**[12:20]>>Crudella Espheria: 1 sec, phoen.**

**[12:20]>>Crudella Espheria: \*phone**

**[12:20]You obtain 983 gil.**

**[12:20]You obtain 782 gil.**

**[12:20]You obtain 1023 gil.**

**[12:20]Zaeon Contala>> Ok, I’m gonna check out a vid then.**

Gavin fished up his phone from his pocket and answered, “Hello? ….what? You’re kidding me! No I haven’t been fucking filming myself when I have sex. Just… just gimme the URL. Wait, nevermind I’ll find it myself… probably on 4-chan or some shit like that.”

Gavin alt+tabbed from his online game and it didn’t take long before he found what he sought for. An extremely graphical, slightly blurry and dark video of someone who bore a striking resemblance to himself having sex with a brunette. After skimming through it he sat on his sofa, jaw wide open.

“That’s not me. …How can I just say that? Well first of all I fucking KNOW. I’ve never seen that woman in my life before. Plus, that guy looks nothing like me! No he doesn’t. No he doesn’t. No he doesn’t! I’m not gonna strip down naked for you for prove a point! You are my agent! You are not supposed to be second-guessing me!” Gavin grit his teeth as he leaned back with a heavy sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose together, “Do whatever you want with it… Yeah, I’ll talk to you later.”

Hanging up Gavin looked at his phone and slowly closed his grip on it. Crushing it completely as bits and pieces fell down between his fingers he proceeded to throw it in to the wall with such force the drywall cracked and the remnants of his phone planted itself deep within it.

**[12:24]>>Crudella Espheria: Sorry about that. Look, I don’t really feel like continuing this run atm. Something just came up.**

**[12:27]>>Crudella Espheria: Crud? You there?**

**[12:28]Zaeon Contala>> me herw. Its k, Imkinfda busy with sonethin myself <atm. Ttyl ok?=**

**[12:28]>>Crudella Espheria Oook… well. See ya tomorrow.**

**[12:28][FC]<Caylen Asti> lol! Hey Crudders! Didya see that 4-chan posted a sexvid of your idol? Lolz~ you can totally tell he’s Asian.**

**[12:29][FC]<Crudella Espheria > Said the man eith a press butoon as a penis!!1**

**[12:29][FC]<Caylen Asti> Stfu! It’s totally not!**

**[12:29][FC]<M’rien Sapphire> lol! Wth is with the typos crud? U fappin? XD**

**[12:29][FC]<M’rien Sapphire> Aren’t you in a dungeon with Zaeon? Use 2 hands ffs XD**

**[12:29][FC]<Zaeon Contala> We just quit. I’m off a while. Gotta get a new phone, I just dropped mine on the floor and the screen cracked! >.> Thank god for Wally World… or not really!**

**[12:30][FC] <Caylen Asti> See ya bro!**

**[12:30][FC]<M’rien Sapphire> Take care!**

**[12:30]Zaeon Contala>> see ya tmrrrow!!!1**

**Zaeon Contala has logged out.**

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“Can I help you with anything, sir?”

“Uh yeah, I’m looking for plaster… or something. To fix a hole in the wall,” Gavin said as he pulled down the scarf in front of his face a bit and turned to the young clerk who gasped a little as he just realized who the man before him was.

“Y-you mean putty? This way sir!” the clerk smiled and walked Gavin over to the next isle, “It’s a drywall I assume?”

Gavin nodded with a sigh, “Yeah. It’s not very big, at most three inches high and maybe one wide.”

“I understand, then this tube should suffice. It even comes with a small knife to apply it with,” the clerk said as he handed Gavin a large white tube.

“Thanks,” he smiled at the clerk.

“Ah! Um… Mr… Kirito, if-if you wouldn’t mind… could I have your autograph…?” the clerk smiled nervously.

Gavin responded instinctively with a glare, he definitely wasn’t in the mood for any celebrity crap. However, as he saw the startled expression of the clerk he quickly realized that it would be better to play along and be nice and his expression softened, “Of course. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to glare.”

The clerk let out a nervous laugh, “N-no worries!”

“Do you have anything I can sign with? Or… on?”

“Uh… yeah!” the clerk quickly took out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and a marker pen that he promptly handed over.

Gavin deftly signed the piece of paper and gave it back to the clerk who failed to hold back a squee of delight.

“Anything else?” he smiled softly.

“A-and… m-maybe a selfie?” the clerk asked as he bit his lower lip.

Gavin nodded calmly and the clerk fumbled out his phone, “H-here!”

Gavin took the phone and held it out as the clerk stepped up next to him hunching down slightly to be of even height with his idol. Gavin took the picture and handed the phone back, “That’s a nice phone. I actually need a new one… Suggestions?”

“Oh!! The HTC One M8 is an amazing phone! You would totally love it! We do have some in stock still, want me to show you?”

“Yes please.”

The clerk nodded quickly as he looked at the picture Gavin took of them both, “My boyfriend is gonna be so jelaous!”

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“Mm… that smell of an unboxed item,” Gavin sighed happily as he sniffed his new phone. He was standing on the nearly empty parking lot leaning against his car as he carefully closed up the phone again after putting his SIM card in to it.

“HEY FAGGOT!”

Gavin looked up and around and saw three big guys closing in on the clerk that had helped him. He quickly started running and the three men followed him in to an alley. Locking his car, he decided it was probably a good idea to follow them.

