

## Shard Warriors – Vol.1

### Chapter 8

Blue darted forward faster than Halen's eyes could follow.

There was a collision; one of the Shard Monsters stalking towards Yellow was sent flying from the impact. A heart-beat later, Blue was at Yellow's side – standing tall while his companion hunched over, panting heavily.

If Yellow was surprised to see Blue on the battlefield, she didn't show it.

The monster that Blue had swatted aside rose to its feet, body already healing from the surprise attack. The Green Shard in its chest pulsed, repairing broken bones and mending damaged flesh. With a single mental command from Halen, the creature returned to its partner – two Shard Monsters facing off against Blue and Yellow.

Under normal circumstances, there was no question who'd win.

The Power Belts somehow offered their wearers strength and speed beyond anything a Shard Mutant could hope for. One on one, the side with the Belt always won. Only... these weren't 'normal circumstances'.

Yellow was barely standing. Her metallic suit torn and damaged in several places, revealing the dirty, ashen skin beneath. She'd been Morphed too long, couldn't maintain her suit's strength. Alone against two Shard Monsters, she'd be toast – that much was obvious. But her and a fresh Blue? It was anyone's guess.

Chest burning, Halen sent out a pulse of Purple.

The Shard Monsters attacked in unison, so fast their bodies became nothing but a blur in his vision. They darted across charred rubble, lashed out at Yellow.

Predictably, Blue darted in front of them, blocked the most savage of the monsters' attacks.

Good. Just as long as the nerd was distracted...

Halen glanced down at himself. Wrists bound together with tight rope, hands covered in oven mitts to prevent him from using his fingers. Feet bound at the ankles.

Not *exactly* how he'd planned this all out, but he could adapt.

Besides him, dumped on the truck's driver seat, was the chest. The locked box that'd caused him so much trouble. Found at the crater, left behind by Robert Finnegan himself. The old man's treasure.

All five of the chest's lights were glowing. Red, Blue, Green, Yellow, Pink.

Now, all Halen needed to do was slide the key in the lock and turn.

The key that was in Halen's pocket.

Which he couldn't fit his hand into with the big, formless oven mitts on.

Grunting, Halen Venitus began struggling against his bindings.

On the battlefield, a little ways away from everyone else, a third Shard Monster held Maya Decaso upside down. Its big, scaly hand gripping her leg tightly. Its eyes on the girl's flailing body.

Maya Decaso – The Pink – was at war with herself.

Every inch of her being was repulsed by the massive, scaly cock pointed at her face. A Shard Mutant? Just the *idea* of it being aroused made the girl's stomach churn. Disgust and dread and utter revulsion. The sight of it made her nauseous. And yet...

Her own voice whispered inside her skull.

*Worthless.*

Yes, she was. She always had been. The weakest of The Five, the one who always needed saving. Only there was no-one to save her now. Jason, her knight in shining red armour, was with *them*. She was on her own. Alone...

*Doll.*

She wasn't blind. She saw how men looked at her. How they lusted after her, saw

her as a piece of meat. She could ignore it, push it out of her mind. But, deep down, she *knew*. They saw her as an object. A doll to play with.

*Puppet.*

Would it be so wrong to give in? To be what all those men wanted her to be? A puppet for their amusement, their *entertainment*. Would that truly be so terrible?

*Slut.*

It felt so good... Being fucked. It felt *amazing*. The last few weeks with Jaso- No. With *Halen*. They'd been host to some of the most thrilling, adventurous, intense fucking in Maya's life. She hated herself for it, but Maya couldn't bring herself to regret *any* of it.

*Anal Whore.*

Yes! Yes, she was! That first time she'd taken Jas- No, Halen's dick in her ass, it'd been *amazing*. The pain of being stretched open, the humiliation of being violated there, the sensation of being used so completely... Maya trembled just thinking about it, heat flushing through her. She loved it! Wanted more of it!

*Slave.*

Would it *really* be so bad to just let go? To submit? What if... What if being a slave *fit* her? What if *this* was her destiny?

The massive, scaly cock right in front of her. The blood rushing to her head from being held upside down. The heat of the moment. The silent Purple pulse that she was totally unaware of. The single, insane moment. Just one thought; her mind absorbed by how helpless she was, and how *kinky* that made her feel.

