

## Stars Crossed

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# Stars Crossed

by [Sparky\\_Young\\_Upstart](#)

## Summary

The ISA has been defeated for a few months now, and Blue Valley's been quiet. Courtney and the JSA are still keeping tabs on the town, though, since the undertaking Jordan and company tried to accomplish is sure to attract undesired attention from other baddies out of Pat's past.

The Constellations are usually quiet for a few months between each other, so Team Sequinox is confident they can leave Westbrook for a few days in order to accompany Gel to Blue Valley for a Battle Bots tournament. She doesn't think she needs this much supervision, but the girls and Caiden are taking any chance they can to have a brief vacation.

Unfortunately for the JSA, they're about to fight a villain they have no experience with. Unfortunately for Team Sequinox, they're about to find out Stars don't always fall in Westbrook. And unfortunately for Blue Valley, they're about to play host to not one but two of the most chaotic groups of superteens ever seen.

## Notes

File this story under "the mortifying ordeal of writing characters that your friends roleplay on a regular basis". Also I'm pretty sure this fanfic is for exactly three people. Irrelevant! Also go check out Sequinox, it's a rad podcast (technically a podcast within a podcast, Cool Kids Table, #NonSpon) made by rad people that I'm very lucky to know.

Also I'm going to assume none of y'all know Sequinox so I'll lean into that a bit harder just so it's easier to get a handle on those characters. Long-story short: four magical girls based on the seasons and their Tuxedo Mask-esque aid Vivaldi fight personifications of the Constellations and Stars. They have an omnivorous fox.

Courtney yawned as she and the Staff flew back to her house. She hadn't been out long - not even an all-nighter like she had done several times just after the Injustice Society was taken out. But she had woken up several hours earlier than she needed to in order to take over patrol from Rick, who was happy to be away from his house in the middle of the night. Things were still quiet across Blue Valley, but Courtney didn't want anything to catch her or her family off-guard. Pat had been mistaken when he thought the Injustice Society had fallen apart, and that meant that he could be mistaken about other villains being retired or defeated. That's why Courtney was keeping her eyes peeled for any suspicious activity in town, be it petty crime or mysterious construction dealings or even odd animal behaviour.

(Beth had said that that was a bit of a stretch, and eventually Courtney agreed that the only reason the cows had looked suspicious was because she was tired.)

Without any action to keep her energy up, Beth had to take a few deep breaths in order to keep her eyes open. Carefully she guided the Staff to drift silently through her still-open window, not wanting any errant noise to awaken the rest of the family. She was so focused on the action that she didn't realize somebody was already up.

"Courtney, what are you doing?" her mom asked sleepily but sternly.

Courtney let out a little yelp and slipped off the staff, barely sticking the short landing to the floor. The Staff flew over to the corner of the room and dimmed as it leaned against the wall, trying to look innocent.

"Morning mom," Courtney said quietly. "How'd you sleep?"

"Don't dodge the question Court. Or should I say Star Girl?" Barb punctuated the question by gesturing to the costume Courtney was wearing. "Did you dad put you up to this?"

"No, Pat didn't do anything. This was all my idea." Courtney pulled her mask off, which was damp with sweat and morning dew. "Me and the others wanted to keep an eye on things just in case any other super villains decide to move in. But we do it in shifts so that we're not out there all night."

"Oh, so you've just been waking up at 3 in the morning to go 'patrolling' across the city without backup?"

Courtney bit her lip. "Yeah...but it's not a big deal! We haven't seen anything bad happen, so we're totally safe."

"If you're totally safe then you don't need to patrol as much." Her mom sat down on the bed and patted the spot beside her. Courtney sat as well, and her mom took her hands. "I know you and your team are doing important work. Trust me. I'd never ask you to stop. But you're lucky it's the weekend, because if this was a school day then you would be in big trouble." She sighed. "No wonder three of your teachers have called about you falling asleep in class."

"Only three?" Courtney asked excitedly. Her mom gave her a concerned glare. "I mean...yeah, I've fallen asleep in three classes...exactly..."

Her mom sighed again. "Okay. We need to figure out a new system for you guys to do your patrols, because it's starting to be detrimental to your life. The last Justice Society was able to have their own lives and still be super heroes, and I don't see why you four can't do that either. Do you understand?"

"Yeah," Courtney sighed before yawning again. "What time is it anyway?"

"It's still just after seven. You have time to have a little sleep. But I'm going to be waking you up by ten so that you're ready to get to the school by noon."

"Ugh, why?"

"It's your brother's Battle Bot tournament! It's a huge thing, a bunch of schools are coming in from out of state. Even Westbrook!"

Courtney nodded. "Right, sorry. Okay, I'll sleep a little bit." She laid back on her bed and almost said something else, but she was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. Barbara smiled softly as she saw her daughter curl up in bed. Her little hero. Her Star Girl. She hated seeing her so exhausted, but part of her knew that her daughter was at her best when she was keeping the city safe from chaos.

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"Chell, how many coffees have you had?" A small black-haired Japanese girl asked with concern.

