

## Shard Warriors – Vol.2

### Chapter 1

#### Maya

Her heart raced. An electrical excitement surged out from her core, sending jolts of tingling anticipation to every finger and toe. Breathing raggedly and heavily, she raised a trembling finger.

She all but came at the sound of the *click*.

On her computer monitor, the post went live. A simple picture with an even simpler tagline.

‘Pink In Trouble.’

The picture was of her. Maya. Dressed up in a cheap Pink Warrior costume she’d bought online, torn and cut open in lewd places. Save for her Pink Morph Belt – the real deal – the costume wasn’t very convincing. Instead of scaled metal, white and pink and wonderous, this costume was simple plastic with a bit of reflective foil on top. Instead of a hard, full-head helmet, the costume had a cheap plastic mask with eyeholes and slits for breathing.

No one who looked at it would even *consider* that it was the genuine thing. The real Pink. All they’d see was a slim, busty, athletic hottie wearing an obviously fake Pink costume, bound in rope and looking every bit a vulnerable heroine who’d found herself in a tight spot.

It didn’t take long for the replies and comments to come flooding in. Horny guys admiring her figure.

‘Very hot.’

‘Beautiful tits.’

‘Even better than the real one.’

‘What The Pink deserves.’

‘Nasty slut!’

On and on it went, message after message. An onslaught of guys ogling her, touching themselves to her, imagining her as they stroked their cocks... Wanting her... Lusting after her...

Maya reached between her legs, fingers gliding down to that wet, warm, tingling area.

She let out a gasp, fingers like electrical fire on her clit.

More messages. Naughty messages. Guys commenting all about how much they wanted to fuck her. The wicked things they’d do to Maya. The things they dreamed of doing to The Pink. Dark things. Horny things. Things that made her tremble and shudder and twitch, fingers probing deeper inside herself, toes curling, eyes rolling in their sockets.

She let her fantasies take over. The daydreams that’d been growing wilder and wilder ever since they’d first started back *then*.

A monster’s cock in her mouth, rank and disgusting and yet she’d sucked on it so enthusiastically. Hungrily. Without thinking, her hand – the one scrolling through comments on her computer - snapped away from the mouse, fingers guided instead to plump lips. She slid them into her mouth, licked and sucked on them as the memory took over.

It’d mounted her. And she’d been *thrilled*. Excited and desperate like never before.

Her pussy clamped down on her fingers, a soft whine escaping her lips. Heat pulsed around her skull, tingles arching through her body, only a single thought occupying her dizzy mind.

Bigger. She needed something *bigger*.

Something *monstrous*.

She awoke at her desk a few hours later, sprawled on her desk chair almost completely naked. All she wore was the Belt. A silvery-white metal belt that wrapped snugly around her waist, its only ornamentation; a small pink disk at the front.

It took her a few long moments, blinking at her still-bright computer monitor, to remember where she was. What she'd been doing.

There, on the screen, were dozens of new comments.

Maya groaned.

She'd done it again, hadn't she?

The heaviness in her arm as she reached for the mouse was confirmation enough. Scrolling up to see a photo of herself, dressed in that silly costume, made her head throb.

Again.

How many times had it been now? Six? Seven?

The fact she was beginning to lose count was concerning.

Too many times. It'd happened *too many* times.

What was *wrong* with her?

It was like she was two different people.

The old Maya – the *real* Maya – who loved drawing and painting and going out on long runs, taking dips in the swimming pool, spending time with her friends. The *good* Maya who wanted to make the world a better, happier place.

And this *new* Maya. The ever-horny slut. The girl who posted lewd pictures of herself online, who lost herself in the comments and insults and desire. The part of her that couldn't stop thinking back to that day, months and months ago, when she'd been fucked by a monster. The part that dreamed of and hoped for the day when it'd happen again.

"Halen," Maya groaned, throat aching. "That... That..."

*Bastard*, one half of her provided.

*Master*, the other half purred.

She didn't want to think about which of those two voices was loudest. Facing *that* reality was too much.

