because you’re none of those things.”
Jane smiled and gently grabbed his face, nuzzling him back.

“I know, I know, I understand…” she pulled back and feigned a pout.

Lambert open his eyes and gave her a small doggy-like grin, and before the confused girl could say anything, he licked her, electing a surprised “hey!” from Jane. But it made her composure crack and she laughed nonetheless, which prompted him to start laughing as well.

“Jane! Lambert! Where are you two? Your mother said dinner is ready!” called Jane’s father. “Don’t make me to have to get the Great Spirits and have them fetch you two!”

Their laughter resided once they heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stair. Seconds later, they heard two faint grumbling protests and two faint eager cries respond to Jane’s father from two spots downstairs: the dining room area and the living room area next over.

A sweat drop appeared on the side of Jane’s face as she turned to her dog, looked at him for a few seconds, and shrugged her shoulders.

“Guess we better head out now before dad makes good on his threat and send either of those four up here. You know how they can get sometimes,” she laughed, nervously.

“Ah, yeah…” he turned away with a quiet mumble.

“But first…”

Lambert didn’t have time to figure out what Jane meant by that or her sudden smile because a surprised bark escaped from his mouth the moment she dove forward and jumped on top of his back, almost making him stumble to the floor in the process, but thankfully he caught himself in time before that could happen.

“What are you doing?!”

“Come on Lambert-sensei! Let’s leave out of this room in style!” she cheered with a raised fist in the air.

“I don’t think—” he cut himself off at the sight of Jane’s face in front of his as she leaned over him, and she had this peculiar look on her face that he automatically recognized and didn’t like one bit.

“What? Is the extra added weight too much for these old bones of yours to handle? I can understand if it is since you’re older than mom and dad—”

“Old? Old?!” now he was a bit offended. “Excuse me, brat! I’ll have you know that I’ve done many great things, fought in gruesome battles, and performed manual labor work as a—

“…Military dog…and in your past life at that. So you’re an ex-military dog now—” the young girl pointed out again as she moved her face away and leaned back.

“Regardless!” he ignored her words. “This is nothing—”

“Prove it,” there was pure mischief in her eyes as she dared him and internally snickered at the look he shot her up with his own orbs. “Unless you’re worried about—whaol!” Jane yelped with wide eyes, swallowing her scream as they lurched forward and flew out of the room in a dark blur. “I was kidding, just kidding, okay! Slow doooooooown!”

-SLAM-
The sudden slam of the door shutting behind the two knocked the book from where Lambert had placed it, and the book fell to the floor with a small thud, its pages flying open in a flurry of motion, flipping and flipping until it came to a complete stop and landed on the last two pages along with a separate piece of paper, that had a faded drawing on it, that flew out.

The page on the left had a giant sleek grey-dark blue and light blue dragon-like alien robot with orange accents, glowing purple eyes, glowing purple marks, and wielding a pair of energy scimitars, his long tail wrapped slightly around him as he stood posed in a battle stance behind a cloud of darkness filled with stars while the page of the right had a giant bulky silver-black and green-red-blue-yellow lion-like alien robot with sky blue accents, glowing yellow eyes, wings, and wielding a long energy sword in an open space filled with light and stars.

And the drawing on the piece of paper that lay next to the open book depicted a rough sketch of a tall silhouetted being with shining green eyes, horns, and an open smile on their lips that spelled many things as they stood behind a vast space of towering pillars.

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“Jane.”

Golden brown eyes slowly opened and flinched at the bright flash of the morning sun peeking in through the giant windows of her lab. “Damn it!” a small curse escaped from her lips as she reached up and rubbed her eyes with the pads of her thumbs, completely missing the sound of a door opening and closing behind her.

But the presence of a familiar aura along with the soft click clacks of claws moving across the polished floor in her direction told her who just walked in. With a groggy groan and a slight wince as her arm bumped up against the closed laptop sitting next to her, she sat up straight in her comfortable rolling chair, pushed away from her work desk, and turned around to greet her visitor.