She leaned forward before she could stop herself, gave the tip of that monster cock a soft peck.

A kiss. And then a lick.

It was too massive for her to fit in her mouth. Too wide for her lips to accommodate. There was no way she'd be able to do what the darkness deep inside her wanted her to – suck it, blow it, deep-throat and suffocate herself on it. It was too huge for her small mouth to satisfy properly.

But, that didn't mean she couldn't try...

Fucking oven mittens!

Halen slammed his bound hands onto his lap, struggled with all his strength to tear apart the rope bindings. But, try as he might, neither the rope nor the oven mitts shifted. Whoever had bound him had done a good job.

"Bastards!" He growled. "Fuckers!"

There had to be some way out. Some way to get the fucking oven mitts off at the very least! He could open a locked chest with his wrists bound, could probably drive his truck out of here too. But the mother-fucking oven mitts made reaching into his pocket for the key impossible.

He was so close! The chest was right there, all of its lights active! All he needed was to turn the key in the lock, he *knew* it. But he couldn't!

*Think*, Halen commanded himself – chest screaming at him.

He couldn't get the oven mitts off without first removing the rope bindings. And he couldn't finger and finagle the rope bindings with the oven mitts on.

*Think!*

Strange dream.

Mostly blurry. He couldn't quite remember how he'd gotten here. Something about a truck. And monsters. And a white room. But the details were foggy, impossible to grasp.

That was, Jason supposed, how dreams worked.

But this... This was *different*.

He'd never had a sex dream about his sister before.

She was attractive. There was no denying that. But, despite Jen's good looks, he'd never once found her attractive. She was his sister, after all.

And yet, here he was. Dreaming about fucking her.

His thoughts were all over the place. Mind not sure exactly what to focus on or think. If he'd been all there, fully awake, he'd probably have been disgusted with himself. Fucking Jen? That was *wrong* and *disturbing* and not okay. But, as things stood, he didn't feel that way. He didn't feel *any* way.

It was like he was a passive observer. Just watching as his dream body pounded away – fucked the shit out of Jennifer.

And what was up with him and her being suited up?

He'd thought about *that* before, sure. Toyed with the idea of asking Maya to Morph with him – fuck with the suits on, using the full strength and speed and restorative powers being Morphed granted. He'd *thought* about it, but never actually asked.

Maya was innocent. Shy. No way she'd be into kinky stuff like that.

If he asked, she'd probably be repulsed by him.

"Jason," his sister moaned, eyes on his. "Please..."

Please what?

Fuck her more? Harder? Deeper?

Slow down? Ease up? Stop?

Her suit was tattered, helmet destroyed enough that her whole face was visible. Her pleasure was obvious; eyes wide and wild, lips parted in erotic cries, sweat trickled down her brow, coating her face. Her ragged panting, her steamy voice urging him on.

"Jason," Jennifer gasped, hips bucking against his thrusts. "Jason! Look at me!"

He was looking. Seeing a side of Jen he'd never imagined before.

She'd always been attractive. But since when had his sister been this sexy?

It was just a dream. Just a weird, dumb fantasy.

He was sleeping. Dreaming this all up.

...Wasn't he?

Pain shot through Halen's knuckles as his mitten-covered hands smashed through the passenger window. He swore, growled, pulled his hands back. Hopefully he hadn't broken any bones or done any serious damage to his hands. But, as far as he could see, it was the only way.

He held his bound hands over the shattered glass, what remained of the truck's passenger window, and got to work sawing at his rope bindings.

His eyes flicked to the battleground – the ash and rubble and chaos.

Blue and Yellow were being pushed back by their two assailants. Blue, too focused on protecting Yellow, was unable to fight back against the Shard Monsters. And Yellow herself was too weak to do much of anything. It was only a matter of time before the two of them fell.

Then there was Pink and Scaly. The busty, human whore on her knees now, giving her full attention to the monster's cock while it stood there – looming over her.

And, last but not least, Red and Green. The former in his barely damaged suit, while the latter's suit was torn to shreds. Red was on top of Green, fucking her mercilessly. And Green, for her part, was taking the onslaught like a champ – moaning out her brother's name without a care in the world.

