

THE POWER FORCE

A Warrior's Life

Contents

The Black Needle.

Trouble in Altari.
The Fight to Save Her.
The Decision.

The Tribunal.

They Meet.
The Other World.
The Judgement.

The Warrior Bride.

The Challenge.
The Hunt.
The Warrior Bride.

Parasite.

The Parasite.
The Consequence.

Blind Fury.

Man Of Mystery.
The Kidnapping.

Summary

The Black Needle.

Contents

Trouble in Altari.
The Fight to Save Her.
The Decision.

The heroes have finally defeated Dark Spectre, the ultimate evil in the universe. They thought the universe would once again be a safe place to live, but they were only partially true.

Somewhere in the Milky Way, in a planet named Altari, the people were under attack by a deadly doctor who was an expert in poisons. He was one of the few who knew the secrets of the **Black Needle**, one of the most mysterious and deadliest poisons known. This poison has been practiced by secret societies for thousands of years, and no one else knew the secrets of the needle. The Black Needle was more like a disease, an epidemic that spreads on human contact. Once someone is unlucky enough to get it, soon the town he lives in will get it - and this poison has wiped out many villages without leaving a trace. That is why the needle is so deadly, not only because its victims die fast, but nobody knows what the cause of death is.

"Do you really have to go? Can't you stay here with me?" Margrit pleaded, as she stood face to face with her lover.

"Yes, I told you already." Mason answered. "Earth is my home. I have to go back there. This colony just isn't the place for me."

"Why do you have to go all of sudden? You can be happy here. We can both be happy!"

"Margarita, nothing you say will convince me to not go back. You can come to earth with me, but that is your choice."

"But...I can't...this colony still needs me. This is my home."

"I'm tired. I really am. This place brings back so many bad memories. I just want things to go back the way they were..."

Inside the Command Central of the colony, Jerrell received a disturbing message from an old friend. The computer went on and the face of **Stone** popped up, and he looked worried.

"Hey old buddy, what's up? What happened? You look horrible!" Jerrell said.

"If you were in my situation, you'd look as tired as me." Stone said.

"What happened to you?"

"It's...it's...our village. My people are really sick, and they're dying. I don't know how it started, but the disease spread really fast. Within days most of the village is infected. It happened so quick."

"What disease?" Jerrell asked.

"That's the problem...I don't know. Even the best doctors don't know...oh help me Jerrell! My people are dying! They're suffering...and I don't know what to do."

"I don't know what to do either...I mean, if you're under attack I could help you, but my colony isn't a hospital! What do you want me to do?"

They both grew silent for a moment. In the background of the screen, a woman was screaming painfully and some doctor was trying to clam her down. Kane noticed that she had purple blisters on her face and all over her arm.

"Stone, what are the symptoms of the disease?" Kane asked.

"Ummm...the victim has blisters on the face and arms, and chest, vomiting blood every so often, and very painful headaches."

"I knew it!" Kane snapped suddenly.

"What?" Jerrell asked.

"My friend, it's no disease that's attacking your people. It's a poison!"

"**Poison?**" they both responded.

"Yes, I can tell from the symptoms. I've heard rumors about this poison. It is the **Black Needle**, the deadliest poison known to exist. And that means it's not a natural epidemic. Someone must have done this..."

"But...who would do this?!" Stone asked. "My village has never offended anyone before..."

"There's only one psycho I know who knows the **Black Needle**, and that would be **Dr. Doom**." Kane said.

"Dr. Doom?" Stone repeated.

"Dr. Doom? It sounds familiar." Jerrell said.

Kane continued. "If he has access to the **Black Needle**, then he must have an antidote."

"But what if he doesn't..." Stone sighed.

"It doesn't matter! Either way we're going to pay him a visit. I heard that he's a psycho. Don't worry Stone, I'll send my best warriors to come help your village."

"Jerrell, thank you so much..."

"Don't mention it. What are friends for?"

"Guys, we have an emergency situation." Jerrell announced. "Someone named Dr. Doom has poisoned Stone's village. They desperately need our help. We must get the antidote before innocent people die."

"How horrible!" Margrit shrieked.

"Alright, who's going to planet Altari with me?" Jerrell asked.

"Count me in!" Margrit shouted excitedly. This looks like another adventure, and she liked adventures.

"Hey, I've known Stone as long as you did, so I'm definitely going." Kane said.

"Those people are suffering right now, so it's our job to help!" Zelfire said.

"Mason, aren't you coming?" Margrit asked him.

"No."

They all gasped and looked at him with surprise. That wasn't his usual answer, and after all, he saved the colony many times and was always there for his friends, whether he's on earth, Mascus, or Guardian Planet.

"But why?" Lisa asked.

"Why? Because I'm tired...tired of fighting. No matter how much I do, it's always the same problem. You can go and enjoy yourselves." He walked away from them.

"Mason! Wait!" Margrit shouted, but he didn't respond.

"I don't blame the guy. After all that he's done for us, I think he has the right to refuse." Kane said. "He's got great skills, but he's not like us...let's give him a break."

"Alright. I think we can handle Dr. Doom without him. C'mon, let's not waste any time! Stone is counting on us!" Jerrell said.

So the volunteers entered the space pods, except for Margrit. She stared at the direction where Mason went, and whispered his name to herself.

"Margrit! You coming or not?!" Jerrell asked impatiently.

"Wait up! Don't go without me!"

And so, the four pods left planet Mascus, and although Margrit's body was in space, her mind was still on the colony.

Once on Altari, the heroes immediately visited Memok, Stone's home. This small village was basically a number of rows of huts and a few buildings, such as the hospital and Stone's home. Their technology was very limited.

They walked through the crop fields towards the hospital. They covered their mouths and noses as they walked through a hallway of people infected with the

Needle...coughing, screaming, yelling, vomiting. It was truly a terrible sight. Margrit saw a little boy with rashes and blisters all over him, and couldn't bear to look any more.

"Welcome Jerrell! You had arrived sooner than I had expected." Stone welcomed warmly.

"This is horrible! All those poor people..." Jerrell said.

"I know. I'm just glad you came. Are these your helpers?"

"Yep, as you know, this is my second in command, also my sister, Margarita."

"Nice to meet you." He shook her hand.

"And this is Zelfire, a friend from earth."

"We'll get a cure somehow. Don't worry." Zelfire said as he shook Stone's hand.

"And of course, you know Kane."

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

"Yes it has."

"So where do you think this Dr. Doom guy can be? Have any clue?" Jerrell asked.

"I'm not sure. I haven't even heard of him." Stone answered.

"When has this started?" Kane asked.

"The first victim was infected five days ago. He's dead now."

"Please!!! Give me the antidote! I can't take it anymore!" cried the helpless victim chained against the wall.

"Give you the antidote? That would take the fun out of it, wouldn't it?" **Dr. Doom** said.

"Please! I'll give you anything! Just give me it! I can't take it anymore!"

"That's right, scream! Scream for your life! That's what I want to hear! I want to see you suffer..."

Meanwhile, back on planet Mascus...

"Mason? I thought I'd find you in this mist. Why are you hiding here? What is wrong?" Lisa asked.

He didn't even turn around to look at her. "Just leave me alone, okay? I've been through a lot recently, and if you don't mind, I need some peace and quiet."

"Hey, we've all been through a lot!"

"Yeah, that's true, but you have no idea what I've been through, do you? Do you have any idea how I feel? No one can understand me now...so you'll just be wasting your time."

"Oh, no one understands you? Is that why you didn't go and help the others?!"

"What? I'm a living being, aren't I? I have the right to choose not to do what I don't want, right? Since when have I lost that right?"

"I..."

"Listen, Lees, I'm tired. I'm just tired of fighting. It's meaningless, and...I'm just tired of it."

"Um..."

"Got a problem with that?" he asked crudely. She didn't respond. "All my life I've been helping people, and most of the time I have to fight to do that. I just don't want to fight anymore. It's fighting that takes away lives, and I might be a sayan, but I'm not a killer. It's just that...no matter how much I do, the same problem always comes up. The strong threaten the weak, and the weak cries out for help. I'm just tired of fighting."

"...Yes, you're right. I think you've helped us enough through troubled times. And if it weren't for you, we would all be dead, right? I'm sure Jerrell and the others can handle this situation by themselves. Well, I shouldn't bother you anymore." She paused. "Mason, if you don't want to go, then it's your decision. No one else's."

"Listen, on my way to the village the other day, I saw a large castle just ten miles southwest of here. And I heard some creepy voices from that place when I went there..." Stone said.

"Castle? Maybe Dr. Doom is there."

"How can you be sure? He could be anywhere on this planet!"

"Not necessarily, Margrit. Remember, he has to come to this village in order to poison it, so it'd be logical if he resided somewhere close by."

"Let's go, it might be our only lead!" Kane said impatiently.

So, without any more discussion, the group traveled quickly to their destination. What they didn't know, however, was that Dr. Doom was waiting for them to show up by the mountain range.

"So, this is it, huh?" Margrit asked.

"Yep. Kind of creepy, isn't it?"

"This is the land that surrounds the castle? It looks deformed..." And Jerrell was right. The rocks looked older than they actually were, and the land was dry and barren. Scattered around were the skulls and bones of tortured souls of whom perhaps suffered a fate worse than death.

"Of course. What did you expect? That doctor has probably been doing some weird experiments to this land..." Jerrell suggested.

Stone felt a strange pinch on his neck and thought that a fly had bit him. "Ouch! Did something bite me?"

"I don't think so. Nothing is alive here...maybe it's just that you're nervous..." Jerrell said.

"Nervous? Who, me? No way." Kane replied.

"Are you looking for someone?" the strange voice asked, and everybody froze. The 'doctor' was dressed completely in black, with a mask covering his mouth, black gloves, ninja shoes and he was equipped only with some needles and a short dagger.

"Who the heck are you?!" Margrit demanded.

"Who am I? Why, I'm shocked. You are looking for Dr. Doom right? Well, you just found him."

"You're him? You ruined my village?"

"Well, we were searching for you. You saved us the trouble of having to find you." Jerrell said, smiling.

"Give me the cure for the Black Needle, or prepare to defend yourself!" Stone yelled.

"You challenge me? You would fight a brilliant doctor like me?"

"No, Stone, wait!" Jerrell screamed, trying to calm his friend down.

Stone didn't listen and went straight for his enemy. Dr. Doom waited calmly and with precise timing, he punched Stone so hard that he fell on his face.

"Stone!!!" Jerrell ran towards him, and Kane followed.

"Are you okay?" Margrit asked Stone.

"I'm...I'm fine. Thanks for your concern."

Dr. Doom kicked Kane into the river, and blocked Jerrell's attack and grabbed his arm and threw him into the river.

"I hope you know how to swim! Ha ha ha!"

Margrit leaped into the air and aimed her fist at the doctor, but he dodged the attack. They started fighting, and Jerrell and Kane tried to get back on land.

She attacked with martial arts, but he avoided them all, and she was getting frustrated. She made a deadly chop, and he lowered his head to avoid it. Then he drew a dagger and stabbed it into her, but it only hit her combat suit.

"Nice try. My suit is too thick for that blade!"

"Don't feel so confident yet!"

He swiped the dagger at her face, and luckily she avoided the blade. They stopped for a second and Margrit thought about what to do next. Suddenly, Margrit felt blood on her face, and touched it. There was a cut, but it wasn't deep.

"Huh?"

"I've got you! I've poisoned you!"

"What?"

"I put the **Blue Needle** onto this blade's surface, and now it's in your blood!"

"Blast it! How could I have been so careless?"

"Oh darling, don't blame yourself! I never miss my targets!"

"You...you better give me the antidote now or I'll..." She charged at him and grabbed him by the shirt. Her head suddenly felt strange and quite heavy. She began to lose strength and control over her body and let him go.

"You'll what?"

"Uhhh...what...what have you done...to me?!"

"Yes, it's working. The effects of the Blue Needle is instantaneous, and will last until you die!"

"You...monster..."

Stone ran across the land bridge and stopped a few feet from Dr. Doom. "I will make you pay!"

"I would be careful if I were you." Dr. Doom threw a stick at him and he caught it. Stone looked at it curiously, and wondered why the doctor gave him this...snake? He wasn't holding a piece of stick, it was alive! The snake hissed at him, revealing its sharp fangs.

"Ahhhhhh!" he yelled. The snake wrapped its body around his arms and made its way to his neck.

Jerrell: "What's wrong? Stone? It's just a stick!"

"Get...get it off me!" He grabbed the hideous creature and tossed on the ground, then stepped on it a few times. "Die, die!" It was longer a snake, it became a stick again. "What?"

"Stone? It must be...what did you do to him Dr. Doom?!"

"I think your friend is seeing things. Ha ha ha ha! My poison is working effectively."

"There's a poison that can make people see illusions?"

"Yes, but what's an illusion to you is real to him now." Dr. Doom said.

"M-monsters!" Stone screamed in agony and fear. "Stay away from me!"

"Stone, it's me!"

"Back off!"

"You're seeing things!"

"I said stay away!" Stone pushed him down and put his trembling hands on Jerrell's neck. "Die you monster!"

"Arrrrgh!" Stone got off Jerrell and collapsed.

"Stone!"

"I'm afraid there's little you can do for your friend now." Dr. Doom said, as he carried Margrit into the air. "And as for this girl, don't worry, I'll take good care of her."

"Nooo!"

"What happened?" Kane asked.

"That bastard...he did this to my friend and took my sister...he won't get away with this! I'll never let him live!"

[B] Title Contents

"Is he okay?" Kane asked.

"I hope so. I hope those poison effects won't last forever." Jerrell put a wash cloth on Stone's forehead. "Poor Stone..."

"We have no time to waste. We have to go back there and rescue Margarita and get a cure for these people." Kane said.

"Right, let's go."

They went into the grass fields and they encountered this beautiful, yet strange figure with green skin, and tree twigs wrapped around her body.

"Who are you?" Jerrell asked.

She laughed. "Dr. Doom told me I would find you here. My name Poison Oaks, and I am here to eliminate this village."

"So, he told you to do so? We won't let you!"

"So, you think you can stop me?" she asked with a twisted smile.

"We won't allow anything to happen to Memok, you hear?" Kane said.

"Very well then, die!" Her arms sprouted into roots and went underground. Suddenly, the roots came to the surface and grabbed Jerrell's leg, and then Kane's.

"What the?"

"She's got me!"

The roots started crawling up their legs and wrapping themselves around their arms.

"You can't fight back!" Oaks said.

She formed this energy ball out of nowhere and it was fully charged. She let it go and it flew into them! Zap! Despite the roots holding them, the force blew them far away and disappeared.

"What's going on?" Zelfire asked as he left the hut.

"You are with Jerrell? Then perish!"

"How are you feeling, my darling?"

Margrit was tied up really tight against this gigantic tree thing with roots that spread in all directions. The only light against the darkness in that room was the small window on the far side to let air in. She coughed and looked really tired.

"My head...it hurts..."

"Yes, of course, it's supposed to hurt."

"What are you going to do?"

He was preparing a needle.

"No, don't do it! I'm warning you!"

"I'm sorry, darling, but it's my job." He injected a needle into her shoulder and she winced.

"What did you put into me?!"

"I just gave you anti-syrum for the Black Needle. It will help you survive longer."

"But why? Why don't you just kill me?"

"Why? Because I want to see my victims suffer! The needle kills a person really fast, and there's no fun in that. I want to see them suffer as long as possible, the longer the better! Ha ha ha ha ha!"

"...You're a psycho! You're insane!" she screamed.

"So what if I am? They all called me that, but none of them ever saw the light of day again. Ha ha ha ha. Magarita...you'd make a beautiful specimen. The anti-syrum will preserve your beauty, make you live longer, and at the same time you will suffer from the Black Needle!"

"Creep!"

"Watch your mouth! As long as you're in here you're my prisoner! I can kill you in an instant!"

