

## Shard Warriors – Vol.2

### Chapter 4

#### Abigail

She was being followed.

When she looked back, tried to spot her pursuer, she saw nothing. Empty streets. Deserted parks. Hallways without a soul in sight. Not once had she actually *seen* her stalker, yet she *knew* it was true. Knew it deep in her core.

She was being followed, and by someone dangerous.

It was like they were in the corner of her vision, a shadow that stretched just a little too long. A letterbox that, for a few terrifying moments, took the shape of a person – but not quite. That familiar sensation that she was being watched, that there were a pair of eyes on her. It sent cold shivers down her spine.

Her stalker wasn't always there. Really, it only followed her every few days. An hour or two at a time. Then it was gone.

But it always came back.

Like now.

Abi spun around, eyes narrowed.

No-one. The street behind her was empty.

Or, at least, it *looked* empty.

"Who are you?!" Abi called, brow twitching. "What do you want?!"

No answer came. No person revealed themselves.

"Leave me alone!"

The vein in her forehead pulsed.

She opened her mouth to say more, to make threats and promises. Anything to stop this *thing* haunting her. But the words dried in her throat. She shut her lips tight, scowled at the emptiness, turned away.

*You're imagining it*, her brain told her.

But she didn't believe it.

There *was* something out there. Something *was* stalking her. And, more certain of it than anything else in her life, Abi knew it was *dangerous*.

A Shard Monster, perhaps. Some Venitus experiment gone wrong, a new type of Shard she'd never encountered before. Or maybe it was something else entirely. If Shards could exist, who knew what else was out there?

*No-one is following you*, Abi's mind told her.

She ignored it, walked briskly away.

Before she knew it, she was sprinting in a very specific direction. Her destination in mind even before her phone started ringing.

She forced herself to slow down, stop. Answered her phone.

It was Jason.

Abi slipped the Yellow Belt around her hips, covered it with her yellow t-shirt. The odd metal felt cool against her skin for a few heartbeats, then it was as if she'd never taken it off. It hugged her body snugly, a perfect fit. The metal warm and comforting.

"Good to have you back," Jason said from his seat at the round, metallic meeting table. "All of you."

As Abi took her seat at the table, she glanced around at the others. Jason and Maya and Jennifer and Brian. Red, Pink, Green and Blue. The joy and excitement she'd expected wasn't there.

Jason's hair was frayed and wild, his eyes baggy. Stubble grew unkempt on his chin and jaw. His posture seemed stiff, rigid. Looking less like the carefree, happy leader he'd

once been, and more like a man on the brink of sanity.

Maya, on the other hand, seemed impossibly relaxed. Dreamy eyes staring at nothing, slouching forward in her seat so much that her large breasts hung low under her, a valley of deep cleavage visible to all. Her pink tank top looked dirty and dishevelled. And, quite clearly, she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. Her face was flushed, hair wild like she'd only just woken up.

Jennifer fidgeted in her seat, playing with her fingers as her body trembled. She was rocking back and forth, eyes wide and wild.

The most 'normal' of the four had to be Brian, but even he seemed off. The nerdy guy had a perpetual glare on his face, arms crossed over his chest like he'd have preferred to be anywhere else but here. When Abi tried smiling at him, he just glowered at her.

What in the world had happened to everyone?

"You said you had a plan," Abi said, looking to Jason. "For stopping the Venitus Institute once and for all. What is it?"

## Jason

He had no fucking idea what to do. No plan, despite the promises he'd used to lure the others back. No clue where to go from here. So, when Abi had asked, he'd told her – all of them - nothing. He'd made it seem like his 'plan' was a secret, that he'd tell them 'when the time came'.

It'd keep them placated for now. But, if he didn't come up with something soon, the team would fracture again.

And *that* could not happen. He wouldn't let it.

The world needed them... Needed them all... For *something*.

As soon as the 'meeting' came to an end, Abi and Brian headed home. Leaving Jason, Maya and Jen alone in the base.

It took all of two minutes before Maya was undressed.

"Partial Morph," she said breathily, cheeks flushed.

The Pink Suit engulfed her, wrapped around her body in all but three places. Her crotch, her huge tits, and her pretty face. The smile she flashed Jason sent heat rushing through him. Biting her lower lip, eyes filled with arousal, she splayed herself out on the base's round table.

"Fuck me," Maya breathed. "Right here. I need it. Please."

Out of the corner of his eye, Jason saw Jen creeping towards the door. Intending to leave, busy herself with something, ignore what was going on.

For some reason, that annoyed him.

"Jen," he snapped.

