

Shard Warriors – Vol.1

Chapter 6

His footsteps echoed down the empty hallway. Black boots on white tile floor. Bland concrete walls on either side of him, with lifeless florescent lights above. Save for the sound of his own brisk walk, his heart thumping, there was no noise.

The place felt deserted, empty. Dead.

Only a handful of workers were allowed here. Mother's most trusted scientists, and the brainwashed cleaners and technicians. The complicit and the controlled. They were the ones who'd never spill the beans on what happened down here, in the most secretive part of the facility.

It was a long walk, past many security doors and countless wall-mounted cameras.

The closer he got, the more he could hear *them*.

It was faint at first. A rumbling. A quiet echo that'd be easy to miss or ignore. But, as Halen approached the deepest, most isolated part of the facility, those noises grew louder and ever more frightening. The mild rumbling became a loud, cacophonous roar. The echoes gave way to a deafening blare.

His monsters were awake.

Halen waited at the final security checkpoint – a massive, vault-like door with no keypad or iris scanner. Only a camera.

No-doubt, the security guard manning the cameras today was already calling one of the senior scientists – who in turn would be calling Mother herself. Finding out if Halen should be allowed entry.

After a few minutes, the door's metal hinges rumbled – another noise to add to the ear-rape he was currently experiencing.

The door opened, and Halen walked into the corridor beyond.

Ten doors on either side, with one final door at the end of the corridor. Twenty-one in all. Above each door, a light. Green for occupied, red for empty.

Only seven of the rooms had green lights.

He'd gone out again – multiple times. Searched for more homeless wretches to recruit. But, no matter where he looked, he couldn't find any. Not a single one.

Perhaps news had spread amongst the homeless community that seven had gone missing and never returned. Perhaps the other bums had decided to lay low for a while as a result. Or maybe he'd just gotten lucky with the first haul, and unlucky since.

Regardless, he only had these seven to work with.

Not ideal. But it was what it was.

He walked to the first door, opened it up and stepped inside.

The observation room was small, barely furnished. A large, one-way mirror gave vision into the holding cell beyond. And the monster contained within it.

The Shard Monster thrashed at the dented, warped walls of its prison with scaled claws. Its serpentine tail flicked left and right in frustration. Its mutated, lizard-like beak open in an inhuman roar. And, though the monster was facing away from where Halen stood watching it, he knew there were three Shards embedded in that creature's chest. Yellow, Orange, Green.

The prison it was contained in was all steel. Several inches thick and heavily reinforced. Save for the one-way mirror, which itself was made of nigh-indestructible glass, every surface surrounding the monster was thick steel. No door, no gate, nothing. When the time came, the room's ceiling would open up and a crane would lift the creature out of its cell. And then the ugly fuck would be loaded into an unmarked truck, transported to wherever it was needed. Unleashed on the world to draw out the city's 'heroes'.

Halen watched the Shard Monster attack one of its prison walls, desperate for an escape that would never happen.

Then, Halen closed his eyes. Focused.

This one – Beaky, Halen decided to name it – was an Orange Shard abuser.

Every Shard Monster ended up succumbing to the temptations of a Shard. Most commonly, it was Orange. Strength. The creature rioted against their entrapment, lashed out using the Orange to amplify their strength to unnatural, inhuman levels. They soaked up the power, were ravaged by the Shard's endless temptation.

Their minds became consumed by their strength, their Shard's power. And, as a result, their brains became so much easier to reshape and tweak and alter and ravage.

Halen's chest burned hot as he focused Purple's power.

And, bit by bit, he erased the monster's former identity.

Whatever the man's name had been, it didn't matter any more. That homeless shit-stain was gone. This creature? It was something new. Beaky. A monster born of otherworldly power. Not even human any more. Just an abomination with no memory, no purpose, no reason.

As Halen worked – emptied the creature's mind – it slowly began to lose its energy. It forgot why it wanted freedom. It forgot what *freedom* was.

