

Shard Warriors – Vol.2

Chapter 2

Jennifer

The walk of shame.

A couple months ago, it'd been the worst part of a terrible habit. Stalking out of a stranger's home; clothes askew, hair messy, make-up dried and faded and flaky, entire body feeling gross and dirty. Early birds seeing her in those days? It'd been mortifying. Traumatizing.

Now, though, she smiled at anyone she saw.

Broken bra slung over her shoulder, one of her high-heeled shoes broken, tights shredded. Smelling of grime and sex, looking like a hooker who'd spent the night working.

It was liberating.

She checked her phone before she left the building. A student house? There weren't any family photos on the walls, no sense of aged homeliness. And yeah, the kitchen was a pigsty. *Definitely* a shared student house.

Shared by a group of guys? Friends?

Maybe she should leave her number here, write a little note to... what was his name again? Pretend to be interested in seeing him again, sleeping with him. Leave the note somewhere one of his friends would find it...

A titillating thought.

But no. Too much work for a 'maybe'. And the last thing Jen needed was *another* guy with her number who didn't realise he was a one-time thing.

Besides, she didn't have time to go messing around with notes.

She was out of the door by six. The sky beginning to lighten, but still far off full dawn. She'd come in the fuckboy's car, so she wouldn't be able to drive... Walk or run? Public transport? Where the fuck even was she?

She checked her phone's map.

Not far off a college she'd studied at. A forty-minute walk home, then. Or a fifteen-minute walk to the bar she'd picked up the fuckboy and a five-minute drive home. Wait, had she picked up the fuckboy if he'd been the one driving her home? Didn't that mean *he'd* picked *her* up?

Not important.

Jen went with the forty-minute walk.

More time looking slutty and shameful. More opportunities for people to see her. More complications stemming from her car being lost in the middle of nowhere.

Maybe someone would break into it! Hotwire and steal it!

She could only hope.

Nodding to herself, Jen plotted a route home. One she liked to consider a *scenic* route. It'd add an extra few minutes to the walk, but that was all the better.

Then she set off walking.

Head held high. Breasts bouncing under an unbuttoned blouse. Footfalls uneven because of her broken heel.

She arrived home with no time to spare. Her shift started at seven, and it'd take her a good ten minutes to get there on foot. No matter what, she was going to be late.

Perfect!

She had just enough time to put on her work clothes, tidy her hair a little, clean up most of the day-old makeup, brush her teeth.

No time for a shower. No time for breakfast. No time at all!

She got to completing her tasks, rushing all the while.

It was five-past-seven when she finally left the house. A rental property she was way behind due on – a stroke of genius, that. The complications it'd cause? Massive!

Walking quickly – but not *too* quickly – she made her way to the little food joint she worked at. A waitress! The perfect job for her. She couldn't *imagine* a busier, more chaotic environment. Evenings were better, weekends especially so. But the weekday morning rush could be hectic too. The place was always understaffed, which was an especially nice perk.

She arrived late, of course. But not *too* late. Enough to annoy her boss, but not so much that she was a total liability.

It gave him a reason to grumble. But she was pretty and work-motivated enough that he wouldn't fire her over a habit of being a couple minutes late every shift. In a way, she was providing a service! Giving the boss-man a chance to vent his frustrations.

As she waited and cleaned tables, chatted with regulars and did her job with extreme vigour and total dedication, Jen basked in the chaos. The endless list of activities. When things began slowing down, she made sure to 'accidentally' drop a plate. Lots of apologising later, and she was hard at work mopping the floor.

A few hours later, when her shift came to an end, it was almost surprising. The time had flown by!

But the end of her shift meant she was late for something else! What was it today? Private workout session, or a dinner date, or was it the property viewing she'd arranged?

She checked her phone.

No, none of them. It was the job interview!

Some cleaning role she'd applied and scheduled an interview for. No matter how the interview went, she wouldn't be taking the job. The one she had right now was too perfect for her. But getting to the interview location, waiting to be called in, wading through silly questions and what-not – it'd all drain time.

Without her car, even if she ran there she'd still be *very* late. But that could work out in her favour! If they still gave her the interview, it'd cut into whatever she'd scheduled next for the day. She'd be late to that, which would make her late for the next thing... Perfection!

Rushing and rushing and rushing.

Not a moment left free. Not a single second to think.

Thinking, after all, was the enemy.

Thinking was suffering.

As it was right now, Jen didn't have time to suffer.

She was going to be late for a job interview!

Jen looked through her drawers for something appropriately slutty. Nothing overboard; walking around in a g-string and a fishnet top with no bra was *not* the type of 'whorish' she wanted to exude. But something revealing, teasing, something that invited lewdness and promised more? That'd be ideal.

Shuffling through a mess of tops, looking for the perfect thing to wear, was an artform. A skillset all in itself.

When her fingers plucked out a green tank top, Jen grimaced.