As he rounded the corner to the alleyway he saw one of them giving the young man who had helped him a hard kick in the stomach. Gavin pulled up his scarf and hood to hide his identity before stepping in to the alleyway.

“Fucking fag! You’re a disgrace to America!” one of them grunted as the man on the ground received another hard kick.

“Lay off him assholes!”

One of the assailants nudged the two others on the shoulder as he saw Gavin standing behind them, “Who’s the shrimp?”

The two others turned around as well, smirking at the small man.

“If you leave now, you might not need to visit a hospital tonight,” Gavin said as he took a step to the side, allowing the three thugs to leave but they just laughed out loud at him as their victim was writhing in pain on the ground.

“I was hoping you’d say that,” Gavin smirked under his mask as he cracked his knuckles, “I really need to punch something.”

“Perhaps you want to join the faggot on the ground,” one of them sneered, nodding to the others to attack.

The two thugs charged Gavin head on. Ducking under their haphazard swings, Gavin grabbed the one to the left hard by the shoulder forcing him down on his knees before punching the other one on the right so hard he flew backwards through the alleyway at least a good 20 yards before hitting the wall and crashing down on the trashcans below. He closed the grip on the remaining thugs shoulder and felt the bone give in as the man screamed out in pain.

“What’s the matter?” he said mockingly to the last one who was staring in utter disbelief at Gavin, “Aren’t you going to attack me?”

“F-FUCKING BASTARD!!” he screamed out as he pulled out a knife and attacked.

Gavin simply held up his hand in defense as the large man thrust the dagger right at his throat, the blade snapped as it made contact with Gavin’s skin and he grabbed the thug by his shirt and lifted him up in the air easily. Stepping closer to the wall he slammed the man in to the bricks, some of them cracking from the impact. The man hanging from his left hand let out a final scream before he passed out from the pain.

“You will NEVER hurt a single fly EVER again! Do you understand me?!” he growled as he looked up at the man who was trying to ease the pressure on his chest to no avail.

“Wh-what the fuck a-are you?!” he managed to gasp.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!” Gavin repeated, dunking the man’s body in to the wall two more times. He could feel the man’s ribs snap one by one.

“Y-yes! I.. understand! P-please! L-let me go!” he pleaded.

Gavin let go of his grip and dropped the man down on the ground with a thud. He walked over to the beat up clerk who had managed to sit up straight, looking wide eyed and slack-jawed at Gavin.

“Did they hurt you much? Because I can definitely hurt them some more,” Gavin said as he held out a hand to help the young man stand.

“Ngh… I-I’m ok. Thank you, thank you so much!” he stood up and pulled Gavin in for a hug.

Gavin smiled and hugged the man back as he would feel him shake.

“I-I thought I was done for, thank you…!” he sniffed as he pulled back, only first now noticing that the outfit matched the idol he just had helped inside the store, “O-oh… OH MY GOD!!” he almost fell down on the ground again, but Gavin caught him.

“Woah! Careful!”

“Y-you’re...!!”

“Don’t tell anyone,” Gavin whispered to him, “Please, it’ll be our secret,” he winked.

The clerk nodded feverishly as he tried to regain his footing.

“Come, let’s go to my car. We can talk there.”

Gavin led the battered young man back to his car and opened the door for him, allowing him to sit. He pulled back his hood and removed his scarf as well, letting out a sigh of relief, “Feel better? I-I’m sorry, I never got your name…”

“Keith Rogers. I-I can’t believe it, I got SAVED by Kirito. And don’t worry, your secret is definitely safe with me!”

Gavin smiled, “Don’t sweat it, assholes like that deserve a beating. You just got off your shift?”

Keith squirmed a little in his seat, then looked down as he mumbled “I was fired…”

“Fired? Why?”

“A manager saw me when I asked to take a selfie with you. Apparently that’s against company policy.”

Gavin frowned, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to get you in trouble.”

He waved his hand dismissingly, “It’s fine. It’s a crap place to work in anyway…”

“Listen, can I give you a lift home or something?”

“Y-you would do that?”

“Of course,” he smiled softly, “Or maybe you want to go to the hospital…?”

“No, it’s fine. I… I managed to protect myself pretty good… just gonna be bruised a few days… But nothing feels broken. B-but I would be honored to have you give me a lift!”

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“Thank you again…” Keith said shyly as Gavin stopped his car outside the apartment block where he lived.

“….no problem. In all honesty it was nice to let out some steam, I really needed that,” realizing what he just said Gavin quickly added, “I’m usually not a violent type! I promise!”

Keith let off a giggle, “Well I’m glad you were, today.”

“Oh… one minute,” Gavin reached over to Keith’s side and pulled out a small pad from the glove compartment. Writing in it he handed Keith a slip of paper, “Here you go. Since you’re out of a job now, you’ll probably need it.”

“H-huh…?” the surprised man took the paper and looked at it, it was a check written for $10000. Keith just screamed out as he read it, “OH MY GOD!! OH! MY! GOD!! Y-you can’t be serious?!”

“I actually kinda got you fired…” Gavin said with a slight shrug, “It’s the least I can do.”

“Oooh my God! You are the best!!” Keith threw his arms around Gavin hugging him as hard as he could, but quickly let up a little due to the pain in his mid-section. “Ow ow ow…”

“Take care Keith, and good night.” Gavin said as he hugged him back.