

Shard Warriors – Vol.2

Chapter 10

Maya

The moment her lips touched it, Maya's mind went blank. Every thought fading away, every voice in her head going quiet. There was only the heat and lust and the desperate *need*.

She kissed the underside of the massive cock.

Her *Master's* cock.

She kissed it again and again. Moved her lips up and down the stiff meat. Basking in the pungent aroma, the feeling of *him* towering over her. She pressed her face to the cock, moaned as her hands glided along its sides.

It was too big for her to swallow.

Maya was half-convinced it'd be too big to even fit inside her. And that thought – imagining the struggle of taking it, her hole being forced wide open to accommodate it – sent hot tingles coursing through every inch of her.

Behind her were the familiar sounds of combat. Heavy collisions and shouting, grunts and roars, bodies slamming onto the ground and floor tiles shattering.

Slam me into the floor, she thought at the impossibly huge cock. *Pound me until something breaks*.

Groaning, Maya licked the smooth skin.

Her mouth wasn't enough. Even with all the kissing, even with her hands in motion and her tongue flicking it, she'd only taken care of a fraction of the enormous cock.

She pushed herself higher on her knees, looked down at her big, bare tits. A tiny smile tugged at her lips.

An instant later, she spat on herself – a few times.

Globs of spit glistened on her huge tits for only a few moments before Maya rubbed the moisture over her skin – filling her valley of cleavage with the only lubricant she had to hand.

As she sandwiched the massive cock between her breasts, Maya purred. Lifting herself up, bringing her body down. Fucking her Master's cock with her chest. She hugged her tits, held them tightly together around Master's meat.

He was so big, she could still easily lick and kiss the tip as she worked the rest with her body.

Abigail

This was *not* going well.

Abi's head throbbed as she barely dodged another attack.

It was all she could do to put space between her and Jen. Dancing back as the Green pressed her, swung at her like a woman possessed.

Which, Abi mused, Jen was.

Possessed by Norman Venitus. Or, at least, compelled by him.

Focus, she scolded herself, barely managing to dance out of the way of another attack.

"Jen!" Abi shouted. "Snap out of it!"

Her cousin's only response was to lunge forward again, unleashing a barrage of punches all aimed at Abi's head.

Abi avoided most of the blows, blocked the last one and sent Jen stumbling

backwards. For a few short moments, the Green was wide open for attack. Not that Abi had any intention of doing so.

She wouldn't attack back. She wouldn't hurt Jen. There *had* to be another way.

"I know you're still in there," Abi said, voice strained as she pleaded. "You can fight it! I know you can! You're not a villain. You're a—"

Her words were cut off as she was forced to dodge another strike.

The dance continued from there. Jen attacking, Abi on full defence while trying to talk Jen down. But, the longer it went on, Abi knew, the more likely it was that she'd fail. A person could only defend for so long. Inevitably, some attacks would land.

And those blows would add up over time.

Every one of them, Abi noted, was aimed at her head.

No. Not my head. My Suit's helmet.

If *that* broke...

She pushed the thought aside, focused all her efforts on buying as much time as she could.

Wordlessly, she prayed.

Brian

He pulled his gaze away from Jen and Abi, returned his attention to Gramps. The girls' fight wouldn't last much longer now. Not with how close Jen was to backing Abi into a corner.

"Why?" The Grey asked, voice trembling.

Brian ignored the question.

As he strode forward, a righteous flare blossomed inside him.

Gramps was a fool. A would-be murdered. A man who'd destroy every Shard in the world if he could, forever denying humanity their gifts. As soon as Norman had shown him that, the decision had been an easy one.

The old man had to go.

Jason too.

Norman might've wanted Jason to switch sides, but Brian was glad he hadn't. *He'd* make a better team leader than Jason *ever* had. And, without Jason around to steal the spotlight and cast a shadow over Brian's accomplishments, it'd be that much easier to win *her* heart too.

Not to mention all the resources Norman had promised him.

