

Shard Warriors – Vol 1

Chapter 5

"I love your ass," Halen grinned, fingers gliding over Pink's backside. "Maya Decaso, you are one in a million."

The girl moaned, swayed her hips for him.

She was standing up, huge chest pressed to the wall. Naked, save for the metal Power Belt around her waist. Ass dancing hypnotically before him.

It was a shame, truly.

A girl like Maya? She'd make a perfect wife. A beautiful trophy - that went without saying. The girl would make wonderful arm-candy for a guy like him. But her perfection transcended the girl's good looks. She was kind, compassionate. She liked to cook, was more than happy to clean. She'd make a good housewife, a lovely mother.

Halen sighed, gripped Maya's butt-cheeks and spread them apart.

In a different world, at a different time, he'd have been more than happy to put a ring on Maya Decaso's finger. Make her his woman. If only she hadn't become Pink. If only she hadn't joined The Five and become his enemy.

"No mercy," he whispered. "Only vengeance and justice."

She looked over her shoulder at him, eyebrow raised.

"Brace yourself," Halen told her, chest throbbing. "I'm going in raw."

Maya blushed, nodded her head.

She curved her back, pushed her butt out.

Halen whipped out his cock, pointed it at the girl's puckered butt-hole. He moved towards her, tip pressing against the tight hole. It resisted him for a moment. But, as he pushed forwards, Maya's anus spread open and accepted him.

She gasped. He grunted.

No. Maya Decaso would never be Halen's bride.

In just a few days, The Five – Pink included – would be no more.

So he might as well enjoy the sexy bitch as much as he could now. While he still could.

Maya curled up on the floor, body trembling.

Halen, once he'd mustered enough energy to move again, crawled over to her, placed a firm hand on her ass.

The girl shuddered at his touch, moaned softly.

"You feel my cum in you?" Halen asked, spreading those lovely butt-cheeks apart again, grabbing the phone from his discarded pants, pointing its camera at that perky hole. "Push it out, if you can."

Pink didn't question the command. Like the good wife she'd never be, she simply obeyed.

A moment or two later, a little trickle of white leaked out from her quivering anus. A dribble of cum spilling down her smooth cheek.

Halen snapped a few pictures, pushed open Maya's legs to get a nice shot of her cunt. He grabbed a fist-full of her hair, pulled her head up to capture a photo of her post-sex face. Her natural beauty fused with wild, dazed satisfaction.

When he was done taking pictures, he stood and put his pants back on.

"Get up and get dressed, Maya," he commanded, using a tiny silver of the Purple Shard's power. "I've got shit to do today. Time for you to leave."

And, like the obedient doll she was, Maya obeyed.

Truly, it was a shame that she couldn't be saved. What Halen had planned for her and her friends? He shook his head, almost felt bad for them. Almost, but not nearly enough to stop it.

There. A small cluster of them. A few feet apart from each other, sitting on the floor with their backs to a dirty wall. Wearing old, ragged clothes, faces dirty and down-trodden. The wretches of society. The one's that'd finally break The Five.

All of the homeless Halen could see were men. Not a single woman amongst them.

He pulled his truck over, thought for a moment.

What would be the best way to approach this?

There were seven bums in total. A large number for him to influence with his power at once, but it was do-able. He'd just have to be extra careful – make sure he didn't lose control.

He focused on them all, felt his chest burn.

Opportunity. That's what they wanted, wasn't it? An opportunity to turn things around, to restart their lives. A chance to pull themselves up from the holes they'd found themselves in.

These were the most disillusioned men in society. They wouldn't trust Halen's offer, wouldn't put their faith in some rich stranger offering them the world.

Not unless he gave them a little *nudge* in the right direction first.

Hopeless. His chest burned as he filled the seven minds with that one thought; reminding them of their miserable situation. Whispering into their minds the truth they all knew: If they didn't get off the streets, if they didn't find the opportunity to lift themselves up, they'd die there. Cold and alone.

One chance. That's all they'd need. One chance. One opportunity to turn things around. They could turn everything around, fix their lives, make everything better.

Just one opportunity. The one Halen would offer them.

He remained in place for a few minutes, bombarding the seven minds with his will. Weakening their resolve, making them hope for the impossible while eroding away their doubts and cynicism. He made them *believe*.

And, as tugged on their minds, the Purple Shard tugged on his.

It whispered to him, urged him to use its full power.

Why bother with these subtle manipulations when he could use the Purple Shard to consume their minds entirely – turn them into mindless, thoughtless puppets?

He fought down the temptations, resisted the Shard's hunger.

And, panting softly, chest burning painfully, he opened his truck door – stepped out onto the street.

One by one, he spoke to the refuse of society, gave them his offer – using the Purple's power to help them make the right choice. And, one by one, they agreed. Eager for the opportunity to turn their lives around.

A few minutes later, seven homeless men were seated in the back of Halen's truck as he drove them to the Venitus Research Labs at the city's outskirts.

Mother wouldn't be happy.

