

## Shard Warriors – Vol.2

### Chapter 7

#### Brian

He couldn't lie to himself. He'd *missed* this.

The strength and speed the Blue Belt gave him. The freedom to leap from one building to another, to dart across rooftops so fast that he was nothing but a blue blur to onlookers. It was like being in a playground, with monkey bars and jungle gyms and random obstacles, only it was the entire city that was his playground now.

Power surged through him, and he surged forward.

What he'd do when he arrived at the scene, he didn't know. He couldn't allow himself to think that far ahead. He'd deal with *that* when it became relevant.

He was sprinting to the edge of a rooftop, about to leap over the street to the other side, when he saw a man waiting for him on the next roof over.

A familiar man.

A middle-aged man with swept-back black hair, a white lab coat over a black turtleneck, black gloves.

Norman Venitus.

Though, of course, Brian knew him as someone else.

The boss.

*His* boss.

Brian's superior at the Venitus Institute labs.

Until today, he'd known the man by a different name. Hadn't had the faintest idea about his true identity.

And there he was, standing on a rooftop, waiting for Brian.

Brian hopped over to him, came to a stop right before the man. The man who was smiling, nodding his head.

"Mr Xander," Norman Venitus said happily. "Hello."

"S-sir?" Brian gulped. The word came out of Blue's helmet distorted.

"We have a lot to discuss, don't we?" Norman shrugged. "Though you're probably busy right now. Experiments running around the city causing all sorts of mischief. You'll be needing to take care of that, won't you?"

"I... Yes."

"Don't worry, I've made sure they won't be too much trouble for you. They'll put on a good show, but you'll be in no real danger. Can't have my Enforcer getting wounded out of rustiness now, can we?"

"Enforcer?"

"All in good time," Norman grinned. "We both have important things to be getting on with right now. Just wanted to stop by and let you know that everything's good. You're not going to lose your job because of this... *side project*."

The man gestured to Brian's Blue Belt.

"Now, if you'll excuse me," Norman said with a flourish of his hand.

He collapsed into the shadows, vanished completely.

A thousand thoughts bounced around inside Brian's skull. Too many to think about. Just the notion of tackling all these developments, it was too much. Far, far too much.

For now, better to focus on the present. The immediate future.

Taking on Shard Monsters. Saving the city.

Being Blue.

*That*, Brian could do.

## Maya

She arrived at the scene.

A derelict part of town, with plenty of run-down buildings and not a whole lot of human activity. Which was disappointing.

There was no-one around to watch.

Judging from the massive hole in one of the buildings, and the loudly stomping feet inside it, Maya guessed her target was in there.

She trembled with anticipation.

As she hopped down off a rooftop, the rush of air cooled her warm crotch. Her large breasts bounced, jolted as she made contact with the ground. Otherwise, it was a graceful landing.

Maya bit her lip, approached the building.

The loud, rapid *thump-thump* of her heartbeat drowned out all other sound. Like pounding drums in her ears, sounding the way forward. By the time she reached the hole in the wall, she was panting. Heat flowing through her body, pulsing with every step she took.

She didn't hesitate. Stepped right through the massive hole.

Inside, she found a thing of nightmares and wet dreams.

A lizard-like Shard Monster with a huge, protruding head and a massive, thick tail. Scales covered the creature from head to toes, green and red and black. Its eyes shone in the dusty light.

Three Shards glowed on the Shard Monster's chest. Yellow and orange and green. Speed, strength, regeneration.

Her eyes slid lower, past scaly abs, right down to the monstrous green cock dangling between the Shard Monster's legs. A cock so huge and girthy that Maya's mind swam at even the *thought* of taking it. She swayed on the spot, bit her lip, let out a little gasp, took a step forward.

The Monster didn't move from its spot. It simply stood there, staring at her curiously.

"It's okay," Maya cooed, as if the Monster were some small, frightened animal. "I'm not going to hurt you..."

The Monster huffed.

"Actually," Maya breathed, "I want you *help* you..."

She took another step towards it.

The Monster crouched down, tensed up. Ready to lunge at Maya at any time. It glared at her, its inhuman eyes held no deep intelligence. Just feral, instinctual intent.

It wanted to attack her.

She reached between her legs, rubbed herself. Her other hand came up to cup her breasts, tingles of pure pleasure arching through her at even the lightest of caresses.

"We don't have to fight," she purred. "Wouldn't you rather fuck me instead? You can... Just take that big, massive monster cock and *fuck* me..."

The Shard Monster glared at her without comprehension.

She was about to take another step forward – more than willing to wrestle the Monster to the ground, restrain it if that's what it took – when a figure materialised from the shadows next to it.

A man with swept-back black hair and an amused smile.

Norman Venitus.