"Just one! It was a big one," the driver, a buff and tanned girl with short ginger hair declared gleefully. "You should know by now that most of this is just my personality, Yuki!" Chell managed to step on the gas even more and rocketed down the highway.

"Okay, but you've tried to race seven cars since we left home. Now to be fair you did win those races, but also I'm quite certain that none of them were actually competing with you."

Chell turned to look at Yuki - physically turning in her seat, resting her elbow on the steering wheel for a bare minimum of control. "Yuki, I am overtired and over-caffeinated. The only way we're getting to Blue Valley on time is if I drive like this."

The car shuddered as it hit a rumble strip and Yuki lunged over to tilt the car back onto the main road. "You're driving the same as you always do! It's just worse because we're on a highway?"

"I'd argue it's better because there's less traffic," commented a pale girl from where she was lounging across the entire backseat. She had dark brown hair cut even shorter than Chell's and plenty of piercings in her ear. A small yellow-orange fox happily bounced on her tummy. "Plus we might see a moose!"

"There aren't any Moose in Nebraska, Sid." Yuki murmured.

"What's a moose? Can I eat one?" The fox asked. "Can I eat one?"

Sid shook her head. "Sorry Tellie, Mooses are animals. Oh, but maybe you can eat a dead one?"

Tellie stopped bouncing and cocked their head. "I don't think so? Technically, dead things are still food."

"Ew," Yuki murmured again. "Why didn't I go in the other car?"

Sid was suddenly sitting straight up and looming directly next to Yuki. "You could've, but we drew the short straws when we were leaving."

"You didn't even draw a straw! You volunteered!"

"Oh yeah," Sid said with a grin. "Well, actually I was voluntold on account of I'm the only one with a good enough sense of direction to get us to Nebraska without getting lost." She blinked and didn't turn her head when she added "Chell, take a left here."

Chell cranked the wheel and flew across three lanes of traffic to reach her exit. "I have a perfectly fine sense of direction."

"But do you know where Nebraska is?" Sid asked.

"Uh, duh! It's right between Nevada and New Hampshire."

Yuki buried her face in her hands. "That's not even alphabetically correct."

Chell ignored her and pulled her phone out to text while driving. "I'm gonna text the other car and make sure we didn't outrun them. 'Hey y'all are you still behind us? Let me know if you can still see me. If not I'll circle back. Burrito emoji, dragon emoji, dancing lady emoji. And send!'"

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In a different car, a beautiful black girl sat in the passenger seat and pulled out her phone as it beeped. "Hey Ethan, Chell wants to know if we can still see their car," Hannah asked tiredly.

"Still see the car?! " the driver almost shouted. He was an athletic young man with red hair and was currently whiteknuckling the steering wheel. "How do you not notice her? She's committing traffic violations like it's a contest!"

"It probably is for her," Hannah replied. "Why do you think I rigged the drawing of straws to get in here?"

Ethan paused. "Uh, because you like me?" he said meekly.

"Yes. But also because I like traffic safety."

"Same here," said a boy from the back seat. His features were a mix of Black and Korean, with a few earrings and a short, tightly curled haircut that said 'please don't judge me, I'm

trying to recover from hair crimes'. "Good driving is the only heteronormative thing I subscribe to."

"Y'all are cowards," said the younger girl sitting beside him. "It's the freeway! There's barely any other vehicles out here, which means there are no rules. It's like the Purge but for traffic!"

"Gel holy shit!" Caiden said in shock. "Where did you get that idea from?"

"Mom."

"There's no way in Hell mom would have said something like that to you."

Gel shrugged. "I don't know. Who was it again that crashed the car?"

Caiden closed his eyes and sighed. Hannah and Ethan, who knew full well that the reason Caiden had wrecked the car was because he'd crashed into a giant fox-demigod, stared straight ahead and said nothing.

"Are we there yet?" Gel asked as if she hadn't just obliterated her older brother.

"We'll get there when we get there," Ethan sighed. "Hopefully within the hour."

"I hope they have stuff to do in Blue Valley," Hannah added as she stared out the window. "I don't want my vacation to get ruined because there's nothing to do in Nebraska." She squinted as her eyes focused in on a large dark form in the distance. "Oh hey, a moose!"

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Seven beautiful women, skin all manner of inhuman colours, clad in outfits resembling torn metallic leather, stepped out into the still-quiet streets of Blue Valley.

"They're coming. I can sense them," said a small purple one.

"Ease up," warned a tall and lanky green one. "We shouldn't underestimate them."

"Heh, why not?" a little pink one giggled. "They're still weak from fighting Virgo! They'll be totally off guard!"

A matching pair, red and yellow, high fived. "Yeah!" "It'll be great!" "We'll show Gemini too!" "We're a way better duo!"

A muscular blue woman simply turned to the tallest of them all. "Well mistress? What's the plan?"

The leader, nine feet tall and shining a vivid gold, smiled softly. "We will wait. Soon the proper vessels will reveal themselves to us and we shall crush Sequinox in the name of the Night Queen."

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