“Hey—” before she could even get another word out, the dog interrupted her.

“You fell asleep in your chair again did you?”

“I—”

“For the third time in a row this week,” he continued, staring at the young woman with long hair that currently resembled a bird’s nest and blood shot eyes. “And snoring quite a bit might I add,” the look he gave her afterwards made Jane want to curl back her chair and let it swallow her up. Just Great. She wanted to die now.

“Oh…” she coughed and had the decency to look embarrassed as she slouched back in her seat. “So you noticed huh?” the young woman blew a stray piece of hair out of her face then pushed the rest of it back behind her ear with her hand. “Sorry about that. It’s just that last night I’ve made a few breakthroughs with some things and was just waiting for the readings to finish up and…”

Lambert shook his head once the young woman started rambling on about her findings, eyes lit up in pure delight as she got up from her seat and started describing the work she did for the past few days in great detail with words and excited gestures at the writing on the large white board sitting next to her desk.

“Jane.”

“—feel like I’m close to discovering something here…” Jane paused at the new look on Lambert’s face, and to his slight amusement, she ducked her head after she realized what had just occurred. “I
started rambling again did I? Sorry!” she quickly apologized with a small pink blush.

Lambert shook his head again. “It’s fine. I’m just happy to see that you’re happy with your findings,” he smiled.

The young woman returned his smile and was about to speak until a new thought crossed her mind. “What’s wrong?” he asked, noticing the faraway look in her eyes.

“I had another dream.”

“Really?” his brow rose in interest. “What was it this time? The stars? Your parents? Your Great Spirit companions? You cussing out your old college professors, classmates, and science board members at the after graduation party that took place days later?” he snickered at that last one until a sudden thought crossed his mind, and Lambert looked at her with a somber expression. “A memory of…another you living a life so similar to yours but their life is still completely different,” his voice cracked towards the end. “Or that...red liquid-like substance you mentioned before?”

Jane flinched at those last two but didn’t say anything. She was still unsure of why she’d been dreaming about them in the first place, months ago, but they stopped once she met the God of Thunder when he got banished here for punishment and left for Asgard three days later after he saved Puente Antiguo from getting totally obliterated off the map by his little brother, Loki.

It was strange to think that all of that occurred nine months ago too, and sadly enough, nothing else—at least of interest to her and Darcy. Erik on the other hand was thankful for that while Lambert pouted in disappointment for days until he went back to his usual indifferent self—has happened since then.

What a shame. She was hoping Thor would keep his promise and come back to her someday—and not because of whatever Darcy thought. Sure the guy was attractive looking and all, she will admit, but that was just it. Looks mean jack squat to her, and hell, she didn’t even feel anything for the guy at all other than wanting to pick his brain about the other realms out there!

But she wasn’t going to hold her breath if he didn’t keep it, Jane mused with a small shrug. After all, it wouldn’t be the first time someone bailed out on her or lied to her.

“No, it was none of those things, Lambert…” she finally said with a slight shake of her head. “It was—” she paused in mid-speech when her eyes caught sight of a familiar book sitting on the table in the middle of the lab, and the young woman walked over it and picked the hardback object up in such a manner that sent pang of nostalgia through Lambert’s chest. “—a memory of the time you used to read me stories of the past and historical events. A universe from which you and my mother came from, a universe that I’m half a part of, which is filled with lots of wonder, legends, stars, and other fascinating beings.”

The dog smiled at the hint of wistfulness in the woman’s soft voice.

“I remember.”

“Someday, I want go there. I want to see what that universe is like and possibly study it. See what’s out there, see what the constellations are like,” she confessed in a quiet yet firm tone of voice. “And maybe learn more about who I am. What I am.”

Lambert nodded. “And you will one day. Take simple baby steps. Remember that, Jane,” he advised her as she opened up the book and looked through it. “You’ve already proven that the Einstein Rosen Bridge exist—maybe not to the whole wide world just yet, but I’m sure you will one day!”
the dog immediately added in response to the look Jane gave him, and continued speaking. “And now, you just need to take the next step forward in your dream and build it.”

