**All-Seeing Avenger**

The two figures danced across the tatami floor. This was not a dance of gentle grips and whispers, but harsh grunts and flashing hands. Yet for all the latent violence in the knife-hand parries and iron-fingered jabs, there was an undoubted grace in the skimming feet as they circled and stepped for superior position on the field of battle. After some minutes of inconclusive back and forth, the two figures paused for a moment to take stock of each other. Then the met once more, only now they were moving fast enough that merely human eyes could no longer even see their hands beyond the briefest blurs. The warm-up was over.

Soon, assuming the theoretical observer had eyes that could keep up, they would see something beyond the superhuman speed. Flashes of light and blasts of wind started filling the room. The two fighters opened up space until they were standing well beyond arm's reach, yet their bodies still moved as if engaged in the most ferocious close combat. The disturbance reached a crescendo, culminating in a glowing sphere around the male figure, even as a net made of light created a protective barrier in front of the female. The two techniques met with a keening screech, before failing at the same time in a flash of light as a shockwave rattled the room.

As the dust settled and the light faded, it revealed the two fighters a respectful distance apart. The girl was breathing a bit harder, the rise and fall of her generous chest visible even under the loose training gi. She looked in her late teens and stood a five inches above five feet with a curvy figure and strong limbs, flawless pale skin and long midnight black hair that gleamed with health, and a pretty face made exotic by her obvious Japanese heritage. Outside her obvious beauty, her other unusual feature were her eyes, which instead of being the usual Asian black, was a shockingly pale shade of blue.

The boy facing her was young as well, the same age as the girl or slightly older. He was a well-built 5'9", but his features, including hair and eyes, were so very similar to the girl that any who met them would immediately guess them to be brother and sister, maybe even twins. They wouldn't be far wrong, as the two were cousins born to twin brothers. Features that made the girl beautiful did the same for the boy, but coupled with his obvious physical health they made him handsome instead of effeminate. The biggest difference between the two would be in their faces. Whereas the girl's face was expressive, easily given to smiles and laughter, the boy's mouth was a grim line, his features as still as marble.

After the two made the sign of reconciliation formula ending the spar, the girl stood waiting, looking at the boy in askance. After a moment the boy spoke, "Your Defensive Vacuum Palm technique is coming along nicely, Miss Hinata. But it's still a bit sloppy." A slight tilt of the head indicated a spot on the tatami mat, where a thin groove scarred the flooring.

Hinata's face fell. In their household, ki technique sparring took place in the same ordinary rooms as regular sparring, and for exactly this reason. The Hyuga clan took pride in the precision and elegance of their martial arts, and a proper Hyuga was able to unleash their full power without damaging their surroundings. For example, her cousin's side of the dojo was as pristine as before the spar had started.

After a moment of sadness, Hinata's face firmed up. "Not perfect. But still better than last time. And it was good enough to stop your Rotation technique! I'm getting there, Cousin Neji."

"You'd get there faster if you spent more time in the dojo, Miss Hinata."

"There's a fine line between training and obsession, Neji. And for the last time, it's Hinata. None of this Miss nonsense. It's the 21st century, even grandfather doesn't really insist on the old formalities anymore."

"As you wish, Miss Hinata."

Hinata rolled her eyes. Of all things, Neji had to be a fan of The Princess Bride. But underneath her outward show of annoyance, her heart was light as she saw the faint upward tilt to his lips. In spite of the frozen formality that he armored himself in, Neji was slowly coming out of his shell.

His father's loss had devastated the Hyuga clan. One of the strongest recorded masters of their family art, Hizashi Hyuga had died trying to contain the devastation unleashed on New York by the fight between the Hulk and the Abomination. Torn by anger and grief, the young Neji had blamed his father's death not on the monsters, but instead on his father's position as a member of the Hyuga branch family.

In spite of their current position as respectable Japanese-American businessmen (helped by their secret ki powers), the Hyuga family was still organized along lines that stretched back to their Zaibatsu days, and even older feudal roots. One of the foremost traditions was that executive power in the family corporation was wielded by the main family, with the branch family acting as retainers and assistants. And another tradition was that if twins were ever born to the main family, the younger would be immediately relegated to the branch in order to prevent future power struggles. It was this tradition that had placed Hizashi, twin to Hinata's father Hiashi, in the branch family - and which had indirectly led to him being on the front lines trying to hold back the raging beasts even as the rest of the family evacuated. It had been a heroic and honorable death, but that was scant comfort to the orphan son he left behind.