"Ah, good," the man said, glancing between Maya and the Monster. "I'm not too late for the show."

Maya frowned at the man.

She should attack him, she knew. Something about him being the big bad guy, the

evil she and the others were meant to stop. All that stuff Gramps had been talking about, and Maya had only been half paying attention to. She should attack now...

But she didn't.

Norman Venitus wasn't what she was here for.

The Shard Monster spared the man a glance before returning its glare to Maya.

"That's my fault," Norman said, looking at the Monster. "I wasn't sure which of you would be heading where. Couldn't well command *all* of them to fuck you. What if one of them got the wrong idea and tried to have his way with one of your friends instead?"

Norman Venitus shrugged.

The Shard Monster's eyes widened, then it relaxed. Its hostile glare disappeared, its tensed muscles softened. And, Maya noticed with a flare of excitement, its cock began to harden.

"There," Norman said with a smile. "You should find him a lot more *accommodating* now."

The Monster began stalking towards Maya.

Its cock grew harder and larger with every step it took.

"One last thing," Norman Venitus said, placing something down on a crumbling segment of wall. "You don't mind if I record this, do you? I can't stay, I'm afraid. Busy day and all. I know you're not camera shy. Any complaints?"

She barely registered the words. Every ounce of her attention was fixated on the massive cock approaching her.

Camera? Recording?

Those thoughts only added to her arousal.

When she forced herself to look over at the man, mind muddling through a reply, he was gone. Only a small camera remained where he'd been.

Maya smiled at it, turned to the Monster, dropped to her knees.

## Jason

There was something wrong with the Monster.

It lunged at Jason, sure. Swung its hairy arms and swatted at him. But there was no real strength behind the blows. The impacts were too weak. Too slow.

He checked the Monster's chest again. Saw the speed and strength Shards there.

Again the Monster attacked. And again, the attacks were too weak.

Jason growled, punched the Monster square in the chest.

One of the Shard – Orange – shattered.

The Monster crumpled to the ground. No longer strong enough to hold its own weight. It flailed about on the ground, eyes rolling in their sockets. Mind shattering along with the Shard.

He gave its head a firm stomp, put the Monster out of its misery.

"Cold," a voice said behind him.

Jason spun, dodged back.

No attack came. His ambusher simply stood there, watching him. Wearing a clerical robe with a priest's collar, black gloves on his hands and a gentle smile on his face.

"But then," Norman Venitus continued, "without that Red Shard to keep you warm, *cold* should be expected. How does it feel, by the way? To possess the power of a Shard, only to have it taken away from you?"

"*You*," Jason growled.

"Me," Norman Venitus nodded. "Hello again, Jason."

"Fucker!" Jason roared.

He leapt at the man, bawling a Suit-covered fist, ready to end Norman Venitus with

a single punch.

The blow never landed.

Before Jason knew what was happening, he was toppling backwards. Flung by some invisible force away from Norman Venitus. He crashed to the ground, rolled to his feet, tried again. And, again, he was thrown back.

"I call it the Force Shard," Norman said, crossing his arms over his chest. "Attraction and repulsion. With it, I can suck objects towards me, or launch them away. I can even repel the ground, give myself a sort of limited levitation. A fun Shard, but far from the most useful. Tends to make quite a mess, you see."

Sure enough, it hadn't just been Jason who'd been thrown back. Debris from the fight with the Monster had flown out in all directions away from Norman. Broken chairs, shattered tables, knives and forks and plates and half-finished meals.

"Bastard," Jason snarled.

"Now, now," Norman tutted. "There's no need for that. Yes, I deceived you. But did I not help you? Did I lie to you? Look at where you are now, Jason. Look at *that*."

He pointed at the Monster corpse.

"Isn't this what you wanted?"

"I'm gonna kill you," Jason promised, rising to his feet.

"Why?" Norman asked with a small smile. "Because your 'Gramps' says so? Look, Jason. I'm not here for a fight. I have better things to do than bully you and your friends. I just want to talk, is all."

Jason didn't speak, just glared at the man.

With his Red Suit's helmet in place, the man wouldn't be able to mess with Jason's brain. The alien metal protected from the Purple Shard's influence.

Still, he had no interest in listening.

He'd wait 'til the man's guard was down, wait for the perfect opportunity, then he'd strike.

"The world is about to change," Norman said. He shook his head, smile dropping for a moment. "All my life, ever since I was a child, this world has been on the cusp of annihilation. Nuclear weapons and power-hungry dictators, nations at each other's throats for the silliest of reasons. Left to their own devices, it's only a matter of time before the bombs fall. A year, a decade, a century, however long it takes. A millennium from now, this whole world will be a radioactive wasteland – if humans don't find some other way to wipe themselves out instead."

