

# Chapter 1

Metal crashed, and Johnny found himself jolted awake again as the large cryo-storage box slammed into the forest clearing. A mask was pressed firm against his face, the metal in front of him.

He barely recalled being unfrozen from cryo-sleep, and felt how the mask fed him data across his eyes. Sleep had been stolen from him, and as he held out his hand, he touched a weapon in front of him.

The assault rifle, with its black matted material rested on his back. While his pistol, a boxy-brick-of-a-gun rested in his back pocket. A welcome back gift, he presumed.

Air surrounding the crashpod was steaming hot as he looked around. Pistol gripped tight in his hand, he tried to get his bearings, but he wasn't ready and able to attack.

His mission was simple according to the mask, make contact with the officer above. To his knowledge, which was only a short explanation while screaming toward this world was this: Meet with the officer, and try to establish contact inside Ulster base. Any means necessary.

Off in the distance a bandit was out on patrol. Urine soaked the ground as he relieved himself on the old jungle-wood tree.

But as he stopped, his pants pulled and gun ready in hand, he felt a barrel poke his skull.

During the time he had drained his snake, the fresh recruit had sneaked around and fired two rounds into him. Blood sprayed out as he stumbled to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

A couple of bandits were standing outside the metal box that should have been at the barracks. They heard the gunshots. Despite the suppressor being on the gun, the shots rang out through the area.

"You two, go check it out." The masked bandit pointed at the surrounding treeline. As the two moved into the woods. Other bandits had found traveling. The two bandits were closer to the treeline as the recruit walked against the tree line. He could see the closer of the two bandits.

A red-hair bandit could see his friend being dead as he moved forward. But as he got closer, two rounds went straight to target. Blood spurted out as he stumbled all the way to the ground. His body twitched in pain as Johnny looked down at the bandit and spat on him. Johnny watched the other bandit moving towards him. He saw him shoot his friend and he rushes to get into a better position.

Johnny at this point had managed to pull out his rifle, aiming down the sights as the bandit started to flee. His sense of smell of fear as the bandit fell to the ground in a panic as the shot three rounds into his body. It seemed like he was right towards the door. Almost pressing against the door.

This bandit had forced the door open. His still alive friend poked his head out as bullets fired off at him. The recruit had this smug look on his face as he charged towards them and fired three more rounds into the door and body. The three bullets go flying straight into the bandit's chest and head. Blood pouring out as he stumbled to the ground with more blood trickled out.

"Hey moron, you want to die?" Johnny walked toward the door, but as he stepped toward it, the door slammed into his face. He felt his nose bleed as he stumbled back, and the sound of gunfire cracked off at the door.

It was either lady luck that saved him from not dying. As he opened fire through the door, he kept missing his shots. He fled back into the jungle after this classic blunder.

"You bitch!" The bandit cried out, "I outta wipe the floor with you!"

While the lanky bandit bitched and moaned with his silent partner. Their rifles glistened in the hot steam as the body of one of their comrades flew out.

They didn't realize that the recruit had managed to pull the dead bandit. He plugged with holes into the wooden door. The bandits had fired upon the dead bandit even more. Their bullets rip off chunks of flesh as the recruit fires off three shots. They stood as two of the shots missed their mark. But the final bullet gave the bandit a nasty slash to his throat.

But it was a wonder, a great fear formed on his face. This lanky almost dead man hand kept his gun in his hand as his comrade fired a shot at the recruit. The bullet ripped through his armor and smashed into his leg. He fell back in pain as the bullet had slammed itself. Almost snapping his leg as he held the rifle with some grace in his hand. As he fired a shot at the lanky man and blew his head clean off.

Adrenaline pumped through the recruit's veins. He slammed the weight of his body into the door, shattering it as he stared down the final bandit. He hadn't said a thing, his face covered by a black mask. His hair was peaking out of his head as he held the rifle in a panic.

"I won't kill you if you help me mop up and help me with my nose, okay."

The bandit was in shock. follow his orders, giving aid to this vicious killer? The hell was going on, he thought to himself as he patched him up. The Mosin Nagant in his hand looked like it needed repairs.

Climbing up the stairs, there was a sense of dread, that something evil lurked above. The two walked up the stairs, the aura became stronger. And the entire hallway that the stairs connected to was empty. The two stood there in awe, waiting for someone to come out. But it seemed like the entire area was at ease, despite the slaughter downstairs.

Marcus was the commanding officer that made contact with Johnny's government. His body had the scars of war and a body of a genetic freak. Muscles on muscles as it were. What he wore was a tanned officer uniform, that looked like it was bound to rip at the seams. Five long years waiting for this moment. Just today he had declared his intentions to break free, and use this little base as a new capital. His insurance policy, a megaton warhead was hidden on the base, ready to detonate at any moment.

"He's here, men, lower your arms and try to get him in here so we can discuss the plans for the next course of action."

Slight grumbling filled the officer room.

In the other room, the bandit that the recruit had taken on had been smoking a small pack of cigarettes.

"So what's your name?"

"Clint, you?" The bandit took a drag from his cigarette. His submachine gun was ready to start killing as many of his former friends.

"Johnny." His voice cracked.

A man wearing a cream and tan shirt waved them in, trying to catch the two's attention. "Don't shoot, my commander wants to see you."

Johnny oblige, walking through the hallway to find the imposing commanding officer. Clint had the wherewithal to stay in the other room, outside of the boss.

When the two met, it was like sparks of anger could explode. This giant man, 6 foot whatever. His body ripped and covered in muscles as he stared daggers down at the short man.

Marcus had called his men to wait outside the room as he looked upon the masked man. "Take your mask off, let me see who's taking me."

"Why? And why the hell am I taking you?" Johnny shot back.

"Your boss had told me that I'll be accompanying you. Am I wrong?"

"They didn't tell me anything, only that I was to contact you, and it looks like I have. I'll take my leave."

"Wait, what about Mars-El?"

"Mars-El, what about that world?" Johnny gave a look of confusion.

"Your benefactor from there told me that I would have someone sent here to help with my rebellion."

"They told me to get to Ulster, whatever that is. Any means necessary."

"And I'm your any means. Now take off your mask, let me see who I'm supposed to aid."

Johnny took off his skin tight mask and threw it on the ground. His pretty, bishounen face glistened in the dim light. High-cheek bones, his face more feminine then the man he's looking at. His blond hair was long enough to be mistaken for a girl.

Marcus gave a quick look and nodded. "Your legend precedes you, Mister Valentine."

Johnny's heart sunk as he heard him use his last name. The name of pirates way before his time.

"I've been in contact with Sophia "

Johnny looked away, trying to avoid eye contact.

"Aha... you admit it. You know of this Sophia? She told me she was sending her best soldier, but looking at you-"

"What are you trying to say?"

"I'm saying I remember you, and you don't remember me. That's good that's good." He muttered. *If that's the case...*

"Can you get to the point?"

Marcus looked at him.

"Well?"

"...You don't know what's going on do you?" Marcus looked upon the man in astonishment. That quick acknowledgment from Johnny all but confirmed it.

" Let me cut to the chase. I made contact with your... mistress, and she wants me to help you out. I saw you kill those men down there, and I think... you'd be a great choice to help me out."

"What do you want me to do then?"

"I need your help overthrowing Maeve, the leader of Ulster. That's what your mission log said, correct?"

"Correct, but it doesn't say I have to. I just have to get into Ulster."

"Well yeah, but she is a threat. She had forced an entire village to dig at the mountain to find *something* and... She wiped out her own village. That bitch Maeve allowed them to get vaporized in the blast... I was there, of course. She even press ganged me into this organization afterwards, and I want out."

"So how did you survive?"

"I was leading some soldiers against some green commander nearby, I really did try to save as many as I could but..." Marcus said. Tears rolled down his cheek. *If he really doesn't remember maybe I can push it...*

“Oh it was horrible! She allowed them to be roasted alive in the great flames. Now that abomination of Ulster, that massive citadel in the mountains is it’s relic. I tried to save as many as I could, but dammit!”

“No way...”

*He really doesn’t remember.* Chuckling in his head, he looked at Johnny stoically. “If your mission is to get into Ulster, I’ll help you. But in return, you can’t question my methods.”

# Chapter 2

Johnny arrived at the island bunker off the coast. Waves crashed on the land, he needed to relax. So he kept walking what seemed to be familiar place, a large underground bunker door opened for him. A voice could be heard as he went down the hole that had opened up for him.

“Welcome back, Johnny.”

He didn't find it odd, if he was on this world before, he welcomed it.

It was better then being frozen for five years, trapped in a coma of sorts. Sure the nanites kept his mind fresh, but it felt great to move and explore. And to relax. Oh to just relax.

Most of pannel were made up of chrome and some bits of old, rusted iron. It was circular in layout. Opposite to the great opening to the back was a computer with a note stating "please don't touch, owners."

Admiting that this base would be a great source of an operation here, he sat back, peeled the note back, and turned on the computer.

The whole thing turned on with a great blinding light, causing him to look away in fear.

"Where the hell is the dim-lights button." He mumbled to himself.

Just as he said that, he found himself searching through the many buttons, pressing them at random. By the time his eyes adjusted to the bright light, he could see the face of a woman, her red hair flowing as the image moved. A camera feed of sorts.

By the time her image disappeared, Johnny could see there was a little tab of infromation next to her. Maeve O'Neill. Clicking on it, he found himself reading the events of five years.

The four soldiers and Marcus landed on the soft jungle terrain. But it appeared that the bandit camp of Letterkenny had cleared into a grassland. The bandits had set up their kill boxes to the south, all ready to destroy entire armies. Steam rose up as the men realized this would be a kidnapping and trying to assert dominance. Taking the Commanding Officer and forcing them to surrender the camp.

The camp was bustling with activity, it seemed like they were going to be packing up. By the time they reached the door, all lined up, Marcus could hear a voice.

"We need to burn as many documents as we can." The commanding officer, this blonde busty girl spoke. Her long hair tied up as it appeared her uniform was a piece of spandex. Her chest had a modest wobble as her assets. Her obscene ass almost exposed but who would even dare assault this aggressive woman. In her hand a rifle while in her closet had this pole, no... a spear. The bandits here stared at her as she waited for her helicopter to come in.

Marcus' men had smashed through the wooden door. Armed with rifles, they blasted the two bandits sitting about, playing cards. The sound of the fire alarm had blared out as two of Marcus' bandits walked through the door. More of the bandits that were under the command of this blonde bombshell had their ears perked. They aimed at the door without any care.

The fire alarm was blaring as Marcus had blown through the wooden door. This must have been the small barracks, and this must have been the lounge. "Hey men, go and head through, I'm going to go find something here."

The four of them nodded as Marcus tried to search through the many lockers. He grumbled to himself. He knew that Maeve, the bitch, would have a small device in each of the barracks. It was pieces of documents that held information.

What kind of information? It was on how to summon more troops and military equipment. He knew that Maeve had been using it to fund/operate this nation of bandits.

She could pretend that this was a colonial effort. He searched around. The less they had, the better.

"Shit shit shit, where did that bimbo Ivory put it." Marcus kvetch. His hands were on his shotgun as he looked around. He slammed himself into the steel wall. If he knew anything about these shit bases that Maeve had developed, he knew there would be a trickwall. As his feet bashed against the wall and it started to give. He bashed his way through the wall.

Ivory heard the great explosion of the wall as three of her men stood up and aimed for the door to the lounge. The fire alarms keep going off as Marcus as he found himself in this... he found himself sniffing, the smell of sex predominated through the room as he saw the dildos. Christ they looked used too, covered in this woman's juices. "Oh... Oh my..."

Ivory knew that something was amiss as she grabbed at her rifle. She charged through the wooden door. Marcus had found himself searching through the massive pile of used dildos. Breaking and trying to find anything. By the time she had managed to break through the door, he had broken at least five of them. Much to his chagrin his hands covered in fake-cum. By the time Marcus had turned around, she had fired a round into him. She had shot a round into Marcus' arm.

Marcus grabbed at his pierced arm as he screamed out in pain. Blood had rolled down his arm as he chunked the dildo at her face as he snarled. The dick had startled her as her rifle fell to the ground. He had forced himself to keep himself standing as blood kept trickling from his arm. His legs had a gash, his pants drenched in blood as he grabbed her.

"Gimme the fucking documents." He yelled out. He kept his own. Blood poured as his hands had grabbed at her arms. Blood kept leaking out as his men had busted through the wooden door of the

main hall. The three soldiers under the control of Ivory had fired upon them. Blowing two of them away in a heat of gunfire as Marcus got his face smashed. He screamed but he knew he would make it. He was a tough son of a bitch, a mean bastard too. The gunshot had only enraged him as his men had returned fire as well. Shocked was on their faces as they missed their shots!

"Marcus, the fuck are you doing?" She looked up at him as his face had become caked in his own blood.

"Getting you to join my rebellion, now call off your men or I'll-"

"You'll what?!" She spat into his face, hitting him in the eyes as she slammed her knee into his crotch.

Marcus had fallen to the ground, his hands gripped his crotch as he let out a hoarse yell. But at this point, Marcus had managed to make her too tired to stand. Ivory stared up at her in a pant, her massive tits swaying as Marcus put the gun to her head. "Gimme the documents and come with me."

"Come with you? Why would I have to come with you?"

"Listen, I know you're an easy lay-"

"Who told you that!" She exclaimed.

"All those used dildos did."

Marcus lowered the gun, and her guard lowered as well.

"Listen. I wanna fuck you, okay?" Marcus said.

"Yeah?"

"You wanna fuck?"

"I mean... if you're offering. I wouldn't mind giving the men a show." She blushed.

"You know the deal, wear the collar." He laughed as Ivory looked at him with no fear. But the collar fashioned from the old leather belts that hid in her supply closet would have to do. His hands grabbed at her chest before ripping the top off. Her chest freed as her spandex suit was almost destroyed. A hard tent was forming in his pants as he pushed her away, grabbing at her ass to pull at her spandex suit.

Ivory body was on display. Her pale skin exposed to the warm heat in the midday sun. Marcus pulled his bitch to walk around the base. Making sure that all the soldiers here could watch as their former leader. Their short, busty woman on display to the bandits who were stuck in the pillbox. Their firearms disabled by Marcus as it seemed like he had become a hole brother with them.

He chuckled as he slapped her ass. It was a quick fuck for the two of them, almost like lovers. They managed to get on board before the other men had gotten upset with him taking their lovely commander from them.



Marcus arrived back on base, his Ulster helicopter he had taken landed gracefully back on the landing pad. His lover holding hands as the two walked down to the bunker.

Watching the two of them, Johnny buried his head in the computer, trying to understand the goings on. His face marred with a look of anger as Marcus smiled.

"Go calm Johnny down, will you?" Marcus laughed, a hand groping her sizable assets.

"Sure thing, boss~"

Her long legs strutted toward him. Focused on Marcus, he ignored everything she tried to do, even while she did her best to service him.

"You really think this will be enough?" Johnny said.

"What do you-" Ivory couldn't finish her sentence when she was knocked out cold by the pistol butt cracked against her head.

"Ivory!"

Marcus pulled out his pistol, but he was quicker.

The bullet ripped through his stomach, and Marcus fell to the ground in pain. Rushing out like a waterfall, blood colagualted and spilled out as Johnny stood up from the computer.

"You lied to me."

"Lied about-" Another sound of gunfire cut off his voice, and it ripped through his arm.

"You only want to rebel! Why do you want to kill Maeve?!"

Too shocked to say anything, Marcus looked up in a panic.

"Huh? Why do you want to kill Maeve!"

"Because she might get too close to the-" He couldn't finish his sentence when Johnny had gotten up and kicked his leg.

"Because what?"

"Because she's getting too close to the truth about Ulster!"

# Chapter 3

Johnny had been a busy body, he had ordered two trucks from those documents. Glad though he was, It seemed like child's play as he arrived at the desolate camp. Ivory had surrendered her soldiers and this was their new leader. Dirty looks passed about as Johnny didn't care. The men and women in this unit would be following him, into battle or into hell.

It was during this time one of the local second in command officers got in a huff. She looked to be in her mid 20s as she motioned for Johnny to come over. "There's a damn wizard that keeps harassing us with goblins."

Johnny looked at where she had pointed at, there seemed to be 3 dead green humanoids. They were short, stunk to high hell too. "You gotta be... this was happening with what's her name, Ivory?"

"That's Lieutenant Ivory."

Johnny seemed so non-pulsed by the dead greenskin creatures. What else could go wrong on this shithole planet, he mused to himself. He was not filled with charisma as he looked at her with a faux smile, "So why can't you go out there and kill that wizard?"

"Well that's because Lieutenant Ivory didn't want us to go near his shack. Said that the wizard that lives there has a weird fascination. Having them do obscene things with him."

Johnny let out a sigh, "Take it that means you won't come with?"

The low grade officer stared at him with some contempt before letting a short huff. "No, I'll go. I mean it's only fair that we'd have to listen to the one who captured this military post. *And* fucked our commander in front of us."

"If you're going to be snide because of what a dead officer did then I'll leave you with the choice. Abandon your post and leave or follow me." There was a slight glint of anger in Johnny's eyes.

"Abandon my post? Are you treating this like an organization? Fuck you I only joined because I wanted to steal shit."

Within a flash the muzzle lit up as the bullet hit her skull. She laid there, blood leaking from her head as Johnny watched the people in the camp fall into a silence. They stopped grumbling as they all looked upon him. "I will not have traitors in my midst, if you want to leave, join her."

One man with his rifle aimed it at Johnny, his muscles tense as he slammed his finger into the trigger. His finger kept hitting the trigger, but nothing would come out. No bullets would come out, nothing would come out. He pointed his firearm away from him and out came three shots of his rounds into the concrete wall.

"It was a good effort, kid." Johnny said, his hand on his pistol as he watched the bandit throw his gun to the ground with a sickening thud. The bandit had grabbed his knife as Johnny fired another round into the man's skull. His head exploded like a watermelon as the gore and viscera laid on the ground.

"Anyone else?" Johnny asked.

"You're a monster!" One of the many bandits cried out, almost in despair.

"Murderer! Murderer! How did Ivory allow herself to lose? Why must we follow this psychopath?"

The people were like a sea as they rushed Johnny. A wave of human beings had smashed themselves against him. Their fists grabbed at him, trying to rip him limb to limb. He shook, trying to fight them off but the numbers game was too much. He could see a glint of a boot about to meet his skull when a bolt of fire jetted out.

The firebolt had struck the man in the chest, burning it and roasting the skin as Johnny looked on. The bandits that he had taken over were fleeing. Away from him and whoever shot the hot round of fire into the man's chest.

Blood poured out of his mouth as he tried to stand up, his vision hazy as his legs had broken in two places. The mob had fled, the campsite was gone. *I can't believe I get bullshit like this*, he thought to himself.

His nose had shattered and he couldn't move his legs. His arms broken, his face was puffy due to the many blows he had received to the head.

In the haze he saw what appeared to be a wave of people shooting. They were wearing the same uniform as his mutinied men who he saw gunned down. He watched as the people he supposed to lead die in front of him. He tried, oh lord he tried to keep himself awake, not allowing himself to fall into a lull of despair. His arms were limp. He couldn't protect himself from anything. But as the fighting intensified he felt himself grabbed.

He wore some khaki cargo pants as he carried him into the command post that Johnny supposed to be in control of. The man looked down at Johnny's broken face, his body beaten, legs broken, arms shattered, and took pity on him. His blond hair flowing to his neck like a mullet of sorts. "How did someone like you get in charge of here?"

The bandit looked at Johnny and smirked. A hot trickle of blood laden spit splashed across the bandit's face.

"Easy boy, I could kill you right now." He wiped the blood off of his face as he stared at Johnny like a child who stole from them. "Not a lot of people here know what's going on. If she finds out, she'll put one right between your head."

Blood poured from his mouth, words failing to come out as the man tried to clean the blood away. His heart beat faster. The was body wracked with pain as he saw the khaki wearing bandit inject him with morphine. The pain never went away but the euphoria of the opiate kicked in as Johnny let out a gurgled gasp of blood.

"Where's... Where's Sophia?" Johnny mumbled, his eyes almost glazed as he saw a woman with a staff walk into his view. Her blackish brown hair flowed to the ground. Those clothes looked something out of a generic fantasy book Johnny once read. A reddish-purple robe seemed draped over her body. The many frills and ruffles on the skirt looked untouched. Latex leggings rolled down her leg as she walked toward him. Her chest seemed more pronounced due to the corset she had, and the robe/skirt she wore.

The bandit tending to him wiped more of the blood off of Johnny's mouth. Speaking would cause more blood to pour out you see. The gears turned in his head as he looked down at Johnny.

"Sophia? I thought she was back on Mars El-"

Johnny's eyes were even more glazed over as he tried to pull his eyes away from the pale woman. Her frame was feminine, her thighs hugging the latex leggings she wore. This has to be the commander, no way this isn't the commander.

"Why does this dog keep looking at me Rufus?" Her voice was like that of a whip, cold venom burning Johnny's face as he kept staring at her.

"I'm sorry madam," Rufus grabbed at Johnny chin to force him to look at him. "She doesn't take kindly to people staring at her."

Johnny was in a daze at this point, out of it, couldn't tell what was going on. The morphine had kicked in and he was in a heaven of heavens. The world seemed brighter, almost more colorful as Rufus stabilized him. He made sure he wouldn't die on his watch.

"Am I... I'm going to die here."

"You're going to die here if you don't tell us where Ivory is! Where is she and where is Marcus!?" The woman yelled, her voice like daggers into Johnny's heart as she pointed her staff at him.

"Hold on, look at him, look at his broken body, do you think he knows what's going on?" Rufus barked at her.

"I see him as a leader of a pack of dogs trying to get in charge, why should I care what happens to him?"

Rufus let go of Johnny and grabbed the woman by her arm. "You see him? That's... one of our benefactors thug, if you will. If we take him hostage, err prisoner we could get more supplies for Maeve base. New weapons too, maybe even vehicles, maybe... even more colonists to help Maeve."

"If one of our sponsors is trying to support Marcus, shouldn't we kill him as a message?"

"No no! Listen, if we kill him, we won't have a bargaining chip. Think about it like this, that man right here got sentenced to 50 years hard labor. Now I know you don't pay attention to the affairs of the outside but this man isn't 70ish and he sure as shit looks spry. Someone is pulling the strings here. He asked for her."

"Maeve?"

He raised his finger up a tiny bit. "One above."

She looked at Johnny and back at Rufus. There was a slight devilish look in her eye. "So if we keep him alive, we'll gain favor with... geez did you call him a dog? Anyways, this dog looks like he's on death's door. But if that means we can get his mistress we can-"

Rufus had lifted the man up, he held Johnny in his arms as Johnny's light frame twitched in pain. He eyed her, 'don't fucking say it.'

"Do you think she'll support me in a rebellion then if we ask?" Her voice was a whisper.

"You shouldn't say stuff like that."

Johnny had what appeared to be half-asleep, the pain had washed away and all he felt was the drugs kicking in. The witch stared at him as she heard the sound of gunfire rang out. Her eyes locked onto Johnny before giving Rufus a dirty look. "Get him more medical care then, I guess I'll have to take care of a few things."

Maria wore what one would call Gothic Lolita. Her clothes had frills upon and frills as she walked out of the command post while Rufus kept the boy alive. She scoffed at the soldiers firing upon the goblins. Firing a fat fireball into a small crowd of beings as she charged forward with her polearm.

Her wild swinging had managed to destroy these little green midgets as she jabbed her pole into the body. The wood on the pole glinted, polished with palm oil as the stick ripped the body. The goblin explodes into gore as she crushed the little bastard again and again. By the time she had stopped doing her little poking of the corpse she noticed something. A lanky, short man standing with a katana.

His face was feminine, but his chest was flat. The long pink sundress flowed as he held the blade.

*Of course it's a katana.* She scoffed in her head. Her pole was ready to explode into a fireball. The reddish-pinkish-headed man stood, magic rippling from his body. A small shimmer of light covers him as his arm gripped the metal sword.

"Stand down bitch, you got someone I-" The redhead spoke.

Maria stood tall as the gunfire died down. The many soldiers lining up and ready to gun down the rival officer when Maria offered her arm back. It'll be a duel between officers. Despite how the red-headed wizard had lost the initiative, she found herself in a slight panic. She laughed to herself.

"What are you laughing about?" The young redhead spoke with fire in his voice.

"What? You don't laugh at the face of death? You're lucky you aren't dead!"

"Luck has nothing to do with this, bitch!" The redhead yelled out as he charged through. The blade glistened in the fresh morning dew as he swung his sword! So sudden this charge was that he swung with all his might. Even with all that going for him, Maria dodged.

She found herself stumbling as she yelled out a devilish incantation. Between where the redhead was standing and herself she had managed to blind his eyes. Heated soot of the earth had gotten into his eyelids.

The redhead swung at the open air as Maria moved back, her chest jiggling much to pleasure of everyone. Even one of the bandits in her midst gave a cute whistle. The redhead wild sword-waving had caused him to stumble to the ground. Almost blinded by the thickening amount of smoke.

But as she moved in to smash the pole into him. It was almost as if a force of its own had taken control of him. Guiding his body through his pain and spasms of all that smoke burning his eyes had made him contort. All he could do was flop like a fish while she tried and failed to wack him.

In this mad panic in his haze that had enveloped him he lashed out at Maria. The katana blade dropped. No blood would spill from the iron degenerate sword.

His fist failed to connect with her shin.

"Is this a joke? Who are you? Why are you even leading little green shits over there?" Maria chided him. The swing of her staff moving the cloud of smoke away that blinded his vision as she missed. Centimeters away from a direct blow.

"A joke? Me? Lady I'm Gabriel! Do you not know who I am? I am king of this world Double-I!" His boisterous words aided his slash at Maria. Her hands attempted to swipe at the blade.

The two locked eyes and she shot a blast of heat into the man's stomach. Gabriel fell to the ground with a thud. Knocked out by the intense cooking that his stomach felt. It didn't burn his flesh, luckily enough it was covered by the latex-like clothing that covered his body in. But he still laid there, senses dulled. In simpler terms, knocked out cold.

She looked upon her soldiers and said "He isn't anyone important. But do take him with us so we can learn about the little goblins."

Gabriel had found himself sitting in a small prison cell, another man laid on the bed.

"Damn God-having name, wake up!" One of the guards, a dirty bandit who had shot up a thing of speed-ball bashed at the bar-cells with his bare knuckles. They looked cracked, so unrefined.

"What do you want?" Gabriel had gotten to his feet as two guards opened the doors. The one talking to him had pressed him against the wall. These two guards had grabbed the twink by the arms and legs. His body motionless.

By the time the group had left, he had found himself alone with the tweaked out bandit. "You gonna fuck off now?"

A fist struck Gabriel into his stomach, but he stood. He took it in stride but coughed a small splatter of blood onto guard's freckled face. Gabriel's red hair kept flowing as the guard swung again and again. "You killed an entire platoon with a bunch of little fucking shits!"

Gabriel kept taking the blows, the bandit had slammed his chest as the tweaking bandit yelled out in frustration. His coke fueled rage had started to kick off, his knees jabbing into Gabriel's body. He stared at the bandit screamed out in bloody murder.

"Why are you not showing any pain?!" The bandit kept punching away, his fists smashing into the shoulder and stomach. "Wait a second. You must actually are h-"

There seemed to be a lull in the bandit's punches as Gabriel slammed his fist into the bandit skull. Bit of his nose shattering as he fell to the ground as blood leaked out his nose. Gabriel had slammed his shoe into the bandit nose and neck. Stomping on it as he threw the useless bandit out, and stay put in the cell.

Gabriel looked out the window as the guards noticed that their own beaten to a bloody pulp. And the man was sitting there, resisting the pain and bruises that cover his body.

"Who the fuck you looking at?"

Two hours later, the man was finally dragged back to the cell. The arms looked normal but his legs were still mangled. One of the guards gave the man a shove and he stumbled like a newborn giraffe. He wobbled in despair as he fell down onto the bed.

"Hey hey, don't hurt Johnny," Rufus yelled out from the medical bay. "I didn't use my talents to make him walk again so you could mess it all up."

One of the bandits slammed his gun into Johnny's leg. The way he held it was like a club. And Gabriel fist shattered the jaw of the bandit being a savage as the men scurried away.

The door, of course, left shut.

The bandit still moaned out in pain as Johnny's voice was coarse, filled with sorrow. Gabriel kept kicking at the bandit. He pushed his skull against the cell-wall and kept kicking again and again. A small bit of gray matter sticks to his shoe as he spat down at the dead bandit.

"Hey you thieves you left your friend with us!"

A soft sigh escaped from another guard who dragged the now dead man out of the cell. He also slammed the butt of his rifle into Gabriel's body.

The bandit left the two alone, taking their dead comrade as Johnny lets out a short snort. Gabriel could see that Johnny was watching, and there was a slight smile on his face, and chuckled. With great difficulty he leaned back against the wall and looked at Gabriel. "Johnny, Johnny Valentine."

Gabriel sighed. "Gabriel, I'm Gabriel. You must be someone popular because they're pulling all the stops for you, eh?"

"Not sure, got like this because I tried to use fear against them. But now I'm here with my legs fucked, I mean I can walk, but..."

He wiggled his foot, showing some sign of movement as he flashed Gabriel a smile. A tooth was missing as his nose looked even more crooked.

"Oh poor boy, here. They won't fix your beauty, but I will."

Johnny gave the man a wild look.

"No no, I mean I can heal your beauty, I have magic."

A short snort of dismissal escaped his lips. "Can't believe they have magic here. Only heard about it on far-off worlds. Never seen before."

"Oh bullshit, I swear you must have seen someone use magic before, right?"

Gabriel grabbed at Johnny's legs. "Well that won't matter, I'll show you how my great powers works."

A small glow formed on Johnny's legs as the cuts and bruises were disappearing. The pain still hung on but Johnny watched in amazement as the light traveled up. To his abdominal and to his arms and face, the entire glow was burning his body in a haze of light.

By the time this never ending glow finally finished, he touched his own legs. They were smooth, clean, small hairs on it burned off but it didn't matter. It had appeared that his limbs received a great healing of sorts. The kind that rivaled technology.

Appeared to be, but not actually healed. Johnny still let out a sharp yelp as in his excitement he tried to stand up with a quickness of a fox. But he stumbled back to the ground in pain. His legs were twitching, pain shot through as Gabriel leaned in to kiss him on the lips. His lips touched Johnny's as the pain dulled, almost removed as Gabriel started to grab at his crotch. The way he snaked his hands into his trousers to grip at his dick made Johnny moan. And hump his hips at the cute twink exploring his mouth.



His senses became duller as Gabriel kept stroking. A hand pulled the pants down to reveal his cock, all grown and massive. Almost monstrous. Gabriel gave a cute smirk as the trail of spit that connected Johnny had broken. "Oh ho.. I guess my magic does work huh? That's the beauty of my magic. It makes everything pretty... and more potent.."

Gabriel flicked his tongue and started to stroke Johnny off. His lips kept kissing him as he bullied Johnny fat cock. Teasing it and rubbing the soft foreskin that covered the head. "Oh don't worry, we aren't fucking, I just wanted to give you my gift..."

Johnny looked at him with a face of pleasure. Not understanding what was going on as he looked at the cute redhead as a woman, and kissed him back. He couldn't hear what the man was saying as he pressed himself against Gabriel's body. The only thing that he heard was fucking. And the impure thoughts of wanting to fuck this redhead had drove him wild.

"Oh someone hungry. Okay big boy, I guess it's okay for you to break that cock in, ehehe, please use my ass pussy like it's yours to own." Gabriel let out a cute chuckle as Johnny pinned him down to the concrete wall. Geez Gabriel had worn a cute pair of panties that hid his cock. And his asshole twitched in excitement, waiting for a dick to fuck him.

Johnny had in his horny, almost drunk-like mind lined his cock up. Ignoring the fact that the small flimsy pantyline ripped as he shoved his dick inside. He humped away as he thrusts away in a desperate attempt to get himself off. His mind was going blank as his thrusts were fast and quick, his balls smacking against the redhead ass.

"Oh my, so greedy, not even paying attention to me..." Gabriel pushed Johnny back. But he wasn't going to let this fucking meat puppet he was enjoying wouldn't fight back. Damn his hips were moving as his cockhead pressed against the squishy prostate.

Johnny cock felt trapped as Gabriel asshole milked and teased. But his thrusts wouldn't end. A slight rise in his nuts made Johnny let out a short moan as he moaned out "I want to cum.."

"Oh you wanna cum? If you cum inside me you'll make me moan like a girl~! Oh, did your dick twitch, oh another one! You want to fuck me huh, want to turn my asshole like it's for you and you only? Well too bad!"

Gabriel slammed his foot into Johnny chest and with a hot pop his cock was erupting with cum. Semen shot out as Gabriel got onto his dick and started to give head. He licked and sucked on Johnny dick, trying to milk the rest of the cum out of his swollen nuts. More and more cum shot out as Gabriel sucked him off with joy. The hot cream-like cum pulled down into his throat. As Gabriel looked at Johnny with cum still staining his mouth.

"Such a rookie... But alas, I use their culture against them and have you teach her a lesson."

Gabriel pressed his mouth against Johnny's ear. His tongue licking the inside as Johnny's legs twitched.

"What are you... Talking about?"

"Eh? Oh I forgot that you're new here. Seeing you lead an army, I'd assume you would understand that you would have uh.. understood the little differences that this world has."

"Are you talking about?"

Gabriel had pulled away and draped himself over Johnny, almost pinning him down. "I'm talking about how our captor is going to fuck your brains out. If you would have won the battle she would have wanted the same. She beat you, and hell beat me fair and square."

"So wait hold on, I get fucking beaten by my soldiers because one of my commanders was following the culture here?"

"What? Oh no they got pissed because your commander humiliated her and her unit. And then seeing you waltz in, not even earning the uni drove them over the edge. If you sent Marcus they would have behaved but..."

Johnny looked dumbfounded. "What the fuck?"

Gabriel chuckled, "Oh come on, don't act like that. I was the one who made it a tradition after all..."

Johnny tried to reach up and push him off but Gabriel kissed him. His own semen trickling down with Gabriel spit mixed in as Johnny felt more at ease.

"There there, calm down boy. I don't think anyone in here understands this but... Oh what the hell, I'm the patron being of this world. The spirit made flesh. One of the millions of little spin-offs that inhabit each planet in the service of the Deus."

There was a slight look of confusion of Johnny face. He tried to take it all in, his face beet red as he clenched his fist. With all his might he tried to get this... whatever the hell this redhead was off of him, but it was no use, he wouldn't budge for anything, so he stay pinned like that.

"Say... You're from the world of Mars El? Don't lie boy I can read you like a book. Anyways... You know the Goddess you're supposed to worship?"

Johnny looked at him with even more confusion, "How in the-"

"Well do you remember who you're supposed to worship?"

"Yeah, Athenia." Johnny muttered out.

"Oh, Athenia. I heard she managed to take over the religious orders all over Stellar Donbass. I'm impressed that you follow a killer of gods."

"Killer of what?"

"Well actually she didn't kill them but like. Their powers are much weaker then hers and she forces them to swear fealty to her, and give her all their power too. Athenia... wow I haven't talked to her in ages. You think she'd be willing to talk to me?"

"Why the fuck should I care?"

"Because boy I haven't seen her in forever and... she might have... left me the cold shoulder the last time I talked to her. Oh this must have been... When did the Empire collapse again?"

Gabriel still held onto him as Johnny looked into his eyes. But when he blinked Gabriel had let him go and he had managed to teleport himself onto the bed. With a thud Johnny's head slammed against the concrete.

