

THE POWER FORCE II

Resolutions

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1: Trouble Back Home. Will This Ever End?

Contents

In West Zone Junior High, it just passed lunch time. During recess, all the kids were outside playing. Some of the more dedicated students remained indoors studying, some in the science labs doing some experiments.

Amanda was leaning against a tree, standing in the coolness of the shades. Junior sat knees up on the grass. They were watching the soccer ball game on the field.

"So, has my uncle adopted you yet?" Junior asked.

"He's going to pick me up today. I am going to move in officially." Amanda answered.

"Oh, I see."

Then there was silence. They continued watching the ball game.

"So," Angela said, breaking the ice. "How is Mr. Spade, in your opinion?"

"My uncle is a great guy." Jr. said honestly. "He's also a great warrior. Second best to my father. He cares a lot about his family and friends. But...I worry about his people skills. And he's never raised a family before. He can be arrogant and stubborn at times."

"I see."

"Don't worry. He will take good care of you. I'm sure of it." he said, trying to make her feel better.

"It's still better than the orphanage, right?" she said, smiling.

Junior smiled back. "Yeah." Then silence. "So, that makes us cousins, then?"

"I guess so." she replied, and they laughed.

One of the ball players kicked the ball too hard, and it went to the direction of Amanda.

Junior: "Watch out!"

"Ahhh!" The ball froze in mid air, and it was still spinning. Amanda was

controlling it, by opening her palm, facing forward. Then, the ball dropped on the grass. Thud.

The soccer player ran towards them. "Hey, can you pass the ball back?" he yelled, waving.

"Sure." Amanda said, and kicked it.

"Thanks." The player caught it.

"Phew. That was a close one."

"Thank God no one saw that." Junior remarked.

After a while, Amanda said: "Let's go somewhere today. I feel bored."

"Sure. Let's hit the arcades."

"Good idea."

While busy with all the papers at his desk, Jerrell received an incoming call from **Cuzzy**. "What is it? Can't you see I'm busy?" he answered in a cold manner.

"Sorry to interrupt you sir, but we have urgent news. This is definitely something you want to look into."

"Yes?"

Cuzzy: "It's concerning planet C-16. It seems like the Elitist Forces are not completely wiped out yet. They have a new leader to replace Rufius Mulder."

"Say what? A new leader? Alright, bring the information to my desk." Beep.

He shut off the phone. Jerrell folded his hands and placed his chin on them.

(What's with this? I thought the Rebels could take care of themselves after the assassination of Mulder. This will never end. I have to put an end to this.)

"What?" Erika said over her telecom. "A new leader?"

"Yes." Jerrell said. "I believe his name is **Ostrovsky**."

"Ostrovsky." That name rang a bell in her mind. She remembered Mulder mentioning his name one time, but her memory wasn't clear.

Angela, **Osborne**, and Cuzzy stood in a straight line. Jerrell talked and walked about. "Alright, fellow High Commanders, you should already have received my e-mail an hour ago. So you should know what this meeting is about. We have an urgent situation of degree 2 on planet C-16. As you know, they had a civil war a while back, and when I thought the war supposedly ended, it didn't. The Elitist Forces now have a new leader."

Cuzzy: "His name is Ostrovsky, and he was one of Mulder's loyal followers. That is all the information we have on him."

Jerrell: "And right now, I believe Ostrovsky and the Field Cabinet are making negotiations to crush the Rebels. So we will have to aid them again. Now that we understand the situation, who wants to assist with this matter? This is strictly voluntary."

Angela raised her hand. "Sir, I'd like to do it. I've already helped out in their civil war before, so I do have background on their situation. Put me in charge."

Jerrell: "Very well."

Angela smiled.

Somehow, Osborne and Lionel knew this was going to happen. Is he playing favorites, or does she happen to be the best person for the job? Regardless, they didn't volunteer, so they kept their thoughts to themselves.

Jerrell: "One more thing. As you know, the late Mulder had an alliance with a race known as the Turons. We need to make sure they don't interfere with our operations. We need to make negotiations with the Turons. Who wants to do this task?"

Osborne raised his hand. "Allow me, sir."

"Very good." Jerrell said. "I'll begin the briefing soon. Get your units ready."

Hearing of some urgent news, Erika remembered herself running down the hallway, nearly out of breath. She could hear her own breathing loud and clear. Once she opened the door, she was shocked beyond words. Mulder was on his knees, crying in anguish. In front of him were two dead bodies...the bodies of their parents.

They lay under a pool of blood. Their faces were bloody.

Erika: "It c-can't be...this can't be!"

Mulder stood up. "They were assassinated. The damned rebels assassinated our parents!"

Erika walked towards her late parents. She shoved her mom and dad in vain, hoping they'd wake up. "Mother, father. Say something!"

"Forget it." Mulder said. "It's too late. There is nothing we can do."

With that said, Erika shoved them less and less. She just kneeled there, in front of their dead bodies, and weep like she's never weep before. She had never cried so much before in her life.

From time to time, Erika would think about this flash back. Sometimes it'd bring her close to crying, but as the years went by, she became okay with it. She sighed as she stepped into the space pod.

"Wait!" said Nebula.

Erika turned around. "What is it?"

"Where are you going?"

"None of your business."

"I'm just concerned about you, that's all." Neb said.

"I have some errands to run in Volteron. I'll be back soon."

"Volteron? What's happening?"

"Nothing you need to be concerned with. It's just a little matter I have to attend to." She went in the pod, and it flew off.

Nebula watched it disappear into the sky. He doubts if it's "a little matter." If it was something small, she wouldn't just go all the way back there all of a sudden. Something must have happened. He felt the urge to follow her back to that planet.

Angela, now in her GP-X mobile suit, got ready for launch. The mobile was in a tunnel of some sort, with restraints on its feet.

Operator: "Prepare for launch."

Angela: "Roger."

The computers beeped. 3, 2, 1, Go!

The restraints on the mobile were removed, and it zoomed through the tunnel, and out into space. Froooooom.

Nine other mobile suits followed the GP-X. They traveled all the way to the outskirts of C-16.

Angela communicated to her teammates on the mobile's telecom. ["Okay team alpha, units one through nine, we are now ready to begin the operation. Let's give it our best."]

[Lily and Wendel: "Roger!"]

The mobiles flew into the planet.

Meanwhile, Ostrovsky was enjoying sitting on Mulder's chair. "Wow, so nice. So this is where that spoiled prince used to live."

Advisor: "Yes, my lord. He had a life of luxury. His lifestyle was something that peasants can only dream of."

Ostrovsky: "Yet, he's dead." His grim humor was not found to be funny by his advisor.

Advisor: "Sir, please don't mock the dead. I used to work for the prince for quite sometime myself. He almost had the whole planet."

"**Almost** is the key word." he said, checking out the comfy chair. "Sure, he won some battles here and there. But he was incompetent. He let his own ego get the better of him. He lost his empire and his planet for one woman. I told him that women will be the death of him, but he didn't listen. Because kidnapped some woman he fell in love with, he angered a sayan, and got killed. He was a moron. But where he did not succeed, I will. I shall be the one to continue his plans."

"So, Mr. Ostrovsky, you will continue his legacy?"

"Of course. That's why I was chosen to be his replacement, duh. Now **Charles**, let me show you something." He led his advisor to a dark, computerized room. In the center, there was a round table with a hologram display. He turned it on. Beep.

A transparent hologram of planet Volteron appeared. "See this?" said Ostrovsky. "This is Volteron." He pressed another button. Red dots showed up on the globe. "The red areas are what the Elitist have so far."

"That's almost 40% of the planet."

"Yes, we lost a large percentage because of ineffective leadership. When the prince died, a lot of soldiers lost confidence and their morale dropped significantly. But his death alone cannot end the war. This is where I come in. I plan on continuing with Mulder's master plan."

Charles: "His master plan?"

"Observe." He pressed the same button, and more red dots appeared. "This is what we are going to have in the next six months."

Charles's eyes widened. "No way...can it be..."

"Yes..."

The red dots formed two vertical lines on the globe, essentially dividing the planet in half. Also, red dots appeared in key places like sea shores and capital cities.

Ostrovsky: "This is the genius of Mulder's plan. He wanted to divide the planet in half, to cut off communication between the two halves of the planet. Some say he's crazy, but they don't see the strategy behind this. We will focus most of our forces on those dividing lines, thus our units will be concentrated into a small area, which makes it hard for them to penetrate us. Then, with our other forces, we will take over the rest of the planet quickly." The red areas soon spread to most of the globe. "Then...total victory."

"Will it work?"

"We won't find out unless we try, won't we?" Ostrovsky said with a confident smile.

2: The Beginning and the End.

Contents

Erika stayed quietly inside the spade pod as it continued flying towards her home planet. Or foster home planet, that is. Everything was crisp and quiet, except inside her mind, where there's a lot of noise.

The plague that occurred in Nebulon took the Nebulans by storm. No one expected it to happen, nor did they have a cure for it. The doctors could only ease the victim's pain, but they can't prevent the inevitable. For many reasons, this was called the Black Plague. Virtually no one was safe from it.

Along the streets, people coughed miserably. Two people walked by the street, they were covered in hoods and capes, making sure they don't catch the disease. People had blisters on their body. They were painful and disgusting to look at.

Erika's parents put their child into a space pod, one that can fit only one person. She was one of the few who were still unaffected. But if she stays here any longer, she won't be so lucky.

"Mama...papa..." cried the little child. The pod door shut. "Noooo!"

The pod launched into space.

Erika just opened her eyes. Often times, she'd see this flash back even when she doesn't want to. She could barely remember the face of her biological parents. She was so young at the time, it's no surprising she can't feel sad that they died a long time ago.

Mulder's parents, **King Rusifus** and **Queen Mariah**, were having tea on the garden outside of their mansion. It was a nice, sunny day, so the weather was perfect for spending time outdoors. Little Mulder was playing with a toy gun.

Rusifus and Mariah had a nice chat, sipping tea, and laughing. Suddenly, Rusifus saw a comet. Mariah turned around. Kaboom! They could feel the ground shake.

Mariah: "Oh my..."

Rusifus: "What in the heaven's name is that? We must go investigate."

Mulder tagged along, even though his parents warned him not to.

At the explosion site, there a crater. Mariah gasped as she looked at it. The pod in the middle opened. They were all surprised to see a little girl come out of it.

Mariah: "Oh my goodness."

Rusifus slid down the crater and helped the girl. "Little girl, are you alright?"

She opened her eyes. "H-Help me..." Then she fainted.

Mulder: "Oh oh, can I see her?"

Rusifus: "Alright, but make it quick. She needs some rest. She must have been traveling a long way."

Mariah: "Oh, that poor thing."

Mulder went in the big room. Like all the other rooms in the mansion, it was mostly empty, with some decorations. Near the window was the bed. Erika was sleeping peacefully.

She moaned and woke up. Mulder was sitting on the chair and smiling childishly. "He he he. So you're finally awake. You know, you almost didn't make it. It's all thanks to my parents that you're okay. By the way, this is my house we're in. Actually, my parent's house. We're one of the richest people on this planet, so consider yourself lucky."

Erika sat up. "Where...where am I?" she asked drowsily.

"Why, you're on C-16, soon to be the planet that we will own."

"C-16..."

"By the way, if it's okay with you that is, my parents want to adopt you. They've already made the decision to. Since we assume you have no home to go back to. We don't even know where you come fr--"

Erika started crying.

"Hey, what's wrong? Was it something I said?"

"My people...they are suffering. They are dying!"

Mulder didn't know what she meant. But it was definitely something serious to make her cry like this.

And that was how she became part of the Mulder family. Since that day, she became Mulder's sister.

On a certain rooftop in Freedom City, two men watched the sun set. The sun glittered as it entered the horizon. The sky had a dark-orange color to it.

"It's been a while." said Geromius.

"Yeah." Milo replied.

They were both wearing their military uniforms. It's rare for them to dress in anything else, since they are known as Rebel leaders and nothing else.

"So, I heard some good things have been happening lately. Care to update me?"

"Hmph. You probably know most of it already. The sayan from earth named Tyson Spade killed Prince Mulder with the help of Subzero. I suppose you know him?"

"Ah yes, Subzero. He saved my life once. And I owe him ever since. He said I didn't have to repay him, but I owe him a debt of gratitude."

"Hmmm...it's funny."

"What is?"

Milo: "Mulder is supposedly one of the strongest warriors C-16 has ever known. Yet he was beaten by a guy from earth and a guy from Trachian."

"Indeed."

"And why do you care about this planet anyway? I thought you abandoned us years ago?"

"C'mon now, don't be like that. You know my situation. I had no choice. Either run away or die. I knew some day I'd come back."

"Yeah, come back when it's nearly over."

"I just wasn't confident. I didn't think I'd be accepted by my people, since I did run away and abandon them. I can understand how they feel."

"True. I could care less. But as for the people who know you, it might take some time for them to accept you again."

Geromius: "I see."

Geromius and Milo entered the war room. "Fellow Councilmen, I'd like to re-introduce you to Geromius."

Geromius: "I am sorry about the incident several years ago."

McDougal: "It's alright. There's no hard feelings."

Geromius took a sigh of relief.

Lam: "You do what you have to do. But in the end, you are still with us, right?"

Smith: "I am however, concerned with your friend that you brought down. The ice warrior."

Geromius: "You mean Subzero?"

Smith: "Yes, him. Is he trustworthy?"

"I know him. Don't worry, he won't betray us."

Milo: "Alright gentlemen, what's our status for the war?"

McDougal: "Things are actually looking good. Elitist Forces have lost over 20% of their territory. They now control only 40% of Volteron and its resources. We have 30%, and the rest is neutral."

Milo: "So the remaining 30% belongs to the Field Cabinet. What are they going to do?"

McDougal: "That is unconfirmed. It will certainly be troublesome if the Field Cabinet should decide to ally up with Mulder's successor, Ostrovsky, which I believe his name is."

Erika, bored in that empty space pod, continued day dreaming.

Little Mulder, now a little older, saluted Erika, who was about to embark on a journey back to her native home. "Good luck, sister. I am sure you are ready to take over a planet like Nebulon."

Erika saluted. "Thank you. I will be off now." She and two of her henchmen went into the space ship. The engines ignited. Frrrrrrrr. Blast off!

While walking amongst the village, Erika and her troops were disgusted at what they saw. Coming from an environment of wealth and cleanliness, seeing what they saw really freaked them out. The village was poverty stricken. Their economic situation was chaotic at best. People were sleeping on the streets, some were just sitting there, begging for money, and the beggars smelled like shit.

Troop A: "My goodness, this place is a dump."

Troop B: "This is disgusting. Why does our prince want us to reform this place?"

Erika: "Because this place is my home. No matter how bad it is, with my skills, I can make it better."

