

Shard Warriors – Vol.1

Chapter 1

The doorbell rang. A loud, obnoxious chime that reverberated inside Halen skull. He winched at the sound of it, pushed down his annoyance as he walked through the apartment to go meet the girl who'd come calling.

He checked the door's camera on a little screen before opening it, a wide grin on his face.

There she stood. A beauty to behold.

Maya Decaso. Five foot, four inches tall. Bright blonde hair, long. Sapphire blue eyes. Pale white skin. Large bust contained under a tight pink t-shirt. Slender, athletic figure. Hobbies included soccer, swimming, hiking, art. Star student and all-round overachiever.

From the moment he'd first seen the girl, Halen had been infatuated. He'd known back then that this one would be his.

Her eyes widened when she saw him standing there smiling at her. His chest burned hot for a moment.

"Babe!" Maya squealed, leaping forward and tackling Halen with a tight hug. Her breasts squeezed against his ribs as her arms wrapped around his body. "I missed you so much!"

"Me too, Maya," Halen grunted, ignoring the stabbing pain in the centre of his chest.

She clung to him for a long few moments, head resting on his shoulder. Strawberry sweetness filled Halen's nostrils. He shut his eyes, enjoyed every silent moment of contact, of the closeness he had to this beautiful girl.

When she pushed away, his heart lurched.

"How're you feeling?" Maya asked, looking up into his eyes. "Better?"

"For the most part," Halen said with a nod.

His eyes flicked to Maya's chest, wanting nothing more than to feel that softness against his body again. But no. He had a job to do. *That* stuff would have to wait.

"You should have called!" Maya scolded, putting her hands on her hips, shaking her head. "Or texted. Your sister has been worried sick! We all have!"

"I couldn't," Halen lied. "I was too out of it."

Maya huffed, though it was clear as day she was far more happy than she was upset. The relief in her eyes, the love, far overshadowed her annoyance. Halen could *feel* the compassion emanating from the girl. The joy and gratitude that her boyfriend was okay.

If only she knew the truth.

"Do you want to come in?" Halen asked.

Maya huffed again, nodded her head.

He stepped aside, looked at her round backside as she walked past him and into the apartment.

"Things have been a little tough without you around," Maya sighed, hopping up to sit on a kitchen counter. "We've managed with just the four of us, it's not like we've been overwhelmed. It's just, without Red there, everything feels more chaotic."

"I know," Halen said, he'd seen the skirmishes. Watched them intently. Red was the group's leader. Without him there, they lacked coordination. "Would you like something to drink?"

"Hot coco, please," Maya said with a smile. "It's a good thing you're feeling better. Do you think you'll be back?"

"Afraid not," Halen said quickly, searching one kitchen cabinet after another. Where was the damned coco? "You'll have to cope without Red for a little longer. There's something important I have to do before I join you guys again."

"Over there," Maya nodded to a cabinet, eyebrows furrowed. "The hot coco is in that one."

Halen felt his cheeks turn pink.

This was supposed to be *his* apartment. Him not knowing where things were when Maya did...

He shook his head, opened the cabinet and pulled out the jar of coco powder. Got to making the beauty her drink of choice, his mind going over the plan once again.

"Are you sure you're feeling okay, babe?" Maya asked, voice laced with concern and caring. "If you need more time to recover-"

"I'm good," Halen blushed. "I just... I just need your help with something, Maya. Something important."

"Whatever it is," the girl said without hesitation, "I'll be there. You 'n' me 'til the end of time, remember? Whatever you need help with, you can count on me!"

"I need you to take me to the old ma- to my grandfather's old research lab."

"You know where it is?" Maya asked, eyes widening in shock. "I thought-"

"I found it," Halen said quickly. "It's outside the city. I don't know if it's the actual lab or if it's just an old safehouse or something, but we can figure that out when we get there."

"Have you told your sister?" Maya asked, eyes still wide. "Does she know?"