No purpose. Just an empty vessel. A weapon.

Then, once the human was no more and all that remained was the monster, Halen gave it purpose.

He planted images of Green and Blue and Yellow and Pink in the monster's mind, followed by a single, all-encompassing command. An order that the creature would follow as naturally as breathing.

Destroy.

“Have you lost your mind?”

It was the way she said it. Cold, indifferent, matter-of-fact.

Halen pulled his hand away from his aching, burning chest. His eyes narrowed at his mother, Purple's impulses whispering sweetly in his mind.

“No,” he grunted, standing up straight. “I’m... fine.”

Mother stared at him for a long moment, said nothing.

What was she doing here?

Waiting outside the monster cells, ambushing him as he finished twisting and programming the seventh Shard Monster.

Bitch.

Control her, Purple told him. *Make her submit.*

Mother was beautiful, in a *very* cold kind of way. Jet black hair tied back professionally, dark eyes, blood red lips. She wore black-rimmed glasses, a turtle-neck, black sweater, a long skirt, high heels. An amazing figure, slender and busty with wide hips and a narrow waist. But, unlike Pink, Mother never smiled. Ever.

Make her yours.

“I’m in control,” Halen said, closing his eyes. If he couldn’t see her... “I’m not weak. I’m fine.”

Fuck her. Control her.

Would the Purple's power even work on someone who possessed a Purple Shard of their own? *Could* he use his power on Mother?

OWN her.

“You’re being reckless,” the woman stated coolly. “Seven subjects, one after the other? Full wipes and reconditioning? It’s foolish. You’re...”

Words. So many words. Halen couldn’t keep track of them all.

Shut her up.

Why did she always have to *lecture* him anyway? He had the same power she did. He had the same motivation. They should be in this together. Partners. Not master and

servant!

“...Responsibility. You're not acting...”

Fuck her mouth! Silence her!

Everything Mother had attempted so far to stop The Five had failed. She'd had years to find and crush The Grey. She'd had so long, tried so many things, and not once had *she* succeeded. Perhaps it was time for *him* to be the Master. *Her* to be the servant.

Do it! The Purple urged. *Control her!*

He felt his chest ache, the power gathering. One blast. That's all it'd take. One overwhelming wave of power. He was stronger than her, he was *superior*. He could do it! Make her his!

“I,” Halen said through gritted teeth. “Am. Not. *Weak*.”

The words silenced his mother.

He forced down the Purple's urges, stepped past Mother, continued walking. She didn't call after him. Didn't follow. Didn't try to stop him.

“I'm not weak,” he muttered to himself.

The Shard in his chest throbbed, pulsated.

Mother had already done most of the work with Jason.

She'd crushed his will, broken him down mentally. His memories were still intact, but his thoughts were non-existent.

If he'd wanted, Halen could've finished the job. Erased Jason's identity entirely. Taken away all those memories of his sister and cousin and girlfriend. He could've removed it all.

But he didn't.

As he stared at Red, naked save for the Red Shard glowing in his chest, Halen smiled – his own Shard burning gleefully.

“You, Jason, are one lucky guy.”

He sent out wave after wave of power. The Purple Shard vibrating painfully, happily. Filled Jason Morose with images of his beautiful sister, clad in Green.

“You're going to fuck her,” Halen panted. “Your sexy, cock-loving sister. You're going to tear away her armour, pin her down, and fuck her senseless.”

Images of Green begging for her brother's cock.

Then images of Pink, screaming in joy as her tight butt-hole was spread wide open.

“You're going to watch it,” Halen told him. “Your girlfriend being fucked by monsters. Her ass being destroyed. You're going to watch it as you do the same to your sister.”

Yellow. Even Halen hadn't fucked Jason's cousin yet. But he pushed the thoughts and images on Jason all the same. Filled the Red with desire and drive and will. All the dark things Halen had wanted to do to the women of The Five for years, pushed onto Jason Morose.