Troop A: "We are here to support you in every way, Ms. Erika."

"Good." Then she turned her attention to the villagers, who were giving her strange looks.

They were saying things like, "What is that girl doing with all the troopers?"

Erika: "Attention fellow villagers. My name is Erika Mulder. I come in peace. I will not harm you people. In fact, I am here to help you."

Villager A: "Help us?"

Erika: "Correct. But first, I need to speak to whoever is in charge here. I want to see your leader."

Villager A: "Our leader is very busy. I don't think he will..."

Troop B "How dare you show such rudeness? Ms. Erika wishes to speak to your leader. Right now. Get him here."

Tahama, an old man, walked out from a hut. Adrian was helping him, as he was carrying a cane and had back problems."

"What is with the fuss?" Tahama asked.

Erika: "You are in charge here, I suppose?"

Adrian looked at them with curiosity and fear.

"Yes. My name is Tahama, and I am in charge of this village. What business do you have here, outsider?"

"I assure you I am no outsider. I am a Nebulan myself. Ever since the Black Plague that occurred a while back, nothing has been the same since. But I am here to change that. With my resources and my abilities, I can turn this poverty-stricken village into a great, flourishing city."

Her words and enthusiasm were certainly enticing, but still, she's only a child. "But you're just a child. How can you promise us these things?" said Tahama.

"Hmph. Age has no restriction on skill. I have been thoroughly trained in C-16."

Cyclone and Ripdum happened to be walking by, and they saw the scene. Cyclone found it interesting, so they stayed to see what happens.

Tahama: "Even if you are one of us, I cannot submit to your insane demands."

Erika: "So you'd rather watch this village suffer and die out? Face it, old man. Whatever you're doing is not working. It is time for a change."

Adrian got upset. "Hey listen here, child..."

Tahama stopped him from continuing, Adrian obeyed.

Troop A: "Sheesh, how ungrateful are these people. I mean, look at them, they're pathetic. Old man, our leader is actually doing you a favor by saving your village. So just take a hike and let the professionals do their job, alright?"

A bunch of troops laughed. Tahama grunted. "Strangers, you are not welcome here. Please leave. I do not believe in using force."

Erika: "But I do. I believe that power is the essential ingredient in leadership, don't we agree? How about this? I will prove myself to you, to show you I'm more than just talk. I challenge you to a one on one duel."

Adrian: "That is absurd."

Tahama laughed, which surprised Adrian. "You...challenge me? Interesting. I'd like to see what you can do, little girl."

Erika and Tahama walked forward. The villagers and troops surrounded them in a circle. They could feel the tension in the air.

Within a split second, the fight started. To make a long story short, Erika defeated Tahama, which surprised the hell out of everybody.

Cyclone rubbed his chin. "She's not bad...for her age. This will certainly be interesting."

Ripdum: "I can't believe she beat our leader. What will this mean?"

Cyclone: "We'll find out very soon."

Adrian quickly went to his master's aid. "Are you okay, sir?"

Tahama coughed. "Y-Yeah."

The troops came behind Erika. She speaks: "You lost because of three reasons. One - you are weak. Two - you have not trained enough. And three - because you underestimated me. All these factors contributed to your downfall. As you promise, I will now take charge over your people."

Tahama: "Damn it..."

With that said, Erika did exactly what she said she would - turn the village into a metropolis. Within ten years, the village was no longer the village. It now became the infant stages of Capital City. Buildings reached as high as 20 to 30 stories. Highways were being built. Cars were used once again.

In short, Erika had almost returned the city to its original state it was before Vegeta's attack. All she did was build from what was left of the damaged city, using resources from her brother. But it was no easy task. They met a lot of difficulties and headaches, especially when it came to complicated matters like technological efficiency and economic issues.

Ostrovsky took out a piece of Pyroclasm X he's been saving for a while. "Hmmm, let's see what this little thingymajig does." He swallowed it without even thinking about it. There was pain in his stomach, and he grunted and punched some things. Within a few minutes, the pain was gone, and Ostrovsky felt stronger than ever.

Erika was certainly proud that she 'saved' Nebulon by making it better. Not everyone in the universe can say they have accomplished such a thing. But of course, such a difficult task didn't come without any opposition.

Using advice from her brother, she turned the city into a tyranny, which accordingly is the best way to rule and keep order. Those who did not obey would be sacrificed, that's the cache for their futuristic city.

And she just realized some of her faults when Nebula came about. She did a great thing, but was what she did justified?

Hearing of some urgent news, Erika remembered herself running down the hallway, nearly out of breath. She could hear her own breathing loud and clear. Once she opened the door, she was shocked beyond words. Mulder was on his knees, crying in anguish. In front of him were two dead bodies...the bodies of their parents.

They lay under a pool of blood. Their faces were bloody.

Erika: "It c-can't be...this can't be!"

Mulder stood up. "They were assassinated. The damned rebels assassinated our parents!"

Erika walked towards her late parents. She shoved her mom and dad in vain, hoping they'd wake up. "Mother, father. Say something!"

"Forget it." Mulder said. "It's too late. There is nothing we can do."

With that said, Erika shoved them less and less. She just kneeled there, in front of their dead bodies, and weep like she's never weep before. She had never cried so much before in her life.

She wanders about, confused.

Ever since that day, Mulder became a cold-blooded killer. He never looked at the world the same way again. That tragic event finally triggered the demon inside of him.

Erika woke up with a cold sweat. Yes, she saw that image again. She could never forget that bloody image.

Still under construction, the city was doing well. Cyclone and Ripdum joined Erika early on, and their alliance was supreme. As Erika grew older, however, their difference in strength was clearly boundarized. Cyclone wanted to betray her early on, but it was difficult to do anything, since she was always surrounded by troops.

As Erika grew older, so did her wisdom. She started suspecting something about Cyclone ever since he acted strange. Ripdum, on the other hand, she neglected. She sent her spies to follow Cyclone, and to her surprise, he has been going into terrorist territory and speaking with their leader, Adrian.

Confused, she told her subordinates that she'd be leaving for C-16, and will be back shortly. She wanted to ask her brother for advice.

Mulder: "I see. So that's the situation. You suspect that Cyclone is about to betray you."

"Yes, brother." she said on the other side of the dinner table. "All evidence points toward such a conclusion. It's a shame, since he's been useful to me countless times in the past. I don't know what to do. Should I confront him about it?"

"Absolutely not. That would be the dumbest thing to do. Here is what you should do..." And he told her exactly what to do.

Cyclone was standing in front of the Main Corporate Building. Ripdum was leaning against the wall. "I'm telling you, you're making a big mistake."

Cyclone walked past him. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Ripdum: (Whatever happens to, I have nothing to do with it.)

The control room was off limits, since Erika's absence. He sneaked in without anyone noticing. Since it was night time, and there weren't any lights, it was the perfect time for the crime.

He went to the computer accessed the main security system. "So this is it."

"So this is what you were up to." Erika said, startling him.

"Ah...Ms. Erika? I thought you wouldn't be back in another three days."

She walked forward. "Oh? That's what I told you, right? But I purposely mislead you, lest I wouldn't find out about your betrayal."

"No, this isn't what you think!"

"Really, now? What am I supposed to think?" She took out her light saber.

Cyclone took out a gun and fired. Bang. Erika's energy shield protected her from the bullet.

"Do you think I'm a person who'd get killed by a gun?"

They had a good fight. But Erika slashed Cyclone's right eye. "AAAAAHH!" he screamed as he was covered in blood.

"Let this be a lesson to you."

"Ugh...Ahh!"

Erika: "That will be all for now. I don't know what the terrorists offered you, but I can give you a better offer. If there's a problem, you should've confronted me about it. I will not compromise anything for the safety of this city. My city. I'm quite disappointed, Cyclone. Here is your choice: one, you spend the rest of your life in jail, with one eye. You will be tortured everyday until you either wear out physically or mentally, in which case you will break down psychologically. Two, you continue working for me, and you still have your limited freedom."

Cyclone grunted in pain, with one hand over his lost eye.

Erika walked away. (Brother, looks like you were right. When it comes to cruelty, you're number one.)

Watching outside the perimeters...

Adrian: "It looks like Cyclone failed. How worthless he is."

And of course, Cyclone chooses option two. His actions were monitored constantly, and he can't make any decisions without Erika's consent. Basically, he became her lackey. He's lost half his sight since that day, and he vowed never to betray Erika again.

Erika watched the fierce battle helplessly as the two super powers, Tyson and Mulder, duke it out, risking their lives. Mulder fired the Hyper Beam, and Tyson countered with the Wrath Beam.

"Aaaaah!!!" Tyson was losing. Suddenly, the thought of his family popped up. He pushed and pushed no matter what. "Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhh!!!" With a mighty scream he made the beam thicker and pushed the red beam up.

"NO, NO! IMPOSSIBLE!" Mulder was hit and pushed into the air. His body started to disintegrate. The beam kept on going until it reached outer space. It hit the space station and exploded. Kaboom! All asteroids near it were wiped out.

A space pod landed in middle of an open field. Nebula was greeted by troops. At first, they pointed guns at him, but after he explained his identity, they greeted him with hospitality and took him to the Main Corporate Building.

Once he entered the control room, he was immediately greeted by a familiar face.

"Welcome back to Capital City." Adrian said, shaking his hand.

A bunch of unoccupied mobile suits lay down in the forest. In a certain place nearby, a bunch of GP officers were making out plans. Angela laid out a map on the ground.

Angela: "Okay, so here is the mission briefing. And I'll make it brief. This is going to be either an arrest or an assassination, depending on the situation." She pointed at the map. "As you can see, Mulder's mansion has five layers of defense. We need to break through this point, here, here and here. Then we go here...Understand?"

Teammates: "Yes ma'am."

Angela: "The operation begins in one hour. Get ready."

"I'll be seeing you. I'll never forget you, all of you." She walked up the cliff.

Nebula: "Wait...where will you go?"

"To fix my brother's mistakes. I will try to undo everything he has done."

"Hey. Good luck." He showed a thumbs up.

Erika smiled and left.

And she did just that. From that day on, she wandered about from village to village, with a sincere intent to help people out.

The lady, covered in a robe and cape garment, walked by some suffering people. The hospitals were overfilled, so they had no room for these injured, bleeding people.

Erika helped distribute food to the beggars. Out of all the volunteers, she was the most energetic and kindest one.

She bent down in front of a kid and gave him a bowl of food.

"Thank you so much." said the grateful kid. Coming from his background, a nice person was rare.

"No problem." Erika said, smiling. She just recently realized the joy of helping people. It gave her feeling of completeness and made her feel good.

"You have been so nice to us, how can we ever repay you?"

"Oh, there's no need. Enjoy the food. It's hot, so blow it first."

"Oh, I never got your name, miss..."

"Uhhh...call me...Katie." she said, making up a name.

"Miss Katie. Why do you wear that hood all the time? If you take it off, I bet you'd look good."

"Sure thing. It's hot here anyway." She lowered her hood as the kid suggested.

"Wow...you're gorgeous!" said the kid in admiration.

"Really?" Erika said, blushing.

One of the beggars recognized her from somewhere. He began walking over to her. "You're...you're..."

Erika wondered what's up.

"You're...Erika! Mulder's sister!"

Everyone gasped. The kid was shocked.

Erika: "Excuse me, sir? What are you saying?!"

Beggar: "There's no doubt about it. You're Mulder's sister. I worked for the military. I'm not lying!"

Everyone stared at her, Erika grew nervous and guilty.

Kid: "It's not true, right? Say it ain't so!"

Erika: "I...I...I am! So what?! I didn't do anything to hurt anyone. So why are you all looking at me like that?"

Beggar: "Liar! You're Mulder's sister. You're a cold-blooded murderer just like he is!"

The other people agreed. "Yeah! She's been deceiving us."

"What the hell is she doing in our village?" said another.

For the first time, being associated with the name Mulder became a source of sheer embarrassment. Usually, she'd be proud to be his sister. He's practically the richest and most powerful man in C-16. But not to these villagers. It's a name of hatred and contempt.

Erika: "Please, stop! I'm just trying to help! I didn't do anything bad!"

They started throwing rocks at her, and she ran away.

"Go away, Elitist! We don't need you here!"

They all continued yelling. The kid watched in disbelief.

Walking along a desert, she was lonely and sad. Tears drip from her eyes as she thought about the guilt and shame she felt while the villagers booed her. Yes, she did nothing wrong, but the look on these people's faces were more than enough to make her feel bad.

Upon hearing the name Mulder, these innocent victims turned into angry mobsters in an instant. Erika also felt a bit of anger. She whole-heartedly and sincerely wanted to help them out, and she gave it her best. But look how they repaid her? Just because of her identity. Was all she did in vain?

Her troubled mind became further conflicted when the appearance of a stranger changed everything. He came to her planet personally to meet her.

While still wandering in the desert, she took out her packet of water and poured it into her mouth. Only a drop or two was left. "Damn it." she said in frustration. It's going to be a while before she leaves the desert, and she just ran out of water. Now what?

Suddenly, the sand started to move.

"Huh?"

The sand formed the figure of the Doom Phantom. "Greetings, Ms. Erika."

"Who the hell are you?" Erika said, thinking it's a mirage.

"I am the Phantom, ruler of the soon to be invincible group known as the Great Seven."

"Soon to be? Invincible? Great Seven? What are you blabbering about? Get to the point."

"Impatient as always." he said, as if he knew her well. "Very well, let us not waste any time. I am here to gather some of the best fighters in the known universe. My target is planet S-3 from the solar system, also known as earth."

"Earth?"

"Yes. Some call it the Land of Paradise. But I will soon own this paradise. Do you know who resides on this planet, Ms. Erika? A sayan named Tyson Spade. Sound familiar?"

"Like I would know?" she said.

"Stop playing dumb. I know more about you and your history than you think. This is the man who killed your brother, correct?"

"Yeah. How you know all this?"

"That is not important. What is important is that...what is a person like you doing here? You have no purpose here anymore. Your brother's dead. His empire is crumbling like sand. You tried helping the villagers, but all you receive in return is hostility."

"Are you a stalker or something? I have no interest in whatever you're doing. You're wasting your time."

"So, you will just let this chance to avenge your brother pass you by?"

Erika grunted.

"I shall let you think about it. We'd make a great team. It'd be a pity if you let this opportunity pass you. I think you have what it takes to be a part of the Great Seven. If you want to find me, use your sixth sense." He flew away. Frrrooom.

Of course, Erika decides to take his offer, but secretly, she just wanted to betray them. Just like how she betrayed her brother. She didn't want to admit it, but gaining trust and abusing it is her specialty.

Back in Capital City, the city that Erika used to run, Adrian was showing Nebula a tour of the Main Corporate Building.

"Wow, I love what you've done to it." Neb said.

