He stumbled into the room, head pounding. He wasn’t aware of the door closing; it was all he could do to keep his knees steady instead of crumpling to the ground. He managed to make it – no, not to the bedroom, to the sofa – and he laid down, unable to catch his breath.

He…he could never do that again. His thumb was in his pocket, rubbing against the cracked phone screen as if trying to soothe an itch. But for once, he hesitated. He couldn’t just text someone to make everything all better. He couldn’t just ask Reina for help, not this time.

His heart skipped. Reina. He needed to check his phone. On the way over here, he had felt the buzz in his pocket – no wonder, she must have been desperate for answers. *The cars…*

Did she know it had been him?

His eyes slammed shut as he fought back the tears. Stop. *Stop*. He had…had to…had to call…

He keeled over. Idiot. From the moment he had caught wind of these new powers, he had been happy, thinking this was a dream come true. Of course it had been a dream come true. Who wouldn’t love to move objects with his mind? It was like he had been living a fairytale, your modern day Hercules.

His phone buzzed, shaking and quivering, a reminder of how wrong he was getting everything. He hadn’t thought it through, why hadn’t he thought it through?

What’s worse is that he knew the law. You cause an accident, you stick around and communicate with the other crash victims. Except it wasn’t his fault. That’s what they would think. Until he ran.

He pressed his hands into his temples, as if trying to shove his brain out of his head. No. *No*. There would be no way they’d think it was him. He hadn’t even been the one driving.

His heart raced. His head felt dizzy. Was Reina going to get into trouble? What had he done?

He had been planning on telling Reina, too. She would have been skeptical at first – after all, who seemingly spontaneously gains telekinesis? But with a display, she’d have been shocked, then sold.

But now…an admission would be a confession. He closed his eyes, trying to breathe. He couldn’t tell her.

It hadn’t even been on purpose. Of course he hadn’t even done it on purpose. If it wasn’t so impossible, so far-fetched, so obviously out of a fairytale, he wouldn’t even have thought it was him that did it.

It wasn’t like the movies. He wasn’t a modern day Hercules. Those people in the car, launching forward in those seats, not understanding why their car suddenly froze in place with not so much as a screech or shudder, what would they think of him? What could they think of him, after getting hit from the back, from the side, by cars moving so fast they crumpled like a tin can?

Were they even…?

He took in a deep breath. He hadn’t given it any thought, not one thought. Dream come true. Hercules.

This wasn’t Hercules. These powers weren’t some miracle. They were a threat.

Eyes glazing over, he pulled the phone out of his pocket.