So, on wobbling legs, she forced herself to her feet instead. Grunting at the stiffness in her knees, the ache in her muscles. She stumbled a little, had to brace herself against her desk for a few seconds. Then, ignoring the aches and pains, she left the room.

Before anything else, she needed to shower.

When she got into one of her 'moods', hygiene went out the window. So did socialising. And cooking. Exercising. Really, it was like all effort and drive vanished. Plans were forgotten, schedules torn to shreds. All that was left was the *horny*. The need to get off, again and again and again. Anything that didn't directly contribute to that quest for pleasure was abandoned outright.

Her skin was coated in a layer of grime. Dried sweat and oils, filth that made her shudder with revulsion. Her hair, uncombed for days, was a straw-like mess.

She needed to get clean. She *had* to.

Almost an hour later, she was finally stepping out of the shower. Scrubbed clean and then some, smelling of strawberries and sweetness, wet hair glued to her shoulders and back. Maya wrapped herself up in a large towel, tied it snugly around her chest, let out a little sigh of satisfaction.

All she needed to do now was dry off, put some clothes on, and go... go...

Go where?

Outside? Out there where the monsters were? Where the air was too thick to breathe, and the sounds were all so loud and daunting?

Maya shook her head quickly, water spraying the walls around her.

She could go see Jason, talk to him and-

A memory flashed behind her irises. Jason's face, his eyes looking anywhere but at her. The disgust and shame, the revulsion in his voice as he'd said her name.

Or... Or maybe she could hang out with one of the others. Jen or Abi or Brian...

But they'd all been there. They'd all seen her sucking off a monster, moaning loudly as it'd fucked her. They'd all *seen* it.

The thought of chatting to any of them, being faced with the possibility of *that* coming up in conversation...

No. No, the others were probably all busy anyway. They didn't want her around to distract them, and the last thing Maya wanted was to be a nuisance to anyone.

Maybe... Maybe she could visit her parents? It'd been so long since she'd seen them. So, so long...

She let out a sigh, shoulders slumping.

The motion caused her towel wrap to shift, loosen. A moment later, it was sliding off her body, dropping onto the floor at her feet. She didn't bother picking it up.

Chest aching, she shuffled away, moving in the direction of her apartment's tiny office. Her desk. Her computer.

Giddy excitement almost overwhelmed her when the doorbell rang.

Maya tossed on her pink bathrobe, rushed to answer the door. Heart thrumming in her chest, cheeks flushed, lips curled into an eager grin.

The delivery guy, a tall man with broad shoulders and a five o'clock shadow, was holding her package.

As soon as he saw her in the open doorway, he perked up. Eyes flicking down to Maya's chest and back again. He stood a little straighter, held out the three-foot-long parcel, smiled.

Maya didn't need to look down to know what the man was so happy about.

Her robe was open at the chest.

She wasn't wearing a shirt or bra.

A tickle of cool air on the edge of her exposed nipple.

She trembled, somehow managed to stop herself from moaning. Images flashed through her mind, her imagination conjuring up scenes of her and this delivery guy. Her 'thanking' him with a blowjob, him inviting himself inside, fucking her...

Blushing, Maya took the long parcel.

She held it to her chest, felt her bathrobe slip open even more.

"Thanks," she murmured quickly.

The two halves of her fought a silent battle. One side wanting to slam the door shut, curl up into a ball of embarrassment and shame. The other determined to invite this man in, have him fuck her brains out.

The 'good' half won. Barely.

Red-faced, knees shaking, she kicked the door shut.

She collapsed against the wall, clutching the long package like a life preserver. Breathing heavily, listening.

Beyond the door, she heard the man whistle, chuckle, begin walking away. Footsteps fading until they disappeared completely.

Gone. He was gone...

She let out a sigh of relief, relaxed. Ignored the small swell of disappointment in herself.

It took her a full minute to get up. Another minute before she finally caved to her slutty side. With shaking hands, she tore away the dull brown packaging. Underneath was a plain cardboard box, showing no hint as to what it might contain.