"Ah it didn't matter when it happened. I wanted to know what she was up to is all."

"How the fuck did you teleport? Wait hold on, if you teleported why didn't you escape?"

Gabriel patted the bed. "Eh? Well that's easy, I'm on your side. If I flee, who's going to protect you from the guards?"

"Who's side are you on?"

With a sigh, Gabriel grabbed Johnny, and placed him on the bed too. "I made you beautiful and let you fuck my ass raw and you're questioning if I'm on your side or not? That's some fucked up trust issues dude. Listen, you're my champion."

"It's not that I don't trust you, I don't want to be a pawn and get used and disposed of. What the fuck does being a champion mean?"

"Speaking of used, you be careful around Sophia-"

The sound of heels clacked down the hallway. The two men looked up to see who made all that noise. the never ending click clack of those black stiletto tipped heels had made Johnny freeze up. His heart sank as he saw her with Maria. The two chatting inconsequential things before when she had looked up. She could see Johnny focused in on her.

"Sophia?" Johnny said to himself, looking at the woman next to Maria.

She was tall, a head taller then Johnny and sure as shit taller then the woman whom she stood next to. Her hair was black, silky smooth to the touch yet looked like the inky void of night itself. It flowed down her back. Her face was more of a lioness, cold, calculating. It wasn't a resting bitch face, no. It was a face of someone who knew the cards at hand. But knew how to give someone enough rope to let them fall into a false security. Her blue eyes were of a hyper blue, man-made and synthetic as they could glow in the dark. She kept in step with Maria. She showed her the small military base. The black cocktail dress contained her bust. But it strained and ached to become free from it's tight imprisonment.

Her flared hips and thick thighs swayed with each step. They looked so soft but even Johnny knew that those legs were strong too, way too strong for such a soft woman. Her breasts would almost pop out from every step. The light reddish pink tips of her nipples would expose themselves. Yet it would still remain in that tight dress. The way her hips flared out had made sure that her lace white and pink panties could show up too. If she stood straight and still the dress would cover the top of her panties.

But that's not factoring the fact she was tall. Also she wore thigh-highs that pinched her thighs with intense snugness. While wearing these latex-and-black-leather boots that rode up her shin. they had a great heel spike of a stiletto as she stood even taller. People in this base watched her walk by. Her butt wiggled and gave a soft clap as she walked down the hallway. Almost enraptured by how that ass jiggled in such a way. Anyone that looked upon her, man or woman, would have gotten aroused.

Even Maria had a light blush form across her face as she couldn't help but stare at her too. The pale skin giving away to a red look as she even gave her ass a gentle squeeze too.

"Damn genetic engineering is amazing." Maria muttered under her breath.

With her own panties in hand, Sophia's eyes locked with Johnny. His face beet red as she watched Maria herself compose herself too. And gave a teasing slap to those two great mounds of ass-flesh.

"Hey what are you doing?" Maria had blurted out as Sophia had pressed herself against Johnny's cell door. Her panties were still in her hands, Johnny's body moved on it's own accord and grabbed Sophia's ass. His hands slapped and groped. Trying to tease open her cute pucker as she reached down to drape her soaked panties onto his dick.

"Well I can see that you kept your end of the bargain. I can't believe I even took the nanites injectors to heal him. But I guess even my darling would have been treated better than the other bandits here. Good job, I'll keep my end of the bargain and try to set you up with supplies today, okay?"

Gabriel watched the whole farce with a look of disgust, but Sophia paid him no mind. He considered letting Johnny be free from his grasp of not feeling any pain. But Johnny kept kissing this woman, her hands stroking and rubbing him off in front of Maria.

"P-Please stop, I'm getting clos--." But even as Johnny pleaded, Sophia's hands kept pumping and teasing. He shot an impressive load all over her hand. Some of it landed on Sophia's face and chest as Johnny looked away in shocked pleasure. His mind raced with how much pleasure he felt. Especially from her as he fell back onto the ground like a sack of potatoes.

"And I guess the other enhancements too were a great touch. Tell your doctor that we'll give him with whatever he desire. I can't believe my husband would have gotten dolled up for me, but I guess you're in the know huh."

"I'm... I'm not your husband Sophia..." Johnny let out a soft whimper as he looked up at her like a scolded dog.

"Eh? Well then how do you feel about me?" She had squatted down to look at him in the eyes, almost at face level as Johnny looked away in fear.

Her hands gripped his hands with soft squeeze and guided his head to look at her dead in the eyes.

"I still... I still love you." He admitted, his voice pathetic when Sophia kissed him through the bars.

# Chapter 4

It was ten years ago when the two had crossed each other. A hot heavy air permeated through the area as the land had toxic waste stored in the ground. The many foundries produced a neverending torrent of processed steel. It was the backbone of the economy for Mars El.

Sophia was a student here on the planet, a noble that owned the world too. But she was a foreigner told to learn from the very best school money could buy.

Johnny, who was the same age as her worked in the foundry as a laborer. It was the only real job that he had after growing out of the orphanage at the age of majority and told to fend for himself.

The black hair beauty had found herself in the hot concrete city. Her eyes burned from the neverending soot that seemed to rain down. What a joke that this was the best for education, she thought to herself. She got told outright to go see the city and to come back and learn something from it. But she walked and strolled the street.

Unattended and without anything to defend herself. She had found herself to be in the sights of a gang of ironmen. Who people considered mutated and degenerated mutants. With deformed skin which looked like a rusted iron. It seemed like it would slough off to reveal infected and pus riddled muscles—catcalled at her.

She scoffed and kept moving. Two of them started to charge in, in their hands old-rust-covered blades glinted. The two of them pointed and made sure she stood still. "How about you come with us back to our little hideout. We could use a little entertainment since our last bitch decided to OD on us."

The man's voice was raspy. Burnt from years of exposure to all the carcinogens. He pushed his hand against the wall, cornering her.

"Take a shower you pus-riddled freak!" She screamed out, her foot kicking at the one trying to box her in. His leg shattered as another came in to tackle her to the ground. In the process discolating and splitting open his skin. His knife glinted in the haze of the orange streetlight as she watched him pull on her dress. Her fists connecting at first when his friend pinned her legs to the ground with his steeltoed boots.

His friend kept his hold on her as he started to cut at the straps that hid her bountiful body. It was almost surreal, she thought that here her adventure would end. Everytime she tried to kick, nothing would happen. Almost but in vain she tried to get out.

The second strap slashed open. Exposing her massive mammeries. the ironman holding her cackled before a dull clang clashed against his head. His voice stopped and he fell backwards as the

gang of ironmen looked up to see a young man holding a lead pipe. The man with the new knife held it tight. Then he motioned to stab her when the young man's boot slammed straight into the ironman skull.

His vertibre snapped from how brittle and diseased. And he found himself dead within seconds. The now lifeless corpse of this soon-be killr neck snapped. And his head had become caved in too as the now 5 men of this gang watched in horror. Only one more member stood and drew his blade, almost as a display of pride but his hand trembled.

"You the leader?" Johnny asked, wiping the blood from his boots on the concrete. His pipe glistened with blood as he stared down the man.

"Y-You're goddamn right I am!" This leader of mutated freaks approached, his nose had fallen off years ago. The very few hair that remained had become greyed. "That's ours! Not yours! Get your own squeeze you fucking smoothie!"

"Swing first and I'll make sure I kill every one of you." Johnny said. His voice cold to how even these downtrottened people. He had been told to care about for their plight good chunk of his life. And were a by-product of society. But he only saw the gross, deformed mutants that stood before him as rabid dogs.

"Boss, come on, I got work tomorrow." One of them rasped. He wore his smeltry uniform yet ran with these thugs.

"See, even one of your boys thinks this is a dumb idea. If you have any sense you would run."

"Fuck that!" The leader yelled out, his knife rusted and caked with old blood as he swiped at him. The blade cut across Johnny uniform as in the upswing of his attack Johnny had yanked forward. His grip on the man's elbow as he jammed upwards.

Sophia managed to get onto her feet as a clerk heard the commotion. He was a blond man with slanted, almost crooked eyes. With leathery skin and the marks of age. Came out carrying his fat handcannon. He took a look at Sophia and with a short snarl fired at both Johnny and the leader.

Johnny saw it out the corner of his eye as he threw the ironman leader. The bullet pierced and destroyed the leader. For Johnny troubles he took the bullet right into the side of his body. The clerk kept screaming at Johnny while Sophia panted and rushed over to help him. Applying pressure on the wound to make sure he wouldn't bleed out.

He coughed as he looked at the fleeing men. "Hey ironworker, stop running with those thugs and get back to the foundry!"

Not sure if the ironman heard or had a fuck to give. Johnny let out a hoarse yell as he gripped Sophia hands. Feeling how soft they were as the shop owner tried to explain in broken Linga English

how sorry he was to shoot him. Sophia had managed to cover herself with loose cloth that strewn the streets.

Sophia helped him into the clerk shop. Blood trickled down from and stained the countertop and his own workclothes.

"Athania or whoever can hear me please help me." Johnny moaned, the pain was getting to him as what seemed like a bright light appeared before the trio. Sophia watched in awe as she held the syringe of nanites. The clerk was about to ring her up for it. But there stood Athania, a lesser form of her but still.

Her form was ethereal as she looked upon the man who begged for help. She wore a pale white flowing robe of sorts. Her horns pointed upward, and her veil covered her face. In her hand a flaming sword in one hand as she pointed the blade at the three of them.

"How many times have you prayed before me? Don't lie boy I know the answer."

"If you aren't going to help then why did you even come here?" Sophia grabbed at Johnny's neck and tried to find a vein.

The ethereal form scoffed as Sophia injected him the short-lasting nanites. His body went straight into a relaxed, giving little twitch. The wound started to close up as Johnny passed out. Almost in a lazed state moaning out before crashing into a deep sleep. All because of these drug-store nanites.

The sales clerk looked at the aspect of Athania, "Would you be willing to help me then?"

"Well let's see, you have a heathen worshiper of Zenayhar and an atheist--"

"Hey if he prayed to you wouldn't you give him clemency?" Sophia asked.

The Athania aspect lashed with her sword, the hot flame jetted out and set ablaze the goods behind the trio. Entire shelf of liquor had ignited as she left in the veil of smoke.

Sophia and the clerk scrambled with the passed out Johnny. The whole building exploded inside. The building itself fed the flames as the two managed to get to relative safety. The three corpses on the ground still remained as small automatic fire units came out. Snuffing the flames with retardant. The clerk let out a sigh.

"My whole life business, up in smoke because of a worshiper of greed and power. And a woman who believes in nothing had invoked help from her."

The clerk had tears in his eyes as the pride of his 30 years on Mars El gutted in front of him. The thing he had put everything into yet died in front of him. 30 long years of toil, from the small store that his father owned to him owning it. He even made an effort and reached out to his son who worked in the foundry to make amends and to work with him. All gone. His heart sank as he looked at Sophia. Her long black hair obscured something, a tattoo of some sort on the nape of her neck.



Another explosion rocked the area as the hair blown upwards. Revealing a tattoo of a snake with a lion's head and in its coils. Another snake with a lion's head, constricted around the head. Even the clerk knew this was a sign to let go of Johnny.

"Eh? Why are you fleeing?" Sophia asked, not aware--or hell if she was aware, not caring—as the man fled towards the flames.

"Because I know that tattoo from the many years of schooling, and I know better than to take offers from a Zenathain. Especially one who wants to consume her own God. Good luck to you boy, you found yourself in a worse lot than the people you killed to save her."

Sophia blew him off and hailed a taxi to take the two of them back to her school. That damn old man and his prejudices. The whole world, no, the whole damn stellarship that governed these people were like that to her. It was a source of pride, a source of strength to say "I will become God." The fact that her father taught her this only reinforced this entire thing.

The industrial hellscape that this world was had only a few respites. The lashes of pollution and the surge of productivity scarred the land but here, it was fine. It was here, past the many shield generators and large military build up that was the palace of Sophia.

Maeve had awoken in bed at the Ulster military complex. It was midday as sunlight trickled through the many holes that were carved out of this mountain flowed in.

While her bright, barbarian red hair peaked out from under the blankets, her body was naked. Her bra and panties laid on the adjacent chair, which were folded.

Maeve chest swayed as she groaned and got up. It was noted that her chest was one of the largest at the base, even outclassing her boss, Sophia. As she strained and got up, her sycophantic lover laid next to her.

She slid out of bed, her hips shaking with each movement. They were motherly and pronounced. If anything else, she had a body most horny men would dream of getting with. But she gently rocked the sleeping dusky-brown hair girl in bed with her.

Her buxom chest jiggled as she put on two pasties to cover her nipples, her tight white o-ring bikini and red bottoms were put on.

As she draped the banner of a red hand over her chest, she chanted a small incantation and it glowed. Almost in paying tribute, Maeve nodded to a statue of a succubus, with horns and bat wings on the lower back. The fact she prayed to it made her disqualified from becoming a champion, but she was infatuated with it. She had kept it well hidden, and knowing Gabriel wouldn't bother checking in on her, she offered a short prayer to Athenina.

The white-and-red 'banner' was just a sleeveless low-cut shirt that helped contain the massive mammeries that were held in place. She called it a banner because in battle, she would strip and it would act as a bonus for defense. Now Maeve didn't understand the context of the hand, or what it meant, most of written history of the people of Dublin and Ulster was gone. But the iconography, the names of places, that what still remained in these people.

But because of her heretical ways, which Gabriel was none-the-wiser about, she found herself to be the leader of Ulster.

She was, five years ago at least, one of the stronger noblewoman in the north. But, she sold her land, the entire north, to fund this operation.

And with the help of Sophia, Ulster was founded. It was only this massive base, called Ulster that acted as a real government. Her only real complaint was that Sophia picked out this mountain, for what? To stockpile the nuclear weapons?

She was aware that something was amiss at the base, why did they need to be in the mountains? Wouldn't have been better if they just set up a village and worked from there?

But what she wasn't aware of was that knock on the door.

"Can you answer the door?" The dusky-brown hair woman asked. She was still asleep, mumbling her words.

Opening it, she saw a gruff soldier look at her lewd body. He blushed, but was able to get the message out.

"Marcus fled and started an open rebellion, we aren't sure what's going on, but we do know that we have captured one of his subordinates."

"Do we know who it is? Names? Anything?"

"It's Johnny Valentine."

Maeve shrugged. "What about him?"

"That's Sophia husband."

Maeve stared at him for a moment, and let out a sigh. "I take it she's trying to convince him to give it up right?"

"Well she is saying she need him at Ulster..."

Maeve gulped. "She's really planning on killing me. Or having her lapdog do it isn't she. No matter, who do we have that can convince Johnny and his mistress..."

"Rufus maybe?"

Rufus wasn't a good talker, but he knew how to get people into not killing

Maeve face blushed. A blush of embarrasement formed when she heard that name. "Rufus huh? Well, maybe if he likes his job he should convince Johnny and his wife not to kill me, right?"

The scarred messenger nodded. "I get your point. I'll relay the message, but right now, we're going to be sitting tight for a while. All of our helicopters are in desprate need for repairs. But Maria is out in the field, so that should be good enough, right?"

"It's fine enough, I suppose."

And the door slammed itself shut with a heavy thud.

"What's the issue?"

Rufus had found himself hard at work trying to work on the next patient. His brows furrowed as he took a look at the soldier, his mask ripped to shreds. The few bits of the man's face that he could see was covered in blood.

"You were with that guy huh?" Rufus said, his hands hard at work trying to stop the bleeding face. There weren't any doctors outside of him, it drove him mad.

"What guy?" The soldier mumbled out.

Rufus didn't say anything else. What was that guy doing here for? Ivory is supposed to take control of this area. He was aware that Marcus had fled to his fortification, but he wasn't too sure about it.

The fact that Maria was on patrol nipped this rebellion right in the bud, Rufus thought.

But he looked at the young man. He didn't look like a rebel, he looked like a random soldier caught up in this. His hands were slow as he unpeeled the mask.

Fast hands work best under stress, and his hands got to work cleaning and suturing the wound. They were these massive gashes in the soldier's face. It was a shock in all honesty that he wasn't shot in the commotion.

He had to deal with a lot of bullet wound victems, a lot of drug addicts too. Needles were strewn about. Rufus saw Ivory men affected by a deadly mix of an opiate and a large amount of cocaine. This deadly cocktail floated in their bodies.

"Alright, you look good to go." Rufus said, his blond mullet flowed as he helped the comrade in arms.

He shuffled away without a word as Rufus saw Maria in the doorway. Her robe was flowing in the air-conditioned room. A single hand pushed the useless grunt to the side as she strode in and looked about the place.

"Are you looking for something?" Rufus asked.

"Looking for... Oh! I was inspecting the base." Maria blushed. Almost revealing her true nature.

"Well I'm on break so if you want to check out this office that'll be fine. Too many drug-addicts here you know?"

"I was thinking about that. Can't believe I didn't ask her to get more of her medicine!" Maria laughed. "It's a shock you didn't kill him though."

Rufus peaked up. "Why? He looks like he doesn't belong here, a straggler from somewhere else. But yeah, could you see if Sophia would be willing to help us out?"

"I'll see what I can do. Oh, and Rufus?"

"Wha-"

Maria kissed him on the lips. His face became red as his lips pressed back.

Before long, Maria pulled back and smiled. "I want you tonight, okay babe?"

So with that, Maria strutted out of the room, her sizable ass jiggling through the ruffled fabric.

By the time Rufus had stopped staring, he heard the relay from base ring in, and was told what to do next.

# Chapter 5

The heavy smell of lust came from the small office. "Wow, I can't believe Ivory had such a shit location to work from."

Maria mused to herself, the whole room was dirty, the hot smell of sex covered throughout the room. She recoiled when she touched one of the logbooks she gasped and felt a light film of just... She shuddered. But as she looked around she realized that Ivory was in some nymphomaniac state. She kept toying with the small computer and delved through her files.

Gabriel had been laughing, the chair he sat upon had the same caked on filth and he laughed. His laughter filled the room as the heavy smell of sex was overpowering. Maria face turned from the cream white to a heavy blush. She looked up from the myriad of pictures, erotic photos and videos of Ivory.

"Oh my...-" she stared at Gabriel.

His laughter stopped, and a smug grin formed across his face. "Isn't it fun to learn what your co-workers are into?"

"So what are you into sweetheart?" Gabriel kept his smug gaze on her.

"Shut up! I beat you! The lord Gabriel states that I..."

"The lord Gabriel? I haven't heard that in forever."

She had been disturbed this revelation, hearing what she feared was true. If he knew what she was looking at, and knew what her friend was into...

Gabriel slapped the desk like a pompous asshole. His thumb cocked. "You're talking to him."

She looked at him dumbfounded. Her mind split between begging for forgiveness or to try and cast him out of the room. Oh but as she stood there, almost paralyzed by this revelation she got on her knees.

"Oh come off of it, I won't kill you because you beat me fair and square. Hell I'll take the boy's place if need be. He lost due to incompetents but hey, I like him."

Gabriel lifted her chin up. "Stand, please stand."

"But got taught that you would smite us if we didn't pay proper homage to you!" She wailed out, fear had overtaken her as Gabriel tried to wipe her tears away. His smug visage had washed away the sight of her praying to him like an idol. It felt... Empowering...

"It hasn't felt this good in years, having someone pray to me. You know, I have an entire aspect system set up right, pray or do a ritual and I'll try my best to do it."

"Eh... If you're Gabriel... what can I offer to you so Rufus can get with me?" Her reddish hue had started to flow back to her pale white. But her body still froze as he lifted her up and sat her back in the officer seat.

"Whatever your offering. Oh shit you know how many fucking prayers I answer while I'm out creating things?"

"A lot." She muttered to herself.

"Ex-fucking-actly." He clapped his hands. "But I love it, because I get a power-boost from all those prayers. Oh especially the contradictory ones, those are my favorites. When it's two people who pray for the same thing... Usually some girl or guy is the target of two love interests. Sometimes they end up combined into a single body but they have two souls. And they still pray for me afterwards to fix it, so I end up splitting them apart with what I deemed would fit this split. Not their original personalities but like, the new union of personalities and souls."

"S-So that's why they told my clan not to pray for love?"

"Nah it's I could have it be the two guys getting the girl at the same time, but it's like. If you're already pray to me then you weren't going to get with him, but I'll help. That's why I respond well with people like uh... the girl your watching."

The girl in question, Ivory, was in the throws of an orgasm in one of the many clips that she was in.

"So what are you willing to offer me for what you want?"

She looked away.

"Do you want to hear about how my pocket dimension works?"

"Wha-"

And so, out of spite, Gabriel had explained how his pocket dimension works. Most, hell it could have argued only one other person was in the know. She would be the second in the know about his afterlife/universe worked. He worked as a god, allowing people to settle their own world with whatever they could create. In return, he could pluck every body in that afterlife onto the world. But it took a lot out of him. It took way too much out of him to drag entire worlds to Double-I.

Because of how devout his people were, He was able to put objects onto the world. Gabriel found there was no greater joy. Being able to summon his own creations and the creations of others to Double-I was that damn good.

He realized that lots of the people who controlled the worlds had created more souls. Those who died on his world to live on their own template world. But couldn't come back to the land of the living as themselves. Their essence would have to merge with the many Dretches that were outbound for reality. But why would they want to return when their already a God?

"Gabriel, shut up, go bother Johnny or something."

So with a huff, Gabriel shrugged and

In the prison cell, an aspect of Gabriel was chatting on about the many details of his religion. He couldn't notice but he gave the entire explanation of how he can only create and do a bit of damage. Sophia yelled out for Maria in anger.

"My Johnny doesn't need to hear about this, the fuck are you doing?" Her voice rang out throughout the building.

Maria rushed out to go see what was happening. So did Gabriel who gave a cheeky smile, his elbow tapped against Maria.

"How did a cute woman like her join such an operation like mine?" Sophia finally got a good look at her.

"I am the top graduate of Dublin's Fine Mage-craft schools."

"Ah, so you got recruited by Maeve. I'm surprised that she didn't pluck your cherry."

"What do you mean?! I'm pure! Sometimes I have lewd thoughts but that's all their is to it!"

*What an awful liar*, Sophia thought.

"Listen, ladies. I got some errands to run and I don't need you two to kill each other, okay? Oh, and one last thing."

Gabriel walked through the cell and kissed Johnny on the lips. "My debt with Johnny has been paid, he's my champion now."

Within moments, Gabriel flashed out of existence.

"Oh, that's why his package got bigger." Sophia laughed. Her smile faded after thinking about it for a moment. *That fucker is trying to steal my husband.*

Sophia and Maria sat around at the bar where bandits came in and out. The amount of needles used, strewn about made Sophia cringe. It had been hours later, the sun still hung high in the air. Johnny still knocked out cold. And Rufus worked with the local population and some of the bandits and soldiers.

"You allow this?" Sophia motioned to one of the bandits, who was giving himself another hit of speedball.

Maria looked and sighed. "Well I mean, in my defense this is Ivory men, and she didn't do anything to help out the situation."

Sophia slapped the table, "What are you saying? You want these people as your soldiers? No buts, I'll make some calls and by the end of the night you'll have an entire regiment ready for you, okay?"

Maria watched the man start to twitch in pain. His body twitching and shaking as he fell to the ground, as she looked around. She could see more of the men get affected by this epidemic.

Sophia watched, and cocked her head to Maria. "I don't like drug users, they kill before bullets do. If they got caught taking this new batch of speedball, your men will know better now. Remember that."

"You... You're killing them?" Her eyes fixed on the man, his mouth foaming as one of the comrades from Maria unit tried his best to heal.

Not bothering to check the bodies, she looked at Sophia with an uneased angst.

Sophia didn't say a word as she saw Rufus step out of the office.

His face steaming red as he saw the mass of overdosed people. He shook, vomit spat forth as he let out a yell.

He looked at Sophia, who sat and watched the whole thing played out in front of her. Maria had gotten up, pressing against Rufus as he tried to get close.

"What did you do?"

"Drugs kill people, I don't see why you're bothering with saving them." Sophia clucked her tongue.

Rufus pushed Maria to the side, and grabbed Sophia. His hands grabbing and pinning her to the table as his arms rippled in anger. "Why did you do this?!"

Johnny had awoken to the chaos that was happening. He saw one of the guards fall to the ground, his head cracked against the steel bars as the keys fell out of the pocket.

As he looked around, he tried to see where his friend left. His body was sore, way to sore as he unlocked the door.

Rufus' rage had still boiled as he tried to strike Sophia, his fist raised high in the air as Sophia gave a smug look.

Johnny could see this, he could see Sophia POV for a split second, the fist raised in the air. He blinked and Johnny could see this, in front of him, he could see Rufus about to slam his fist into her.

His blond hair flowed as he charged forward. Maria screamed as she watched Johnny run from the cell, through the hallway, and into the main atrium. It was like every nerve-ending was ignored, pain washed from his body as Maria saw this crazed Johnny.

Rufus head knocked forward for a split second, Johnny elbow smacked into him. Rufus had let go of Sophia as he turned to see Johnny. His body still bruised, his face worse for wear as Rufus slammed his fist into Johnny's face.

Johnny stumbled back, his legs gave out as he fell to the ground. His entire nose exploded from the great blow it had shattered the bones. As Rufus got down to the ground, he pressed his arm against the pretty-boy throat.

Johnny flailed about, trying to break free from the man choking him.

Sophia clapped her hands and gave a cute chuckle. *What a good boy...*



Rufus turned to look at her, giving a stink-eye. That slight distraction had given Johnny the small enough of freedom to break the hold. Hitting Rufus in the stomach.

Rufus had gone berserk. His muscles on his back and the great calves he had twitched as he slammed his foot into Johnny neck. He kept his pressure on his throat as he stared down at him with disgust.

"This is who you're willing to protect? Her? You're a bigger fool then when I first saw you!"

A glob of spit splashed into Johnny's face as he struggled to force the boot off of him. He gasped out, his voice weakened "Don't you hit her you understand that!"

Sophia could see the pure anger forming in Johnny's face and let out another laugh.

Rufus kept his foot on Johnny's throat, firm as ever. As he screamed out in rage, Maria had crept away at this point, almost in a panic as she tried to contact anyone, anything.

# Chapter 6

In the city of Dublin, on the far-other-side of Double-I, a radio operator sat quietly at his desk. A small packet of cigarettes rested on the desk as his ashtray looked overfilled.

*Damn I need to clean this out.* He thought to himself as the sun overhead dipped over the horizon.

His position here wasn't a great one, but one he realized that was needed to be filled. He took another drag as one of his officer buddies came in.

"Oi you hear about that massacre in Armory? Multiple dead, one of the got picked up after a patrol helicopter found him disoriented and battered on the road outside of Swords. Apparently it happened right after the Ulster commander declared an open rebel-"

"Armory, isn't that the Ulster foundation thing? You know that colonization effort led by moral-mc-I'm-a-saint Maeve over on the other side of the continent? What the fuck did she do even warrant a rebellion?" The radio operator's voice was quiet, not timid quiet but just a low volume.

"Hey that woman is doing Gabriel work, trying to clear the jungle and make life better all of us. Apparently it just happened so quickly after he declared his intentions over the airwaves, just bam-"

The staff officer got cut short as the radio crackled to life as a woman's voice could be heard, obscured by the ever-present crackle and fizzle of the radio. "Fucking antenna must be out."

The radio kept crackling as the operator kept adjusting dials, until finally a clear voice could be heard. It was a woman's voice. Distress could be heard as she kept wailing out in a panic.

"We're at Letterkenny, lots of people dead, don't know body count, need assistance. Please, this is an order from Maria O'Gwenhs, please get some help! It's at Letterkenny please hel-" The communications array cut short as the two men looked at each in horror

"You believe this? No really you believe this?" The radio-operator complained.

While he patted the radio operator, the staff officer here thought about the O'Gwenhs family. They were one of the aristocratic nobles who held control of the southern region of Dublin-controlled lands of Kilkenny and it's cities that made up the coastline, and the many villages and towns that dotted the plains and hills on this side of Double-I. Its the land they owned as they were the ones who united it during the times of change some 200 years ago, but that was old history. Alleged but not truly known was that most of the family were gifted Gabriel's ability to use magic.

But this staff officer, the staff-officer who was trying to see what kinda trickery was going on, was an O'Neill.

The O'Neill themselves, named after their Patriarch title (Niall of Dublin, the first of Gabriel Champions. Fitting that his old name was lost to history.) They themselves were hand-picked by Gabriel to be champions during usual times.

The staff officer grimaced as he realized that the lands they did own were given away by Maeve O'Neill. This was of course without any regard to her northern brethren, whom she told them either they could keep their noble status and settle the lands out west, or they would lose their property and titles.

With good reason, most of the O'Neills decided to just migrate to Dublin proper, and while the only real person who took up Maeve's offer was Marie O'Gwenhs and her brothers who joined them on the expedition.

Dublin proper, or Dublin city was one of the oldest cities on Double-I, no one, not even the records could tell them when the city was founded. Even Gabriel couldn't tell anyone when or how it was founded, but he was under the presumption that he did make it. It was a city in the traditional sense, the largest with more than 250,000 people living in large apartment blocks that dotted the city while people milled about with their lives.

How it was planned seemed asinine to most of the new citizens that joined from the north, it's layout was divided into commercial sector that mingled with the many tall high-rises that housed the people. Entire floors were converted into small businesses.

The staff officer sure as hell didn't like it, and he didn't like the fact that he got screwed over by Maeve and Gabriel without his consent in all of this. His father was a noble of Naas, now known as the city of Nassau who conveniently took over the city and the surrounding castles. It infuriated him, his birthright stolen and now here he was, just an officer in Dublin.

He got lost in this train of thought. Sure he was an O'Neill, that was his clan, but he changed it to Rowan, it meant little to him. Even if he was already fleeced by Maeve's rash decisions but he respected her. Out of all of this, he couldn't be that upset with her. What she was doing, settling new lands to the far-west was a task that no one wanted to deal with, but she was so willing to do it.

It was their own actions, the actions of the landed elites who said 'Rather not, give me money for the land and I'll settle in Dublin.' Many of them became poor, destitute. And in a twist of irony, they would end up settling Ulster with Maeve a short while later.

But not this staff officer. His father, the Earl of Naas, told him that they'll take this money, and they planned to go off world. His father knew the Rhineland confederates who were fleeing from something, and they offered him a deal for their world.

His poor father, when he arrived on Nassau-1, — The Rhinefolk had named it after the colonial leader's last name, William of Nassau — had found himself bankrupt and poor on a desolate world. War had ravaged the world and the people who were fleeing too were known as the Albites, a group of Celts who fought the Rhineland. They called this world Alba-Land, and had been fighting with them.

Because of his influence, because he sold his land for the code of Alba-Land/Nassau-1, he found himself on a world that was wracked by nuclear holocaust.

The staff officer never heard from him after the first transmissions came through.

"Get the helicopters, those are my people out there. Yours too."

# Chapter 7

Maria had dodged out of the way as Johnny threw Rufus through the electrical equipment, Johnny's face was drenched in blood as he pulled Rufus out, trying to stabilize himself as Rufus took the chance to sock this not-so-pretty boy in the face again. A tooth just lodged itself into Rufus knuckle as Sophia stopped laughing and picked up a gun.

It was a pistol that she took from of the guards, *fucking dregs*. She aimed it at Rufus as Johnny saw her point the pistol at Rufus back.

"Rufus, buddy. If you keep attacking me, she's going to blow your brains out. Okay. I'm not going to hurt you, I just want you to let go of me, okay. She'll pull the trigger if she even thinks you'll do another thing to me okay. I like you Rufus, you saved my life, just. Just breathe and just let me go, okay."

Rufus rage slightly subsided, he raised his hands in the air, and got onto his knees. He looked up at Johnny with contempt in his eyes when Sophia walked forward, and placed the barrel against the man's temple and with a coy smile looked at him and chuckled. "Thanks babe."

Johnny looked away in shame that he had tricked Rufus as Sophia pulled the trigger.

Johnny could see Sophia and Rufus, the gun still in her hand as she pulled the trigger. A short *click* goes off as Sophia laughed again, her face just full of joy as Rufus had found himself shaking, he opened his eyes to see Johnny, his face battered and destroyed and looked up to see Sophia laugh and laugh.

"You really thought I would kill you? And you, you thought I would kill your soldiers?" She pointed the pistol at Maria, who just looked on in absolute terror at what the hell was going on.

Johnny looked at Sophia with anguish as the pain had been exemplify by all this fighting. But her laughter kept bellowing out as she walked over to grab at one of the bandit's arms.

"You see this, he has a pulse! I didn't kill anybody, hell I even gave them all dosage of those nanites. But you didn't even test them Rufus!"

Johnny spat a small bit of blood onto the ground. "You don't happen to have any more do you?"

Her laughter became hysterical, Rufus turned around and tried to lash out against her when she clicked the gun back. "I never said the gun wasn't loaded, know your role."

"Why are you even here? Couldn't you have just stay home on Mars-El?" Rufus asked.

"Easy, I just wanted to see my darling husband free from his little cage. You did take him hostage you know, and I am providing more supplies soon for Ulster. Come on Johnny, you have a

mission to do!" She gave a playful swat on his ass as he tried to walk out of the building, walk was more of a polite term for stumbling and hobbling in pain.

Rufus looked at Sophia and asked, "Well, what is his mission exactly?"

"To kill whoever is in charge of that massive bunker complex..." Johnny grumbled out, his foot right out the door. As he looked out, he could see a bunch of soldiers, they were actual soldiers. Professionals, taking the knocked out, soldiers and putting them on the helicopters. These massive double rotor helicopters were winding down. The sad reality was that a good portion, Johnny guessed in his pain-haze state, were dead from the drug overdose.

Some of them weren't lucky enough to have that small amount of machinery to clean their bloodstream. Lots of body bags were being used as one of the Dublin soldier type came over to him.

Rufus looked at Maria with a 'he's not fucking around and if he does it this would spell disaster for them.' look. Sophia chased after him, "Johnny hold on, you shouldn't really be going out like that!"

Rufus got onto his knees, and helped Maria off of the ground, but he grabbed the woman's arm and brought her close. "I'm going to make sure he doesn't kill her-"

"So I can take control right?"

Rufus's forehead was busted open as a small crimson masked formed on his head. "...Listen if he's taking orders from *her* then I'm pretty sure it doesn't matter what happens to us."

"Then what's the problem with letting her die then? If she has to be a sheep for that Athenina bitch then w-"

Rufus just sighed. "Maeve dying means we all have to listen to her, or we get killed off. We aren't rebelling, that's final. I'll see if I can convince them both not to kill her... but it's odd, why would she want Maeve dead? I got a hunch. No, a theory in fact. I don't think she's planning on killing Maeve, or having Johnny do it, *but* I'm not excluding that possibility out, so I'm going with. I don't know what Sophia is planning, but whatever it is, it's not good."

Maria just swallowed as she steadied herself against Rufus arm.

His voice was soft as he stay still. "I don't trust Sophia one bit, but I do trust him, he seems to have a lot of heart for such an inefficient commander."

"But I don't understand why she would kill her, and not place me in charge." She said, her hand wiped the blood from his wound.

"We aren't rebelling. Besides Marcus was here, we have footage of him taking Ivory. I don't know what possessed him to do that, but I think the two are related."

"Please be safe..." Maria pressed herself against Rufus' chest.

"Promise me you'll be okay?"

Maria looked down in shame, and couldn't even look Rufus in the eyes.

"Guess it comes with the line of work, listen. I'll be back." He stood up.

Maria looked up at him, a tear formed in her eye. "Please... Please be safe."

Rufus gently lifted her up, and kissed her on the lips, a soft, delicate kiss before setting off, rifle in hand as he strapped it to his back and chased after Johnny.