A laboratory all to himself, where he could study the Shards and their powers. The freedom to make unimaginable discoveries.

Yes. Joining Norman Venitus had been an easy decision to make.

All he had to do now was earn his new Master's approval.

Brian launched himself at Gramps.

Jennifer

As soon as the Yellow's back touched a wall, it was over.

Trapped in a corner, with nowhere left to run. Her Suit's helmet cracked and dented in a dozen different places. Tired from her constant dodging and fleeing. There was nothing the Yellow could do as Jen launched into a merciless flurry of punches.

Jen's fist collided with Yellow's helmet, launching Yellow's head back only for it to bounce right off the wall behind her and into another of Jen's punches.

It took only a few seconds before the helmet shattered.

Jen didn't relent. Kept hitting any part of the Yellow Suit she could see above the neck. Gripping and tearing away chunks until the whole of Abigail's head was uncovered.

The girl's eyes were dazed from all the hits.

Then they shot wide open.

She dropped to her knees, clutching her head and shaking.

"No!" Abigail screamed. "Get out of my head!"

Jen glanced over her shoulder at Norman Venitus.

An Adonis of a man, standing tall with angelic wings outstretched. His legs and crotch were obscured by Maya, who was bouncing her body up and down, head lowered. It didn't take much imagination to piece together what was happening there.

Norman, though, was looking in Jen's direction. Eyes on the screeching, struggling Abigail.

Flooding Abi's mind with so much of his Purple Shard's power that the girl had no hope of fighting it. Struggle as she might, resisting Norman with everything she had, there was only one way this could end.

Jen reached down, touched the green disk of her Belt.

"Partial Morph," she whispered.

Her own helmet vanished. And, taking a page from Maya's book, Jen also banished the Suit over her chest and crotch and backside. Transforming her image of a formidable fighter into a sexual parody of one.

She crouched down beside the now curled-up Abigail.

"Don't fight it," Jen cooed, stroking the girl's head. "You can't resist him, so why try? Let go..."

"No..." Abigail whined. "I can't... I have to..."

Jen leaned over her, pressed her lips to Abi's.

"Stop..." Abigail murmured as she returned the kiss. "Please..."

Heat flushed through them both.

Their tongues danced as hands explored.

Within just a handful of seconds, Abigail's feeble complaints had come to a stop as she gave in to her new reality. She stopped resisting their Master's power.

A hand reached between Jen's legs.

The metallic Suit gloves were cool against Jen's bare skin. Not cold or hard, but a gentle – if needy – touch that left tingles everywhere Abi's fingertips ventured.

Jen slid her own hands over Abi's chest. Though the Yellow Suit covered everything below Abi's neck, Jen still pawed at her. Rubbed her over the special Suit, knowing Abi would feel an echo of the sensation.

Lost in the haze, not wanting to think, letting her body guide the way; it was inevitable where things would lead.

Pretty soon, Jen was on top of Abigail, humping the Yellow's leg and rubbing Yellow's still-covered crotch. Grinding herself to a blissful, mind-numbing orgasm.

Halen

Two things became apparent when cracks started forming in his Suit.

The first; Jason was the better fighter. That much, Halen had already assumed. But to be getting thrashed *this* badly? That was unexpected.

The second; Jason had no intention of using his tiny, monster-killing syringe on Halen's grandfather.

As soon as the first cracks had appeared in the Black Suit, Jason had uncapped his little capsule and started brandishing it as a weapon – aiming it at any hint of exposed flesh Halen showed. Whenever Halen gave Jason even the hint of an opening, his rival

lunged forward and stabbed away with that little needle.

Which was less than ideal.

Though, he did have *one* thing going for him.

Jason Morose was *pissed*.

The Red was rushing him like a rabid beast. Rage fuelling every movement, every attack. A true roid-raging berserker. And one making many, many basic mistakes.

Overextending, bad footwork, throwing himself off balance.

It was enough – barely – to give Halen an advantage.

Whenever he was given the opportunity, Halen struck at Jason's upper arms. Biceps and shoulders. Wearing down the Red Suit there until cracks and breaks began to appear.