No, worse than that, she'd be *angry*.

It took a lot to break Mother's cool, cold front. And every time Halen had seen rage enter his mother's eyes, it'd never ended well for the poor soul who'd induced said rage. But there was no other choice.

Venitus Research Labs had a steady, reliable stream of disposable test subjects. Homeless men and women from around the world, war orphans and unregistered migrants from every corner of the globe. The kind of people no-one cared enough about to notice their absence.

None were ever taken from the city itself. As Mother put it; a person should never shit where they eat.

Instead, Mother's agents explored the world in search of test subjects – moving

from city to city, country to country. Never taking more than a single person from any one location at a time to avoid any kind of suspicion.

It worked, but it was slow.

Over the course of a fortnight, the labs would be lucky if they received more than *one* new test subject. To gather seven, as Halen had done today, might've taken *months*.

No, Mother wouldn't be pleased. But this was necessary.

She'd see the truth in that, surely.

For Halen's plans to work, he needed Shard Monsters. Enough of them that all four remaining members of The Five would be forced to fight together. Seven wouldn't be enough, but it was a good start. He'd go out and search the streets for more again tomorrow. But, for now, he had seven bums to house.

He led the way through white corridors, guided the seven men deep into the underground facility.

"You'll remain inside the labs for the duration of our experiments, after which you'll be allowed to leave," Halen lied. "You will all be required to sign non-disclosure agreements, as well as some other legal paperwork. But that can all wait until later. Ah! Here we are."

He stopped at a thick, metal door.

"This is where you'll be staying for the first part of the experiment."

He glanced at the seven men, saw how skittish and uncertain they all seemed to be. Wide eyes and suspicion, more than one looked like they wanted to speak up – change their minds about the whole 'agreeing to be a test subject' thing.

Halen blasted the seven with his power, stumbled in place.

He didn't need to remove their doubt. Didn't need to convince them to stay. He just needed them to not have the confidence to speak up about their concerns.

"One moment," he gasped, forcing himself to stand straight.

He turned to the keypad next to the mental door, tapped in the code, waited as the heavy door slowly slid open.

Several inches thick, reinforced steel.

The room beyond was large, lined with steel walls even thicker than the door, dented and warped in several places. A dozen beds lined the walls, all clean and white. And, in the centre of the room, newly-added punching bags filled with hardened cement.

"Alright then," Halen said, using just the tiniest wisp of power to urge them along. "In you go. Don't worry, you won't be in here for long. Just one night. Then you'll each be given your own room."

Large rooms, too. Each with a dedicated scientist to watch over them as they underwent their unique mutations.

"I promise," Halen smiled as the men entered the holding cell. "Your lives are about to change in ways you've never imagined."

Mother's scientists would do the rest.

Later that day, they'd give each of the men their first Shard. Orange, for strength. The men would activate their Shards for the first time, would feel their new power and test it out – hence the cement punching bags. And, as they used the Orange Shards, the Orange Shards would consume their minds – make them want to smash and destroy everything in sight.

It was the great drawback of the Shards. The more their powers were used, the more the Shards influenced their host. The Orange Shards made their user want to use their newfound strength to destroy everything in sight, the Green Shards – which granted a person extreme resistance and regenerative capabilities – caused their user to become obsessed with their own invulnerability, and the Purple Shards...

Halen shook his head.

With strong willpower, and controlled use of their powers, the Shards' temptations could be resisted. But, for the test subjects, it was better to let them lose control.

As the test subject were consumed with their desire to destroy, their minds became extremely vulnerable – easy to manipulate and control with Purple's power. Their minds would be shattered, wiped clean, filled with whatever commands and instructions Mother wanted them to have.

They became the perfect weapons.

Or, *almost* perfect weapons.

Somehow, The Five always won. Even against impossible odds.

Four of The Five had fought against a dozen Shard Monsters just the other day and came out victorious. The Shard Monsters possessed the same powers as The Five – speed and strength and regeneration – yet, they always lost.

Somehow, The Five were faster, stronger, more resilient.

Those Power Belts. How in the world did they work?

Halen didn't leave the facility right away. Didn't go back to his life as the fake Jason Morose. Instead, he headed to a room in the deepest section of the underground labs. The place only he and Mother were allowed access.

The Vault.

To open the Vault door, it took a fingerprint scan, a retina scan, a passcode known only to Halen and his mother, and a voice command. And, even then, Halen knew an alert would be sent to his mother the moment he stepped inside.

He held his breath as he stepped into the Vault.

Fifteen safes, each one with a different code. The last line of defence against a potential thief.

Halen walked to one of the safes, knelt down and opened it, retrieved one of several small, metal boxes from inside. The box fit comfortably in the palm of his hand. He closed the safe, locked it, left the Vault.

It was a long walk to his next destination.

Each step filled Halen with glee. Every foot-fall put him that much closer to his long-awaited vengeance.

