

Shard Warriors Vol.1

Chapter 3

The image on the screen was dramatic, to say the least.

A dozen Shard Monsters – mutated humans; some with extra limbs, others unnaturally huge, others still with scales instead of skin or coats of fur. Each one with at least two coloured Shards embedded in their chests; Yellow or Orange or Green, or even all three combined.

And, across from those monstrosities, stood The Five in all their glory.

Red at their head, tall and strong – his red and white metal suit glistening in the sunlight. Green on Red's right; her petite, athletic frame and small bust clearly defined under her own green and white suit. On Red's left stood Yellow, another female, with a bigger bust than Green and the largest bubble-butt of the gang. On either wing of the formation were Pink and Blue. The bustiest of the bunch, and the only other male in The Five.

The two forces were staring at each other. The Five still and confident, the Shard Monsters fidgety and eager for a fight.

When the largest of the Shard Monsters lunged, Red launched himself forward to meet the attack. Dizzily fast, impossibly strong. The two – man and monster – collided with enough force to crack the asphalt beneath them.

A heartbeat later, the monster was stumbling backwards while its brethren charged forward and the other members of The Five dashed forward to meet them.

Halen paused the clip, pursed his lips.

The suits. It was the Power Belts. Somehow, they negated the adverse affects of the Shards while simultaneously utilising their strengths.

He'd seen Mother's experiments. Had assisted in more than a few.

He knew the research.

No human host could contain the power of two or more Shards. The moment a human body was embedded with a second Shard, it underwent mutation.

Yet the Power Suits somehow gave their wearer's access to the powers and abilities of *three* Shards. Orange's strength, Yellow's speed, and Green's regenerative capabilities. No mutations, no adverse affects; just raw, controlled power.

How?

He shook his head, played the next – older – clip.

A single Shard Monster this time. Three Shards embedded in its scaly chest. Tall and strong, with a large lizard-like tail and a deformed face.

And, instead of The Five, only one Shard Warrior stood to oppose it.

The Grey.

Wearing a grey and white suit, just like The Five. Only his suit included shoulder pads and a flowing grey cape.

The old man, showing off for the crowd of onlookers.

Malcolm Morose.

Otherwise known as Robert Finnegan.

Thief and murderer, masquerading as a hero.

Where in the hell had the bastard run off to? And why hadn't he told anyone? He'd just upped and vanished one day without a trace. The only man in the world who knew how to make Power Belts, disappeared like a ghost.

"I'll find you, fucker," he promised the image on the screen. "I'll-"

The apartment's doorbell rang.

Halen froze at the sound, let out a sigh.

He rose to his feet and walked through the apartment, his mind filled with swirling thoughts about the old bastard. Where could the fucker have possibly gone? He stopped

at the apartment's door, planted a fake smile on his face, opened it.

His eyes widened in shock.

"Hey baby," Maya Dacaso grinned at him. "Surprise!"

It wasn't Maya that Halen's eyes were drawn to, however. It wasn't the busty blonde that made his heart stop dead in his chest. Nor was it her that stunned him speechless.

Jennifer Morose blinked at him, looking just as stunned and shocked as Halen felt. Her eyes bulged in their sockets, her body tensing as she took a step backwards, assumed a combat-stance.

"Maya, that's not Jason," she growled. "That's Halen Ven-"

The agony that exploded in Halen's chest was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. He formed his will, moulded it in an instant, threw it at the two girls in front of him, bombarded them with his Purple Shard's power.

All three of them stumbled in unison.

Maya and Jennifer recovered easily enough, Halen did not.

He dropped to his knees, grasping his t-shirt over where the Purple Shard was embedded in him.

"Babel!" Maya cried out, rushing forward to him.

"Jason!" Jennifer gasped, shocked at seeing her 'brother' so weak.

The two of them led him inside the apartment, his legs shaking. He tried to focus on what they were saying, tried to act as normal as he could under the circumstances. But, in truth, it was taking every ounce of willpower he had not to succumb to and lose himself in the Purple Shard's endless temptations.

"The place where it all began?" Jenny repeated, lips pursed.

"It's what the note said," Halen mumbled weakly. "I can think of a few places it might mean, but I wanted to hear your thoughts first. Where do you think Gramps could've meant?"

"I don't know, Jason," Jenny said, shaking her head. She gazed at him with concern, eyebrows knit together, lips curved into a worried frown. "Are you sure you're alright?"

"I will be," he grunted. "I just need your input, is all."

"Where it all began..." Jenny closed her eyes, thought about it for a few moments. "It could be a few different places."

Halen remained silent, mustering up whatever energy he could find within himself. Using the Mind Shard like he had... It was dangerous. He'd had no other choice in that moment, didn't have the time for more intricate and subtle workings. But, if he wanted to keep his sanity intact, he'd need to be much more cautious in future. Jennifer Morose being at the door? It'd been unexpected, to say the least.

"It could mean the headquarters. You know, where we first found out that Gramps was The Grey and he told us everything. Or it could be the docks, that abandoned warehouse where we put on and used the Morph Belts for the first time. Maybe the place of our first battle? Or even The Grey's first appearance? I don't know..."