Johnny had found himself yelling at three of the soldiers who were trying to control him. His body was battered and broken as he screamed "I gotta do my mission, so holding me!"

Sophia was just standing next to the commanding officer who watched Johnny, even in his broken form struggle to break free from the grip of these men. They wore a blend of actual bulletproof armor and regular clothes as one member of the group jabbed Johnny with a small sedative.

"Who's that?" The CO asked.

"My husband. I'm sorry you boys have to clean up *someone* mess, how much do you think it'll cost for refueling, just name a number I'll give it to you."

The CO was about to start naming the costs for flying into the jungle here before Johnny yelled out in a desperate attempt to assert control, "I-I'm not your husband! I'm just your bodyguard!"

She motioned that he was insane, not... not really all there at the moment. "Look at him, he's bruised and beaten by these savag- well hey Rufus, I'm glad you could join us."

Rufus had stepped out, gave one look at Johnny and looked at her, "What the fuck are you planning?"

Sophia just shrugged. "I don't know what you mean by that."

Rufus drew his rifle at her. At that moment, the three men that held Johnny in place threw him to the ground as they aimed their rifles at him.

"I said, what are you planning?" He pointed the gun at her some more. The men could see her being in danger, they all could see it. Those who watched the scene unfold drew their weapons on Rufus.

"That's for me to know, and for you to stop asking questions." Her eyes flashed, and Rufus had stumbled back in fear. His mind had gone blank for a moment, he looked down and wondered why he held the rifle in his hand when a soldier tackled him to the ground.

Sophia gave a smug grin as she looked down at Rufus, she tapped her nose, mums the word. "Take him with us, he's not a threat, he's just... confused on the whole situation at hand. I'm sure you boys are too."

As they loaded on board the helicopter, Johnny was held down with leather straps as she stay right near him. Rufus looked at her as the helicopter lifted off the ground. "When's the regiment supposed to come?"

Sophia looked at him with a slight confused, puzzled, look on her face, before realizing he meant Maria. "Oh. Uh..." She fumbled with some device in her pocket, with some presses later she looked up. "Half-an-hour to three hours... What is she specialized in?"

"...Mobilized Infantry. That's why she-"

Sophia just put her hand up to quiet him as she tapped a few things. "Alright, looks like it'll take an hour through Zenayhar string roads, oh look a small gate is starting to form on the ground, yeah an hour or so. She'll have direct control of one of my regiments. Consider it a gift for, *ahem* keeping my husband alive and doing everything in your power to heal him."

Johnny coughed up more blood as he felt the aches in his bones and pain rush through his nerves, the blood itself just stained the fabric that was in his mouth to prevent him from screaming, yet allowed blood to soak into the mouthpiece.

"You're a real fucking asshole you know that? I mean thank you but like, I just want you to know I don't like you."

Sophia just sat back and smiled. "Well, I like you enough to not have you killed. So let's just play nice, okay?"



# Chapter 8

It was ten years ago as Marcus sat in his office, going over the many documents of service was supposed to give out for today. He himself was neither from the family of Cao or of Athenina's rule and raw might of equality and industry. He was from the humble migrating clan that had been swept up in a fervor to conquer and settle new worlds while the old one died, their goddess abandoning it. This was where Marcus was born, and by that end, his parents raised him in the abandoned ruins with others who didn't flee.

He grimaced as he looked back down at his documents. He was forced to flee, almost in a second wave of sorts away from his homeworld as it was destroyed in a great hellfire. This had prompted his small family to flee. Because of the way this world was created, the first God that took control decided that he would rather just divide the people and made small local Gods just be independent while he went into his pocket dimension.

His first world he arrived was Berlin. During this time he learned that the many tribes and people had united, and that they had conquered four other worlds and united them. They even got to keep their own culture too, but they were subservient to Berlin and Berlin alone. When he arrived, him and his father was drafted, sent off to fight. He loved fighting, it was invigorating, all his life he lived in abject poverty and by the time he made it to Berlin he was starving. He welcomed it, enjoyed it even as he fought on Bohemia.

By the time the war was over, he had managed to make it through the war and was able to see the Nomad Queen he had heard about. He chuckled to himself but he winced as he remembered. She was a small girl. Petite, a woman who held a lance and pointed it forward. When Marcus had saw her, he broke out into a short laugh.

The Nomad Queen, upon seeing this one person, Marcus, just laughing and laughing, brought her to tears. She cried as everyone in his unit looked at him with anger, no, not anger. Rage. By the time he stopped laughing he could see the girl just crying her eyes out while her mother, was it her mother... he thought about it, if that was her mother... she would grow up to be super cute. But as he chuckled again, he remembered as his comrades had held him down. Her mother had moved the crowd aside and walked towards him.

"With this brand, you'll be marked for death on every world that my daughter owns. Now go, or I'll kill you." The brunette looked down at him as his back is branded. Blood steamed out as he screamed in pain, his body in pain as she forced him to stand up.

Some of his body was healed as the entire platoon grabbed him and forced him to the stars. By the time he arrived on another world, the Nomad Queen had conquered more worlds.

He swallowed his pride as he was now on this small podunk world known as Shandong. When he arrived at the immigration office here, he was told he would have a meeting with Zenayhar. Marcus, shrugged and went "That's nothing."

"He's the God of the Cao, Mr. Parks." From the way the woman said it, he cringed in his mind's eye as he thought about it.

Marcus went white as he was dragged into a nice, very well furnished room, leather seats and great ebony wood desk was just covered in pictures of a well dressed tanned man, his eyes were slanted and slightly covered while his hair was a bush of sorts. He was hanging out with a red-hair teenage man having a laugh. Another was him drinking with the parents of the Nomad Queen. And the third was him and some woman in robes, wings and all, just giving him the stink eye while he's grinning like a champ.

The figure from the pic appeared from out of nowhere, a full smile on his face before he looked at Marcus. "Oh."

All that energy from him and whatever good times he had just died as he looked at Marcus. At this point he had still gotten his military body, he was in peak condition. Zenayhar asked him to show him his neck, and he branded him with... a snake eating nothing.

"Ah. This is the best sign of them all. It means you have true ambition, no matter what it is."

Marcus sighed, he knew jack shit about what this weird tanned God wanted.

He was out on the street afterward, and only by the mercy of a wandering priest who had the same brand and tattoo took him into his small convent. That's where he had been for the past five years, he swore this was punishment for laughing at a pipsqueak of a God.

He saw right through the Gods as he studied to become a priest for Zenayhar. By the time the wandering priest had passed he had grown cold to the religion of things. He laughed as he preached his word, not believing in any of it but the people believing in him. He laughed, almost pitied them for believing, instead of forging their own paths.

But if he said that out loud, they would mock him, he knew that they would mock him.

But at one point, he did. It a brisk, frozen day and he had led the prayers for service, the cold had gotten to him as he tried to argue with the choir boy to turn up the heat in here.

But he wouldn't, saying he had a higher rank of sorts. He snapped and slapped the boy across the face. The choir boy looked at him with fear as he turned up the heat and turned at the people he was trying to save. "Why would you worship a man of ambition instead of forging your own path?"

As he seethed in his anger, the people looked at him. But one man clapped.

"Why are you clapping, the fuck is wrong with you?"

More and more people clapped, one of them even cheered at him as he felt the energy from it build. He stood back up on the pulpit and asked, "Why are you cheering?"

"Because our priest finally had some balls to advance higher on the ladder of success." Said one of his worshipers.

The snake on his neck had become larger, yet nothing was in his mouth. That ambition had grown stronger, but there was nothing to sink his teeth into. The larger the snake, the more in charge someone was, he figured.

Sitting in his office, reading through documents, the little TV he had just flicked on, and the channel had changed to the state-run propaganda machine. His bravo died as he watched Zenayhar had become a bitch to the royal/noble brats who controlled the worlds. That he would still be a God, but he had put all his stock into that family.

He looked at the screen, and shook his head. "I'll forge my own path."

Zenayhar had allowed anyone that was a priest/anyone of just a tiny bit of importance to access his web and network of worlds, anyone that he knew from a God standpoint they were allowed to use it. It was quicker than Faster-than-light, but it required being on good terms with the God who controlled the world and if they weren't... someone already on it. He scrolled his hand through one of the many books of contacts that he had and found a relatively small list of planets. A planet of High Culture.

He read aloud, "A world where a God has virtually no Empire to speak of yet has a very devoted following of people. Usually inside larger Empires who formed around them yet keep them alive as a token of appreciation. Danger, these worlds have active Gods who care little for what happens, there are no clear maps, seeing how the world changes on a whim..." The rest was a list of the worlds, including an odd one of the bunch. II, with a small guide stating (Double-I) led by a man named Gabriel.

When he looked at the map of the web-paths he realized... Shit I'm going to be surrounded by that Nomad Queen. Is that their dad then?

Before he even gave it a second thought, he just plugged in the numbers into a small keypad that was connected to his door. Rapidly, he pressed the keys he had summoned, and was able to go by himself-

And in an instant found himself in a bunker with a redhead pretty boy tapping his nose. "Come on, wake up already. Why the hell are you even here?"

Marcus had found himself awake, and looked at this glowing figure. "I came here to forge a new path. And it seemed like this world would sate my craving of power."

Gabriel laughed. "I think you'll be alright, wanna be a champion?"

"What yo- a champion?"

"It means nothing, just means if you need help, just ask. Don't pray or nothing, that's for the general public, you, I like you. You have uh... a charm that I think I'm going to need."

He laughed as he left, leaving Marcus to his own devices. Here, he had found work as a bandit and a militiaman in the west. But his actions caused himself to be pressed into Ulster as punishment.

Within moments, Gabriel had appeared back in the small island bunker. He just sighed and gave a short laugh.

"Never thought I would be able to leave so early!" Gabriel laughed as he strolled through the control room. It was eerie as he stumbled through, blood stained the wall and floor. He could sense where Marcus was at, he was alive, he was somewhere.

"Marcus?" He yelled out, his hand rubbing the blood in as he looked around. "Where the fuck did you go?"

He just walked around, as Marcus let out a loud yell.

Within moments Gabriel had appeared outside the jail-cell that Marcus had found himself in. His body was just wracked in pain as Marcus spits on the ground. "Took you long enough, I was praying for the last twelve hours and this is how I'm repaid?"

"I don't owe you shit."

Marcus scowled.

"Hey hey, you know I don't like you but this is how the situation turned out. You're on your own."

"Are you fucking-"

"No, I'm not. Not you anyways. Besides, you got beaten by him. He's laying out in the hospital. Now if you excuse me." Gabriel started to walk away.

"Wait, I. Why would you just do that to me Gabriel?" Marcus asked. "Haven't I served you faithfully?"

"Bullshit, what you did got people killed. And I'm not talking about your little explosion trick you did to help find the device."

The device? Marcus looked at Gabriel. "You're talking about the *Deus Divinitus*?"

"God of Godly Origin?" Gabriel asked. "No, not him. I'm talking about the object that allows him to pass judgment."

Marcus started to pace. "You actually planning on getting that? Why not let me out of the cage and get it for you?"

"Not yet, I don't trust you in the slightest." Gabriel gave a cheeky smile.

"Oh come on, why are you so angry?"

Scornful words came out of Marcus mouth. "Because all you, and every fucking God I met has fucked with me in some way."

Gabriel shrugged. "Maybe if you weren't so weak and wormed your way into this position-"

"But you gave it to me!"

"Out of sympathy, boy. You're my champion for a reason."

"What reason?" Marcus asked.

"Pity mostly."

While Gabriel laughed, Marcus seethed and tried to reach out and grab Gabriel. His face burning white with anger as his muscles bulged out and attempted to choke this asshole God in front of him.

"Why did I even bother coming here?" Marcus grumbled. "Never should have made that deal with you, that's becoming very apparent to me."

"Ya think?" Gabriel kept up his laughter. "Besides, what did Johnny even do to you to get you in here?"

"That fucker shot me!" He displayed his scars to Gabriel.

"My my, you look like a real war-veteran. Very nice very nice. What did you even do to get him to do that."

"I told him a little white lie, a little motivator to get him going to help with yours and Sophia plans. I told him to kill Maeve, I don't know if he'll go through with it..."

"Kill Maeve? Listen boy I know you're still mad that you aren't leading Ulster but that doesn't mean you can kill the leadership. Stay in the cage."

"But you told me to kill anyone that might have gotten too close to The Deus Device, right?! Including her, who's a fucking heretic by the way!" Marcus snapped.

"Right."

"Then why am I still in this cage!"

Gabriel laughed. "Because Marcus you fucked up. I told you get into contact with Johnny and aid him with anything he needs. Not sell him on a story about how you killed a bunch of people!

Blaming it on Maeve, hell I don't even give a shit she's a heretic, that's why she isn't a champion and you are."

"But I even declared open rebellion against her! I threw the past five years of my life away, I even stole a nuke in your name! Why won't you let me free!"

"Because you're a liability."

"You serious? Doing all of this, having me locked in a cage because I wanted to kill Maeve? What is wrong with you? I'm being punished because I thrown a wrench in your plans? The fuck kind of reason is that? What, you want to have more power for yourself? All of these questions and I know for a fact you won't answer any of it."

"We need to avoid too many unknown variables Marcus. You're an unknown variable that threw a wrench into this plan."

*I wonder how far I can push him... Gabriel thought as the words came out of his mouth. If he becomes a monster I can wash my hands of any crime he does... It's quite simple, if he breaks free and marches on Ulster, I can wash my hands of any problem Athenina will have with me. I didn't use it, he used it!*

He continued, "look, Johnny being taken all the way to the other side of the continent because of your bullshit. All I want is to just get that device off of here."

"Who's to say that you can't just remove it yourself?"

"Because if I pick it up, that would mean I'm guilty of taking it."

"You are though, why not-"

"Because I'm not in the mood to risk trillions of life because you want me to be honest. Besides, you're my champion. You know what would happen if Athenina knew that you were aware about it?" He motioned his neck being slit.

"Then why not send me to get it for you!"

"I'm not wasting any more resources on someone who wants to overthrow the only other government here on Double-I."

Marcus could tell he was getting riled up, so he let out a sigh.

"Speaking of resources, what are you building an army for?" Marcus asked. He heard the sounds above the bunker, and could tell a massive army had been dropped on this island. It must have taken a lot out of him, Marcus thought.

"Trust me, I'm not." Gabriel said.

"But I can hear them above all day, what are you planning on doing?"

"I'm not building an army, I'm summoning one of my armies here."

"But what the fuck is your plan? Why are you summoning an army here?"

"Because it's for Ulster."

Both of the men knew that was a terrible lie. Marcus started to laugh.

"No really, what's it for?" Marcus asked.

Fuck it, I might as well tell the truth.

Gabriel pieced his words together carefully. "Actually, it's for you. If you escape the cage I'll allow you to have the army summoned and you can do whatever you want."

Marcus stared at him dumbfounded. He's fucking lying to me.

"You're a fucking liar!"

A slap stung across Marcus face.

It was a weak slap, but a slap nonetheless. If Gabriel was really trying to rile up Marcus, it had worked, and fire and hatred burned his soul as he lashed out.

*If this fucker is trying to rile me up, this will definitely rile him up.* Marcus thought to himself, rage clouding his judgment, but his in that wildfire of anger he came up with something simple.

"You know, the only person that has never treated me like shit was Athenina. I bet if I offered a prayer to her right now, she would come here and kill you." Marcus bluffed.

"You wouldn't dare." Gabriel said. I won't have a fucking champion turn me in!

"O'Athenina, I-"

Those were fighting words, and Gabriel found himself filled with anger as he phased himself into the door.

Brandishing his blade, he stepped through the blocked threshold, a small part of him still in the door itself.

Marcus kicked him.

The force of that kick shattered his sternum as he popped out of the metal-bar door. Because of the way the powers worked, the door opened too.

His katana — which Marcus cringed at — had been lit up by the florescent lights that hung across the ceiling.

Gabriel reached for it, but as Gabriel broken hand strained to reach at it, Marcus laughed and picked up the blade.

"Any last words?" Marcus said. The blade tipped Gabriel head. Pain had filled his body. He tried to connect to the pocket dimension, and could feel his wounds heal. Marcus could see that, and impaled his blade through Gabriel back.

"Yeah, you're a fucking idiot." Gabriel said. "And now I really have to kill my own champion. That army, that was for you. I wasn't lying to you, I was going to give it to you when you broke out of here, but now you done it. Praying to that bitch Athenina. Your ass is grass."

Whatever Gabriel had said was drowned out by Marcus pure hatred. Even Gabriel could see that.

"I don't want to kill you Marcus, but you left me with no real choice."

It seemed like time had stopped, Marcus held the sword in hand and was ready to swing at Gabriel neck. Marcus fair brown hair flowed, despite how short his hair was, and how chiseled his face was.

But Gabriel just pleaded with his eyes. Sweat covered his body, all that laughter and all that concentration to ignore the pain had weakened his body. Caked in this sweat, he could feel how the heat from the room burned.

This massive blade slashed down at his neck! Air was cut as Gabriel scattered and moved away. His hands shook, he had scattered and found himself pressed against the wall.

"Be careful where you swing that thing!" Gabriel chided.

"Stay still!" Marcus yelled, his foot slammed into the God's chest.

"No."

His chest started to collapse and pain burned through his body. Using what seemed like the last bit of his energy, he healed what would have killed a stronger man. How strong this man was, if someone like a normal human was kicked by him, he would have been dead.

"That really hurt," Gabriel said, he stood, back pressed against the metal bars.

Something flew in the air and tried to stab Marcus!

But by the time he was able to catch what had happened, the sparks had flown as he parried the blow, and exploded!

Both blades had shattered into nothingness as Marcus turned, only to see a fist connect.

The punch had knocked Marcus to the other side of the cells, his head boinked off of rusted iron bars.

As he reached to touch at his scalp, he felt blood on his hand. He staggered forward, fist raised.

"Come on!" Gabriel laughed again. He leaped.

He leaped in the air, and threw himself through Marcus, his body going through like a ghost, before popping out behind him, and two both of his feet slammed into his spine!

That massive back he had felt both kicks on his back, and he went flying into the iron bars.

With some awareness, his shoulder connected and bounced off of the bars.



Still in the process of phasing, Gabriel tried to force his feet forward, trying to get them out of the bars.

No, his feet weren't in between the bars, his feet were through the bars. These bars, while they weren't short, stubby bars, they were long, fat looking. And both feet hung out, while he scrambled to get them out.

Marcus could see that, and touched his own iron-cell bars. His arms had bent the bars without him even realizing it. His hands touched one of the loose poles, and it fell to the ground with a heavy clunk.

Walking toward him, bar in hand, Marcus swung the blunt object and bent both bars to reach the worthless God.

"Wait! I didn't mean to try and kill you! I was just trying to rile you up!"

Marcus didn't hear him, he couldn't hear him, he wouldn't hear him, no fucks could be given or would be given.

But as he followed through with his thrust into Gabriel head, Gabriel had managed to push his still phased feet through the bars and landed on the hard metal surface. The blow had knocked the wind out of him, the way his body had crumbled to the only had him thrust the rusted pole into his stomach.

It didn't impale him, but it went through his body like it was nothing.

Now the metal pole clanked on the ground behind Gabriel, and he laughed as his body sunk into the floor.

Mere moments later, he had popped out and uppercut Marcus. His entire body, being led by his head, went flying into light fixtures. Sparks went flying, his hair caught on fire. Entire pipes that covered this small bunker had exploded near Marcus head as well.

A thick black tar covered Marcus head, slathering his head in pitch as he landed on his feet, and lurched forward.

His hair was now covered in pitch, the brown, vibrant hair turned dead and blackened as he stood and saw Gabriel.

The two locked eyes as the two prepared to swing at each other. It had gotten personal. No man would have survived either man's attack.

Both were knackered, but with a smug grin, Gabriel laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"What? You don't laugh at the face of death?"

"No, because death only comes to the weak!" Marcus said.

His fist rocketed at Gabriel, but he felt metal wrap around his fist.

It was quick, but during the time they two were winding up to do a quick blow to each other, Gabriel had cheated, and used the base defenses to defend him.

The chrome-plated tendrils reached forward and grabbed at Marcus.

Laughter filled the room, and Gabriel popped his neck as the pain from his sternum died down. It was still broken, the bone still shattered, but through the last amount of power he had left, he stood and pointed at the man.

"Die you son of a bitch." Gabriel said. "I was riling you up, I was trying to get you pissed so you would break free. That army, that was supposed to be yours. I was just trying to bring out that anger you had in you. I guess I should have learned not to play with fire, because I'm burnt and I'm about to snuff out that flame!"

With the last amount of energy flowing through him, Gabriel charged forward. His fist ready to leave an impact on this solid-rock-like body. Blue haze came from his hand, and his fist slammed into Marcus body.

Marcus still had his head held high as he looked down at Gabriel. The blow had smashed into chest, that was true. But where Gabriel hit was to his right.

He knew the technique very well, one of the minor-gods imparted this knowledge onto Gabriel. But he didn't know why he hit his right side of his chest. His heart was on the left.

Gabriel fell to the ground coughing, The tendrils had let go of Marcus, and he fell to the floor, on his feet.

"Why did you hit me on the right side of the chest?" Marcus asked.

"Because I didn't want to kill you." Gabriel said. His eyes started to glaze over as he slumped to the ground.

Marcus checked the god's pulse. What little energy that remained in him kept him alive, barely breathing.

"But I do." He said.

The pipe was back in his possession as he lined it against Gabriel head, and stabbed it through his head.

Power coursed through the pipe, and the blue and green haze flowed from Gabriel body, an into Marcus. He felt it all, the tiny glimpse of Gabriel magic had touched him. This powerful being that created new life without a care for anything.

So Gabriel head was stabbed. No blood had flown from the wound even as the pole was removed.

He looked at the pole, and he felt himself changing. More ready to fit this role he had now been given. Sparing me, I can't believe he fell for his own bullshit. Marcus knew that Gabriel just fucked up, it was how he was, to save face and not look like a fool. Damn him, and damn everyone on this world.

He looked at his arm, and he felt it change. It's form shifting and twisting like rubberized metal, and felt no pain from it. No, he felt nothing.

## Chapter 9

The forearm switched back to an actual arm, but he closed his eye, and the arm had changed into a long, needle-like object.

*Not what I was going for, I need to work on this.* He thought to himself.

He tested his new found powers, his arm shifted and moved, feeling nothing from them. By the time he had mastered how to grow a short-sword in his arm, he could tell that night had been casted. He stumbled through the bunker, and by the grace of himself, he climbed out and saw the great army of hell in front of him.

This was the army that Gabriel tried to give him, and they looked at him with cheers.

Dretch, the lost souls of the created escaped out. Their flesh was rotting, as this was what Gabriel deemed as so.

Large demons appeared too, with their giant leather bat wings and horns appeared, and were giants.

They had machines and firearms, most of them armed with the most useful of rifles, and cheered when they saw him. And within moments, he felt the power surge through him, though he didn't understand it, he had forced the army through a wormhole back to Armory.

And as he gazed upon the night sky, he saw the orcs bungling around the area too. It was a great sea of orcs, and due to the high support of Dublin for Gabriel, a large group of commanders arrived too.

These orcs, with their tusks and green skins, smelled like unwashed and with a hint of juniper berries. They carried rifles too, their firearms adjusted to handle their bulky fingers. Some even were carrying rifles.

An orc called out to Marcus, and demanded a duel. Oh how the orcs loved dueling, to prove who should control it. This unknown orc, his tusks shimmered in the torch-lights that now strewn about the two-story base. Wanting to get this over, he just obliged him.

A stab to the head later he walked on to the base. And under the massive floorboard was something he had hid. It was his insurance policy, and a way to break this world up. He, being a champion himself, had killed Gabriel.

"With this, I'm going to ascend to that of a God. I slew Gabriel, and now I shall slay what remains of his civilization."

A single demon voice could be heard. "How would destroying Dublin help us?"

"Simple, destroying the capital and all of it's leadership decapitates cities. Without that center of power, you people will be off invading and doing whatever you need to do."

"Wouldn't their local governments just set themselves up and try to rebuild the city then?"

Marcus slapped the warhead, at this point, he was able to hold it for short amounts of time.

"You make a good point, but that's where you're wrong."

Marcus grabbed one of the officers, a baron from Nassau area in the north. His nose was hooked and smelled of cheap wine and cheaper booze. His name was Faustus.

"Right now, we have officers who don't even know what's going on. But because of Gabriel's will, they were dragged here by his temporal powers and brought to me. Observe this."

His hand touched the officer, and his skin changed. His flesh grew into that of leather-bound skin, hardened. He grew to the size of a giant, and wings sprouted from his back. Fur covered his entire body, except for his face, which had become goat like, with two horns that jutted out without any regards. The giant had broken the building, the roof had a giant hole, and this beast broke free, and by the time he was done corrupting and changing this now giant man, he tried to teleport him back here.

Nothing happened.

Air fizzled as he grabbed a patch of fur on Faustus, and tried to change his size.

He pushed all the energy he had into it, and felt himself become exhausted. But no change could be seen.

*Did killing Gabriel only give me his powers for one use?*

His heart raced as he forced his hands on the monster's calf, his arms prodded, shifting into an amalgamation of a sword and a regular arm.

Stumbling, his powerful arm crashed, killing a bystander that had gotten too close to him.

As the death of this bystander happened, he felt that overwhelming power of Gabriel universe. And he found himself trying to teleport to Ulster.

But as his mind scanned and tried to form a wormhole, his mind was filled with the screams of the damned, the dretch of hell as he pointed upward toward the sky.

Mere seconds later, he was shot in the air.

If killing someone like Gabriel allowed him access to his powers for a spare moment, and killing random people would empower it, he found himself chuckling as he sprouted wings from his back.

*So I can change my body at will, yet I can't use his powers unless I kill people? And I can't even go to Ulster because they installed Zenayhar blocking technology? This is going to be fun. And damn that Maeve with her anti-teleportation bullshit she installed.*

He slammed himself down, and felt himself laughing. "My people! I have decided that destroying Double-I capital will be the only way that we will be able to conquer them. Their leader is dead, and we must show that his seat of power is dead too."

The human officers from both north and south disagreed, but they were silenced with a hand wave, ignoring their pleas of saving their family, and mouths were firmly shut.

"I say to the officers, including the giant, that any memory of this meeting shall be gone. But the idea of rebellion will live in your hearts like a cancer."

The nuclear warhead that was lobbed by Marcus had a great arc, and flew across the sky of Double-I. New life formed on this nuclear warhead. Entire farmlands were corrupted, the land soiled by this new evil as a single drop of blood killed an entire crop of wheat.

It's payload, a single 1 megaton nuclear bomb had dropped from the sky, and within moments, the entire city of Dublin had felt it. Everyone's heart sank as the world felt it. The capital Dublin was roasted in the explosive heat as the mushroom cloud rose high. The entire clan of O'Neill were killed, flesh flayed by heat. Most of the O'Gwenhs who stay in Dublin were dead as well. Only Maria and the people in the south were left. Entire clans died as this great consolidation of power had now led to their deaths.

The central government was dead. And the people watching this knew that. How long would it take before the commanders of the garrison would take over, a week? Maybe two? Nobody was certain. Fear paralyzed most of the people who awoke to the great explosion in the middle of the country.

What remained was a crater that was kilometer in diameter.

People who rushed to help the survivors were killed by intense radiation poisoning. Their last vision being of the shadows of people burnt into the walls, haunting them.

A week had passed, and true to form most of the south had collapsed under the instability and coups that resulted in the government collapsing. The local authorities had no real reason to listen to the state-appointed leaders, and the commanders that took part in Marcus grand-rebellion had risen up and destabilized the area.

To the north, only one man had the gumption of rebellion. That was Faustus of Nassau, but he did nothing during the week.

Maeve watched in horror as Dublin as a nation had ceased to exist. *What an unstable government if warlords and commanders are able to rise up like this.* She remarked on this as she watched the screen for more information.

An apparent, red-stained disk was given to her. From whom, she didn't know.

She gave the disc a good look through. Her hands trembled as she read the words "For Ulster" written in a black market.

It wasn't that it was the words itself that was terrifying, it wasn't. It was how the wording looked. The U in Ulster was marked with a slash.

What's worse was that it crackled every time she ran her finger across the lettering. Whoever made this knew magic, and it burned her heart as she placed it into her disc drive. The computer whirled to life as she clicked and fingered the screen to just get into it's contents.

But what she saw was horrifying.

It was the recording of Gabriel bunker, four cameras out on display, showing the events that played out in the bunker.

Her heart sank. Almost gripped with grief that she couldn't send her men out in the field, she looked at the screen with determination. She had to make things right.

She knew these were the men who caused all the heartbreak in Dublin, Johnny and Marcus. *They both caused this to happen. That bastard Johnny, where is he?*

She pinged Rufus and found them in the north, where the officers overthrew the government, but had done so peacefully. *Kilkenny, eh?*

Maeve grabbed her coat and headed off the helicopters.

She ignored the complaints that the helicopters wouldn't have any fuel. Hell, she didn't listen as the pilot who put up complaints was branded as a heretic by her, and forced him to fly off.

Overriding any responses from the crew below, the black helicopter flew up, through the runway that faced the ocean and flew off around the mountains.

She could see the dense jungle underneath her as they flew off toward the horizon.

# Chapter 10

Day broke out as Johnny looked at the sky. He had been discharged from the hospital after two weeks. Forced to stay there against his will, his body was healed up, he thought. Sophia gave him the Cao-Shot.

That's what he thought, but the reality was much worse. Nanite shots like that had to be drained, flushed out of the system after use in the field. And it would take forever. That's what the nurses said to him, that's what the lab techs told Sophia and Rufus. It wasn't worth the fight, they thought, besides they had to regroup on what they should do next.

His heart winced as he realized all those people are dead. But as he looked at the clear blue sky, he realized something. *We have to stop Marcus. If Maeve did anything, I'm sure Sophia will forgive her, I'm sure of it.*

He tried to find his pistol, his nice clothes were still there as he put his mask on to hide the deformities on his face. His once boyish charms had been lost, now forced to hide it. His blonde hair had been cut short, much to his chagrin but he resided himself to this faith. He took a seat on the park bench and looked at the people in a panic. They weren't rioting but, it was an ease of unease. The military regiment of Kilkenny had been deployed and the commanding officer had met with Rufus and Sophia. He barely even acknowledged Johnny existence.

As the sun warmed his body up, he munched quietly on the cheap hospital sandwich. It felt good to eat, he hadn't in so long as the turkey slid down his throat. He let out a short sigh as he saw a dark figure sit next to him. His skin was tan as he wore a really nice suit. Very well made. Johnny just looked at his suit and smiled.

"You know something-" the man said, he looked out at the street, some people were arguing about where to go. "-I think this week is going to be pretty good. How about you?"

Johnny looked at him, he wanted to cry. A tear dripped down his face as he looked at him. "I don't want to be here, but I have nowhere to go."

"Well I heard that you wanted to stop Marcus, yeah?"

"Yeah so-" Johnny voice got cut off as he stared out at Sophia. There was something nagging at him. As he stared at her for that quick moment, the figure had disappeared. But just as he disappeared, the distant past started to slowly crawled back into his mind. All he could see was that she picked up a rifle, a wooden furnish one off the ground and slung it over her shoulder like nobodies business.



Rufus sat in the lounge, sipping his coffee as he held his head. The commander of this regiment was named Simba, a large black man with an Afro and a goatee. "So you gotta get those two to that massive decommission plant? Shit man I feel bad for you, that's going to be a trek in a half, and considering that..."

The black commander lowered his head to make sure no one could hear them. "You and your... friends aren't really welcomed at the moment, most of them don't know but they do know you. And they know what Marcus did. And they'll put two and two together."

"But there isn't anything to connect us to him, he just"

"No dude, you aren't getting it, the people don't care about what good efforts Maeve did, great as they might be. Her former commander, her officer destroyed our city. Our capital. You know they're still pulling bodies from the rubble right? I mean the death toll right now is rising, shit I just heard it was 50,000 but they're saying it'll probably be even more."

Rufus looked down, and took a sip of coffee. "I really hope Maria gets out of this alright... No what am I saying, I'm doubting people intentions again."

"Listen, I have a meeting to attend on a telecast to see what we're going to have to do next, but. Get those people to your base as soon as possible."

Rufus had stepped outside and saw the two dipshits sat down with each other. "Hey you two, we gotta head out and quick."

Johnny pointed forward and led the way, his body was still doped up on the anesthetics and the nanites injections that Sophia seemed so damn adamant about giving to him. As he stumbled and tumbled through the parking garage, he felt himself get sick.

Vomit stained the ground as Rufus ran down to pick him up, while Sophia chased after the two. As Johnny stumbled, Rufus had knocked into one of the service men deployed here. The Dublin soldier had readied his weapon as he aimed it at Rufus, taking no fucks. "No looters!"

Another soldier aimed their rifle at Johnny, who was still puking. "Get the fuck down now!"

Sophia saw no real other option, they wouldn't believe the trio that they were supposed to go across the continent to just grab a device that could somehow stop Marcus. The three guards were blown away with her rifle as Johnny got pulled along.

Before long, they had managed to stumble through the garage, the platoon of soldiers had started to shoot at them as Johnny held onto Sophia. Bullets pinged off the many cars as Rufus fired back, taking cover behind a concrete slab. The truck, the massive four-wheeler that Gabriel had gotten, Johnny could see it.

That was the only piece of good news that happened today, as he crawled on his belly, the hot asphalt burned his stomach as one of the soldiers fired off a shot. A small spark blasted through.

The sparks had traveled as Johnny looked on at horror.

No way...

Another round shot at him, but missed, wildly shooting at the cars around him. Panic turned to blind anger as he tried to stand up, a bullet whizzed by as he fired off a round at one of the persistent pricks that had chased them. He understood that they were sent here to protect the cars, and they looked like strangers, but- a bullet glanced and destroyed one of the windows.

Johnny returned fire with his box-pistol. Sophia had the wherewithal to realize that their cover was crumbling as Rufus gets clipped by a bullet.

Two soldiers that happened to hear the gunfight on the roof had came down, right where the trio had found themselves dug in for defenses. Two bursts of .308 rounds went flying into the air as Johnny dove for cover. As he stumbled to the ground behind a beastly black Muscle-car, he could see in the reflection one of them moving on him while the other soldier had taken it upon himself to fire on Rufus and Sophia.

He hits the concrete as Sophia turned back to fire off sound rounds, each hitting where Johnny was at as Johnny had found himself coughing up and vomiting on the ground. As he looked up, he could see one of the soldier's gun about to clock him when a well placed bullet smashed him in the head.

The way his hand was positioned was in such a way, about to pull the grenade and blow Johnny brains out as the little bomb dropped to the ground.

Johnny saw it and kicked it, screaming out in pain as the little grenade shot forward and rolled.

Rolled right underneath the car that Gabriel had gotten them.

The explosion had blown a massive hole in the wall of the parking garage as spectators watched on in horror.

"This really shouldn't have turned out like this!" Rufus yelled out as he pulled Johnny out of the wreckage. Blood trickled from his arm as Sophia looked at him with some conviction.

"Hot damn you're good under pressure."

A hot spurt of blood shot out as Sophia wrapped a piece of torn fabric from one of the soldiers as Johnny looked at them with an almost limp, depressed look.

"They're going to be here any minute, let's get the fuck out of here!" Rufus yelled as he slung him over his good arm.

More military units started to get pulled in as an entire squad of Irish Heavy's' entered. They had these new laser weapons, that could burn flesh in a second. Their green armor glinted as they marched through the area.

Sophia looked out for a split second and gasped. "They think we're with him don't they?"