"I'd rather you do that! That way I don't have to look at you anymore!"

Mason was still in the mist and he was wandering around aimlessly. It's none of my business, he kept on thinking to himself, it's none of my business. Piper walked into the mist and he didn't look happy.

"What do you want?" Mason asked crudely.

"Are you still just sitting around here doing nothing?!" Piper scolded.

"So what's it to you?"

"Mason, you've changed! You weren't the Mason I knew from earth! The kind and loving friend that I used to know. The friend who'd help anybody in trouble. You'd risk your life for your loved ones, but look at you now. Do you know Jerrell and the others can be in great danger, risking their lives while you sit here like a log?"

"Listen, I'm just sick of this fighting. I've tried so hard to make peace, but no matter what I do, there will always be bloodshed. I've just given up. You're right, I've changed. People change, Piper. It's no big deal."

"No, you listen! I can't believe I'm hearing this from your mouth! Why, if I had your abilities I'd go to Altari immediately. You have all the power, and yet you sit here hopelessly. One thing that I learned from you is to never give up, no matter what happens. And you gave up now..."

"Well, some times certain things won't change no matter what happens."

"And you won't help? Not even if the one you love the most is in danger?" Piper said.

"Huh?"

"Magarita has been captured by Dr. Doom!" Mason's eyes widened and stared at the mist. "That's right. I just received that message from Jerrell. I bet that Dr. Doom is pretty creepy, and who knows what sorts of crazy things he'll do to her? Maybe he's going to kill her. Are you still gonna stay around and do nothing?"

"Magarita...looks like this 'doctor' is a son of a bitch. I won't let her get hurt. I must go save her!"

"Now you're talking some sense! What are you waiting for? We don't have anytime to waste!"

"Don't worry, I'm coming Margrit!"

"Please, just give me the antidote! I'm begging you..." she pleaded to the 'doctor'.

"Yes, I could do that, but that wouldn't be fun. Don't you think?"

"Please!"

Dr. Doom (sympathetically): "Awww, does your pretty little head hurt?"

"Yes, it's excruciating."

"Good, that means the poison is working. Soon you'll feel the pain all over you body. A pain that you could never imagine to exist, not even in your worst nightmares. The pain you're feeling now is only the beginning, and is nothing compared to what you're about to experience!"

"No, stop this!"

"Oh, don't worry, Margarita. Soon it'll be all over. And you can die a peaceful death." He took off his mask. "You should consider yourself lucky. No one has ever seen my face before, except for myself, of course!" He kissed her lips and put his mask back on. "Margarita, I shall never forget you. I will remember you as the most wonderful experiment I've had in my life."

"Where **is** everybody?" Mason asked as he glanced around the corn field. It was so quiet he could hear the wind blowing against the grass, and even the wind seemed to be crying. He heard a moan from the other field and it sounded like Jerrell. He ran over there and rushed to his aid.

Jerrell: "Mason?"

"Yes, it's me. Where is everybody?"

"We were all blown away. Kane and Zelfire should be around here...Margrit has been held captive...you gotta go save her!"

"Right."

Poison Oak: "Have you come here to help your poor friends? I'd leave this place if I were you. That's the wise thing to do."

"Yeah, but you're not me. And running away is never a wise thing to do." Mason said.

"How dare you mock my words you low-life! My master has ordered me to kill anybody who tries to help Jerrell, and I won't hesitate to kill you."

"You can come and try."

Oaks dug her arms into the ground, making her move. Mason knew what she was going to do and jumped to avoid the roots. He fired an energy blast and hit her badly.

"Ouch, why you! How dare you scar my perfect body?"

"Since when did a half-tree half-woman's body become such a big deal? You might think you're pretty, but come on lady! What has Dr. Doom been feeding you? Magic seeds?"

"Good one, Mason." Jerrell said, and laughed.

"That's enough from you!" Now she was really pissed off. She fired a dozen energy balls at him, but he dodged them all. Then her arm sprouts got Mason by surprise and he was caught. "I got you now!" Mason didn't even struggle. He just stood there calmly and closed his eyes. Oaks was curious about what he was up to, and stopped for a second. He raised his arms into the air and screamed aloud. Energy shot out from his body and destroyed everything that touched him. "No!" she yelled as her arms fell apart. Then with one arm he blasted her and the danger was over. "You won't get away with this! My master will hear about this!" she said, then fled.

Mason let her leave and joined Jerrell. "Do you know where Margrit is?"

"Yes, she's in a castle...southwest of here. Hurry!"

"I got it" he said, then flew off right away.

"Master, I have something important to report!" the injured Oaks said to Dr. Doom.

"Did you take care of those pests?"

"Yes, I was about to, but then this warrior showed up from nowhere and attacked me!"

"That means you failed me."

"My master, forgive me! Give me one more chance, and I will prove myself worthy-"

"Enough! Under me, you get only one chance! When I created you, you were supposed to be invulnerable! And you have been defeated. It's over for you, Poison Oaks. Farewell."

"No!" she pleaded, but the psycho doctor showed no mercy. He threw a needle at her, and it stabbed her breast like a dart. In no time, she melted into a green liquid, and screamed so painfully and it could be heard everywhere.

[C] Title Contents

"So this must be it." Mason declared to himself, as examined the castle below. "What a horrible place. It's so filthy; I bet it hasn't been cleaned in centuries!"

Nonetheless, he went inside and was a bit surprised that there were no guards at all. He found his way into the lab room and Dr. Doom was waiting for him there.

"My creation has told me about you. You defeated my best creation ever, so you must be strong."

"You created her? What kind of psychotic, twisted mind do you have?" Mason asked.

"Yes, I am insane. So what? I like destroying people's lives, and that is what I do. My greatest desire is to torment a person until death, and there is no better feeling than watching him suffer! So, what is your desire?"

"Desire? My desire is to get Margarita out of this creepy place."

"I'm afraid I can't let you do that."

"No one asked for your permission. I'm not asking you, I'm telling you."

"Yeah, what if I don't let you?"

"You better tell me where she is..." Mason walked right into him and grabbed him by his shirt. "Tell me now!"

"You dare use such force against me! You can't do this to a genius!" Dr. Doom said, with his wide, open, scary eyes.

"I'm not gonna ask again!" Then Doom pushed his hands away and went back several steps. He drew his short dagger and pointed it at Mason.

"Take this!" He sliced nothing but the air, then Mason grabbed his arm, and he dropped the weapon. Then Mason kicked him in the guts and slammed him into the wall. Dr. Doom folded his fists and threw a ton of needles at him, but he dodged them.

"You need better aim to hit me!"

"Yes, but you were a little careless."

Mason looked at his leg saw that one of the needles was in his thigh. He ripped it out and crushed it.

"Ha ha ha! You're now infected with the Blue Needle!"

"Blue Needle?"

"That's right, it's the same thing that the girl has. I have given her both the Black Needle and the Blue Needle! You can't save her now!"

"Monster!" In an angry rage Mason punched him as hard as he could, and he could feel his fist sinking into his cheek. Then he took off Dr. Doom's mask. He had expected to see the face of the devil or a monster of some sort, but Doom had the human face of a young boy.

"You're just...a..."

"What did you expect? A freak?"

"Then why were you hiding behind that mask of yours...if you're not hideous?"

"Why? Because I think beauty is the rarest and most valuable of all treasures one can find in the universe! It would be a shame if something were to scar my face, so I must preserve it. You are very lucky...indeed! Margarita is a beautiful woman. And she's been calling your name all the time. I don't know what she could possibly see in you-I'm the most fit for her-"

"Enough non-sense!" Mason grabbed his shirt again and lifted him off the ground. "Give me the antidote for the Black Needle now!"

"Fool! There is no cure! You cannot save the villagers. It is already too late for them." Dr. Doom said nervously.

"Give it to me!!" he repeated. "You don't want anything to happen to your precious face, now, do you?"

"It's...it's in these bottles." Dr. Doom said, pointing at the table. "All they have to do is drink it. And the effects of the needle will wear off."

"What about an antidote for the Blue Needle? And don't tell me you don't have it."

"Yes, it's in my pocket...but I have only enough dosage for one person."

"What?"

"That's right, only one. You'll have to choose who you want to save - yourself, or the girl." He laughed hysterically. Mason was speechless. "It's a shame, only one of you will live, and one of you will die. It's your decision, I hope you choose wisely!"

"Damn it! This is all your fault! Make another one." Mason closed in on him, and Dr. Doom's back was against the wall. He realized that it was time for his final move.

"You will never get me! I obey no one, not now and never will. I guess my time has come...I have been granted a gift, and I have cherished it. Now you will suffer Fate's punishment!" He injected a needle into himself and laughed hysterically.

"No!" Mason yelled, but it was too late. Within seconds, the laughing, maniacal 'doctor' was bleeding from the mouth and he collapsed.

He stared at the body in horror. "What a rash thing to do..." In his hand he held the syrum tightly. He opened his palm and examined the needle. "What do I do with this now?"

Mason was still holding the needle tightly as he waited in the mist. He had done everything he could to help the people of Altari. The people had already been given the antidote and were slowly recovering. Even Stone had completely recovered from the illusion poison.

But Mason and Margarita were still not well, for they have been poisoned by something maybe even worse than the Black Needle, because there was only one antidote. Now Mason held in his hands the fate of two lives, his own, and his loved one. But who will he choose? How will he choose?

"Hey Piper, how's she doing?"

"She's in critical condition. Mason, hurry up and make your decision, she can't hang on much longer." Piper insisted.

"Make my decision? How can I? I have here in my hands the key to two lives, but I can only save one. I...I just don't know what to do. I really don't know."

"I understand your difficult position, Mason. Time's running out, and at this very moment you will have to make the hardest choice in your life."

"What would you do if you were in my place, Piper?"

"Me? Well...if I were unlucky enough to be you, I'd split the syrum in half and give half to Margrit and half to me."

"But that way both will die."

"I know. I'm sorry, but I can't help you on this one. But I just want to say - that you did the right thing back there. You finally came to your senses and helped Altari. Mason, no matter what you decide, I will respect your decision."

"Even if it's a selfish one?"

"Yes, selfishness is bad. But...it's either one way or the other."

"Damn it. Is this the thanks I get for doing what I have done? Why has this cruel fate brought upon me?! Magarita...if only I came sooner...it's all my fault!"

Piper became speechless.

"Hmm. How can I just sit by and save my own life while she is suffering? Magarita has done way too much for the colony to die just now. She's the one I love the most. But if she wakes up and finds me not there...what will she do? I don't want her to be unhappy. Is this...the only way?"

"Oh no, we're losing her!" Kane shouted critically. The life-support machine was keeping her alive, but it couldn't do it for long. The screen displayed a message indicating her condition was critical with big flashing letters.

"Has Mason made his decision yet?"

"No."

"Why won't he hurry up? If he does chooses himself, then at least tell us, and I can say goodbye to my sister. If he chooses Margrit, then he'd better hurry, or we're gonna lose her for good."

"Piper, I have thought it through. Margarita will have the antidote."

"I respect your decision."

Mason handed him the syrum and without hesitating, they both ran for the colony.

"Here it is!" Piper announced. Jerrell snatched the syrum from his hand and inserted the needled into her arm. The life-support machine's sound was steadily decreasing and soon it displayed the message "Condition normal." Seconds passed by, and the effects can be seen already. Her pale body finally got back its color and she looked alive again. They were all surprised how quick the antidote had worked.

"She's looking better now. The danger is over." Kane said calmly.

"Mason, thank you for all that you gave." Jerrell said.

"Mason!" Lisa hugged him, then Zelfire and Piper followed.

"Guys...there's no need to be sad. Remember what I told you? To live your life to the fullest. I can be honest with you that...I have no regrets doing this. I have never regretted anything I did in my life, because life is too uncertain to have regrets. Margarita will live. And I will die soon, but you don't have to be so sad."

"Mason, I just want to say you're like a brother to me. I will miss you very much." Zell said, and although he was holding back, Mason could tell he was crying inside. Piper and Lisa bursted into tears. Even Kane sobbed a little.

"Goodbye guys. I'm just going to take a walk...too much has happened recently, and I need some time alone. Oh yeah, and by the way, don't tell Margarita about this. I've never asked for much, so please do me this big favor. We don't need to give her anymore bad news. She'll never get over it."

"Come back soon!" Lisa shouted as he left the room.

"There goes the bravest and most noble man I've ever known. I owe you everything, Mason. Including my colony, and my sister." Jerrell was crying also. He's never respected a sayan as much as he has now.

"Mason, you're here!" Margrit exclaimed joyfully, and embraced him.

"You're ok?"

"Yes, I've never felt better."

"I'm glad to hear."

"I know at the end you came to Altari and saved me. Nobody told me, but I knew you gave me the antidote."

"Wow, I guess you know me very well."

"Of course, silly." she said, and broke the hug. "Let's go inside."

"Sure thing." Just as he said this, he felt great pain in his chest. He clinched it tightly with his hand, and his feet seemed to shut down.

"Mason, what's wrong?!"

He fainted and fell, but she caught him before he hit the floor. "Jerrell! Jerrell! I need help!"

Margrit watched sadly as Mason laid unconscious on the same bed that she was on just hours ago. "Mason..." she whispered.

Jerrell entered the room, and Margrit knew it was him without having to look. "Answer me, brother: Was he poisoned also?"

"Uhhh...yeah."

"I want you to tell me honestly, was it the Blue Needle? Was it the same needle that I had in me?"

"Yes." he answered plainly.

"How could this have happened? How come I'm cured and he's not?"

"Uhhh..."

"Tell me, brother!"

"I promised Mason not to tell you this...but..."

"Just tell me!"

"...Dr. Doom had only one syrum for this certain poison. And so, well, um, he had to choose between himself and you. I knew all along he was going to choose you to live."

"He had to choose who will live? And...he picked me?" she said with a blank expression. "Mason...gave his life...so that I could live? Mason? How could you this Mason? How could you do this to me?" Margrit sobbed.

"Margrit...he wouldn't want you to be sad."

"I feel whatever I want!" she screamed madly. "I feel sad when I feel like it! And I feel love when I feel like it!" She began to weep and Jerrell tried to comfort her.

"Sis, I -"

Margrit (sobbing): "Leave me alone."

A little while later, when she calmed down, she thought up of a great idea.

"The syrum is still in my blood, right?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"Yeah..."

"Why don't I transfer some of my blood into him? It'll work."

"How do you know?"

"Looks like you need a lesson from Margrit the scientist! The syrum is like a bacteria, right? So once it's been injected into my bloodstream it starts reproducing itself, and thus there would be more than enough of the syrum for one person. We have to try! It's our only chance."

"But you could die..."

"Mason is about to die...because of me. I don't care about that!"

"I care." he said.

"Mason was willing to give his life for me, and it's only right of me to do the same for him. It's a risky bet, but at least we have hope. I would give anything for him...and I'm not about to let him go without a fight. If he dies, then I might as well die with him."

"Alright then. Let's do it."

So a sayan doctor began the transferring process and he announced it will take a while. A tube was attached to Mason's arm and blood was flowing into him from Margrit's arm. The room was empty except for them. She prayed like she never prayed before that it will work.

Mason was finally showing some signs of life as his fingers moved a bit. Then he opened his eyes and groaned. "Uuuuuhhhh...huh? I'm still alive?"

"Mason! It worked!" She hugged him tightly and cried again, but this time it wasn't sadness, it was happiness.

Later, Jerrell explained to everybody about her brilliant plan, and they were just glad their friend was still alive.

"I thought I was a goner." Mason declared.

"Not when I'm around." Margrit said.

"You're pretty lucky to have her," Piper said. "She's not only tough, but smart as well. She came up with the whole blood transferring idea."

"Of course." she bragged. "It's rare for a woman to have beauty, brawn, and brains all in one! I'm not just your average sayan."