His sister froze in place.

"The whore needs help," he grunted. "Get to it."

Jen trembled where she stood, eyes wide.

"Take your clothes off," Jason commanded. "Morph up. And help your teammate feel good."

"I don't-" Jen blushed. "I'm not-"

Jason crossed his arms, locked eyes with her.

She held his gaze for only a few seconds before looking down.

Trembling hands reached up, began removing her green hoodie.

Maya gasped and moaned, face twisted in pure euphoria.

Her body pulsed and trembled as orgasm after orgasm rocked her. Hips bucking,

thrusting her pussy into Jen's face with so much force that her thighs actually cracked Green's helmet.

Jen had Morphed so that only her mouth was uncovered. The rest of the helmet was in place, as was the rest of the Suit itself. More modest than Maya in appearance, but just as enthusiastic when it came to the action.

She'd started off slow, tentative. But that'd changed quickly.

Now, she ate Maya's pussy like her life depended on it. Like that dripping cunt was the only thing in the world.

It was quite the show to watch.

But Jason was going to do more than watch.

As Maya face-fucked Jen, Jason began undressing. Tearing off his red shirt, yanking down his pants. When only his Belt remained, he reached down and touched it.

"Partial Morph," he whispered.

His metal Suit wrapped itself around his body, covering his limbs and torso but leaving his head and crotch naked.

Maya saw him, broke into another series of orgasms.

"Oh fuck!" She cried out, grabbing her own tits with gloved hands. She squeezed them roughly, manhandled them. "Yes! More!"

Jen, on the other hand, was too immersed in her task to notice Jason's approach. Her entire attention was on the pussy she was tonging and teasing, the clit she was pinching and rubbing and occasionally nibbling at. One of her hands, I noticed, was underneath Maya's pussy, several fingers buried in Maya's ass.

He watched her for a moment, amused by the dedication Jen was showing. The fast, methodical, intense way she committed to her task. Every motion was solely to make Maya feel good, precise and controlled, playing Maya's holes like an instrument.

When he tapped Jen's shoulder, she flinched.

"Stand up," he commanded.

Jen shuddered, obeyed. She rose to her feet.

Jason put both hands on his sister's shoulders, shoved her forward.

With a yelp, Jennifer topped on top of Maya.

"Morph so I can fuck you," Jason said. "Which hole I use is up to you, sis."

Jen trembled, reached down for her Belt.

A few muttered words later and the area of Suit around her pussy retreated, revealing Jen's wetness.

Jason took hold of his cock, guided it to that forbidden hole.

Maya, he noticed, had started licking Jen's chin.

Cleaning up her own mess.

Revulsion warred with arousal inside him. His love for Maya clashed with his disdain for what she'd become.

Halen. It was all Halen's fault.

He'd kill the bastard.

Jason grunted, grabbed his sister's hips tightly.

"You're mine," he growled. "Sluts. You're *mine*. Got it?"

He didn't give Jen a chance to respond, shoving his cock into her with all the power his Suit contained. The huge metal table lurched as Jennifer gasped sharply. Her entire body jerked with the motion, her own Suit absorbing the brunt of the impact.

Maya gasped underneath her, licking Jen's chin and cheeks while her hands reached down between them.

"Mine," Jason repeated, pulling back. "You're mine!"

He slammed forward again.

The metal table screeched. So did Jen.

A loud, erotic howl. Inhuman.

"Say it!" Jason snapped, thrusting again and again. "You're mine!"  
"Yours," Jen choked out between gasps. "I'm yours, Jason!"  
"Yes," Maya echoed happily. "Fuck her! Fuck her hard!"  
*Burn her*, his Red Shard demanded. *Burn them all*.

The table was a wreck. Shattered in half, dented and bent, practically torn apart. To even call it a table now would've been a stretch, for how much it'd function as one. And yet, Jason fucked Maya on the rubble all the same.

Gripping her hips as he slammed into her, watching her huge tits bouncing around wildly. Red marks marred the pale skin, stark against her milky melons with their pink nipples. Finger marks, left from when she'd been fondling herself.

When Maya moaned, the sound was muffled by Jen's crotch.

Jason's sister gyrated her hips, bounced up and down on Maya's head with total abandon. Half her helmet had disintegrated, revealing a woman whose hesitations had long since been forgotten. A woman possessed by lust and desire.

Maya's Pink Suit wasn't holding up much better. Cracked and torn in places, fraying and falling apart. Ready to give out at any moment.

And Jason's?

He looked down at himself. The cracks in his metallic armour. The flames spilling out of those cracks.