“And Blue?” Halen grinned. “Maybe you'll fuck that nerdy shit too. Or maybe I'll get one of the monsters to do it instead. Who fucking knows.”

None of this was part of the plan.

Use Red and as many Shard Monsters as he could get, make them fight the remainder of The Five in a prolonged battle. When the time came, Green and Yellow and Blue and Pink weak and exhausted with failing suits, Red would deliver the final blow – burning them and himself to ashes as Halen watched on.

At no point were they supposed to start *fucking*.

But plans changed.

The Purple Shard pulsed. Halen's chest tingled, his mind filled with every obscene image he could muster up.

The fall of The Five.

It was going to be *glorious*.

"I have a gift for you, Jason," Halen smiled. He waved at a camera, gave the signal. A moment later, the room's door opened. "Well, I say *gift*. Really, I'm just returning something that belongs to you."

The technician walked in, carrying a shiny metal belt.

"Fuck them good," Halen whispered to his slave. "Tomorrow is the day you and your family pay the price."

As the technician retreated, the shiny belt now securely attached around Jason's waist, Halen resisted the urge to make his toy morph. It would've been the easiest thing in the world; releasing the chains that held Jason's arms up, making him reach down – touch the red disk and say the words. But he held back all the same.

No, that'd have to wait for the main event. He'd have The Four see Jason's face first, watch them try to speak to him and-

Do it!

"I..." Halen clutched his chest, a wild grin splitting his lips. "You're *mine*. You..."

Make him SUBMIT!

Halen shaped his will, forced it upon Jason Morose.

He stumbled backwards, fist grasping his shirt over the Purple Shard. His eyes flicked to his captive, his mad grin widening.

Jason thrashed against the chains that held his arms high, fought against them with all his might. He lifted himself up, somehow managed to drag his weakened body up to the chain bindings around his wrists.

"Fu-" Jason groaned, fingertips coming into contact with the red disk of his Power Belt. "Full Morph."

Metallic scales shot out from under the belt, covered Jason's body in a heart-beat. There was a groan as the chains around Red's wrists strained and snapped, shattered. Red dropped down, landed on his feet in front of Halen.

Mine.

"Kneel," Halen commanded – chest burning.

Kneel.

Slowly, Red sank down on one knee, head bowed.

"Baby," Pink purred. "I just got a message from Abi. It might be important."

"Not as important as me," Halen said, lips on Maya's neck. He sent a wave of power out, made the busty beauty forget all about her phone and its messages. "I want you."

"I want you too," Maya moaned.

Her phone slipped from her fingertips, bounced off the hardwood floor.

"Show me to your room," Halen told her with a smile.

"Silly," Maya smiled right back. "You know where my room is. You've been-"

"Show me," he repeated, chest burning, "to your room."

Maya blushed, nodded her head.

She took his hand, led the way.

Her room, it turned out, was as pink as the girl's suit. Pink walls and pink bed sheets, a pink lamp and pink blinds. Halen paused in the doorway, smirked at the mountain of teddy bears and plushies piled on Maya's bed.

"Get that crap outta here," he told her, Purple Shard pulsing. "All those silly toys."

Maya didn't hesitate. She rushed to her bed, began tossing her furry, fluffy sleeping companions on the ground. Not a care in the world, not an ounce of regret. When she turned back to face him, it was with a loving, obedient smile.

Power.

The Purple Shard's power.

It was *growing*.

Why had he never done this before? Why had he never embraced its temptations?

This wasn't *weakness*. He hadn't *lost control*.

This was *power*.

Mine. Be mine.

Maya Decaso trembled. Her knees wobbled, mouth spreading open in a silent gasp. She fell backwards onto her bed, legs spreading wide open.

"I'm yours," she panted, heavy chest rising and falling. "Fuck me, baby. Please! I need it..."

Halen stalked forward, fingers moving to unbuckle his belt.

Slut.

"Please baby..."

Worthless.

"I need... Aah!"

Anal whore.