"Yes, you can search the galaxies but only find one that is special like you." Mason said, laughing.

"Well, I guess this is goodbye. For good." Margrit said.

"Yeah...I'll miss you." Mason said as he waved.

"Me too. You better send letters. Lots and lots of letters."

Mason smiled. "I will. I promise."

"It's too bad you can't stay..."

"Hey, you don't have to miss each other." Jerrell interrupted. "Margrit, why don't you go with him? Earth is really a nice place for one to live in."

"No...I have to stay here, with you. I have a colony to protect!"

"What colony? Look at it. It's almost completely destroyed. Rebuilding it would take years, and I don't think this place is right for you. There's nothing left for you here."

Margrit's eyes widened and her eyes glowed like that of a child's. "But what about you?"

"Don't worry about me. Your happiness is more important. If you do love him, then go with him. I'll be fine. Like I said before, one day I'm going to form a police group that protects the galaxies and make sure no innocents suffer, and to keep tyrants like Dark Spectre from ever starting a war. It's my dream."

"That's an awesome goal. And I do bid you luck." Mason said, and offered his hand.

Jerrell shook it. "Take good care of my sister."

"You know I will."

"Mason! We can finally be together for good!"

She hugged him real tight and they kissed passionately.

End.

They Meet. The Other World. The Judgement.
--

"Father..." the scared girl with red hair in a jacket and blue jeans cried to her only family member who was still alive.

"Don't be scared. We'll find the help we need somehow." the father responded, and they hugged. They were crouching behind a rock to hide from the **Tribunal** officers, who were ruthless enforcers who show no mercy.

"Did you find them?" one of the superiors asked.

"Nope. They could be hiding anywhere."

"Then find them! I don't care what it takes."

"Yes sir!"

Lorraine: "What now?"

"I'll create a diversion, and you run for it. Whatever you do, don't stop or look back. Got it?"

"What about you?"

"I might be able to escape if I'm lucky."

"What if you don't...then what?"

"Don't worry about me!" he said harshly. "The important thing is that you make it out of here without being captured. Once you reach the dimensional portal, you'll be safe."

"Right, father."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"Good." He got on top of the rock and yelled "Hey, I'm over here!" Then he drew his gun and started shooting like a drunk. He fired everywhere without aim or target. The T-troops shot his arm and attacked him. "Run, **Lorraine!**"

She obeyed and ran as fast as she could, without looking back. Two of them held **Harold** by his arms, and the others ran for the girl. She ran at full speed, but those behind her seem to be catching up. She saw the canyon and reached its edge. Then she stopped. Below was the dimensional portal.

"There's no escape from us!" one of them said.

"Guess again!" she shouted, then jumped.

The troops fired at her as she fell, but they weren't even close. She fell right into the middle of the swirling pool and disappeared. The six **T-troops** followed, and five of them went into the portal, but unluckily for the last one, the portal disappeared and he fell into the river.

"Train's late again." Zell said as he stared at his new watch.

"What'd you expect? Nothing comes on time in the city. Especially the train." Terry said with frustration.

"That's it. This is the last time I'm coming to this place. It smells in here."

"Patience, Zell. It'll come eventually."

"I don't understand why we don't just fly outta here. It's faster. It's night time, so nobody's gonna see us."

"No. It might be night, but still...we can't have the risk of someone seeing us. If that does happen, we'll be in trouble."

"Right, of course." Zell sighed with a disapproving tone.

Near the staircase, a dimensional gateway opened and a screaming girl ran out, followed by the **Tribunal troops**. "Help me!" she screamed.

Terry: "Someone's in danger!"

Loraine ran into Zelfire. "Help! You have to help me!" Zelfire put her behind him as the troops approached.

"Hand over the girl."

Terry: "On whose authority?"

"Listen, we just want the girl. Hand her over and nobody gets hurt."

"Hey, that sounds like a threat." Zelfire said.

"I am running out of patience."

"Do you know who you're talking to? You're dealing with Terry Spade!"

"I don't care who you are, but if you insist in getting in our way then things won't be pleasant for you." He grabbed Terry's shirt. "Got it?"

"Got it." Pow! After he was ko'd, they started fighting.

There was only two of them, and four of the troops left, but Terry and Zelfire faced worse opponents. In no time at all, they beat the troops and Loraine was safe.

They decided to walk home instead of taking the train. At some point during the walk, Loraine was cold and Zelfire took off his jacket and gave it to her. She thanked him.

They took her to a diner so they could eat and she could tell them the whole story. Zelfire called Magarita on the pay phone and she came at once.

Margrit: "So, what did they want from you? Who are you?"

Loraine: "My name is Loraine. I, um, want to thank you for rescuing me."

Zell: "No problem. We can't let them bully on an innocent woman and get away with it."

Terry: "Who were those people anyway?"

Loraine: "Alright then. I'll tell you everything. They were the Tribunal forces, and I'm wanted so they were after me."

"Tribunal?" Terry asked blankly. "As in Tribunal Times, the newspaper company?"

"Uhhh...not exactly. You see...what I'm about to tell you might sound strange. You're not gonna believe me when I tell you. Trust me."

"Try me." Margrit said impatiently. "I've seen things no other person has seen before. And you have no idea what I've experienced."

Loraine: "Ok. I actually came from another dimension. Our world is split into many divisions, called dimensions, and the planet you see before you is only a small fraction compared to all the other dimensions."

"Uh-huh." Terry nodded, giving her the sign to continue.

"I came from the **56th parallel**, a world ruled by the Tribunal. Until today no one knows exactly what the Tribunal really is. Some say it is an organization of some kind, ruled by three people. But what I do know is that the Tribunal has ruled my village for many years, and they want to spread their power throughout my world. We are living like slaves under them! We work and work and dare not disobey! If they ever find out anybody has any intentions of rebellion, we'll never see that person again."

Margrit: "That's terrible! Those terrorists!"

Loraine: "They're worse than terrorists."

Terry: "So is that why you left? Because the Tribunal was threatening your life, and your families and friends' lives?"

Loraine nodded while saying, "Mmm hmm." She was surprised these people are actually buying her story.

Zelfire: "What kind of cruel people can do such a thing to a peaceful village?"

Loraine: "Anyway, I'm looking for help around this dimension. Can I speak to your leader?"

Terry: "Our leader? The president of our country? Forget it. Even if we told him he probably won't believe us. Even if he does, he has no jurisdiction in another dimension.

Margrit: "We'll help you out."

Loraine: "You? The three of you? And what army?"

Zelfire: "We **are** our own army. Didn't you see the way we beat those guys who came after you?"

Loraine: "Yeah, you can fight well, but..."

"But what?" Margrit said confidently. "We've been through a lot, and believe me, we've seen everything. There's nothing that can stop us, especially this Tribunal, whatever it is."

Terry: "That's right. Our powers are nothing like you've ever seen, Loraine." He held up the finished plate and broke it in half without even trying. You can count on us."

Loraine was like **wow**. She had never seen such strength before. Maybe they could stand a chance after all...maybe...

"Alright then. I'll take your word for. And thank you so much for everything."

Margrit: "No problem. Now let's find the Tribunal and kick their butts!"

Loraine: "Right now?"

Zelfire: "That's right. We can't wait any longer."

Loraine: "Well, we can't now. You see, I just came into this world a few hours ago using the dimensional portal. We need to wait at least twelve hours in your time to use the gate again. To use it, we have to go to the place where I first came from."

Zelfire: "The train station?"

"Yes, I think it was staircase B." Terry added.

"Great!" Margrit said joyfully. "Then we'll go there tomorrow." she said hurriedly.

Zelfire: "I guess you don't have a place to live to here, so..."

Terry: "You can stay at our place tonight."

Loraine: "Sure."

Margrit: "C'mon. You must be tired. Let's get you cleaned up and warm."

Luckily for them, they had an extra bedroom. Terry and Margrit slept together as usual, and Loraine slept in the other room, which was full of boxes and old stuff. She didn't mind. She was lucky enough to have found such nice people here.

That night, Loraine slept comfortably. She didn't have such good sleep in a very long time. That night she didn't worry about the Tribunal capturing her, suddenly breaking into her home, or her neighbor's home. Yet, she still had one worry on her mind: her father. What is to become of him? He was captured. Could they make it in time to save him, or is he probably dead by now?

It was morning. It was time to go. Loraine woke up from a good night's sleep and yawned. She got dressed and went into the living room. Terry was waiting for her on the couch.

"Good morning." Terry waved.

"Morning."

Margrit came out of her bedroom, now fully dressed in her combat suit and life jacket. "It's time to go."

Terry: "Are you ready?"

Margrit: "I've been ready since last night."

Terry: "Great. Zell should be here any minute."

Coincidentally, the bell rang just as Terry finished. Margrit answered. Zelfire came in.

"You guys ready?"

"I've been ready since I was born." Terry said, copying what Margrit just said with exaggeration.

Margrit smiled.

Loraine: "Alright. Let's go back to my village."

They went back to the ghetto train station and Loraine tried to find the spot where she took her first step. Lucky for them, the station was empty except for them. The only noise they heard was a train passing by seconds ago.

As she predicted, the portal was there, floating just a few inches above the ground. They were only a little bit shocked to discover such a thing. Like Margrit said, they've seen almost everything in their adventures. Everything but a dimensional portal. Yep, this is a new one.

Loraine took a step forward. "This is it. My home is only one step away." She stepped into the swirling pool, then vanished. Margrit was second. Terry followed. Then finally, Zelfire. The second they were on the other side, they fell into the river. They were forced downstream by the current and tried to stay floating. When the stream slowed a little, they got back on land, all wet.

Terry twisted the bottom of his shirt and rinsed. Margrit was fixing her hair. Zelfire tried to wipe his wet face.

Terry: "Why didn't you tell us there was a river down here?"

Loraine: "I'm sorry. I forgot about it. I was so excited to come back here, I-"

Margrit: "Alright, where's the village?"

Loraine: "Just up these cliffs. It's not that long a walk."

Terry: "Something's wrong...I don't feel so well..."

Zelfire: "Me too..."

Margrit: "I feel it too...my body feels like two hundred pounds."

Loraine: "What is going on?! Are you guys ok?"

Terry: "I...can't move...my muscles aren't responding!"

The three of them stumbled, trying to regain balance.

Zelfire: "It must be the gravity here...it's really high!"

Margrit: "Yes...that explains this."

Zelfire collapsed. "Ahhh...my head feels like it's about to explode."

Margrit was next.

Then Terry.

Loraine: "Oh no, what do I do now?"

Terry woke up. He found himself in a strange bed in a strange room. The room was really old and dusty. Margrit and Zelfire were unconscious on other beds. The room had one small window on Terry's wall. It was hot and dry.

Terry moved his hand. It felt heavy, but not as heavy as before. He got up. It wasn't as painful before, but it was still difficult.

Margrit woke up. "Uhhh...where are we?"

Zelfire woke up: "Terry? Margrit?"

Terry: "Can you move without trouble?"

Margrit: "I still feel very heavy, but it's a bit better now."

Terry: "Good. Let's hope we get used to this high gravity before we get into any fights."

Loraine came in, holding a tray of refreshments. "Glad to see you're all awake. Drinks?"

Zelfire: "Thank you." He sipped his cup.

Margrit: "No thanks, I don't drink coffee."

Terry got his cup and gulped it all down.

Joneses: "So you are the people who saved my Loraine's life. Let me thank you for your heroic deeds."

Terry shook his hand. "No problem. And don't worry about it. Once we fully recover we'll find out what the Tribunal is."

Margrit: "And then destroy them!"

Joneses: "Yes, Loraine has told me about you. Ohhh where are my manners? Let me introduce myself. I am Joneses."

The heroes introduced themselves, and shook hands.

Loraine: "I hope we find my father soon."

Joneses: "Your father? He's probably dead by now. One thing you must know, whoever is accused of a crime by them, whether innocent or not, has never returned once they were captured. No one has ever escaped."

Terry: "That's terrible!"

Joneses: "And do you know what is worse? No one knows exactly what the Tribunal is. There are rumors, but nothing is for sure. Also, no one knows the location of the Tribunal headquarters. Only the troops know."

Zelfire: "I'm sure we can find it somehow."

They heard a man shouting from a distance. Loraine knew they were coming.

"The Tribunal troops are here! Quick, hide in the storage room!" Loraine went outside.

So the heroes hid under a blanket, peeping through the small crack on the wooden wall.

The villagers formed two straight lines, and the troops walked in between them. They examined each person carefully. The villagers stood still and remained silent.

Troop A: "Listen you insignificant insects, the Tribunal has something very important to announce." He turned his head and stopped walking. "Guess what?" He turned to the other direction. "Yesterday some of you tried to escape from the village."

Shocked reactions from villagers.

"A very foolish act indeed. But not to worry, we captured the criminals and imprisoned them."

More shocked reactions.

Margrit: "Is he talking about Loraine?"

Terry: "Yes."

Zelfire: "Shhh. They'll hear us."

Troop A: "But someone named Loraine has escaped from us. Maybe she went to get help. So then, let's play a game called 'who knows where she is?' Any volunteers? Well?" Pause. "Who knows where Loraine is going to, huh?"

Joneses (whispering to Loraine): "I think you better hide."

Troop A: "Who was that? It's so rude to speak when someone else is speaking!"

Loraine turned her face to another side and pulled her jacket up to her nose.

"Was that you?"

Joneses: "I'm sorry about that."

"Sorry? Maybe next time you should learn to shut your mouth! How about we start with you? Do you know Loraine?"

"I've never heard of her."

Terry: "Oh no! Loraine is outside."

Troop A: "Are you sure about that?"

Joneses: "Yes. I never lie about anything. My parents always taught me to tell the truth no matter what the situation is."

Troop A: "I like that! Yes, being honest **is** a good thing." He noticed Loraine. "Hey you!" She shivered. "I'm talking to you! Why are you hiding yourself?" He tried to touch her face, but she resisted. "Why you! Where are your manners?" He pulled down the jacket and he gasped. "You're Loraine!"

"No I'm not! You must have...mistaken me for someone else."

Joneses: "That's right...she looks like Loraine. All my friends think so. Some times people have mistaken them for twin sisters...she's my cousin...Anna."

Troop A: "Stop lying. We've checked your files. You have no cousins. And she is Loraine. Get her!"

The troops advanced on her.

Terry: "We gotta stop them!"

The heroes got out of the house and walked towards the troops face to face. Two troops held Loraine by her arms and she struggled to get free.

"Stop!" Terry shouted.

Troop A: "Who in the name of holiness are you?"

Troop B (whispering to him): "I don't they're from around here, sir, judging by the way they dress."

Troop A: "Where are you from?"

Terry: "We came from Earth."

Margrit: "More accurately speaking, from another dimension."

Troop A: "Another dimension? Did you come from the canyon?"

Zelfire: "That's right."

Loraine: "Help!"

Terry: "Let her go."

Troop A: "And why should I listen to you, outsider? Do you know who I am?!"

Terry: "Do **you** know who **I am**?"

Troop A: "Do you realize you're speaking against the Tribunal? How dare you!"

Varied reaction from crowd. Some villagers were turning their heads, thinking what a stupid thing to do. Others smiled a bit, knowing these might be the only people willing to stand up against them. The troops all felt the same: these people need to be taught a lesson.

Terry: "I don't give a crap who or what the Tribunal is. Just let her go."

The troops grew upset. "Such language! How dare you talk about our organization in that way!" Troop A hollered.

"Hey, you heard him. Do it, or you'll **get it** real good." Margrit said.

Troop A: "Enough. Finish these loud-mouths."

The troops attacked. The heroes fought back confidently. But they forgot about the gravity, and only seconds after fighting, it got to them again.

Terry: "Oh no!" He could barely stand up.

One of the troops pounce his back, and he fell.