It wasn't either of the last two options.

Halen had already thoroughly check both locations; where The Five had fought their first Shard Monsters, and the street where The Grey had done the same. Neither area held any hidden secrets, nor anywhere the old man's key would fit.

The headquarters and the abandoned building, though?

Those sounded a lot more reliable as leads.

"Take me to the abandoned building, where we first used the Belts," he told Jenny, his chest aching with each word.

"Sure thing, Jason," she smiled.

He ignored the burning in his chest, pushed aside his worries of over-using the

Purple Shard - turned to Maya, who'd been silently listening this whole time.

"You should go," he said, Shard throbbing as he used its power. "Me and Jenny can do this alone."

"Okay," Maya nodded her head, rising to her feet. "I'll leave you to it. Good luck!"

As she left, Halen turned to Jenny.

He shouldn't do it, knew that it was a bad idea. But the temptation was too overwhelming. The Shard's compulsion too strong to resist. His chest ached as he projected his will onto Jenny, planted the first small seeds of her undoing.

Halen read the coded text message once over before hitting send.

Provided Mother checked her phone in time, his plan should work perfectly. If she didn't - well, he'd just have to improvise and utilise his Shard's power some more. Not ideal, and very risky, but doable.

"This is it," Jenny said, pulling over. "The warehouse."

It was a few blocks from where The Five's first battle had taken place. They must have gathered her before hand, all chosen to don the Belts at the same time – then rushed off to aid The Grey in that huge, destructive battle.

"Let's head inside, then," Halen said, undoing his seatbelt. "I'll need you to point out exactly where we were when we put the Belts on that first time. My memory is a little... foggy."

Slowly, Jennifer Morose nodded her head.

She was the Green. The assumed second-in-command of The Five. A tanned girl with curly brown hair and hazel eyes, lean and strong and fit. Petite. An athlete through high-school, though she'd dropped all forms of competitive sport shortly before graduating for some reason. Nineteen years old. Sister to Jason Morose, granddaughter to the old man himself.

Wearing a green track top and black track pants, her Power Belt couldn't be seen under her clothes. But Halen knew she must be wearing it.

He sent another wave of power at her, moved her mind a little further in the direction he wanted it to go.

"Sure thing, bro," she smiled at him, a faint pinkness creeping into her cheeks. "Come on then. If we don't find anything here, we'll go to headquarters. It'll be good to see Red there again."

They stepped out of the car as one, Jenny leading the way inside the old, run-down warehouse.

"Been a while since we did anything together," Jenny noted as she walked past piles of refuse.

"I've been busy," Halen told her.

"Too busy for me?" The girl pouted.

Amazing how quickly even a dominating personality could be twisted around. By all accounts, Jennifer Morose was a confident, self-assured young woman. The kind of girl who knew what she wanted from life and took it. To bring her down, transform her into nothing but a cock-hungry, brother-fucking slut would be a pleasure.

Sure, Halen might not *actually* be Jennifer's brother. But *she* didn't know that.

"If you'd have been there," Halen smiled, "I wouldn't have gotten any work done. You'd have been too much of a distraction."

"Maya wasn't too much of a distraction," Jenny said, looking over her shoulder at him.

He paused in place, stared hard at her.

"I might've been with her," he said, chest aching as he forced more of his will upon her. "But it wasn't *her* I wanted to be with. It wasn't *her* I was thinking about."

Jenny blushed brightly, turned away. She skipped over to a corner of the

warehouse, stretched her arms out.

"This is it," she said, "this is where we all put the Morph Belts on for the first time."

"Good memories," Halen smiled, walking up behind her. "But I can think of some even better memories to make in this place."

He planted his hands on her sides, pressed himself against her back.

Jenny gasped, stared forward as her body relaxed into his.

"We shouldn't," she whispered. "It's wrong."

"What's wrong," Halen said, thumbs sliding under the waistband of Jenny's track pants, slowly lowering it, "is that it's taken us this long to finally do it."

"What about... What about Maya?" Jenny moaned.

"What about her?" Halen said, letting the track pants drop to the dirty floor, hooking his thumbs under Jenny's green panties. "I won't tell if you don't. Our family *is* good at keeping secrets."

Panties around her knees, panting heavily.

Halen blasted her with another invisible wave of his will, fighting against the strain the Shard was putting on his mind and body. He planted his hands on Green's thighs, lifted her up. She yelped in surprised, gasped as he held her above his cock, moaned as he lowered her down.

He might not possess the super-strength of an Orange Shard, but he'd spent his life training and exercising and resisting. He was as strong as any ordinary human could hope to be.

More than strong enough to fuck the shit out of this bitch.

Jenny let out a pleased sigh as his cock spread her open, wrapping her hands back around his neck as he began bouncing her body on his cock, his chest to her back..

Her impossibly tight hole clamped down on him, milked his cock with surprising force.

Halen groaned, grunted, slammed the girl down on his cock.

"The others should be here soon," Jenny said, cheeks still flushed. "It's gonna be great! The Five, back together again!"

They were in an underground bunker, built under a home that Mother didn't know about.

