

Shard Warriors – Vol.1

Chapter 2

Halen sighed, tossed yet another stack of research notes down onto the 'useless shit' pile. So far, that was the *only* pile.

How could there be so much here – enough documents to fill *several* boxes – yet none of it was in any way useful?

Everything he'd read so far was information Halen already knew.

Orange Shards gave people super-strength. Yellow Shards gave them super-speed. Green Shards allowed for rapid cellular regeneration. Multiple shards applied to a single person caused irreversible mutations. Other Gemshards existed, though information on those was lacking in the old man's documents.

Nothing at all on the Purple Gemshards.

Nothing on the Morph Belts, either.

And, as of yet, not a single hint as to where the old bastard was – where he'd run off to. No clues. Nothing.

Mother wasn't going to be happy.

Halen opened the next box up, snatched the first file from the stack of papers inside, laid back in bed, began reading.

Hours flowed by.

Daylight turning dark, pleasant evening morphing into chilly night, the noisy city streets outside quieting to deathly silence. And all the while, Halen read. Searching line after line of data and scientific research for any kind of clue. Any hint at all that might lead him to the thief who'd stolen Halen's birthright.

He discarded one document after another, moving on to the next without pause. He didn't check the phone as it vibrated, didn't worry or think about anything else.

Mother was right. The ruse wouldn't last forever. This might be their one and only chance. He *couldn't* waste it.

And, finally, after searching for two days with minimal sleep and no contact with the outside world, Halen found it. His lead. A clue to follow.

It might be nothing. It might be something.

He wouldn't know until he saw it through.

"Hey baby," Maya smiled, wrapping her arms around Halen. "It's been a few days, I was beginning to worry again."

"I know," Halen grunted, resisting the urge to grab Maya's massive tits. "I've been busy."

"Did you find something?" Maya asked, ending the hug and taking a step back. She gazed up into Halen's eyes, a wide smile on her face.

Too beautiful.

The girl was as radiant as ever. A stunning sight to behold. Bright blue eyes and flowing blonde hair. Pale skin and pink lips. A bust so ample and generous that it took considerable willpower for Halen to not stare at it every time he saw her. She was short and slender, the kind of girl that made a guy want to protect her.

Only this girl didn't need protection. She was more than capable of looking after herself.

Like the last time he'd seen her, she was wearing pink. This time a hoodie instead of a t-shirt. A plain, pink hoodie.

Why did they do that?

It wasn't just Maya, it was the others too. Green and Yellow and Blue. They all wore their suit's colour in everyday life. As if they wanted the world to know who the masked 'heroes' were. Or maybe it was an inside joke. Pink wearing pink and Blue wearing blue

and so on.

Halen shook his head, pushed the thought aside.

"Yes," he said, looking into Maya Decaso's eyes. "I think so."

"Cool," Maya beamed. "So, where're we going?"

Halen smiled.

Always nice to have a willing assistant. It made everything so much simpler.

He stepped out of the apartment's doorway, shut and locked it.

"Come on," he told his beautiful girl. "I'll tell you on the way. Do you know where Melrand Bank is?"

"Sure," Maya's gentle voice spoke behind Halen. "It's where-"

"I need you to drive me there," Halen told her. "Gramps set up a lockbox there a few years ago."

"You think he left a note there?" Maya asked hopefully. "Maybe instructions on how to find him? Or why he left in the first place? Babe, what if-"

"I don't know," Halen grunted. "There's only one way to find out. Come on."

"I'm sorry, sir," the bank manager repeated. "The lockbox you've requested is leased to Malcolm Morose. No-one else may access it."

"You don't understand," Halen sighed. "Malcolm Morose is my grandfather. He's missing. I believe whatever is in his lockbox might help me find him. You *have* to let me see it."

"I'm sorry, sir," the bank manager repeated yet again. "The lockbox in question is leased to Malcolm Morose. No-one else may access it without the owner's expressed consent."