Margrit's movements were slow as heck, and it wasn't the fight she wanted. She chopped, missed, punched and missed, then got kicked, and punched in the face.

The same went for Zelfire.

Margrit layed still on the ground. "I...I can't lose because of this disability...I won't..." She fell unconscious.

The troops held Terry by the arms, lifting him up, forcing him to stand. "How pathetic. And here I was thinking it'd be a good fight." Troop #1 said. He punched his stomach. Terry spit blood as he was hit.

The heroes were captured and sent into a flying object. The five of them were separate cages. Really small cages. Small enough for them to sit, not tall enough for them to raise their heads.

Terry was semi-conscious. He heard them speaking.

Joneses: "We're doomed for good this time. Me and my big mouth. My cousin Anna? What was I thinking?"

Loraine: "Thank you for trying to help me. I'm sorry about everything."

Joneses: "Sorry? It's too late to be sorry now! We're finished! We're goners! We'll never return to the village alive."

Loraine: "Yeah...but maybe this way I can see my father...seeing him one last time will be worth dying for. At least then we can die together."

Joneses: "What? Dying together and alone? What's the difference? You'll be dead. Period."

Terry: "Don't look so gloom, Joneses. You must always have hope."

"What hope do we have left?"

Terry: "We're high off the ground, so maybe my powers have recovered a bit." He grabbed the steel bars and tried to pull it apart. He grunted and sweated. He finally pulled the two bars apart, leaving him just enough room to squeeze through.

Joneses: "Wow! You're strong!"

Loraine: "Mr. Spade, you don't have enough time to save us. Save yourself!"

Terry: "But-"

One of the troops came into the cargo room. "Huuuu...you're, you're out of...the cage...help! He's escaping-" Terry slammed him into the door and jabbed his face. Crack! He heard troops' footsteps.

Margrit: "Terry..."

"I'll be back. I promise. Just wait. Once I fully get used to this gravity, nothing will get in my way."

The troops entered. He opened the side door. Winds blew the papers all over the place.

Troop C: "What do you think you are doing?"

Terry: "What does it look like I'm trying to do?"

Troop D: "You are not going to - you are not that foolish, are you?"

Terry: "Don't worry about me. I can fly."

Troop E: "Hey listen, he says he can fly! He's an angel!" The troops laughed.

Terry jumped. The troops ran to the door. He fell into a cloud. The troops looked around. He couldn't be seen.

Troop D closed the door. "Nobody can survive a fall at this altitude, not even if he is lucky enough to fall into water. We don't have to worry about him."

Troop E: "Good riddance. That's one less meal the prison would have to give to these scum."

Terry tried to fly by concentrating his energy evenly throughout his body, but it was extremely difficult. He struggled to stay in the air while descending, but it just wasn't working.

"Owww..."

He went back to the village.

Inside the **Chrysalis**, the judgment was about to begin.

Guardian, a half man, half statue was about to begin. The three **Tribunal judges**, sitting next to one another on a higher platform, watched the defendant carefully. Their faces were covered, dressed like the Grim Reaper. Their fingers were green and slimy.

The defendant, one of the villagers, was chained on the ring in the middle of the giant hole.

Guardian: "Well, defendant, what do you have to say for yourself?"

Defendant: "Just let me go, please!"

Guardian: "You tried to escape the village, abandoning it, trying to escape from us. That kind of behavior is intolerable!"

Defendant: "Just don't send me into the pit, please!"

A few seconds passed by. "Have the judges made a verdict?"

Judge A: "Not guilty."

The defendant was a bit surprised. Suddenly, his chains automatically released, letting his hands free. The ring turned sideways, causing him to fall into the pit. He screamed as he fell.

He gathered himself up, patting dust off his pants. He realized he was in a network of dark tunnels and seemed to lead to nowhere. He heard footsteps other than his own. Loud footsteps. Then a growl. He thought it was a lion. But it was much worse than a lion.

He ran for his life, going any way he can, and reached a dead end. He saw nothing but the red eyes of the creature approaching him.

Screams of immeasurable pain were heard, then silence.

Loraine and the rest were put into separate cells within the lower layers of the Chrysalis. Magarita and Zelfire were put together, and they didn't know what happened to Loraine or Joneses.

Margrit: "What a bummer..."

Zelfire: "If only we had a few days to get used to this gravity, then we wouldn't be stuck here."

Margrit: "Yeah, just wait 'till I get my strength back. I'll break these walls down!"

"It's hopeless. We'll never escape." said a voice from the adjacent cell. He was dressed like a bum, and he looked like he's been here for eons.

Zelfire stood up and walked towards the bars, holding them. "You've been caught too, huh?"

"Yep. There's no escape from the Tribunal. Once we are caught, it's over. No one has ever escaped from this prison hell."

Margrit: "What do they do to the prisoners?"

Harold: "Why, that's a silly question. They'll kill us."

Margrit: "How?"

Harold: "I heard that first there's a trial to determine if you're innocent or not, and if you're guilty, you get thrown into the pit."

Zelfire: "That's it?"

Harold: "They say a terrifying beast lives down there. And it isn't a pit, it's really a network of underground tunnels. And the beast's home."

Zelfire: "So those who are unlucky get slaughtered by the beast, or monster."

Margrit: "What happens if we're innocent?"

Harold: "One thing's for sure, no matter what, you ain't leaving this place alive. Don't keep your hopes up."

Zelfire: "How did you get in here?"

Harold: "I been trying to escape those bastards for years. Yesterday I tried to make a run for it away from the village, but they got me."

Margrit pulled on Zelfire's sleeve, and they sat down together. "Do you think he's Loraine's daughter?" she whispered.

"He could be."

They got up, walking back to the bars. "Did you escape with anyone else when you were?"

Harold: "Yes, my daughter. She was lucky to make it, but not me. I just hope she's alright."

Zelfire: "Is she named Loraine?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

Margrit: "She came to us and asked us for help."

Harold: "Well, some help you turned out to be. Is she ok?"

Zelfire: "I wish I could say yes. But she was captured as well."

Harold: "Oh no, we have to help her! She'll be killed like the rest!"

Margrit: "I'm sorry. It was our responsibility and..."

His cell door opened, and Guardian, with other troops came in. They snatched him from his place violently.

Guardian: "It's time for you to be judged."

"No, please, no! Not yet!" They struggled, and dragged him towards the exit.

Margrit: "Stop! Stop!"

Then troops came in from their side and dragged them out.

[C] Title Contents

Terry walked along the river bank until he sensed Margarita and Zelfire's presence. They were not far away. Only a short way to go before finding the Tribunal and saving his friends.

Margarita, Zelfire, and Loraine's father were chained onto the round platform, which was actually floating in the middle of the pit. Harold was afraid of heights, not to mention monsters, so he was sweating like an oven.

Margarita examined the large room. Three judges in black sitting next to one another, troops at the edge of the pit, and a statue standing in front of them. "So this is the Tribunal? And I had high expectations."

Zelfire: "Quiet. They're about to begin."

Guardian: "Holy judges of the Tribunal, I give you three people who dared to defy us."

The judges murmured to each other, and some reaction from the troops.

"**Harold Spears** tried to escape from the village, but our forces caught him in time. And these two outsiders have started a fight with our soldiers."

Margrit: "That's right! And what you going to do about it?"

"Silence!" the statue said angrily. "How dare you show such disrespect to us?" He turned to face the judges. "So the, have the judges made a verdict?"

The heroes waited in silence. Harold continued to sweat.

The judges gave each other a glance, then faced the defendants. "**Not guilty.**" the judge in the middle stated.

The platform ring turned sideways and the defendants fell into the pit.

Their fall was cushioned by a pile of soil that felt like mud.

Margrit: "If we're innocent, then we get thrown into the pit. What if we're guilty?"

Zelfire: "I say, either way it's death!"

Harold: "Oh no, this is the underground complex. We'll never get out of here...alive."

Margrit: "There must be a way out..."

Zelfire: "It's a maze without a finish point. The only way is to go back from where we fell, but flying is impossible now."

Margrit: "Then we'll wait here until our strength comes back."

Harold: "Are you crazy? That monster might come and kill us!"
Speaking of monsters, they heard footsteps approaching, and drooling. All of them were alert.

"This way!" Zelfire said, heading into one of the paths.

"Wait for me!" He followed. He stepped on a skull, cracking it. "Ahhhh!"
Skeletons were everywhere. These must have been previous victims of the Tribunal.

Margrit: "Maybe we can take the monster head on."

Zelfire stopped. "Are you crazy? Not in our condition."

It was too late to choose. The lion creature growled and roared madly.

Harold: "This...this is the monster???"

Wonqu took a step forward. The heroes stepped back.

Zelfire: "Don't come near us...I'm warning you...."

Terry busted the door down, entering the pit room. "Alright, where are they?" he demanded. Everybody ran at him and attacked. He got past the troops and stopped in front of the judges.

The middle judge looked at him with a blank expression. The other two followed.

Terry: "Where's Zelfire, Margarita, and the rest? Where did you put them, huh?"

Guardian rammed his shoulder against Terry, shoving him onto the floor. Terry bounced back up, stepped back, and waited to respond. Guardian ran forward, Terry punched, Guardian uppercut him, knocking him into the pit.

Margrit: "Back off!"

Wonqu snarled and stared at them with threatening eyes. Suddenly, he leaped at Margrit, who held his jaws from opening. The monster struggled to get his mouth free. Zelfire grabbed its hind legs, but Wonqu shook him loose and kicked him. Margrit lost control and almost fell. Wonqu dives his teeth at her, but Margrit evaded, resulting in him biting the wall.

Zelfire: "Hey you! Over here!"

Wonqu turned its head, then its whole body. Harold was motionless with fear. Margrit joined them. Zelfire blasted a beam at the monster. Wonqu opened its mouth and swallowed it.

Zelfire was shocked. "No way!"

Wonqu opened its mouth again, and breathed a ball of fire. The heroes ran for cover. The fire spread after them, then died out.

Wonqu approached, and roared. The heroes took a step back. Wonqu spit fire at them, and they ran as fast as they could.

Harold: "We're going to fry! We're goners!"

When the fire died out, Margrit was pissed. She picked up a chain from the ground and held it in front of her. "Come on..."

When the fire disappeared, revealing Wonqu, Margrit ran and then jumped, landing on top of it. She quickly put the chain in his mouth and pulled. The lion roared and jumped up and down hoping to shake her loose. She held on to the chains tightly.

"Do something!!" she yelled, signaling Zelfire to do something instead of watching.

He punched its face, which felt like iron. "Ow."

Wonqu shrieked. He shook up and down, and Margrit was tossed away. She landed hard. It spit fire at Zelfire, who in respond formed a shield in front of him to stop the flames. The flames pushed him back, advancing each second.

Margrit: "Hey you, over here!"

Wonqu looked at her.

"Take this!" She threw an Energy Bomb right into his mouth, which exploded, blowing up its head instantly, then its body.

Zelfire: "Good job."

Margrit: "I think our powers has come back."

Harold: "You're incredible! You destroyed the lion monster! I can't believe it!"

Terry: "Hey guys. What are you doing down here?"

Margrit: "Terry!"

Harold: "How did you get here?"

Terry: "It's a long story. Now let's get out of this stinking place."

Zelfire: "I was thinking the same thing."

So they flew back up the pit, with Zelfire carrying Joneses.

Guardian: "What? But how? Wonqu should have killed you."

Margrit: "Let's just say he won't be able to kill anyone anymore."

Guardian: "This is an outrage!"

Terry: "Tell me about it. You're the outrage. You people have been throwing innocent lives into the pit to have them killed by your 'pet.' You've terrorized the village for years, and now it's time to end your reign of terror. You hear me, Tribunal?"

Harold: "You demons will rot in hell!"

Judge B: "Foolish young man. Do you know what you are doing? We have been ruling this place before your parents were born. And all of a sudden you barge in here with demands?"

Terry: "It's because you've been here way too long that everybody fears you. Well, guess what? Fear doesn't work anymore."

Judge A: "By the name of the Tribunal, you shall perish! Destroy him, Guardian."

Guardian: "As you wish."

The heroes landed on the floor.

Like before, Guardian charged at Terry. Terry charged at him and they hit each other. Then he punched Guardian in the face, then kicked him into the pit.

Terry: "Can you go find Loraine? She must be in one of the cells."

Harold left at once.

All the judges folded their hands and started chanting. The heroes received major headaches and all their muscles seemed to freeze. They collapsed on their knees and hands. The floor turned into some sort of holy circle, with the heroes in the middle. Everything around them was dark, and the circle flashed a bright light that hurt their eyes.

Terry: "Ahhh, I won't lose..."

Zelfire: "My head..."

The judges continued chanting.

Harold and Loraine saw each other. "Loraine!"

"Father!"

They hugged.

Joneses: "Welcome back, Harold. I'm just glad you're alive."

Terry was still on the floor. He slowly got up, gathering every ounce of strength he had left, and managed to form an energy ball. He threw it at the middle judge, and it only distorted the judge's bodies.

Judge A: "It will not work, mortal."

He continued chanting. Suddenly, they stopped.

Judge C: "You will soon suffer the same fate as the others who broke our laws."

The heroes kept firing energy balls at the judges. But nothing was working. They continued to suffer with headaches and body aches.

Loraine, Harold, and Joneses showed up.

"Everyone!" Loraine yelled, running forward.

"No!" Harold stopped his daughter. "It's too dangerous."

"But...they are the ones who saved me."

Judge C: "What is happening?"

He was sinking into the ground.

Soon the other judges realized the same thing.

"They're sinking?" Margrit asked.

The judges struggled to stay on the surface, but their efforts were futile. It seemed as though hell was trying to pull them in. The souls of their past victims were drawing them in. They sank lower and lower, and screamed like no one has screamed before.

The heroes just watched in sheer surprise.

Soon enough, the judges' entire bodies sank. Only a hand was left, and then nothing.

The holy circle flashed, and suddenly souls escaped into the air. The heroes backed up, not wanting to be in the middle of it. All the souls have disappeared and the circle vanished.

Zelfire: "What was that about?"

Terry: "Don't ask."

The other three came to join them. "Mr. Spade, Mrs. Margarita and Mr. Lang!" Loraine yelled happily.

Margarita: "Well, it looks like the Tribunal took care of itself."

Loraine: "Yeah. Oh by the way, this is my father."

Harold: "Pleased to meet you."

Zelfire: "You're Loraine's father?!"

Harold: "Yes. Thank you for taking care of her in your dimension. Hopefully she wasn't too much trouble to handle."

Loraine: "Dad..."

Margrit: "No, no trouble at all."

And they all laughed.

Mason and Zelfire stood at the very edge of the cliff. The very same cliff with Loraine jumped off at the beginning. Margarita grabbed Loraine's shoulders. "You take care of yourself now."

"I will." Loraine replied. "Will I ever see you again?"

"If fate permits." she replied. Then she went to Mason and Zelfire.

Harold: "Thank you for everything, strangers. We'll never forget you!" He waved energetically, as did Loraine.

The three jumped off the cliff, and entered the portal.

Loraine kept on waving. "Goodbye!!" There were tears in her eyes, but she had a wide happy smile.

End.

Finished 2001
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The Warrior Bride.

Contents

The Challenge. The Hunt. The Warrior Bride.

Masadonians are green creatures with a human-like form. Their distinctive features include sharp ears and green eyes. Many make fun of them by calling them “goblins” because of their appearance. Perhaps this is one of the main reasons why these creatures are so hostile and violent.

Planet **Masadonion** is known as the home of bounty hunters. This is the headquarters of the “**Galactic Bounty Committee**.” They are an extremely powerful and mysterious organization. The people can submit “votes” on who they want to see dead, and it will cost money to cast that “vote.” Once there are enough votes on that one person, the committee will issue a bounty on that person, depending on how much they want that person dead. The money system used is **UU, (Universal Units)** which is the standard currency for the galaxy. For this reason, many bounty hunters are Masadonians, but other species are bounty hunters too.