"Yes, these decorations have been done by my subordinates. I'm trying to make the place look more 'homely.'"

"So, how has the city been doing since you took control?"

"We're managing. Look." He took him to the main control room, the place where he first met Erika. There were numerous TV screens, showing different parts of the city. "We're trying to turn this city into a democracy. That's the real way to rebuild a race, don't ya think?"

"Yeah." Nebula said, agreeing.

"Oh, there's someone I'd like you to meet."

"Oh?"

"Master Tahama, we have a guest today."

An old man carrying a cane showed up. "Greetings, Mr. Spade." They shake hands. "I've heard so much about you. You're the one who single-handedly defeated that wretch, right?"

"Uhh, yeah."

"I see. You've aided us in our cause. If it wasn't for you who got rid of Erika and her goons, we wouldn't have been able to take control."

"Well, I can't take all the credit."

A space pod, specifically, Erika's space pod, rested in the ground. It needed time to cool off after all the heating up from entering the atmosphere and landing.

Erika: "So, I'm back home at last." She took a sniff of the air. It smelled familiar.

"Is Faith safe?" Erika whispered into the telephone.

"Yes." said the muffled voice from the phone.

"Okay, good. She knows where to go. Make sure no one finds her."

"Roger that."

Suddenly, Mulder appeared behind her. She gasped, dropping the phone.

"Hmmp. If it isn't my dear sister, who's always loyal to me."

"Oh hey...brother...what's up?" she said, chuckling.

"Don't play dumb! I know everything!"

Erika formed an energy ball. Mulder fired first. Bam. She was knocked down. "Off."

Mulder: "Idiot! You're still apparently the weakest one in the family. You're the last I person that I suspected who will betray me. Yet, the closet one to me is the most distant one, isn't it, Erika?"

"So...how did you know?"

"Heh, I'm not stupid, Erika. Betrayal always leaves clues. I was the one who taught you what to do when you thought Cyclone was about to betray you."

"Apparently. I knew I couldn't keep this up."

"Did you order Ziegfield to do this? Was this part of your plan?"

"Ziegfield and I never cooperated. We barely spoke to each other. But we both agree that your actions are outrageous."

"Hmmm, I see. You've been questioning my actions ever since you came back. You even helped the rebels. But no matter, I will still win the war."

"You gonna kill me?"

"No no, not my good old sister. Remember what you did with Cyclone?"

Erika gasped. "You don't mean...that. I'm sorry, brother. I'm really sorry." Suddenly, she blurred and hit.

Mulder dodged, and hit her on the back. She fell unconscious. "Too slow."

As she went to the outer gates of the mansion, troops stop her. "Hold it." said the first troop. "This territory is forbidden to those without authorization."

Erika closed her eyes and smiled. "Without authorization? Do you know who I am?"

Speaking with such confidence, the troop took a careful look at her face. She did look familiar, and he gasped. "You are...Miss Erika!"

"Good job, you actually remembered my name. It looks like you're in for a promotion." she said sarcastically. "I suppose Ostrovsky is the one inhabiting my brother's mansion?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I'm afraid you cannot enter."

"Well there goes your promotion! Why not?"

"It is Ostrovsky's rules. He is in charge now."

"Grrrr. Well, tell him to meet me outside. I have something I need to speak with him about."

"Very well then."

Angela: "All units, get ready for combat!"

Team alpha: "Yes, ma'am."

The team of ten mobile suits flew towards the first defense layer of the mansion. The guards on patrol saw the incoming suits. "Oh no!" Bang! The tower was shot and it blew up. The other patrol guards ran like fleas.

Soldiers ran into their stations and activated the turrets and fired. Thut thut thut. The mobile suits blew them up, and they were dealt with.

Operator: "They've passed the first defense layer!"

Operator #2: "Damn it! We need to get rid of them. But we need authorization to activate the mobile suits."

Charles: "Fine then, contact Ostrovsky."

Operator: "He is not in within the mansion's perimeter."

Charles: "What?"

Erika waited by the field where Mulder trained his students. Ostrovsky saw her, her back facing him.

"Hey babe, I didn't get your name." he said.

She turned around. "Name's Erika. You should know who I am."

"Yeah, Prince Mulder's sister, right? Damn, I didn't know he had such a hot sister. Where have you been all my life?"

"Enough fooling around. I have some urgent business to discuss with you."

"Sure. Knock yourself out."

"Give up the war. It's pointless."

"Excuse me?" he said in surprise and disappointment.

"Please give up the war. Just let the people have their freedom." Erika said.

"Heh, I expected more from Mulder's sister. Is that how you show your support to your dear old brother who died in the battlefield?" Ostrovsky said.

"I don't like my dear old brother. I didn't like anything he did. I did not support anything he did."

"Hmmp. I hate to say this, Ms. Erika, but you no longer have any power here. Since you disappeared, I am now the supreme commander of the Elitists. I've finally got my dream job, and here you are, demanding me to give up my position? You've gotta be shitting me."

"I'm not kidding you." Erika said, taking out her light saber. "Just do it, please. I don't want to resort to violence."

"Yet you're taking out your little sword thingy." He shrugged. "Women...they say one thing and mean something else. You can never understand them." Suddenly, he blurred.

Erika: (What!?)

He appeared from behind, Erika jumped away, avoiding a fatal hit.

(He's fast.)

Ostrovsky: "I'll make you regret this, woman."

They attacked. Wham! Slash! Bam! Erika slashed her sword, and Ostrovsky blurred, leaving Erika hitting thin air. He appeared from the side, and fired a beam. Boom! Erika's shield couldn't withstand it, and she was blown off the cliff.

She screamed as she fell. "Aaaaaaah!"

Ostrovsky: "Well, that was simple. Heh, you deserved your fate. You had to betray your own brother. Mulder was ruined because of another woman. Sheesh. I told him women will be the end of him. But he didn't listen."

Beep. Beep. He answered his cell phone. "Yeah, Ostrovsky...say what? The damn cops are attacking my mansion? Well don't just sit there! Blow them up! Show them no mercy!"

"Do we have permission to activate the Eliminator Squad?" Charles asked over the phone.

"Yes. Whatever it takes." He turned off the phone. "Hmmp. Have a nice death, Ms. Erika. It's such a shame, really. We coulda made a good team." He flew away. Froom.

The Team Alpha mobile suits just went past the second defense layer, blowing up nearly everything that shot at them. Now, they were at third line.

But at the fourth defense line, something was happening. Three extra large mobile suits were being deployed. They were covered in thick, green armor.

Jerrell wandered about in the forest, wondering if he had made the right decision. He remembered a recent conversation with Erika, when she was still at earth.

"What?" Erika said over her telecom. "A new leader?"

"Yes." Jerrell said. "I believe his name is Ostrovsky."

"Ostrovsky?"

"Yeah. Know anything about him?"

There was a pause.

"Nothing?" Jerrell confirmed.

"His name sounds familiar."

"He's one of Mulder's henchmen, apparently. My officers arrested him, but somehow he escaped. Now he's taken over the Elitists." Jerrell said.

"Argh...alright. I'm coming over there."

"What? To C-16? Don't be crazy. I've got things handled here."

"No. I must resolve this matter myself. It's a personal thing."

"But Ms. Erika, you no longer have power on your planet, am I correct to assume that?"

"Yeah. But still, somehow it feels like my responsibility. Listen, what are you planning to do?"

"Attacking the mansion with full force."

"No, don't do that!"

"Why not?"

And the conversation continued, with Erika telling him about the specifics of the mansion's defense system. There were five layers of defense, each one is stronger than the next, as you get closer in proximity to the mansion itself. The first three are easy, they're just mobile suits and turrets and missile launchers. But there's something on the 4th and 5th layer that's not easily overcome. Erika forgot what they were. The mansion's strength is known world-wide, so no one bothered attacking it directly.

Basically, Erika told Jerrell not to attack without seeing her first. But Jerrell, being impatient as he is, sent his forces anyway. Now he's wondering, was it a bad decision?

Finally, the team made it to the fourth defense layer. They blew up the missile launchers and everything. But something came out from the valley - three of them.

Angela: "No way! The Eliminator!"

Lily: "Three of them!"

Wendel: "Three? I thought Mulder had only one of these."

"How can this be?" Angela said, staring at the three threatening suits.

Pilot #1: "Prepare for combat!"

The Eliminator Squad attacked with full force. It was a three on ten battle, but the three overpowered the ten. BOOM! KABOOM!

Boom. GP #1 explodes. "AAAAAH!"

Angela: "No! Unit one! Are you there?!"

[Lily: "He's gone!"]

Eliminator #1 appeared on top of the GP-X. Angela fired the machine gun like crazy. Eliminator #1 dodged in circles, making the bullets look like nothing.

Angela: "Damn you!" She made the mobile suit take out its heat sword and stuck it into the enemy's chest. Sccccccrrrrch. "Die!"

The Eliminator puts its palm on the GP-X's suit, and fired. Boom! The GP-X shuddered, and Angela screamed in the cockpit. "AAAAAHH!"

The fight continued, and things looked bad for the heroes. After losing another unit, Angela issues an order to retreat.

Everyone flew away, however, the GP-X was shot in the leg, and fell towards the valley. "Aahhhh!"

Lily: "Commander!!"

Wendel: "Commander!"

[Angela: "Just go! Forget me!"]

Lily: "No, we can't!"

[Angela: "That's an order! I'll be fine. Tell Jerrell!"]

GP-X was shot again, and fell into the valley. Crash. The rest of the team escaped with their lives.

Lily was the most reluctant to go. She's been friends with Angela for quite some time, and to abandon her in such a dangerous situation seemed completely illogical. But an order is an order. "Angela..."

The GP-X landed roughly on the ground. It was damaged severely, and one can

tell just by the smoke and heat coming out. The cockpit door opened, and she came out, coughing. She hopped off the suit, and landed on the ground. The Eliminator suits found her and flew towards her direction, she quickly ran away.

Once she thought she's safe, she sat down and breathed hard. Suddenly, she heard footsteps, and immediately drew her gun and pointed. But the enemy pointed the gun at her first. There were about five soldiers.

"Surrender." said one of them. "You can't escape, Galactic Officer."

Angela dropped her gun to the ground, and put her arms up.

4: Fallen into Enemy Hands! Can They Save Her in Time?

Contents

"So...why do you help Faith?" Erika asked curiously, with a genuine concern.

"Hmmm, I don't know." Ziegfield answered earnestly. "I just feel that she doesn't deserve any of this, that's all. Mulder has gone too far, I'm afraid. I don't know what to think of him anymore."

"Is that so..."

"Listen...Ms. Erika, I have something I have been meaning to tell you. But you must keep this an absolute secret. You promise?"

"Okay. What is it?"

"There were rumors about your parents...that...ummm..."

"Just spill it." she said impatiently.

"Rumors have it that Mulder killed his parents."

It was as if a lightning bolt struck Erika's chest. "He...killed...our parents?!"

"Listen...it is only a rumor. We cannot prove it true...or false."

Erika Mulder...she was beginning to feel ashamed of that name.

Erika suddenly wakes up with cold sweat. She was in front of a bonfire, so no wonder it's so warm. On the other side of the bonfire was a man wearing a hood. He took off his hood, revealing himself.

"Well, it's about time you woke up. I was starting to think you'd be sleeping for another century."

"Blazer...you saved me?"

"Yes. I caught you before you near the bottom of the cliff. It was a close one."

"Thank you."

"No need for such formalities. We've been comrades before, haven't we?" he said, putting a fish on a stick on top of the fire.

"Yes."

"Here." He threw her a stick with a fried fish.

"Thanks." She proceeded to hold it over the fire. "What brings you here?"

"That's obvious. I'm a warrior of justice. Whenever there is injustice, I am there."

"You must've used your teleporter, right? That's how you got here before me?"

"Correct. I heard about the urgent news the same time you did. I received word from the Galactic Police."

"I'm guessing it will be pointless to ask you why you are here."

"Yes, it's pretty obvious. Do you still feel responsible for what your brother has done?"

She took a bite out of the fish. "He's not my brother."

"Sorry I asked."

"I've been trying to fix his mistakes. But it was more difficult than I originally thought. I've been wandering from village to village, helping out the poor and needy, and those who were affected by the war. And it was going well. But then...then one time...one of them found out my identity. I was practically booed at and kicked out of the village."

"I see. You full-heartedly wanted to help them, but they didn't use logic, right? They only cared about the fact that you're Mulder's sister, and became prejudiced towards you. Do you feel frustrated?"

"Very frustrated. And hurt. I'm confused now."

"War is very confusing. For everyone."

"I see. So, are you planning to infiltrate the mansion too?" Erika said, changing the topic.

"Whatever it takes to take down Ostrovsky."

"He's not someone you can just fight one on one, you know? I know that mansion best. There's five layers of security..."

"Like I said, I'll do whatever it takes." Blazer said arrogantly.

"Thank you for the hospitality. I'll repay you someday." She got up.

"Where are you going?"

"If anyone is going to take down Ostrovsky, it's going to be me. I don't care what you do. I'm grateful for the help, but don't get in my way." She walked away.

Soldiers dragged Angela into the room.

"What do we have here?"

"Ostrovsky...You're responsible for all this, aren't you?" she said angrily.

"Guilty as charged. Don't you police realize that you can't control things in C-16? You have no jurisdiction here."

"We Galactic Police are here to serve justice. We don't care where or when it is!" she said fiercely.

"Serve justice?" he said as if the idea was non-existent. Ostrovsky laughed.

"Good choice of words! The only justice here is **my** justice, woman."

"Your justice?" she said. "You're just a scumbag who hurts innocent people. What justice is that?"

"Be careful what you say. You're in my turf." he said as he pulled her hair tightly.

"You're just a coward! A pathetic coward."

Ostrovsky punched her stomach. She felt the pain right away, and became paralyzed, and fell on her knees. Her mouth was wide open.

"How dare you show such disrespect? Don't forget who's the prisoner here."

"Go ahead and kill me." she said in pain.

"Oh dear no. I'm not going to let you die so fast. There are worse humiliations than death. Much, much worse."

Ostrovsky was eating his dinner. Light music was playing in the background, and it was pleasant to his ears. Sitting by the by the table, he cut a piece of steak with his knife, and put the fork into the meat, then into his mouth. It tasted good.

The table was a long rectangular one, one that could sit twenty people. Of course, he sat at the head seat. Red carpet covered the whole room. He took a napkin and wiped his mouth.

The chefs came into the room. "Your dinner is ready, sir."

"Well it's about time." he said impatiently. The plate was really big and heavy, and it took two people to carry it. A cover was on it. The chefs put the plate on the table

gently, then left the room.

"And now," Ostrovsky said, walking towards the plate. "For my main course!" He grabbed the cover and opened it.