Johnny coughed as he looked up at Sophia "You shot them when we could have explained, and now you think they might be under that impression?"

More bits of concrete and iron crumbled down as the ramp to the top floor was... oddly sparse.

Sophia looked around for any cars, anything at all that would work when Rufus yelled out "Let's take this!"

It was a four door sedan, sloped roof and all as Rufus threw Johnny in the backseat. With a heavy slam, he had bashed the underside of the steering wheel and got to work hot wiring it.

Sophia was frozen in shock before the sounds of footsteps racing up the pathway had broken her trance, she turned and fired off a potshot, warning shot as a hot beam of light struck the concrete. Slightly melting it. Slightly. It looked... Singed. But as she shook her head, she ran off, firing more warning shots as Rufus flipped the ignition.

"Come on let's get out of here!" She screamed as she forced herself into the passenger side. As a soldier popped up from the raised, almost destroyed ramp. A beam of light had struck the car and burned it as Sophia leaned out to fire at them.

Rufus looked around in the confusion as he saw a ramp. A single ramp. He revved his engine as Sophia fired off rounds that just plonked off of the Heavy's armor. A round was fired off in the air as almost at the same moment, that beam of light had struck it, and struck the metal barrel.

"Fuck!" Sophia tried to fire off some shots, but they were missing, all of them. Without really thinking she threw the rifle, it flew out into the air as the three drove off the ramp!

"Holy shit!" Sophia screamed at the last minute, her body started to float as Rufus drifted in the air, the car managed to slide on it's wheels.

Another parking garage.

"Another chance." Rufus spoke out loud, before driving through as fast as possible, and fled away, the soldiers taking potshots before dying down.

"Fuck them, let them die, bunch of terrorist supporting looters. Taking advantage of the situation." One of the soldier's kvetched.

Maria sat in the APC as she traced the two regiments that she had sent out. They were heavily mechanized, almost all of them were machines as they drove through the day. She was under the

impression she would be invading Dublin proper given that Sophia had shown up and given her all this cool tech.

She shuddered. Her body trembled as the scene of the entire city burning had made her lose faith in humanity. "That bastard..."

Her position had been advantageous, the hills of the jungle had been cleared down with great speed. Massive guns would fire off great shells into Armory camp, which she took great pleasure in raining death upon the gutless worms who destroyed her city.

Skylar had found herself sitting across from Maria.

The young blonde just watched on her screen her Artillery Battalion fire on the small military base. Each massive shell streaming across the air and burying itself into the land.

An even louder shot could be heard as they sat in the A/C cooled APC. "I don't like that anyone is actually coming forward, I think we should at least attempt to search the area instead of heavily shelling it."

Maria looked up. "If you feel the need to do it, then just do it."

"But you're the commanding-"

Maria flashed her a dirty look before going back to her map.

"Yes ma'am..." Skylar said.

Skylar had called in one of her newest officers to attack the area, taking about half of the Battalion that couldn't shell and some old war pieces to attack the enemy. A nervous recruit from the old officer school in Dublin before graduating before the nuclear blast had destroyed the city proper.

# Chapter 11

Marcus stood outside his small base, his black air caused sweat to drip down his brow, his body bare to the world, outside of wearing a loincloth that hid his package. His wings were gone, no need to have them on, and it took way too much out of him just to have them on.

The armies of hell had dissipated toward the east, moving in two groups. One would go to the north, being led by a man named Faustus, while the south would just be led by whoever was the strongest in their campaigns. It was quick, it was effective. With how decentralized the capital was in relations to the cities that dotted the east, he knew that he could distract them long enough.

Reports would trickle in from scouts that stay behind to watch over Armory, how a great military force was arriving to capture him. All of the reports were the same, 'the entire force of Ulster that was on the field plus some of Mars-El finest would come.'

As he looked past the forest trees, he could see the great mountain of Ulster, that fortification that had dug itself into the giant jut of rock. He sneered. An army? He didn't need an army. Fuck you Gabriel, I can do this myself.

Sure, it would have been great to have some sort of military force to protect him, but the scouts were fine. They did their job as well as they could telling him how close this massive army was going.

Let them come, and see what they'll be when I fight them.

One by one, the reports of scouts had slowed to a trickle, and Marcus smiled. Come closer.

On the road network that connected Letterkenny to Armory, trucks moved into position, stopping and disembarking. Rumbling sounds of entire APC units were in position. Their cannons at the ready as Marcus retreated back to his position.

Inside his great base, he grabbed an MP5, and watched his arm morph into it. How it could, he didn't know. Maybe it was an innate talent awakened by Gabriel blood.

Gabriel had to be dead, no man could have survived a blow to the head.

Was all Marcus could think. He killed a god, in his own world no less.

Soldiers must have saw him because the sounds of gunfire rang out in the building. But he laughed, even as a bullet clipped into his non-gun arm.

The opening exchange of fire on the building proved ineffective, despite how cheap the building was, how the walls could crumble at any moment, it still stood.

He climbed the stairs, and spotted Maria and some new officers chatting to each other, discussing plans probably.

Skylar had stepped out of the APC, and so did Maria. Damien, one of their staff officers approached. His crisp red-and-blond hair and eagle-like nose looked sharp as he saluted.

“The base is way too quiet.” Maria said.

Now Maria was schooled in the fine arts of fire. An elemental magic that was innate to the O'Gwenth's clan. Her staff, one of the many enchanted things that could harness her fire-casting was charred and wooden still, but was ready to destroy the bastard Marcus.

Orbs formed and swirled around the tip, her hand held the staff tight as she fired off a great fireball at the building. Bits of plaster had split off, crumbling away.

Marcus said nothing as he saw the fireball blast a hole in the wall. Amazing, how the fire started to spread. The inside, the bar caught on fire as the fire spread and consumed the lower ground.

As he looked around, he could see the army of Ulster surrounding him, and that woman Maria pointed and fired another shot of fire at the wall.

The soldiers lit up the building even more. But Marcus had the wherewithal to shatter through the glass window in the meeting room.

Leaping out, the soldiers watched in horror as Marcus landed right on his feet. Impressed that his feet didn't shatter, Marcus stood.

The soldiers started to panic, fear marked the soldiers as they watched him approach one of them.

“Which one of you is going to try and take me?”

Maria moved forward, her staff glowed a blinding white.

“Where the hell is your army?” Maria asked.

“My army? Oh they should be moving eastward, but I have them at my beck and call.” He said. It was a half-truth at best. They were out of range, and besides, why need an army? Already a walking army in of itself, he stood tall out of the window.

Maria looked around, and could hear the rumble of the trucks and motorized vehicles. “You're lying, aren't you...”

“What? No, of course not.” He said, not hiding a hint of his smugness. Oh how being powerful created such smug beings.

Damien grabbed at Maria's arm. “I don't think he's lying.”

Hearing this in ear-shot, Marcus nodded to Damien. “See even your officer is smart enough to realize. You just walked into my ambush.”

Maria seethed in anger as she looked around in the forest. They couldn't be surrounded, could she?

“Oh, but I’m willing to call them off... only if she fights me right now.”

Maria scoffed. “He’s bluffing-”

An explosion rocked the base, and the fearful soldiers panicked and held their ground.

“Now you believe me?” Marcus held his hands up. “As the leading officer, I do believe we should duel, no?”

Maria was perplexed.

“What? Why would I duel you?”

“Because I’m the one with the advantage here. If you attack me, the armies of hell will destroy your pitiful force.”

Gulping, Maria held the staff and pointed it at Marcus.

The explosion had made the soldiers panic, their moral was low as they looked at Maria.

Just fight him, he can’t be that strong, the soldiers thought to themselves.

Flexing muscles bulge and moved, they could see that one of his arms had changed into a Germanic sub-machine-gun. Marcus laughed as they finally noticed it.

Offense was taken to this abominable body that Marcus had. So, she fired a massive bolt of fire into Marcus!

Oh, but how the air moved as it sailed, and smashed into Marcus chest.

He stumbled back, but he pulled the charred skin off as this giant man bumped against the broken wall. Another bolt of fire shot off as Marcus charged forward, clashing against his arm, and fired off bullets at the soldiers.

Their deaths empowered him, and with his free hand rubbed the burned wound across his chest.

It didn’t heal, but whatever burning effect it had on his skin died. He stood tall and pointed the gun at Maria, and unloaded rounds into her.

A great flame ward blocked the attack as she charged forward, the bullets dropping to the ground as Marcus grabbed her by the shoulder. His arm had extended and passed through the flames, skin seared by the open flames.

But he grabbed her nonetheless and threw her toward him. The ward burning as she screamed.

The soldiers opened fire on Marcus, but he ignored every bullet that hit him. Sure the pain was great, but the chance of destroying Ulster, of destroying another remnant of Gabriel and the gods bullshit would have been sweeter.

Maria stared up at him. Her eyes watered as the staff fell to the ground and clattered on the stone.

She kicked at his shin.

His leg buckled as he took notice. The leg burned, flames started to lick and spread across.

With a kip-up, she managed to stand on the ground. Her magical gothic lolita dress still undamaged.

Even Marcus was surprised by this. More in the fact that she wore such clothing on the battlefield. Such impracticality was thrown out the window as her frilly dress shot hot bolts of flames during that kip-up, striking him in the chest.

“Void-Flame!” She yelled out.

“The fuck does that mean?”

A bullet clipped his ear, and he turned to see who the unlucky asshole out of this massive swarm of soldiers who took it upon themselves to turn him into hole-filled cheese was going to die.

Outstretching his arms, his other arm became a blade and slashed at them. Few out of the group of dozens soldiers got out of it’s reckless swinging, and the planet fed on the blood.

In the middle of this reckless and almost uncalled for action, Maria summoned her staff back, and held it in place. A void of color surrounded it as she spun the staff and created a great heat. A ball of void-flame fire. This wasn’t gun-fire, no. This was the negative fire, a cold fusion of heat that was created from this woman’s staff.

She launched it at Marcus, and it glided across the air. With a swing of the sword, he swung at the massive void fire just as it was flung.

His blade cut right through the orb. And it kept traveling forward.

Holy shit!

The two void balls went slamming into Marcus body. His body smashed and in pain, and he went flying into the air, straight up.

Maria laughed as she summoned another fireball and fired into Marcus' body.

His vision as fading as he looked around, the void-flame struck him, and burned his body. But he touched his head, only the clipped ear had made him scared.

The fireball traveled fast toward him, but as the wind struck and blew at him, the blood from killing all those soldiers forced his wings to grow back.

His two hands formed together, almost a flesh-like shield took the brunt of it as he dived forward at the fireball. Skin burned and roasted at his body as he split his hand off from the blade and went flying toward Maria.

An attempt at parrying was all that was seen. Maria held the staff as the void color dissipated and went away. The staff had split in two, and Maria watched as she went flying into the plaster wall.



The fire had consumed the building and destroyed it, but her going through the last remaining wall caused the top to give out.

But, before she could get crushed by the falling debris, Marcus hunched over and pulled her from the falling rubble. A massive chunk of wood fell right where her head was at.

“You see that?” Marcus laughed.

She looked at the rubble, and back at Marcus.

“I could have killed you, you know.” He laughed, his arm returned to normal as he held her chin up.

“Then why did you save me?”

He looked around at the group of soldiers. “Because you did nothing wrong, my gripe is with Maeve, and that torturing asshole Johnny.”

Maria looked at him, tears rolled down her chin.

“When I get to Ulster, maybe things will be different, and you’d be dead. But today?” He motioned to the crumbling building, and his wings flapped. “You get to live another day.”

Maria looked at him, and frowned. Her body was sore, but she knew what defeat was. And this was it. Grateful she was alive, she could see her army leaving.

“W-Where are you going!”

“We might as well peruse him back to Ulster. Hell with the east, this is where we live.” Skylar said.

Betrayed, Maria rested on the ground, pain overwhelmed her as the staff officer Damien stay behind. No one would notice, would they?

He helped her up, the burning rubble crackled as the two walked.

They had no idea where to go, but Damien was from Nassau, a new migrant of sorts, and his mind drifted back to his little apartment.

It would take a while, but he knew he could carry this woman the distant from Armory to Nassau, it was only 50 km away.

So he offered a short prayer to Gabriel, not aware of his lessened impact on the world, and the two set off.

“If we set off now, maybe the enemy won’t capture us.”

Her palm stung as she slapped the shit out of him.

“What enemy? I can’t believe I fell for it.”

“What do you-”

Then he saw it, it was just a fallen tree, with wood burning. That was the explosion. And he fell for it. And she fell for it too.

# Chapter 12

"That bastard!" Sophia screamed as she read the letter. Mere days ago, her father had just stolen an entire God's power and had empowered himself and his family. But not her. She looked out the great palace walls and out at the industrial land that she had just gained ownership of. Nominally gained ownership of.

Weeks after being saved from the gang of Ironmen by Johnny heroics, she had asked him to be knighted. A token response but one she knew very well. "But that bastard had to screw me over!"

A mere day after giving her presentation on what she learned in the great industrial sector of the world she lived in and what she was supposed to rule, her father had done his best. He knew Zenayhar was a mark and the prospect of all that power, because let's face it, no one worships the man who worships ambition, they just worship the idea of ambition and cut out the middle man.

The only real perk that Zenayhar had for worship, which was light, was the whole network he had established of worlds, that any member that worshiped him to any degree could travel. Sure it wasn't fast, sure it wasn't as efficient. Sometimes creatures leaked from that bastard Gabriel pocket dimension and would take to highway banditry. So being told that he'll be given all that energy to expand on the great network for the rest of the galaxy had emboldened him.

But the Emperor of Cao, a man known as Cao Rudolf, had taken it upon himself to establish himself as even more powerful people. And sung him great praise, telling them his ritual and sacrifice about how he would give all of his worlds and the worlds that his children owned outright. "But I want you to always be loyal to everything we do." Said the Emperor.

The God of Ambition felt greed flow through himself as he chuckled and clapped his hands. "Great and now the network has enough power to-"

"Now give us all the power."

She mused that the network being more clean and convenient to travel to different worlds was nice, and seeing how she was a noble, hell even a royal, but because she didn't have a world of her own, she only got the ability to enable herself and people loyal to her to travel on this network with highest of priorities. But none of the great, almost reality warping powers that the new Demi-Gods had gotten.

Johnny, for his part, kept his head down while still staying at the small ward to clear out any excess nanites that didn't get dissolved. He knew it was an excuse, but he enjoyed not having to work his daily shift.

"What does a knight do?" Johnny asked one of the nurses, who prodded him with a needle to his leg.

"Eh?"

"What does my job as a knight imply?." His voice blunt was he looked at the nurse drawing blood from him.

"Oh... Well I'm not getting a blessing from a royal brat or her almost-godlike Emperor so I wouldn't know."

"Man I didn't even save her on purpose, one of those ironmen fucks got in a pissing contest with me-"

"A pissing contest?"

"You know, show of strength. The girl being saved was just an icing on the cake in all honesty."

The nurse drew more of the nanties from his kidneys... It was one of the drawbacks of the nanomachines that dissolved, sometimes they didn't go properly, and the small bits that still existed were filtered off into the kidneys. But, because the kidneys had no clue what to do with it, they just stay in the body. Prolonged use of nanite healing could cause kidney failure, but could be prevented by just injecting more nanites into the affected area. But if someone is already at that point, they're already on death's door.

"How long until you get all these things out of my system?"

She muttered. "Can't believe I have to spend my time with a peasant who saved the usurper here."

Johnny just looked out the window to enjoy the nature of the world, "I didn't even know we had that."

That, being the sea of grass that was prim and properly cut.

This nurse just kept her cleaning as Sophia barged her way into the small nurse station.

"I can't believe that pompous jackass is going to visit my world. Unbelievable. Hey, Johnny, guess what you just got made a knight, so get up."

"Are you sure that you want to do that?" The hard-ass nurse asked.

"Eh? You're still doing dialysis on him? That should have been cleaned days ago."

"But didn't yo-"

"I told you to keep an eye on him, I wanted to show my father that there's good people in this rotten industrial world but now he's showing up here all powerful and even more Godlike and I know it's a ploy to humble me!"

"Humble you how..." Johnny asked.

"He's coming to a world he didn't fight for, and knowing him he'll try to give me his powers!"

"And that's bad because...?"

She gave a cold stare at the nurse.

"It means in the eyes of the people here that I'm his lackey. That I am his daughter and his subject. Hell with that."

"But that means you'll be able to become more powerful though, right?"

"If I'm loyal to him, that is!"

Johnny looked at Sophia, her face filled rage as her black hair flowed down her back. Her big chest was just condensed in her white-feather dress. A small cut across the top of her dress revealed a bit of her flesh that Johnny noticed. Nice.

"Come on, you're a knight now, so..." She bent down to look at Johnny. "You'll be protecting me at any and all cost."

Her eyes glowed a bright blue then snapped a wave of light into him.

"Come on, you'll be accompanying me to my ceremony will you not?"

Back in the present, Maeve had found herself lost in a train of thought. She had seen to her dismay large group of soldiers rising up to fight. Banditry had become more rampant as the central government was destroyed in that single fiery blast.

Her Huey had landed in the soft rolling fields near the rendezvous point, which was from Sophia estimate of fuel to come here, about 20 miles away from the city of Kilkenny.

Asphalt bubbled as the Huey blocked most of the road off. As she checked her watch, she could see that...

"Who parks a helicopter in the middle of the road?" Sophia yelled out.

The car rolled up, with Sophia and Rufus climbing out. With one look Rufus had a deep blush on his face.

"You were on call right? When Marcus fled to his small base and villa?" Maeve asked.

Rufus tried to ignore the burning pit in his stomach as Maeve shook her head.

"Alright, where's Johnny?" Maeve asked.

A short, heavy grunt could be heard as she watched the door get thrown open. Johnny stumbled out, which in turn forced Rufus to break his despair filled look as he picked him up without any problem, but Johnny just kept convulsing.

With seconds he had fallen to the ground, his body still in the throws of a waking dream. His body just contorted like he was being punched and attacked by a group of soldiers. Maeve had none of it, grabbing Johnny by the throat and slapped him across the face.

That pain, the real pain jolted him awake into the real world. The delusion had died down as he looked at Maeve in a haze. His body hurt, throbbed in pain as he let out a quiet moan. "Oh. Oh It's you. Fuck. I don't-"

Maeve grabbed at his neck and burned it slightly. A slight sting just burned into him as he looked up in pain, scratching at his neck while she kicked him in the chest.

"This is for you creating this mess!" She kicked Johnny in the chest again.

"I-I'm sorry. I d-"

"Sorry isn't going to bring back the dead! I can't believe that he didn't shoot you outright!"

"Don't bring me into this, we found him out at our base broken..." Rufus made an attempt at a case.

"Who gives a shit? Why the hell is he still alive to begin with? Someone give me a gun!" She approached the Huey, the engines killed as she grabbed her pistol.

"Drop the fucking weapon." Sophia had pulled out her rifle and aimed it at her.

"You too Sophia? You'll defend this bastard?" She kept her gun drawn and aimed at Johnny's head. Blood dripped out as he cried.

"That 'bastard' got brought here to kill you, and now I'm bringing him to Ulster."

Johnny let out a weak raspy groan as more of the blood trickled down his neck.

"Oh for... Maeve what did you brand him with?" Sophia looked for a quick second before seeing her charge forward. Before she could even fire off a shot, Maeve had slammed Sophia to the ground.

Johnny's eyes went wide as he scrambled to his feet. His legs weak, each step he stumbled as his arms weakly lifted up. "S-Sophia!"

Maeve turned on the balls of her feet and fired a round at Johnny's arm. He stumbled back, but he still stood as he weakly walked towards her.

Sophia had stood up and aimed her rifle at Maeve, her face blushing as Johnny stepped back away from her.

"I didn't... I didn't mean to." Johnny mumbled.

"Stop talking. Sophia, I have to do this. I think you'll like it, but I have to do this. He's going to be in pain, he's going to be crying. But. You don't do that to me."

"You aren't going to kill him?"

"...I'm not, nor is Rufus, nor is anyone in this area going to kill him. Just let it happen, okay?"

Maeve slowly put her gun down as Johnny kept stumbling back, the car a mere 50 meters away as Sophia put her gun down too. Like a bolt of lightning, she shot out and slammed into Johnny, he fell back, skull hitting against the ground as he let out a loud painful shrill.

"Athenina, I am your ardent follower and devout... Your champion of the faith... I know your mystic codes and the beings that lurk in your palace... I beg of you, to look at this offering and to deem judgement on him, oh Queen of the Just!" She had pulled out her sword and jammed it into the asphalt, the ground shattered slightly as a small pink light shined out.

Within seconds a woman in a courtesan dress appeared. Her sword and blindfold being held in one hand as her long hair revealed her horned tips. Everyone was in some form of shock, including Athenina.

"How did you- Oh. I can't believe that some people still keep telling that story about me. Ah no bother." Athenina said, not her aspect, but her true self. Her long white hair flowed down to her back as the horns she had glinted in the hot sun. A small spaded tail flicked about as Johnny had gotten a better look up her short skirt, and blushing mad at the sight. Maeve marveled at the way she was dressed. How a demure succubus could dress like the most whorish of women.

Athenina looked at Johnny, and pressed her foot into his face. "Great, I was in the middle of a meeting and I got dragged out here for what, what do you want?" She stared at Maeve with some anger.

"Justice, this boy here committed evil even though he had the tools to do good."

Her face blushed as she looked down at him. "Wait a second... I know him."

Athenina stood over him, and squatted. Her face ever so close to his as Sophia watched in amazement. "The things you never know, huh."

"Yeah, you were with the Zenayhar worshiper when you asked for help... I figured you would try again but I never even felt a blip from you. Wow." Athenina mused.

Johnny was too weak to speak as Maeve slashed at his pants. His crotch was still... enchanted by Gabriel. She looked up at him, "I take it you didn't ask for this?"

"What do you think?" He looked up at Maeve as Sophia gave a smug grin.

Athenina just inspected his body, groping and teasing him before burning another brand into his neck.

Johnny felt his body become weak, pain wracking his body any true muscles he had gained were lost. Frail, he became frail as he looked up at the succubus who just damned him on a world where the strongest survives. As he reached up, he batted at her, but she just dodged with a swiftness of the wind.

"Are you... Are fucking kidding me?"

She kissed Johnny on the lips. "I think having him branded with being defenseless against a woman's charm was a good choice..."

Her body pressed him into the Earth as she held him in place. His eyes widened as he tried to push her off, wildly trying to remove this devil-woman-goddess who was brought to Gabriel's world.

"Fufu... Don't worry, you'll still be able to fight, just..." She gives a short laugh. "Don't expect to win against those two~"

"Bu-But will I be able to shoot?" Johnny asked.

She shrugged. "I don't know, I did just make you frail and weak... Maybe you should work on it."  
She patted his head.

But, she stood up, Johnny got a great look up her skirt again, and she looked at Johnny's three companions.

"No one objects to this, right?"

Rufus bit his tongue. He knew Maeve had some point, but doing this? This was just asinine.

Maeve nodded. "Yeah, this will work."

Sophia just nodded her head, enjoying the change that Johnny had gone through. His face had a more weakened charm as the wounds on his body were gone.

"Guess it's settled. Well. I guess you'll learn some sort of lesson from all this, or you'll be broken beyond belief that I get to keep your soul."

Johnny just looked up in a state of shock. "I don't... I just want to be back to my old self again!"

Maeve just gave a smug grin before kissing Johnny on the cheek, "Nope. Until you do good in my eyes, and let's face it~ you won't ever! Ever! Be in a good light to me. Oh but I do hope you enjoy all those beasts coming after you..." She pressed her body against him, enveloping him as he tried to break free.

"Including me~"

The helicopter ride back to base was quiet. Too damn quiet. Rufus just watched as Maeve shot daggers at him and Johnny. Johnny was worn out, tired. His head rested softly against Sophia's lap as she quietly stroked his head.

"I'm not going to lie, I like him this way." Sophia smiled, her hands just petted the silky smooth hair.

Maeve just shook her head as Rufus just looked at the rolling hills and plains of Dublin nation. Great smoke trails could be seen across the sky as small war-camps were formed. Most of the regiments, the core army of Dublin had just decided to become independent. The cities burned as their commanders took control of the city and the surrounding area. People had lost hope in the system and small pockets of bandits had formed up. These small shacks built within hours and darted the landscape.

"Who knew a single blast would cause this..." Rufus muttered.

"It's everyone's fault." Maeve said.

"No, the only one who's at fault is Marcus. He caused all this. How the hell does an entire government just collapse?"

Maeve coldly glared at Rufus, "There was no leader. You know that, it was all a show. Gabriel just led the world and just had us say we did it. But he's gone."



Sophia eyes' beamed. "Damn he really does have a great influence on this world."

"Did." Maeve said.

"I know what I said. He's a God, how can someone kill a God."

Johnny looked up from his dazed sleep. "Did something happen?"

"Gabriel got destroyed. Body just obliterated by Marcus, you didn't hear?"

Sophia just gave her a dirty look. "Leave him alone."

The helicopter just landed with a heavy thud on a concrete landing area. It wasn't a true airport, it just had two runways and multiple helipads. The midday sun still hung in the air as they landed in Nassau airfield. The Nassau village quaked as the sounds of gun-fire rained out.

"Refueling-"gunshots fired out as the helicopter pilot was riddled with bullets!

Without really saying anything, Sophia had scooped Johnny up while Maeve pulled her white-and-blood-hand design off her chest as she waved it out. A flag she was waving was a flag of her people.

"Civilians, we're civilians!" She yelled out as the gunfire died down.

About five soldiers rushed out of the hanger, holding cheap militia made rifles. They weren't fighting but they approached. The pilot gasped in a panic, his chest riddled with bullets as he weakly crawled out.

"Oh shit, someone get a medic!" One of the militiamen ran out of rank to grab at the pilot as Sophia pushed the boy to the side.

Blood had leaked out of his chest as he looked up in a panic. She ripped off a portion of her cocktail dress as she applied pressure to the wounds. He weakly looked up at her as blood soaked through the fabric.

"Do any of you boys have any Cao-shots?" Sophia asked, just holding and trying to make sure he wouldn't lose as much blood.

"Cao-shots? Oh uh..." One of the militiamen quietly spoke.

A medic had rushed in, the pilot gasped and his death rattle could be heard. The soldiers watched as Sophia pulled the blood soaked fabric off as she just shook her head. Someone who appeared to be the commander of the city of Nassau arrived.

"Getting interrupted for... Oh dear. Which one of you boys fired on him?" Walter stood, the de facto leader of this base and presumably the city near it. He was short, his skin a pale-white with little freckles here and there. His nose was a hard flat nose, no hook to it as his angular cheeks looked like they could rip through steel.

Sophia held the boy in place, she could feel, somewhat feel him still somewhat cling to life, his eyes rolling as Johnny wiped some tears.

Maeve just looked at the pilot and the militiamen who probably had a hand in his death. "You know who I am?"

Rufus had stepped out of the helicopter and looked at the poor pilot. "Alas, he is dead."

Sophia just let go of the boy, gently resting his head on the concrete as softly as possible. "Maeve, your call."

"I want to know who shot this pilot. I am the last leader of any form of government here on this world-"

"You and what army? You know how far away you are from home, oh Bitch-Queen of the West?" Walter spat.

Maeve pushed against the commander and got in his face. "Fuck you! I'm the only legitimate leader here!"

The large group of militiamen had surrounded them. "Get back, just get back." The commander spoke.

"When we get out of here I'm going to have everyone ass here! You better believe i-" Maeve yelled at him, but a fist interrupted her tirade. She stumbled back into Johnny arms as his hands accidentally groped at her tits. She was out. Cold.

"Take the gang here to the holding cells. Have her... Hey boy."

"I'm not a boy-" Johnny said.

"Forget what you are, boy. I saw that mark on your neck, both of them. But look at you, you're groping and enjoying this soft woman."

"But I don't-"

"Fuck it, have the boy stay with the woman. Are you his girlfriend or something?" Walter gave a cheeky grin to Sophia, who was wiping the blood off of her skirt.

"You try anything and he'll go berserk." Sophia said.

"Who, that little shit? I should just-" He pulled out his pistol and cocked it at her.

Johnny's eyes flashed, his body tensed with fear and adrenaline. His arm burned with anger as he dropped Maeve to the ground.

His swift dodge even made Sophia blushed as the commander pistol whipped him across the head. Johnny just stood, slightly stumbling before swinging at the empty air.

Leather boots slammed into Johnny kidneys as the commander kicked and kicked. Blood trickled from his lips as he coughed up and fell to his knees.

"I see what you mean, it's okay boy... I'm not going to touch her." He drew a pistol and pointed it at Johnny's head.

"Fuck... you..." Johnny gasped out, passing out on the ground.

Rufus still held the shovel as he looked around. "So are we prisoners or something? We kinda have to be heading out."

Walter looked at Johnny and Maeve, both knocked out cold. "I'm figuring I could use a small group like you for a mission of sorts."

Sophia stared daggers at the commander. "Fuck this I'm out. I'm not doing quests. Johnny will understand, tell him I love him, I'm going home."

"You're going home? How? Who the fuck are you?"

Sophia flipped him off and pressed a little white paper on the door of the helicopter. Her fingers worked like magic as she punched in some code into it. Within moments she had disappeared as she entered the side of the helicopter.

Rufus just sighed. "Fucking Zenayhar. Alright, what do you want us to do?"

The commander smirked as he looked at the small group of misfits that he saw before them. "First, I want you to send my regards to the dead kid parents. It's rashness like this that gets people killed."

Rufus had been hard at work, burying the corpse of the dead pilot. The large pile of dirt had grown as he looked at the dead corpse. With each heavy scoop of dirt, he had found himself making a great pile of dirt.

"Can't believe I had to be the cooler head here." He grumbled out in anger as he just scooped another the dirt.

Another scoop of dirt had been dugged up, before throwing the dead boy into the ground. "I have to get this man a marker."

Rufus started to scoop the dirt back into the hole. "Poor kid got shot in these times man." Another spoonful of dirt just fell on top of the corpse.

With one more scoop of dirt he had found himself looking at a young man who was wandering the country-side. As he threw the dirt into the hole he stared at the man, who just nodded. "Friend?"

"No, some random guy that got caught up in all this. I don't even know his name. I don't even think the woman who forced him to fly knew his name. But. Here I am."

Another bit of dirt hit the corpse's face. The young man had a beard and brown hair as he walked over. "Shame these are the times we live in, eh?"

The young wanderer lit a cigarette and watched Rufus bury this poor unnamed pilot.

"So how about you, you gaining nothing from this?"

Most of the dirt had been filled back up and Rufus just looked at him candidly. "The only thing I got out of this right now is that... No I'm not getting anything out of this really."

The wanderer squatted and took a long drag. "Then why are you still here? Why not just walk?"

With one last scoop of dirt finally covering the ground, Rufus just sighed. "I can't. If I do, that'll mean an underpowered... pardon my language, an underpowered twink that's bait isn't going to protect his girlfriend-" He stopped, looking away in embarrassment. "I shouldn't bad mouth people."

"No no, keep going." The wanderer had taken another drag, allowing the heavy flow of nicotine to just go down.

"It's just. I didn't realize or I guess in my hubrius I didn't realize that this broken man had high-strings attached. The woman is a dictator, yet she came when we said we had her man, this... I just don't know if I'm impressed or just shocked that she picked him. But hey, she's funding our entire operation in Ulster colony so I guess I should give her props. But, I shouldn't. She's evil dude."

The wanderer sat down on the freshly patted down dirt. "She's evil, yet why do you side with her? Why not just walk?"

"I don't side with her, it's just... she sends this man who was supposed to be in prison for killing an officer here. She sent it herself."

"How do you know this?"

"Well, that's the thing. I know this because the woman I'm supposed to work for. My boss basically, she has me join different groups and different factions. Well, it happened to be that he said he made contact with Sophia, are you following?"

"Sophia is..."

"My boss boss, the head of the operation and the one bankrolling it. Keep up."

The wanderer starts to stand up. "So why do you care, where do you fit into all of this?"

"Because, you fucking backpacking hippy, I want my people to make it out okay. My fucking..." Rufus stopped himself. "My girlfriend is out fighting these monsters. The people who destroyed the city. And I'm out here, with a freshly dug grave and a rando who's backpacking the world. I'm trying everything in my power to make sure that Johnny is safe so he can do... whatever the fuck, the guy told me it was vague but like."

He flicked a cigarette butt. "So why don't you just leave and go find her?"

Rufus just looked at him with a forlorn look. "I can't. I'm not going to abandon them you punk."

"Hey don't take it out on me dude, I'm just out here, enjoying the chaos of it all man. Just walk away dude. Go out there and try to get your girlfriend before it's too late."

"What do you mean too late?"

The figure flashed his pearly teeth, and faded through the dirt.

Almost in a panic, Rufus had rushed out of the field and into the small hangerbay. "Fucking hell, we gotta go save Maria!"

He yelled at the militiamen, who had no idea who he was talking about, and the commander, who knew what he was saying.

"Maria O'Gwenths?" He asked.

"Yeah! We need to find her!"

Rufus looked manic as Walter held his shoulder. "Calm down boy, it's going to be okay."

Rufus shook and freaked out. His shoulder jutted upward, breaking free of the old the militiamen grabbed at him.

"Oh dragon's ass man calm the fuck down." The commander said.

"Sir Walter!" One of the militiamen said. "Do you want us to just capture him?"

Walter stood as Rufus clawed at the blast door, ready to escape from the hanger. "Yeah, have him calm down or something, you need to relax man!"

"But I think my girlfriend is in danger!"

One of the guards slammed the butt of the gun into his head, and knocked him out.

# Chapter 13

Dawn had slowly started to crawl across the Mars El skyline, as the great smog smokestacks prepared their work armament, entire sectors devoted towards firearms production, tanks, land-based vehicles, armaments and the greatest of them all, the great warships that were being retrofitted with the newest parts from Cao Rudolf Empire.

Sophia had opened the door back to the world she led, a smug grin formed on her face as she looked around the great decorium of her office. Rich wooden furnature, a rarity here, strewn across the room, the metal floor installed with a tiled fresco flooring as the walls were touched up with wooden panels ontop of concrete.

Another woman sat on the well maintained leather couch, a slight glow emanated from her as her two ears on top of her head perked up.

"Oh hey, you're home early!" This almost dog-like woman spoke. It was weird, she had pointed tipped ears of a wolf, a dog. But she was human, mostly human.

"You know I would've left sooner if somebody didn't send my darling husband into it you know? So what do you got."

Ashley, this slightly glowing dog woman looked up at Sophia with concern. "I think you should lay down, as your-"

"Do you know who sent him? Ah whatever, in the end everything worked out for me." Sophia cut her off.

"You mean, no one is even pay attention?"

Sophia gave a soft laugh, her hand guiding this tall woman up, with a sharp slap of the ass her cheeks jiggled. Ashley just let out a cute giggle as she kissed back, teasing her cocktail dress.

Ashley pulled back and panted. "I'll take that as a yes..."

Strings of spit connected the two as she looked at this loyal dog of a goddess.

"Everyone is watching a backwater world having a civil war... It wasn't the side I wanted no no, but hey. In the end, most of the Gods and the governments have their eyes locked on the fighting."

"But with a nuke?" Ashley asked.

"Unexpected, but looking at it, this will be a bigger boon to you, O Goddess of Mars El."

Ashley gave a bashful blush. "Oh don't flatter me mistress... You really should just break him at this point, you know?"

"Eh? But he's been loyal to me through it all, calm yourself, I wouldn't put my darling through what I did to you fufu..."

