

## Shard Warriors – Vol.2

### Chapter 8

#### Maya

She lost herself to the pleasure.

As the Monster pounded her into the floor, shattering tiles and cracking foundation, all she could do was scream and writhe and buck her hips. Taking as much of the Monster's enormous length as her body would allow.

A long, thin tongue pushed itself into her mouth. She submitted herself to it. Opened her jaw and looked up into inhuman eyes as the Monster frenched her.

Her big tits bounced, skin rubbing against her lover's scales. Her ass ground and shredded rock to the Monster's violent motions. Maya's legs wrapped as far around the creature's wide waist as they could. Pulling it closer to herself with her Suit's strength. Urging it to fuck her deeper.

When it came, Maya felt like she was going to explode.

A flood of cum burst inside her. Filled her completely with just the first burst. She felt her insides cramp. Felt places fill up that should never be filled.

Her mouth opened in a silent scream.

The Monster pulled back, shot its next bucket-full of cum over her body. Another shot followed it. Another.

The white cream sprayed over Maya's body. Plastered her from head to toes. Maya's open mouth caught plenty, the bitter taste of it sending ripples of excitement quaking through her. She spread her arms and legs wide, tried catching as much of the white stuff as she could.

Eyes welded shut with cum, she could only picture herself.

A busty blonde girl, clad in the sluttiest Pink Suit imaginable, covered in dripping white icing.

She could feel it pouring out between her legs. The Monster's cum spilling from her battered pussy like a miniature waterfall. Pooling on the ground under her.

She was a mess.

Maya giggled, forced one of her eyes open.

White blobs clung to her eyelashes, making it difficult to see anything. Everything appeared as a slimy blur.

But she did see the Monster looming over her. The shadow of its massive cock swinging flaccid between its legs. A low rumble reverberated from its chest.

What now?

Wait until the Monster got hard again and go for another round? Help it get hard? Break its Shards and return to the others?

Maya licked her lips, savouring the bitterness.

A figure appeared beside the Monster.

Maya couldn't make out who it was. They were shorter than the creature – human-sized – and shrouded in darkness.

She blinked, got cum in her eye, winced.

A man chuckled.

As Maya squeezed her eyes shut, the screeching *snap* of metal breaking echoed through the room. The sound of rushing water filled Maya's ears, followed immediately by the water itself.

She panicked for a moment, afraid of drowning.

But the water pressed her down, held her in place, flowed over her unnaturally. It caressed her body, washed away the mess covering her. Maya held her breath as the

water slid over her face, rinsing her clean.

It lasted all of a few seconds. Then the water was gone.

Maya opened her eyes, hair and body and Suit all perfectly dry. She blinked at the man standing over her.

Norman Venitus.

"Your friends are done with theirs," the man said, nodding to the Monster that'd retreated into the background. "Best you tidy up and go find them before they come looking for you. Don't want them to see you like this, do you?"

Maya licked her lips. Tasted nothing.

She let out a little whine, scowled at the man who'd robbed her of the delicious cum.

Norman Venitus chuckled again.

"Feral little thing, aren't you?" He said, smiling wide. "Can't blame that on me, I'm afraid. Either my grandson is responsible for this, or it's all you."

Grandson?

It took Maya's brain a moment to kick in.

Oh. Yeah.

Halen.

She trembled at the thought of him.

"I'll see you again soon, Maya," Norman said, body melding with the shadows. "Look forward to it."

## Jason

Maya was the last one to return. Stumbling into the base, collapsing exhausted into her chair. All but passing out the moment she was off her feet.

A rough fight?

Maya wasn't the best fighter in the group. In truth, she was probably the worst. But, even so, a single Shard Monster shouldn't have worn her out *this* much.

The thoughts that pushed their way into Jason's head made him tense. He pushed them aside.

No. Maya wouldn't do that.

She might not be the same innocent, shy girl she'd once been. But she wasn't *that*.

"Finally," he grunted, looking around the table. "Now that we're all here, let's begin. I'll start with the debrief, then we'll--"

"We need to storm the Venitus Institute," Gramps interrupted, not even bothering to look at Jason. "Norman knows I'm here. The longer we delay, the more time we give them to prepare."

Jason glared at the old man.

"Attacking the Venitus clan on their own turf?" Brian said from his seat. "Sounds like suicide to me. Who knows how many Monsters they've got. Besides, who's to say they have anything malicious planned. What if it's better to just leave them alone for once?"

"They just sent out Monsters to attack the city!" Jen's voice piped up. "They're not going to stop--"

"They were provoked!" Brian snapped. "You think it's a coincidence that, as soon as we all get back together, they let out some Monsters? What if it's *us* that's the problem?!"

In moments, the meeting room descended into a shouting match. Everyone but Jason and Maya making arguments that no-one else was listening to. Jason ignored them, still glaring at Gramps. Maya, it seemed, was half-way to falling asleep.

Bickering. That's all it was.

A bunch of bickering, stupid assholes.

Not an obedient team following their rightful leader. Not a reliable squad. Just a

bunch of fucking bitches who didn't know their place.

He was the *Red*. The *leader*.

His word should be *law*.

Dark thought flitted through Jason's head. Thoughts of building a new team. A new group of Shard Warriors to lead. He didn't need Brian or Grams or *any* of them. All he really needed was their Belts.

Kill a person, free the Belt for someone else to wear.

He could finally complete his goal. Fulfil his destiny.

Unify his team. Lead them to victory.

Jason blinked, thumped himself in the chest hard enough to knock the air from his lungs. He hunched over, coughed and choked into the sudden silence.

How much of his thoughts were his own?

How much of it was Norman Venitus? How much of Halen's influence remained? Halen's mother's manipulations – how much of *that* still warped Jason's thoughts?