The headquarters of The Five.

Not all that large. It was a three room structure consisting of a meeting room, a small laboratory, and a tiny gym. But, for all its cosiness, it was insanely high-tech and advanced. To even enter, Green'd had to morph and press her palm to a hidden panel in the home's basement.

Even if he didn't find any clues about the old man's whereabouts here today, simply knowing that this place existed – where it was located – was a huge accomplishment. Mother would be very pleased to learn about this. *Very* pleased.

The room he and Jenny were in, the meeting room, was empty save for a large, round table with five colour-coded seats.

The table was metal and glass, the seats perfectly spaced out. Like some kind of 'Knights of the Round Table' knock-off. These fuckers acting like noble heroes, no-doubt. Pretending they were all chivalrous and gallant.

"How long 'til they arrive?" Halen asked, not looking at Jenny. "Might be fun to bend you over the table before they get here."

"A few minutes," Jenny blushed. "Not long enough for *that*."

Now would be a good time, Mother.

With how much he'd used the Purple Shard already today, he didn't trust himself to be able to warp the minds of all four Shard Warriors at once. Not without losing control completely.

If Mother hadn't gotten his message-
Green's phone buzzed.

As fast as she could, Jenny plucked her phone out of its pocket and stared at the screen. The pink in her cheeks vanished. Her entire face went white.

"Shard Mutants in the city," she said, looking up from her phone. "A lot of them. We need to go-"

"I can't," Halen shrugged. "Not today."

"Jason," Jenny gulped. "There's a *lot*. We could really do with Red for this one. I don't know if we can-"

"You can do it," Halen told her, using a little wisp of power to nudge her on. "I believe in you. Go with the others and deal with it. I'll look around here for the old- for any clues Gramps might've left us."

Slowly, Green nodded her head.

She turned, rushed out of the meeting room.

Off to go do battle with Shard Monsters with the rest of The Five. Or, Halen supposed, The 'Four' now.

"Nothing," Mother said, sounding anything but pleased.

"Yes, Mother," Halen sighed. "I found nothing in the warehouse and no clues in the headquarters. But we *do* know where their headquarters are now, maybe-"

"Fifteen experiments," Mother said, voice cold. "I sacrificed *fifteen* experiments for your little distraction. And *that's* all you have for me? The location of their *club house*? Which, by the way, contains *nothing* of importance."

"I was following the lead," Halen grumbled. "Where else is the 'beginning' meant to be?"

"Jennifer Morose," Mother stated the name coolly, without emotion, "did you fuck her?"

Halen gulped. "Yes, Mother."

"What have I told you Halen? Time and time again. This is *not* a game. You're not there to fuck your way through The Five. You are there to find your grandfather's research. Or, failing that, discover the location of Robert Finnegan so that I can *extract* his knowledge personally."

"Yes, Mother."

"As to what the 'beginning' is," Mother continued, "I've uncovered that myself. Our bird has finally started singing."

Halen's eyes widened.

She'd finally managed to break Jason Morose? That was huge!

"The 'beginning', our guest believes, refers to a crater in the desert. A place that Finnegan took Red alone shortly after the creation of The Five. I'll send you coordinates as soon as I've plucked its exact location out of him."

Crater? As in *the* crater?

"You're not sending a research team?" Halen asked.

"Not at first," Mother answered. "This is too important to leave to lackeys. I'd go myself, but I'm too busy to take a day trip out to the desert on a wild goose chase. You'll go and, if you find something, I'll determine if sending a research team will be necessary."

"Have you learned anything about the Belts?"

The line went silent for a moment. Mother considering if she should tell Halen or not. He smothered his annoyance at that fact, listened and waited.

"Yes," Mother said after a moment. "Several things, actually. Some good, most bad. The Power Belts are biometrically locked. Once a person has bonded a Belt, that Belt can never be worn and used by anyone else. Ever. We might have the Red Belt, but only Jason Morose will ever be able to use it."

Halen swore.

"On the other hand, we've learned about a fatal weakness that the Belts possess. That being their limited usability. The suits they create can only be active for a set amount of time, after which they begin weakening considerably. They need time to recharge between uses, depending on how long they were used for."

"I don't suppose Jason told you how to make more?"

"He doesn't know," Mother stated, as if that were the most obvious thing in the world. "The Five are pawns, nothing more. It's Robert Finnegan who holds all the real answers. And it's on you to find him, Halen."

"I will," Halen promised.

"Don't fail me, Halen."

"I won't, Mother."

The call ended, leaving Halen in silence.

The suits could only be active for a set amount of time until they began to weaken. They could use that. Finally, they could take down The Five – maybe capture them publicly and use their imprisonment to flush the old man out of hiding.

Halen sighed, set his phone down.

He was close. He could feel it in his bones.

On the bedside table, next to the folded note the old man had left for his successors, was the key.

Whatever it unlocked, wherever it led, Halen knew in his heart it'd be worth all the effort. Finally, after two generations, his family would claim justice. He'd take back everything that was stolen, make things right again.

For Mother. For himself.

For his murdered grandfather.

He'd make things right.