Annoying, but what other choice did he have?

Halen's chest burned as he spoke next, eyes hard on the fat, disinterested bank manager.

"I *have* Malcolm Morose's permission," Halen stated, wincing at the burning pain between his ribs. "I'm his grandson. And I demand to see what's in that lockbox."

The bank manager opened his mouth, paused, shut it again. He nodded his head slowly.

"Of course, sir," he said. "Right this way."

Halen stumbled as he followed after the bank manager. Maya was at his side in an instant, helping him stand up straight. And, though there was obvious confusion on her face, her eyes glowed with love and concern.

"What just happened?" She asked under her breath as they followed the manager. "He wasn't going to let us... Then..."

"Don't worry about it," Halen breathed, chest throbbing. "I'll tell you later. For now, lets just see if there's anything important here, or if it's all been a waste of time."

The bank manager led them into a large room with a metal table at its centre. Lockboxes lined the walls on all sides, all numbered and neatly organised. Without saying a word, the bank manager retrieved one of the boxes from the wall, set it down on the metal table, and turned to Halen.

He opened his mouth to speak.

Again, Halen's chest burned.

The bank manager froze, shuddered, turned and left the room.

"Come on," he told Maya before she had a chance to wonder about what'd she'd just witnessed. "Lets see what's inside this thing."

The lockbox wasn't big. It was, in fact, surprisingly small.

Not large enough to fit more documents inside.

In order to unlock it, there was a four-digit locking mechanism. Thankfully, the code had been written on the same document that'd mentioned the lockbox in the first place.

Bread crumbs intentionally left by the old man, or pure coincidence?

Halen entered the code in, smiled as the locking mechanism clicked. And, heart pounding, he opened the box.

Inside were three small objects.

A key. A hunk of silvery metal. And a paper note.

Halen's eyes widened.

That metal. It couldn't be...

The same strange metal that the Power Belts were made from?

If it was-

No, he was getting ahead of himself.

The key. What was *that* for? What could it possibly unlock?

And the note. What secrets might it contain?

Smiling, Halen picked up the key and the small hunk of metal and the note, pocketed them all.

"Babe?" Maya said, eyes on Halen's bare crotch. He was naked from the waist down. "Where's your Belt?"

Ah. Of course.

The Five were meant to wear their Morph Belts at all times. So they'd always be ready to deal with any threats that arose – take down any Gemshard Monsters that were unleashed on the city. Of course Pink would want to know why Red wasn't wearing his.

"I'm..." Halen thought fast. "I'm not ready to wear it again. Not yet."

Maya's eyebrows knit together.

"Don't worry," he added quickly. "It's safe."

His chest burned as he said the words.

Dangerous. Using his power so much in one day... It wasn't wise, to say the least. But what else could he do? Tell her the truth?

Just the thought made Halen want to laugh.

"You've been acting kinda strange recently," Maya noted, sitting up in bed. "Not like yourself."

Halen's eyes were instantly drawn to the girl's naked chest, her massive tits with their cute, pink nipples. The way they swayed as she sat forward, stared at him...

Concentrate.

"I've been going through some stuff recently," Halen managed to choke out, eyes lingering on the girl's bust. "A lot of stuff. I can't really explain it right now, but..."

Tits. Yummy, juicy tits.

He wanted to reach out and grab them, squeeze them, play with them. He wanted to-

Focus!

"I'm... *Red* isn't doing okay right now."

That, at least, was the truth.

"Talk to me," Pink said, the soft, sweet kindness in her voice was too much to bear. "Babe, I'm here for you. Whatever's going on, you don't need to go through it alone."

Halen forced his eyes away from Maya's chest, made himself look down at his own body.

Black t-shirt on, and nothing else.

Cock rock-hard, ready to take another go on this pretty, sexy bitch. He wanted to make her scream, make her beg for his cock. He wanted to fuck her. Pound her. *Destroy* her.

"Thanks," he uttered the word like a curse.