Within the day, the plan of her great trickery had worked to a tee, her massive battleships that acted as a mobile factory had started to take off into the stars, their minor Gods abandoning the world to help fight a great evil on the other side of the sector.

Night time approached as the commander of Nassau entered the small military holding pen. Johnny laid there, his head covered in welts as Maeve held him close. Rufus was still awake, scowling at this bastard. They had spent the last couple of hours here, angrily waiting to be free from this bullshit prison.

Rufus had watched Maeve bully Johnny, he just watched, not interfering and in reality was glad that he didn't have the marks on him.

But he saw Walter enter the room, his body smelled like iron shavings.

"Alright, I can see that you're awake." He said.

"What's your name?" Rufus asked.

"Walter, and that'll be the last question you ask for the rest of this chat." He said as he sat on one the small stools.

Rufus very carefully sat down too, his legs were sore from one of the militiamen getting angry that he dared disrespect Walter, the dear commander of this city. The de facto despot whose rule was lax yet seemed stringnet. "Motherfucking..."

"Anyways, as I was saying." His voice had a high cadence as he spread a map across the table.

The lights shook a little on the ceiling, the concrete ground and iron cots strewn about in a mess was all that really was here, other than the table and the stools, an eating area. Some stains dotted the table.

"I'm going to need you, the fox-eared woman with the bikini top and the boy she's holding onto to head out into the hills nearby."

"Why do I have to do this?" Rufus asked.

"I didn't catch that."

"You must have a reason for why I just can't run off to go find her. I'm right you know."

"A reason? You want me to tell you your reason?" Walter asked, he pressed his face against Rufus.

"No, I want to know how I can escape. Fuck you." Rufus slapped Walter across the face.

"Oi no need to be violent. It's been a long day friend. Just relax." Walter bashed him across the nose.

"Now if you run off, you'll miss out on important information."

"Important infor... bullshitter."

"Well it concerns your girlfriend, and her unit. Hell it concerns all of Ulster. You know that some of the armies are fighting against you boy. And if you don't do this, you won't get this information from me brother."

"I don't..."

"There's two foregin demi-goddesses that have taken up arms and have been pillaging and fighting down in the south, way in the south. I think they might be related to the other objective but I need them destroyed, or at least have the two of them to stop killing each other hand them side with us."

Rufus just looked at the two. Maeve just held Johnny like a lioness protecting her kill. "They'll take care of it."

"Right- anyways, the reason they're here is because according to them, there's a civil war between the two counts. They aren't our men, but I think it would be in your best interests to have both sides working together, and having them swear fealty to me. Both being killed would be even better, but just keep that in mind, okay?" Walter asked.

"And then you'll tell me your important information?"

"And you'll be free." Walter said.

Johnny had awoken, his head throbbed as his eyes opened to the unkind room he was in. Knees were twitching too as he tried to move.

This... this woman held him tight, her head on top of his as she kept him warm through the night. An unease had set in, but it was mixed with an odd peace as she gently held and grinded against him. Sweat covered his back as her legs had him pinned down too. Lifting one shoulder, he felt her let out a small growl.

The last night was... intense to say the least. His entire body felt sore and spent from her relentless fucking. Despite giving the mark, she had been teasing him the entire time they were in this military holding pen. For the last week, they had stayed at this holding pen. His body was sore as they hadn't left, just waiting.

His neck still burned as he wondered what he would have to do to get forgiveness from her, but her sweet, lewd scent made him feel weak.

"O-Maeve.." Johnny gently tried to nudge at the woman in the stomach. Another shift happens as she buries him in her soft chest. Assaulted by her gentle hold, he felt how warm, it wasn't at peace but just a sirence feeling as he gently let out a short cough.

"Maeve. Can you let me go?" With a jab to her stomach punctuated the point, the fox-woman woke up. She lets out a heavy huff before letting go of him.



Johnny's clothes were strewn about, his shirt and pants on the other bed, his pistol just rested on the other bed as well. He changed.

Oh, but she dressed in her lewd outfit, her bra/bikini held together as her juicy thigh meat got constrained with heavy fabric. She put on her cloth tunic that covered her bountiful chest, a red-hand, which Johnny had learned off-hand this was the Ulster symbol. He didn't know what it meant, she knew, probably, but her disgust and lust towards him made it harder to just ask.

Gust of wind must have formed in the room as her cloth tunic that covered her body and was armored underneath, exposing the armor, mostly a kevlar lining that covered her from bullets as well. Her panties strewn upwards too. That weak glance to them was met with a slap to the face by Maeve.

"Know your place!"

Rufus walked right into the woman scorn, *Oh what the fuck now.*

"Hey, I got orders from the bos-"

"We aren't doing shit, Rufus!" Maeve's anger had flamed out.

"What are we doing, Rufus?" Johnny asked.

Rufus was taken aback that Maeve was still being unhelpful here. "Can't believe that you keep doing this, listen we can't leave-"

"Yes we can, and we shall, let's go." From the tiny pocket dimension she called an inventory she was able to grab her rifle, gave it a slap and was ready for cleaning this airfield of filth.

Almost with a devil-like quickness, Rufus grabbed the firearm and disarmed her without any problem.

Scrambling about, Maeve swung at Rufus in her rage. Rufus could swear he saw the woman's eyes were filled with a never ending lust. Arms slammed against the ground as Rufus held her in place.

"Stop, just, just stop. I don't know why you get so damn aggressive, if it's because that jackass then jackass, make yourself useful and get out of here." Rufus' long blond hair flowed in the air.

"O-Okay but where am I going?"

"Just go south dammit, there'll be a fork in the road, just... just wait there and I'll calm her down." Rufus said, his teeth gritted as he kept holding her down.

Johnny rushed out, his pistol in his pocket/inventory spaceland as he saw the airfield in action. The air smelled of jet fuel that hung in the air. A small passenger plane had been taxied, filled with soldiers who were planning to be hired by a friendly commander to attack their mutual rival power-plants. Johnny waved as he got his bearings right and headed south, passed the airfield.

Tiny cuts formed on his hands as he managed to stumble his way through the fencing and out into the massive spans of wheat-fields. As he looked around, he just saw how great it all was. "So I'm heading south, I'm just heading south."

He traveled forward, through the wheatfields to the south as he trampled through some of the wheat. Almost on cue, the farmer working the field was notified of this transgression, a wonderful thing asked for by this farmer and other farmers too who wanted to be wise to bandits who roam their fields.

Johnny's face itched with a great fury as he sneezed. The polling got to him as he trudged through the dusty ground. Another sneeze could be heard as he sniffled. "Fuck me, I'm putting my mask on."

Just as he put the mask on, the farmer, this old gray hair man armed with a rifle saw Johnny. The gun shook violently in his hand as he aimed and just stared down.

"Hey, I don't want any problem. I'm just going to the south frie-"

Crack. Smoke appeared as the bolt action shot the bullet towards him. It missed, no great surprise but Johnny had found himself pulling for his gun, but it took a moment while Johnny fumbled but within that fumble he was able to get the weapon out.

"Hey I'm not a threat, I'm not gonna shoot you, I was sent by the common-"

Birds flapped away as the bullet missed Johnny. "Mother... I'm putting the gun down, I get your point."

He kicked the gun, having it press against the ground as he let out a sigh.

"Listen, I need the gun because I have these-" The farmer finally managed to make his mark, the bullet striking Johnny in the shoulder. "-Cocksucker!"

He fell to the ground with blood pouring out of his wound. "Goddamn cocksucker, who the fuck you think you are!"

Bones were cracked as Johnny tried to understand the full extent of the damage. Bone damage, the bullet had pierced him, and now he's on the ground. "Hey can you hear me? Hello?"

Another bullet shot at him, before he finally had to stop and reload. "I don't like bandits."

Johnny ripped the mask off his own head. "Do I look like a bandit? Dammit man I've spent the last couple of days on this world and it's been torture! Hey, just put the gun down okay."

This old farmer's eyes had widened as he stared at the two marks. "Oh dear. I'm... I'm not sorry for shooting you. You should have just turned back boy. But."

With a shaky grip, the old farmer helped him up. "You should have just taken the mask off in the first place. But those marks... That's some heretic marks..."

"What are you, an old priest or something?"

"Oh?" The Farmer had been inspecting, just toying and tracing the lines. He ignored the boy's questions as he felt the raised skin. "These are marks of corrupted lust and degenerated pride... what did you do to get these marks of humbleness?"

"Marks of... what the fuck are you talking about old man, these marks for the last 12 hours have been hellish. The woman who gave them has been um..."

"Humbling?"

"Excuse- yeah sure. Whatever you call it. Take it you had one of these..." Johnny just looked at the man's neck.

Wordlessly he walked off, Johnny followed as blood dripped from his wound. It hurt, hell he could barely move his arm as he just followed the farmer. Drops of blood just dripped out as he entered the small compound that this humble farmer had set up. Bewildered, Johnny tried to figure out what the hell was going on. The whole compound was made up of just cheap trailers that are connected to each other, while the imposing, almost castle-like structure just stood on what appeared to be a man made hill. Small flags of striped with orange and blue flapped in the wind as the old farmer led Johnny through the walled section.

He was one of the farmers as he threw Johnny to the ground. Chunk of his arm just snapped in two as he let out a hoarse scream. "Fuck!"

A murmur spread through the small castle/manor grounds as Johnny found himself in pain. The massive defenses that surrounded this castle just jutted out. Heavy gears of the drawbridge fell forward as Johnny sputtered in pain. With a small lift, he was able to stand up as two men wearing dragon-skin... the skin of a dragon. That's what Johnny was able to gleam from staring at it. Dragons.

These two dragon-skin wearing knights stepped towards him, armed with two MP5s as the two of them looked at him.

"Who are you?" That's all Johnny asked as the Dragon-Skinned Dutch Knights pulled up their masks. Their helmets were concealed and slightly form fitting as the MP5s dangled on. Both of them looked feminine as they helped lifted him up off the ground.

"The farmer said you wanted to join with the bandits... we're making sure you don't!" The more feminine of the two said, with a vice-like grip on Johnny broken arm.

"Can you just heal me and take me to whoever I need to talk to?" Johnny just pleaded.

The lesser of the feminine sounding voices chuckled before pressing against him. "Eh? I heard you were supposed to be a fearless soldier... but you look so cute, fufu."

"Eh? Anna, he's hurt..."

"But do you know who he is? He's the lapdog to the bitch who funded those Ulster weirdos, you aren't one of those are you?" Anna asked. Her hands squeezed at his hips and held him tighter. A loud pop could be heard as Johnny tried to keep cool. But tears rolled down his face.

This count figure stared down at Johnny. Apparently, the region of Nassau and the city/land that surrounded it were divided up between the leader's sons to work and have the land. Only two were left, one was a grand wizard who tried to establish more land, and Johnny was talking to the other one who sat on his throne meekly and wanted this whole meeting over.

So did Johnny. "Count-"

"Koning."

Johnny snapped out of his trance. "Excuse me?"

"I'm Count August Karling, pleased to meet your acquaintance. I heard you were shot."

Johnny could see through the faux politeness and cut to the chase. "You caught me, what do you want me to do?"

Count August was astonished. "Ah, someone who just wants to know what to do eh? Not even going to ask any questions?"

He shrugged.

"Suit yourself. Simple, I want you to go investigate castle Faustus, I think my brother has lost it."

"My condolences."

"I don't have any myself. But I fear that he's planning on betraying us, the last time we spoke, he sounded changed. Like evil had taken his soul. I fear that he's planning on overthrowing me, he's been sending these damn dragon-guards to watch over me, like a hawk almost. They said three weeks ago that the local God had died, and he had... he had changed. I don't believe he did it, but I wouldn't put it past him. Please, I implore, you please try to see what's going on with the dragon-"

One of the dragon-skinned guards, Anna, had approached. In her possession was one of the Cao-shots as she injected it into his skin.

He shuddered as he didn't even notice her still nearby, the guards watched the whole affair like hawks. His brand burned as he stared at the Count with weary eyes.

Johnny was awash with Euphoria as the nanites repaired and fixed at his arm. But as he looked up, he could see the dragon guard drag at him. "W-Wait!"

"Punishment doesn't wait for anyone. My liege he's marked by one of our high-priests and it is our duty to-"

"N-No, I'm just asking who am I supposed to kill?" Johnny asked with a small whimper.

"Kill? Oh silly little shit, you couldn't even hurt a fly, how can you even kill anyone?" Anna laughed as The Count watched on.

"Damn heretics and their brands distracting my guards..." He mumbled to himself.

Anna pinkish-red hair was the first thing that Johnny really noticed. The second was her soft, loving face as she kissed Johnny on the lips. Her gentle, soft kisses just teased him to no end. Most of her clothes had been strewn about as her medium sized chest pressed against him. She stroked and rubbed at his prick as Johnny teased at her pliant asshole.

"On ngh, my... you really like my a-asshole huh?" Her pale skin glowed as her strokes were fast and hard.

Johnny pumped his hips against the woman's hand before grabbing her shoulders, only one hand was able to grab at her to push her to the bed. His other arm was still weak as he looked down at the woman. "Are you a monster?"

Anna looked puzzled, but before she could even give a reply, he had found himself sticking it in. Her asshole already lubed up as Johnny started to hump away. His hips pistoned away at her asshole. It stretched and teased as she let out a soft moan as she fingered herself.

Her fingers rubbing her clit raw as Johnny had found himself thrusting into her ass, his lips kissed and held the commander in place as for minutes he used her asshole like it was his to use.

By the time he felt the oncoming signs of a good fat load he pulled back, and shoved it deep into her cute pussy. Cum shot out as it filled her womb, her eyes rolled back in pleasure as he felt the mark on his neck slightly decrease. It was still there but the intensity of the pain had decreased.

He panted as he enjoyed her, his penis still inside her pussy as she moaned and wrapped her delicate and almost doll-like legs around his back. It was like that for seconds as he kissed her again and again, before attempting to pull out.

"H-Hey, let me go."

Anna just grinned before grabbing him, pulling his dick out of her freshly creamed cunt and shoved him back down on the bed.

"Eh? Who do you think you are? This is penance don't yo- angh- know?" Anna moaned as she rode his cock. Her hips mashed against Johnny as her tongue went down into his throat. He tapped, weakly he tapped against her arms.

All his breath was being taken away as by the time he felt his spent cock weakly shoot another load into this random woman. He didn't feel at peace as by the time she broke the kiss, he was out of breath, and could feel his body tense and warm.

"T-Time out..."Johnny weakly begged, before she pressed her arm against his neck. That brand might be slightly dissipating but oh lord the pain never ended with him. She had come twice before, moaning into his ear about how much of a good boy he was.

Before it all, the both of them climaxed as she kissed and held each other like lovers. He weakly slept on the soft pillows as she pulled off and pressed her thigh against him. "You.. I like you. You seem like someone who needs to learn about being humbled yeah?"

Before he could even get out an answer, she kissed him hard on the lips, enjoying how his lips felt as she bit them, drawing a small amount of blood as she whispered. "I think you should just relax and just grit through it..."

She gave him one more kiss before the day was done.

Night had fallen on the small barony. The air was crisp as the village down below was mostly alive. People were partying and drinking, good spirits. It was one of the local drunken rambles as Johnny stumbled out of the castle. Anna had made it a point to accompany him as he showed off his Mk23 pistol.

He showed off how boxy and nice the firearm was as he tried to aim down the sights and hit anything, anything at all.

Miss.

"I can't believe that I get fucked over and can't shoot for shit."

Johnny fired off a shot at another tree and it hit. But it was a large oak tree, so Johnny just dismissed it. "Whatever, fuck it. I'll just have to get some training in before I finally get my mission details."

The two stumbled down to the modular buildings that Count August had gracefully given the Dublin peasants to live in. The building was a small concrete and iron building, two stories high as people were coming in and out of it. Loads of people drank about, the bar was outside as the surrounding buildings were mostly just drab prefab houses for the peasants who worked here and had the privilege to live in the confines of the walls here.

Anna led Johnny through the crowd, her armor made her stand out as Johnny got dragged, being led by the hand as they entered the massive sprawling crew of people. They entered into the great bar, the whole aesthetics were of this heavy industrial music that played with a heavy base. It was a club, a great bar too where the locals just drank. Steel bars lined the second story, where people stood and drank too.

But it seemed like they had higher priority, at least Johnny thought that as Anna sat him on the seat.

The bartender blinked and looked at Johnny. "ID?"

Johnny just sighed as he slid his Mars El ID across the bartop. Anna gave the ID a look and just looked surprised. "You're one of Ulster's people?"

With a nod, the bartender slid the ID back and looked at the both of them. "This is coming from the castle's tab, right?"

Anna ignored him as she grabbed Johnny's arm. "I always wanted to join but I'm just honor bound here."

The bartender looked at Johnny, "You, I'm assuming this is coming out of the government's tab too?"

"What the hell does this world take? I have some money from Donbass Empire but-"

"Ooh... It's actually a better rate then you'd-" He stopped talking as Johnny slid two centeriaun Rubles across the table.

"What are you, buying drinks for everyone?" The bartender quipped. "What do you want?"

"That was for her, I'm gonna go out back and try to get my aim back." Johnny just said as he gave the woman pat before he headed off.

He walked out, and he found a small alleyway, the sound of the drunken rabble talking and the damn neverending bass thumping music. "All of this will be okay." The smell of piss filled the air as the small squat box houses had formed a small alleyway. The wall that blocked off access to a portion of the village he found was the best to try and get his aim back.

Bits of Johnny clothes were ripped off and turned into a makeshift target. Tapping and hammering the bits of his shirt to the wall. In the dim moonlight, he could feel his skin slightly glow in the pale glow as his skin shimmered as well. His frail form strutted out and shot at the wall. At the fabric at the wall.

More of the bullets ripped through the fabric as Johnny felt himself get more powerful, and even in his mind's eye he realized something... since he had lost all of his real skills, he just muttered as the bullets ripped through the clothes.

"Hey, hey kid!" A man yelled out in the distance, Johnny stopped his shooting and holstered the gun as he looked out to see who yelled for him.

"I can see those marks, and I can that you were with that woman. I also saw that you were loaded." This very affluent man approached. Wearing what Johnny could just call a dapper, he saw the man walk up and inspect him in the middle of the pale night. His skin was as pale as death itself as he inspected the marks given to him by heretical followers and tsk'd. "Having you lose so much... You have to work for the rest of them but I'll give you a tiny boost."

Johnny just turned around and got back to shooting.

"Eh?"

Another round shot through and entered the wall.

More bullets ripped through the wall, tearing through his cloth shirt as his bare abs were exposed. The alleyway was dark as the other pale figure just watched as the clothes fell away. All of it tore as Johnny just chuckled.

"Boy... That was some fine shooting."

Johnny turned around and pointed to his ears. "Can't hear shit buddy."

This mystical pale white figure wearing his black suit just looked at him as Johnny pushed him out of the way.

From the corner of his eye, from far away, he saw Anna, being accosted by two random people.

"Don't know what you want but I'm gonna go after these people bye!"

Shoved through the crowd, Johnny was filled with rage as he rushed through the group of people, the drunks were yelling and screaming as Johnny slammed his fist into a random man who wouldn't stop getting in his way.

With a heavy dive he managed to make it into the alleyway as he fired off a round into the alleyway. People looked at him, "What the fuck is going on?"

He could see the two men who were trying to make off with Anna. Drunken vomit spews out as she lets out a cry for help.

Almost like Gabriel, or whoever guided his hand, maybe it was faith, lightning in a bottle as the bullet had clipped through the ruffian head. His head didn't explode, but he fell forward as Anna stumbled to the ground.

The other ruffian pulled out his pistol and fired. But with grace, Johnny dodged and fired on the other man. The 9mm dropped the ruffian as his body ached . Blood leaked out as Johnny rushed over and tried to pick up Anna.

As he looked out at the wheatfields, it appeared that the entire area was torched as gunfire rang out from the castle. He watched as part of the castle exploded... "Holy shit!"

During the night, the deserter from August and Walter camp had taken it upon himself and his elite forces infiltrated the barony during the party.

It was Faustus Koning.

His devoutness to Gabriel but his corrupted heretical beliefs of Athenina had caused him to be able to walk free of Marcus' army after the pull out. Given one gift he was able to return to his castle on the other side of the wheatfield and preened himself.



The Dutch half-brother of August, he was a giant, even before being corrupted, his tanned-skin was suited to the world as his long black hair flowed down to his back. His nose hooked as his army had taken refuge in their castle. Two horns curved back, ready to pierce and gore unlucky people who approached this now giant man.

By the next day, he had changed formally, his body became more bulky as his hands were replaced with claws, giant burn marks formed across it as small chains wrapped around them. His black wings flapped as he stood tall and flew to visit August.

Within moments, he declared his lot that he would refuse to work with him. August had no clue what was going on and blew him off, having another party and inviting his brother along to be a part of it.

But because of his Boudin princess (now queen) mother, he noticed that her mother's parton demi-goddess, in the real flesh much to Faustus glee as he approached in his corrupted form. She had been here for years with the colony and war camp that was ready to conquer.

The Demi-Goddess that Faustus met, because his mother abandoned him here with his very Dutch father and his colony and the city he would found with Gabriel blessing, was a woman. A cute woman with dragon scales that marked her skin, her hair was short and properly cut as her helmet made it appear to look like a dragon too. Her armor was her skin as the metal and hardened dragon scales would protect her from any damage.

Her name, the powername like Gabriel and Athenina when provoked and told about her truth, was Henrietta, the exiled Dragon goddess who status was demoted and who's people had migrated to a mostly habitable like world that were filled with Boudin from the first expulsion some years ago. Not truly advancing but doing well for themselves. She, with her people's advanced (for what they have) tech was able to wipe the floor and even kill their god, but taking a demotion to demi-god status for not being one of the many players in the politics that control this sector.

She had conquered the Boudin tribes and her people of the Rhine descent had arrived, they were given that identity by the same man who abandoned his world and before he left learned of the many cultures that humanity had, and decided to roll the dice and see who would be the strongest. Most of them left in search. Most of the Rhinish remained, the Dragon Goddess having control of a large swath of land before the decision to flee was made by her people, and she listened to their plight and migrated relatively northwards.

He knew this history because it was ingrained in his head as he spent his youth on his birthright world, but all he had was just this tiny plot of land oh so far away from home. Faustus' anger was great as he approached the demi-goddess war camp.

As he approached, he could see the many tribes members that he knew had come along, the entire parcel of land had changed to a desert oasis of sorts. When he met the woman, the demi-goddess, the one who had oppressed his people, this hurling hulk. He bent the knee and bowed to him. He couldn't even believe it as she smiled. "Thank you boy. I'll let you know that I will always support a royal bastard like you in your petty ambitions."

She laughed him off as she chatted with one of his half-brothers. He was the tribe's head as Faustus pulled him aside.

"My brother, join in on this fight for control of this single land and I will support your birthright to your world."

His devilish good looks and the black wings had convinced him single handedly, not even saying anything as he was enthralled by him.

During the day before the attack, a blond hair-pretty boy wearing cargo-pants and looking straight from the bush wandered into his camp. That man was Rufus. He had visited August while Johnny was out in the field being shot and realized he was a sane enough man to keep alive.

Rufus saw this great Devil and sneered. Before he could even open fire though, Faustus had already grabbed him, and enthralled him for a short amount of time, forcing him to carry out his plan.

The plan, as it turned out was simple, go in and eliminate the Count August.

Twilight came in as Rufus had wandered into the castle, his mind blanked as he was given the task of informing the dragon-scaled guards to revolt. So sayeth Henrietta, so they did. By the night time gunfight had begun between the elite dragon-scaled guards who followed Henrietta and Faustus and the nominally loyal Irish militia that was paid to protect the castle. These dragon-scales were incensed with violence as the dragon-scaled guards had caused the entire portion of the castle to explode due to a gas leak.

Count August watched in horror as his loyal guards had fired upon the bullet-resistant armor that took the brunt of the shots. As the explosion rocked the building, he was thrown back as he tried to crawl away from the danger that was unfolding.

Rufus, whose vision was being guided by this devil saw the Count and his robes. Carrying his rifle he shot forward, through the militiamen.

Fear froze August's spine as he saw his nominally loyal guard die, more of them returning fire on the fire-spewing dragon armored folks who were roasting some of the militia alive.

He ran, he ran towards one of the secret passages that he had built where Rufus stayed right on his tail, butchering the entire Militia squad with a ruthless slaughter. Their bodies and gore covered the walls as his bloody boot prints destroyed the nice paved stone floor.

August slammed himself into one of the emergency escape door, one with a little pin-pad and everything. He knew what it was. "Zenayhar please guide me so I can live another day." was all he was able to mumble as he punched the codes in for his mother's world of Alba.

His hands worked fast on the keypad, the only thing he really did fast in the last couple of years as the de facto duke of this land. The last digit was all he needed when a bullet struck him in the chest.

Rufus stood right behind him and fired again. The bullet ripped through and stained the stone wall with his blood as Rufus blinked, and looked at the dying Count.

"Oh shit." He muttered as he lowered the drawbridge.

As he ran out, he could see Johnny holding hands with one of the dragon-armored guards. He watched in horror as the people were in a panic. The entire might of Faustus intellect was shown and his cruel savagery as he showed up, the winged beast as he chuckled and took pride that he had planned and caused all of this.

"This land is mine now..." Faustus laughed as he watched his people loot the massive bar, his soldiers had caught their enemy unprepared with this night attack.

Rufus approached Johnny and the woman with him.

"Johnny, you know what's going on?" Rufus asked with panic in his voice.

"No idea, but we should get out!" Johnny yelled as he pulled Rufus away, into the alleyway that Anna and Johnny found themselves in.

Anna looked at the two men and led them both through the alleyway, and out through one of the small hideaways that allowed smugglers to enter unopposed. As they looked out at the small pond that the city was the baron was next too, the entire cropland just got torched by Ulster-uniformed monsters.

# Chapter 14

They had circled around the small lake as the sky was ablaze with the great wanton destruction of the small barony. It seemed luck was a factor as the rival count Faustus had at this point called his men in to help wipe out any resistance to their rule.

By the time they had made it further south, past the lake, the sun had started to rise. Johnny watched Rufus as he led the group double-time through the unused plains. Long strands of grass being matted as the three kept running.

"Johnny!" Rufus yelled. "Keep up will ya?"

He did as the trio had run all through the morning sun to the middle of the day. The sun hung overhead as Johnny spotted in the distance one of the camps. So did Rufus. "Alright, we're close to where Maeve is staying. Stay together everyone."

When they arrived, finally, Johnny could see that it was well off for a war-camp. A military base would be a more apt term. Through the north-gate, Johnny could see that it was heavily populated. Chain-link fencing blocked off around the land that they considered their own, and for miles upon miles he could see the chain link fences in either direction. Just past the toll-gate, he could see workers steadily working on vehicles outside of a small block-house made of concrete.

"You saw me last time, the two are with me."

All three entered the military base, soldiers watched the trio with a fixed look of distrust. Who gave these people the right to come here, was the general vibe that those heavy glares were met.

Her dragon-scale armor gave her looks by the engineers fixing and trying to maintain the large group of vehicles. Despite all that, Rufus was known in the camp, or rather had the blessing to go to-and-from this giant military installation.

Rufus just marveled at the great amount of works that were put into the faux-city, entire blocks, entire chunks divided by the toll-gate road and the many paths that led through the semi-permanent buildings, most of them just barracks that could be broken apart into sections and hauled by the heavy trucks stationed here.

It was also the thing that bothered him more, these people were settling here. He could see women, non-armed women not wearing fatigues and children out in the pathways playing with each other.

Despite the air of war, these people were calm, just enjoying themselves in a foreign world.

He snapped back to face the southern edge. Workers were building something huge as he just looked.

"That's where Maeve is."

It was a Temple, large ornate crafts were being brought in, imported in from somewhere that Rufus had no clue about as the two wandered down the road, but the people here knew, and Anna knew to some extent as well. The cheapness of the buildings were giving way to a more permanent area, houses were built, small shops on this main road that were stuck into the ground and refused to leave.

"This build up is way too quick..." Rufus said to himself, "Way too quick."

As they traveled toward the gold plated temple, he made note of the ornate carvings of entire cities burning. More temple workers were milling about, installing alters, icons of the God that told them to build, and incense poured out. The inside was even magnificent as it was outside. Soldiers, a grand majority of them being some shade of a reddish Celt hair had been blessed by the Prelate that would mark them with a small cut across the cheek.

The richness of the temple was well under-utilized as the people being blessed looked more down-rotten than ever. But ever loyal to the God and the new-life that they had gotten. One of the men twitched while being slashed.

"You have all been blessed by the mark of strength, as it is written as it is done. I welcome you all as the tenth regiment of Alba-Eire."

With the marvels and showmanship, the Prelate in his grand vestments and great green and white robes had raised his hands. And on cue, a bright light was shined on the men who would fight on this strange new world. Their bodies had a slight glow to their skin as the men wept in pride.

Armed with wooden-framed automatic rifles, they dispersed. The Prelate was right, this was the first infantry regiment that was trained on this world, for this city-state. It was a sight to behold when Count August had given permission to the dying world to live on Double-I, despite not owning the land.

A small icon of Gabriel hung in the small corner of the temple, where some of the priests had laid small tithes. The priests lamented that a great monster had killed a God. A God that even allowed them, the people of Alba to flee.

Rufus just ignored all this splendor, the great opulent that this temple had imposed itself. The priests and the head Prelate watched him like a hawk as Anna and Rufus had entered.

"Where's Johnny?" Rufus asked as he finally turned around.

By the time the trio had made it a hare-breath from the temple, Johnny felt his body seize. It was like a heavy grip had grabbed his legs, bound to stay. For what reason, he didn't know.

He noted that Rufus looked enthralled, enraptured by how fast they had built it up. It was nothing, according to Johnny. It was just a small city that had pulled itself from one world to here. Sure it was a feat given how they were able to pull an entire city, not an entire militarized city that seemed more ready to kill the world than be at peace.

But he was forced, like a chain around his leg, in the same spot. It was then he noticed the sky had darkened, but the people here ignored it. No, they didn't ignore it, they just didn't see it happen. With every fiber in his being, he knew he was being summoned. But why was he being summoned? A small trickle of blood on his neck told him the story.

"Oh don't tell me-"

Johnny had found himself in a small chamber. His body was chained up as he winced in pain. His tattered clothes still remained as he looked around.

The room he had found himself in was wooden. Just, wooden. Nature-like. Almost as if nature itself had made it a home. The chains must have been the only thing that wasn't pure nature-like.

"What in the fuck?" Johnny was just in a state of pure bewilderment as he shook on the chains. He could hear the sound of birds chirping softly as the air felt heavy, a pink mist formed. "Oh no listen whoever you are I'm busy, I'm supposed to meet with someone, like raincheck you know?"

His vision was blurry as he felt the scent, the aroma, the smell of sleep just slam into him. His mind being dragged to a state of being on the verge of sleep, but still remaining awake. A waking dream of sorts.

His whole vision had been fluxed, the room turning from the wooden lovebox of some nature lover but to a room of burned wooden walls, ready to collapse. The whole aesthetic had changed to him as he saw the wonders of nature, that bird he heard chirping had been replaced by the grutter lamentations of the dead.

Chains rattled as he looked on in a panic. The being had started to make a move towards him, the pinkish mist turned into a sour black affair, the air rancid with the wood breaking. The world around had settled into a state of necrotic decay. "Damn them." A quiet voice could be heard.

The shade that was obscured by the blackened fog appeared before Johnny, at the foot of the bed he rested on. It looked... feminine, that was all he could make out as he looked at the shaded figure. Its hand appeared, and was soft, pure. Even through the black fog Johnny could make out that she was monologging about shit. "Chase, get to it. If you're going to do whatever penance I have to do because of some neurotic look who thinks I'm the one at fault for creating this mess. I'm not, but get to your life okay? "

"Eh?"

"For the past oh, I don't know, week and some spare change I've been-"

This shade had managed to take form into Johnny, in his almost hellish dream-like state of lucidity but saw madness through it, as a woman. She stood about a head shorter than Johnny, and had a soft,

almost kind face. Almost. But there was a slight glint of anger, a bit of this motherfucker. He could see it, he could feel that vibe as her soft white hair flowed down to her back. She pulled it into a ponytail as she gave a contemptuous smile towards him. Her green eyes just burned a hole into him as her body had taken form, her chest large, covered by pale iron-woven fabric. It even impressed Johnny as he saw it glimmer off the lights. It cut off to her stomach as she watched him like a hawk, watching his every move.

"Getting penance, yeah, I know. That's why I dragged you here." She said, her voice disappointed at him, and at herself too.

"You sound like I did something bad." Johnny said.

"Well I mean, I was told by the locals here that they believed in the branding thing. They said that the leader of the Ulster area was their high priestess and everything."

Johnny looked at her with bewildered panic. "What the fu- no, wait a minute. That's bullshit, I got this brand by the high-priestess you're speaking about had branded me for crimes I didn't commit!"

"Well then, what did you do wrong?" The figure spoke, she had started to crawl on the bed as she watched his every move.

"I didn't kill someone who caused this mess to begin with-"

She lightly kissed him on the lips. "You mean Marcus, oh I heard about his little band of demons but they won't stand a chance against us."

Another kiss applied to his lips. "We did a small survey of the world and the military capabilities of the people here... It's so weak..."

Her knee pressed against his crotch as she giggled softly. "I just happened to get here first, not to say I already have Gabriel using his powers to make sure most of my people are in his pocket dimension just waiting to-"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Eh? You really have been out of the dark haven't you. Huh. Just stay still cutie..." She kissed him again and again, before all the fog, all the smoke had cleared away. Johnny just looked around in a bewildered panic as the whole room had changed once again. The room was simple, a room of pure nothingness with a door that led outwards. It was pitchblack, nothing truly existed and nothing will exist in this void.

The demi-goddess pulled him up, breaking the now non-existence chains as they left into a hallway. The hallways were just a hotel room that went far down and as high as they could go. She led him by the hand as he noted that her butt swayed in a pleasant way as the two traveled. The walls had turned

away as it seemed as if they had entered another world. Another world within this hallway that they walked through.

It was a great villa, a massive palace that stood in the middle of the universe, the whole sky was just pitch black of an inky void as Johnny just took in all the mystical charm of it all. The dream is like the state of an Emperor as she leads him into the opened door.

The heavy air smashed into Johnny as he wandered through the area. "Where the hell am I?" He found himself wandering into what appeared to be a cleared out hall, with a man resting on a futon couch while TV static could be heard. This demi-goddess just led him through the hall, approaching him.

Johnny just saw him lying there. His hair covered his face as he let out a small snore. But this demi-goddess had dragged Johnny all the way across, into another dimension, for what? She woke the man, and with a heavy cough and a snort.

"Gabriel, this poor lout has a mark on his neck-" She couldn't finish her sentence before Gabriel had awoken from his drugged state. His eyes were covered by black tea-shades glasses as he gently rose up.

"Who the fuck- Johnny?" His haze didn't die down, but he could see that Johnny was standing there, hand almost being led to him. "Johnny, you look so weak, how the hell did you even get here?"

This demi-goddess didn't miss a beat as she started to go on about the heretical cult shit that she had found herself wrapped up into during the last month, hell most of the region in the north had fallen for it. The way she spoke was perfect, no fuck-ups in the way she described doctrine that she herself didn't understand but found a sick thrill in enjoying.

He ignored that and just kept looking at the marks on the man's neck. Frail hands just reached to rub at the branding marks on his neck, "This is some... Hey sliver-hair nice-butt, you're a Demi-God correct?"

"Yeah, that's why I came here!" She spoke with such convictions, "I mean you're allowing me to stay in your world and you told me, you outright told me to come to you if I had any questions."