Which, in turn, weakened Jason's attacks. Slowed his punches and jabs and thrusts.

It was a slow process. But, eventually, the flow of the fight turned. Halen taking control of the pace while Jason was forced onto defence. He still brandished his little needle, and the threat of being jabbed with it kept Halen cautious.

All he needed now was an opportunity.

Halen looked over to the scuffle between the Grey and the Blue. Watched closely out of the corner of his eye; biding his time.

Maya

When something touched her waist, Maya yelped in surprise.

She pulled away from the saliva-covered tip of Master's cock, looked down at herself with wide eyes.

There, on her hips, were thick green vines.

As her eyes followed the vines, her surprise slowly faded. When she saw that they extended from Master's body, were plant-like limbs he'd grown from his shoulders, she relaxed. Let out a breathy giggle.

The vines wrapped around her, lifted her up.

The tip of Master's cock slapped against her face, drew a line of saliva down her neck and chest and tummy as Maya rose higher and higher. When she felt it between her legs, pressing to her wet slit, Maya's eyes rolled in their sockets.

Knowing what must come next – the anticipation of it – almost made her lose control completely.

The vines on Maya's waist tightened, slid up her body to hold her firmly in place. When Master didn't lower her, press her onto his massive cock, Maya whined. Struggled. Tried to lower herself onto it – to no avail.

She looked up at Master's face, tears of frustration in her eyes.

He gazed down at her imperiously, the faintest hints of a smile on his lips. A towering form that made everyone else – man and monster alike – seem unworthy by comparison.

"Pink," he said softly, voice so quiet that Maya had to strain to hear him over the sounds of battle behind her. "Maya. What is it you want, my dear?"

Maya gasped. Trembled. The words formed in her mind, but her lips refused to speak them.

"Do I frighten you?" Her Master asked in amusement.

"Yes," Maya breathed.

Her crotch heated at the admission. At just how *intimidating* and *powerful* this man was. Her heart thundered as she nodded her head, bit her lip.

"Not as dumb as you look, are you?" Norman Venitus smirked. He shook his head

and shrugged. "A shame. I've always had a fondness for buxom, airheaded girls. But no matter. I can always remedy that later..."

Slowly, the man – Maya's Master – started lowering her.

The tip of his cock squeezed her slit open, pressed to the tiny little opening that'd dominated Maya's life and thoughts for the last year. She felt the pressure of it. The unyielding, rock-hard cock against a hole much too small for it. And, as Norman pulled her firmly down and that pressure built to a painful, agonising peak, something gave.

The cock pushed her hole open, forced Maya's poor pussy to accommodate it.

Sparks burst in Maya's vision as pain blossomed alongside electrical pleasure. A sensation so overwhelming that it cast everything else aside as the huge cock penetrated her. Claimed her.

Maya screamed in ecstasy, felt her body and mind submit.

Gramps

The howl Maya let out caused everyone else to pause in shock.

It was an animalistic thing. Primal. Utterly inhuman in its depravity and glee. He couldn't help but look at her, riding Norman's unnatural dick like she was possessed. Brian looked over at Maya too, thankfully. Giving Gramps a moment to collect himself.

Not too far away, both Jason and Halen had paused in their brawl to glance at Maya. Both sporting countless cracks and holes in their Suits.

The Black Suit's damage was all over the place – cracks from head to toes – with the only major holes in Halen's armour around the chest and abdominal regions. The Venitus boy's Purple Shard was visible through a large hole. One strong blow to *that* and Halen would be put out of action for good.

The Red Suit, on the other hand, was only damaged in the bicep and shoulder areas – and severely at that. There was more of Jason's skin visible than there was Suit when it came to his upper arms. *That* was not good. Without the Suit to power those important muscles, Jason could barely raise his hands at all, let alone fight with them. Why Halen hadn't finished Jason off already was a mystery.

Toying with him, most likely.

A sobering thought.