Not quite the fall of The Five that Halen had envisioned, but close enough.

Soon, they'd be no more.

He turned his eyes and his focus back to his hands and their bindings, continued to drag the rope up and down a broken shard of glass.

Maya backed away from the monster's cock, eyes turning upwards to look into the

creature's inhuman eyes. It was glaring at her, rage palpable. She could see the demands in its eyes, the hunger. Why had she stopped licking its cock? Why was she moving away from it?

Given a few seconds, Maya was sure, the monster would pounce on her – give her no choice but to continue.

Before it could, she turned on the spot – got down on all fours and presented her ass to the monster. With one hand, she reached down to her Morph Belt, gently touched the pink disk.

“Partial Morph.” She panted heavily.

The metal between her legs retreated, vanished – exposing her glistening cunt and puckered anus.

“This is so dumb,” she told herself as the monster stepped up behind her – its footsteps like thunder. “What are you doing Maya?”

Even if there was a gap in it now, and even with the strain of being active for so long, battered in combat, the suit still had some power. Strength and speed and regeneration. All three of which, when combined, would help her here.

A monster cock inside her.

Maya shuddered at the thought, moaned.

She planted her bare chest on the ground, naked skin coming into contact with blisteringly hot concrete. The heat only served to drive her over the edge, give her the last nudge she needed to reach back and plant one hand on either butt cheek – spread them open.

“Do it,” she pleaded, not daring to look back.

Two huge, scaly hands gripped her waist – lifted her back end up off the ground. Face to the floor, ass up in the air. Exactly as it should be.

“Fuck my ass,” she begged, lips on the ground. “Destroy me with your cock!”

Something very hard pressed up against her butt-hole.

“Oh God,” Maya moaned, wiggling her hips. “Do it! Please!”

“Please!” Jen begged, eyes on him. “Jason! Jason!”

Why was he fucking his sister?

It felt like a dream, like it couldn't be real. All around him, the world was on fire. *His* fire. But that was impossible. Since when could he control flames?

A white room flashed behind Jason's eyes.

A beautiful, cruel woman. Eyes filled with contempt as she dug her fingernails into his chest, ravaged his mind with the glowing Purple Shard between her ample, titillating cleavage.

And a guy. Later. Much later. Another person with a Purple Shard. Taunting him, speaking words that Jason could barely understand. Whispering wicked secrets into Jason's ear. He hadn't been listening, hadn't been able to. His thoughts had been jelly, his brain shattered completely.

*You're going to fuck her. Your sexy, cock-loving sister.*

It was just a dream. It *had* to be.

Beneath him, Jen moaned his name. Pleaded to him. Her suit-clad body trembled as she came, lips quivering, eyeballs rolling in their sockets. Her back arched, cunt clamping down on his cock – milking it.

*You're going to watch it. Your girlfriend being fucked by monsters.*

Maya? Where was Maya?

Jason tried to look around, tried to pull his eyes away from Jennifer. But he couldn't. His gaze was locked on her face as she bit her lip, stared up at him, smiled and nodded her head. Wanting more. *Needing* more.

Just a dream. It was just a dream.

But those words, that thought, felt a whole lot less certain now.

His hands moved, grabbed hold of his sister's legs and spread them open wider. His body moved by itself, began thrusting harder – fucking Jen with all the strength and power his suit could provide. Even as Green's powers faded, her strength and ability to regenerate waning, Red felt more powerful than ever.

During the fight, the three of them – Green and Pink and Yellow – they'd avoided doing any actual harm to him. Holding back their punches. He was almost as fresh as the moment he'd stepped on to the battlefield – hours and hours ago.

Hours? That couldn't be right. Dreams didn't last that long...

And... Why was he fighting his friends in the first place?

Jason shook his head, pushed the questions aside. Just a dream, he had to remind himself. This couldn't be real. It just *couldn't*. This was all just a dream.

A dream in which he was about to destroy his sister.

Fuck her to the point of breaking, and keep going past it.

With Red's strength, and with Green's power fading, it was only a matter of time before he *ended* her.