A naked woman was on the plate, tied by ropes. She struggled to move, squirming left and right. Ostrovsky laughed as he stared at her figure. Her ankles were tied together, allowing only minimal movements. Ropes covered her privates, but other than that, Ostrovsky could see everything. Her whole leg was shown. Ropes covered her vagina and hips. Her stomach and belly button was seen as well. Her arms were under her back, tied up securely. Ropes covered her breasts, but he could see the shape of them. The cleavage was good enough. Her neckline and shoulders were seen. There was an apple in her mouth, so she couldn't scream, but only moan. Her hair laid flat on the plate. Scattered all over the plate were tomatoes and lettuces, around the woman's body. Angela watched in fear as Ostrovsky got on the table and on top of her.

Angela was crying and pleading for mercy, but only moans came out. She turned her head, saying "No, no!"

He laughed. "Looks like my dinner is ready."

He touched her legs, and she moaned. He felt the smooth, white skin on her thighs and knees. "Tonight, I'm hungry. Hungry for something else. Something new and fresh." he said, while touching her legs. Tears dripped from her eyes. Ostrovsky put his face to hers. She watched in fear as she looked into his eyes. He put his mouth on the apple that was in her mouth, and took a bite out of it. "Mmmmm." He chewed it slowly while staring at her. "Delicious..."

He took a fork, and stuck it into one of the tomatoes around her body. He ate it. "Mmm, simply delicious." He chewed it slowly, smiling at her. Angela continued to plead with moans. He put his fork into another tomato and ate it. He kissed her forehead, and Angela closed her eyes, and the tears kept coming.

He touched her face, and wiped some of the tears. "Ohhh what's the matter, my sweetheart?" The tears kept coming. He kissed her face all over, while she turned her head sideways. He kissed her neck many times, and went down to her shoulders and top of her breasts.

He took the apple out of her mouth, and kissed her lips. Angela struggled all she could, but couldn't do anything. She was completely helpless. Her lips were sweet and juicy, like strawberries he had earlier. When he was done kissing, he put the apple back in her mouth. She turned her head, refusing to let it go in, so he jammed it into her mouth.

He smiled. "Who would've thought a police officer would end up being my dinner?"

"Nnnnnnnnnn!!" she moaned.

He slapped her face.

"Nnn!"

Slap!

"Nnn!"

Ostrovsky laughed while slapping her senseless. Slap! "There's nothing you can do! Hahahaha!"

He took a fork, and stuck it into the apple on her mouth, and laughed. Then he took out the fork and threw it away.

"It's time for my dessert!" he said.

He kissed her thighs all over. Angela moaned and cried. He touched her legs all over, from lower thigh all the way to her hip. He kissed her skin all the way to the ropes. He kissed her stomach. Then he stuck his face between her breasts. She moaned loud.

Then he grabbed a knife and held it in front of her face. It shined in the light. Angela moaned louder. What was this madman going to do?

He pointed the sharp point of the knife at her. He put it on her head. Angela moaned with tears, fearing every second of her life.

He tantalizingly moved the knife down to her face, going slowly to her chin. Then he put it on her neck. Then to her neckline, and breasts. Then down her stomach, her vagina, and her legs. She squirmed and moaned helplessly.

Then he held the knife up, and stabbed it at her head - she dodged it just in time, turning her head left. It almost hit her ear. Then he held it up, and stabbed it left, she turned right and moaned. Cling. It hit the plate. Then he kept doing it - left and right, left and right, enjoying every moment of it. Angela turned her head desperately, and moaned. Left, right, left right, He laughed as he tortured her.

Eventually, he got bored of it. He got a bottle of sugar, and poured it on her face. Angela moaned and turned her head. He poured sugar all over her body and laughed. She moaned and cried desperately.

He kissed her face, and licked her with his tongue, enjoying the taste of her skin. She moaned and winced.

There was nothing she could do but moan and struggle in vain. Her hands were tied behind her back, and her ankles were tied up. She was completely helpless; he could do whatever he wanted.

He took a bottle of wine, took out the top, and held it upside down and gulped it. He let out a sigh since it was so good.

"You want some?"

He took the apple out of her mouth. She struggled, turning her head left and right. He grabbed her head with his left hand, and held the bottle with his right hand, shoving it into her mouth. "Come on, just drink it, bitch!" The wine spilled all over her face and neck and shoulders. When he was done with this act, she was coughing.

He slapped her face. "You wasted so much good wine!" He took the apple and shoved it into her mouth. He licked the wine all of her face and neck, while tasting her skin. He poured wine on her stomach, and licked it off. He poured it on her legs, and licked them off bit by bit. He didn't miss an inch of it.

"Damn cop! This is what is get for being a cop!" he yelled, grabbing her hair and banging her head on the plate. She moaned in mercy.

"Nnn!" Bang! "Nnnn!" Bang!

Then he slapped her like crazy. He lost count of how many times he hit her. But he kept hitting and hitting and laughing.

"So you think you're such a good police officer, eh? I hate police officers!" He spit on her face. She moaned. He spit again. "You all should rot in hell."

He took a handkerchief and wiped her face clean.

He took the knife and pointed it at her breasts. She was squirming and moaning helplessly. He started cutting the ropes on her chest, one by one, enjoying the process. She moaned more and more as he did. "Hahahahaha!" He kept on cutting the ropes. Then he started cutting the ropes on her waist.

"Nnnnn!! Nnnn!!" she moaned.

There was a moaning sound from the dining room. The woman was tied up so her movements were reduced to minimum. Angela squirmed and struggled to get free, but didn't do much. A tape was over her mouth.

Ostrovsky got ready for his meal. He took a knife and put it over her stomach. She moaned and pleaded for mercy. He moved the knife up to her breasts, in a slow,

tantalizing way. The knife skidded along the ropes, and to her cleavage. Then the blade went to her neckline, and her neck. Angela swallowed hard.

He could see her fear all over. He moved the knife up to her chin, and the tape on her mouth, her nose, and forehead. Angela closed her eyes, fearing the worst. A few drop of tears came down. Then, in the same fashion, he moved the knife down to her stomach, and to her ankles. Then he moved it up, gliding along her skin, to her lower thigh, her knee, and upper thigh. He was enjoying it.

Then he stuck the knife into the ropes, between her legs, and Angela moaned loud. "MMFFF!"

He took a bottle of whipped cream and sprayed it on various parts of her body. He licked it off enjoyably, making sure he licked off every drop of it cleanly.

After finishing his meal, Ostrovsky went to the control room and sat down. The over head computer screen was divided into six sections, one for each of the Field Cabinet.

"Greetings, ladies and gentlemen. My, you sure are looking swell today."

[Simon: "Well, good morning, Mr. Ostrovsky.]

[Andy: "Well well, if it isn't the 'replacement.' Are you here to beg us for help?"]

Ostrovsky: "First of all, I'm not a replacement. And second of all, I am not begging you for help. I understand all of you respected members of the Field Cabinet had an alliance with Prince Mulder. And I am here today to reinforce that alliance."

[Andy: "Mulder is dead. His army is obsolete."]

"His death means nothing! The war must go on! He's only one person. Even if he is important, he is disposable, just like anyone else is. I'll continue his legacy. That's why I am chosen to replace him."

[Wei: "Is that so? We've placed our full trust in Mulder, and he assured us a victory. We've invested heavily into this war. Can we trust you? How can you succeed where Mulder cannot?"]

"Let me make one thing clear, he did not lose yet The Rebels are just saying that to keep their false hope up. I still have Mulder's master plan with me. But I'd like to discuss it with you, all of you, in person. You're all presidents of your own continent, and I am sure we can work something out. You certainly want a solution to your rebellion problems, no? I want to invite you over to my mansion, over dinner. My treat."

[Andy: "Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt. Fine, I will listen to what you have to propose."]

[Simon: "No problem here."]

[Wei: "If they agree, then so shall I."]

They all turned off communication, one by one, and the screen went blank.

Ostrovsky folded his hands. "Excellent."

Later on in the same day, Jerrell received some startling news from Officer Lily. "Angela's been...no way..." he uttered in shock.

Lily: "Yes sir. We wanted to save her. But..." she was almost crying.

Jerrell started biting his finger. (Angela...I knew I shouldn't have issued this order. Damn it.) He's starting to regret his decision to send her to this mission. What will he do now?

As agreed, the members of the Field Cabinet, each of them being rulers of their continent, came over for a meeting with Ostrovsky to hear what he has planned.

All the Field Cabinet members gathered around the dinner table. Ostrovsky had a smile on his lips the whole time. "The dinner is ready."

"Oh boy, I can't wait." said one of them.

The chefs brought in the plate. The plate was really big and heavy, and it took two people to carry it. A cover was on it. The chefs put the plate on the table gently, then left the room.

"Ooh, I wonder what it is."

Ostrovsky. "It's my special surprise." He walked to the center of the table. He then grabbed the cover and pulled it up. "Surprise!!!"

Angela was on the plate, naked, tied by ropes. She laid on her stomach, and back facing up. Her privates were tied up. Her arms were tied together, on her back. Her legs were tied together, and folded behind her. Her arms and legs were tied together by more ropes, so her body was shaped like a triangle. There was apple in her mouth.

"What the hell is the meaning of this?!" Andy said angrily.

Ostrovsky: "Consider it a warning. This is what will happen when anyone dares to defy me!"

"This is an outrage!" said another.

They were all pissed off and insulted.

"I will not stand for this." Andy slammed the table while getting up, then walked away. The other leaders walked away, staring angrily at Ostrovsky.

"You're going to regret this."

Ostrovsky couldn't give a damn. He got on the table with Angela. "These people have no sense of humor at all!"

He turned her sideways. He took the apple out of her mouth. He kissed her lips and made it last very long. His hands moved all over her body, while he tasted her lips. Angela was completely helpless as he kissed her.

Erika stood within the perimeter of the mansion's property. She just stood there and observed, as she was preparing mentally for the upcoming fight. Suddenly, Jerrell and a group of ten of his officers showed up.

Erika paid no attention to them.

Jerrell: "So you're here too, huh?"

"Yes. I am just about to go in now."

"By yourself?"

"Yes."

"Are you nuts?"

"This is my problem, not yours. I don't care what you do, just don't interfere." Erika walked forward.

"Excuse me!" Lily said.

Jerrell tried to stop her from speaking, but she insisted.

"Mr. Jerrell is just trying to help you. You should be grateful that he's willing to invest in this begotten war!"

"I never asked for his help. This is my problem. Just don't interfere."

Lily was so pissed off that she's speechless. Erika walked forward.

Jerrell and his forces walked a few paces behind Erika, as to not irritate her. Lily was still pissed at her attitude.

The first defense line was severely weakened by Angela's forces, so they passed it rather easily. The same goes for the second and third defense lines.

Erika got to the fourth defense line. Soldiers formed a line and fired at her. She formed an energy shield, rendering all bullets and lasers useless. Then she flew past the people. Frooom.

Eliminator #1 appeared above her, and she asked.

"What? The Eliminator? But I thought it was destroyed."

Pilot #1: "Heh, Prince Mulder didn't tell you this because you're a traitor. But he's kept a few backup copies in case something goes wrong with the first one."

Eliminator #2 and #3 showed in the air. They all pointed their machine guns at Erika.

Pilot #2: "Once these babies go into mass production, our army will be unstoppable! Long live the Elitists."

Pilot #1: "You're a despicable traitor, so you must die."

Erika: "Damn you."

A beam flew and hit Eliminator #1. The pilot was startled. With this chance, Erika flew away.

It was Jerrell who fired the shot. The pilots stared at them angrily, and proceeded to fire non-stop. Jerrell and his ten officers combined their energies to form a shield, to stop the attacks. Bang bang bang. They were safe, but they can't go anywhere.

Jerrell: (Alright Erika, it's all you now!)

Erika blew up the soldiers at the last defense line. They kept on coming at her, and she beat them up as they came. Then she flew up, and they fired at her. She dodged skillfully in the air, and shot energy balls downward. Boom! They were done within minutes.

She landed and took a deep breath. Suddenly, the wall crashed down. Crash. Among the smoke, a figure walked towards her.

"What..."

Charles: "Greetings, Ms. Erika. Long time no see."

Erika got over her shock, and came to the reality of the situation. "Indeed. Long time no see."

"I regret having to meet under circumstances such as these."

"I understand. You're just doing your job, and I have to do what I have to do."

"Yes, so if either one of us should lose or become injured in anyway, there will be no hard feelings."

"No hard feelings. And there will be no holding back. This is not training anymore."

"Agreed." Charles said, getting into fighting position.

In a flash, the warriors charged and hit. Smash!

They kept on hitting, flying in angles and smashing, hoping to hurt the enemy. But fighting is mostly instinct, and they're both fighting to survive and not die.

A blur appeared and went past them.

Charles noticed it, and became momentarily distracted. He blocked a punch from Erika, which almost hit his cheek. He pushed her away, and powered up.

"Yaaaaaaah!"

Erika covered her eyes from the wind. "Impressive! I'm glad to see you've improved over these years." She powered up.

The blur who passed by was Blazer, and he's not about to stop for anything. The mansion's laser guns fired, and he dodged them and broke them as he flew by. Frooom.

Ostrovsky was still messing around with Angela in bondage. He kept on kissing her, as she helplessly endured it, and shed some tears.

Blazer charged his way into the mansion, and all the guards who got in his way were knocked away, not even given a second thought. He ran at full speed ahead. Doosh doosh. He could sense Ostrovsky's existence very close. In the next room.

He slammed the door open by charging his shoulders against it. Slam!

Ostrovsky, now alarmed, quickly jumped off the table, on the opposite side of Blazer.

"Who the hell are you, idiot?" he said.

"I'm your assassin." Blazer answered.

"Oh really? Who sent you to kill me?"

"No one did. I'm not even from this planet, but I want to put an end to your bullshit empire. Your actions are becoming an eyesore to people in the whole galaxy."

Ostrovsky laughed. "So we've got a rogue here. You're just a wild animal, set loose from his chains. And you want to kill me, eh? You'll have to catch me first!" Suddenly, he pushed the table sideways, turning it over.

Angela fell to the floor. "Ugh!"

Ostrovsky is now nowhere in sight.

Blazer got pissed. Since the enemy is gone, he might as well save the girl. He untied the ropes on her wrists and ankles, and left alone the ropes covering her privates. She was mostly exposed; she was wearing only two long pieces of rope - one around her breasts and one around her waist.

Blazer picked her up by the shoulders. "Are you alright?"

"Uhhh..." she moaned weakly.

He gently helped her stand up. Sometimes he can be a gentleman too.

"Uhhh...you s-saved me?" she asked. "Thank you."

Suddenly, Ostrovsky came out from one of the columns, and fired blast. "Ha ha ha ha ha!"

Blazer: "You son of a bitch!"