The matter had been made worse by Hinata's father closing himself off from everyone in his own grief. It had taken years of effort on the part of Hinata and her mother and sister to get the two males to open up and reconcile.

Now Neji was slowly regaining the dry humor that Hinata remembered. Hinata stretched and rubbed some of the bruises on her arms. "Well, I'm going out. It's the first day of break, and me and my friends are going to hang out and have fun. Want to come with, cousin?"

"No, thank you. I have some work to see to."

"Oh come on, I know you're on vacation from college. Besides, I know the girls would love to see you again...."

Neji's pale face seemed to grow a shade paler. "I just remembered your father asked me to check the books on the Harlem reconstruction. By your leave, Miss Hinata."

Hinata giggled lightly as Neji sped away as fast as dignity would allow. Then she went to get ready for her outing with her girl friends from high school. This was their last vacation before they were all off to college, and they were all determined to make the most of it.

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"Thor, of course," Hinata said. In her opinion there was no contest, the wild blond hair, the dreamy blue eyes, the powerful physique...

"He's a musclebound idiot," came the repressive response from Tina. The brown haired tanned young girl was a prodigy of their school's archery team, and also an unapologetic tomboy. Tall and athletic, she was the oldest of the four girls present, having been born very early in the school year.

"Excuse me," Hinata responded primly, "I thought we were talking about which hero was the hottest, not the most intelligent."

"Some of us find intelligence attractive, you know?" This statement by their third member Iris was punctuated by an arrogant flip of her long blonde hair. Only daughter to a big name in pharmaceuticals, she played the spoiled princess cheerleader to perfection, but underneath the blonde head was a sharp mind and a keen ear for gossip.

"Says the dumb blonde." That last remark came from their fourth member Sarah. A slim green eyed redhead with girl-next-door looks and a triangular face, Sarah had a volcanic temper and a voracious intellect behind her outwardly shy demeanor.

Iris immediately fired back, "Better dumb than flat as a board with a huge forehead. Are there actual brains behind that thing, or just a swollen ego?"

As Sarah and Iris devolved into bickering for the third time since the group had met, Hinata shared an eye roll with Tina and went back to her milkshake. In spite of the constant sniping, somehow the science nerd and the cheerleader were best friends. Hinata knew for a fact that Iris had decided on attending UCLA only after Sarah had gotten a scholarship to their molecular biology program.

Hinata was honestly a bit sad. After this summer they would all be heading their separate ways, and even with Facebook there's only so much you can do to keep friendships going over a distance. Funny, even though she was eighteen she didn't feel any more grown up. Hopefully ---

Hinata jerked up in her seat. Something about the world had changed. All Hyuga were sensitive to ki to a degree, part of their mystic heritage. The strongest of them were marked by the pale blue eyes which allowed them, with training, to peer into the flow of spiritual energy in the world. Hinata discreetly tilted her face away from her friends and focused on her eyes. Unseen by the others, her pale blue eyes turned a solid silver. Walls and obstacles became irrelevant as her vision of the physical world was replaced by the streamers of spiritual power that tied together every living creature and object.

In this state Hinata's vision could see out farther than an eagle, and as she watched she felt grow cold. She was not a master of ki manipulation, but she was learned, and what she was seeing was the world screaming the presence of something foreign, big, and very close.

Before she had to come up with some excuse to leave her friends so she could investigate, the television playing on one side of the cafe solved the mystery for her. A brilliant beam of light shooting up from the Stark tower to open a hole in the sky, and through that hole streamed out thousands upon thousands of creatures. Most bipedal on a variety of flying craft, but along with them were a few massive floating creatures, like giant armored worms.

"The fuck?" That was Iris. She was paging through her smartphone. "An alien invasion at the Stark Tower? Is this a hoax? That's less than ten blocks from here!"

For several minutes, the entire cafe fell silent, as all the patrons could do was stare and the TV or their phones, trying to come to terms with this shocking new development. Then something caught Hinata's mystic sense. Outside the window she saw one of the invader's larger crafts come down to a hard landing. Several armed grey-skinned figures leaped out. And they headed right for the cafe.

"EVERYONE DOWN!!" Even as she screamed her warning, Hinata tackled her friends down behind a booth just as a storm of plasma fire swept through the room.

For a moment that lasted an eternity, Hinata watched her friends screaming both physically and metaphysically, their hearts under attack from the sudden horror as much as their bodies from the storm of burning splinters. And then she made her decision.