"Baby?" Maya spoke, voice laced with concern. "Are you okay?"

"Bend over," Halen breathed before he could stop himself.

"Babe?"

"Bend," he repeated, chest burning, "over."

Maya blinked at him, rolled over in bed and got onto all fours.

Halen fell to his knees, clutched his chest.

He groaned, grunted, pushed himself back to his feet. And, staring at the big, round ass in front of him, the little hint of a pink pussy, he climbed onto the bed behind Maya.

She gasped as he grabbed hold of her waist, pulled her ass back onto his cock.

"Sir," he stated, hunching over to kiss Maya's back. "No names. Just 'Sir' and 'Slut'. And we both know which of us is which, don't we?"

"Mmm..." Maya moaned. She nodded her head.

"Good slut," he smiled.

"Yes, sir," she cooed back at him.

He took a fistful of her bright blonde hair, started thrusting.

"Ever tried anal before?" Halen asked, fingertips drawing little circles on Maya's butt-cheeks.

Crumpled face-first on the bed as she was, she couldn't look directly at him. She did, however, wiggle her body and tilt her head to one side, glancing at him out of the corner of her eye.

"You know the answer to that question already," she said softly.

"I do?"

Maya pushed herself up onto her elbows, looked over her shoulder at him.

"You're the only guy I've ever been with," she stated simply.

"Right..." Halen coughed. "So, no anal then?"

"Nope. And before you ask, no. I'm not ready to try *that* kind of stuff yet. Maybe in a few-"

You want to try anal, Halen thought at her, agony bursting between his ribs. *The idea of being ass-fucked makes you horny.*

He collapsed on top of her, clutching his t-shirt clad chest and holding back the cry of pain that'd trapped itself in his throat. His body weight pushed Maya back down onto the mattress, the strawberry scent of her hair filling his nostrils as he fought to regain control of his muscles.

"Baby?" Maya's concerned voice echoed in his ears. "I knew it, you're not okay. That's it, I'm calling Jenny and-"

"Spread your butt-cheeks for me," Halen commanded her. Not using his power this time. He'd already pushed it way too far today. "I'm going to fuck your ass."

"But..." Maya breathed, taken aback. "I said I'm not ready. I..."

"I know," Halen grunted, pushing himself back up. "I'm going to fuck you there anyway."

Maya let out a soft, surprised gasp.

The sound of it, the arousal behind it, was musical.

Slowly, with shaking hands, Maya reached back and squeezed her butt-cheeks, spread them open to expose her little, puckered anus.

Halen's cock, already rock hard and lubricated with Maya's cum, needed no more invitation than that. He guided it forward, pressed the tip to Maya's butt-hole. She tensed as he slowly pushed forward – the tip of his cock spreading her flesh open.

"Relax," Halen said as more of his cock's head disappeared inside Maya's virgin hole. "It'll be so much easier if you-"

"Ahh!" Maya cried out as Halen thrust forward.

His cock-head sank inside Maya in one go, followed by another inch of his cock. The tightness was overwhelming. He gripped onto her waist harder, pushed deeper inside her.

"Oh God," Maya gasped. "I don't... I... J-"

"Bite down on the pillow," he told her. "Trust me."

Her entire body was tense and rigid as she did as he'd instructed, sinking her teeth into a sweaty pillow.

Smirking, chest warm and tingly, Halen began to thrust – each time burying more of his length inside the girl. He didn't take it slow, wasn't gentle or kind. He let the instincts inside him take over, the desire and lust and hunger. He fucked Maya hard and deep, slapped her ass for good measure.

Naked save for her Power Belt, her tense muscles were clear across Maya's body. A strong, lean figure. One earned from months and years of exercise and training.

She grunted and gasped into the pillow. Wincing as Halen had his way with her.

"It'll be over soon," he promised her, speeding up at the sight of her obvious discomfort. The hunger within in full control now. "You're doing great, Slut. Just a little more..."