Booom. Angela was hit, along with Blazer. The entire place was flashing white in those few seconds. Some of the ropes on Angela disintegrated...and they were knocked down. Doosh.

Ostrovsky ran towards the elevator, and went inside. "So long...idiot."

Blazer stood up, and he shook Angela. "Are you alright?"

There was no answer; she was unconscious. Now he's more ticked off. How dare he use such a dirty trick like that? Using a poor girl to distract his opponent, and while he's off guard, he fires at them both, trying to kill them?

He ran towards the elevator.

Charles fired a beam, and Erika blocked it with full force. Frooom. Suddenly, she appeared in front of him, and gave him an uppercut. Doosh! He was sent soaring up, and fell down.

"You lose. Sorry. No hard feelings." Erika said, walking past him.

He just bit the dust, not saying anything.

Ostrovsky was excited and laughed as the elevator took him to a cave, an escape route. Tricking Blazer and then blasting him was fun, and now he's going to escape. He felt like a kid. But his laughter stopped when someone was in front of him.

"Who the hell are you?" Ostrovsky said.

The silhouetted figure didn't move or say anything. Bam!

Erika reached the cave, and she was expecting to fight Ostrovsky, but what she discovered shocked her.

"What the?!"

Ostrovsky was frozen in a block of ice. His facial expression was that one of surprise and fear.

Blazer stared at the ice block, and he was just as shocked as Erika was at that moment.

Erika: "Blazer? Did you do this?"

Blazer: "No...by no means...could I possibly do such a thing."

Erika: "Then...could it be..."

"Yes, it was me." said Subzero.

Erika: "Subzero? One of my brother's adversaries."

Blazer: "Subzero?"

Subzero: "Indeed. Sorry to ruin your little fun, but I took the liberty of freezing him. He won't be moving for a while. He might even be dead."

Blazer: "Hey you, I don't know who you are, but this guy was mine."

Subzero: "Oh, a loud mouth, eh? You need not thank me for this service."

Blazer: "Thank you? That's the last thing I'm going to be doing. Heh. You seem pretty strong. And since I don't have Ostrovsky to take it out on, it might as well be you."

Subzero: "Hmmp. I see no point in fighting you. As of now, I have only one rival - he is a sayan by the name of Tyson Spade."

Blazer: "Tyson Spade?! You're shitting me, right?"

"Oh, so I take it you know him?"

"He's my rival. You're light years too early to challenge him."

"Oh, is that so? Would you like to prove it?"

"Fine, let's take this outside."

Erika: "Wait, let's not be so hasty. Aren't we all on the same side?"

Blazer: "Don't worry. This will be quick."

The two guys flew out the cave.

Mission over. As a result, the ice block with Ostrovsky inside, will be taken to a GP headquarters lab, to determine if he's still breathing. If he's not, then so long. If he's still alive, then he'll have a hell of a time in the slammer. Along with all the other criminals the GP has caught over the years.

As for his assistant, Charles, he was no where to be found. But he's still wanted.

Several squadrons of police officers were at the mansion's perimeters. Some of them arrested Elitist soldiers, dragging them into the space ship, while others were reporting.

Lily accompanied Angela, now covered in a blanket, and they walked outside, towards Jerrell. Angela, seeing him, nearly burst to tears, and ran to him.

Jerrell: "Angela...thank goodness you're alright. I was so worried about you."

"Sorry for making you worry."

They hugged. Angela was happy that someone cares that much for her.

Wendel walked over to Lily. "Wow, look at them. Do you think they...?"

Lily knew what he meant. "Hmmp, I don't know. Probably." She said, with a smile on her face.

Erika stood by a cliff in solitary, and she took a deep sigh. "At least this is over for now."

"I agree." said a voice from behind. She was startled to see Nebula. She was so focused on her thoughts that she didn't sense him coming. Or maybe he's good at masking his energy?

"What are you doing here?"

"What do you mean? We all have unfinished business in C-16, right?"

"Did you follow me here?" Erika asked.

"Not quite. But I heard about the news from Jerrell. I was about to come here, but I ended up going to Nebulon instead."

"Nebulon?"

"Capital City is doing well. You need not worry about them. Your efforts have not gone to waste."

"I see. So why did you come here?"

"I was worried about you."

Erika was shocked to hear these words, and her heart was beating faster than usual. What's this uncomfortable feeling? Usually, her heart beats fast when she's anticipating something exciting, or her life is in danger. But in this case, it's neither? What is this irrational emotion she's feeling?

She was at a loss of words. "Worried? Don't be stupid. I won't get injured that easily."

"I know. But I came anyway."

"Thank you." Erika replied.

6: The Vision.

Contents

Inside a dark room, was a chair located above a plight of steps. On the ceiling was a crystal light which illuminated the middle of the room, and the sides were pitch black. On the background was a large circular window where outer space could be seen, along with the blue sphere known as the earth. Seven figures assembled together. One of them was on the top of the stairs, and the other six were below, standing in two straight lines, facing each other.

The one standing in front of the chair, the Doom Phantom, waited for the right moment to speak. He had on a face mask, with spikes sticking out like the Statue of Liberty. His body armor emitted a gray, coppery color. He flung his cape behind him and raised his arm. "Welcome, fellow warriors." he spoke in a firm voice. "As you know, you all have been gathered together for one purpose: to gain ultimate power. Some time ago, there existed a deadly group of assassins known as the Magnificent Seven. Their terror had spread fear to all corners of the universe, but despite their efforts they were wiped away. But today, we are the new seven! We are the Great Seven! We will be what the Magnificent Seven was, and we will not fail."

The six figures were all covered by hoods and gray overcoats.

"Now, unveil your faces."

They obeyed and took off their robes and they dropped on the floor. First from the stairs was a young man of unknown age, dressed in armor. Next to him was a woman dressed in tight, black clothes, with long, silky hair and a tough look. Next to her was a dinosaur like-creature, with sharp teeth and huge claws. On the second line, opposite of Burten, was a man with gray hair and mechanical eye glasses. Next was another average looking warrior, in white clothes and a black belt. Finally, the last member was a little girl whose eyes had no life.

"As you know, you are the most powerful beings that ever lived. We will start off by taking over planet earth." He pointed his finger at the blue sphere. Then he walked down the steps, walking in the middle of the six. "Dr. Jacobin, you are one of the most brilliant scientists of all time. Your weapons of mass destruction have been very successful. Earth will be the perfect target for you."

Dr. Jay: "Yes."

The Phantom proceeded to introduce the next person. "Burten, you are Dr. Jacobin's finest creation. Your physical and mental abilities surpass those of your planet."

He walked over to the woman in black, otherwise known as Erika. "Erika Mulder, I know that your brother was Prince Mulder, and he was killed by an earthling named Tyson. You must hate him very much for it. And here you can get your chance of revenge!"

"Yes." Erika replied.

"Raptor, you are a known terrorist in planet R-1. There's not a soul there who does not know of your awesome power. But you cannot do everything by yourself. That's why I brought you here." Then he walked to Ronin. "Ah, Ronin. One of the finest assassins I've seen. Your speed and deadliest are second to none. And last but not least...the Dark Child. You've been rejected by your own kind, and they made you an outcast. That's why we shall destroy those people and create a new world."

At this point, Erika flashed back to how she was selected.

Walking along a desert, she was lonely and sad. Tears drip from her eyes as she thought about the guilt and shame she felt while the villagers booed her. Yes, she did nothing wrong, but the look on these people's faces were more than enough to make her feel bad.

Upon hearing the name Mulder, these innocent victims turned into angry mobsters in an instant. Erika also felt a bit of anger. She whole-heartedly and sincerely wanted to help them out, and she gave it her best. But look at how they repaid her? Just because of her identity. Was all she did in vain?

Her troubled mind became further conflicted when the appearance of a stranger changed everything. He came to her planet personally to meet her.

While still wandering in the desert, she took out her packet of water and poured it into her mouth. Only a drop or two was left. "Damn it." she said in frustration. It's going to be a while before she leaves the desert, and she just ran out of water. Now what?

Suddenly, the sand started to move.

"Huh?"

The sand formed the figure of the Doom Phantom. "Greetings, Ms. Erika."

"Who the hell are you?" Erika said, thinking it's a mirage.

"I am the Doom Phantom, ruler of the soon to be invincible group known as the Great Seven. I am here to gather some of the best fighters in the known universe. My target is planet S-3 from the solar system, also known as earth."

"Earth?"

"Yes. Some call it the Land of Paradise. But I will soon own this paradise. Do you know who resides on this planet, Ms. Erika? A sayan named Tyson Spade. Sound familiar?"

"Like I would know?" she said.

"Stop playing dumb. I know more about you and your history than you think. This is the man who killed your brother, correct?"

"Yeah. How you know all this?"

"That is not important. What is important is that...what is a person like you doing here? You have no purpose here anymore. Your brother's dead. His empire is crumbling like sand. You tried helping the villagers, but all you receive in return is hostility."

"Are you a stalker or something? I have no interest in whatever you're doing. You're wasting your time."

"I shall let you think about it. We'd make a great team. It'd be a pity if you let this opportunity pass you. I think you have what it takes to be a part of the Great Seven. If you want to find me, use your sixth sense." He flew away. Frrrooom.

The Phantom continued to speak. "And now, I have the perfect assassin to eliminate our threats. Step forward, Dark Child."

Amanda did as she's told.

Ronin and Raptor were not happy. "What? She's just a little kid!"

"How is someone like her an assassin?"

Phantom: "Silence! She possesses powers you cannot even imagine."

Ronin: "I don't believe this."

Phantom: "Why don't you show them, Dark Child?"

"With pleasure." she replied.

Raptor and Ronin jumped at her, she made a force field and knocked them away. Wham! Even the floor cracked from the force. Burten, Jay, and Erika watched in horror.

Phantom: "Now do you see? Dark Child, you will be the assassin for Tyson Spade."

Click. "What is it?" Blazer said into his headset.

"Agent Syrus, you have a new mission."

"Okay ... What's that? ... They're on earth? ... "

"Yes. This will be a chance to prove yourself."

"Understood. Over and out."

Amanda is by herself, training by lifting heavy objects. She is concentrating on a statue, and since it's heavy, it requires more concentration. She grunted in pain.

"Ughhh...eehhh..." Suddenly, the statue dropped.

"Sorry to bother you." Erika said, walking in.

"What is it?"

"What is a child like you doing in a place like this? Why are you in the Great Seven?"

"Good question." Amanda replied. "What is an adult like you doing in the Great Seven?"

Erika realized this kid's pretty smart...and pretty fast on the mouth. "You tell me first."

Many images went through Amanda's mind. The time when the soldiers shot her parents, and they actually laughed at her. That made her so mad she destroyed them all. They kept on chasing her because they wanted her – her powers, to be exact.

"...They asked for it. They did this to me. They murdered my parents."

"I'm sorry." replied Erika.

"Don't be. They didn't die in vain. My parents deaths' proved something. In this world, you can only rely on yourself. No one else. No one is going to help you.

Especially if you are called a "monster" or labeled an outcast." Amanda turned around to face Erika. "The Phantom offered me a way out. I was tired of my old life...it was no life at all. Being hunted down...for something that I did not even ask for. These psychic powers. But with these powers I can create a better world."

"Really..."

"I've already told you too much. If you'll excuse me, I have to get back to training."

The terrorists made their attack on the oil rig. While the fights are happening, Tyson fights with Burten. Whack! Wham! The hero was hit in the chest.

"You're not so good, for someone who our leader considers a threat."

"Who's your leader?"

"Why should I tell you?" Burten came forward and kicked, Tyson blocked with his hand, stopping his feet from striking his face. Burten withdrew his leg, and kicked Tyson in the chin. Whack!

The hero was down on his knee. "Ugh..."

Burten flew down and kicked, and suddenly a stranger flew out from the oil barrels and kicked him away. Whack! The man landed. He was covered in a ragged cloth, his face was hidden.

Burten: "Who the hell are you?"

Suddenly, an order came from the Phantom. "Withdraw for now."

"Yes sir." Burten flew away.

Blazer turned around to face Tyson. "Tyson Spade...you are not as strong as they say you are."

"Just who are you?"

"That is of no concern to you. Be more cautious from now on." He jumped away.

"Wait!" Tyson yelled.

Blazer was running and jumping from rooftop to rooftop. Tyson was chasing him tirelessly. He wasn't going to let him get away. He wanted answers. Suddenly, Blazer stopped and turned around.

"Is that all you can do? "Hmmm, hmmm...Tyson Spade. It is just what I expected from a sayan like you."

"How do you know me? Who are you?!"

"Your questions are meaningless and unimportant. I am here to give you an important warning."

"What kind of warning?"

"A group called the Great Seven has earth as their next target. They are the strongest warriors gathered from the galaxy."

"The Great Seven?"

"You are in great danger, Tyson Spade. I suggest you leave this planet right away while you have the chance."

"No! I will not flee my home. I will face danger head on."

"You don't know what you're up against."

"And I suppose you do?" Tyson asked.

"If you want to give away your worthless life, I will not stop you. Take heed in my words, Spade." The stranger flew into the air, and Tyson did not bother chasing him. "Farewell."

At the same time, another encounter was happening. "Erika..." Nebula said with curiosity and familiarity. "Why are you here?"

"I came to give you information on the Great Seven..."

"How do you have their information?"

"Because I am one of them."

"The question is...can I trust you?"

"I understand if you don't." Erika replied. "But you have to believe me. I am on your side."

Amanda Foster had a mission to complete. But along the process, she'd never thought she'd make a friend. A true friend.

The teacher made an announcement. "Class, today we have a new student. Her name is Amanda Foster."

The girl in black walked in and bowed politely. The only empty seat happens to be next to Junior, and she sat there. "Hi, my name is Junior."

"Hi there." From the very first time they met, she knew something was different about him. Maybe it's the way he smiles. Or maybe it's the fact that he has the sixth sense just like her.

Or the fact that he knows how to have fun. After school, he took her to the arcades. They played shooting games, dancing games, and all the other crap they have in the arcades. Quarters meant nothing, they used up whatever they had.

While walking somewhere, they get ambushed by soldiers. What luck. Amanda's making a new friend, and her old enemies appear.

Junior jumps and hits a soldier in the face, then jumps to the next one. Whack! Wham! The sergeant kicks him down. Kapow!

Amanda: "No, leave him alone!" She gets mad and releases a power sphere. KABAM. With this chance, the kids escaped.

Sitting on the tower, Amanda explains to him what she is. A psychic.

"Afraid of you? Why would I be afraid of you? I'm just like you, I have the sixth sense as well. Friends?"

"Friends." They crossed their pinkies.

But will their friendship last?

Kablam! The Dark Child shoots a beam at Super Sayan Tyson. He flies around it. Amanda charges at him and punches like crazy. He dodges and gets hit in the chest. It was surprisingly painful, coming from the fist of a girl.