Confusion draped over Gabriel's face. "You dragged one of my champions-"

"I'm a champion now?" Johnny asked, just so confused about being dragged here.

"Why do you think you got that blessing, cowboy? Anyways, Alba-goddess, why did you drag my high-priest from my world to here? You could have prayed you know." Gabriel slightly grumbled as he flicked on the old TV.

"You know my name is Alexandra right?"

"You know you're on my world as a token of pity right?" Gabriel spat right back. "I could have let you die but here you are. Be grateful for what you have."



"But sir-"

Gabriel stood in a flash, it seemed like he could still stand as his body was covered in the large scars. The large hole that pierced his head still remained, slowly healing as the woman still held her ground. "Dammit! I didn't come here to be fucked with! Get out of my sight, both of you!"

Alexandra had none of that, and through sheer willpower she had managed to materialize a great spear from nothing! It was like a bolt of lightning that was sharpened to a tip. Gabriel stared at her and raised his arms up.

"Who do you think you are, bitch? Entering my realm, a realm I allow everyone to take part in, to come into my house, my goddamn villa, my fucking hiding hole, for what? A question? A question about what? Come on, spit it out."

"Gabriel, I think she was asking if I was wrong about the-" Johnny tried to speak, and the two looked at him. "She's asking if I'm wrong about the cult belief shit, I think?"

"What cult shit? He even married Athenina and made her the way she is! It's the truth and those brands are the truth!" Alexandra spoke with conviction as the grip on her lightning bolt spear had tightened.

Gabriel looked at the both of them with a bewildered look of shock and fear. "That's..." He sat down, almost dejected as Johnny took a seat next to him. Alexandra still stood, her anger still inside her as she looked down at the God thinking.

"I think I know where those marks are from. You know Athenina the law-giver right? The one everyone meets, yeah well-"

"She's a succubus yes I know." Johnny said. "She appeared in the flesh and branded me, she looked so thrilled doing it too."

Gabriel lifted his finger. "Ah, you think too little. By the time I had crafted the perfect society and had them expand into space, she had managed to conquer a grand swath of worlds, worlds that I was supposed to take. Her people, from just a single backwater world named Athens, fucking Athens. Hell she even styled herself after some woman named Athena! I mean I took Gabriel because it's a bitching name and I couldn't even tell you the name I had before but- I digress, she had conquered the worlds all the way down to my neck of the woods. I didn't control those worlds but I had taken caution, and had sent small colonies, not to truly own it but to have just in case. It was a bloody back-and-forth, apparently they had never encountered another group of people in all that time of expanding, dividing itself while under the guide of Athenina, and by the time they met me, it turned into a stalemate."

"But why does she look like a succubus?"

"I'll get to that right now- in the end she won the fight and conquered my world. But, either as a token of good-will or some ploy to get the people to see her as legitimate, we ended up getting married."

Alexandra eyes lit up as the spear had disappeared, moments later she had started to kiss and tease Johnny. "That was the answer I needed, and it looks like your little high-priest has to go through some penance."

Gabriel looked at Johnny and gently, oh so gently, very lightly, pulled her off in a show of strength and sat her down next to Johnny. Her hands idly toyed with Johnny's pants.

"As I was saying, before I got interrupted... She married me, it got ugly really quickly, then the fucking nom- no, they aren't bad..." Gabriel glared at Alexandra for a moment, before letting that anger cool down. "But those marks are from the times when she and I got together... I guess she really is trying to make a move on me, huh Johnny? But who do you think started this?"

Johnny had no response, but Alexandra did. She gave a grin. "Well obviously it's just a sign that she's looking to get back with you, no?"

"No, even then she's too blunt and overt if she wanted to do something. You two head back to Double-I-"

"But what about the brands! Do I get to tease this little shit to no end?" She asked as she pressed Johnny against her toned abs, his head touched her chest.

"I'll see what I can do Johnny... Just hang in there."

Five years ago, Sophia and Ashley sat together at the small table, smoke rose in the air as the two women chatted about life, friends, the great warships that were building like, cannibalizing the planets that had no real life on it, and general other things.

The general other thing being how to trick Lin the Nomad Queen and her subverant representative of the Demigods that were neutered of any true gain of power and Athenina, the woman who wanted to crush those who opposed the rightly ways. "We just need to get this ball rolling, but I don't see what we can do to have the momentum carry. We should get rid of those Gods and try to get you even more powerful, no?" Sophia took a bite of ice-cream. "It seems it's only right to send them to Double-I all the way to the other side, but how?"

Ashley took a sip of water as her ears had perked up. "Well, you did see the one girl, Alexandra world get devastated and Gabriel willingly gave them the land."

"Yeah but that was an accident, was it not?" With a curt nod, Sophia tried to figure it out. "I got it, just watch, this is how we'll get everything on track, okay?"

Before Ashley could inform her, Lin had arrived at this fusion of a club, restaurant, and all-in-all center of enjoyment. She saw the duo and managed to just sit next to Sophia. "So why did you request that I come here Ashley?"

Ashley's eyes dullened a little bit in fear as Sophia spoke up. "I asked her to summon you for me. I have a preposition if you will."

Lin had been blessed with having the ability to create split-offs of herself to fight that were distinct enough that they could be Gods in their own right, some end up being that, but they're independent all the same. Her long blonde hair was braided and went down her back. Her dashing blue eyes looked dead into Ashley, almost with a burning fury over being brought here by a random, even if she had true insider knowledge and knew how the game was played she just scowled.

"I apologize, but she asked and I wouldn't be remiss to just not do it so..."

"Could have left a message-"

Sophia cut her off. "No sweetheart, it's actually important."

"You sure?" Lin still kept her eye on Ashley.

Sophia nodded. "You know, I've studied the Gods and seeing how he's allowing me to operate on his world, I was thinking maybe help him out by those demi-gods that hang about on the border worlds, you know? My Emissaries have been telling me about the great cults that tell about Gabriel and Athenina who-"

Lin sneered. "Oh, so they're already rebelling against me? Do you have proof of this?"

Sophia slid some pictures of the demi-goddess Alexandra of Alba with a picture of Maeve. The picture was from years back.

Lin just looked down at them. "Those two... I know she talks to others and they fall for..."

"How about this, you should just exile them! Have them join them with the bandit on Double-I! Maybe he'll even change their way to have them support you too."

The Confederation Goddess had appeared. It seemed like this club would have more people as she slid next to Ashley, her chest rested against Ashley, a soft moan escaped from her lips. "Are you talking about those border worlds you're trying to capture and forge your own Empire from?"

Sophia looked in feigned shock. "Why, no, I'm just concerned for my friend at all!" She laughed.

The four women laughed at the obvious ploy, that Sophia had failed to even hide her inventions. "Okay, but real talk, what do you want if I end up taking over the border worlds?" Sophia asked.

Lin had to meditate on it. "I want three things, compensation for the worlds, Alexandra and Henrietta being the first to be sent off, and I want to know who created us."

Sophia looked at her. "I'll have my team research, Zenayhar is still a bitch of sorts and allows me to use the web-network so... but the other two, I'll just have Johnny deal with it." She rubbed Ashley soft thigh.

"I'll do my best ma'adm.." Ashley just let out a soft moan.

"Now... Let's drink girls!" Sophia had cheered on, the glass clanking.

# Chapter 15

Reality had warped for another brief moment of time, and out came Alexandra still huffing in anger that she had been blown off and Johnny unsure of what had happened.

It seemed that it was still midday as the two looked up at her massive Temple. Her soft, delicate hand guided him into the great golden temple. Rufus was in a sort of panic as he scoured through the building, looking for him. Johnny just stared at him as Alexandra just basked in the great opulent prayer-hall.

"My it does feel more great to be surrounded by great gold..." Was all she said as she walked in, feeling the energy and just being rejuvenated. Her skin glowed with a shimmer of green and gold.

Heels clacked on the ground as she walked towards the office. The room just echoed as Rufus froze in his place.

"Where the hell did you two go? Aw-, Alexandra listen. I've told you the situation, I want to know if my girlfriend is alright, okay?"

"Oh I know, and I told you I'd support you if you killed that devil-man who killed my patron. So why are you here? And why did you bring him?" She motioned toward Johnny. "Didn't you say he'd kill that devil Faust?"

"...It's Faustus." Anna had stepped out of the room and watched Alexandra give a small coy smile.

"Oh my, I'm surprised you're still alive." Alexandra chided. "Tell me, did you take part in killing him? You saw his corpse didn't you?"

The air was hot with anger, Johnny said. "I saved her, she was being kidnapped by thugs-"

Alexandra hand gripped around Johnny's neck for a moment. She was so close as she wrapped her hand around and tightly gripped it. He gasped in a panic as he looked up at Maeve who had left the office too, seeing her divine work into play.

Her squeeze became tighter as she threw him to the ground, a hot steam of breath escaped from her lips as she put her hand to the man's mouth. "As I remember, people who do penance are supposed to be humble and not talk about their good deeds, no?"

He struggled against the woman's arm, as Anna looked at her with tears in her eyes. "Please, stop! I had nothing to do with his death! Rufus even saw us, right?"

Rufus had looked at her and wondered if he even told her his name. "Yeah, I guess?"

Alexandra kept her pressure on Johnny's neck, before she released her grip. His dry cough could be heard as he tried to suck in any air.

"I didn't kill him," Anna exclaimed. "I was kidnapped by bandits, I don't know why but they were wearing those Ulster uniforms that I've been seeing!"

Maeve had enough, "What do you mean Ulster uniforms? Are you saying..." She pulled out her device to check on her army. Her face twitched as she realized that most of her army had deserted. In her haste to get the entire group over to Ulster Decommissioning plant, her heart sank as she realized there were now rogue bands of soldiers, entire regiments roaming the continent. The last bastion of world government were those Ulster camps, but they were now heavily, heavily under-defended. And the great, underground and above-ground city of Ulster, the great Ulster Nuclear Decommissioning Plant way deep adjacent to it. She gulped in anger.

"What the hell did Marcus kick off?" Maeve just felt shock overwhelm her.

After that, the whole room went quiet. "We have to kill the other count, correct?" Johnny had finally spoken, his voice hurt from that chokehold she had on him.

Johnny rose from his feet, his leg trembled as he looked at Rufus. "Well, let's not waste any time and let's head out."

Without a skip to his walk, Johnny headed north. He passed through the great build up, passed through the large group of soldiers milling about, ready to attack the enemy, and when he finally got out of the city-state of Alba he found himself looking back and seeing that no one had followed him. The rest had stayed back at the temple to think things over.

He scoffed, his body still twinkish as he walked toward the great field of grass. "Wonder if there's anything here..."

With a single step, he heard a footstep behind him. He spun around fast on his legs, causing him to stumble to the ground in pain as he saw the midday sun slowly dip into the sky.

His pistol burned his hand as he walked down through the grass. His blood pumped in anger as he forced himself forward. Bags formed under his eyes as he walked with purpose, the rising smoke from the north being his only guide.

Blood still leaked down his neck, Alexandra had slashed his throat and blood leaked out, but it was small, pin-prick blood as the grass was stained with blood. His knees shook as he watched the great black smoke rising up.

By the time he stepped out into a small, wet bog-land, he noticed something. As he stopped, he could hear more footsteps, now two footsteps. He took another step, and before he heard anything he had turned around.

An old man appeared before him.

That same damn old man.

That same damn old man who tried to block him off.

"I am not here to hurt you Johnny." The gray haired man spoke. "I need to give you something, you were supposed to have this-"

The old man had swung at Johnny, the air whiffing as Johnny stumbled back. "No come on, you gotta take it like a man if you want this gift!"

Johnny, even though he had been reduced to a weakened form, looked at the old man, who still uselessly swung at him and just stared at him. "What gift?"

The old man chuckled for a moment before slamming his fist into Johnny brand of the weakened. It slightly faded, still existing and still hurting, a constant reminder that in the eyes of the people of Ulster that he caused the whole mess to begin with.

"Ehehe... Let's just say I'm one of the... angels that Athenina has to help with fighting justice." The old man laughed as Johnny felt groggy, before a jolt of energy had run through him. He felt alive, rejuvenated. He was still a small, twinkish fuck boy but with a shrug he thank the old man.

"Well let me tell you this, you feel all that energy inside you right? That's just the soul energy that was hidden in you, and I called it up using my 'awaken through greatness'. But..."

Johnny had pulled out his pistol and fired it at the apple from a tree. The bullet shift, going off Gabriel knows where.

"You gotta be... So what did you make me better at?" Johnny asked.

Before the old man could even answer, Johnny could feel something, almost in the pit of his stomach. The old man was going to bullshit him. His body language told it all, from his sweat, his eyes had closed. He ignored what the man said, it was bullshit, that's when it clicked into his head.

"So great, I can tell when people are lying to me?" Johnny asked, deadpanned to the situation as he saw the old man just walk away. "Hey where are you going?"

The old man just turned back and said "That's not what I gave you, you complete fucking dunce, figure it out yourself, ungrateful prick."

It just ended like that. The old man had shuffled away as Johnny rolled his eyes and kept trudging forward through the now swampy marshlands. His feet stuck to the mud as he just stepped and pulled out of the tight grip this mud had.

The sun was filtered through the trees, but still he felt the heat of the marsh. Small simmering bubbles of gas that rose up like a fat white-head pimple that would explode into a sludge of its own mud-and-whatever-that-caused it. Methane would make the bubble of marsh rise yes, but-

A branch slammed into the thick mud in front of him. Within moments he had pulled out his pistol and looked around.

Nothing. It was nothing. The ambient sound of the marsh had died, only leaving Johnny just squish-and-walk through the discolored brown mud.

"It's not too late to turn around, is it?" He said to himself as he looked at the surrounding area.

He noticed that the tree-line had more of a steady ground, but he found himself dead-set in the middle of the swamp, up to his knees in this thick clumping mess. With one foot up, he attempted, attempted, to just walk toward one of the little coastal areas, where a great tree was high in the air.

With one knee up, he felt a hard slash in the wind, and he stumbled back into the great muck. The heavy smell of methane burned his nose as he aimed his sights at the ghostly figure that just attacked him.

Blood trickled from his knee as he forcefully pulled himself out of the burning mud.

The figure chuckled and banished an ornate sword, large, a two-handed sword made for destroying entire groups of people. The metal clawed hand just glinted in the shadow, and with a forward step, he appeared.

The assailant was a fox-eat man with muscles covering his body. With a grumble Johnny aimed down the sights of his pistol, before hearing the yiffing sounds of this fox-man, almost taunting him.

"What's so funny?"

Brandishing the sword, the fox-man stopped his high pitch laugh and looked at Johnny with deathly seriousness. "A single bullet here would fry your ass off boy!"

He lunged forward, straight into the muckish discolored mud. His legs sucked in as he cackled in enjoyment, as Johnny dodged the blade. A blow from that, at such a high speed, he would have his heart shattered.

But as Johnny stood up, and slowly trudged his way toward any coast, he could hear the laughing cries of fox-people surrounding the area. The brand on his neck trickled more blood as he swore, he swore that a small tribe had forcefully broken into the marshland to kill him.

To kill him, he kept trudging through as the crazed fox-man rushed forward, avoiding the mud as Johnny had finally crawled onto the soft ground, almost giving way as his shoes were sucked, destroyed and forgotten.

Crawling forward, he could see another fox-woman armed with a spear point down at him. She barked and chuckled at him as she lifted his head up with the tip of her spear.

"Don't kill me, please..." Johnny coughed as the burning smell of toxic methane burned his nose as the fox-woman just stomped down on his hand, the gun dropping.



Both of his arms were tied up as he looked up in a panic, but the spear just jabbed into his head for a second.

Johnny had, unceremoniously found himself in what appeared to be a great wooden hut. The leader of this tribe of Fox-men stared at him with a smirk.

"So you're the one that got my son in a rage?" The Fox-king asked.

Johnny looked up at the fox-king, his face was long and raged, his ears perked up as Johnny made note that the Vulpine people had managed to get their ugly muzzle back. They had fur all over themselves as the Fox-king orange and brown fur shined in the torch-lit wooden throne room. He wore a great plate-metal body armor underneath an old jersey of a dead team.

"What?" Johnny asked.

"My boy, Rich... he's gone wild and wants to die because he saw a pure human, and how he can't even be like you."

Johnny just gave a heavy sigh. "What, you want me to kill him or something?"

The Fox-king rose from his throne and pulled out a well-used blade, tiny points that just vibrated so quickly that the Fox-king slashed at the iron table that Johnny was forced to sit upon to look at the Fox-king.

Iron shaving flew into the air, some of it landed on Johnny's face as he uselessly shook his head to get the debris off of him.

"Watch where you swing that thing man!" Johnny said, his leg scrambled as he tried to avoid the Fox-king sword.

"Don't ever insult my boy!" He said, venom spewed from his voice as the very tip of the blade was pointed directly at Johnny.

He could see every little portion of the tiny bit of metal shards move on both ends. But he could also tell that the man- no, the fox-man- didn't really know how to use the sword.

"You shouldn't swing it so wildly, try to be more calm with it." Johnny said, some conviction in his voice as he saw the Fox-king slowly withdraw the sword.

"Oh. You're a teacher aren't you?" The Fox-man spoke very clearly. "If that's the case, then why don't you help my son, please?"

Eyeing the sword, Johnny just nodded. "Sure yeah. What do you want me to teach?" Bullets of sweat dripped down his face.

Within moments, the son was summoned, his face was burnt as he looked at Johnny with anger, his muzzle flashed his teeth as he pointed the spear at Johnny's face.

"I can't believe the king left me my prey!" Rich said. He gave a playful poke to Johnny sternum and ribs as he licked his lips.

The Fox-king raised his hand up, his long black fingers shook as he warned him. "No boy, he'll teach you how to be a proper human, am I right?"

Johnny didn't say a word as he just swallowed and nodded. Despite his small size, his lack of strength, his firearm being somewhere else, and the despair of teaching a useless polymorphic fox-manroyale how to look like a human, he held onto the hope of running.

But Rich grabbed Johnny by the arm and dragged him out of the throne room. His arm cracked and cracked as he now saw the sun in the relatively small compound that must have been near the swamp. Great stone walls modestly protected the tribal Fox people. What stood out to him was that the people here either wore the most simple of clothes or scavenged clothes, bits of patch leather clothing. Rich was in the former camp, a loincloth was the only piece of fabric that hid his shame. His chest was flat as he gave a cute pout.

"Hey, my eyes are up here you piece of meat." Rich said, his hand groped at Johnny tight butt as he pushed him into one of the huts.

Johnny never looked away from the fox-man, not trusting him in the slightest as he tried to take in the room. It was a small squatish hut. Soft crackled pops from the fire burned in the middle to keep the room warm. The fox-man playfully grabbed at Johnny ass.

"Hey, buddy. I don't catch." Johnny said.

"That's funny, because I don't catch either~" Rich said, his tongue licking at Johnny's neck. "Besides I'm big into-"

Johnny slammed his elbow into Rich muzzle. "Shut up, just shut up."

He grinded his elbow into Rich muzzle, and Rich just cowered away. Rich eyes went wide as Johnny finally stopped his attack.

Johnny calmly asked, "I was told to teach you something about being human right?"

The fox-man just let out a simple cowered yiff as Johnny just shook his head. "Okay, so what do you need me to teach you?"

The fox spoke, his face starting to shift back into a more human like appearance. "I want to look more perfect."

"What?"

"I want to look more, you know. Like a human. You have those fleshy lobes on the side of your head. What are those?"

Johnny blinked and tapped his ears. "You want me to show you how to have ears?"

"That's what it's called? Yeah! Just let me study your ears and I'll maybe not kill you, okay?"

Johnny was still a small shit but blood still trickled from his elbow. "I still have my strength, okay are you done yet- ow fuck!"

His fist slammed into Rich's mouth, blood leaked out as he looked at Johnny in a panic. Johnny's ear was cut open, blood leaked out.

But, it was enough for Rich to learn, and within moments, he had managed to have regular human ears. It was Johnny's ears, with the curves and the heavy cartilage. "H-Haha! I did it! I can now be a human!"

Rich laughed as he finally got up, his heart filled with a manic joy as he shoved Johnny out of the way to show off his new look to the village.

All they saw was a human that fled from Rich house, and didn't know any better. Rich manic joy had made the people panicked. The whole village erupted into violence, he could see Rich get beaten by one of the soldiers, stabbing him in the chest, his human form sprawled out as more of the tribals stabbed, before the loud crack of a pistol had riled them up.

The Fox-king stood tall as he walked out of the throne room, his sword glinted while in his other hand a pistol, Johnny's pistol. He saw his son laid sprawled out, blood poured out of the young gadfly body.

Johnny slowly walked out of the hut, he could see the people look at the dead corpse of their young prince, his fox form being revealed as the people looked at Johnny in anger. The Fox-king snarled and demanded, "Take him to the meat storage!"

These tribal fox-men armed with spears and swords pointed them at Johnny. As Johnny slowly backed his way into the small hut as the people swarmed in.

He tripped over the many pots and pans that the dirty savage brute had as he tried to figure out anyway to escape. By the time he made it into the bedroom -which was just the north side of the small hut- he could hear the loud sound of vibrating swords.

Those vibrations reminded him of something, helicopters... and then he remembered he could call in another helicopter... then his mind wandered into "God dammit get me a fucking helicopter out of here!"

He screamed as he heard the heavy rotor-spin of a Chinook that hung over the sky like a green dragon. He did it. He had managed to use something he didn't even think he would have to resort to using.

The wall gave way with a slam, Johnny had tumbled out in a panic as he could see the helicopter land right outside of the palace/throne room. About forty men had left the helicopter, all of

them armed with either an assault rifle, a combination pump-action and semi-auto shotgun, and light machine guns.

There was a tense stand-off as Johnny could see the Fox-king chase after him, but he too stopped when he saw all those men aim their rifles at the tribal group.

The Nassau response team from the city of Nassau had been summoned. Johnny could see that the men had no idea what was going on, to them they were just warped from their flight to the location of the fox tribes.

"Oh god-, who reminded him that he would call for back-up, this isn't what we need, god- Johnny! Why are they trying to kill you?" The portly commander spoke, armed with a rifle as he took a drag.

"It just came to me!" Johnny said. "Wait, was that the ability that the old man-"

"Who? Anyways, you, with me. Fox friends, I don't know what he did, but I have to take him with me."

His large hand grabbed Johnny by the shoulder, and he pulled him away as the crowd looked at the men armed with rifles.

"Wait! Don't kill the man who tricked my son!" The Fox-king spoke, his sword vibrating as he gestured with some flare.

The relief team stared at Johnny and at the giant fox man. "We don't have time for this..."

Johnny looked around, the smoke still rose near where August castle still burned in the background. "Listen, Fox-king-"

"It's King Cernovich" He said.

"Okay King Urn. Your son told me that he supported the people who burned the castle in August. He did, he held me tight as he stole my ears dammit!"

Johnny hoped that his bullshit had worked.

"Who's August?" King Urn said.

Nassau troops aimed down their sights on King Urn, the commander sneered as he just shook his head. "We really don't have time for this."

The Fox-king still stood tall as Johnny shook his head. "No, see, my lord- he worked with black magic, given to him by the devil Faustus! I saw it with my own eyes, his glowing hands tried to rip at my ears! Your son was corrupted, and the people had killed him. I only taught him what he needed to learn and they-" He gestured to the tribal fox-people, their blood still dripped. "They killed him."

King Urn looked at Johnny, looked at the platoon of soldiers, and back to his people. "If you are speaking true, then fine. I'll let you pass."

"Sir, your people have committed regicide against your son, I have an idea..."

Johnny explained to the two leaders, King Earn-of-it of the Fox-people (which held very little land against the baron two castles...) should help him defeat the evil Faustus on the battlefield. He agreed, he knew that his people needed to kill the dark demon who corrupted them, and the fox people would have to fight to cleanse their sins. The Nassau commander just nodded.

"I mean, we're already here. I'll see how much I can muster to attack that devilish being Faustus."

The Nassau commander said, as the crowd of fox-people could tell they were being bullshitted by this short, frail man. But the two high leaders just nodded in agreement, both of them would work together.

Faustus' devilish eyes looked upon the burnt remains of the castle, the half-brother August was dead, and here he was to claim it. As he pushed through the area, his heavy wings slamming into others, almost outstretched, but not enough to be able to take flight. People touched by the heavy, leathery wings felt their skins burned.

"Damn, how did I know that Marcus would give me these powers!" He exclaimed, almost filled with joy as he jumped, wings unfurling to maximum length as he flew into the now-crumbling castle.

The interior was gutted, the fire ravaged most of the stone. The few dragon-guards that remained held their rifles tight as they couldn't work the nerve to shoot their leader. These guards followed him around, until he made it to the great scarred area of what used to be the throne room. August still burnt into the throne itself.

The dragon-guards looked at him with scorn. One of them even drew a sword, declaring out loud, "To hell with degenerate heretics! Look at him! Henrietta will destroy you for selling your soul to both the damn Dublin Government and that bastard Marcus!"

Her golden armor glinted in the very-bright castle. Restoration crews were working around the clock as the lighting in the throne. But despite that fact, Faustus chuckled as his leather-like arms became more bulky, the muscles on his muscles could even be seen as his large, bat-like wings blew hot ash at the dragon-guard helmet.

The ash flew and just hit her uselessly. Faustus grumbled as he took a stance, a foot forward and lunged at the dragon-guard who dared insulted him.

With a heavy slam from his shoulder, the dragon-guard fell to the ground in a heap. Blood poured out of the face-mask as he turned to look at the now more enraged crowd. "Fight me cowards, you are under my command and this is what I want!"

His feet shook the room as he slammed and caused the restorers to flee in terror.

Another dragon-guard approached. With a simple throw of the helmet, his beautiful blond locks fell gracefully to the ground. His blue eyes burned brightly into the large, goat-legged leathery-skin having Faustus and laughed.

The laughter was silenced when Faustus did a feint, his fist flying outward, causing him to dodge the flying burning fist in the air, while his left foot snapped at his neck, bursting the carotid arteries. His foot had caused a great welt to spring up, before an explosion of blood shot out.

"For a bunch of dragon-blooded people, you're so damn weak!" Faustus laughed at last. Alas, the poor dead man's neck still exploded with blood. The only solace being he died as the impact happened.

With a thunderous slam he pointed to the burnt remains and the chair of August. "Throw that into the lake."

The dragon-guards stared at him with anger. Only a single dragon-guard stood tall, pushing passed the brethren of angry members. It's armor was black-and red, the head open and ready to snap. Faustus kept his laughter going before a flaming fist exploded into his eyeball.

In an instance, Faustus slammed through the throne, the body of August disintegrating as his ashes covered his body. As he stumbled backwards, he felt himself slip. Blood trickled down his face as he yelled out in pain.

He couldn't see anything out his left eye, and as he touched and felt the gore on his face, another fist slammed into his stomach.

His fist burned like a molten rock as it slammed again and again. The smell of leather burning in the air filled the room, wafting out from the massive hole.

Two other dragon-guards had rushed in, taking the initiative, both red and both angry as hell. Faustus tried to parry both blows but by the time he parried them, he felt his stomach get punched in through!

Faustus stared out in horror as this black-and-red dragon-guard pulled out his giant blade. The two red-dragon-guards held him in place, holding both arms back as he stared at the dragon-guard.

The sword glinted in the intense construction lighting, blinding Faustus good eye.

His anger filled through the room, as his tail swatted at the air, and bashed at one of the dragon-guard's knees. That heavy hit destroyed the tendons, the back of the knee just being ripped up, even despite the armor.

Still being blinded, Faustus smashed his elbow recklessly into the other red-dragon-guard, causing his chest to decompress and shatter. He stumbled back as he stood finally.

He couldn't see as he stumbled back, his heavy body falling backwards as his claw-like fists was smashed into the the ground, fear drove him as his weight felt like it was going to give, the blood that poured from his stomach wound still dripped out as he felt his legs start to detach.

The black-and-red dragon-guard flashed an even grin through the visor, and walked over. The tip of his blade tapping at the demon's chin, tipping it upwards.

As weak as his voice sounded, he begged. "Don't kill me boy, I'm sure you want to, but listen. Gravity is going to take over soon, and even with my wings, my guts are still!"

Some of his organs shifted, and what appeared to be his inners popped out.

"Just... Just let me see your face. I just want to know who was the lucky man who decided to want to take over my position. I'm sure Henrietta is proud..."

The dragon-guard obliged, wordlessly taking off the crimson and pitch mask to reveal his face. His face was slightly fatty, nose crooked and teeth vile. A face few could love, but with that strength, a body that many would appreciate.

That apperication didn't last, as hot ash surged out from his beating wings. Just as Faustus regained some vision of this ugly man, the other lost his sight.

Scalding his face, the nameless dragon-guard, maybe the leader, Faustus thought, was now blinded. This was his chance! His lower body fell to the ground as he casted his fingers into the air, an incantation of the old Bedioun tribes would teach. "My body give me strength!"

Rest of the dragon-guards watched on in horror. Their commander, this powerful warmachine, couldn't protect himself as Faustus launched himself into the air, his wings beating rapidly and igniting the electrical equipment.

Small sparks shot out, the room had become a raging inferno as the one-eyed demon stalked in the air, half of his body was gone, sure, that was a fact. But the fact he was still able to fly in the air made the people watching become sick with madness. His horns gored into the black-and-red dragon-guard skull, and with the strength of 100 oxens, he threw the man out into the water.

Bits of bone and brain matter scattered down as the people stared at him scared shitless. He licked the air, tasting and enjoying himself.

"Who's next."

No one responded.

As Faustus trotted on his hands out of the room, (even on his hands he stood a head-taller than the mighty nameless black-and-red dragon-guard.) he was grabbed by the throat by an unseen force.

"What the-"

Just as he said those words, he saw her form. Her body was covered in dragon-scales armor, her face was pale, and her tail thumped against the ground with impunity and anger.

"Henrietta I-" He said with fear.

"I can't believe that you're wasting my champions and their blood. The fact that you lied too to them about the whole ordeal doesn't help either."

Her grip got tighter.

"And look at yourself, you managed to get mangled by them. You were never worthy of my respect. Dog of a man. You know you were supposed to help me reestablish my cult in Nassau, but look at you."

She threw him to the ground. His wings batted uselessly as the hot ash didn't even make her flinch.

"Please just... Don't have it be her, not that bitch..."

"Oh?" Henrietta's sharp claw feet slammed into Faustus stomach. "Who did you have in mind? Answer me!"

Those last words were punctuated with a heavy stomp onto his stomach. He screamed out in pain, blood shot out of his mouth as he looked at her in anger. He thought of Marcus. He killed Gabriel, the God who lived here. Gods can be killed, he thought to himself.

"V-Victoria!"

"Victoria? Hmph... I'll see if I can drag your sister here." She said, before she faded out of existence again.

Faustus just muttered as seconds later, his step-sister, Victoria had arrived. Her pouty red lips and red eyes put the fear into the corrupted, demonic entity. She must have been told of the situation here, and regarded the creature with little regard. Her blonde hair was cut into a bob-cut, and her chest was sizable, noticeable even in her regal, almost authoritarian grey and black uniform.

"I can't believe I, the heiress of the world of Nassau-2 is sent here because of Henrietta pressing a claim on..." She stared at the creature. "What are you even looking at, horrible creature, guards!"

Two dragon-scaled guards appeared from the throne room, they knew what they had to do.

The heiress of Nassau scowled. "Take him to the prison if you have any here."

The guards took him to a small prison cell, too cramped for his body as he laid there. His innards are still being held onto by the magic he had casted. It was surreal, how he just lost his position just like that. But he looked at his body, and he looked at the marks of Marcus that covered his arms in runic lettering.

He touched one, and a small Dretch appeared before him, weak, but humble as he looked at the demonic lord and bowed.



"Help me find a way to regain my legs, as the one who summoned you must obey."

The dretch stared at him, and nodded. His body became a rodent's as he just fled off into the castle to find anything.

And Faustus just laid there in the cell, coup by another one of the emperor's step-children...

# Chapter 16

It was the terse alliance of the three cities/territories that allowed Walter-the military commander of the Dutch Nassau and the governor of the large swath of territory- with Alexandra-who would lead her own army of the Alba-Eire with her people to make due on the world- and the Fox-king Cernovich- who couldn't pronounce his slave name and referred to himself as Earn-of-it, and had his tribe mobilized and ready to attack.- to meet on the shores of August Pond, the name of the pond before being renamed was lost to time.

Johnny had told the Fox-king his bold lie, because of that bold lie he now had the Fox-king men mobilized to attack the barony. Because of the Nassau helicopter call that Johnny had given out, this forced Walter hand into supporting the Fox-king, seeing him as the other other that wasn't him, or the two goddesses and their people fighting each other. Thus, Alexandra, who led the Alba-Eire ended up siding with the Dutch Nassau in order to become the principle ruler of the two baronies, seeing how it was her right, seeing how she was the patron Goddess.

The trio sat in the hot sweltering sun, it had been days and the scouts had been reporting for the last couple of days that the army that was outside of August barony looked more in line with the Nassau people then first expected. They also had tanks, a great host of tanks that were jockeying for position, but they refused to move. This puzzled the trio as they spent their time in the quickly made squat house they had been forced to be in.

"Can't believe I can't even control my own men." Cernovich muttered to himself, the Fox-king face had become more human-like, but still had those fox ears. "I don't get why my son would want to be a squishy human."

The two other commanders were both busy flipping through their portable devices, they could direct commands to soldiers at such a higher rate and pace that it boggled the vulpine brain. The air-conditioner rumbled softly as Alexandra looked up.

"Did that rodent say something?"Walter said, anger burned in his heart.

"It's too cold in here..." Alexandra bemoaned, her eyes glared at the fridged airbox.

"Not cold enough, I think." Cernovich finally spoke up. He stared daggers at Alexandra as he reached across to turn down the air.

The beast-like machine lurched to life, this giant box of cold air jumbled and roared to life. Moments later, the air got cold, the air burned at the two leaders' skin. Frost-bite hadn't set in, but at that temperature...

Alexandra had reached over, her hand roughly manhandling the machine to turn it off. All the life, all the fire that the cold-spitting machine had just died softly as the scorching heat came back in. The air burned, all three of them knew it. The humid heat of the swamp-lands surrounding the area, the wheat-fields now turned into scorched earth didn't help either.

"Kids please!" Walter said finally, fist slammed down against the wooden table. A hole now appeared in the table now too.

"Bickering morons..." He reached over to flip the cold-air back on, to a reasonable temperature, the same temperature that was on before all this changery. "Aright, so this is the plan that we agree upon, okay?"

Alexandra shook her head.

"Oh what now?!" Cernovich's voice rose in anger.

"There's no glory in it! Why not goad them in with your men, O'Walter of Nassau, and we can rain down heavy fire on them!"

Walter bluntly said this, "Because you dumb impatient child, you and I are supposed to do a pincher attack, with Earn-of-it (what is with your name?) men acting as bait, that's why we don't even have any here!"

Cernovich nodded casually. "Even I came up with it."

"You aren't the sharpest tool here either you frozen-fox-ass. We don't even know if Faustus is even there!"

Cernovich blew him off, not hearing a word of what he said as he looked at Alexandra with a smug grin. "Attacking in the middle, that's a special kind of retarded you know?"

Alexandra, meanwhile, paid no mind to him and kept her kvetching, "What do you mean by that? The enemy is right there, we should have enough firepower to kill them!"

Walter looked at the two of them, and shook his head. With a short knock, the wooden door opened. Rufus, assigned to Walter, had entered the room.

The air was tense as Alexandra looked up and down at Rufus. "You boy, come here."

"I'm thirty-"

"I'm a God, what matters is your time, just come here, I want to read your memories."