He reached down, grabbed his sister by the throat.

As he squeezed, Jen's eyes went wide. Her suit no longer able to resist him. Her hips bucked wildly, pussy tightening around his cock.

"Please," she mouthed one last time.

He thrust, shut his eyes at the too-sweet tightness. He was close. So close. Just a few more thrusts and-

A scream cut across the battlefield.

A high-pitched whine of pure, blissful abandon. A screech of pleasure unlike anything Jason had ever heard before.

His eyes snapped open, head swivelling to the source of that noise.

And there he saw it. Maya, impaled on a monster's cock. Face pressed to the ground, body vertical, as the creature had its way with her. Her entire body was shuddering, heavy breasts swaying.

"What..." Jason breathed.

The monster slammed into his girlfriend again, cock impossibly huge for the tight hole it'd somehow squeezed itself in to.

"What the fuck is happening?"

The sound of the rope snapping was music to Halen's ears. He watched as it dropped away, a wide grin on his face.

A scream of pleasure drew his attention back to Pink and Scaly. The two of them finally getting down to the nasty stuff. Monster cock inside the wannabe heroine's ass.

If not for the suit, the Power Belt, that cock would've probably killed the hottie. Surely, it was too huge for any *normal* human female to take. Yet, take it Pink did. And, more than that, she took it like a champ – her screams of pleasure blocking out all other sounds.

Blue and Yellow were on their last legs, just moments away from defeat. And Red was stumbling away from Green, probably having just filled his pretty sister with super-sperm.

Much as he wanted to watch, Halen turned his attention back to the task at hand.

He tore away the oven mitts, tossed them out his truck's broken widow. Within moments, he was pulling a key out of his pocked, reaching down and sliding it into the locked chest. He turned it, listened as two metallic clicks sounded. The top of the chest cracked open.

With shaking hands, he reached down to lift the lid up.

*This had better be worth it, old man.*

The chest opened up fully. And, when Halen saw the object hidden inside, his eyes widened.

"Well now..." Halen said, smile widening into a mad grin. "This... This changes things."

Despite his best efforts, he couldn't help it.

Halen let out a gleeful, victorious laugh.

"Let's see if-"

A roar, bestial and *angry*.

Halen's eyes snapped up, expecting to see one of the three Shard Monsters howling. But no, the roar hadn't come from any of his three creatures.

There was a red blur, too fast to see.

And, a heart-beat later, Scaly went flying.

Maya gasped, tumbled and rolled away. But the red blur wasn't interested in Pink. It darted right at Scaly's splayed out body, gloved fist pounding into the monster's chest. The monster's Shards exploded – the abomination loosing all its strength and speed and healing capabilities instantly. It collapsed on the ground, limp and defeated.

Jason Morose stood tall over the defeated monster.

His head turned slowly, gaze falling on the two remaining Shard Monsters.

"What-"

It shouldn't have been possible! Jason's mind was mush. Cracked and broken and shattered beyond comprehension. How in the world-

The suit.

It *healed* its wearer.

"Shit!"

Red shot across the rubble and ash, slammed into one of the two remaining Shard Monsters as Blue tackled the other.

And, just like that, the tide had turned.

Neither Red or Blue were completely fresh. But, even so, it was clear which side would win now. Halen's monsters might put up a good fight, but they there was no way they wouldn't lose.

And, when the monsters were down, Halen knew *exactly* who The Five would turn their attention to next.

With feet still bound, Halen hopped over from the passenger seat of his tuck into the driver's seat. Thankfully, Blue had left the key in the ignition. With his hands free, it was the easiest thing in the world for Halen to start up the engine, make his escape.

So much for the fall of The Five.

But that was okay.

With Halen's prize – the old man's hidden treasure – he'd gained something far beyond his wildest dreams.

As he drove away, through the smouldering remains of the city docks, Halen's eyes flicked to the open chest. To the object contained within it. The old man's treasure. *Halen's* treasure.

He grinned.

No, The Five hadn't been destroyed. Not yet at least. And the old man was still at large, still hiding away somewhere like the coward he was. But, with *this*, everything would change...

A Power Belt with a black disk.

*Halen's* Belt.