She tossed it aside.

"Could've sworn I got rid of all that," she muttered, eyes lingering on the green cloth a few moments more. Finally, she huffed, forced her eyes away from it.

A relic of the past. Nothing more. She'd trash it later.

"Ah!" She said, plucking out a black, sparkling tube top. "Much better. A nice jacket over this..."

Maybe not even a jacket. An unbuttoned blouse. Or a translucent, fishnet top. So many options!

In the end, she went with the unbuttoned blouse. Matched it with a plaid skirt. Something of a sporty schoolgirl look, but more mature. It'd show off her still-sharp abs, her athletic figure. Enough skin to inspire thoughts of more, but not so much as to get her looked down – or arrested – for indecency.

Bag in hand, she left the house. Was confident that she'd only be a few minutes late to her date.

Was tonight the engineer guy or the divorced dad?

No! It was the businessman today. The slick-haired, not unhandsome man who'd claimed to be 'rich beyond reason'. Unlikely, Jen thought. Maybe if he'd claimed to be *wealthy* beyond reason, she'd have believed it. But 'rich'. Sounded too cheap to be authentic. Still, he'd try to woo her. And she was more than happy to let him.

Letting her phone lead the way, Jen ended up standing before a very fancy restaurant. The kind that she'd never been in before. The kind that wealthy assholes frequented, mingled at, pretended to enjoy. Very much the kind of restaurant that served tiny portions of food and charged enough per meal to put a kid through college.

Looked like her date was really trying tonight.

Hopefully the idiot wasn't putting himself into debt attempting to impress her. She'd be suckin' and fuckin' him tonight regardless.

A thought occurred to her as she stood there, staring at the fancy restaurant. The obnoxiously bougie restaurant.

Was this somewhere Halen dined at?

She purged the thought instantly. Shoved it deep, deep down. Buried it. She would *not* think of him.

And she would *not* think about how wet she was right now.

He was... He was *forbidden*.

The only time she could think about that man – the *only* time – was to distract herself from the other one. From *him*.

Jason.

She flitted around the thought, refused to look at it or acknowledge it. As far as Jen was concerned, *he* didn't exist. *They'd* never done *that*. No line had ever been crossed. And she *certainly* hadn't loved every fucking second of it.

Too many thoughts. She'd been standing still for too long.

Jen strode forward, practically *dripping* with how wet she was, towards the restaurant.

The poor, silly, adorable man waiting for her inside was way out of his league. Dressed up in a plain black and white suit with a bowtie and white gloves, he looked more like a fancy waiter than a date. He stood up as she sat down and, for a brief moment, Jen was worried he'd actually ask her what she'd like to order.

Still, he was handsome enough. A little older than Jen, but not so old that he'd have a kid her age or anything. And points for trying, if nothing else.

Jen made a decision there and then.

Tonight, she was going to rock this man's whole world. Make him cum so hard, he'd be thinking back to it for the rest of his life.

Jason

She wasn't home.

He'd stopped by three days in a row. This was the fourth, and he'd had enough of waiting. There wouldn't be a fifth.

Jason circled around the small house, Maya in tow, and found a back entrance to the building. Tall fences blocked most of the sightlines to the door. Unless a neighbour was

watching through an upstairs window at that very moment, it'd be safe to break in. Provided there weren't any alarms.

He took the risk.

"Partial Morph," Jason muttered, reaching down and touching the Red Morph Belt under his baggy shirt.

Maya gasped like a bitch in heat, ready to drop onto all fours for a hard fucking. Any time he touched his Morph Belt – regardless of if he actually used it or not – his girlfriend gave the same reaction. Pure, animalistic lust.

The Suit extended exactly as far as Jason had willed it to. Under his clothes, up his torso, and down one arm. The only part of his body that was visibly suited, thanks to his long-sleeved, red sweatshirt, was his right hand.

He reached for the back door's handle, gripped it.

Metal squeaked and snapped as he effortlessly turned it.

He pushed the door open, breaking a chunk off the doorframe, and stepped inside the house. Maya followed, panting and all but salivating at Jason's display.

When he turned on her, glared down at her, it only made the slut more hot and bothered.

Disgusting creature.

He'd kill Halen for what he'd done. Incinerate him.

The Red Shard in his chest burned hot. All but begging Jason to use it, to unleash torrents of fire.

Jason ignored it, reached down to his Belt, touched the disk.

With a simple mental command, the small fragment of Suit coating his skin pulled back to the Belt. Leaving Jason standing there, arm tingling with the strength it'd just lost.

"Wait here," he commanded the slut. "I'm gonna look around."

They stayed in the house overnight. Waiting on Jennifer's bed until past midnight, then fucking on it, then Jason waiting some more while Maya slept contentedly.

With every hour that passed, he felt his rage double over.

Where the fuck was she?