Norman sighed, uncrossed his arms, stared hard at Jason.

"The end result will be the same, regardless. Humans *are* going to wipe themselves out. It's a forgone conclusion," he smiled then. A peaceful, disarming smile. "Unless there's another way. A way to save the world. Safeguard it from the power-hungry megalomaniacs who are its biggest threat."

Norman took a step forward.

"A single nation. One people. United under an incorruptible, eternal God. No more rival nations, no more fools with big red buttons. Just *me*. Peace and safety and-"

Jason attacked.

Charged at Norman with fists bawled and arm wound back.

The next thing he knew, he was soaring through the air away from the fake priest.

"Disappointing," Norman sighed as Jason crashed to the ground. "But understandable. Think on it, son. For the first time in your life, you can be an *actual* hero. I'm giving you the opportunity to *save the world*. Just... Think about it. That's all I ask."

Jason hopped to his feet, charged at Norman again.

He wasn't thrown away this time.

As he swung his first at Norman's face, the man collapsed into shadows, vanished completely. All he hit was air.

## Maya

She bent over some rubble, spread her legs open, wiggled her butt.

The Monster approached her from behind.

An electrical charge shot through her the moment its cock touched her bare ass. Tingles rippled along her spine as heat dribbled down her legs.

The Monster prodded her ass again.

Its cock was huge. Bigger even than the massive dildos she'd been playing with recently.

Partially Morphed as she was, she could take it. Her body would have the strength and resilience not to break. But that idea – being *broken* by cock – made Maya shudder with arousal.

When the cock's tip poked her ass again, she let out a whine.

"Stop teasing," she moaned. "Hurry up and fuck me."

The cock slid between her butt cheeks, humped her rump a few times. It was lubricated; wet with her saliva. Sliding up and down, slow but forceful.

When she tried reaching back, intent on taking hold of that cock and guiding it where it was supposed to go, the Monster growled at her. It grabbed her head – its long, clawed fingers wrapping all the way around her face – and pushed her down.

The half of her Suit's helmet that was still in place crushed through rubble. The unprotected part, her lips and cheeks and chin, scratched against rock and brick and dirt.

It hurt, but not much. The Suit's powers extended to her exposed skin, even if it didn't protect it fully.

The more the Monster pushed her head down, the more Maya instinctively raised her as.

The Monster stopped humping.

He drew back slightly, still holding her head down, until his cock drew fully away from Maya's butt.

Then she felt the tip against her crotch.

She moaned into the rubble.

"Yes!" She purred. "Right there. Shove it in! Fuck me!"

It prodded and poked, came close to piercing her but pulled back instead of thrusting forward.

Maya groaned her frustration.

"Fuck me!" She cried. "Please, *please* fuck me!"

More prodding. More *not* penetrating.

"You ugly fucker!" Maya swore. "Fuck me! Just do it! Fuck me you stupid piece of-"

The Monster's cock found its target.

It slammed forward in one, strong thrust.

Stars exploded in Maya's vision.

She screamed.

At once, her entire body submitted itself. Her mind retreated as animalistic *need* took over.

"YES!" Maya howled.

The Monster howled along with her.

## Gramps

"Long time no see," Norman Venitus said. "How've you been, Robert?"

"Better," Gramps grunted.

"Good to be back home," Norman said, turning his back on Gramps. Looking out over the city from their rooftop perch. "It's changed so much. I'm still getting used to that."

"I'm going to stop you," Gramps promised.

Norman let out a chuckle, shook his head. He didn't look back, kept his eyes on the city.

"Stop me?" Norman said, a smile clear in his tone. "Old friend, you don't even know what I'm planning. How could you *possibly* stop me? Why would you even *want* to?"

A silence fell over them.

He considered leaving. Walking away from Norman. Heading back to base and planning with the others. Preparing for the confrontation that'd decide everything.

Attacking Norman now wasn't an option.

"I've been wondering for a while now," Norman said, turning to face him again. He nodded to the Grey Suit. "Why the cape? None of the others have capes. Was it a regret? Impractical, perhaps. Or was it something else, I wonder?"

"What do you want Norman?"

"Peace," Norman smiled.

"Bullshit," Gramps said. "Someone who wants peace doesn't make armies of Monsters."

"How better to enforce my peace," Norman shrugged, "than with an unbeatable army?"

"And your little cult?" Gramps spat.

"Every God needs followers."

"You're not a god, Norman. Just a sick man with too much power and not enough sense. We should've destroyed the Shards as soon as we discovered what they can do. I'm sorry I couldn't save you from becoming... *this*."

"I'm sorry too, old friend," Norman shook his head, gave a sad little smile. "I wish you could live to see the world I'm going to build."

A moment later, Norman collapsed into the shadows.