Masadonians played a major role in the Intergalactic War. But now that the war is over, they still hunt for prey.

There once lived two bounty hunters who were so good that they were considered the best. **Griffif** and **Gordex** were Masadonian hunters who traveled from galaxy to galaxy to receive their next job. So far, no one has been targeted by them and lived. None of them even had a chance.

Gordex picked up the crystal orb and it revealed the face of their next mission. “So, that is our next target. His head is worth **600 million UU’s**. What do you think?”

Griffif: “He has such an innocent face. I don’t think he’s the fighter type.”

“On the contrary, he is a sayan.”

“Oh? This should be interesting...Mason...”

Like a typical day, Terry and Margrit were sitting next to each other on the fountain, talking romantically as usual. After a while, they paused. Then Margrit brought up an interesting topic.

“Say Terry...”

“Yeah, what’s up?” Mason asked.

“Have you ever thought about getting married?”

“Married? As in marriage?”

“Yeah.”

“What made you bring that up all of a sudden?”

"Well, when two people love each other and live together, they get married, don't they? It's what earth people do."

"Oh. So I see you've been learning."

"Yep, television and the media can teach you a lot of things."

"Well," Mason said, scratching his face. "I never really thought of that. It just never crossed my mind."

"But everyone gets married sooner or later, right?"

"But some people don't rush."

"Yeah, but it's an eventual thing." She paused. "Terry, let's get married."

"Right now?" he asked in amazement.

"The sooner the better. I really want to know what it's like. Let's do it." Her eyes showed that she really wanted to get married...as much as she wanted to be with him.

"Uhhh well...since you mentioned it. Sure...but the process is complicated."

"Then explain." she asked.

"We have to do many things before we can be husband and wife. First, we have to be engaged, then plan the wedding, then invite our friends, and then..."

"Fine. Let's get engaged now. How is it done?"

"Well, the guy is supposed to propose. I'll ask you a question and you have to answer it."

"It's that simple? Let's do it."

"But I don't have a ring yet."

"Forget it. We can get that later."

"Alright. Here goes nothing." He got on his knees and held her hand.

"Margarita..."

"Yes?"

"I have something to ask you."

"Yes?"

"Well, you know..." He got shy. It felt kinda stupid and embarrassing.

"What?"

"You know what I'm going to ask."

"But you didn't ask it."

But Mason decided to ask it anyway. "Will you marry me?"

"Of course I will!"

He got up and sat next to her. "The first part is done."

Margrit: "Now I'm your bride at last."

"Ummm, not quite. That's why it's complicated. First, we were just engaged, so you're my fiance, at the wedding you'll be the bride, and after the marriage we can be husband and wife."

"Why is it so confusing? It doesn't matter. I'm going to be your bride soon."

"Well, I should go and tell the good news to the guys."

"Yes, I'm sure they'll be excited to hear this. Let's invite them all to the wedding!"

Terry was going to get married. Wow, he thought, I can't believe this is really happening. As he strolled along the streets, he pictured what the wedding would be like.

He just couldn't picture Margrit in a wedding gown, but can't wait to see how she would look in one.

"Married? Really?" Zelfire asked excitedly.

"Yep." Terry answered the phone. "It's for real."

"Congratulations!"

"Thanks."

"This is great news! I can't wait to tell Lisa and Piper and Julian. They'll have a heart attack!"

"I can't wait until the wedding."

"You and Margarita are going to be a couple! She'll be Mrs. Spade! Wow. I never thought this day would come."

"I'll keep in touch with you if anything comes." He hung up and stepped out of the booth.

It was night time. It was such a good day, he thought it was worth celebrating. He went to some bar and got drunk. He decided to walk home instead of taking the train because it was too unreliable. As he was walking drunkenly, Gordex and Griffif confronted him.

"Who are you?" he asked drunkenly.

"You are Mason Spade, I presume?"

"What's i-it to you, green face?"

Gordex: "There is a bounty on your head. We have come to collect it. If we capture you, we will get a huge sum of money."

Mason: "Oh so dat's what's diz is all about, eh? Well, you ain't gettin' no money here..." He stuttered and almost fell.

Griffif: "He is acting funny."

Gordex: "He is drunk due to too much consumption of alcohol."

"Well, c'mon then, you freaks. Youse wanna piece of me?!" He punched the air.

Griffif: "Maybe he is pretending."

Mason charged and punched. Griffif dodged, then kicked in the chin. Mason landed on his back. "Owwie...why yous lousy scums! C'mon, gimme all yous got!"

Gordex picked him up, lifting him by the shoulder. Mason continued his drunk speaking.

"Hmmm, this is easy."

"Too easy. This is no fun at all."

"What should we do?"

Griffif slapped Mason's face and grabbed his chin. "Hey you, do you hear me?"

"Wha..."

The alien got some water and poured it on Mason's face. Splash. He coughed. "Kuff kuff kuff. What the?"

Griffif: "Listen up, Mason."

"Who...who are you?!"

"We're bounty hunters."

"Bounty...hunters..."

"Do you know there's a bounty on your head, Mason? That's right. It's over 600 million UU's. But, as all bounty hunters are, we enjoy a good challenge. You disappoint us, Mason. For some one who's head is worth 600 million UU's we thought you'd pose a threat."

Griffif: "Now listen carefully. We could kill you right now and bring your corpse and cash in on the dough. But that would be way too easy. Tell you what. We'll give you another chance. Come back here in two days and fight us in a duel. In fact, bring a partner with you. We like to be fair, you know."

"But what if I can't find one?"

"Then too bad."

"But how will you find me?"

"Oh we have our ways. Do not even think about running away. Remember, it's two days from now. Eleven o'clock in the morning." Gordex smiled. "See you there, Mason."

The Masadonians left. Terry thought it was some bad dream. But the water on his face was real. This was no drunken dream. He had a serious problem in his hands.

That night, he went home. It was past midnight. Margrit was sound asleep in bed but she woke up instantly once he came home.

"Terry?" she said in a sleepy voice. "Have you been drunk again?"

"Yeah I'm sorry." he said gloomily. He put his jacket on the hanger.

She went to him and hugged him. "We're going to be married verrry soon." she said in her sexy voice.

"Yeah the sooner the better. I can't wait."

"Me neither. Say, let's celebrate tomorrow night."

"Ummm..."

"We'll have a great meal. A romantic meal. Just us."

"Sure."

Yeah, Margarita was happy and happy and all that. After all, it's something she wanted to experience with Terry and only Terry. It should be a happy time, a time when all the cares of the world wash away. But not for Terry, however, he had to worry about something big. Something that means life and death. He certainly did not want to tell Margrit. He tried to appear happy on the outside, but on the inside, he was in turmoil.

"Our marriage will be the happiest day on our lives." he said.

Remember, it's two days from now afternoon, eleven o'clock sharp. See you there, Mason.

"I'll be there. You won't get me." Mason mumbled out loud.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Did you say something?"

"I just said I'll always be here for you. You won't regret marrying me."

"Ohhh Terry! That's so sweet."

Tomorrow morning, Terry went for a little walk. The damn bounty hunters said he needed a partner for the match. Of course the first person that came into mind was Margarita. She was strong, brave, and his future wife. But no, she can't be the one. He thought it would be bad luck and an ill omen for their marriage if he brought her into this. She'll be in danger. What if she dies? That idea seemed a little absurd, but enhanced by logic. He continued thinking. That night he was drunk. He couldn't even remember what they looked like, let alone know how tough they are.

Yes, that's the question: How good are they? They can't suck, because if they know who he is, they know who they're up against. Only very good bounty hunters would go after his head, knowing what he's done. Since the Great War, it's been rumored that he killed Dark Spectre. But he didn't. If he did, he would be the strongest guy in the universe and wouldn't be worrying over this. The next problem is that there's two of them. What if they make a good team? He had to find a good partner. It was either Zelfire or Piper.

He continued walking and kicked a rock angrily. Zelfire had an important boxing match on that day. It could mean his career. So, Piper was the one.

He arranged a meeting with him, without telling the reason. Piper came to the meeting spot with curiosity. "Piper..." Mason said, touching him on the shoulder.

"What is it, Terry?"

He told him everything.

Piper: "So, that's the story, huh. I'll be more than glad to help."

"Thanks, friend. I knew I could count on you."

They shook hands.

[B] Title Contents

Tick tock tick tock. Terry felt time was running out for him. It was already the next day. The day before the meeting with the bounty hunters. He felt like it was a countdown to his doom. Bounty hunters - no big deal, right?

That noon, Terry and his bride went all over town, shopping, trying on clothes, and being happy. They had a gorgeous lunch in a high-class diner. After eating, they continued shopping. Margrit showed much more enthusiasm than he did. Maybe he's still worried about the bounty hunters.

That evening, Terry met with Zelfire and Lisa secretly. They wondered why it was such a secret. Terry explained the entire situation to them, and they understood.

Terry: "...So that's about it, basically."

Lisa: "I see. What do you want us to do?"

"Tonight, me and Margrit are going to have dinner together."

Julian: "And...what's so special about that?"

"I'll get her to sleep, and your job is to watch her till the morning. Make sure she doesn't wake up."

Lisa: "What if she does?"

"I'll put some sleeping pills in her cup. She'll be sound asleep and out cold."

Lisa: "That's horrible."

Julian: "Terry, why don't you just tell her about this? I mean, what if you get into trouble or something?"

"No. She must never know about this. Promise me you won't tell her."

Julian: "Well...alright."

Lisa: "Okay."

"Good. Thank you so much."

"We'll do this as a favor."

That night, back home...

Dinner was ready. The candles were lit and the lights were shut. There were two plates, each with a steak. They ate politely and looked at each other the whole time.

"Have some wine." He filled up her cup, she drank a sip. Then he filled his own cup.

As she drank, he watched her carefully. Good, he thought. She's drinking a lot. The pills he put in the glass will get to her soon. They continued eating heartily. Eventually, Margrit was getting a little drowsy. Then very drowsy. Good, Terry thought. It's working as planned.

"Oh I feel so dizzy."

They both got up. "Are you feeling okay?"

"So dizzy..." She fell in his arms.

He laid her on the bed.

Then Julian and Lisa came in.

"You guys take it from here."

So it all went as planned. Now all Terry had to do was fight the bounty hunters in the morning, hopefully survive, and come back home. Margrit won't know a thing.

That whole night, Terry meditated by the river, getting psyched up for the battle. Dawn came and he was still on that spot.

Several hours later, he met with Piper and they went towards the location of their enemy. They ran, not wanting to waste time.

"What time is it?" Terry asked on the run.

Piper glanced at his watch. "Ten fifty five."

"Good. We're almost there."

The heroes were in an abandoned city. The buildings and streets that were once beautiful was now a dead silent place.

Observing from a rooftop were the hunters.

"Mason is still not here yet." Griffif said.

"Oh, he will be here. I know he will." Gordex said confidently.

The heroes finally made it. The bounty hunters jumped from the roof and landed.

For the first time, Mason saw exactly what they looked like. The other night he was drunk and the details of it were dim. Gordex, the one on the left, was supposedly the leader. He was wearing a ragged cloth over his shoulders and a hood covered the top part of his head. His eyes were hidden, only his nose and mouth was shown. Griffif wore a black hunter-suit that looked like a swimming suit, and black shoes. Mason just thought Griffif's face was butt ugly. Horrifying.

Gordex: "Spade. You did not let us down after all."

Mason: "I never run away from creeps like you."

Griffif: "Nicely put."

Piper: "Puh! Filthy bounty hunters."

Griffif: "So this is your partner. I hope he can scream."

Piper: "I won't be the one screaming when we're through."

Gordex: "Griffif, you can have him."

Griffif twisted his neck and cracked his knuckles excitedly. Piper got ready. They jumped and hit each other.

Now only Mason and Gordex were left.

"It's time to collect my bounty."

"Right. This head is not for sale."

Both of them smiled. Mason charged and made the first attack. Gordex tilted his head, dodging his fist. Mason punched again, Gordex jumped like a grasshopper.

Mason ran after him, Gordex kicked his chest, knocking him against a steel pole.

Whack! The whole pole was bent and fell on the road loudly, the traffic lights smashed.

"Uhhh!"

Mason grabbed the pole and swings it like a bat. Gordex dodged and jumped and landed on the end of the pole. Mason gasped in surprise at the amazing move. His feet was perfectly balanced on it. Gordex jumped again and kicked, Mason dropped the pole and dodged.

They seemed evenly matched for the moment...

Piper punched left and right and Griffif dodged while moving backwards. When he saw an opening he punched Piper's chest and he screamed. Then he kicked him. Wham!

"You can leave now if you want. There is no use in helping Mason. He's dead meat." the bounty hunter said with mockery as Piper gathered himself up.

"I never let a friend down, bounty hunter scum."

"Fine with me."

Piper charged and Griffif took out a small silver ball and tossed it at him. It fell right in front of his foot and smoke came out. Piper coughed as he was engulfed by the smoke. Griffif jump-kicked him in the face and he fell on the floor.

"Ahahahaha!"

"That was a cheap trick." Piper said angrily.

"I do what it takes to win."

"Arrrgh! Then I will too!" He charged and punched Griffif in the cheek. Pow! It was a good one.

Griffif responded by kicking him in the guts, then as he fell, Griffif kicked his back.

"I wonder how Piper is doing." Mason said to himself quietly.

"I would worry about myself if I were you." Gordex said, overhearing him.

"Why you! I'll do everything I can to make sure you'll never get your filthy bounty."

Mason fired the Ultra Blast and Gordex knocked it away, but hurt his arm.

"Ouch!"

"He knocked away my attack. What am I supposed to do now?"

"Now, take a taste of my energy attack!"

Gordex opened his palm and fired a beam. Mason used the Electro-shield and the beam had no effect on him.

"That's a nice trick. But it won't protect you for long."

Griffif was far away from Piper, floating in the air, but he could see his target clearly. He shot dozens of energy balls at once and Piper ran to avoid getting hit. Boom boom! The streets exploded and were covered with smoke. As he ran, Piper fired an energy ball and Griffif blurred.

"Huh? Where did he go?"

"Looking for me?"

Griffif came out from the smoke and rammed into him. "Oof!"

Piper got up and punched, Griffif dodged. Suddenly, he stuck out his arm and opened his palm. A bunch of vines shot out from his wrist and stabbed Piper.

"Uuuugh!" Piper was stabbed in the chest and he was bleeding.

"Aha ha ha ha!"

"Why...you..."

Griffif fired a beam and hit Piper. Froom.

As Mason and Gordex brawled, Griffif returned.

Mason was shocked. "What have you done to Piper?"

Griffif smiled. "Why don't you go see for yourself?"

Mason quickly ran, using his senses to find his fallen friend. The hunters followed him. When he found Piper, he was lying on the floor, not moving a bit. Mason bent down and lifted his friend's head.

"Piper..." he said, his voice shaking, his throat dry.

"Uuugh...uuuh...I'm sorry, friend. I can't help you." Piper closed his eyes.

"Piper...Piper...**no!!!** Don't do this!" Mason cried. Hot tears came down his eyes.

The bounty hunters watched the scene without feeling a bit of sympathy.

Gordex: "Awww, how sad. How sad indeed."

Griffif: "It almost brings a tear to my eye. Ahahahahahaha!"

Mason glared at them angrily.

Griffif: "I told him he didn't know what he was getting into. But he didn't listen just like the rest of them."

"You killed my friend." he said, holding a fist. "You have done it! I'm going to kill you both!" Mason charged.

Griffif dodged his attacks but couldn't dodge a kick in the stomach. Whack! He got slammed into a wall. Gordex fired an energy ball while running and Mason jumped. Gordex jumped and Mason fired the Ultra Blast Split, Gordex dodged it. Mason punched madly and screamed as he did. Gordex kicked his stomach and jumped back to a safe distance.