"Not yet," Halen shrugged. "I don't want to get her hopes up."

Slowly, Maya nodded her head.

"Okay," she said. "When do we leave?"

Pop music played softly, Maya humming along to it as she drove.

Halen had his phone out, was watching recent news segments closely. The sound was off, but he knew exactly the type of things the newscasters would be saying.

'Once more, our fearless heroes have driven off the mutated abominations. Blue and Green and Yellow and Pink fighting together. Again, no sign of Red. The mutant was first seen blah, blah, blah...'

Heroes. That's what the world saw The Five as. And what they'd seen The Grey as before The Five had come into the picture.

And the abominations, the Gemshard Monstrosities? Always the villains.

It was more complicated than that.

But the masses didn't care about complicated; all they cared about was the simple headlines. Five masked heroes fighting evil and protecting innocents from abnormally strong and fast, twisted former-humans.

The Five weren't heroes. Not even close.

On the screen, a clip played of Red – the leader of the five – facing down a Gemshard Monster. A caption read 'Where Is Red?' in big, bold letters.

Red stood just over six feet tall, though seemed so small in comparison to the towering, naked man in front of him. A man with dumb, hollow, impotent eyes. With muscles that bulged obscenely. Who had two Gem Shards embedded in his oversized chest; one orange and the other yellow.

Metallic red and white scales covered Red's body in diamond patterns, formed boots and gloves and a helmet. Save for the shiny, silvery belt around his waist, every inch of Red's body was covered in those tiny scales. The special suit that gave The Five their amazing, inhuman powers; and which allowed them to fight and beat the Gemshard Monsters.

The two figures on the screen lunged at each other, Red and the Gemshard Monster. And, though the Gemshard Monstrosity had every advantage, it was Red who came out the victor.

'Where Is Red?'

The leader of The Five. The greatest of the city's heroes.

Halen sneered at his phone's screen, turned it off and set it down.

"Turn left up here," he told Maya, voice cutting through her upbeat pop rhythm. "Down the dirt road."

"Are you sure?" Maya asked, glancing at her car's dashboard. "The GPS says it's a dead end."

"I'm sure," Halen grunted.

Maya turned down the dirt road, drove slowly over the uneven surface. Halen watched her out of the corner of his eye, resisted the urge to peek at her large chest.

"There's nothing here," the girl said when they reached the end of the dirt road. "It's just trees and a picnic area."

"Pull over," Halen said, chest burning. "And follow me."

Why here? What'd been so special about this place that the old man had turned it into... into whatever he'd built here. Lab, safehouse, bunker; Halen had no idea. He knew there was *something* here. Something *important*. Other than that, he was walking blind. Following the clues he and Mother had uncovered.

He stepped out of Maya's car, walked passed the open picnic area and towards a pile of brambles and bushes.

"Babe," Maya spoke softly. "There's nothing here..."

Halen ignored her, began kicking the brambles and bushes aside, pulse quickening as the trap-door underneath was exposed.

He heard Maya's inhaled breath.

And, just as he'd done the last time he'd been here, he reached down and opened the trapdoor – began descending down the ladder into the darkness below.

"What is this place?" Maya breathed, hopping off the ladder to stand beside him. "I've never..."

They were in a narrow corridor, the ladder on one end and a locked, reinforced, metal door on the other. Next to the door was a hole large enough to fit a person's arm inside. The lock mechanism.

Using his phone as a flashlight, Halen led the way to the door and its weird lock.

"Do you have your belt, Maya?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

The Five took their special belts everywhere they went.

"Of course," Maya answered. "Why?"

"Put it on," he told her, chest throbbing painfully. "I need you to morph into Pink."

"Right now?" She asked, already moving to comply.

She stripped off her pink t-shirt, reached behind her back to undo her bra. Halen stared feely as it dropped to the dusty floor, took in the sight of Maya's massive, bouncing breasts with their tiny pink nipples. The girl kicked off her shoes, pulled down her trousers and panties, removed her socks.