“Build it huh...?” she repeated, flipping through a few pages.

“Correct.”

“That’s gonna take a lot of resources and money,” she continued, coming to the end of the book, and she stared at the final pages in deep thought. “Money that I don’t have a lot left of so to speak, if you haven’t noticed it yet by now.”

“I have,” he replied and wondered why she was looking at the book so strangely now. “I’m sure you’ll figure something out, Jane. You always do.”

“Mhmm…” the young woman hummed, distractedly.

Although he was curious about her sudden turn of interest in the book that he knew she looked through many of times before, he wasn’t going to ask.

“Hey Lambert, there’s something about the book I’ve wondered about for quite some time now…”

“Such as?”

Jane lowered the book as she walked over to his side and kneeled before him. “This green-eyed guy here with the horns and creepy smile? You know him?” she pointed at the drawing.

Lambert didn’t even need to look to know what she was talking about. “No, why? Do you?” he peered up, suspicion heavy in his voice as he tried to get a good look at the young woman’s face, who unfortunately turned away the second he raised his head up. “And how do you know it’s a guy?”

Jane wrung her hands together, becoming slightly uncomfortable at the curious yet searching look in his eyes and posture, and she regretted even bringing up the topic of this silhouette now.

“I just do okay!” she weakly explained. “And no, I don’t know him either...”

“I hear a “but” coming.”

“But he looks…familiar, which is frankly impossible because I have never met this man before in my whole life!”

“…Maybe not in this one you didn’t.”

That sounded like a damn stretch—a very long one, but anything was possible at this point.

“Agghhh! Whatever!” Jane groaned in frustration. “The point I want to make is that...that drawing is going to drive me crazy one day,” she shut the book closed, stood up, and walked over to the table. “But you know what, I don’t care anymore. I really don’t,” she placed her book down with a tired sigh and covered her face with her hands.

Lambert walked over to the young woman and placed a paw on her leg. “Are you okay, Jane?” he looked at her worriedly.

Jane slowly uncovered her face and smiled down at him, somewhat, sadly as she petted his head, knowing that there was no way that she could ever lie to her old friend and ex-teacher who’d practically been around her her whole life.
“No, I’m not…” she told him, honestly. “But I will be eventually.”

“That is good to hear,” the ex-military dog nodded and nuzzled her while she got down on her knees and hugged him in return.

They stayed like that for a good three minutes until Lambert got tired of being held, and he lightly pawed at her leg to get her attention.

“Oh by the way Lambert…” she got the hint and released him. Then she stood to her feet and placed her hands on her hips.

“What is it?”

“There’s just something I’ve been curious about for a while now—”

“And you’re just now asking? Wow! I’m actually shocked.”

Jane sighed at the smirk on her dog’s face, but thought nothing more of it as she continued speaking, “As I was saying before you rudely interrupted me—” and lightly booped him on the nose, smirking right back at him and laughing on the inside at the small glare he gave her for that. “—Why didn’t you talk when Thor and his friends were here? Hell! You have not spoken one word ever since Darcy showed up, unless you’re alone with me or Erik, and just pretended to be a normal-yet-highly intelligent-strange-dog-who-is-super-cute-and-super cool-and-ultra strong.”

“Wha—”

“Her words, not mine!” she immediately blurted out, her face turning cherry red at the sight of Lambert’s ever-so-rising disbelief that flashed brightly in his green eyes. “You know how Darcy acts and the way she gets sometimes.”

“Riiight…”

Thankfully, he didn’t question it or give it any more thought, which she was glad for.

“Well?” she prompted.

He snorted and shook his head.

“Where’s the fun in that? But who knows…maybe one I will, and when I do, I can’t wait to see the looks on their faces when they realize that I could have talked this whole time but just chose not to,” was all he said before he strutted away, his long sickle tail swinging back and forth in motion as he made his way out the door.