Griffif: "He has gone mad! He is more dangerous than ever."

Gordex: "Yes he is out of control. But he lacks the calmness he had before. Look at him. He is going all out, and that is his major weakness. He lacks control." He smiled.

"You are going to pay..." Mason shouted, grunting.

"Come if you dare." Gordex said, waving his finger.

Mason charged and unleashed some angry fists. This was exactly what Gordex predicted, and he dodged the punches easily. Mason fired a bunch of beams and Gordex evaded easily.

Griffif: "I get it now. His anger has blinded him. He is powerful, but not thinking."

Gordex: "Exactly."

Mason fired the Ultra Blast again. Gordex didn't move. He pushed a button his sleeve and a shield formed around him and deflected the blast.

"What? Arrrgh! I'll get you!" Mason kept attacking madly, but he had little success.

The bounty hunters teamed up against him and beat him badly, but Mason could only scream and fight back.

Gordex: "Come here if you dare!"

Mason flew at him.

The bounty hunters fired a beam together and hit Mason and smashed him into a building. Boom!

Margrit woke up, moaning painfully. Her eyes opened painfully and she gasped. She was tied to the bed with rope. They were so tight she couldn't move her arms or legs, but she could lift her head. She was in her bedroom. Lisa and Julian were standing by the wall.

"Oh no she woke up! What do we do?"

Margrit: "Huh? What the...what's the meaning of this?" She struggled.

Julian: "Now now, it's for your own good."

"Let me out of here! Right now!" She struggled even harder, and the ropes were breaking. She got free and approached her friends.

Lisa chuckled nervously, waving her hands. "Now now, Margarita...calm down."

"Why am I tied up to my own bed?"

Julian: "Let's not get too rash here."

"Where is Terry?"

They didn't answer.

"Where is he!?" she asked again. "Where is he?" She threw a chair and Lisa ducked. She grabbed Lisa by the collar.

Lisa: "Well, you see, it's like this..."

"Speak up!"

"To make a long story short, he's being hunted by bounty hunters from some planet and they challenged him to a duel. He told us not to tell you. Last night he purposely made you drink a lot so you'd fall asleep while he fought them and we were to watch you."

Margrit grew silent, then let her go.

"Sorry." Julian said. "We promised him not to tell."

Lisa: "I only told you because you are our friend."

Margrit looked at the door. "Terry! Terry! I'm coming!"

"Wait!" Julian shouted.

She busts out the door and ran.

[C] Title Contents

The building was left in ruins. Pieces of it lay scattered all over. Mason found himself standing on platform that was once a floor of the building. He breathed hard, tired and injured.

The Masadonians stared and watched him greedily.

Gordex: "It's the end for you, Mason."

"Have I lost already? Piper...forgive me for dragging you into this. You might not blame me, but I do."

The hunters got ready to fire. Suddenly a foot kicked his head and he fell off the platform.

"What?" Griffif muttered in surprise. Another foot kicked his chest and he fell off as well.

Mason looked up, and he was dumbfounded, his mouth hung wide open. "M-Margarita?"

"I'm surprised you even remember my name." she said, crossing her arms. "I know everything. Lisa and Julian told me."

"Margarita...I know you're angry at me right now..." he said nervously. Then, he added gloomily, "And I don't blame you. I'm...sorry."

"Sorry? That's all you have to say for this?" She was pissed. "Why didn't you tell me? You told your friends but not me. I am the last to know. I should be the first one to know. I'm your future wife!"

"I don't want you to get worried."

"Worried? That's the worse excuse ever. Why why why why!!!" She grabbed his shirt.

"Margrit..."

She pounded her fists on his chest and groaned each time she did. "Why why why why!" Then she held out her hand. Mason thought she was gonna slap him so he winced. Suddenly she was hugging him and crying. He hugged her tightly and let her weep.

"Sorry."

"Mason, we are to be married soon. Whatever problem you have is my problem. We will face the future together, as one."

"Margrit..."

The hunters were back. "Looky what we have here. Mason's got a new partner."

"Yeah. Now you don't have to die a lonely man." Griffif said.

"Grrr! I'll make you pay for Piper's death."

"Piper was killed?" Margrit asked in surprise.

"They killed him. Piper didn't deserve this." Mason closed his eyes and his fingers formed fists.

"They killed him?"

Griffif: "It's too bad, really. All we wanted was Mason's head."

Margrit: "Piper is my friend too! That's it, it's time to pay, you ugly goblins."

Griffif: "Who you calling a goblin?"

"Who do you think?"

Gordex: "You cannot make a difference. One way or another Mason's head is ours."

Margrit: "His head doesn't belong to anyone." She charged.

Mason charged right after her. She punched Griffif in the face and pushed him off the platform. Mason kicked Gordex and they both fell off.

"Die!" Margarita yelled angrily.

She kicked Griffif's chest and he moaned like hell. She punched his stomach, then jabbed his chin. Pow! His jaw broke.

Gordex ran and fired an energy ball, Mason blocked it with one hand. He fired a beam and Gordex jumped to the left, bounced off the wall, then kicked Mason. As the hero lay down, Gordex jumped up, ready to give him a blast. Mason fired the Energy Blast and hit Gordex, pushing him into the air.

"Ahhhh!"

Margrit gave Griffif a round house kick and whacked him far away.

As Gordex recovered, Mason punched him before he knew it and knocked him away.

The bounty hunters crashed into each other's backs.

Gordex: "Uhhhh..."

Griffif: "They're strong."

Margrit: "What a bunch of garbage. They didn't even stand a chance."

Mason: "It's time to teach them a lesson."

Gordex: "I think its time for our secret weapon."

Griffif: "Yeah."

Margrit: "What secret weapon?"

The bounty hunters smiled and laughed evilly.

Mason whispered quietly to Margrit. "What are they up to?"

"I don't know. I say they're trying to scare us. It's a trick."

"I don't know about that."

Gordex: "It's time!"

They raised their arms and spread their legs, making an X with their bodies. The sayans watched in shock. Their bodies ascended a few feet to the air and they became one, one larger being. The energy released during their merger was enormous.

[Split screen] - [Margrit, Mason].

Mason: "What the...?!"

Margrit: "I've never seen anything like this!"

The new being was twice the size of them. He had green skin, big muscles and a horrible laugh. "Ha ha ha ha ha ha!" His laugh echoed loudly. "Are you surprised?" His voice sounded like two people speaking at the same time. "Let me introduce myself. I am both Griffif and Gordex in one. I am **Grifdex**."

Mason was dumbfounded, so was Margarita. They didn't know what move to make. Just then Mason snapped himself out of it. "Arrgh, let's get him. He's only one person, bigger yes, but we're two."

"You're right."

Grifdex ran forward, taking giant steps. The sayans charged and Grifdex punched Mason away. Margrit dodged his other punch, then got kicked by his feet.

"How did you like that?"

Mason: "Let's try again."

Grifdex slammed against the wall as the sayans jumped away. Mason and Margrit fired the Energy Blast and it didn't affect him.

"Ahahahaha! You call that an attack?" Grifdex opened both his palms and fired a red and white beam that blew them away.

Mason: "It's like he's unbeatable."

Margrit: "He has to have a weakness..."

"Maybe he doesn't."

Grifdex ran into them and punched. Mason jumped out of the way. Margrit dodged and punched his stomach. Thud! Grifdex moaned, then smiled. Margrit was shocked. Grifdex kicked her and she fell on the ground. Mason came from behind and punched, Grifdex blurred.

"His speed is incredible for someone his size." Mason said.

"I don't care. He's going down."

The sayans attacked him together. Grifdex went defensive and blocked all they gave him. They forced him back and back further until he crashed into a wall. Margrit threw the Energy Bomb at him and blew up.

Suddenly Grifdex appeared above them in the air. "Say goodbye!" He fired an ultra-thick beam.

Margrit ran for her life as the beam smashed into the ground and blew up. The radius of the explosion was bigger than she thought it would be and blew her away.

"Margarita!" her husband shouted.

Grifdex: "You're next, punk."

"Grrr, bring it on!"

Mason went super speed and used the Power Punch and slammed his fist in Grifdex's chest, forcing him back. His black armor cracked a little. He kneed Mason in the guts and he fell beside Margrit.

"Ouch..."

"This can't be happening." Margrit.

They stood up.

"Is it over for us?"

"No. We still have hope. As long as we're alive they're not getting you or me. Their filthy hands aren't getting any bounty."

Margrit: "How can this be? How can we defeat them? It's like together they're unbeatable."

"Margarita, are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"You mean..."

"That's right. We must use teamwork."

"We already tried that."

"Yeah but we did our own thing. Master Lang taught me that in order to be a strong team, we must unite hearts. We must be like them, fight as one, and combine our powers."

"Ohhhh I see. I'll go with offense and you'll go on defense."

"Good thinking. And let's try to get him to the air. That way you can attack him with all you've got."

"Well," Margrit said, satisfied. "You know me better than I thought."

"What did you expect after spending so much time with you? You think I don't know your style?"

Grifdex: "What are you talking about? Chanting a prayer before you die?"

"Ha! Your main objective is to get the bounty. If you destroy my body completely, then there's no bounty left for you." Mason smiled.

The sayans charged. Margrit punched a dozen times, Grifdex crossed his arms in defense. Her fists made loud sounds against his arms and she yelled each time she hit. Grifdex fired a beam and Mason got in front of Margrit and blocked it with the Electro-shield.

"My turn!" she yelled.

Margrit did a flying kick and hit Grifdex's face.

"Uuugh!" Grifdex stood up. "Why you lousy..."

Margrit and Mason punched him at the same time, slamming him against a building. Wham!

"How did you like that?"

"I'll show you!" Grifdex roared angrily.

The giant charged and Mason blocked his punch. Margrit jumped up above Mason and kicked Grifdex again. They soared to the air and attacked. Mason punched him, knocked him into Margrit, then she pounded him to the ground. Crash!

Mason: "Before we go any further, I just have one question for you. How much is the bounty on my head?"

Grifdex: "It's 600 million UU's. Your head has a much higher price than regular bounties, because you're the famous sayan who assassinated Dark Spectre."

Mason: "I see. I hate to break it to you, but I did not kill Dark Spectre. You came all the way here for the wrong guy."

Grifdex: "Shut up! I will still get my bounty!!"

Grifdex fired a red/white beam.

Mason fired the Ultra Blast and Margarita fired the Wrath Beam. The two forces combined into one big, flaring attack. Boom! Grifdex was hit and the whole area flashed. His body was split in two - and Gordex and Griffif fell down.

They were in a state of confusion for the first two seconds.

Gordex: "Huh? What happened?"

Griffif: "We're back to normal state."

Margrit: "Well, well, well, what have we got here? You don't look so tough now, do you?"

Griffif got up and punched, Margrit grabbed his fist and knocked him down.

"Wait...please no! Don't do it."

"Why not?" she asked, opening her palm. "This is for Piper."

"No! No!"

She fired and incinerated his body.

Gordex witnessed the quick death of his ally and ran like hell.

Mason fired a beam and it followed him and hit him on the back. He collapsed and died. "Coward."

Silence struck the area. Margarita and Mason looked at each other, and they hugged.

Wedding music. People popping champagne bottles. The bride and groom walked down the aisle. Margarita looked stunning in the wedding dress. Mason looked more handsome than usual as well.

"...Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded wife, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health?"

"I do."

"...and do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health?"

"I do!"

"Is there anybody here who objects to their union?"

Suddenly the door busted open. "I object!"
Everybody looked at Jerrell. He smiled. "You can't start the wedding without me!"

Margrit: "Brother, you came!"
"Of course. Would I miss my own sister's wedding?"
"Well, where were we before the interruption? Oh yes, you may now kiss the bride."

They kissed and hugged. Everybody clapped, especially Lisa and Zelfire.
"Tell me I'm not dreaming." Margrit said, her face blushing.
"If so, then we're sharing the same dream. Whether it's real or fake, I don't mind."

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Parasite.

Contents

The Parasite. The Consequence.

Margrit was sitting on the bench, with Terry's head on her lap. She was feeding him grapes one by one, and both were enjoying the time.

"Open wide."

Terry opened his mouth, and she put the grape inside. He swallowed it without even chewing. They continued until all the grapes were gone.

"Ahhh, it's a great day, isn't it?" Margrit asked as she gazed at the sunset.

"Yep. There's nothing more you could possibly ask for. Spending a relaxing day outside with the one you love."

"Here it is! Just take it!" the scared man said. He took out a shiny jewel, and his hand was trembling.

A **Masadonian** in a hood snatched it from him. He analyzed the jewel, confirming it was the real thing. "Hmmm, very good. You should've done this at the beginning, instead of **wasting my time!**" He opened his briefcase and a starfish-like creature popped out. It crawled to its victim, wrapping itself around his legs.

"Ahhh! Get it off!"

It crawled up to his stomach, his chest, then his face.

The victim could no longer speak. "Mmmm! Mmmm!" He struggled desperately to get the thing off him, but it was stuck too tight.

One day, Terry Spade and the guys went out to the bar and drank a lot of...liquor. They had a lot of fun. Terry doesn't look like the type who drinks, but he just couldn't refuse when everybody else was doing it. After a few hours, Piper, Lisa and Zell went home and Terry was left by himself.

He was drunk and walked drunkenly down the alley. "Uhhh...don't feel so good. I gotta get home." He had to keep one hand on the wall to keep from falling. His feet felt like a zillion tons. On the way he saw someone in front of him.

The person was green-skinned and very muscular. "Hello Mason."

"Uhh...who are you? D-Do I know you?"

"You have something that I want."

"Huh? Wha?"

"You know the secret of the **Death Star**. I want to possess it."

"I dunno what you're talking about."

"Well, maybe this will refresh your memory." He took out a gun.

Terry's vision was losing focus. The green guy split into two guys, then back into one. Everything was blurry. Suddenly, he fired. Bang! Terry jumped and grabbed his gun and broke it. Then the alien punched Terry's face. Pow! Then he punched his chest. Terry fell on the ground. "Aaah!"

"Well, what do you say now?"

"Arrrrgh! C'mon! Let's go again."

"Still won't tell me, eh? Well, I have my ways to convince you. Instead of killing you instantly, you will suffer a slow, painful death. Hehehehehe. It's going to hurt so much that you'll be coming here begging me to let it stop! Ha ha ha ha!"

"What?? Huh?"

He opened a briefcase and a starfish-like creature popped out.

"What in the?! Get it away!"

The **parasite** crawled to Terry's leg.

Suddenly, the alien blasted Terry and he fell unconscious. Everything went blank.

Terry woke up drowsily. He felt very, very tired and bummed out. It was like one of those days when he woke up really late, and Margarita had to pour water on his face to get him to wake up.

He walked along the street, bumping into somebody once a while, without even apologizing. He was barely able to walk normally. He felt fifty pounds heavier, literally.

Then he went into a public bathroom to calm himself down. "Uhhh..." he mumbled. He washed his face and felt much, much better. What happened to him last night seemed like a bad dream. Yep, nothing but a bad dream. These things happen to drunken people. They can't tell the difference between reality and fantasy. His head felt so queasy and nauseating. His stomach felt weird too, and it felt like it wasn't his own stomach. He took off his shirt and gasped as he stared at the mirror.

"What the?!" His face was in horror. There was a parasite attached to his chest, with its legs around his back. This was terrible news. The starfish thing was alive, but it not move. Terry didn't know how it got there...but wait, he remembered something. That Masadonian who attacked him last night...it's his fault!

"It must be him."

Terry remembered falling unconscious as he fought drunk, and it must have been during that time that Masadonian put that thing on him. He felt like the joke was on him. Yep, a sick, twisted joke. He pulled it but it won't get off him. It was stuck like super glue.