She'd been home yesterday. From the moisture he'd seen in the bathroom sink, the mess of cleaning wipes covered in makeup scattered in the dampness, she'd probably been there not too long before Jason and Maya had arrived. They'd likely missed her by a few minutes at most.

In her bedroom, they'd found a whorish tube top that stank of sweat and sex, along with a skirt and a stained blouse. But no hints as to where she'd been, or where she was now.

All they could do was wait. From morning to evening to night. As the sky started to brighten outside Jennifer's bedroom window, Jason had to hold back his rage like never before. Fists clenched, jaw so tight his teeth felt like they'd start shattering each other, it took everything he had not to burn the entire fucking house to the ground.

He had to leave the bedroom, walk to the bathroom and splash some water onto his face.

After that, he stared at his reflection for a long while. Met the glaring, angry gaze of the man he saw there.

When he heard the house's front door open, Jason tensed.

A single set of footsteps rushed its way through the small house, headed straight for the bedroom. She strode right past the open bathroom door, right past Jason without even noticing.

He waited for a moment. Then moved slowly, stepped out and followed her. Not in a rush, but a slow gait.

"Maya?!" He heard his sister gasp. "What?! Why're you here? You can't be here!"

You're not supposed to be here..."

She was in the bedroom doorway, back to Jason.

"She's with me," he said, stepping up behind Jennifer.

She flinched. Jumped on the spot, spun, backed away from him with wide, horrified eyes.

"J-Jason?" Jennifer squeaked. "What- What're you doing here?"

He stopped in the doorway, blocking it with his broad shoulders. He noticed Jennifer looking past him, glancing at the windows, searching for an escape. Something he was *not* going to allow to happen.

"Where have you been?" He asked, staring at her.

She couldn't meet his eyes.

"Got a boyfriend or something?" He asked, keeping the emotion from his voice. "That where you were tonight?"

She shook her head quickly.

"You... You can't be here Jason," Jennifer whimpered, whole body trembling. "I'm late... I've got to get to work... I've got things to do... I...."

Maya was awake by now, sitting up in bed and watching the exchange with curiosity.

"You're as broken as she is, aren't you?" Jason snapped, stabbing the air at Maya. "Fucked in the head. Obsessed with sex. Halen did this to you, didn't he?"

"Halen!" Jennifer gasped, eyes widening. "Yes! Halen! It's all Halen! He's so... so..."

And then she moaned. The bitch actually *moaned*.

She sank to her knees, trembled, eyes glossing over with the same warped arousal he'd seen in Maya's gaze.

Just like that, Jason knew what to do.

"I know what you need," he growled, reaching down to unzip his jeans. "Mind-fucked sluts, the pair of you."

His cock bounced out, hard and ready to go.

Both sluts stared at it hungrily.

Jennifer's phone kept ringing. Over and over and over again. A few brief moments of silence between missed calls, then it started up again.

Burn it.

He was tempted. So, so tempted to hurl a fireball at it.

But no. He wouldn't cave. Wouldn't let the Red Shard dominate him. Wouldn't let Halen win.

"It's my boss," Jennifer whispered as her phone rang. "I'm late..."

"Good," Jason grunted. "Let 'em fire you. There's only one job you need to do, and it ain't whatever *that* is."

He pointed at the phone, almost caved to the temptation to shoot a jet of fire at it.

"You have a higher calling."

"I can't," Jennifer whispered, looking up at Jason from the floor. Her chin was wet with cum. "Jason, I can't be the Green again. Not after... After..."

"I fucked you?" Jason finished.

Jennifer winced, looked away.

An odd reaction for someone who'd been blowing him not two minutes ago.

The phone stopped ringing. This time, it didn't start again.

"Yeah," Jason shrugged, "I fucked you. You loved it. Halen and his mother fucked with both our heads. Shit happens. We're *still* fucked up in here," he tapped his head. "But that's irrelevant. The world needs Green back. Something big is coming, Jen. Something *bad*. I can feel it."

"I can't..."

"Sis," Jason grunted. "You don't have a choice."

She looked up at him, eyes wide.

"We're going to fuck again. Shit, Jen, you just sucked me off. Whatever those bastards did to us, it isn't going away. So I say screw it. Roll with the punches. Live with it. We're going to fuck again. Probably a lot. And I mean a *lot*. So what? As long as nobody's getting hurt, what's the problem? The city needs Red *and* Green. It needs *all* of us."

"But..." Jennifer blinked, eyes filled with desperation. "You have Maya. She's your... We can't..."

"Maya," Jason snapped, looking over at his 'girlfriend'. "Be a doll and lick my cum off Jen's face."

The Pink hopped to obey instantly. Was lapping away at Jennifer's chin in moments.

"She doesn't care. We're well past *that*. So, what do you say Jen? Will you come back, be the Green again?"

His sister didn't answer. *Couldn't* answer.

She was too busy making out with Maya.

"Guess I'll take that as a yes."