Discreet, just as the website had promised.

Maya tore open one end of the box, reached her hand inside.

Lots of padding. Card and paper filling, protecting the contents. Keeping it secure. High quality stuff, too. The kind of special treatment reserved for specialist, niche stores.

Her fingers brushed hard silicone.

She grabbed it, heart pounding. Her fingers couldn't reach all the way around it.

Inhaling a deep breath, anticipation flaring, she pulled. Dragged the monster out of its box.

A huge, insanely long dildo.

Almost three feet long, wider than her forearm, ridged and veined and totally inhuman. A monster-cock dildo that'd put a stallion to shame with how massive it was.

At the sight of it, the last echoes of 'good girl' Maya faded into the background. All doubt and uncertainty vanished with her. Only eagerness and excitement and arousal remained. Memories of sucking on a cock not too dissimilar from this toy. Suffocating herself on it, throat unable to accommodate it. Having it inside her – fucking her.

Maya shivered, instinctively reached between her legs.

The wetness she found there made her giggle.

"Partial Morph!" Maya said happily, reaching down and touching the pink disk of her Morph Belt.

It activated instantly. White and pink scales gliding out from the Belt, covering her body exactly where she'd been picturing. Hands and arms, feet and legs, tummy and back and shoulders. Everywhere but her crotch, her chest, and her head.

She smiled sweetly at her webcam.

"That's right, boys," she giggled. "I'm Pink. The *real* Pink. My name is Maya Decaso and I'm going to show you just how *naughty* I actually am."

An electrical pulse surged through her. Tingles so intense they were downright debilitating. Maya shook and trembled and gasped, moaned out loud. She shut her eyes tight, let the wave of arousal slam into her, wash her sanity away.

Showing her face? Revealing her identity? *That* hadn't been part of the plan. When she'd started recording a few moments ago, the idea had been to hide her face. Keep Pink's identity anonymous. But the naughtiness had compelled her, and she'd submitted to it.

Fuck it! So what if the world knew who she was?

It'd just mean all those men would come find her, fuck her, use her. Countless horny men, an endless row of cocks to fill her holes with.

The thought made her spasm with arousal.

She reached for her new dildo with lightning speed, had herself curled around it in the blink of an eye. The tip spreading her mouth wide open, the length sandwiched between her heavy tits, humping the base with her dripping-wet cunt. Her hands gripped it, massaged it, squeezed it.

All in full view of the webcam.

She imagined a sea of eyes watching her as she gave herself over to the toy, dedicated herself to pleasuring it. She imagined the monster, could almost *feel* the heat from the memory, the foul breath of the creature as it mounted her, fucked her. When she heard the house's door opening, she thought she'd imagined that too. Imaginary intruders come to have their way with her.

"Yes!" Maya gasped around the monster dildo, saliva dribbling at the corners of her mouth. "Please!"

Footsteps approaching her room.

Yes!

The door opened.

YES!

But the man that entered wasn't the masked robber that Maya had been envisioning. Not some big, brawny, faceless man.

Standing there in a red t-shirt, eyes wide in shock, staring right at Maya's face, was

Jason. Her boyfriend. Or ex-boyfriend. Where they still a couple? They hadn't spoken in months...

A long moment passed. Silent and still, both of them frozen in place. Stunned at the sight of the other.

Then, realising just how slutty she must've looked, knowing that it was *Jason* who was staring at her, guessing at the horrified thoughts that must've been racing through his head, Maya moaned.

That one simple sound broke the reverie.

Jason's head spun around, taking in the scene. A messy bed with stained sheets, a mountain of empty energy drink cans on a side table, a laptop on a chair beside the bed - screen filled by a live image of Maya.

Involuntarily, Maya resumed humping her new toy.

Jason. Jason was watching her. Or... *Was* it Jason? She'd made *that* mistake before. Had fallen into *his* trap.

What if the man in front of her *wasn't* Jason?

What... What if it was actually *him*?

*Halen.*

## Jason

Jason watched as the love of his life began grinding harder against that monstrosity of a dildo. Moaning and gasping, staring up at him with hazy eyes, sucking on the dildo's head like her life depended on it.