Halen stood in the shower, eyes shut as water beat down on his sweat-coated body and filth-covered cock. His body felt exhausted in a way it hadn't in a very long time. His mind felt slow and sluggish, the after-effects of using his power in full force.

But it'd been worth it.

To fuck Pink like that. To have his way with her. To take something from her that no-one else had.

She was cute, beautiful, kind. The type of girl Halen had always wanted. Wife material to her core. Maya was the kind of girl destined to be a great mother, a stay-at-home wife in a house with a white picket fence. She belonged in the kitchen, not on the streets fighting monsters in a super-hero suit.

Halen wanted that for her. Happily married with two and a half kids and a family pet. The ideal life.

But he also knew it could never be.

Mother would never allow it.

Maya Decaso would never be Halen's. *Could* never be his.

This life he was living? It was a fantasy. And one that wouldn't for long. Soon, the walls would come down...

Halen sighed, opened his eyes.

He finished up in the shower, stepped out into the steamy bathroom. Towel in hand, he began drying off – eyes never leaving the misted bathroom mirror.

It was too blurred and hazy to bare much of a reflection. Just hints at colour. The pale skin of his torso, his dark hair.

Only when he was done drying himself with the towel did he swipe the mirror with it, wipe away the mist that'd clung to it. And there, staring back at him, a perfect reflection of himself. Halen, utterly naked save for the Purple Gemshard embedded between his pecs.

No wider or longer than a marble, trapped in his flesh so that none of it protruded outwards. Emitting a faint, purple glow. So similar to the Gemshards that turned regular people into mindless monsters yet, at the same time, so very, very different.

Orange gave physical strength, yellow gave speed, green gave regeneration. And purple? Purple gave control.

Halen made sure to put a shirt on before leaving the bathroom.

Maya had already left, but there was always the chance that she'd come back – let herself in without warning. And the very last thing Halen needed was for Pink to see his Purple Gemshard.

He stepped out of the bathroom, walked to the bedroom wearing nothing but his black t-shirt.

On a side-table, waiting to be read, the note he'd found in the old man's lockbox.

What better time than now?

He sat down on the bed, opened the piece of paper.

"Jason, Jennifer, Abigail," Halen read quietly. "If you're reading this, things have taken a dire turn indeed. I'll not say much here, for fear of this letter being intercepted, but know that this key will unlock more than just a door. Take it to the place where all this began. And I'm sorry, to you and your friends. The Grey."

'The place where it all began'?

What the fuck was *that* supposed to mean?

"I'm getting closer," Halen said, ignoring the screams in the background of the call. "I'm going to have to use the power on either Jennifer or Abigail, find out what the old man meant. But I'm—"

Another scream. A man's wail of pure agony.

"Don't overextend yourself," Mother's voice came.

"Yes, Mother."

"The metal you found," Mother said, the sound of her high heels clacking on tile flooring. "I want you to bring it in. If it is what you think it is, who knows what our researchers will discover from examining it."

"I don't think that's wise," Halen said, a tingle of dread running down his spine. Disagreeing with Mother? That rarely ended well. "I think the metal might have something to do with the message the old man left. It might be a key of some sort."

Silence.

Not even the wails of the tortured.

Just absolute, all-encompassing silence.

Halen gulped.

"Fine," Mother said at last. "I'll trust your judgement. This time. But if you fail, Halen. If you *lose* that metal..."

She didn't need to finish the threat. Halen's imagination was more than adequate enough to do that for her.

"Yes, Mother."

"Is there anything else?"

Some young, stupid, hopefully naive part of Halen wanted to speak up. Ask for her to spare Pink. To spare Maya Decaso.

But there was no point.

He knew what she would say. He knew how she'd punish him for speaking such a stupid idea.

"No, Mother," he said instead.

She hung up on him without another word.

Halen sighed, set his phone down, laid back in bed and opened the special note again. He read through it again and again, searching for any hidden message or meaning.

He found none.