Further away, in a corner of the cavernous room, Jennifer and Abigail were still grappling. After so long struggling against one another, their Suits were badly-

No. Not *grappling*.

They were *fucking*.

If not for the Grey's helmet, his jaw would've dropped open at the obscene sight.

Jennifer rutting atop Abigail, scratching at what remained of the Yellow Suit as she thrust her hips and... Was that a *dick*?

Extending from between Jennifer's legs; a green, metallic cock.

The Suits could do *that*?!

What other body parts could they reproduce from scratch? A missing hand? Breasts? A pair of wings?

He was so stunned by the sight, he didn't react in time as Brian rushed forward. A gloved fist struck Gramps' head at full force, catapulting backwards through the air.

The capsule – his last hope to end this madness – darted out of his open hand, went sailing through the air.

Even as he hit the ground, cussing and rolling to his feet, Gramps watched as the Blue leapt through the air to catch the capsule. A thousand thoughts and fears rushed through Gramps' mind in that moment. In a brief, terrifying heartbeat, he saw the future. Saw Brian snatch the capsule out of the air, hand it over to Norman who in turn would

waste it on one of his minions – just like before. The last hope for the world would fall to Jason, who didn't even have the strength left to raise his hands.

In slow motion, Gramps watched as the Blue glided through the air, nearing the flying capsule.

But, just before Brian could catch the weapon and complete his betrayal, a shadow darted past him and swept it away first.

The Black landed lightly on his feet, tossing the capsule from one hand to the other. Barely sparing either Gramps or Brian a glance before turning back to face Jason.

Something broke inside Gramps.

Robert Finnegan.

Malcolm Morose.

The Grey.

Nobody.

It didn't matter anymore.

His last shred of hope fluttered away.

He dropped to his knees, gave up.

Norman had won.

Jason

When Halen rushed him, Jason made the mistake of trying to block.

His arms moved too slowly, too weakly.

If Halen had been aiming to kill, Jason would be dead. As it was, the attack was a feint of sorts. Rather than striking Jason, jabbing him with Gramps' syringe, Halen drew back at the last moment and swiped at Jason's hand instead.

Jason stumbled back, his own tiny syringe now in Halen's hands.

His heart dropped.

For a brief, terrible moment, Jason considered giving up. Letting Halen finish him. Then, that very thought – being killed by Halen *fucking* Venitus – spurred him back to life. Ignited the embers of rage and hatred that still burned inside him.

Halen pointed one of the syringes at Jason, lunged and stabbed with it.

Jason skipped back, avoided it easily.

While his arms might be useless, his legs and feet were perfectly fine. The Red Suit was undamaged there. Not even scratched.

He avoided another attack, and another. Danced nimbly out of the way of Halen's sluggishly slow jabs.

Think. He silently snapped at himself. *Think!*

A plan. He needed a plan. Some way to flip the odds around, come out of this mess on top.

He was the Red, dammit. A fucking *hero*.

He was the one who saved the day when everyone else fucked up. *He* was the team leader. *He* was the best of them.

If anyone could do it, it was him.

"Grandfather," Halen Venitus shouted out, voice warped by the Black Suit's helmet. "Could you hold this coward still for me, please? I want to see what these things do to humans."

He raised both hands, a capsule syringe in each.

"Hmm..." Norman Venitus boomed. "Wouldn't that be cheating?"

"I've already won," Halen shrugged. "And I'm getting bored of chasing this loser. The fighting is over."

Jason looked around.

Gramps was curled up into a ball on the floor, unmoving. Abi's legs were up in the air as Jen fucked her.

Jason himself wasn't exactly in fighting condition.

Think!

But no thoughts came. No plans or ideas. Nothing.

"Very well," Norman Venitus said, sounding mildly disappointed. "I suppose it's only fitting."

The next thing Jason knew, a squid-like tentacle was wrapping around his upper body, squeezing down on him and holding him in place. With his arms as weak as they were, he couldn't even *attempt* to struggle. He was locked in place.