"Read my memories?" Rufus asked.

"Yeah, Anna asked me to read your memory, even prayed for me..." Alexandra hair flowed as she grabbed Rufus' hand. "I even fucked your friend-"

"Everyone fucks Johnny, what makes you special."

Alexandra stopped, "No, I didn't fuck Johnny yet, what, did you try him or something, fufu..." Her grip got even tighter. His patience got even weaker.

"Get to the point already!" Walter said, a rolled up newspaper just smacked against Alexandra head. It was a light smack, but she turned her head 180 degrees to see him.

"What. Do you want to?" Alexandra said, her chest jiggled as her head slowly turned back to face Rufus.

Walter was gobsmacked, almost terrified of what he just saw, so was Cernovich, who was in love with watching the two go at it, and enjoying the non-attention he was being given.

The feeling in his hand was gone as Rufus stared at Alexandra, who gave a pleasant, cherry glow, but her eyes, he saw red-rage, a brutal desire. "Just tell me what I need to know, okay." It was low, a deep-pitch voice, her hand burned as a blackened trail of light moved up his head down to his now soon-to-be-deadened hand.

She consumed the black light into her chest, just pushed through. The heat and anger burned through the room as she had pinned Rufus to the ground and had her fist raised in the air.

Johnny, much to the chagrin of himself and Cernovich (or King Urn) that he would lead the fox tribe, had entered the trailer.

"Hey hey! Don't hit my friend!" Johnny, still weak as shit, reached out and lightly pulled on Alexandra. Still weak as shit Johnny had been able to get her to stop her punch, and she had fallen on top of him. Johnny had found himself buried in her soft chest, his face bruised as she gently lifted herself up.

"I... I did that?" Johnny asked, a small trickle of blood dripped down his nose. "Yeah, I did that..." He touched his nose.

Alexandra, now thrown out of her almost burning hatred of Rufus, grabbed Johnny by the sternum and pulled him up. "I can't believe you saved my champion!"

Her kisses were soft, almost pliable as she gripped at his ass and played with it. His tongue gently lolled out as she kissed him again, and again. Johnny's face was beaten red as she held him close and nuzzled him in place.

"Hey stop getting handsy with that lia- lieutenant of mine!" Cernovich had spoken up, finally getting off his keister and joined in on the fray. Walter still stared at the situation, hopeless to control it.

Rufus had been on the ground, blood leaked out of his wrist as he bandaged himself right quick. Just as he stood up, deciding that it wasn't worth bothering with them, he bumped into someone.

Anna, who found herself working with her host-goddess, was decked out in her dragon-armor plating. Joy was just plastered on her face as she barged in to see what the commotion was about.

Johnny's neck was busted open with spirit energy, while Alexandra was just feeding off of it, giving small licks before snowballing it back into him. Cernovich was about to swing his non-powered vibrating sword at her when Anna slammed against him.

"Don't you hurt my Goddess!" She yelled at Cernovich, who felt his body crumple like a bit of old tissue paper.

The trailer swayed and with that great tumble the whole thing had fallen onto its side. The A/C unit shut off as the door was now parallel with the sky. Johnny had fallen onto Walter, who supposed he was lucky when he landed on just soft fiber-glass and had a twink land on him.

Wood table splinters were everywhere as the cheaply made table laid broken across the A/C unit. Cernovich coughed out in pain as Rufus stared at the trailer on its side.

"I should have just stayed with Mari-" He said as Maeve approached the sight of this mess.

"Who did this?" Maeve asked, she didn't even bother addressing him at all.

"Egos did. I don't like the situation that might turn out, especially with goddess..." He said.

As he spoke, he felt hand burn, and when Alexandra had burned his wrist, he felt a brand on him... "I wasn't... even aware of what happened..." Rufus just moaned. He felt the memory of helping in killing August, but he didn't know.

But Maeve stared at the mark with a burning anger. "Get out of my sight until the mission is over, okay. I can't believe I have so many... Gah!" A leap into the air was all that was needed as she jumped into the turned-on-side trailer and shattered the A/C unit, her exposed thighs not even getting cut by the shrapnel, but everyone else got a little cut here or there.

Rufus had scoured off to his position.

While Maeve scolded at the group, Rufus had found himself in the small bar that the soldiers had managed to set up. It was made up of the ammo-cases, full of ammo, as a bar-table. But the beer was good and the people could enjoy it, so no one broke balls.

"I don't trust this situation. You know?" Rufus said, he took a swig of dry vodka shot. Burning joy went down his throat as he slammed another shot.

"Johnny somehow getting all three of them to work together, one them has to be a traitor..." He took another swig as he eyed the militia-man. "Or all of them did..."

His hand trembled as the militia-man who served him watched Rufus let out a small sigh. "No, let me tell you something... I don't think it's Walter that would join that demon Marcus."

"Walter is a good man, sir!" The militia-man bartender said, handing Rufus another shot.

"But the other two..."

He could see a good group of Alba-Eire soldiers walking about, armed with their rifles had big talk about the Athenina-Gabriel truth that they kept strong. They must have been in the mood of something, and Rufus hid his hand.

Anger could be tasted as Rufus tried to look away from them, while the bartender eye'd the gaggle of Alba-Eire soldiers. He just watched as one of the soldiers in his blue-and-green military garb walked in.

He looked young, maybe 20 as the bartender slid another glass across the table.

"These people, I think they know what they did, but just know I don't like it." Rufus said, "Go tell the boss about that..."

As he walked off, some of the trampled grass just looked amazing, everything looked so nice Rufus took it all in.

And the air was polluted with the gross air of military use as he enjoyed the crashing waves on the soft beach.

He took his shoes off, and put his foot in the water, just letting out a heavy sigh as he splashed and enjoyed the water as he saw the sun rising toward the east. Early morning pond water just felt great, refreshed.

It reminded him of his youth, where war wasn't that prevalent. But he remembered that where he grew up was in the Gabriel universe. He remembered the great fields that he got to enjoy. The vast, vast waterways that seemed to never end. By the time he remembered the dead that roamed the water, he felt himself slowly pull his legs up.

Under the water, he felt his left leg get slashed! He recoiled as he quickly pulled them up, only to see it was just a mutated cat-fish, who had grown claws. An abomination, Rufus thought. He flipped off the fish before settling on going back to camp.

Blood trickled down his leg as he saw more soldiers yelling about someone here which only drove Rufus to charge forward. Maeve still must be chewing them out, he thought to himself.

He muscled his way through the camp, pushing through both Alba-Eire and Nassau soldier to see what the problem was.

Wiry hair poked through the sea of people. At the same time a two drilled hair woman with too many frills and drills for her own good arrived at the camp as well.

Damien stood tall as he spotted Rufus, and threw Maria to the ground, without saying another word he walked off.

"Wait, who are you?" Rufus asked.

"Nobody, if you excuse me, I need to find Johnny so I can ask him some questions."

That was he said as he walked off.

Rufus collected Maria off of the ground and got her some medical attention, while Rufus had fled toward the trailer. It had finally been turned up as Maeve stood in the doorway, anger almost foamed at the mouth.

"What did I say!" She yelled at him, before pinning Rufus down.

"No! Dammit! I'm not like the little shit! Besides I need him! There's someone who's offering his soldiers to join up with us."

Johnny had peaked his head out of the door, his face covered in lipstick marks. A jump set him apart from Rufus as he heard that he was needed. "Who wanted me?"

"Some guy name-" Rufus tried to finish his sentence, but a small white cloth covered his mouth.

"Fuck it, you might be busy for a bit..." Johnny said, as he walked toward the camp-entrance.

It seemed all was not quite as it once seemed at the barony of August. A lone guard was dispatched to check on the prison cells down below. Reports were ranging from a mutated rat that was scrying through old tomes and the smell of rotting flesh that filled the prison cells. Abruptly, the whole prison area was told to be sealed off, but that damn rat drove everyone mad.

"That damn demon worshiper..." Victoria found herself decrying. "You guard, go down there and see what's going on."

Now this guard was a humble man, a short, stocky soldier from the Rhineland, his black beard was oiled and barely maintained. She noted he should be forced to shower, the stink of him filled the hallway as he held his rifle in place.

But all he could do was grumble, grumble and bitch. He was a reject from the desert world of Nassau-2. Sent here by Faustus as a recruit and colonizer. It was rough work, told that all he was going to do was guard the non-important occupations, assigned to watch over the workers who tirelessly tried to repair the building.

"Hello, anyone in here?" His voice rang out as he took a step into the inky void. Flicking the light on his flashlight, he saw only the stairs, the torches that were being held in place were gone, replaced by the dead quiet of it all.

Another footstep caused the floorboards to creak. "Damn, I guess I'm not deaf." He chuckled.

The air stunk of putrid meat as his descent down into the prison below. His rifle slung high, he could see the little claw marks on the wall.

Boots had crushed something as his flashlight lit up the room. The eerie off-white glow showed what hell had happened here. Rats, thousands of rats had swarmed in and out of the room. But these rats were deformed. Hairless, their skin like that of rotting corpses.

When the light shone on them, they flooded him. Desperate attempts to radio, to call for help, anything, was cut short as teeth sunk into his thighs. The necrotic touch of their fangs ripped through his flesh like it was paper, ripping and shredding.

As he fell backwards, he could hear the great rumbling of something great, but as he glimpsed upon a figure standing on his hands, rats had swarmed in and covered his face. Devouring his head in mere seconds.

Johnny first noticed that the buildings here were mostly just portable housing units in the middle, and the officer command area and housing was at the lake. He wiped the sweat from his brow as he walked over to see Damien surrounded by soldiers at the entrance of the gate.

"I came here to ask you some questions." Damien said.

"Then shoot, what's your question?"

"Have you ever heard of a Deus Divine?" It was a simple question.

"A God of Holiness? No I have not." Was all that Johnny said, gripping Damien's shoulder.

"No wait... I meant Deus Device."

Johnny looked at Damien, tears rolled down his cheek. He hugged Damien, as if he was his brother, he held him and just didn't let go for a bit.

Confusion washed over Damien's body. Mental conditioning to the word 'Deus Device'? Why?

Looking up at Damien with tears in his eyes, his face of someone who looked lost, afraid of knowing what it was.

"I only heard snippets about it, and I was wondering what you-"

Johnny arms, though still light from the brand that sapped of his masculinity and forgotten any real prowess that wasn't a gun, still found the strength to hold him tight. Tears rolled down his cheek as he muttered in a manic tone.

But the two regarded each other as one would understand something like this. He still felt the effects of being mindfucked and having code words that would set him off like this. Seemingly, they had bonded over this fact, both being intimidated and before forcing themselves to move forward, even if it meant damming others.

Johnny and Damien had found themselves in the camp of the Fox-tribes. They bitched and conjoined at the Fox-king arrived right behind them, riding in one of the APCs that were so graciously given to him.



To the credit of the Fox-tribes that lived in the area, Johnny noted that they were able to build an entire tribal city within moments. Burning pits of fire raged on as the men threw their possessions into it. Leather-skin water containers sizzled in the heat, popping and crackling in the flame licked burn-pit. King Urn, as Johnny called him now, much to everyone annoyance, swung the sword high in the air, before throwing his armor off into the impossibly high-flamed fire that existed.

Wooden beams just glistened in the morning dew as more of the tribe gave what they treasured to the hungry flames.

Little Dretch engineers tinkered on the APCs that Damien still had, parked in position. The turrets had been changed from a double-barrel auto-cannon to just a single tank-gun. 155mm guns were attached to the top as demonic magic radiated from them. The siding had now been changed into a viscous black-ichor like substance that held the machines in place, while the dretch foreman took a drag from his cigar.

"Well I'll be damned." The Foreman said.

Johnny could have made a joke, he could have said, 'you already are', and maybe kill him. But he didn't. He stared at that little humanoid looking being, who's skin looked like it was a leper, and smelled like 1,000 eggs rotting in the midsummer sun.

"You wanna clean this guy up Damien?" Johnny said, in the middle of heaving chunks of rice-gruel onto the dirt-matted ground. His eyes watered in pain as the Foreman looked at him in awe, studying him.

"Here-" Damien pressed his hand against Johnny's nose. Two little pronged nose hooks could be seen between his two fingers, and he pressed them in with a solid punch. Johnny's nose didn't shatter, but as he stumbled back, he could only smell the burning rotten stench of rotten eggs to a minimal degree, it still smelt like hell, but it was like... 12 rotten eggs at that point.

He still gagged, it wasn't pretty, he puked up more of his lunch as Johnny got into King Urn's APC. Drool dripped down his lip as he managed to find his angle onto a seat, the Fox-king ire could be seen from a mile away.

"What do you want?" Cernovich asked, growling at Johnny as he stopped heaving chunks onto the ground.

"I just need some better air- ah fuck!" Johnny's face went pale white as black bile formed out of his mouth. "What the..."

The Fox-king had already ordered the non-military portion of his village to leave, and they did so, they headed out to the south in wagons, the women, children, all headed down toward the south. Johnny could see this, and he snapped. "Who said you could do that!"

"These are my people, besides..." King Urn pressed the blade against Johnny's chest. "Liars get death in society!"

The sword swung downward, the steel-and-heavy-composite armor inside splitting in two as Johnny dodged the blade.

Patting himself down, he couldn't find his pistol. It was gone, that damn-

Bullet cracked out, Johnny gun was being used. He wasn't aware that he had lost it again, but the damn Fox-king had taken it and fired a bullet toward Johnny.

The whole remaining warriors of the Fox-tribe watched as Johnny stood tall, another bullet cracked out and missed again.

Frayed strings of cloth could be seen as his clothes were ripped up from escaping the motorized death machine. The dretches were enthralled by such violence, the fox-tribe knew he was lying, the fox-king understood why he lied, and accepted it. But now, now that Johnny was alone, he could take him out.

Those thoughts ran through Cernovich's head as Damien stood tall, a burnt staff in his hand as he held it tight. Its wooden tip still crackled with fire as the office-worker had charged forward, his corruption by Marcus almost completed as he leaped into the fuel leaked truck. Tiny sparks flew out.

Blood splattered all over Damien's head as he woke the burning stick into the Fox-king stomach. Fire just lapped and licked at the white-stomach of Cernovich. Rage of this fool defending a liar had motivated him to stumble up, the massive sword in hand as he cleaved at Damien!

Like a shockwave, Damien's body was split in two. His head rolled back as his inners escaped and fell out of his body. The Drech Foreman screamed out in pain as he charged at Cernovich, in hope of saving his friend, but he too was met with the blade of truth.

Johnny watched in awe as more of the sparks dropped down into the fuel soaked ground, the entire camp watched, almost in awe as Damien tried his best to scoop the remaining guts he had back into himself, but failed.

"I'll do this to you too!" Cernovich said. The mangled legs were thrown at Johnny, and it pierced him. That's right. The foot of Damien crashed so hard into Johnny's leg that it pierced and drew blood. Johnny stumbled to the ground in pain, whimpering as he saw his newly made friend lay on the ground.

He had no time to react when he threw the rest of Damien's body into him. Teeth had been jammed, broken, into Johnny's leg as well.

Johnny tapped and struggled against Damien's head, his teeth sunk right into the slightly tanned legs. He slapped and bashed at the head, with all his might he pried and pulled to no avail, but he saw another spark drop down, the fire-stick still burned as it impaled Cernovich.

Fwump! The APC had exploded into a fireball! Cernovich's body had been immolated in the great blaze as Johnny watched in horror, as the demons watched in horror, as the few scant humans here watched as Johnny crawled away on his arms.

The crowd gathered to put out the flames that had now risen to engulf the munitions.

"Johnny..." Damien rasped out, he was still alive... His two front teeth were now buried into Johnny's leg as he held the newly made friend close.

"You'll be okay... You'll be with Gabriel now.." Johnny said, he patted the air of the blond office worker.

From the peripheral, he watched as the large score of musketeers, men with actual muskets, horse riders, entire people with cannons in a wagon rode off toward the south. They knew they would either be dragged to the slaughter against the enemy baron, so why bother fighting them.

"Wait- no, don't go!" Johnny cried out, his hand outstretched as he tried to figure out what had happened to him. Everytime he tried to lead an army, this happened to him. A total collapse.

"Johnny... Is it true that..." Damien coughed, rasped even more, and tried to hold off his death rattle. "This entire war was created... as a diversion for your wife?"

Johnny looked down at him, and shook his head. "I don't have a wife friend."

"But the war?"

"... It doesn't matter whether it was a trick or not. I have to stop it before any more lives are wasted."

Damien coughed one last time, his words became hollowed. "Listen to me closely... the Foreman, is he still alive?"

Johnny looked up, tears dripped down his eyes as he could see the little imp-like being crawl toward them.

"I-I think he's going to be fine." Johnny said, he patted the back of Damien's head.

Damien's head went limp, finally dying in Johnny's arm. As he looked around, he could see the only people left were the little dretches, the demons who smelled like hell but worked better. The humans traveled back to base, probably to grab their things and head off back home. Wherever home may be.

Getting on one knee, Johnny tried to steady himself, Damien's head dropped on the ground as the Dretch looked in anger. They wanted bloodshed. Their leader, Damien, was now dead.

Felicia, the damn incompent fool, joined the fray as she stumbled out of the small makeshift prison cell. As she stumbled out, she saw the office-drone limp body, and a man kneeling. A man... no he was too short, too lithe. Her attention was turned to the burning wreckage of the APC, and the burned remains of a fox.

"Holy..." Was all she could mutter, before she ran. She chased after the human soldiers that had joined with Damien. She knew about Damien's plan, but she was still a captive...

"Are you Johnny?"

The young man slowly climbed to his feet, and let out a hoarse scream as he fell to the ground, he couldn't put any pressure on his limb. She rushed over, grabbing him, making sure he was stabilized as the sound of hydraulic presses could be heard.

Loud thumps shook the landscape as she spied out and saw two bi-pedal machines out 200 meters away. It's 'head' oblong and sloped, with two metal legs concave. The turret was two tank-cannons connected together, with heavy-machine-gun turrets that stuck out, almost automated. This was in fact a recon-tank. Despite not being on all fours, or rather on treads, it was high in the air, and was ready to blow away anything.

"Oh dear..." Was all she said, as she rushed to grab at the frail man, and clutched him tight. The two tanks arrived in speedy fashion, almost too quickly for the demon's liking.

Getting onto their knees, the two bi-pedal recon-tanks barrels gave an eerie shine to it. This must have been a Gabriel invention, or something produced in his universe. Was all the thought that Felicia had before Johnny let out a raspy moan.

The hatches to the recon-tank opened on the opposite side, and a tall, red tipped black-haired woman stepped out with the grace and regalness of a noble. Her skin was honey-tanned, not bronzed but a tan could be noticed.

"Who the fuck are you?" Johnny looked up, pain just filled his mind as he weakly attempted to get back onto his knee.

"The heiress of Nassau, the rightful ruler of this land!" Her voice was filled with anger, "I am Victoria Karling!"

"So you work with the asshole who destroyed the Baron August land?" Johnny asked.

"... A real way with words you have." She said, her other soldiers had gotten out of the tanks, three of them at least, and aimed their Germanic rifles at them.

"Wait, I can see that you know what you're doing, but... I'm willing to submit." Without saying anything else, he allowed himself to bound. "Just one last thing, I know you have a massive force... Why not help us?"

Victoria gave a dirty look.

"If you do that, I'll make sure Sophia-"

"Cao-Sophia? You know her?" Felicia asked, her hands now bound too.

The supposed Empress looked at Johnny. "No way... I heard she forced those Alba people out of their own planet through heating the world... and she managed to trick Henrietta into coming here with her people..."

Johnny tapped on his chin, he remembered Henrietta, the goddess of the second planet around the sun Mars-El, which the world Mars-El got its name from. He remembered offhand the meetings he would attend with Sophia...

"I know you, you're... your brothers-"

"Step-brothers, their mothers became concubines to my father."

As Johnny looked up at the blue sky, he found himself wondering. There's thirteen systems that surround Mars-El... How many of them are going to be heading here during this chaotic time?

Johnny found himself captured, and was dragged to the barony of the dead August, who Victoria Hesse was related by blood to him by blood of August mother, the Empress of the Hesse world, and who's world that collapsed into rebellion shortly afterwards, forcing them onto this hell-world of Double-I and Gabriel madness.

Word was relayed to the mission command that Johnny was captured, that the entire fox-tribe had fled southward. That the Dutch Nasssau and Alba-Eire would need a new battle plan, and soon.

# Chapter 17

Johnny had found himself in front of the throne of the Cao-Wei Emperor. His olive skin glistened as the long gray hair had been coiled into locks of dead-hair. Cao Rudolf obsidian eyes glistened in the ship lights.

"How did this moron even get chosen as a knight?" The Emperor chuckled.

Johnny looked down at his scuffed iron-working shoes. The leather was cracked and burnt.

"Come on boy, how did you even get picked? Was it a lottery? Did you win a tournament? Oh! Let me guess! You're her lover and this is a ploy to get me to have you be of some nobility."

Eyes widening, Johnny felt his mouth dry as he only focused on his shoes. The heavy frame of Emperor Rudolf rested against the nanite-carbon plated throne. He was stocky, the body of a giant warrior as his gaze was burned into Johnny's skull.

Ten years had passed for Johnny, but at this moment, ten years ago, he found himself slowly looking up at the gaze of the hooked nose of Rudolf. "I saved her from a gang of mutated humans."

He scoffed. "My daughter is a God, how could she not defend herself?"

Johnny stared at the uncaring Emperor's eyes. "What?"

"My daughter, Viscount Sophia of march-Mars El, she's a Goddess, she can-"

"Sir she-"

"Yeah, she should be a Goddess, so I'm not understanding how you saved her from... what did you say, mutated humans?" Cao Rudolf chin was blocky, square, his hand grabbed at the throne. "My first daughter, she'd mutated on that fool world of Double-I... You know what she became?" There was a pregnant pause. "She became a demon! I won't have you insulting my daughter's kind!"

"Sir these people are-"

"And furthermore, I know that my daughter told me the story of how a simple worker, a nobody, a fool in the ballroom... saved her from horrible creatures." His eyes slightly became more gray-like.

"Oh pity..." A female voice could be heard. Sultry, warm and soft voice just burned into Johnny's head.

"Wait... I feel like my mind is blazing in pain. Ah..."

Cao Rudolf held his head in his hand as he let out a scream. The two temples throbbed in pain as his eyes became normal, just brown eyes with a white sclera.

Sophia had found herself outside of the doorway, and stepped up. A pistol in her hand as she raised it in the air. She was ready. Her body twitched in anger as Rudolf watched this woman snap.

Johnny's body shook as he charged at her, the first time, the last time. The bullet had pierced his lung as she got tackled to the ground! Her head slammed against the concrete landing pad.

As he stood up, he could see the Emperor stare at him. His daughter, one of his daughters, one of the recently landed daughters, now laid out cold. "My... Zenayhar protect me."

Johnny coughed and held at the hole that pierced at him. Blood and phlegm just hacked up as he felt the heavy hands of the Emperor grab at him. With a single stab into his neck, he felt the nanties infest his body. It just destroyed the hole, turning back into a fleshly formed body. The metal nanofiber wires strewn about had covered the wound.

"You saved me too...ha" Johnny chuckled as he stumbled back. He wanted to black out, just turn his mind off and go on auto-pilot. But he couldn't. Not in front of this giant being.

"I don't apologize for whatever I said, but you see her?" Rudolf gestured to Sophia, who laid out on the ground. Her black hair splayed out. "There's a reason I didn't give her the same gift as her children is that-"

"Mark of killing God?"

Cao Rudolf chuckled. "That's what she called it? I'll tell you what, if you watch over her, I'll let this little 'incident' slide."

"So am I knight then?" Johnny asked, the wound still hurt and the pain coursed through him as he sat on the concrete landing pad.

"Yeah, and..." He peered at the knocked out woman. "Just make sure she doesn't destroy my Empire, okay?"

Maeve slapped Rufus across the face.

The iron-wrought building was slightly shocked as Rufus just looked away in disgust. "What do you mean that you killed the Baron Augustus!"

"Wha-" Before he could finish his sentence he felt the hot sting of her slap against his face. He had found himself in cuffs, and when that slap landed on his face, he had stumbled to the ground. His head connected with the steel.

"I know Walter set you for this, but I don't see why you would just willingly listen to him."

"Because I thought he had Maria kidnapped!" He had a point.

"But she was..." Maeve straightened her top, the new fabric covering her bountiful chest kept slipping.

"Just out in the field, I know, I should have known..." Rufus said, lowering his neck. "Please, forgive me."

Forgiveness? That word just tapped into Maeve's head. She looked at the officer, his face slapped, the mark of Athena-Gabriel Heresy still burned on his neck. Wordlessly, her hand touched the mark, felt how the skin was raised as she looked at him.

"I..." She said quietly. "..."

Before this meeting, he was dragged in handcuffs, right before the attack would begin. Maeve had pulled weight with Walter. And seeing how Alexandra would just support Maeve outright because of her organization, he relented. The fact that the Fox-king had left didn't help matters either.

"You did cause this mess, you know?" Maeve said, her voice soft as she felt how bumpy the skin had gotten. "But, you did ask, and it did appear that you were hypnotized into doing it..."

Small lights could be seen emanating from Maeve's hand as she touched and offered a silent prayer to Athenina. The skin burned as Rufus let out a hoarse scream, pain ran through his body as the light grew brighter.

Vibrant bright white light burned and scoured the neck of his skin. Blood had come out of the raised skin, like a lanced boil, but instead of pus and decay, it was just blood and the evil, sickly yellowish bile. Her finger touched at the yellow-evil and grimaced.

The heretical mark was gone, and Rufus fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes. Small twitches were the only indicator that the ritual had worked, and that he wasn't dead. Knocked out sure, in a coma, maybe, but dead? No, he wasn't dead.

As she looked down at Rufus, her thoughts went to Johnny and how maybe he didn't cause all of this to happen either. I didn't mean to lash out at him... but allowed Marcus to destroy the only government that held the cities together. But he didn't know, he couldn't have...

Maeve left the hot-iron room, after ordering two grunts from Alba-Eire to head in and pick Rufus up for medical transport, she called in the radio signal over near the fox tribe area.

There was no response, and she felt her heart sink. That's when she realized the base was on full alert, they were ready, hell or high water to attack the enemy who just destroyed an entire tribe! Those two grunts, she pondered, must have been heading for the Assault Squad zone, and she decided to join in with them.

The late afternoon air felt good on Johnny's skin as he was taken out of the double-seated recon-tank as the group had arrived at the barony of August, who's rotting head had been impaled upon by a pike.

Villagers and the like watched with distrust, Johnny noted that they looked fine, just distrustful of the new government that had taken over this land. The concrete two-story wide bar and entertainment center was gone, paved way for a fleshy red and black skinned building. The castle was still smoldering.



"Listen, you're a pretty lady." Johnny slurred his words as he was led into the fleshy building. The interior looked more roman, columns formed all over the place.

"I'm listening" she said, a small giggle could be heard.

The two had managed to go into one of the small private rooms that this flesh-like organ building had made for itself. It's walls were still of a mix of iron and concrete for the interior, but this hellish organ just pulsates with evil.

"I don't know what you want-"

"I want you to be quiet, Faustus wants to see you."

"That's the thing, I don't want to see him." Johnny shrugged as he sat on the leather couch, his body just enjoying how comfy it was. "I want you to help me kill him."

Her faux smile grew slightly, "Oh? And what do you have to offer?"

Her hand reached to grip at his chin, and pressed her full chest, just constrained in the Empress of Nassau chest. She kept smelling him, tasting his neck with small, little kisses. With a single hand, her hand reached down to grope at his dick.

"Is this, what you're offering...?" She giggled, before unzipping her shirt. "I know your wife is-"

"Not my wife..." Was all Johnny could say as he felt the soft gloved hand stroke up and down. Just teasing away at the hardening member she felt needed to be milked and tortured. Her finger rubbed the frelium, teasing the tip before leaning in lush tits, her blonde hair flowed down and tickled Johnny's face as he let out a cute moan.

"Tsk, I can't believe a pretty boy like you would just let out cute moans like that." She gave another cute laugh. "It sounds more like a girl, no?"

Johnny laid there in a fuck-hazed sleep. His tongue lolled out as he looked at the pretty blonde woman preening herself. His body felt sore, his arms ached as he could barely lift up an arm to adjust himself. A rough night to say the least.

"Hey..." Johnny meekly said.

She ignored him, the way her chest swayed as she wiped the cum from her face had turned him on immensely. His dick was still active, but it was spent. As he stared out at Victoria's chest, he felt himself blush as he looked away.

"Did you say something?" Was all she asked.

"Just... Hey." Johnny said quietly. Her lips touched his.

"What, do you want something?" She asked. His body was still drained as he looked up at her.

"I need to get to Marcus, but I'm stuck here-"

"You know Marcus too? What a small world, first Cao-Sophia and now Marcus... gee I'm wondering if you might know someone that I might know..." She giggled before pinning him to the bed.

"Don't struggle, shh honey don't struggle. Just think of it as... tasting the power of being around those who are more powerful... sometimes you end up just being used... but I can tell you like being used, why else would you be here? So what do you want, boy?" She panted as she pressed her tongue against his face, licking a tear that formed.

"I just... I need your help..."

"Oh? You need my help?" She laughed as she held him down. "You want me, your sworn enemy to help you? Why, I worship Marcus!"

"No you don't, he's just a champion of Gabriel... same as me." Johnny just looked away. How long did he know about this? It was then as he looked up at her that he remembered who she was. His mind was setback with blazes of fear as she leaned and kissed him again and again.

"I remembered Marcus was a champion, is a champion... he always was, ever since I met him at the Ulster research lab..." Johnny said.

Johnny felt his mind seer in pain as he tried to remember more about what had happened here before all of this. It was like he was here before. In this world. Doing something. He knew that Marcus was a weirdo, but when he crash-landed just last month...

"They froze my body, and they released me here. I don't know why they wanted to wipe my memories but..." Johnny said quietly. "I don't even know who did it, but if one thing is for sure..."

Victoria pressed her face against his. "Ufufu~ Nope~ I know that you caused those poor Alba-Eire people to settle here. But I'm willing to just watch you babble on about how you need me now." Like a cat, she licked the tear from his eye.

She laughed as her hand wrapped around his face, inspecting and just admiring his cute looks. "I can't believe that someone had the nerve to send a pawn here~."

"A weak, pitiful pawn that I'm going to break~." She slowly forced him inside her. His dick had gotten hard again as she slid down his rock-hard shaft. Her fingers gripped and squeezed lightly on his neck.

"W-Wait! I'll be... I'll make it up to you! I'll make sure you'll get the city, your people of Nassau back!"

"Your words mean nothing, prove that you will!" Her voice shrieked as his thrusting dick hit her g-spot.

He reached up and kissed her, even while she tried to choke him he kissed back. Victoria giggled as she rode him up and down, trying to get herself off as she let out a loud moan. Her face broke out into a heavy blush.

His arms explored and groped at her soft, spankable ass. As his dick sawed her cunt again, she reached down, and stopped choking him. Her hands explored and teased as his asshole as his hips bucked and humped against her.

"You want to prove you won't lie? Fi-fine! Make me cum and I-I'll consider helping a champion of G-Gabriel give back my land!"

That was all that Johnny needed to hear, his hips worked into overdrive, trying to get himself off, and her too! His nuts slapped against her ass as the noisy love making in this fleshy building could be heard throughout the area. Her blonde locks flowed down as her fat chest pressed itself against his face, she held him there, smothering him as she whined out in pleasure.

He ended up cumming inside of her, filling her with his cum as she looked down and kissed him again and again.

"I still can't believe even though you damned me that I love you so... why are you so cruel to me Johnny?" Victoria asked, pouting as she bit at his lip.

"Please, after I-" he moaned in pleasure as she fingered his ass. "Just want to kill that troublesome baron who burned such a useful castle down. You could help me right?"

She licked him again. "Help you how?"

Johnny looked at her in fear, measuring each word carefully, for her ability to slice through meaning and to create problems through misspoken words were known from her.

"I want you to accompany me back to camp, declare a ceasefire and declare yourself independent of Faustus' army. Then you send me in-"

She started to laugh.

"W-What's so funny?" Johnny asked.

"I already took control of Faustus' army, he's trapped in his cage and he shouldn't have any real influence on my soldiers, haha..."

Johnny blushed in embarrassment. "T-Then just take me to camp and we'll figure out what to do next. But first..."

His voice trailed off as he saw a soldier holding a germanic rifle aim it at them.

The air grew stagnant as the lone demonic monster Marcus drove in the jungle. The single APC was being driven by a crew-member only of the highest loyalty, and a gunner who could shoot at an arrow with this 20mm cannon.

"I can't believe those fools haven't even searched the surrounding areas. It just seems so unreal." Marcus said, his voice hoarse as the two men driving and gunning rode down the old, now decaying roads of the Ulster territory. It felt great, fucking amazing, he just wanted to kiss and fuck everything. "God! God fucking dammit! It's amazing! Did anyone even realize where we were going?"

Marcus was just blasted in joy.

"You know what, fuck it! I wanna share my joy with the next village, how about you guys?"

The driver shrugged and the gunner just let out a sigh. "Yes sir..."

"Haha! Let's go fuckers!" Marcus yelled as he got into the turret to swing and cut through the brambles. "Woo! Fuck it let me show you this cool trick I learned!"

His blade grew into a massive swinging axe-polearm. The burning air blasted forward as energy scorched the land itself as he let out a cheer!

"My friends, I've been suffering all my life, and now, with these powers, I think I'm going to kill these Gods! To Hell with them! For all they do is rot and make society die or thrive on their worship! Look upon me men! I am a God too! And I know of a machine!

It was so damn important that I was branded with this suffering just to keep my memories of it! You know what it does? It allows people to contact the God of Gods, The King of all the stars we see!"

The driver just scoffed. His heart exploded mere seconds later. Barreling down the road, Marcus had found himself getting into the driver seat, pushing the dead corpse of the man who dared mocked his melodramatic ways. "You see that boy! You don't laugh at my enjoyment! I am a God! And by the end of this! I will become a God of Gods!"

The gunner just said nothing as the brakes were slammed. It's loud squeal shocked the small chickens and the peasant, not aware of what was going on. The small wooden buildings were squat and useless to most things. By the time the peasant tending to his chickens looked up, his body was crushed under the heavy body of the APC.

"Keep the guns hot and provide covering fire!" Marcus bellowed as he leaped out of the APC. His left hand held the blade as his entire fist was changed into a single tubed missile launcher. He swung the great blade at a military-man, not even 19 when the blade split his arm off! His scream was destroyed by a rocket to his body.

Marcus knew the layout of these bases, oh damn Maeve and her template base layouts, and how she placed the soldiers at key points. It was just a collective village too, but as the machine-gun turrets fired off a hailstorm of bullets, he knew that these were militarized to hell and back. Marcus welcomed it all the all, and as bullets ripped into him, he laughed as he unloaded his heavy rocket fired off with a loud crack.

Machine-gun rounds bursted out as the heavy missile blew them and destroyed the nest with such ease. More soldiers rushed out, rifles aimed. Some had already started to flee, to spread the news of these attacks. He focused on them, firing the explosive rocket in the middle, causing them to be knocked to the ground with a heavy thud.

The soldiers panicked as this black-hair angry man slashed and killed, his gunner watching it all with a bored look. How many villages are you going to visit before you head to that damn Ulster place.

Marcus polearm slashed out at the soldiers who were fighting back, gutting and beheading those who dare got too close, his lunges drove the militia-men and bandits that took up arms here to panic even more, and the last squad of people that left the giant wooden building fled into the jungle.