Jane slowly blinked and stared at the retreating figure of her dog getting farther and farther away from her lab.

‘And he tells me I’m the mischievous one,’ she said with a sigh and rolled her eyes. ‘To think I was once like that…’

‘You still are…’ some part of her whispered back, which strangely sounded a little bit like Lambert.

Almost...

“Are you coming out here, Jane? If you are, let’s go check up on Darcy and see if she’s awake by now!” a tapping sound on the window along with Lambert’s muffled yet loud voice reached Jane’s ears and broke her out of her thoughts.
“Yeah! I’m coming!” Jane fixed her hair and gave herself a quick look over.

Once the young woman deemed herself at least somewhat presentable and found nothing wrong with her, she rushed out of the lab and closed the door just as her dog started walking away.

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“Oh thank god you’re up this early for once, Jane! Someone’s on the phone for you.”

The young astrophysicist stopped and blinked in surprise when her intern, who was still in her pajamas and had a tired expression on her face, appeared in front of her the second she and Lambert step inside her trailer with a cell phone —her cell phone in fact— in hand.

“Did they say who they are?” she asked, walking past her to the kitchen table and pulled out a chair to sit down.

Darcy followed and sat down across from her. “No, they wouldn’t tell me...” she shook her head with a frown as she handed Jane’s phone over to her. “But they did mention that they wanted to speak to you. Said something like: she’s an old friend of mine and we used to go way back. Let’s just leave it at that, Miss Lewis,” she said with a shrug and stood up from her seat. “I don’t know about you, but I’m going back to bed. You can talk to Mr. Cryptic-and-Mysterious-Dude-Who-Sounds-Hot or whatever. Later Boss Lady!” the young woman pushed her chair in and made her way out of the room, with a bounce in her step.

Jane blinked again, staring at the spot where Darcy had been sitting a second ago, and looked down at Lambert, who lounged on the floor nearby. And feeling her gaze, he looked up and gave her a shrug.

Jane closed her eyes with a sigh then opened them back up and looked down at her phone, biting down on her lip in thought.

‘Well here goes nothing.’

Deciding to get this phone call over with, she raised her phone up to her ear and spoke.

“Hello?”

“Well it’s about time you answered your phone, Jane. I thought I was going to be stuck with talking to your intern all afternoon long—not that I find anything wrong with that, but I called to talk to you, not your lovely little interesting friend. And great choice by the way! You sure know how to pick them,” a deep masculine voice, that sounded very jovial, said with amused laughter.  

The young woman ignored the little jab, which she knew was nothing more than a harmless joke, in favor of the man’s voice that sounded all too familiar to her, a voice that she hasn’t heard in years—since the end of her high school days in fact, and it simply left her speechless.

“Dante...” she breathed, feeling a little overwhelmed by the amount of emotions churning up to the surface. “You sneaky turd you, how did you get a hold of my number?” she asked with a watery laugh.

“Hey now, Little Starbeam, no need to get all sentimental and choke on me. You know how much I suck with crying girls, so please, no tears...” the man chuckled. “Anyway, it’s good to see—well, hear...hear from you too. You can thank the Kid for that. I asked, and after some...
thorough convincing, he gave it to me,” he continued but in a soft voice instead.

“So you’re torturing poor Nero now I see?” hearing somewhat of a sheepish laugh on the other end made her laugh too. “Oh Dante, you sure haven’t changed a bit,” she teased, slouching back in her seat.

“Is that a bad thing?”

“Not at all,” Jane replied with a small smile. “Are you using your cell or the other phone?”

“Cell. I believe you should know by now that I or the others never use the work one for personal calls.”

“I, err, sort of...forgot.”

A snort on the other end was all she received.

“Speaking of the others, how are they doing?”

“Okay I guess. But I’m not going to lie, it’s getting kind of boring around here since there hasn’t been any demon sightings for a while now, which means no missions for us. It really sucks ass,” Dante sighed.