"Why aren't you fighting back?"

"Sorry, I'm not a child killer."

"Garrrr!" Amanda fired multiple beams. Tyson dodged them. Kablam.

Junior: "No, don't do it! This isn't like you!"

Bam! Amanda fired something, and Tyson was blasted against the wall. The ground was scraped and smoking.

Amanda walked forward. Suddenly, Nebula came from behind and got her in a headlock. "Don't do this, kid. You don't have to do this!"

"Let go of me!" She powered up, knocking him into another wall.

Tyson got up and fired a bunch of beams, which were nullified by Amanda's shield.

"What? No way!?"

Amanda opened her palms and gathered energy for a big energy ball. Tyson tried to block it, but it's too big and it pushed him all the way to the ground.

Faith: "Tyson!"

Junior: "Oh no!"

They ran to him, just as he crashed on the floor. Smash! A puff of smoke.

Tyson's head was bleeding, and he's barely conscious. Faith healed him.

Junior went to Amanda, and he's pissed. "Look at what you've done! I thought you were my friend." He slaps her. Smack!

Amanda felt that one good. Her face was red, and she touched it. Seeing how

Junior and Faith care so much for him, the one she almost killed, she was regretting it. Regretting everything she's done. Is she wrong for doing so? What has she done?

"I'm sorry...everyone!" the Dark Child ran away.

Tyson grabbed Junior to stop him from chasing her. "Let her go. She has to find her own path in life."

7: The Truth About The Great Seven.

Contents

While watching the bright, blue sphere known as earth from his window, the Phantom had an unexpected visitor today. A woman, covered in a hood, on a wheelchair, and her companion, a man (or machine) in golden armor. They came out of the darkness and revealed themselves.

Phantom: "Oh, what an unexpected surprise, Lord Adel."

Voltron: "She would like to have a word with you."

Julian Powers took off her hood, and stood up. "The Phantom of Doom, you call yourself? I'm afraid you're not worthy of that title...after what happened..."

"Adel, I assure you, I did my best..."

"Like hell you did!" she yelled. "The Dark Child has switched sides. You didn't manipulate her well."

The Phantom bowed. "It wasn't my fault...it was all because of-"

"Keep blaming someone else, and you'll never get anything done. You want to become the new Magnificent Seven? Then you should follow my orders exactly! To the dot! But you didn't."

"Yes..." the Phantom said nervously. "I will do exactly as you command."

"Good." Adel replied. "Nothing can be done about Amanda Foster right now. The reason she betrayed you is because she was persuaded by a traitor...Erika Mulder."

"She's a traitor? But why would she help them...Tyson Spade killed her brother."

"Idiot!" Adel shouted. "Don't you know anything about what happened at Volteron? Erika betrayed her brother! Because she's a Nebulan, and Prince Mulder was a Volteron. She'd betray her own brother, and she will definitely betray you. So you know what to do now, right?"

"Yes...my lord."

That's how the Phantom knows so much, and he knows what to do in each situation. Because the other "Phantom" is giving him directions when nobody's looking.

Immediately after that "beat up session," the Phantom called for a meeting. All the members (except one) got together.

Phantom: "Members of the Great Seven...up to now, we have been unsuccessful. Somehow, the enemy knows where we will go before we go there. They are always one step ahead of us. Why? Because there is a traitor among us."

Everyone's shocked. [Close up - Erika].

As they accused each other and yell, Phantom shouted: "Silence! I'll tell you who the traitor is - it's Erika Mulder!" and he points at her.

Erika: "Wait a minute...this is all a mistake. You c-can't prove it."

All the members looked at her with accusing eyes. They approached her cautiously.

"So be it then!" She threw a smoke bomb on the floor. Everyone coughed, she ran away.

Burten tried to grab her; she punches him away. Dr. J's arm grabs her neck, and electrifies her. ZzzzzZzzzt. "Aaaah!" She collapses. Now she's surrounded by four of them. Is this the end? she thought.

Maybe not. A silhouetted figure appears from above. He fires a beam and jumps down, grabs Erika, and jumps up.

Dr J: "Damn! After him!"

And off they went.

Phantom: "Who the hell is that?"

Standing on a tall building, Blazer puts Erika down. "Thank you." she said to him. "How did you know I will be in danger?"

"I have my ways." replied Blazer. "You should be extra cautious from now on. You betrayed them, and you know too much. You're probably their prime target." He turned around and walked.

"Wait! I didn't even get your name."

"That's not important."

She took out a gun and pointed it at him.

Blazer stopped walking. "You have a funny way of thanking people."

"I want information. Who are you? Who sent you here?"

"Hmph. My name is **Blazer Syrus** and I am an agent of the **Black Hand**."

"Black Hand?" Erika said in surprise. "I've heard of them..."

"Yes. We are a terrorist organization in Macedonion. We've existed since the Great War – and we served under the Rebel Forces. I've been sent here by my leader on a mission. I am to gather information on the Great Seven and destroy them before they become a threat."

"A member of the Black Hand...on earth? I never expected to see this."

Suddenly, they sensed a strong presence in the air. Both of them looked up.

Blazer: "Go now!" They went in separate directions.

Adel shot a laser. Kaboom!

Blazer flew at high speed, and Adel followed suit. She fired a beam, and blasted him, destroying his cape and hood. He lands on a building.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I should ask you the same thing." Adel replied. "Did you really think you can break into headquarters and come out unharmed?"

"You're a member of the Great Seven?"

Adel laughed. "I **own** the Great Seven!" She powered up.

Blazer turned super sayan and charged.

"Oh? Another one...like him." Kapow! She blocked his punch, and she powers up, knocking him, and landed. Adel became full of red energy.

Blazer: (She's strong!) He charges and fires a beam, and she counters with a bigger, wider shockwave. Bam! He's knocked down the building.

While watching him fall, Adel thinks back to when she fell off the cliff after fighting Tyson. She fell into what seemed like an eternal darkness. Never to return. But yet she's here. Back for revenge. Or it is something else?

Kabam! Erika dodged Dr. Jacobin's energy balls. She drew her saber and slashed, the doctor dodged to the side. Slash! He kicked her on the back – wham.

"Are you prepared for the consequences, traitor?"

"Are you?" Erika powers up, and her hair waves in the wind.

Both warriors charged into each other and slashed.

Nebula was strolling about the street, with his hands in his pockets. He saw Amanda on the way.

"Oh it's you." he said. "What's up?"

"Hi." For her, this wasn't the best time to talk, she had a lot on her mind. She always does,

"Are you still going to school?"

"No."

"I see. I heard about your story. Sorry about everything."

"It's alright. It's all in the past."

Suddenly, S-D robots showed up. Immediately, they got into fighting stance. Nebula took out his trusty sword and slashed them into pieces. Amanda used her psychic powers and blew them up. Kaboom! Slash! Within minutes, all the robots were totaled.

Amanda: "You use a sword?"

"Yeah. It's hard, but I'm used to it. It takes a lot of discipline to use one."

"Sometimes I feel I take my power for granted."

"No, not at all. Even psychic abilities can be improved with training."

"Thank you for everything, Mr. Spade."

"You can call me Nebula. Adults call me by my first name. Judging by what you've been through, you're no kid. Not on the inside at least."

This is probably the first time someone complimented her like this. What does he mean? He means he will treat her as a grown up?

"Cuz when I was a kid, I did some pretty amazing things." Nebula continued. "But because of my size, my opponents always underestimate me. Hell, they still do. Those idiots. Heh heh."

She looked at him, and laughed and blushed.

Somehow, Nebula felt attached to this kid. He doesn't know why. Maybe he can relate to her.

In the laboratory, Voltron leans against one of the glass chambers. "Dr. Prometheus, how is Burten doing?"

"Everything is going well."

"Good. I expect to see him strong. We paid a lot of money for this experiment."

Dr. Jay: "Rest assured. He will be the best warrior the universe has ever seen. I have combined his DNA with the DNA of all the strongest warriors. I also recorded their battles with us and gave the analyzed data to Burten. He'll be the ultimate creation..."

Kabam! "Die! You die!" screamed the monster called Burten. The heroes dodged a bunch of energy beams.

Out of the smoke came the Dark Child - but she is no longer the Dark Child - she realizes her purpose at this very moment - to kill this thing called Burten.

"Oh, if it isn't the traitor!"

"Burten, you scum! You die!" Amanda's eyes glowed.

Neb: "No kid...don't do it."

Burten charges and punches, a rock moved up from ground, getting in his way, and he punched it. Smash. Amanda flew up, and used Lift. More rocks went up, and smashed into the monster.

"Argh!" Burten flies up to her, Nebula jumps and pushes him out of the way.

Amanda is surprised.

Neb: "You don't belong here! Leave this to us!"

Amanda: "No! I don't want any more deaths!" She used the psi shield and Burten froze in mid-air, not able to move. He grunted and struggled as he's being restricted.

But restricting him is using up a lot of concentration and strength. Amanda can't hold the shield for long. All the heroes saw this as a golden chance – he can't move, so they fired a bunch of beams. Bam! "RAWWR!"

Eventually, Amanda falls. But at least Blazer shows up. Teamed up with Tyson, and transformed, they make an unbelievable team. They combined their golden beams and incinerated the monster. "AAAAGH! NO!"

Tyson: "Thanks, Blazer."

Blazer: "No problem. We do make a great team. But don't let it get to your head. We still have a score to settle. Bye." He flew off.

And it was at this time that Nebula officially announces to adopt Amanda. How can she refuse such an offer? It sure beats the hell out of going to the orphanage. Erika sees another side of kindness to Nebula. She's starting to like him a little more.

8: Ghosts Of The Past.

Contents

It was a dark and stormy night, and a little girl was standing in the middle of an open field. It was starting to pour, but she still stood there and remained motionless. The rain hit her hair and clothes. Amanda was sad, and it showed in her eyes. The first few years of her life were actually pretty good – but everything after that sucked.

Really sucked. She got kicked out of school, her parents were killed before her very eyes, and she was hunted down like a wanted criminal. But none of this is her fault. She's just one of the few in the world who have the "psychic gene" – she's a psychic who can use telekinesis.

Nebula came by with an umbrella. "What are you doing here in the open?" he said.

"Uhhh..."

"Come back home."

Amanda is now home, covered by a blanket, and she's holding a cup of hot chocolate. She sipped it carefully, since it's hot. Nebula sat across from her, also drinking hot chocolate.

"So...what were you thinking about?" he said, breaking the silence.

"Many things."

"Speaking of which...I don't know much about your past. I only know what you told me."

She didn't answer.

Neb: "It's alright if you don't want to tell me. I know they were painful memories."

"No...I can no longer keep it to myself. Recently I've been having the same dream. The one where I hurt my classmate. Whenever I dream it, it feels so real. Each time I see it, it gets clearer and clearer."

"It happened a long time ago, right?"

"Yes."

Little Amanda, as a toddler, was playing with her toys. But she got bored of them and made them float around her. Not knowing anything, she thought it was fun, and she giggled and laughed. She made the toys fly around her in circles.

Just then her mother came in and saw everything. Immediately, all the toys dropped. Amanda cried.

"That's the earliest memory I have. That's probably when my mother discovered I had those powers..."

"Ha ha ha ha!" laughed Rick. "You're a dork!"

"I am **not**!" yelled little Amanda.

"Yes you are. You have a dorky book bag!" He laughed, and the other kids can't help but laugh.

"Shut up you jerk!"

"Ha ha ha. See, it's true!" He continued laughing and pointing at her. "Your mother is so poor she bought you a crappy book bag! Ha ha ha ha!"

Rick even insulted her mother, a person she deeply care about. "Stop it! Stop making fun of me!"

Their laughter grew louder and louder.

"Your mother's a hooker! Ha ha ha ha!"

"Stop it! Stop!" Amanda shouted with tears, and she covered her ears. But they kept on laughing and making fun of her. Before she knew what happened, she let "it" out. FLASH! She powered up and everything became white. Rick was hit hard. WHAM! He fell on the floor, coughing blood.

Class ended instantly. These were all kindergarten kids, and they all screamed at the bloody sight of their friend. Everyone was staring at Amanda as some kind of monster. Even the teacher feared her.

"She did this to Rick." "Oh my God...look what she did." "It's all her fault."

The teacher dialed 911. The medics came in, put Rick on some sort of movable bed, and carried him out of the room. The entire class went outside to see the ambulance go. Amanda was behind everyone.

One of the little girls grabbed the teacher's skirt. "Teacher...it was Amanda's fault. She did this."

Amanda just stood silently. Disbelief, fear, and regret overcame her.

Next scene. The Foster couple came to school and they were having an argument with the teacher. Amanda, at that time, was only five, and she can only remember a little bit of their conversation. She hid behind her mother's leg as this happened.

Mr. Foster: "My child is not some monster! There has to be a mistake!"

Teacher: "It's no mistake. She's...she's a little devil!"

He slammed his palms on the table. "I resent that statement."

"She has psychic abilities. Don't you know your own daughter?"

Teacher: "It's still not her fault. It's an accident!"

Teacher: "We can't pretend nothing happened. A student is in the hospital. His parents are angry. The school can't ignore this serious issue."

"I was banned from school. Because of this issue, the government found out about me. And they've been after me ever since. My father and mother were killed brutally."

Kaboom! The Foster's house exploded. Luckily, the Foster family was already out of there. But their luck ended at the train station, where Sergeant Hawking and his troops were waiting for them.

Amanda spared him the rest of the story. She just summarized it. "And then...they shot my mama and papa. And I was so mad I killed them all. All of them."

"I see."

And then the Phantom makes her an offer she can't refuse. "I know you have been misunderstood. Your powers are not evil; they are a blessing from God. They are just jealous of your powers. Join me, Dark Child."

Nebula: "And you've been thinking about these events all the time?"

"What else am I supposed to think? How can I not think about them?"

"Wow, kid, you're more messed up than I thought." Neb said, but he didn't mean any offense. "The way I see it, there's one way you can get over your past."

"How?" By now, she finished her drink.

"Confront the boy you attacked."

Amanda gasped. "Confront him?"

"Yes. That's the only way. It's painful, but it's a good start. What's his name?"

"Rick."

"Good. Where's your school?"

From the school, Nebula found out the hospital where Rick was staying in. He made sure he got all the information before leaving.

As they were walking, soldiers ambushed them. "What!?" They were surrounded.

Sergeant Hawking was wearing a cast. "Heh heh heh, I found you at last, Dark Child. You're not going anywhere."

Neb: (I didn't sense them coming. They don't have the sixth sense.)

Amanda: "What do you want? You know I what I can do."

Hawking: "Heh. I know. That's why I brought this. Use it!"