Halen grabbed hold of Maya's skirt, hiked it up around her waist. He pried her drenched panties aside, guided his cock to her creamy hole.

Yes. He'd fuck this anal-loving whore.

He'd fuck her tight cunt first, use her cum to lubricate himself. Then he'd ravage her anus. Split it open with his cock and fuck her deep, make sure she felt every inch of him. His sexy, slutty, cock-loving slave.

As he thrust into her, his Purple Shard roared with satisfaction.

Power.

He wasn't some weak-willed, pathetic wretch. He wouldn't get *drunk* on the power of a Shard. *He* was Master. *He* was in control. Of *everything*. With Purple's power, Halen could do anything – manipulate anyone. He was *God*.

Maya cried out in pleasure.

Halen grunted in ecstasy.

Massive tits swayed beneath him as he thrust into her, filled her cunt with cock. Hard nipples begged to be kissed and licked and sucked on, pulled and twisted and toyed with. Her body writhed, her eyes wide and unfocused.

"Fuck!" Halen groaned, shutting his eyes and basking in the girl's tightness. "Maya, you-"

Doll.

"-You're-"

Puppet.

"-I'm-"

Slave.

"You're *mine*," he told her.

And the Purple Shard made it so.

He reached down, grabbed the girl's throat. Forced her to look him in the eye as he fucked her.

"What are you?"

"Yours," Maya breathed, tits bouncing. "I'm yours..."

"*What* are you?"

"A slut," his slave breathed. "A toy. I'm your puppet, baby."

He let out a happy cackle, pulled away from the girl.

His cock sprang free from her tight hold, coated in her juices. More than lubricated enough for what was to come next.

"Say it," he commanded her, chest hot.

"Fuck my ass," Maya moaned. "Destroy me with your-"

He rammed into her, watched as her face contorted.

Surprise first, a wince of pain, a gasp. Then bliss. Pleasure.

He filled her head with Purple thoughts as he filled her ass with cock. He ravaged

her mind and did the same to her little hole. With Purple coursing through his soul, Halen poured thought after dark thought into Maya Decaso's mind.

When tomorrow came, the girl would perish.

But, before she did, she'd have the time of her life.

Halen's parting gift to her.

His busty blonde pet.

He gave Maya's ass a light tap.

"Time to get up," he told her, admiring her curves. "Your phone's been ringing non-stop for the last hour. You better go see what Abigail wants."

Abigail. The last of The Five. Yellow. The only one Halen had yet to encounter. The one he had yet to *taste*.

Since she'd meet her end tomorrow along with the rest, today would be Halen's last chance to fuck the elusive Abigail Denver. And he very much did want to fuck her.

"Maybe you could invite her over for a chat, or we could go see her. Find out what she wants in person."

Maya mumbled something into her bedsheets, didn't move.

A burst of Purple and she was on her feet in no time, putting on clothes and humming happily.

And, after sending out just one wave of his power, Halen couldn't resist using it more. And more. And *more*.

Before Maya was half dressed, she was on hands and knees, barking like a dog in front of him. Her eyes were filled with love and adoration and servitude. As they should be. Her ass wiggled from side to side, cum leaking out her back-door and down between her legs.

"Sit," Halen laughed, clutching his chest. "Heel. Beg!"

As his pet whined, huge tits hanging beautifully, Halen heard something in the distance. A wooden thump. A crash.

The sound of heavy footsteps – impossibly fast.

And, a moment later, Maya's bedroom door burst open.

Wooden splinters went flying as the door came off its hinges, slammed down onto the floor.

And there she stood.

Yellow.

Before Halen could react – muster up the energy to blast her with Purple – the Shard Warrior lunged forward. A gloved fist sank into his stomach, knocking the wind and power from him.

Halen rolled back onto Maya's bed, clutching his gut.

Maya gasped in surprise.

And, a heart-beat later, Yellow was on top of him him, fist raised.

She swung at Halen again. And this time, the world went black.