The noises she was making... She sounded like she was a fucking *pornstar*. Loud and eager, over-the-top. Only, where pornstars faked it, *this* was real. He could see it on Maya's face, in her dazed eyes.

She was *enjoying* it. Getting off on him watching.

And that laptop... The webcam...

She wasn't *livestreaming* this, was she?

For fucks sake, she was *Morphed*. Partially suited up as The Pink! With her face on full display!

If she was live, if people could see her...

*Burn it!*

For once, Jason listened to the Red Shard.

He raised his arm, rage boiling in his chest, and unleashed a bolt of fire at Maya's laptop.

The thing exploded in a vortex of spinning, swirling flames.

Maya yelped, flinched away.

And yet, even as her stupidly huge dildo bounced away from her and rolled off her bed, Maya reached between her legs, started rubbing her crotch. In moments, she was moaning and gasping again, heedless of her ruined laptop.

*BURN HER!* The Red Shard roared in Jason's skull. *INCINERATE! BURN! DESTROY!*

It hadn't been *that* loud since... since...

Jason stumbled, clutched his head, fought the sudden wave of urges and impulses. The power in his chest demanded he use it, *commanded* him to set fire to Maya. To this house. To the entire world.

Gasping, he took a step towards Maya's bed. Towards the girl that, even now, was furiously fingering herself.

"Maya," he managed to groan. "Babe... I need..."

"Halen!" Maya gasped, eyes rolling in their sockets. "Halen!"

Halen?

The word pierced through every thought. Every agony.

It washed away everything, purged Jason's mind. Even the Red Shard's demands felt distant and quiet, muted. All he could hear was his own heart beating. His own breathing. And that one, poisonous word.

Halen.

She wanted Halen Venitus?

She chose *Halen* - that *bastard* - over him?

He took another step towards the bed. This one solid. Firm.

*Bitch!*

Without realising it, he'd unbuckled his belt, lowered his jeans. Cock stiff in his hand, he took another step forward. His legs reached the edge of the bed.

*Slut!*

The rancid stench of smouldering plastic filled his nostrils as Jason climbed onto the bed, approached Maya.

She gasped loudly, spread her legs wide open for him.

*Whore!*

In the aftermath, Jason embraced the numbness he felt. The hollowness in his chest.

Maya was curled up next to him, facing away. Acting every bit the shy, embarrassed, mortified girl they both knew she wasn't. Maybe once upon a time, she'd been a blushing beauty who'd been embarrassed by sex and who'd shied away from all things 'naughty'. But that wasn't who she was anymore.

He'd lost count of the number of times she'd climaxed.

All the while, moaning Halen's name.

*Bitch*, Halen thought. But his heart wasn't in it. All the rage and anger and heat was gone. Now there was... Nothing.

"Tomorrow," Jason said, voice cold, "and every day from now on, I expect to see you at the base. Every morning without fail. Understood?"

"Jason..." Maya whispered, voice soft and quiet and cute. Vulnerable. "I... I don't know if I can... I'm not..."

A year ago, he'd have believed it. The shy, innocent, 'good girl' act. After today? He knew the truth. Refused to fall for it ever again. Because that's what it all was, wasn't it? An act. Maya had shown her true colour today. And it sure as shit wasn't cutesy, innocent, adorable pink.

"I'm not asking," he said, sitting up. "Be there, or else."

He wasn't quite sure what he meant by that 'or else' himself. What would he do if she didn't show up? He had no idea.

Regardless, he climbed off the bed, walked to the bedroom door.

Sparing the slut a single glance back, Jason shook his head in disgust. Chest aching at the sight of her.

"Just so you know now," he said. "I'm gonna kill him."

Halen. Before all was said and done, he'd see that fucker's head removed from his body. Clean cut. No doubts about his survival. Halen was a dead man. He just didn't know it yet.

*Burn him*, the Red Shard whispered.

And for the second time today, Jason found himself agreeing with it.