One of the soldiers carried some sort of gray box, and he turned on the amplifier. Amanda's head was hurting. She used Push, but it didn't work.

Hawking: "Ha ha ha! It nullifies your psychic waves! You're helpless now, child."

Nebula drew his sword. Slish! Slice! Soldiers fired. Thut-thut-thut-thut. Amanda made a shield to protect herself. Nebula jumped to the air and fired beams. Kabam!

Hawking: "Damn! Her bodyguard is strong. We better retreat." He and soldier A ran away. Nebula flew after them and punched A away. Then he grabbed Hawking and punched him in the chin. Kapow!

Hawking crawled back. "No...stay away!"

Nebula turned to his daughter. "Is this the one who killed your parents?"

Amanda: "Yes. He shot them."

"Good." Nebula took his sword and dives it into his stomach. Schleb! Blood splattered on Neb's face.

Amanda was quite surprised at what he did. He certainly is "different."

Now there's a floor of dead bodies. But Amanda doesn't feel any anxiety this time.

Neb puts his N-Sword back into its sheath. "You are not the only one whose hands are stained with blood. So stop feeling guilty and move on with your life. C'mon, let's go to the hospital."

The nurse took them to the designated room. Amanda's heart was beating faster and faster. She hasn't seen Rick in years; and the last time she saw him...they weren't exactly in good terms. But inside this room is the source of her childhood memories...the one she'd like to forget.

The nurse opened the door, and the two walked in. The kid was sleeping peacefully in bed, breathing through the respirator.

Nurse: "He's been in a coma for years. Sometimes his parents visit, but other than that, he rarely gets any visitors."

Amanda walked closer to examine his face. By now, the nurse was gone. Brrrrhhh. She hears the sound of his steady breathing. Brrrrhhh. The life machine beeped steadily. His face is certainly familiar. In her flashbacks, his face is usually blocked out or blank. But now, she sees his face for the first time in a long time. Brown hair. Thick eyebrows. Big ears. And he's white.

Nebula: "So this is Rick, huh? Go ahead, talk to him. Say what you want to say?"

"What? He's not even awake. He won't hear me."

"It doesn't matter. You need to talk him, don't you? Otherwise you will never let go for your past and you will live a miserable life. Talk to him."

Amanda cleared her throat. "Ah hem. Rick...I'm so sorry for what I did back then. My power just spiraled out of control. I didn't really mean to hurt you...although you did make me angry. But no one deserves this...if I could travel back in time..."

Neb: "We can't. So skip the meaningless stuff. Get to the point."

"Rick, I came to apologize to you. I hope you wake up soon. I'd like to make it up to you...however I can." Amanda breathed hard. She said what she needs to say.

Nebula touched her shoulders. "You did well. I'm proud of you."

On their way home, something was different about the child. Amanda Foster was no longer sad and depressed, but happy and carefree, like any thirteen year old girl should be. Nebula realized his method worked. Success. She was humming and skipping, with her hands folded behind her back.

Then she turned around. "Let's go home, papa."

Finished 3/07

9: Orphan Of War. The Black Hand.

Contents

Blazer floated in the air, watching the fight between two distinct warriors. Pow! Burten punched, and Tyson, in his super sayan form, blocked. They continued hitting each other crazily, without regards to their own safety.

Kaboom! Boom!

Flashback time.

Blazer as a little kid has a conversation with his guardian. His identity and face are unknown. "Remember," the man said, "Your father is one of the greatest warriors who ever lived in history."

"My father...he's the greatest." Blazer replied happily. Although his father was killed, he didn't seem to be sad.

"Yes. Don't ever forget that. He is the one who killed Dark Spectre, the man feared by all."

Later on, his guardian decided that Arlia isn't enough of a challenge for him. He

sends Blazer to another planet where he can train. And he stayed there during most of his adolescence. However, one day while walking through the street...

Kaboom! People screamed, and people were blown up. Seven figures, standing on flying discs, were flying around and shooting beams. They were the notorious Magnificent Seven.

Blazer hides behind a building. "Damn it!" He knows he is not strong enough to take them on. He cursed himself, secretly hoping he had more time to train.

Kaboom! Metallo blows up a building. Morpheus laughs as he incinerates a few people. Everyone was helpless and running like crazy.

A few of them flew up to challenge them. They were all shot down.

Morpheus laughed as he shot a fireball at the street. Kaboom!

Blazer saluted his leader.

"Well done." said the leader of the Black Hand, and also the President of Macedonion. He had silver hair with a split in the middle. He also had intense eyes. "I have a new mission for you, Agent 016."

"Name it."

"Warriors have been reported missing from planet R-1 and R-10. We believe that a single organization is responsible for this. We need you to collect information on hits group." Said **Jamell**.

"Yes sir."

Jamell had his hands folded together, with his chin resting on them. "You are quite the warrior, Agent Blazer. You remind me of her..."

Sorell knew who he was referring to. "You mean..."

"Yes. Margarita Spade."

Blazer: "Spade. I prefer if you don't mention that name in my presence. I will be off, sir." He walked away.

Sorell, a woman with silver hair, is also an important member of the Black Hand. "He doesn't like the name Spade, doesn't he?"

Jamell: "Who can blame him? His father is the one who actually assassinated Dark Spectre, but Mason Spade took the credit."

Blazer, standing on top of a rock, greets Mason Spade's son. "Tyson Spade..."

"What do you want?"

"Nothing much...just a one on one match with you. To see who is the better warrior. The better super sayan."

"A match? I accept."

"Good. Meet me at the place where I killed Raptor." And he flew off.

So, both warriors prepared for the upcoming battle. It will be the biggest one yet. But while training, Blazer was thinking about something that happened five years ago. Right after he receives his mission...

Blazer walked on the land, and looked up. There it was – the Coliseum. Is this the answer to the missing people? Suddenly, an agent was hiding behind him and he suddenly jumped up and fired some sort of cannon. Flash!

Blazer was hit, and he was teleported. Flash! He appeared in some sort of stadium-like place.

Chromium: "Ah, welcome warrior. I do hope you enjoy your stay. Because you will be here permanently."

"I don't think so." replied the cocky sayan.

Suddenly, a bunch of Gladiators jumped down from their seats and landed in the

stadium. They held their weapons tight and they were getting ready to shed some blood. Blazer remained calm, not looking at anyone in particular.

Suddenly, one with a spinning spiked ball attacked. Blazer dodged with super speed, and the ball missed him. "Huh?" said the Gladiator. KAPOW! He was hit in the face. Hard.

Two more charged at him. Blazer dodged their attacks, and hit them. WHACK! KAPOW! They were knocked down. More and more came. KACHUCK! Pow!

Before long, the stadium was filled with six beaten up people. Blazer still was unharmed.

Chromium was impressed, and he stood up. "Oh? Are you a sayan?"

"Of course. You never should have brought me here. Doing so will be your biggest mistake."

Chromium: "You sure talk big...for a small fry."

Hurricane watched curiously. Chromium jumped down from his seat to the floor. Thud. "I challenge you to a one on one duel, warrior."

Blazer: "I accept." He got into fighting stance.

The warriors did the stare.

Whack! Tyson dodged blocked Blazer's attack, and lands on the floor. This was the time when they had their first "match," where the both went super sayan on each other. It's the first time Tyson saw his true abilities – and vice versa.

Doosh doosh doosh. Blazer was running so fast he resembled a gust of wind. Tyson stood there in the open, watching and predicting his enemy's movements. Doosh doosh doosh. Listening to the footsteps. Hearing the sounds of the wind. Whoosh. Blazer was running circles around him to tease him. Suddenly he stopped and jumped to punch, Tyson jumped to block. Whack!

They were evenly matched.

While they ran in circles, Blazer continued thinking about that time...

He jumps and kicks, but Chromium blocks with a simple move of his arm. Blazer aimed for Chromium's head, but his fist was next to it, blocking the force of his leg. Blazer was surprised, and in that position, he's open an attack, and Chromium uses his palm to hit his stomach. Wham! Blazer was pushed against the wall. Frooom – crash.

Chromium: "You're pretty fast. But you've never come across someone like me. I am faster, stronger, and smarter than you."

Blazer got up and breathed hard. Flash! Chromium charges forward and hits him – the pain was unbelievable. Crash! Blazer was pushed through the walls, and he fell off the Coliseum onto the land.

Chromium flies out to join his opponent, Hurricane follows and watches.

Blazer blasts out of the ground, and he's angry. One can tell by the power surrounding him. "You son of a bitch!" Blazer charges, Chromium dodges him, and hits him in the funny bone. Whack. Chromium continued to beat the shit out of him with his deadly punches. Kapow! Wham! Pow!

The hero was on his knees, unable to get up. Blood dripped from his mouth.

Chromium: "Heh."

Blazer: (I can't believe how strong he is. I need more power to defeat him. If only I had more power. I need it!) And out of that need, that desperate desire to get out of this crappy situation, his body granted him his wish. Energy waves released from his body, and his hair started to change color. It was flashing black and gold, black and gold, and then completely gold. Even his energy changed to gold.

Chromium winced. "Aagh! What is this power?"

Hurricane: "Can this be..."

Blazer gets up, standing like a hunchback. His arms were on his side, his head facing down. Then he looks up, and Chromium noticed his eyeballs were gone. Veins popped in his muscles as they expand. He's a completely different person than before. A much more dangerous person.

Chromium, out of fear, fires a black ball. Blazer punches it, smashing it into millions of pieces. He runs forward and attacks like crazy, Chromium barely dodges him. Whoosh. Whoosh. Whack! Blazer did a high kick to his chin.

Chromium lands, and he gets hit in the stomach. Thud. The tables have turned. No matter how hard the Gladiator leader tried, he couldn't overcome Blazer's brute strength and continuous attacks. Blazer, now in super sayan rage, has lost his consciousness. Just like Tyson that time, Blazer is now a walking, cold-blooded killing machine.

Kachuck! Chromium got hit and blood splattered. "This c-can't be happening..."

Hurricane jumps at him, Blazer kicks him away. Wham! Blazer faces Chromium and opens his palm. But something's wrong. He grabs his head in pain and screams in anguish. "AAAAAHHH!"

The super sayan powers down, returning to normal state. He can't believe what just happened. He sees Chromium, on his knees and beaten up. "Wow...I did that? I did that! I am finally a super sayan! You must be proud of me, father."

Chromium: "Ahhh...where did you get that kind of power...stay away from me!"

Blazer approaches. "You scumbag...you're the one who's kidnapping warriors and killing them for entertainment."

"Please forgive me! Have mercy!"

"Hmph. Killing a vermin like you is not worth it. I want you to disband the Gladiators immediately. If you do as I say, I will spare your life."

"Yes!" Chromium shriekd. "Anything you want!"

Blazer laughed.

Blazer charges angrily and punched, Tyson dodged. They hit about crazily. Both super sayans were transported to space thanks to Kershaw's teleportation cannon. And Blazer is being controlled by the metal band on his head. They hit and hit, and blow up meteors. Tyson lands on a meteor and jumps away, as Blazer fires a beam at it, destroying it. Kaboom!

Time is running out. Blazer, in his lifeless state, charges forward with a fist full of energy, Tyson does the same. Whoosh! Blazer's metal band cracks, and he finally wakes up.

Both sayans cooperate to fly back to earth safe and sound. Mission accomplished.

Tyson: "That was a close one, wasn't it?"

"Yes...thank you." And the warrior smiled.

It was so rare to see him smile, so Tyson smiled too. Tyson Spade always wanted to help people; it was just part of his nature. Seeing Blazer finally open up...even if it's a little bit, made Tyson himself feel better. Maybe all that trouble was worth it after all.

10: Special Mission: Retrieve The Neptune Crystal.

Contents

In what is known as Space Fortress Fortran, the main headquarters of the

Galactic Police Organization, it is the place where the important decisions are made. Amongst the other space fortresses – Madizus, Shearus, and Boaz, Fortran is the most important one. It was the first one to be built and is also the most secure. Its security is nearly impeccable, as not a soul can enter without a proper ID number. Any space ship that enters must communicate with the security guard before being allowed to enter.

On the exterior, the station is full of glass tubes whereby the ships can enter. At the end of the tube is a metal door, and it only opens if controlled by the inside.

A certain light class ship approached one of the glass tubes.

The security guard's face appeared on the screen. "May I have your security clearance please?"

"This is Third Sergeant Lily." replied the girl. "ID number: 094045."

Guard: "Welcome back, Sergeant Lily. You may enter."

"Thank you." she said with a smile.

The metal door opened and the ship entered the glass tube. Waiting for her was her partner in crime (well, partner in law actually), and GPO who is the same level as her, Officer Wendel. "Welcome back."

"Thanks for waiting for me." replied Lily.

"Congratulations on your successful completion of your mission."

"Oh it was no problem. It was just some immigrant trying to cause trouble by bothering the locals. These problems are like everywhere."

They were walking down the hallway. "So what will you do now?" Wendel asked.

"I'm going to take a break and visit the commander while I'm at it."

"What about training?"

"Oh yeah. I'll go training with you tonight. Okay?"

Wendel hesitated. "Okay. Don't slack off, alright?"

"Alright, alright." Lily replied lazily.

Jerrell was busily working in his office. He's doing nothing but paperwork all day. Running organization can be a headache, and for him paperwork is something to get over with.

Suddenly, he received a transmission over a secure line. Someone's face appeared. "Headmaster Florencia?"

"Commander Stone? What's up?"

"Something has happened in our headquarters...I need to ask you a favor."

"What is it?" asked Jerrell.

"Someone has stolen the **Neptune Crystal**."

"The Neptune Crystal..."

"Yes." replied Stone. "It was missing since last night. We do not know who did it. But this crystal is very important to us. It holds great power and if fallen into the wrong hands, can be deadly."

"There is no need to further explain. I will send my agents to your planet right away." He turned off the screen. Then he pressed a button on the telecom. "Send in Commander Lianz."

"Yes sir."

Angela was taking a shower in her room. The hot water sprinkled against her body and it felt good. She washed her hair and let it shine from the wetness. Lily knocked on her door. "Angela? Angela?"

"What is it?" Angela shouted from the shower tube.

"Jerrell is asking for you." Lily shouted.

"Okay, be right there!" She turned off the faucet and came out in a bathrobe. After putting on her GP uniform, she turned on the door. Like subway doors, it slips into the wall and disappears.

Lily: "It seems you have a new mission."

"Already?"

Angela came into the headmaster's office and saluted. "Sir."

"Angela, as you heard from Lily, we have a new crisis on our hands. The Neptune Crystal is missing. No, it's stolen." He handed her a picture of the gem.

"What's so special about this Neptune Crystal?"

"I'm not so sure," Jerrell replied. "But it supposedly has immense powers. Legend says that it once powered a whole city. The natives of Neptune thought it was a gift from the Gods. Neptunians are now extinct, and the Neptune Crystal is the only remains of them. Whoever possesses it can increase his power by as much as ten times."

