

[six] not allowed to go

"**WHY ARE NONE OF THESE CABS STOPPING?**" Peter asked, as he held out his hand to try and summon a taxi.

"Because you're not doing it right," Nova said, pushing Peter's hand down.

"Alright, you show me how it's done," Peter said.

Nova grinned. She removed the cap that Peter had so kindly stolen for her, pulled the hair tie from her hair, and released it from its ponytail. Running a hand through her curls, she plastered on a smile and stood on the side of the road, holding out her hand to hail a taxi. ^{a1}

When one pulled up beside them, she grinned at Peter. "That's how it's done."

"Show o," he mumbled. ^{a2}

When they were seated in the cab and on their way, following just behind Logan's car, Peter turned to Nova. "So, what can you actually do?"

"Uh, I can control gravity," Nova said. "Funny story: Charles actually found me bouncing in my crib and then I just started floating. He said I sneezed and dropped and that it was, quote-unquote, 'the best thing he'd seen that day'."

"Some tiny child free-falling through the air does sound highly amusing," Peter said, bouncing his knee in agitation. "God, this is taking forever. I could've had us there by now." ^{a3}

Nova placed her hand on his knee, stopping Peter's leg from bouncing by applying more gravity. "Slow down, Speedy." ^{a4}

"That's awesome," Peter said, trying to lift his leg. "You're telling me you can slow things down?"

"Yeah, I suppose," Nova replied. "I just make the gravity a lot more dense and, uh, bingo. It's fun to prank Hank."

"Hank?" Peter asked. "The dude with the glasses?"

"Yeah, that's him," Nova nodded. "He's been like an older brother to me."

Peter smiled. "That's cute."

"I guess," Nova said. "It's just been me and Hank and Charles for so long."

"You don't have any friends?" Peter asked.

His tone wasn't mocking, teasing her for not having friends at seventeen years old. In fact, he seemed almost sympathetic towards her, like he knew exactly how she was feeling. Nova shook her head. "Nope, not really. Unless you count Fred."

"Who's Fred?" ^{a5}

"My imaginary friend," Nova replied. "I mean, he wasn't really imaginary, but he was. I made this doll move when I was a kid because I had nobody else to play with. It sounds so sad and creepy when I talk about it now, but--" ^{a6}

"It doesn't sound sad," Peter said. "Not at all." ^{a7}

"What about you?" Nova asked. "A cool guy like you must have loads of friends."

"Not really," Peter replied. "I'm pretty much a lone wolf kinda guy. I do have two sisters. I'm a twin and a little sister. They're pretty cool." ^{a8}

"You have sisters?" Nova asked, eyes widening. "What are their names?"

"Uh, my twin is called Wanda and my younger sister is called Lorna," Peter said. "She's cool." ^{a9}

"Cute," Nova smiled. "So, what do you say, Speedy? Should we make our friendless lives a little better by becoming friends?"

Peter grinned. "I'd like that very much, Zero." ^{a10}

"Zero?" Nova asked.

"Yeah, you know, like, zero gravity and all that?" Peter asked. "I couldn't think of anything else on the top of my head." ^{a11}

Nova laughed. "I like it," she held out her hand. "So? Friends?" ^{a12}

"Friends," Peter confirmed, shaking her hand.

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"What do you mean, I'm not coming with you?" Nova asked.

"I mean exactly what I said I mean," Charles responded. "You weren't even supposed to come with us to the Pentagon, but you did. I won't have you flying halfway across the world with me." ^{a13}

"But dad—"

"No buts," Charles cut in. "Nova, I love you, but you're seventeen. I couldn't live with myself if you got hurt because of me."

Nova frowned. "But what happens if you get hurt?"

"I can take care of myself," Charles replied. "But you need to do the same." ^{a14}

Nova swallowed. "But maybe I could help?"

"What did I say about the buts?" Charles asked, before he sighed and pulled Nova into his arms. "This is one thing I have to do alone. You can't come with me." ^{a15}

"Your dad's right, kid," Logan said, stepping forwards. "This could get dangerous." ^{a16}

"I'm dangerous." ^{a17}

Logan chuckled. "I'm sure you are, but someone has to make sure my rental car gets dropped on in the right place and doesn't go missing," with a pointed glance at Peter as he spoke, Logan continued. "We appreciate your help, kid, but it's better if you don't come along for this bit."

"You know what happens if you don't succeed," Nova said to him. "Tell me, is it bad?"

Logan's eyes darkened. "Yes. It's... It's bad."

"What happens to me?" Nova asked. "In the future? Your future?"

Logan cast another glance at Peter before returning his gaze to Nova. "I can't tell you that, kid." ^{a18}

Nova sighed. "Alright, go save the future."

She hugged Logan, and after a moment of tension, he reciprocated the gesture, appreciating Nova's kindness. She was a good kid, and Logan knew that she had a good head on her shoulders. He did remember Nova from the future, and although she had asked what happened, he didn't have the heart to tell her. ^{a19}

The Sentinels got her, just like they got everybody else, and Logan had never mourned a loss like he had mourned for Nova. She had the ability to truly touch the hearts of all those she encountered, but she could be just as lethal as a hurricane, tearing through anything in her path if her family or friends were in danger. ^{a20}

When he let her go, he ruled her hair. "You're a good kid. Stay that way."

"I will," she promised.

"And watch out for the klepto," Logan said quietly, pointing at Peter.

Nova giggled. "Will do."

Charles was standing before Peter, a grateful expression on his face. "Peter, thank you very, very much. You take care." ^{a21}

"Hey, I saw your flight plan in the cockpit," Peter said. "Why are you going to Paris?" ^{a22}

"Top secret," Charles replied, turning to Nova. "You be good, okay?"

"Am I supposed to get all the way back to New York by myself?" Nova asked.

"Uh, you can stay with me?" Peter offered awkwardly. "Until your dad comes back." ^{a23}

Nova turned to Charles. "Yes?"

Charles sighed. "Alright, fine. We'll pick you up when we come back."

"Cool," Nova grinned. "I don't feel like being alone in the house."

"Alright," Charles nodded, tossing the keys to the rental car to Peter. "Do me a favour and return it for me."

"Okay."

"And Peter?" Charles said. "Take it slow." ^{a24}

Peter chuckled, spinning the keys around his finger. "So, ready to go?"

Nova realised he was talking to her when nobody answered, having been too focussed on watching her father board the plane with Hank.

"Uh, what?"

"Ready to go?" Peter asked.

"Sure," Nova said. "Are you driving?"

"Only if you don't want to," Peter said.

"I'm quite happy being the passenger," Nova said, as she and Peter got into the car. "Trust me."

"Trust you?" Peter asked. "Why would I need to- whoa!"

The moment he slammed the door of the car shut, Nova closed her eyes and placed both hands on the dashboard. The car rose into the air, shooting skywards at an alarming rate. She slowed them down slightly to allow them to get accustomed to the air pressure, and once they were safely above the clouds, she turned to Peter with a grin on her face. ^{a25}

"You said Washington traffic was slow, right?" she asked. "Well, I fixed your problem."

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