The Grey might've run away like a coward, but his little team of false 'heroes' still remained. And, soon, they'd be crused. Removed. Nothing more than a bad memory. Finally, Halen's grandfather would receive some long-awaited justice.

He stepped into the 'guest room' with a smile on his face.

No bed. No furnishings at all. Just an empty room with a chain hanging from the ceiling – holding up their guest's arms.

Jason Morose was almost unrecognisable.

The handsome leader of The Five was naked – wrists held high above his head, bare feet on the cold, metal floor. His body was bruised and malnourished, eyes hollow as he stared blankly at the ground. His chiselled jawline was covered in stubble and grime, hair a wet mess.

A broken man.

"Jason!" Halen said happily, walking over to The Red and patting his shoulder. "The man, the legend. You doing okay buddy? You look kinda... Shitty."

His adversary gave no reply. He just stared at the floor, eyes unmoving – not even blinking.

"Don't worry," Halen smiled, circling the man. "Everything is okay back home. Everyone's fine. They haven't even noticed you're gone. But, listen dude, there's something I've got to talk to you about. Something important."

Halen stopped directly in front of Jason, placed a gentle hand on his chin and forced The Red to look at him. Not that it did much good. Even with those eyes pointed directly at him, Halen couldn't help but feel the man before him was looking straight through him.

Where was the fun in that?

"It's about Maya, Jason," Halen said, shaking his head. "Beautiful girl, by the way. Good job on bagging that one! Anyway, the thing I wanted to talk to you about... Well, I don't quite know how to put this, dude..."

No reaction. Mother really had done a number on him.

He pulled out his phone, opened it to the pictures of Pink he'd taken, waved the screen in front of Jason.

"I'm just gonna come out and say it. Dude, your girl *really* loves taking it up the ass. Like, I've never met a girl who likes having dick up her poop-shoot so much in my life. And, I'm sorry to say, I might've gotten a little carried away with her. Her butt-hole? Lets just say it's a lot, uh, *wider* than it was last time you saw her."

Halen let go of Jason's chin, watched as the man's head slumped down again. Could he even hear what Halen was saying? He certainly didn't seem to be registering any of it.

"And your sister?" Halen shrugged. "I don't know how you resisted the temptation to tap *that* for so long, but I couldn't dude. I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist. But it's fine! She loved every moment of it. Thirsty bitch has been texting me non-stop wanting more. You, Jason, are a lucky man."

Halen took a step back, opened the little box he held.

"And, my friend, you're about to get a whole lot luckier."

Touching a Shard directly was a *bad* idea. Halen reached into a pocket, pulled out a pair of tweezers, used them to pluck the glowing Red Shard out of its container.

"Hold still now," Halen said, pointing the Gemshard towards the centre of Jason's chest. "This is going to sting a little..."

The moment the Red Shard came into contact with Jason's skin, it latched onto him – dug itself into Jason's flesh.

Jason's eyes widened, a flash of life returning to them as he screamed in agony. His entire body convulsed, shook as the Red Shard glowed brightly. And, as Halen hopped backwards away from him, flames began to spout from Jason's naked body.

As soon as the initial shock and agony subsided, Jason slumped once again, eyes hollow voids. The flames vanished.

The man simply hung there, a Red Shard glowing in his chest.

"There," Halen smiled. "That wasn't so hard now, was it?"

He turned on his heels, left the broken man behind him.

The Red was now fused with a Red Shard. It was only fitting.

And, when it came time to use Jason Morose as a weapon against the other members of The Five, his new flame powers would come in *very* handy.

The Red – and his new power - plus a dozen Shard Monsters battling against the rest of The Five. All five Power Belts active in one place.

It'd be quite the show.

The end of The Five, at last.

Halen sat in the passenger seat of Maya Decaso's car, ignoring his phone's vibrations. Mother calling to scold him, no doubt. But he was done with taking orders from her. Done being her lap-dog. Mother had spent so long trying and failing to deal with The Five and The Grey. Now, it was Halen's turn.

Maya gagged, tried to pull away from his cock. He held her head in place, forced it lower.

"Keep going," he commanded her, chest aching pleasantly. "I'm not done yet."

The doll slurped on his cock, face turning her trademark shade of pink as she struggled to breathe. But, like a good slut, she didn't deny him – didn't resist him. She simply got down to the task at hand – sucking him dry.

Truly, it would be a shame to end Pink. But there was nothing to be done about it. Nothing, that was, but enjoy her mouth and cunt and ass while he could.

Just a few more days.

"That's it," he groaned – forcing her face down to the base of his cock. "There it is."

She coughed and choked as he came down her throat – struggled to swallow his load. But, at the end of the day, she didn't have a choice in the matter. Either she swallowed it, or she suffocated on it.

Only when every last drop of his cum was swimming in her stomach did Halen release Maya.

"Good job," he smiled as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

She smiled at him, nodded her head.

Neither of them saw the woman watching them from afar, eyes wide and gut churning – her yellow shirt damp with sweat. Neither of them noticed as their voyeur snapped a few quick photos of the scene.