In less than a minute, she'd gone from being fully clothed to wearing nothing but a shiny, metallic belt with a pink disk at its front.

"Full Morph!" The girl called out, cheeks pink. Her voice echoed down the empty hallway as she reached for her belt's pink disk and pressed it.

Pink and white scales flowed out from underneath the belt, covering Maya's body like a second skin in seconds. They curled around her fingers to form white gloves, coated her feet and made white boots, wrapped around her head and created a metal helmet. The armour squeezed her huge breasts, gripped them in place.

"There," Maya said, voice sounding deeper and more robotic than it had moment before. "I'm morphed. Now what?"

"Put your arm in the hole next to the door."

A special key for a special lock.

When Halen had come here before, tried putting his arm in that lock mechanism,

nothing had happened. He'd worked it out quickly enough – only someone Morphed could open the door.

Who better than Maya Decaso?

With her, he'd be able to hit two birds with one stone.

Pink strode over to the lock mechanism, slid her arm into it without a hint of the worry and doubt that'd filled Halen when he'd done it himself yesterday.

There was a click, a mechanical whirring.

And the bulky, reinforced, metal doors creaked open.

"Do you think he's inside?" Maya's robotic voice asked.

"Probably not," Halen said, stepping forward through the now open doors. "But there's bound to be something here. Clues about where he went. Maybe even notes on how he made the belts. Come on, let's have a look."

"That's the last one," Halen huffed, dumping the final box down on the apartment floor. "Thank fuck for that."

"Since when did you get worn out so easily?" Maya laughed, not a hint of sweat on her brow despite carrying just as many boxes up the apartment complex as he had. "You're still ill. No point in trying to deny it."

"I... I am," Halen lied. "I'll be better soon, I just—"

"Nope," Maya beamed, poking him in the chest with her finger. "None of that. Until you're better, no more exertion. The rest of us can handle things without Red for a while. Who knows, maybe this'll be a good team-building exercise for us or something."

"At least I'll have plenty to read while I recover," Halen sighed, doing his best not to over-act the part of a sickly man.

He turned to look at the eight cardboard boxes. Each of them filled to the brim with documents and data. Information. Any one of them could possess the secret to creating more Morph Belts. Or, even better, the location of the old man himself.

"That counts as exertion," Maya scolded. "No pushing yourself, no reading all this. I'll give your sister a call and tell her, and she can be the one to read through—"

"No!" Halen shouted, froze, thought fast. "No. Don't tell her or any of the others. Not yet. Not until we find something solid. I don't want to get their hopes up only to disappoint them. For now, let's keep this just between you and me."

Again, the pain between his ribs. The burning, throbbing sensation. The ache and fatigue that followed it. The drain.

"Okay," Maya said, nodding her head slowly. "Just promise me you won't push yourself, okay? The more you exert yourself, the longer it'll take for you to get better, Red."

"I promise."

The two looked at each other for a long moment, a odd tension in the air.

"You should probably go to bed," Maya said, making no move to leave the apartment. "Get some rest."

"I should," Halen breathed, making no move to go to the apartment's bedroom.

Another moment of silence. The air heavy in his lungs.

"Would you..." Maya bit her lip, glanced down at the bulge in Halen's pants, "like some company?"

"Yes," Halen smiled. "Yes, I would."

Maya pursed her lips, took a step towards him.

"You're unwell," she purred softly, hands moving to Halen's shoulders. "Do you need someone to take care of you, baby?"

"I do..."

Maya tilted her head up, raised herself onto tiptoes. Halen craned his neck, pressed his lips to hers.

"You just lay there and rest, baby," Maya purred. "Let me do all the work. Just lay there and- Ooh..."

She sank herself lower down his cock, mouth open in a sigh of pleasure.