The Hyuga traditions emphasized secrecy. Their mystic martial arts had allowed the Hyuga significant advantage in accruing wealth and power, but if knowledge of their abilities were to spread that advantage would be halved. As a sop to that secrecy Hinata tore of her shirt and wrapped it around her face. And then she leaped out in defense of her friends.

The closest invader turned to shoot her, but Hinata was already in melee range. A backhand knocked the weapon aside, and then an iron palm slammed into the creature's armored chest.

The armor didn't help. The Hyuga fighting style had been developed to take advantage of their ki sensitivity to attack their enemies on a spiritual level. The killing energy in Hinata's palm reached into the alien's torso, and convinced what passed for its heart to simply stop beating.

The creature's ki patterns were alien indeed, but there were enough similarities for Hinata to do a great deal of damage. She swiftly moved from one invader to the next, stopping hearts and severing nerves.

After a few seconds, the surviving enemies recognized the threat in their midst, and they turned their guns on her as one. That was exactly what Hinata wanted. Every shot fired at her was one not fired at someone defenseless. Cousin Neji might call her technique sloppy, but there was no denying its effectiveness. Streamers of ki emerged from her fingertips to weave a net in front of her, the net's edges sharp on a conceptual level. The net tore through the invader's projectiles, plasma bolts dissipating prematurely in midair. And then the net tore into the invaders.

After dispatching the first batch, Hinata set up a patrol around the cafe. There was nowhere to run, the entire city was under attack. So she instead defended the place that held all her friends, tearing apart any aliens who got close. In between she spared a worry for her family, but they were quite far from the epicenter, and had several fighters more experience than her.

Finally, after who knows how long, the portal closed and the surviving aliens all collapsed. Hinata didn't even question it. Instead, after checking on her friends one last time, she ran off to find her family.

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It was a week after the Chitauri invasion. All her friends and family had come out unharmed. Yet, Hinata was wishing she had died in the invasion. Or even better, never gotten involved in the first place.

The four friends were in Iris' family invasion, in Iris' bedroom. There on the 55" LED TV gracing one wall of Iris' room was a magnified image of Hinata in her heroic glory. One tattered shirt wrapped around her face, tight hip-hugging Lycra pants, and absolutely nothing in between but a skimpy black bra.

Iris was using the remote to point out parts of the image like a lecturer with a chart. "As you can see, apart from the long black hair and the body type and height that matches our friend, there is also the damning evidence of the breasts. How many girls can there be in this city of that age with breasts that big and that perky? Seriously, how the hell are those even real?! But the final clincher..." And here, to Hinata's mortification, Iris actually tapped on the chest of her image, "There is a beauty mark on the upper part of her left chest. A mark that Hinata herself bears, as I can testify by virtue of having shared a locker room with her for three years!"

Tina casually raised a hand. "Yeah, I seen it too in swim class."

"And thus!" declared Iris dramatically as she pointed the remote at Hinata like the finger of doom. "It is proven beyond a shadow of doubt that this masked big-breasted heroine is none other than our mild-mannered friend Hinata Hyuga!!"

Hinata groaned and buried her face in her hands as Sarah just looked on while munching popcorn. "All right, I admit it, just stop talking about my... that!"

"Of course, the bigger question now is how the hell you tore those critters apart like that," observed Sarah.

Hinata looked up and took a deep breath. "All right, let's get something straight. You guys cannot tell ANYONE, got it? The skills I used have been in my family for generations, and they're very big on secrecy. Not. One. Word. Capice?"

"My lips are sealed," said Iris, with Tina and Sarah adding their own voices to the vow of silence.

"Thank you," sighed Hinata. "Now can we please change the channel to something else?"

"Sure. But I don't really know how long your family's going to stay out of it. I mean, you are one of the hottest things on the internet," remarked Iris.

"What?" Hinata could feel the blood draining from her face.

"Oh yeah, lots of people caught your little one-girl crusade. You're the most trending thing after that new Avengers superhero team that just got announced, and most people are convinced you're a new member who hadn't gotten her costume yet." Iris had an evil grin as she manipulated the image on the TV through her phone. "In fact, they've already come up with a name for you, and it’s caught on like crazy."

Hinata could only stare in horror as her so-called friends laughed and cheered. It was the same revealing image as earlier, only now it was on a major news site and above it was a huge headline: **"The G-Cup Avenger."**