"I see." Angela replied. "So it's pretty dangerous, huh?"

"Exactly. I need you to go to Altari and get it back. The suspect should still be in Altari. I don't know who's behind this, but we have to find him right away."

Angela saluted. "I'll be right on it sir."

Jerrell smiled. "Good luck, Angela."

"Thank you."

Deep in the jungles of Altari, the thief was running for his life. He was wearing a hat and trench coat, and clinging to his chest was a briefcase with a glowing object inside. He was exhausted and rested against a tree. Panting for breath, he checked the Neptune Crystal. Ah, how beautiful its glow is. He put it back into the briefcase. Doing all this for the crystal...it will be worth it later. The buyer will pay him plenty of money for his troubles.

A foot stepped on a leaf and the thief became startled. Three natives approached him, and he got scared. These natives were dark-skinned and were wearing only loincloths to cover their privates. The looks on their faces were definitely not friendly.

"W-Who are you?"

They pointed their spear at him.

"Hey, stop it!" yelled the thief as the natives grabbed him. They took him to see the chief of the natives.

The chief, a fat, dark-skinned guy, was wearing necklaces made of bones and teeth. He had more necklaces than other people. He mumbled something in another language. Then another native said something. The thief had no idea what's going on, and it's making him worried.

"Just what do you want?" Suddenly, the Neptune Crystal slipped out from the briefcase and fell to the ground with a loud cling. All the natives stared at it like it's a curse or something. The guys holding on to him let him go.

The thief noticed how scared of it they were. He picked it up and pointed at them, and they shunned away. He laughed. "Ha ha ha ha. You're actually scared of this old thing?"

Everyone bowed down to him. Even the chief. The thief smiled triumphantly. This situation has turned out in his favor. The chief mumbled something to another native. This man was not as dark as the others and he was wearing feathers on his head.

"Ah-hem. Who are you, stranger who comes to our village?"

Thief: "Oh, you speak our language?"

"Some of us have learned to speak other languages in order to adapt. Are you a

prophet sent by the Gods?" asked the translator.

"Well...you could say that. Tell your people that I will cause great suffering to them if they do not obey me."

"Very well. What is it that you want?"

Thief: "Oh it's not much, really. I just need a place to hide for a few days. Then I will leave you alone."

The translator whispered to the chief. The chief nodded. The translator said: "Very well."

Angela's team entered the atmosphere of Altari. Included in the team are Lily and Wendel, Angela's close subordinates. They've never been to Altari before, so they have to rely on Stone's data given to them by Jerrell. Once they successfully entered the atmosphere, all they see below are jungles. Most of the planet's vegetation is jungles and rainforests.

Angela: "This is the area where the thief was last seen. Since he has the Neptune Crystal, we have to find him by tracking down the energy signal of the crystal."

[Lily: "Roger that. Oh, and we should be careful. They say that these jungles are dangerous."]

Angela: "There is nothing to worry about as long as we are in our mobile suits."

Meanwhile, a group of mobile suits were waiting in the jungle. These suits were painted green and brown to camouflage in the jungle. Their leader is a seasoned pilot who works for a rich warlord in Altari. The leader pilot, like the others, are bored waiting in the jungle for something to happen. But just now, something appeared in his radar. "Hmm? What's this? Galactic Police units?"

His teammate appeared on his screen. ["Sir, what should we do?"]

"They're probably looking for the Neptune Crystal as well. This could give us problems. Shoot them down!"

["Roger that."]

A beam came from the trees and hit one of the GP's suits. Bam! The mobile suit's leg exploded. Everyone was shocked.

Angela: "Code Blue-1! We're under attack!"

Wendel: "The enemy is hiding in the jungle!"

Another beam. Bam! It hit the GP-X's shoulder. Angela screamed as the cockpit shook violently.

The team separated by flying away. They fired into the trees. Angela used her targeting technology to find them. "Where are you..." Beep beep. Target locked. Angela fired. The GP-X launched two missiles at the spot, and the camouflaged suits ran away. Kaboom!

The enemy continued firing and hit the GP-X's rockets. Boom! The mobile suit descended in a spiral motion. Angela could not do anything about it since her rockets are damaged. She pulled the level all the way to the maximum but the suit continued to fall. "I'm hit!! I'm hit!"

Her team wanted to help, especially Lily, but they were occupied with beams coming at them. Lily wanted to go after the GP-X, but she had to help the team. It was a frustrating situation.

Angela had less than a minute before she and her mobile suit crashed onto land. Right now it's how to make the landing less painful. Aeeeeer. The suit crashed into trees and scraped the ground a little. It was a bumpy ride, but it was over within seconds. Angela was relieved that she's alive ... without any major injuries. She stepped

out of the mobile suit and landed. She looked at the suit and sighed. It's going to cost a lot for the repairs.

Just now, she heard loud footsteps. The footsteps not of a person, but that of a mobile suit. Uh oh, she thought, big trouble. One of the enemy's units probably went to look for her. She had to run away and ditch her GP-X.

Pilot: "Sir, I found her mobile suit."

Leader: "What about the pilot?"

Pilot: "I do not see her. The cockpit is open. She probably ran away."

Leader: "Hmmm. She can't be far from here. We'll look for her later. Come back to the group."

Pilot: "Roger."

A big, dinosaur-like bird roared in the skies. Angela is walking by herself and she's lost. She's a little scared, since she's all alone and she can't find her way around. Her communication device is broken from the mobile suit crash, so she's cut off from all contact to her team. Her only hope is that they will find her by searching - if they haven't been destroyed by the enemy.

The jungle is a hard place to walk through, especially for one who is unprepared. She had to walk through mud, dirt and other stuff that isn't smooth ground. She had to push aside leaves and twigs to get through, and they scratched her arms and legs. It was a scary and disgusting place to be in. "Oh man...what am I going to do now?"

Her clothes were dirty and torn, and she can't do anything else but walk on. Suddenly, she heard a rustling sound from the bushes. It is a person...or maybe a predator? It was a lion - a hungry lion. Angela gasped and turned the other way to run.

The GP team managed to escape from the enemy. They are now hiding in the jungle. All of them got out of the mobile suits to talk. It seems that a simple mission to retrieve a crystal has now turned into a rescue mission. "We need to find Commander Lianz before the sun sets. And I don't when then sun sets on this planet."

Wendel: "If we go back to the point where she crashed, the enemy might be waiting for us there. We will need to go around the river to avoid them."

GPO: "That will take more time."

Lily: "Find her is our priority. But if the enemy is in our way, we have to get rid of them first. I bet you if anything, these guys are responsible, if not involved, with the disappearance of the Neptune Crystal. We are not going to avoid them, we ill make a surprise attack on them as they did to us."

Wendel: "A surprise attack?"

Lily: "Yes. This time we are hidden too. We will sneak to them and attack."

Angela ran through the woods, fearing for her life. Suddenly, she stepped into a trap - her foot got caught in a rope loop. Twang. It caught her by the ankle and dragged her into the air.

"Aaaaaah!"

Before she knew what happened, she was hanging upside down in the air. The rope was tied to a branch of the tree.

Some natives appeared. They did not look friendly.

"Oh no..."

One of them shot an arrow at the rope, and it broke, and Angela fell down. Wham. It took her a few seconds to come back to her senses. She got up. The natives surrounded her, pointing their spears threateningly.

Angela didn't make any sudden movements. She was on surrounded on all

sides. Suddenly, one of them behind her whacked her on the back with a spear. She fell on her knees, then fell face flat.

As she looked up, the natives pointed spears at her face. And her vision got blurry...

Angela was inside the hut. She was tied up, forced to stand. Her arms were raised diagonally, bound by the two poles on her left and right. Her ankles were tied, also bound to the poles.

The native behind her was holding a whip. He mumbled something in their language, and whipped her.

She screamed in pain. He kept on whipping her.

"Aaaah! Stop it, please!"

Whip!

"Aaah! Uuuhhh..."

Whip!

"Aaah!"

The natives approached her, some in front, some behind.

"Let me go...please!" she cried out. "I didn't do anything!"

One started to unbutton her shirt.

"Wait...what are you doing? Stop it! Stop!"

He unbuttoned all the buttons, and touched her breasts.

"Stop it!"

Since her arms were tied up, he can't take off the shirt normally, so he just ripped it off her piece by piece. Trrrrrrr.

"Stop! Please!" Angela screamed.

They grabbed her pants, and tore it into pieces.

"Please stop!!"

They threw her clothes on the floor, putting it into a pile.

Her shirt, her tank top, pants, bra, panties, shoes, and socks.

They put duct tape on her mouth, and she tried to scream, but only moans came out. They tied up her privates.

One of the natives grabbed a whip and whipped her back. "MMMMF!!!" she moaned. The native continued whipping her. Outside the hut, sounds of a woman screaming in agony were heard.

The natives just shook their head, and continued about their business.

Angela was tied up to a piece of log. The natives carried the log as they walked towards the chief. She was tied up like a pig. Her arms and legs were bound to the log. A tape was over her mouth.

They put the horizontal log, with Angela hanging from it, onto vertical stand posts. It was right over a bonfire. Angela could feel the heat below. She was burning up.

The chief, a fat, dark-skinned guy, was wearing necklaces made of bones and teeth. He had more necklaces than other people. He mumbled something. The natives started dancing around Angela. She watched in helpless fear.

The chief's son came down from the steps. He walked towards the bonfire. He wore only a piece of undergarment. There were colored marks all over his body, including his face. He mumbled something to his father. The chief said something back.

The men carried the log with Angela to another place. They settled her on the ground and left. The chief's son walked towards her.

He smiled at the woman, licking his lips as he rubbed his hands.

Angela squirmed and moaned, fearing for her life. What will he do? These people are cannibals, and she's their meal. The native smiled and stared at her like she's his prey. He got down and looked at her stomach. He licked her stomach slowly. She moaned. "Mmmmmfff!"

He licked her stomach, enjoying the taste of her skin. He went all the way up to her breasts where the ropes were. Now he was face to face with her. He stared at her eyes for a while, smiling. He kissed her forehead.

The man touched her face. He kissed her neck countless times. He kissed her shoulders, her neckline, and all over her cleavage. Angela moaned helplessly and turned her head left and right. Then back to her shoulders. He kissed the side of her arm, kissing and tasting every inch. He went all the way down to her elbows.

He got a bag of salt, and poured it all over her. Her head turned sideways to avoid it. He licked her stomach all over, especially the area near the ropes. Angela moaned and groaned as this strange man is licking the area just above her privates. She came here on a mission, and somehow ended up like this. She did not want to be eaten.

He grabbed her legs and licked them - starting with her upper thighs. They were great. And her knees. Then her lower thighs. Her ankles. Everything between the ropes.

Then as he licked her thigh, he bit it.

"Mmmmmmmfff!" Angela moaned in pain.

When he was done biting it, there was teeth marks on her skin. Then he bit her thigh just above the place where he just bit her.

"Mmmmmmmfff!"

Then he bit her shoulder. She turned her head to the side and screamed with the tape on her mouth.

She was turned around - her back facing up. He was on top of her, and he smelled her hair. He kissed her shoulders and her back. And he bit her shoulder.

"MMMMMMFFF!"

The thief was walking around the village, still holding onto the briefcase that he values more than his life. He heard sounds of a moaning woman, and he peered behind the bushes to look. He smiled, knowing that she won't escape. She probably came here for the Neptune Crystal, and unfortunately she is captured by the natives. She is now their sacrifice.

It turns out that the enemy's mobile suits are not there anymore. Lily and Wendel are to leave their mobile suits and find Angela on foot, while the other GPO's stay to watch. While walking they see footsteps. "These might be Angela's footsteps." Lily bent down to examine one of them. "Hmmm."

"How can we tell if it's hers? It could be someone else's?"

"If it is someone else's, it means that there is a village or town nearby, and maybe the commander went there to wait for us. In any case, we should follow these footsteps."

Suddenly, natives showed up with spears and lances. Lily and Wendel stood back to back. "They are natives of this jungle?" Wendel asked.

Lily: "Probably. I wonder if they speak our language. We come in peace."

One of them attacked with a spear, Lily dodged and kicked him in the chest. Thud. Then she took out a gun and fired at the air. Bang! That sound made the natives nervous and they ran away scared.

Wendel: "What now?"

Lily: "We follow them to their village. C'mon!"

They chased one of them all the way to the village. Once at the village, the

natives got their spears and pointed it at them. They were scared, and when Lily walked forward a step, they walked back a step, keeping their distance.

Lily: "Alright, you bunch of savages, answer me. Where is the Neptune Crystal? Where is Angela? Grrrrr."

The translator came up to them. "Stranger, what do you want here?"

"Finally, someone who speaks English. Your guys attacked us first. We wanted to do this the polite way, but so much for that." Lily answered angrily. "I demand to search this village to find something."

Translator: "Ma'am, you are trespassing into our territory."

Lily shoved him to the ground. "Tell that to someone who gives a damn."

The thief had Angela tied up and hung upside down from a tree branch. What's worse than being naked and tied up on the ground is being naked and tied up while hanging upside down. He laughed. "Ha ha ha ha. Have fun." He grabbed the briefcase and ran away.

The thief went back to the village, but seeing two GPO's here, he got scared. He ran away and Lily saw him. "Hey you wait!" she yelled. She chased him.

The thief ran through the woods, occasionally tripping over a rock or something. Lily caught up to him and jumped and kicked him on the back. Wham! He fell and dropped the briefcase, and consequently, the Neptune Crystal rolled out. Lily knew that one was it. The thief got up and took out a knife. "You're gonna get it!" He charged forward. Lily pointed a gun at his chin when his knife was inches away from her chest.

"Who's going to get it?" asked Lily.

The thief was sweating. It's clear he lost.

Wendel walked out of the village and saw Angela hanging upside, tied by a piece of rope. "Angela!" he said.

She could not say anything with the tape on her mouth so she moaned.

"Don't worry I'll get you down."

He threw a knife at the rope and she fell into his arms. What a dream situation it is for him, to have Angela fall into his arms. She's naked and tied up and helpless. She stared at him with frightful eyes. Wendel snapped out of his trance and cut the rope on her wrists and then removed the tape from her mouth. It hurt for a second when he pulled it. "Are you okay...Angela?" Then he took a quick glance at her body and they both became embarrassed. They turned away from each other. "I'm sorry."

"I-It's okay." she replied shyly. "Thank you, Wendel."

"Uhh, no problem. The others are waiting for us."

Mission accomplished. Angela is rescued and the Neptune Crystal is retrieved. It sure was a horrible experience for Angela, who went through all that for the mission. But it's all over now. The Neptune Crystal will be returned to its rightful owner, and its powers will not be abused.