"I'll take care of you, baby," she moaned as his cock slowly filled her insides. "Just lay there and enjoy."

Halen planted his hands on her hips, stared up at her face as she smiled lovingly down at him. A beautiful girl on his cock, adoration in her eyes.

"God, I love your tits," he told Maya as she started riding him.

She giggled, tits jiggling.

"You like watching them bounce, huh?" She smiled. "Want me to make 'em bounce for you?"

"Yes," Halen grinned – worries and fatigue fading away.

Maya lifted herself up, slammed her body back down. Every motion causing her tits to jump and bounce. Huge, sweaty globes dancing for Halen. His to play with.

He swatted his hand out, slapped Maya's massive jugs.

"Ah!" The girl gasped, eyes widening. She moaned, bounced even harder on his cock. "You've never done that before," she purred. "Do it again! Spank my titties baby. Make 'em jiggle!"

Maya's moans filled the apartment, her sighs and pants of pleasure echoing down the hallway beyond.

Halen slapped her tits again and again, the sight of them turning pink then red fuelling his desire for more. He grabbed hold of her body, pushed her over and climbed on top of her, holding her legs apart as he thrust into her.

"Oh baby!" Maya moaned, matching his pace thrust-for-thrust.

The blonde's body shuddered, spasmed as one orgasm after another rocked her. And still Halen kept going, not relenting. He might not have the strength or speed or stamina a Power Belt provided, but he knew how to *fuck*.

And that's what he did. Fucking Maya Decaso relentlessly. Forcing orgasm after orgasm upon her until all thoughts emptied from her mind. Until all that was left was a shuddering, twitching mess of a woman. A beauty with massive tits splayed out on the bed, panting heavily with a wide smile on her face. Naked save for the silvery belt with its pink disk front.

"If *that*," she breathed out minutes later, "is what happens when you get ill..."

She moaned, twitched, didn't finish her thought.

Halen kissed her lips, her neck.

"Tell the others I'm okay," he whispered into her ear. "But don't tell them anything else. Don't tell them where we went today, what we found. Okay?"

Slowly, Maya nodded her head, smiled at him.

"I love you," she breathed softly.

"What've you found?" A woman's voice asked.

"Hard to say," Halen answered into his phone. "Maybe something, maybe nothing. I'll have to read through all the documents in the boxes first. So far, I haven't found anything worth mentioning."

"Keep looking," the woman told him. "If you can't find anything, send the boxes to me. There might be things you miss that I won't."

"I won't miss anything," Halen growled.

"Regardless, I want those documents. Anything that might lead us to the stolen research is worth pursuing."

"Yes, Mother."

"And the others, are any of them suspicious?"

"I've only made contact with Pink. Green, Yellow and Blue are worried, but I don't

think they suspect anything. And Pink has absolutely no idea. She's surprising susceptible."

"Try to keep it in your pants, Halen. You're not there to get your cock wet with Maya Decaso. You're there to-"

"I know, Mother. I know."

"The ruse won't last forever, and it'll only work the once. Don't waste it on getting laid, Halen. Your grandfather-"

"I *know*," Halen sighed.

"Good."

"Have you gotten anything from our 'guest' yet?" Halen asked.

"No," the woman answered, voice harsh. Angry and annoyed at being unable to break him, no doubt. "He's proving remarkably *resilient*. But no-one lasts forever. They all snap eventually."

"They'll come for him, when they find out the truth."

"And they'll be too late. Get to work on those documents, Halen. Read them, record anything of note, learn everything you can. I want his head, Halen."

"Yes, Mo-" She ended the call "-ther."

Halen sighed, set his phone down, turned his attention to the many boxes filled with documents.

"This had better be worth it, old man," he groaned.

But groaning would get him no-where. And, much as he'd enjoyed the hours spent in bed with Maya Decaso, there were far grander prizes to be uncovered than that pretty blonde's pink pussy. Grander prizes than *any* pussy.