“Maybe it’s a dry season?” she offered in slight humor.

“Tch, maybe...” he repeated with a drone. “Anyway, as lovely as this conversation is, that’s not the reason why I called you.”

Jane straighten up in her seat, all humor gone from her face, at the unusual seriousness in Dante’s voice.

“Then what is your reason?” she asked in a cool, professional tone of voice.

“Well, a little birdie of mine told me you had an encounter with S.H.I.E.L.D. not too long ago —”

“Wait, a little birdie of yours? S.H.I.E.L.D.?! How do know about that?”

“He’s a friend of mine that works in the organization, but he’s also a devil hunter that takes care of his hunter missions on the side.”

“And S.H.I.E.L.D. lets him?”

“Apparently so...” he said slowly. “Well, he told me that after your little adventure with the Norse God of Thunder, Thor or something, he felt something weird. Like a bad feeling.”

“Bad feeling?” Jane frowned. “Is he a sensor or psychic, or something?”

“Eh, kind of. His powers are within that area from what I know,” Dante explained. “He has a strange feeling that something big is gonna happen some time next year, and it partially has to do with some type of project his organization and Erik are working on.”

“Oh yeah...” she grumbled. “You’re talking about that project Erik got invited to, and wouldn’t tell me a damn thing what is was all about.”
“You sound a bit peeved there. You okay?”

Jane sighed and rubbed her forehead a bit.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just a little disappointed that Erik wouldn’t tell me anything, and I’m pissed at S.H.I.E.L.D. for not extending this invitation to me as well.”

“...Maybe it was a good thing that they didn’t.”

“And why would you say that?”

“He also said something about you being in danger. Or he feels that you’re gonna be in danger if you continue to stay in Puente Antiguo any longer.”

“Dante—”

“The guy’s powers are nothing to sneeze at, Jane. You and I both know how powerful people like that or people with any type of special powers can be, and my friend’s abilities have never steered him wrong before. I rather be safe than sorry...”

Jane said nothing. She can easily guess the final last words he never said: I know you’re not going to like this, but I want you to be safe, so I’m thinking about having you be relocated somewhere else. The young scientist knew he was only trying to look out for her, and she had a feeling that he must be feeling a little bit guilty at the fact that he wasn’t there when the town got attacked.

“When do you want me to start packing?” she asked in a resigned voice as she got up from her seat and pushed the chair in.

“Soon...I will send someone down there to come pick you up and bring you here.”

“Can Darcy and Lambert come too?” she quietly snapped her fingers near her dog to get his attention, and when Jane did, she motioned him over as she left the table.

“Sure, I don’t mind.”

“Alright,” Jane said as she and Lambert started making her way towards the back of the trailer.

“Hey look on the bright side, Little Starbeam, at least we get to hang out again. It’ll be just like old times. Plus, you can still see the stars out here in London at night too, and watch them if ya want.”

Jane laughed. “Thank you, Dante,” she said gratefully.

“It’s nothing...” he paused, which Jane rose at brow at. But she understood why once she heard the sound of a door opening and closing followed by two people conversing with one another. “Heh, it looks like Verge and Lady are back from wherever they went earlier, so I’m gonna go ahead and see what’s up with them. I’ll see you and your friends later when you guys get here.”

“Okay,” she said. “Tell them both I said ‘hello’, and tell Vergil that I said ‘he owes me’. He’ll know what I’m talking about.”

“Haha, will do! Later Jane!” he said with a boisterous laugh before he hung up.

Jane tapped on her phone with a few clicks and put it away.
“So we’re going to London huh?” Lambert finally spoke up. “I guess a change in scenery would be nice, aside from...you know...”

“Yeah...” she mumbled. “Go wake up Darcy and tell her the news while I go pack,” Jane ordered once they arrived at her room.

Lambert nodded, watching the young woman go inside and shut the door closed behind her. Without a word, he turned around, spotting the other closed door a few feet away that contained the sleeping political science major student inside and walked towards it.

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