Jason looked down at the tentacle, eyes following it to its source.

One of Norman's arms.

A human shoulder then shifted into a long tentacle.

Halen Venitus stepped towards him.

This is it.

If he'd still had the Red Shard, he might've been able to scorch his way free. Ignite Halen, grab one of the syringes, make something happen...

But no. The Red Shard was gone, his chest still aching at its absence.

"You know," Halen said as he approached. "I used hate you and your friends so much. I despised you. The wannabe heroes who followed a murderer and wouldn't leave my family alone."

Jason held his head high. If he was going to die here, he'd do it like a man. Not cowering or begging for his life, not giving in or giving up. He was the Red. Not a 'wannabe'. He was a *hero*.

"Turns out," Halen chuckled, stopping before Jason. He raised a syringe, readying the killing blow. "I might've been a little *mistaken* about some things."

Halen stabbed forward.

Jamming the tip of the syringe right into the tentacle.

There was a moment of stunned silence.

Then all hell broke loose.

~ ~ ~

Norman

Hours later, he'd finally managed to calm himself.

Mostly.

The three Morph-Sluts helped. Pink and Green and Yellow. He had them soothe his body, their tits massaging the tension from him as they cooed and whispered their obedience.

"Master," Maya breathed, licking his neck.

"Use us," Jennifer added, kissing his shoulder.

Abigail moaned around the fingers in her mouth, ran her tongue around them sensually.

It helped.

But the fury still boiled, deep down.

The brat's betrayal.

He couldn't even think his *grandson's* name without the anger flaring up.

Stabbing that *poison* into Norman's arm...

He'd felt it. The cool, sharp, vindictive metal. The instant it'd entered his body, it had rushed up that tentacle limb. Raced right towards Norman's chest with terrifying speed.

If he hadn't been paying close attention to the exchange between Jason and the brat, he wouldn't have reacted swiftly enough to sever the limb. And, if he hadn't severed the limb in time, that *poison* would've entered his core.

Half an inch.

That's how close the accursed metal had gotten to his chest before Norman had hacked his arm off at the shoulder.

Half an inch.

Just half an inch – a millisecond – and Norman would've died.

That thought, the very *notion* that he could *die*, was absurd. And yet, it'd almost happened. He'd come within half an inch of death.

He'd severed the limb. Roared. And the many Monoliths and Polyoliths had surged forward, launched themselves at the Red and the Black while Norman himself lost control for a time. Going feral at the attempt on his life – and its near success.

By the time he'd come too, regained his composure, both the Red and the Black were gone. Escaped somehow.

The Grey was dead.

The Blue had been sent away.

Norman sighed as Maya made her way between his legs, cupping his balls as she licked his cock. The tension evaporated from him and his worries drifted away one by one.

Maya's pretty lips pecked their way up his length.

So what if the Black had tried to kill him? The attempt had failed, and it'd revealed the brat for what he was.

And so what if two of the Belts had eluded him?

Five were under Norman's control now.

It was only a matter of time before he collected the other two, found worthy servants to wear them. He'd complete the collection soon enough.

And, Halen and Jason aside, today had been a monumental success.

Already, cities and nations were surrendering to him. The puppets he'd put in power were bending the knee, while those who dared to deny him were quickly finding themselves the victims of 'monster attacks' and 'freak accidents'.

It wouldn't be long before every city in the world had a small army of Polyoliths to keep Norman's peace and ensure their loyalty, with specially selected Monoliths to rule as his vassals.

A world of peace, with Norman ruling as its immortal god.

As it should be.

When the Pink climbed onto his cock, he let all other thoughts drift away. Let himself enjoy life's simplest pleasure.

Maya's huge tits bounced as she rode him, a wide smile on her face. Jennifer and Abigail slid to either side of her, hands on Norman's abdomen. Pleading for the same sweet oblivion Maya was experiencing.

With a thought, a hint of will, Norman grew himself another two cock. One for each of his new toys.

Why fuck one slut, when he could take all three at the same time?