*BURN*, the Red Shard screamed inside his skull. *BURN IT ALL!!!*

When had he started tapping into the Shard's power?

He didn't know. Couldn't remember.

And, in that moment, he didn't really care.

The flames gushed out of his Suit's cracks as he fucked Maya, pounded away at her pussy. Had his way with her. Reminded her who she belonged to. Maya was *his*. She belonged to *him*.

She moaned and gasped, tongue extended from pink lips. Lapping Jen's cum-leaking cunt as Jen rode her face.

When he came, flames erupted from Jason's body like fountains. Orange and red raining down around him. His grip on Maya tightened. His eyes locked onto his sister's face. The shock and awe and amazement in her eyes, right before they rolled in their sockets and she came too.

As he slumped over, the flames died down.

The Red Shard screamed at him, demanded more, commanded he burn Maya and Jennifer and everything else – the whole world – to ash. But, despite the tugging urge, the temptation the Shard prodded him with, Jason resisted.

He leaned over Maya, cock still inside her, and rested his head on her humungous, sore, abused tits.

"I really have no idea what to do," Jason whispered to himself as he jogged through the darkness. "I thought... I thought I'd know. Once I got them all together. I thought..."

That answers would come? That he'd magically know what to do next? That it'd all just work out?

He felt like he'd completed his task. But... Had he?

No. No, he hadn't.

His task, his *purpose*, was to stop the madness. Put an end to Halen and the Venitus Institute, end the Shard Monsters forever. Despite the weird feeling that he'd already fulfilled his purpose, *that* was why he was here. *That* was what he needed to do.

Take the fight to Venitus. Stop them.

Win.

But... How?

It was why he was out here, leaving the city bounds. Jogging through the night. He'd been lost before, searching for purpose. And, out here, he'd found it. At a little chapel in the middle of nowhere.

That'd worked then. Maybe it'd work now.

Jason doubted the priest would be very helpful on the 'destroy Venitus Institute and murder Halen Venitus' front. But maybe, *maybe*, the man would be able to help Jason clear his mind. Help him find focus. Like last time.

Something about that night had stuck with him. It'd given him hope, drive. It'd empowered him to seek out the others, rebuild the team. If Jason were a religious man, he might've believed that God himself had touched him that night. That the priest had been a divine figure, sent to guide him.

If he could just talk to that man again, Jason knew he'd find answers. He just *knew* it.

So, he jogged through the night.

Muscles aching and sore, exhausted from fucking Jennifer and Maya, eyes forward and chest burning.

He jogged into the darkness.

Searching the night for a glowing light, a beacon in the darkness. The chapel's shining light.

A light that wasn't anywhere to be found.

The closer he got to where he knew the chapel was, the more confused and worried he got.

Where was it?

It should be close. Close enough to see. Where was the light?

Then he saw it.

The building. A chapel. Only... It was all wrong.

No glowing light shining through stained glass windows. Indeed, the building Jason found didn't *have* windows. It was the chapel, the same walls in the same place, but there were no doors or windows, the roof was missing. Graffiti covered the derelict stone walls.

"What?" Jason said, coming to a stop. "But..."

He shook his head, fought down the headache forming behind his eyes. He strode forward, heart thumping loud in his chest.

The chapel's interior was just as dilapidated as the exterior. Rotting roof frames, graffitied walls, abandoned syringes on the ground. Jason walked through the place in a daze, feet taking him to the exact spot he'd sat last time.

A large rock.

This... This didn't make any sense.

The chapel didn't look like it'd been used in *years*. But, just a few days ago...

That hadn't all been in his head, had it?

In his head.

Those three words made it all click together.

The priest, he'd seen somehow *familiar* to Jason. And, now that he knew what to look for, he saw it. The man's jaw, his eyes. Sure, it'd been a different face. An older man, with swept back hair. But the resemblance was there.

Halen.

This. All of it. It'd been Halen Venitus fucking with him.

"Why?" Jason asked the empty, abandoned chapel. "How?"

Why had Halen gotten him to reunite everyone? How had he known Jason would come out here that night?

Jason's head throbbed.

How much of what he'd done had been Halen's manipulation?

"No more," he growled.

He tore off his clothes, basked in the Red Shard's heat as he reached for his Morph Belt. What clothing wasn't torn away was quickly burned to nothing.

"Full Morph," he commanded.

The Red Suit wrapped itself around his body. Still cracked and torn and frayed from earlier. It hadn't had enough time to recover. But it'd be able to do the job he needed it for.

It was time to take care of something he should've months ago.

Tonight was the night Halen Venitus died.