He left the bathroom, feeling all hopeless. There must be a way, he thought. But first, he had to go home and explain to Margrit where he was last night. He knows she gets pissed at these things. She might get some weird ideas...what if she thinks he was with another woman?! Nah, he thought, she wouldn't think that. He decided it'd be best to keep this "thing" a secret from her for now. It'd be better this way. She's better

off not knowing. Terry Spade planned it all out. He was gonna go home, pray that Margrit won't be pissed at him, and then go tell his friends about this and figure out a way to get this piece of shit off his chest.

So he finally made it home, despite his disability. It was a pain in the you-know-what, but he made it. Halleluia. But now he has to face Margarita.

"Terry! Where have you been all night?" she asked, crossing her arms, and tapping her foot.

"Errr...umm...uhhh..."

"You've been drinking with the guys, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Zelfire and Piper went home. I called them and they said they didn't know where you were. Well, where were you?"

He sighed. "I was gonna come home, but I was too drunk and fell asleep in an alley. When I woke up it was already morning."

"You fell asleep in an alley? In a filthy, disgusting alley? Terry, you need a shower."

"Yeah, that's a good idea." So he got into the bathroom and tried to pull the parasite off again. He tried with all his might, but it was no use. He was so angry he pounded his fist on the thing and hurt himself. He moaned, then the thing drained his energy and he fell on his knees. He was losing strength and trembled all over. Then it stopped, and he breathed hard.

"Are you okay in there?" Margrit asked.

"Yeah I'm fine." Terry said, trying to speak in a calm tone.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah...I'm fine."

"Oh my God...what is it?" Lisa asked in horror.

"I don't know. But it's sucking up my strength bit by bit." Terry said. His shirt had been taken off, and everybody was looking at the thing on his body.

Zelfire: "Does it hurt?"

Terry: "Are you kidding me? Of course it hurts."

Zelfire: "So, it was a Masadonian who put this on you?"

Lisa: "This is some kind of parasite. It lives off of others by draining their life."

Zelfire: "Yeah, this thing's not from around here, alright."

Terry: "I've tried everything. It won't come off. I need your help."

Lisa: "Does Margarita know about this?"

"No, and I intend to keep it that way."

Zelfire: "Gosh, I don't know if it's a good idea to keep a secret from her."

"Guys, I know you're concerned, but so am I. I don't want her worried. Promise me you won't tell her."

Lisa: "Okay."

So, they tried every single thing they could think of. Zelfire grabbed the thing and Lisa grabbed Zelfire. Terry held on to something as they pulled and pulled with all their might. They were all exhausted but the thing still was stuck tight.

Lisa: "Maybe some hot water will do it."

So they tried that. No luck.

Zelfire: "Maybe you gotta kill it with a sharp object."

So Zell tried poking the thing with various objects. Its scales were as tough as metal and nothing worked. There wasn't even a scratch. Still no luck.

Terry: "Maybe electricity will do..."

Lisa: "But that's dangerous for you."

Terry: "I can handle it."

So they shocked the thing along with Terry. Other than him getting a few good volts of pain, no luck.

Lisa: "Maybe some music will do."

Definitely no luck.

Terry: "I've had it! Zell, punch me!"

Zell: "Uhh...I don't know."

"Do it!"

So Zell punched the thing a few times, and Terry moaned in pain. No luck. As a last resort, they tried the pulling technique one more time. Once again, no luck.

Defeated and depressed, Terry went home. Once in a while, there were pains on his chest, and there was nothing he could do but to live through it.

He went into the bedroom and sat on the bed. He sighed deeply. Margrit, dressed in her red night dress, got up and sat next to him. They started kissing, and after a few kisses, Terry shrank away.

"Terry? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. I'm just tired."

"You're lying. I can see it in your face. You can't hide anything from me. I know you better than anybody."

"What are you talking about?"

"You tell me."

"Margrit..."

"Come on Terry, tell me what's wrong?" She put her hands on his chest and noticed he has changed. "Terry, have you gained weight?"

"Uhh...no..."

"What have you got under your shirt?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Yeah right. Let me see." She grabbed his shirt.

He got up and backed away. "Uhhh..."

"What have you got to hide?"

"I said nothing."

She grabbed his shirt and he grabbed her hands and they struggled until she lifted up his shirt and saw part of the thing. She gasped. "What...what is it?"

He sighed and took off his shirt. She gasped and stepped back. "When I was drunk at the alley, I fell asleep and when I woke up I found this thing stuck to me. What is it? Good question. I want to know myself. It's been giving me chest pains ever since. I've tried every way I could to separate it from me, but nothing worked."

"So it was that night at the alley. That's where it all started. Do the others know about this?"

"Uhhhh yes." Terry answered guiltily.

"So I'm the last one to know! And I'm your wife! I should be the first one to know."

"I'm sorry."

After she calmed herself down, Margrit asked: "Is it a parasite?"

"Apparently so."

"You've tried everything?"

"Yeah. Maybe you if hit me it might hurt the creature."

"Won't that hurt you."

"It doesn't matter. Just try it."

"Alright." She didn't want to do it, but it was worth a shot. She punched his chest a few times, but the thing still did not react.

"Ahh! Ow! Eeh! Oof!"

"Are you okay?"

"Don't stop!" he said. "Keep doing it!"

So she did.

[B] Title Contents

After giving up trying to get rid of that piece of crap, Terry went back to the alley the place where this whole crazy thing started. Somehow, he had a feeling that blasted Masadonian was still there, waiting for him. He reached a dead end, and it was really dark, even though it was noon.

"I'm here! Show yourself!" he shouted. "Show yourself you coward!"

A few moments passed. The alien dropped in. "He he he he he. I knew you would come back. So, how are you doing? Is the leech giving you a hard time?"

"You know how to get rid of it, don't you?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"Indeed I do. Just give me what I want, and I will give you what you want. Sounds like a fair deal?"

"What do you want?"

"I want the secret of the Death Star. And I know you have it, Mason Spade."

"How do you know I have it?"

"Because I know there was a supreme warrior named Master Lang, and only he knew about the Death Star. And you were one of his students, according to my sources. Am I right? So, have you decided yet?"

"The power of the Death Star is too dangerous to fall into the wrong hands. You don't deserve it."

"I wouldn't decide so quickly if I were you. The parasite will suck up your life bit by bit, and soon you'll be begging me to get rid of its curse. The pain you have experienced now is nothing compared to what you are about to face, Mason. It's going to be so excruciating you'd wish you died!"

"You are a demon!!! A monster!"

"That's right. I'd say you wouldn't last another week. Ta ta." The alien jumped up onto the roof and vanished out of sight.

On the fields, Terry confronted Margarita. They stood and stared at each other, not saying anything. Then Terry broke the silence: "There is only one thing left to do now."

"What is that?"

"Use your most powerful attack to blast me! It's the only way to kill the parasite."

"But it will kill you!"

"Maybe it won't."

"How do you know you'll survive it?"

"You've got to believe in me. Come on."

"But..."

"Do it!! Please. End my suffering."

So she opened her palm and gathered energy. Terry closed his eyes and got ready, taking a deep breath. An energy ball formed in her palm and she was about to

fire. Tears dripped down her face as she did. Suddenly, she powered down, and the ball vanished. "I'm sorry...I can't do it!"

"Even you won't help me?! Fine, I'll find a solution my own way." He ran away.

"Wait!" she yelled. It was too late.

Margrit went to the same alley that Terry had gone to twice before. She walked into the dead end and shouted: "Come out of here. I know you're hiding here."

The alien dropped in from the roof. "Hmmm? You are not Mason."

"The hell I'm not. How do you know Mason? Ah, let me guess, you are the one responsible for the parasite on him. You put it on him."

"That's right. Are you here to make the decision for him?"

"What decision? Look, it doesn't matter. I'm here to ask you **nicely** to get that thing off of him." she said, emphasizing the word nicely.

"What makes you think I will do it? Because you asked me to?! You sayans are so foolish."

"Speak for yourself, goblin face."

"What did you call me? The correct term is Masadonian!"

"Masadonian, goblin, same thing. Both have green faces and pointy little ears. And a bad attitude."

"You will pay for this mockery!" He charged and punched.

She dodged it like it was nothing. "Was that a punch?" she asked with mockery.

He punched, and she blocked and dodged. Then she punched his guts. Wham! He stepped back, then fired a beam. She jumped up, avoiding it, and gave him a flying kick, but he dodged it. Margrit charged and he threw a silver metal ball on the ground, and it exploded into gas. Margrit coughed and couldn't see a thing. The Masadonian escaped.

"Darn it! He got away."

Terry wandered on the streets, not knowing what to do. He went to this store and stared at the reflection on the display window. What he saw was himself, his pathetic, suffering self. His hand was on his chest the whole time. He stood there like a statue for several minutes.

The parasite strikes again. Terry moaned in agony and almost fell, his legs lost all strength. He banged on the window. (There is only one thing left to do.) he thought.

He went back to the alley. This was where it all started, and this will be the place to end it. He sure wasn't going to give away the secret of the Death Star, the most valuable thing his great Master Lang had given him. No-sir-ree, he's not giving it to anyone. Its power is so dangerous it could destroy anything. It was too risky to let it fall into the wrong hands.

"Come out! I have come."

The alien dropped in from the roof. "So, what is your answer?"

"It still is no. I will never give away the secret of the Death Star."

"No?" He seemed somewhat surprised. "Then you will continue to suffer until you die. 'Tis a shame, really, you could have ended all this easily. But you chose the hard way."

Mason charged at him and punched, and he dodged.

"How dare you!"

"This is going to end now! You don't want to kill me yet, because only I know of the secret. Isn't that right? Even if you do kill me, then that will be that."

"Why you!"

Mason attacked again and the alien fought back fiercely. Mason punched his chest and he fell. The Masadonian got up. Mason powered up. The Masadonian threw three silver balls at him, and Mason jumped and the balls exploded. Mason grabbed the alien and they fell. They rolled over each other and struggled. Mason got on top and punched his face. Pow! Pow! The alien grabbed his face and kicked Terry off. They both got up and punched. Terry's fist was in the alien's face, and his fist was in Terry's hand. They struggled and pushed each other away.

Suddenly, the parasite strikes again. Terry moaned in pain as it sucked him of his energy. "Ugh! Not now!"

"Die!" The Masadonian fired a beam.

Terry ran right into it and it hit him. He fired again. Terry didn't move. It hit him and the parasite made a noise. Terry felt the pain all over his body and trembled.

"That's it! It's working!"

"He did not even dodge that. He's using that parasite to his advantage..."

Indeed. Right now, Mason was so determined to get rid of this thing, he'd be willing to die just to get rid of it. The only way was to blast it with intense energy, and that's what the alien was going to give him. Terry wasn't going to avoid it or block, just let it hit his chest. He has gone suicidal now, and that made him more dangerous than ever.

"Come on. Is that the best you got?"

"Mason, I dare you to take this one!" The alien gathered a lot of energy and threw a beam at him.

Mason did not move. The beam hit his chest and destroyed his shirt, and he screamed, trying not to fall. The parasite squeaked in misery.

Margrit came into the alley and saw it. "No! Terry!"

The parasite couldn't take it anymore, and jumped off its victim, and crawled away. Terry fell.

The Masadonian was about to blast Terry one final time, but Margrit ran and slid. The alien heard footsteps behind him, and he looked back, and it was too late. Margrit swept his feet and he fell on his back. The parasite jumped. "No! No!" It landed on his face and he struggled to get it off, but couldn't.

Margrit carried her husband out of that alley. As they did, they heard sounds of screaming and misery.

"Look! The thing is gone. I'm free at last!"

"Yeah."

They hugged.

"Thank goodness it's gone."

"He got what's coming to him in the end. He suffered the same fate as his victim." Margrit said with a smile.

The End.

Finished 2002
Edited 2006

Blind Fury.

Contents

Blind Fury.

Man Of Mystery.

The Kidnapping.

Kaboom! A series of explosions lit up the sky. Blaze and Dark Spectre fought intensely. It would be the fight of their lives. Mason, who just exerted all his energy, is unable to help out. He and Zelfire just watched like a deer in headlights as Blaze and Spectre charged up for their final attack.

“Die Spectre!!”

“Damn you...you sayan!” he screamed as his mask broke apart. The explosion was so bright everyone had to wince from it.

Terry’s eyes opened and he woke up, breathing hard. Two seconds later, he realized he wasn’t on Guardian Planet, he was just meditating, sitting on a rock on a lake. As he regained his composure and calmed down, he realized he was still in the temple grounds, the temple where he grew up with Master Lang. He had been meditating for the past few hours.

Terry wasn’t the only one thinking about that significant event that changed the universe forever. On a mysterious planet named Murai, a certain someone walked along the dark corridors of the planet, going somewhere.

Gusher was walking towards the command center, thinking deeply about Spectre’s unfortunate death. He dressed in a gray jacket, gray pants, and leather boots. There’s nothing special about his clothes, but he always kept his eyes closed. Rumors say that he isn’t blind, but they don’t know why he never opens his eyes.

On the way, he bumped into someone, who was with a companion.

“Hey, watch where you’re going, punk.” he said rudely.

Gusher just stared at him.

A: “Yeah, I’m talking to you.”

B: “No, don’t provoke him!!”

Gusher kept on walking, minding his own business.

A: “Why’d you stop me?”

B: “Idiot, do you know who he is? He’s the one they call Gusher.”

A: “G-Gusher? The legendary killer? That’s him?”

B: “Yes. He’s the rumored killer who killed countless warriors without even opening his eyes. You’re lucky you didn’t piss him off.”

A was glad he didn’t take it too far. “That guy...there’s something creepy about him.” he said as he watched Gusher walk away.

A space pod launched off into space – leaving planet Murai. Gusher sat on his seat, arms crossed, in a relaxed position.

The members of the Council were hidden in the darkness. Gusher stood in the middle of the room.

Commander A: “Gusher, I understand your concern. But you are the Empire’s trump card. A fine warrior like yourself does not need to go all the way to earth to take out a few Rebels.”

Commander B: “I concur. There is still much work to be done on our home, as well as Arlia. We recommend that you stay put and be on standby in case we need you.”

With that said, the Council members vanished into the darkness, leaving Gusher alone.

The Council members pissed him off. But he didn't listen to them anyways. "Tch."

Mason is meditating on the lake of the temple – his master's temple. Everything was so quiet and serene, and it's the best time and place for meditation.

Margarita pushed the baby carriage to a shady spot, to avoid the sun. It was a hot day, and she was sweating. "Phew. The sun's killing me." she said. But looking at her son made her feel better. The baby had such big, innocent eyes, and he stared at her curiously. How can one not smile when looking at his face? "Your daddy's going to come back soon." she said, tickling his chin. **Tyson** giggled and laughed.

Zelfire showed up and he waved. Margrit waved in response. "Hey. How's my little nephew doing?"

"As healthy as ever."

Zell: "He's about a year old, correct?"

Margrit: "Eleven months to be exact."

Zell: "Wow, already. Time goes by quickly, doesn't it?"

Margrit: "Yeah. Especially during times of peace."

"I'm sure glad the earth wasn't involved with the war."

"Nor will it ever will be."

Julian and Lisa came out of the house, holding a bottle of milk. "Here."

"Thanks," said Margrit, and proceeded to feed Tyson.

Zell: "Word has it that the Empire has signed a treaty with the Rebel planets. They are not going to interfere with their business in any way whatsoever."

Margrit: "So we can finally take a breath of relief."

Lisa: "Well, thank God it's over. That trip was like a long nightmare."

Julian: "At least you survived."

They continued talking and joking and laughing, and someone showed up that made them alert.

"Yo!" Malin said enthusiastically.

Margrit: "Malin! You made it. On time, for once."

Malin: "What's that supposed to mean, geesh. So, let's see little Tyson." She went to the carriage. "Awww, he's such an angel."

Margrit: "They all said that. And yes, he is."