Was there anything left that was actually *him*?

"We're going," he half-growled, half-panted. "We're gonna storm the Institute and murder the fuckers. All of them."

His eyes snapped to Brian.

The nerd bastard's mouth was open, ready with some bullshit argument against it. But this wasn't a debate. It was a command.

His glare silenced Brian before the nerd could speak.

*Refuse, and I'll find someone else to be the Blue.*

A silent promise that Brian seemed to read in Jason's glare. The nerd paled, shut his mouth, kept quiet after that.

They started planning.

## Halen

Mother had been surprisingly accepting of the mansion's destruction. Not just 'accepting'. She'd been *dismissive* of it, as if she couldn't have cared less.

Which meant something was wrong.

Halen knew his mother. And the woman walking around, disinterested in their home and the company and the fact that Jason Morose had *attacked* them, that was *not* her.

His first thought was that it must be related to the Purple Shard. Some side-effect of its use, or some unknown danger associated with it. What if, with how much she'd used her Purple Shard, it'd taken a toll on her mind?

Then the Monsters had shown up. All across the city.

Something that could only happen with his mother's approval. Something that must've been planned out.

And no-one had informed Halen about it.

They were keeping him out of the loop.

But *why*?

Halen did the only thing he could.

He headed to the Institute laboratory. Wearing his Black Belt under a matching shirt, he strode up to the lab's first checkpoint.

And they refused him entry.

"Do you know who I am?" He demanded, incredulous.

"Yessir," the guard said stiffly. "My orders are-"

Halen's chest ached as the guard toppled to the ground. Sent to sleep with his Shard's power.

*Manipulate him*, the Purple Shard's voice echoed in Halen's mind. *Control him*.

"Hard to control someone who's unconscious," he muttered.

The Shard continued to make demands, as it always did after he used its power. Even with years of experience, it was hard to ignore the constant impulses from the Purple Shard.

"You'd be surprised," a voice said from behind him.

Halen spun, one fist raised as his other hand reached for the Black Belt. Ready to morph at a moment's notice.

He froze when he saw who was standing there.

"My experiments with the Purple Shard were extensive," the dead man said with a smile. "Individuals prone to sleepwalking can be manipulated quite easily. Easier, in fact, than a waking mind. You can guide them like puppets, so long as you don't make them do anything that'll wake them."

Halen knew that face. Knew it too well.

The number of times Mother had shown him an old photo of his murdered grandfather growing up had scorched the man's image into his skull.

An image that stood staring right back at him.

It was impossible.

Which could only mean one thing.

Someone was using a Purple Shard on Halen.

"Full Morph!" Halen barked.

The cool metal spread under his shirt and pants instantly, coating his body with black and white scales. His head was swallowed up by Black's helmet. Something that'd protect him from further manipulation.

He stared at the dead man, thinking fast.

"Who are you?" Halen demanded. "How did you get your hands on that Shard?!"

The image raised an eyebrow at Halen.

Halen countered by blasting the fake face with a wave of Purple. Silently commanding the stranger to reveal their true self.

Norman Venitus roared, slapped out a hand.

A hand that wasn't a hand.

The tentacle slapped Halen back thirty feet, sent him crashing to the ground.

Halen rolled with the blow, sprang back to his feet. Saw an abomination glaring back at him. A writhing mass of tentacles and horns and wings and odd limbs. Some parts scaled, others smooth skin, others hairy, others feathered.

As quickly as the abomination had appeared, it was gone. The mass of twisted flesh retreating back into the figure of a man.

"Use your Shard on me again, boy," Norman Venitus growled, "and I'll peel the flesh from your bones."

Not an illusion. Whatever that *thing* was, it wasn't some image conjured by a Purple Shard. If it was, the illusion's conjurer would've been revealed. Not... whatever *that* had been. And, with Black's helmet in place, the man wouldn't have been able to re-establish his illusion.

Norman Venitus shook his head, sighed, let out a light – forced – chuckle.

"I knew *you'd* be the difficult one," the thing said, voice scarily calm and normal. "Too much like me, you are. Inquisitive, intelligent, uncompromising. I know this must be a shock to you, son. But I'm real. I'm alive. And I'm *here*. Come, we have a lot to discuss. The world is about to change forever."

## Jason

He didn't ask where Gramps had gotten the truck.

Probably, it was stolen.

"Before we head off," Gramps said, addressing the group. "You need to know something."

"What now?" Jason snapped.

Gramps looked at him blankly.

"Well?!"

"Norman Venitus isn't like any Shard Monster you've fought before," Gramps said, keeping his gaze on Jason. "He's not some animal-brained idiot with a gimmick. He has the powers of every Shard at his disposal and has had decades to master those powers. Even the six of us combined may be no match for him."

The old fool reached into a pocket, pulled out three metal capsules. He held one out for Jason to take, then handed another to Brian. The third, he lifted for all to see.

"Inside each of these is a syringe. And in those syringes is weapon. An alloy of mercury and the alien metal. It'll be lethal when injected into anything bearing a Shard. Norman Venitus especially. Besides shattering the Norman's White Shard outright, these syringes might well be the only things in the world capable of stopping him."

The capsule in Jason's hand was barely larger than his thumb. One end of it had a cap, which he removed – revealing a small syringe needle.

"After making the eight Belts, my special tools, and some other minor weapons and items, I only had enough metal left for these three syringes. Only use them on Norman, and only if you're absolutely certain the needle will connect with his flesh."

Jason put the cap back on his capsule, looked to Brian.

The nerd had a thoughtful look on his face.

"Well then," Gramps grunted. "Let's get a move on. The world isn't going to save itself."