Malin: "He has his father's eyes."

Margrit: "Yeah, he does."

Far away, a warrior was floating in the sky, observing the heroes. He could not see them, but he can feel them. Gusher was getting excited, as he sensed many high level warriors in one spot. And one of them is familiar.

While the heroes were still enjoying themselves, they sensed Gusher's presence, and they were on alert.

Zell: "Someone's nearby!"

Margrit: "His signal is not familiar."

Malin: "We have to assume the worst."

Zell: "Is he from the Empire?"

Julian: "Our enemies have come to our planet?"

Malin: "Don't worry, we'll handle it. Margarita, take Tyson out of here. Lisa, you go too."

Margrit: "But..."

Malin: "We can't risk the safety of your child. Zelfire and I can handle this."

Julian: "I'll help too."

Margrit was reluctant, but in this situation, Malin is right. It's too dangerous to have the baby around, so she grabbed Tyson and ran away.

When Gusher showed up, everyone went on alert. He descended slowly to the ground. No one made any sudden movements, for they don't know what the enemy is capable of doing.

Malin recognized him immediately. (He's the one who injured Jerrell back then!) Indeed, the warrior who came out of nowhere and ambushed the colony. And now he's here on earth.

Lisa and Margarita ran for their lives, not looking back.

The three heroes remained on alert, ready to move at a moment's notice. Gusher did not do anything for a few seconds, and these few seconds seemed to last forever. "Where is he?" asked the man of mystery. "Where is the one named Mason Spade? The one who killed Dark Spectre?"

Zell: "Who wants to know?"

Gusher: "Don't make me repeat myself. Where is he?"

Malin stepped forward. "He's not here. And why are you here? You came to attack the colony and injured Jerrell last time. So why are you here?"

Zelfire and Julian were surprised to hear this.

Gusher had a smirk on his face. "So...you are the one from before. But I am not looking for you. Where is Mason Spade?"

Malin: "You want him? You have to go through us."

Gusher got angry and grunted, and powered up. All the heroes were shocked to see this kind of power.

Mason's meditation ended when he sensed this enormous energy and opened his eyes. "What the hell was that?!"

Now all charged up, the silent killer was ready for action. Julian went first, Zelfire next. Whack! Julian kicked, Gusher blocked with his arm, Zelfire came from the side and punched, Gusher dodged, and punched Julian away, and she scraped the ground as she got pushed backwards. Gusher punched, Zell, dodged, and kicked, Gusher ducked, and hit him away. Wham!

Bam! Malin threw an energy ball, and the silent killer soared up. Malin threw a stream of energy balls his way. Gusher covered his face and blocked. Boom boom boom.

To Malin's surprise, the warrior wasn't hurt, as he came out of the smoke.

"Huh?"

Gusher returned her a favor by firing a beam. Malin jumped out of harm's way. Kaboom! He watched Malin fly on the ground and soar up. Zelfire came from behind and shot a beam. Zzzzzzt. It hit Gusher's back, burning his jacket, but he himself wasn't hurt.

Zell: "What...what is this guy?"

Gusher fired a shockwave, Zell flew up, and Gusher appeared in front of him and hit him in the stomach. It was a good one. Wham!

Malin: "Stop it! Stop it now you son of a bitch!" She flew straight at the enemy and hit him square in the face. Kapow! Gusher didn't show any signs of pain, despite the blood dripping from his mouth. "Uhhhh..."

Gusher counter-punched, Malin flew away. They kept on hitting in the air. Julian breathed hard, as she's beaten up. "This fighter is strong...ugh...is he from the Empire?"

Gusher charged up an orb and threw it down, Malin dodged it, and the orb hits the ground and created a huge explosion. Kaplooosh. Zelfire winced from the smoke and heat.

Malin can't believe this guy's destructive power. Suddenly, he appeared in front of her and punched her in the face. Pow!

[B] Title Contents

Margrit, holding little Tyson tightly, ran and ran. Then she and Lisa stopped to catch their breaths. They both turned around to see the explosion, a bright light from that direction.

Lisa: "They're going to be alright, right?"

Margrit: "Listen, I think that person is going to catch up with us soon. We have to separate."

Lisa: "S-Separate? But..."

Little Tyson giggled and laughed.

Margrit: "This is the best option right now. Get as far away from this place as possible. I'll go to Terry. Hurry, okay?"

"Alright." Lisa said nervously.

And off they went, in different directions.

Margrit ran towards the woods, and an energy ball hit the ground in front of her and blew up. Kaboom! Gusher landed in front of her.

Margrit stepped backwards, holding the baby tightly. A few paces behind her was the edge of a hill.

"Who are you?" said the sayan, "And what do you want from me?" She was more worried about her son than anything else. She's not about to lose her baby at a time like this. No way.

Gusher's eyes were still closed, but he can see their energies clearly.

Tyson was crying, as he knows there's danger. "Waaah, waaah!"

The warrior began to speak. "That child...he has a pleasant energy..."

Margrit had no idea what he meant. "Stay back, I'm warning you. You better back off. Or you'll regret it!"

"Hand over the child."

"No way! Stay back!" she said, retreating slowly. She was already at the very edge of the cliff. "Back off."

Gusher stepped forward, and suddenly, an energy ball hit him, and blew up. Margrit fell off the cliff, and rolled down, and she held her baby tightly as she rolled.

Whack! Malin got knocked away. Gusher fired a beam at the boulder behind her, and she was under a pile of rubble. Now everything was silent.

Gusher was still not happy; he didn't see the man he wanted to see. But he sensed another earthling nearby. Someone who's power is not as "pleasant" as the others, but she will make a nice hostage. He flew in that direction.

Lisa saw the man flying at her, and she ran for her life. But running can't beat flying. Gusher flew down and grabbed her.

"Hey, let me go! Let go!"

And off he flew with her, struggling. He whacked her on the back, and she fell unconscious. That should stop her struggling and yapping.

Mason by to his house, just to see the fields completely wrecked. Holes were on the ground. Zelfire and Julian were not moving. He went over to Julian and lifted her head.

"Julian?! Are you okay?"

She coughed. "I'll be fine."

"Who did this?"

"I don't know..."

"Don't worry." Mason said. "I'll get help." He went over to Zelfire. "Zelfire, hang in there, buddy."

"Don't worry about me. Just get that son of a bitch." replied Zell.

Margarita coughed from the smoke. She looked at Tyson, and he was smiled. She sighed in relief, thank goodness he's okay. Malin came over to see Margarita.

"Hey pal, you okay?"

Margrit: "Yeah. My son's okay too."

"Phew, thank goodness."

"Listen," she said, handing the baby to Malin. "Watch Tyson for me."

"Wait, where are you going?"

"To teach that bastard a lesson."

Malin: "You can't be serious?"

Margrit: "I'm dead serious. He put me and my son in danger. I won't forgive him." And she flew off.

Malin: "Crap...what do I do now?"

Margarita went back to her house and got changed into her fighting uniform. She pulled out a scouter from a box, and put it on her eye.

Terry comes into the house, and he's like: "Margrit? You're here? Where's our son?"

"He's in a safe place."

"Uhhhh thank goodness. I was worried about you two. I should've come sooner."

"We have to go now." Margrit said, fixing her gloves. "This madman has got Lisa."

"He has Lisa?"

Zelfire limped into the house. "I want to help too."

Lisa is being held captive in some warehouse, and she's tied up to a chair. She screams and screams and yells. Gusher can't stand her anymore and walks over to her. "Quiet! Or I'll kill you." he said out of anger. He puts a tape over her mouth so she can't yap anymore. Finally, things got quiet.

Gusher walked over to the window and thought about a past event.

A man named Dark Spectre came to him one time, seeking a challenge. At the time, the silent killer was a killer in the desert. As for DS, he was still a "normal" person – he wasn't injured, and didn't need the black suit at the time.

DS came to him, acting all high and mighty. "So, you are the Gusher, the strongest in this desert, correct?"

Gusher just stared at him with his usual blank expression.

DS slid down the sand, and got into fighting position. "Are you ready?"

Gusher: "You...have a pleasant energy."

DS didn't know what he meant. They charged into each other, and there was a big explosion.

Spectre crawled on the sand, his face and head bleeding. "Ugh...no...I lost..."

Gusher: "You...are not worthy. Come back to challenge me when you are worthy! Get lost!"

Dark Spectre was seriously injured. His face was scarred for life. From that day on, he had to wear his helmet-mask, and energy suit. That day scarred his life for good. But he swore revenge. He swore he'll defeat that warrior from the desert no matter what the cost.

Mason, Margrit, and Zelfire rushed to the warehouse. Mason is already upset; this murderer just comes and attacks his home. He won't get away with it.

Many years later, Dark Spectre returns to the same desert to confront the person who defeated him. By now, he's already consumed by dark energy. Gusher senses DS coming. "It's you again?" he asked.

DS: "You recognize me? After all these years. Your senses certainly **are** sharp. But I am a completely different person now."

"Your energy...is very pleasant." said Gusher. He usually gives them that compliment if he deems them worthy of a fight. Since he never opens his eyes, he uses his sixth sense to see everything. When he feels someone's energy, it's like a bright light. The bigger the energy, the brighter the light.

Both warriors powered up, and fired a blast. Kaboom.

DS's mask cracked. Gusher was all messed up. His hair was fritzzy, and there was dirt on his face. He opened his eyes, and he started glowing. "Yes! So much energy! I have waited this moment for a long time!!"

DS fired a Dark Blast, Gusher jumped away from it. He counter fired with a golden beam. Kaboom!

Pow! Kapow! Whack! At the end of the fight, both warriors were severely injured, but Gusher was the first one to fall down. "I have...lost..." he said, biting the sand. "This is impossible."

Dark Spectre walked in front of him. "You've been a worthy match. Ever since you defeated me last time, my goal was to defeat you. And I have. And I am now the strongest man in the universe. I'd just kill you, but that'd be a waste. I could use a man with your talents in the Empire. You can be of use to us."

Gusher did not answer him, but he followed him back to Murai. From that day on, he unofficially became a member of the Dark Empire. Gusher answered to no one other than Dark Spectre himself.

And that was the one time when Gusher opened his eyes. Besides that exception, he never opens his eyes. He was already a murderer when he was a kid. In fact, he was born with an exceptionally high sixth sense. His fighting style was unmatched by any warrior. He was feared by all. In fact, his powers became so great, he could kill with ease. One day, he decided to close his eyes for good. To him it made no difference; even when shunned into the darkness, he still wins fights.

He hardly ever speaks, and the fact that he never opens his eyes even though he's not blind adds to the mystery. There are lots of rumors about Gusher. But only the Council members know what he is capable of. Or do they?

Margarita, Mason, and Zelfire made it to the front fence. Gusher sensed them, and he came out to greet them.

Mason: "Are the one they call Gusher? Are you the one who attacked my home?"

There was no answer for a few seconds, and Mason got pissed. But then, Gusher spoke. "You...are Mason Spade? You have a very pleasant energy. I can feel it. I must fight you."

Mason: "Grrr. If you wanted me, you should've asked for me. There's no need to hurt my friends."

"Your friends....are insignificant."

Margrit: "I've had enough of your bullshit!" She charged and kicked. Whack! Gusher blocked with his arm, and she kept on attacking. Whack. Thud. Pushing him back. Then he fired a shockwave, knocking her away. Mason charged and punched, Gusher disappeared.

Zelfire ran to the building, hoping to get Lisa, but Gusher appeared in front of him. Thud! He got hit in the guts. "Ugh..." Then Gusher put energy into his fist, and zapped Zelfire away.

Mason did a jumping kick, Gusher blurred to the air.

"I'll get you!" The sayan fired the Ultra Blast. Gusher blocked with a shield. Kaboom!

Mason: (They were right. This guy is not simple at all. He must be a professional assassin.)

The heroes were pretty much no match for the sensational killer, but that didn't bother Mason. Gusher returned fire – Kaboom! The heroes were surrounded by a cloud of smoke.

Terry: "Margarita, go get Lisa!"

Margrit: "I'm on it!" She ran towards the warehouse.

Terry searched frantically for Gusher, just to realize where he is. "Oh no!"

As Margrit ran to the building, Gusher appeared from the side and charged. Everything happened in slow motion, as Margrit watched in horror. Whack! Gusher kicked her in the chin, and it was a critical.

Terry: "NOOOO!"

Margrit fell down with a splat.

"M-Margarita..."

The silent killer smiled.

This comment only made Terry angrier, although nothing can make him angrier right now. He was so upset and pissed off no words could describe it. He just wanted to beat the shit out of his enemy. That's all that mattered. Gusher comes to his home, injures Malin, Julian, and Zelfire. And almost killed his son. He kidnapped Lisa and he killed Margarita.

Something snapped inside of him. Energy was released without his consent. Gusher can feel it. His power level was rising rapidly, and he turned super sayan. Frooom! He became surrounded by swirls of energy.

But this transformation was different than last time. Much different. Terry's eyeballs weren't there. He grunted angrily. He was no longer himself, but a cold blooded killing machine.

"Yes..." said the silent killer happily, "This is the kind of power I have been waiting for. Give me more!"

Zelfire grabbed the wall for support. "Terry..."

The super sayan charged forward to hit. Whack! They took it to the air, exchanging moves at high speeds.

Zelfire went over to Margarita to check her pulse. "Thank goodness." he said, knowing she's still alive. She breathed hard, and opened her eyes.

Kabam! Mason and Gusher's hits echoed in the air.

They moved away from each other. Mason grunted angrily. Gusher noticed his change, but he doesn't mind. Zelfire and Margrit, however, grew worried.

Margrit: "Terry...seems different. He's not his usual self."

Zelfire: "Something must have gone wrong in the transformation. He's completely...out of control. He's fighting like an insane person."

Mason charged and punched Gusher in the face. Gusher did not show any pain, as he took the hits. Pow kapow! Mason kept on attacking head on, and Gusher dodged his attacks easily.

“Arrgh! Yaaaah!” The super sayan fired a beam, Gusher blocked. Kabam. (He is losing it.) thought the silent killer.

Inside the building, Lisa heard explosions. Scared for her life, she struggles against the rope, hoping to get free and escape this horrible place. Kaboom! She winced.

Gusher dodged a series of beams. (He is not himself anymore. His energy has grown, but he is overtaken by anger. He is destroying things recklessly. Is this what happens when sayans transform?)

Directly below them was the warehouse, and Mason was a little higher than Gusher is. He gathered energy for a big one.

Gusher: (No! Is he going to-)

Margrit: “No, Terry! Lisa is still inside!”

Zell: “Terry, no!”

The super sayan opens fire, Gusher dodges. The beam hit the warehouse, and incinerated it. Kaboom! Lisa was still inside, and she screamed one last time.

Gusher: (He even destroyed his own ally.) He smiled. (What an interesting character. Huh?!) A beam flew his way. Kabam!

Luckily, he dodged it in time, and flew to a safe distance, where he was not seen. He watched the angry sayan floating in the air, and he looked at the burning building. He decided to leave things at it is, and flew off.

Mason breathed hard, and landed. His hair turned back to normal and he felt exhausted. Margarita and Zelfire stared at the inferno sadly. They just lost a good friend. Terry took a step closer to the burning house. “No...I didn’t do that...did I?”

Margrit: “Terry...”

“It’s all my fault, isn’t it? I did it?”

Zell: “You weren’t in control of yourself. You can’t blame yourself...”

“It is my fault! I did it! I killed her! Noooo!” Terry was tired, frustrated, and confused. He collapsed and fell unconscious. Margrit and Zell went to help him immediately.

Terry put flowers over Lisa’s grave. Margarita and some other people were here too. “I’m sorry, friend. I came to save you, but I ended up taking your life by accident. This super sayan power is too dangerous. I swear I will never use it again. Ever. Rest in peace.”

End.

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Summary

Contents