A rocket blasted off and smashed into the wooden building, causing it to explode into timber and splinters. Taken aback by the shockwave, he saw the ground shake and rumble. The natural gas-line was connected to that building, and inside of it, he knew that if a fire erupted...

Other small buildings explode in a great blinding fireball. Fire had blasted at him, burning at his skin as the APC was rocked onto its side.

Marcus could tell the last of the defenders were dead, or wouldn't even bother attacking him. And he laughed. His voice was filled with mirth as he turned back to look at the upturned APC. His body hurt all over, the God of him felt damaged as he stumbled his way to the APC to lift it back up.

The gunner was shaking like a leaf. All that natural snark he had in him was knocked out of him as the smell of natural gas burned hot in the humid air.

But Marcus didn't bother dealing with this gunner, and he grabbed him by the neck and threw him to the ground. "I know you don't believe in any of this, but look around you, and this is what you'll get if you go against me!"

Piss-stains formed on the gunner pants as Marcus laughed, and threw him back into the APC. The gunner had just joined up with one of the heretic commanders on accident, but now here he was, looking at a mad-God just awakening his powers. He felt the hot blade touch his skin, and he felt himself transform.

He'd become more monster-like by the second. His arms were melded together as he felt the bones snap in his body to force it to be. The pain was unbearable as he screamed in pain. His legs had fused together too, forcing him to become one long plank, a quadapedic. Then for a moment, he felt his legs re-emerge, the bones shattering even more, straightening into a beast like stance. He stood stall, both his arms and legs had become just legs. His head was snapped, into that of a beaked lizard, and fur grew from his body too.

When he tried to speak, only a scratchy caw could be heard as Marcus jumped upon it's back. "This my friend, is punishment for not having faith in what I can do."

Oh but he wanted to scream, he screamed to the heavens as he bucked Marcus off of him! Marcus, still hurt from the explosion, watched as the beast stalked. His claws were tipped with ice steel as it lunged at him.

Marcus tumbled to the ground as the beast yowled and bit at him, trying to demand him to return him in it's squeaks. But there was no reprieve as Marcus slammed his fist into the creature. It stunned him, and in turn, it stopped bitching at him.

"Loyalty through strength, that's what I say." He said to himself as he jumped onto it's back. "Now let's go, we have the Gods to kill!"

# Chapter 18

The couch-bed folded open as Johnny duck under the blankets. Her hips shamed as she walked toward the bandit.

"It's funny, I still can't believe that Gabriel would allow friendly fire and officer fragging to be disabled in this world." She said. "Seems pointless, but I think-" Her hand reached out, the bandit jumped back but the gun was ripped from his hands.

By the time he had pulled out his knife, she fired a single round into his skull. "It's pretty funny. Don't you agree- Dammit! The gun locked out on me!"

Johnny started to dress back up, some of his clothes being replaced by the now dead soldier, somehow, the clothes were form-fitting. Convenient, he smiled at the dead twink that died. That's when Johnny saw the rat pop out from his body. And that rat had become a rotting Dretch. Blood poured out of his body as Johnny stared at Victoria.

"We did hear about a report of rats here..." Victoria said sheepishly. "Wait..."

There was a heavy crackle from the radio, the speakers that would usually play hardcore Euro-trash beats were now filled with the hoarse screams of a goat, followed by a deep booming voice "I am freed! That which Victoria is to be killed, for she has betrayed us!"

Johnny looked at her in a panic. "What the fuck is going on?"

"I overthrew him, and I guess he's trying to overthrow me!" She said as she threw a pistol at Johnny. It was a short, self-loading pistol that Johnny found was really light in his hand. She had grabbed the rifle as Johnny saw from his pressed up position against the wall that two bandits had started to enter.

He fired off a shot but Victoria gunned them down with impunity.

Heat streamed through as Victoria took the initiative, armed with the German rifle, she had found herself gunning down more soldiers at the scene. Her fellow soldiers, now being butchered. But in her defense, they had become followers of Faustus. They had become corrupted dretches, and their bodies were changed from humanity finest to now rotting beings.

The hallway was strewn about with the dead as Johnny rushed out, and could see more of the bandits charge up the stairs. Fuckers, how can the damned be doing this! Was all that ran through Johnny's head as he fired off a shot. In response, a bullet grazed his skin, burning his skin as he returned fire.

But more were coming up from the other stair-well, another stairwell here, which prompted Victoria to fire at the stream of bandits that had now found themselves pinned.

Johnny shot off more rounds as the bandits wearing heavy kevlar masks fired up toward Johnny. Bullets sprayed upwards, which forced Johnny to return fire.

Victoria fired a grenade from the launcher, causing a good portion of the fleshy wall to explode outwards like a popped cyst. She could see a sea of Faustus demons swarm toward the building. Why did she agree to have him see Faustus? She turned to see him, bullets clipping into the wall as she leapt off of the banister and impaled a soldier in the face.

It was surreal as she fired more rounds into the last bandit that seemed to stalk the starwell. "Johnny why the fuck do you want to see Faustus?"

Johnny barely heard her, "Fuck Faustus? Hell yeah! That guy is an asshole! Caused this whole mess in the first place, if we don't kill him."

"Johnny... I lead the Barony, you know that right?" She yelled out.

"Yeah? And Faustus still lives, he created this mess and if we kill him, maybe peace can be achieved!"

"Johnny, you didn't have to submit to me-" Victoria finally spoke up as she aimed a round straight into the heart of a random bandit starting to climb the stairs again.

Johnny rushed over, realizing himself that they should just push forward. "Why did you allow me to submit then!"

Finding themselves at the midway point of the stairs, Johnny could see the fleshy pods start to pop out from the wall.

"Also, how did these demons appear? Did you imprison him or something?" Johnny questioned.

Bandits, with those green kevlar masks now aimed down their sights and shot at Johnny. A bullet ripped through his arm as he held it in place. "Fuckers!"

Victoria was too busy firing off another grenade shell.

How did she get so many shells, Johnny thought to himself as the shell exploded off the bodies of a giant dretch, his body splitting into two as two normal-sized humanoids took form.

"What the-" Johnny didn't even finish his sentence when he fired off another round into the neck of the bandit.

Blood trailed out of his arm, Victoria followed behind him as they managed to make it into the main bar room. The flesh pods seemed like support beams that held the place. She could see the head of a bandit pop out from this flesh pod. All her weight was slammed into the bandit's neck.

Rufus and Maria traveled toward the fox-men camp. Abandoned, the whole place was abandoned. The air stunk to hell as Maria held her wooden staff in hand, fire radiating off of it.



"How in the hell?" Maria said, her frills getting damaged by the muck that remained on the world.

Rufus didn't say anything, but noted the large foot-prints of hydraulic feet had drugged deep into the earth.

"Probably from that." Rufus said.

Maria stared at the foot-prints that dug into the dirt.

Her hands graced and touched the sunken dirt, feeling the energy from it, feeling it's movements as it traveled off to the north.

"Listen, we should just report this back to Maeve and try to head back over there." Rufus said, his voice had gone quiet as he could see the burning ash pile from the baron-castle. "Like right now!"

Without saying another word, Rufus grabbed her hand and the two rushed off back to camp. Her magic seemed to have improved, her speed was quicker and the fire that skipped out from her heels blazed the ground as the two arrived in a hurry.

The camp was stirring with action, Johnny was captured and they needed to free him. Alexandra reasoned that if she doesn't save him, or at least send her champion to attack Faustus, that Sophia by proxy of the Nomad Queen would disown her. These were shaking times, fear had burned them as she called out to send Anna.

Walter just shrugged, and sent nothing. "I have no reason to send for someone who works with demons."

So Maria, Rufus and Anna headed off. By the time Maeve figured out that they had fled, she heard the transmission from the barony...

"Pawn! Use my grenade launcher! I need to get in contact with your coalition!" Victoria chucked the grenade launcher attachment at Johnny.

The grenade launcher attachment stopped being an attachment as he fired at one of the giant pillars.

"This is Heiress Victoria Hesse, leader of the August Baro-" A large explosion could be heard.

Chunks of flesh fell across the club room as more dretch took form from it.

"Leader of the August Barony! We need help, send all your troops! Kill all the soldiers here on sight, please we-"

Another explosive shell crashed into a grand pillar. Before the column of flesh could come into itself, a giant being of pure pink flesh became realized into the world. Born, and ready to destroy.

Johnny couldn't take anymore of this bullshit of the situation. "Fuck it! We have to rush out!"

This giant pink-flesh man stood, a column of flesh in his hand as he swung it at Johnny. He dodged, and fell over the top of the bar, where the radio was located.

Johnny held the grenade launcher in hand as he fired another shot at it. Nothing came out. Not a shell. Nothing. He looked at the tube and grimaced. With a heavy chuck, the grenade launcher smashed into the giant pink being.

It could only laugh as it barged through, smashing the entire bar and causing it to explode into shards of wood and glass. The massive club hung in the air, blood oozed out and a Dretch appeared to rip through the pod.

"This can't be the end..." Johnny whispered. "I refuse to believe it!"

Just as he said those words, the door had slammed open.

Maria, in her flashy robes and great staff brightened through the room. Her magnificent breasts jiggled nicely, Johnny noted. Despite working the field for a month, her clothes were pristine.

Fire rocketed out, slamming into the giant-pink monster. Blood shot out of the head, her fireball burned into the skull. "Looks like I saved you this time!"

She laughed as Johnny looked at her strangely. "Hey, I apperciate that- wait why the fuck are you even here? Aren't you supposed to be in the field?"

She looked away. "I got captured, okay?! It's not like I lost on purpose to get closer to Rufus!"

Johnny shook his head as he shot the Dretch in head. The smell of rotting flesh made Johnny gag finally.

# Chapter 19

Victoria stood outside the castle. She could see, could see that damn Faustus, that damn Boudin bastard, from the throne room. Her blood boiled as she pulled her rifle out and fired out in the air. The many dretches watched her with hatred as she walked through the crowd. The smell of their own death had driven them to be fearful, for when someone becomes a dretch in life, they'll cease to exist.

Johnny walked out too. So did Maria. Rufus stared at the great grouping of the dead-demons that held their rifles on hand. Was this how Marcus built his army? Or was it Gabriel's army for Johnny to lead? Johnny thought about that. He could see the faces of these dead men. He was supposed to lead these men. Against who? Maeve? Looking at Rufus and Maria, he shook his head. "Hey Victoria."

"Yeah?" She looked back, the door to the Baron's castle had opened. Ready for these four to fight?

Four?

Anna had found herself fighting her way through the many Dretches. Her sword slashed and destroyed the many beings as they exploded into gore. It seemed like this was going to be her time spent here.

Johnny pushed through the dretches and grabbed Anna. Her pink hair had gotten a bit longer. Her armor glistened, but her helmet was gone. This Dragon-Guard was just ready to kill the person who embarrassed Henrietta and Alexandra.

"Johnny, I can't attack him." She said.

Johnny rolled his eyes. "Really? You came all this way to say that? Yeah I guess I am supporting Nassau by the end of this."

Anna snarled as her blade pointed at Johnny's neck. "I can't attack here because of your stupid God's rules. And since he's not listening to prayers, I can't help you." She brushed the blade against his neck.

"Do I make myself clear boy?"

Johnny sighed. He wanted to get this battle over with. "You know what, I have an idea. Just hear me out."

And so he explained.

"Renounce my faith in Henrietta?" She dropped her voice a couple octaves, looking at Victoria who storde inside without any care in hell.

"If you do, you won't be a dragon-guard, and you would be jobless. Because of that..."

"I'll be jobless and I won't be able to be Alexandra champion! You know my bloodline is divine right?!"

Johnny just sighed. "Then what do you want?"

She stared at him with a smug grin. "I want Gabriel back. Because he was the one who instituted my abilities to Henrietta!"

Johnny felt his heart froze. Bring back a God? He had to bring back a God just to get this... He did the math in his head, this was a full-on God. A damn pink-haired dragon goddess. Her tail flapped as she laughed.

"It's pretty cool that Alexandra managed to sleep with Henrietta to make me, oh gosh is that brand still on you?" She pushed against him, the crowd of dretch watched.

She grabbed him tight, smelling him.

"Do this later, just... just do this later." Johnny begged.

One of the Dretch weakly slammed his rifle butt at Johnny, forcing them to move.

The five of them had entered the castle. Victoria led ahead, rifle ready as she bursted through the throne room. Desolate, the whole room was desolate. She found herself thinking, just thinking. Where was this guy?

Her grip was tight on the rifle as she scanned around. Heart pulsing, she felt her hands freeze up as the smell of miasma filled the room. A single hand moved to cover her nose, her other hand holding the rifle.

"Where are you Faustus...?"

The silence was deafening as she looked out the massive hole. The air was fresh on her mouth as she could feel the heat of the room rise. Her foot danced on the edge, taking in the sweet oxygen.

Sweat formed on her palms, fear had overtaken her as she stepped back into the baron's castle.

Her metal click-clacked in the room, the only thing that made any sound. But she couldn't tell, she couldn't even tell anything.

A massive fist slammed through the floor, ripping through and trying to break the baron's throne room. Victoria had dodged, and dodged again, her rifle in hand as she stared in fear. Here this being was, being held by his now homogeneous form.

His arms had reached out, stretched and ready to attack. Furred and long, the long shaggy hair strung about as he let out a mind-piercing scream!

Victoria had been grabbed by the hand by an unknown figure, a figure in the hidden blackness, that stalked the room. His old, bald face made himself look older than he was.

Being pulled back, Victoria had found herself looking at the spot where that massive fist would have crushed her. It shattered, cracking down and chipping at the floor. But as Victoria stared up at the bald, old man, she felt a sharp pain go across her head.

She fell to the ground, knocked out cold. The old man grabbed at the Heiress and offered a short prayer. She would have to remain asleep, but cold pain of sleep would be better than what could have been her death.

The old man grabbed his cane and pushed her out into the store room at the far-end of devil-Faustus.

The devil-Faustus let out a heavy roar as he slashed the air, burning and cutting the poles and pillars that held the ground in place.

Johnny charged in with his pistol, and saw the old man. "Old man! What are you doing here?"

The old man spoke, "I came here to help!"

Johnny finally looked upon the great devil in front of him. His face like a bull, horns now popping out as his furred arms reached out. His chest was bare, of a tanned olive complexion, and with fur that went down the middle of his chest.

"What the fuck is that!?" Johnny had yelled out.

Johnny unloaded bullets into the beast, but he could tell that his bullets were doing barely any damage. He tried to run, hiding behind the pillars that were easily being picked off. The roof above looked unstable, ready to crumble.

Anna had joined the fray, her sword glowed a pinkish-red, as she charged forward. The beast swung his arms at the nimble dragon-guard. As she swung and slashed at the devil, she would have to dodge this massive fist that came at her.

Which struck her in the chest. The giant devil slammed his entire fist into her chest.

Just as she tried to use her punch, the dragon-guard black-and-red dragon punch. Midswing, she could see nothing start to spark from her fist. And despair had set in, and she fell to the ground.

Washed in the face of fear, Johnny watched as the devil-Faustus picked up the woman's body, and threw it across the way toward the old man!

Johnny had found himself standing behind a pillar, too close to the action but he could take potshots with his pistol. The bullets weren't effective at all as the fur plinked off.

Staff at the ready, the buxom Maria shot fire from her staff, burning at the demon's flesh.

His voice was shrill as her frills were burned by the miasma gas, destroying its magic properties and stripping her down to the most basic of her outfit, a simple black gown that exposed too much of her cleavage than she would have liked to have. She had to take notice of this naturally.

Faustus cared little, for being a devil-baron that had powers of a high-being made him feel alive with confidence, he batted his hand at her but her burning staff smashed into his paw.

Fur ignited while Faustus let out a howl. The floor caved in, his hands bashed at the floor and caused most of the ground to shatter, the whole throne-room gave way. Its wooden throne shattering, splintering across the floor.

Faustus let out a loud snarl, teeth raised. His lumbering body slammed forward, like a drunken bear in a china shop. The cells shattered as the Dretch-ratmasters watched him.

Johnny had fallen through the crack, the old man seemed to just hang in the air, and Maria seemed to be in a trance, having herself fall with grace as a torrent of cold-fire allowed her to float down.

Her magic gown allowed herself to be safe, or so Johnny assumed.

He looked up in a daze, fear filled his heart as he looked at the old man above. Watching the old man, his hands trembled as he felt an overwhelming surge in his body.

Go boy, kill this hellish god-spawn!

That voice rang out, he felt his fist burn with anger as flames shot from his fist. "What in the-" was all Johnny could muster as the barreling beast slammed into him.

The head burned, Johnny's hand had managed to glow bright red, red as those damn dragon-guard fists, and it slammed into the horn that tried to gore him. The massive chunk of bone shot out like a cannon and broke through the ceiling.

Faustus, this massive beast, one-horn gone, blood trickling out from the gaping wound. "Bastard! Who are you? Why did you even come here? Was it for the girl?"

Johnny didn't respond. His fists glowed with the red-hot heat of hell as he charged forward.

Maria could sense the burning raw hell burning inside of Johnny, and looked at the old man too. Her eyes and his met as she felt herself feel that raw energy as well.

She tasted the raw energy of anger, of pure bloodied rage. Her staff tips glowed with the brightest of white flames, and joined the charging Johnny.

"To hell with you!" Johnny yelled out as his fist slammed through the massive meat of the Devil-Faustus.

"Die, you damn follower of Marcus!" Maria yelled out! "Your ilk destroyed our civilization!"

In the pitch-black void, Victoria found herself being awoken by an unknown figure.

Only for a mere moment later to reveal his face to be that of an old man. His face wizened and his chin at an obnoxious point.

Victoria blonde and red stained hair danced in the emptiness of space.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"I'll reveal it to you, right now is the time for you to come back." And with a snap, the old man's body appeared in front of her in the now destroyed throne room, she watched from above.

Johnny and Maria found themselves bashing their way through, the raw energy of hatred and fire bashed through the devil-Faustus body. His chest exploded, the staff burned through the body and caused it to be destroyed.

Johnny fist meanwhile had connected with his other fist to the massive snout. He felt so damn empowered as the beast head turned 90 degrees, the neck snapping as the body tumbled backwards.

With a loud thump, the devil-Fautus laid there. Maria and Johnny just stared at it as Rufus charged his way into the throne room.

He was late, why was he late? Why did he not appear? The blood-stains on his body, the wear and tear of his armor told the story of a battle between more of the Dretch, being blocked off to even join.

But they seemed to dissipate as he fell, only the grace of a fire pillow being the only thing to save him.

Maria's body looked tired as Johnny felt the same way. The cathartic energy of killing just an aspect of that damn Marcus felt good.

Johnny felt his body slump as he stumbled into Maria.

Maria had lost her concentration, and allowed Rufus to fall the last five feet, landing on his back.

She looked at Johnny, almost in a 'what the hell?' question about it, but as she did, she could see Johnny reach for her.

Rufus watched too, he could see that massive horn fall back into the sky. She didn't and Johnny did.

Batting at his hand, Johnny forcefully pulled her toward him, but almost as if faith itself, the horn bounced. It clinked off of some of the loose rock and smashed down to the ground, right where Maria would have stood.

All those bone fragments went flying forward as Johnny pulled her tighter. Rufus could see it, and he saw her body get ripped to shreds. Blood shot from the back of her knee as she stumbled back.

Rufus grabbed his rifle and aimed it at Johnny.

Johnny kept holding her tight, unaware of what had happened, his eyes closed. As he looked up though, he could see Rufus' face marred with the face of pure rage itself. Maria buckled as she let out a weak moan.

"Oh no.." Johnny said, as he gently tried to set her down.

"Johnny! What did you- You used her as a human shield!"

All those bone fragments went into the wall, and into her dress. Most of it had blocked the damage but her knees had been practically ripped clean off.

More bone-fragments had shattered into her body, the back of her dress was ripped and her body was punctured by all those mini-sharp knives of sorts.

"You piece of shit! I should have known not to make a deal with that bitch Sophia! I bet she even planned on this!"

"What are you even..." Johnny said, his hands stroked her face as the old man watched. "Old man, come here!"

The old man refused.

The barrel of the rifle pointed at Johnny's body, but he slung it over his shoulder, approaching his lover.

Johnny held her, making sure to put her somewhere relatively safe. The damn devil-Faustus still laid on the ground, his foot had managed to be upturned into a table of sorts. The hoof made a bed as Rufus pushed him aside, and looked at the damage.

It was a miracle she wasn't dead already. As she held his hand tight, she looked up at him with tears in her eye.

"Did we win?" Was all she could rasp.

"It's going to be okay Maria, I have the last Cao-shot. You'll be okay"

"Too late... It wouldn't matter..." Maria said quietly, tears streamed down as she looked at Rufus.

"Dammit no, don't die on me!" cried Rufus, tears flowed down his face as his long blond hair, his usual cool look gave way to despair as he held her hand.

"Rufus... I love you, but I know you know that... that old man;" She raised a weakened, shaking finger at the old man.

"What about him?" More tears streamed out as he tried to work on her, but a lick of a flame would bat him away.

"Gabriel is calling me... It'll be okay Rufus..." Was all she said.



# Chapter 20

"I'm bac- Oh..." Gabriel said, his old man body becoming more spry as he arrived back in the world.

Johnny stared at the now Gabriel-looking-man. He ignored Rufus crying, even though tears flowed down his face too. He could see his comrade in arms suffering, and his heart hurt as well.

Gabriel just dropped down, his body had a slight glow to it as he looked over at Maria.

"Rufus, she's dead." Gabriel said. His voice is serious and gruff. "It'll be..."

"No, Gabriel." Rufus turned to him. He looked at him with the face of a man suffering. "I can't do this. I'm sorry I even saved this poor sack of shit waste of human life."

Gabriel stood between him and Johnny. Johnny couldn't say anything. There was nothing to be said.

"I'm not letting you kill my champion." Gabriel said. "I know this hurts, she's in her own world now. Hell, she's even a God of her own world now."

Rufus looked away, the rifle still glinted as he just sighed. "Then I'm not working with him. I'm done. Ulster is done. We aren't siding with Marcus, but any help he gets is by himself."

Gabriel just looked at him. His powers had slowly come back, the exchange rate from his world energy to here would take a while, almost a month's worth of prayer given and the now dead aspect allowed Gabriel to finally be allowed back on the world without any problem.

"I understand." Gabriel said.

"If we see him in Ulster territory, he's dead. Do you hear me Johnny?"

"If I didn't pull her into me, she would have been dead by that massive horn. If I pushed her she would have been dead from the-"

"No Johnny, let me stop you there!" Rufus aimed the rifle, and Gabriel bent the iron on the gun with his bare hand.

"If you would have pushed her, she could have blocked it using her magic! Now she's dead! You know how many people can use magic here? Not a lot!"

"I didn't... I didn't know."

"Yeah, and now you know. Gabriel, please give the location to Maeve, I just want to go back home. I don't care if it's through Zenayhar."

Gabriel took form from the world, and handed him a small note and a paper keypad. Rufus just pressed the buttons on the paper and almost on cue, a dark void took shape near the cell door.

"Next time we meet Johnny, I'll make sure you die a slow, painful death." Rufus said, before spitting at him.

Gabriel and Johnny sat together, Fautus was still dead as Victoria jumped down from the ground and saw the two deep in thought. The magical girl Maria's lifeless corpse still rested on the hoofed foot.

As Gabriel looked up, his demeanor changed. "Why, hello there. I take it you're Henrietta girl?"

Victoria courtised and looked at the trap-god.

At least she respected the Gods. Her prayer toward his return, as mandated by Henrietta was given every day.

But this wasn't a time for celebration. Gabriel just shook his head and gave the woman a gentle kiss on the head. "I don't know what you did, but I guess you really did fuck everything up, no wonder you got sent here."

Johnny head perked up. "What do you mean? I was sent here by the Sophia government, she didn't just free me herself, did she?"

"Johnny, you were supposed to be the tyrant that the Gods would fight against." Gabriel said. His voice was cold.

"What?"

"You were set up Johnny! You were supposed to kill Marcus and conquer the world! You were supposed to take his army and besiege that massive fucking colony that you created! Well not you but that bitch wife of yours!"

Johnny looked at him with anger. "You were going to betray me!"

Gabriel slapped Johnny, it was a light, weak as shit. "Get a hold of yourself, I wasn't."

"What do you mean?"

Gabriel let out a quiet sigh. "I was planning on having the Gods that Sophia sent here-"

He gestured to Victoria, "and people like her who would get swept up in the invasion and have them stay here. Shit they would have been the twelve exiled heroes who conquered this new world and I would be able to retire."

Dumbfounded, Johnny tried to piece together what his place in this entire situation was.

"But that shouldn't matter, Johnny, you can go home if you want. Sophia wouldn't mind. She already has some soldiers coming in to Ulster to-"

Johnny interjected, "What's so damn important at Ulster?"

Gabriel looked at him with confusion, "She really did wipe your mind, huh. At Ulster there's a device that can summon the wills of the Gods. A Deus Device if you will. If Marcus gets his hands on it, he'll try to kill me. Listen, again, Sophia already has a team sent out to take him out, there's no reason to go."

Johnny tried to take this all in. "So wait, you're basically playing host for these nobody gods for what end? Why do you want my..." He bit his tongue to not say wife.

"Johnny, she's your wife. You know that. Besides, she's sending Ashley over-"

"Fuck Ashley!" Johnny said, his voice boomed.

"That's not my point, if she sends her over, she might learn about the awful truth."

Johnny stared at him. "What awful truth?"

Gabriel huffed, a tuft of his hair blowing in his face. "I'll tell you later. Besides that's not the point; Ashley is planning on trying to sway Lin, her damn alternative form, and her damn little sister to join her cause and...

"And she's going to take over this world."

Johnny let out a laugh. "You're kidding, her? She wants to kill me!"

"That's why I'm telling you to go home, go back to Sophia!"

Gabriel looked down at Johnny, and he kissed him on the lips.

"Don't make this harder for me then it is. I want to leave this mortal plane, I don't want to be here. I have my own universe, with my own powers where I can do anything!"

Johnny had found himself in tears.

This whole situation had become his fault. If he just followed the script and had the open rebellion be in his hand, he would have died a villain with publicity, and he would have been rewarded in the next life for aiding in this grand scheme.

But he thought about it. He didn't cause the nuclear explosion. He was told to kill Maeve yet he worked with her. The situation changed, yet Sophia still was in the stars, ready to conquer. Whatever he did wouldn't matter.

It dawned on him just as he looked down at his feet. "So I'm the wild card then? No, to hell with it. Gabriel, I have prayed only once and was spurred. So I say this to you, I'm asking for your help. I need your help."

Gabriel smiled, "Oh? But why would I want to help you? I want to retire Johnny."

"Because I don't want Marcus to take control of it, and if Ashley gets it, she'll do everything in her power to crush your creations down here."

"Because you don't? That's not an answer."

Johnny finally snapped his head up to look at him. He knew he was going to be a pawn in this game, but he might as well be on the side that would aid his burning heart of vengeance. The fact he was going to be the monster that would distract the Gods, the being that would be slain so that Gabriel

could lay claim to twelve different Gods and to steal their powers. If Gabriel was a trustworthy man, he won't steal his power after the fact, but that would remain to be seen.

"Sophia caused all of this to happen. If I don't do it, Ashley will certainly kill me to keep it a secret. So no, Gabriel, I declare to you that I will get this 'Deus Device.'"

"You? You want to get that device? Do you even know what it looks like?"

Having to think about it for a moment, he shook his head.

"It's uh, no bigger than that pistol. I can't believe she really did wipe your memories. Anyways, I already have a plan if Ashley takes control of it."

"So? And I declared what I want and I asked you. Aren't you not obligated to help your loyal champion?"

Gabriel thought hard. "You make a good point, but my answer is still-"

"I've been thrown through the fucking ringier Gabriel, you have done nothing this entire time, hell what did you even give me?"

Gabriel laughed. "I gave you the ability to speak better, too bad it seems like it doesn't work well on you."

"Well! Gabriel! I have to stop Marcus! I can't let him even get that device!"

"See, I already have a backup plan for that if he gets it too, so don't worry your sweet little head. Besides it's not like he'll be able to power it."

"What do you mean?" Johnny asked.

"You aren't going to Ulster so why would it matter?"

Johnny looked at him blankly, "You aren't telling me something, why do you not want me to get the device?"

Gabriel just laughed. "Eh? Because Johnny messed up my agreement with Sophia. You're too much of a wild card."

Johnny looked at him, and scowled. "I am asking you as a servant of yours, why do you not want me near the device?"

"Because you'll die! Look at you! You're so weak! Now look at Marcus, he managed to kill me, and he can access it with... half of his body intact. You? You would have to die to power it."

"Then what about Ashley?"

"A limb."

Johnny thought about it. "There's something you aren't telling me, so this thing will syphon power correct?"

"No, it draws from the power. Not to mention it requires blood to power it. A droplet from Athenina can power it. Same goes to Zenayhar, and Lin with all her sisters."

"But what about you?"

"If I powered that thing myself, I would be killed by Athenina. Just go home Johnny, you have no-"

"Gabriel, I pray to you on this day. I pray to you for you to help me on this quest. I cannot let Sophia, no matter if she is my wife, win. I can't let Marcus win either. Gabriel I am asking you to aid me, I don't know what more you want. If I don't do this, I won't be able to atone for the mess I made. Gabriel, I am praying to you, right now, help me right this wrong. Let me get this device and come with me. If that means I die powering it and getting back into the right hands, so be it."

Gabriel looked at him. Touched. He felt touched. This twink who had only prayed once in his life, begging for his life and casted away, now turned to Gabriel.

Gabriel laughed, softer, and put his hand on Johnny's shoulder. "So now you turn to me? I'll welcome a loyal champion into my heart no problem. That's what I wanted to hear."

Now having a loyal servant, Gabriel felt blessed as the two formed a party.

Victoria tried to slink out of the place, but Gabriel froze her body in place.

"Here, Victoria was it? I want you to come with us."

Victoria looked at them. "You serious? I have a war to be-"

Gabriel looked at her. "No, there isn't. Anna is dead. Walter is a worshiper of Henrietta, Alexandra is just going to have to move her people elsewhere."

How cold it was, that Alexandra people had to start moving. The goddess grumbled as Gabriel, Johnny and Victoria appeared before her in her own temple. Builders packed the walls as she grumbled inside her golden chamber.

"You tricked me!" Alexandra said.

"I did no such thing, you lost, I have no desire to have two Gods controlling the same area, pack your stuff and get out."

"But where will we go?!" Alexandra cried out. "The people of Alba-Eire are growing restless! I'm growing restless! Why do you refuse to let us settle down!"

Gabriel just sat down on one of the wooden chairs that made up the gilded office. "I promise you, the land here is going to be better! Just move down south a little, hell I'll give you some of my resources-"

"I don't need a loan from a piece of shit like you!"

He held his head in his hand. "I'm giving you a choice, move or get wiped out."

Alexandra was still shakened as she looked at the cute creating God, anger washed over her as her hand gripped at his head. "I want you to promise me! Right here! That we won't have to move any more! Okay!"

Gabriel relented, his hand thrown up. "That sounds fine to me. If they're stupid enough to settle close to here, they deserve to be wiped out."

The two chatted about their lives. Johnny was useless in the conversation, and he sighed. He went off to the watch-towers.

Watching the sun lower downward, he could see a small movement out in the south.

As Johnny watched the shimmering movement, he could see these little creatures. The Dretches had bull-rushed the camp! This swarm of undead souls barreled through the massive camp-walls!

The city of Alba-Eire walls collapsed. Metal just shattered as the undead moved forward and tried to attack.

All of the red-headed soldiers fired upon the sword-wielding undead, people had become butchered and slaughtered as Johnny watched in a panic.

In his line of sight, Johnny saw a massive horde of green-skins. Orcs, way too many orcs! Their leather armor was grabbed and dirtied. They came in truckloads as they would jump out. With rifles.

It appeared that the leader of this band of orcs rode on a twin-engine motorbike, machine-gun in hand as the helmet blocked any real way of telling who was who in this attack.

The military complex here was firing off shells at both swarms. It was impossible to realize how these men had got here. Johnny could see from the North even more smoke.

"Camp... attacked by... green-skins... will see if... over!" A voice, it was Walter's voice came through.

Just as Johnny gasped out, a bike slammed into the base of the tower. An Orc must have done this... As he fell toward the ground, he felt a hand grab his throat, and his vision stopped.

Marcus slammed his fist into the wrought-iron doors. Ulster, this massive complex all lead to this door. It was giant, plastered with marks from Greek and Russian. In shape it was circular, and pressed out into the massive steel-and-rock faux mountain.

He stood like a giant as he could hear the gunfire out in the distance. A grin was plastered across his face. It wasn't really planned. None of it was planned.

"I can't believe these doors are like the Gods."

His fist bashed through the iron door. It didn't even dent as Marcus screamed out in anger. "I don't need an army! All I have is my fist! If they want to conquer their land again, that's on them!"

His words fell on the surveillance cameras that watched him work the iron. "I don't need an army."

Looking down at his fist, he could see they weren't bleeding. "Heh. But at least I have the dead-Gabriel power."

As his fist pummeled the 500 ton door, his mind was brought back to the many commanders that left to return home, to take it with the monstrous beings that Gabriel seemed to want to take here. "I'm going to have to reform those Orcs... Too worthless in fighting."

He was glad that the officers, people like Faustus who watched him drop the nuclear weapon on Dublin, would have no morals about taking what was rightfully theirs.

In the south, he sent the ten outworld commanders, not caring who they were as they now attacked the south. But in the north the massive sea of Orcs was slamming all his weight into the Faustus controlled territory of Nassau.

He needed more time, more time to distract the people fighting so he could steal the Deus Device that lay hidden inside this mountain of steel. So he figured letting the north fall to the Orcs and having them be his next target would endear himself to the people of Double-I. He could even pin them in the nuclear holocaust that was Dublin.

With one hand, he felt the energy of the world flow into him. The powers of a Champion of Gabriel flowed through, a sickly yellowish-tan light radiated from him. His fist glowed and as he touched the door, he felt all the energy twist the metal.

The entire doorway turned into a steel sword, too heavy to lift if a normal man picked it up, but Marcus lifted it up with ease. But as he picked it up, he could see the sea of humanity look at this demi-god.

Their rifles were trained on him. And it would be the last thing they trained on.

# Chapter 21

Awoken in a strange room, Johnny's body felt sluggish, chained by what seemed like weights. Weights? He shifted around, trying to see what had happened to him.

The last thing he knew was that someone was pressing against his back, a woman. And he was dragged here, nothing, no words, just nothing.

"Where am I?"

His vision adjusted to the dim light of the room. The timid glow from below being the only source of light.

All he could see was just the glinting of steel underneath his feet. His lips tasted the air, and he could feel that it was pumped in. But his arms were still chained, and he couldn't figure out what had caused this to happen.

Sure, he planned on bucking fate, what was wrong with that? But as he rested against the bed, he didn't really feel any fear. To call it relaxing would be an overstatement, but not to say he had found himself used to this kind of treatment.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say I got knocked out and now I'm... Oh no."

That train of thought was derailed, the door slid up and revealed in the blinding light the well pristineship of this fine vessel.

Johnny frail frame struggled as two soldiers, carrying what appeared to be a stamped-metal laser rifle. Its barrels burned Johnny skin as he was dragged out from the brig and into the sterile and bustling life ship hallway.

Many marines were checking readouts of readouts, information that flowed in for the last millisecond, making sure everything is just right.

Nerve Wracking wasn't the end of it. Most of them looked dead-eyed, so zoned into it that if Johnny didn't see the glint of metal in one of the marines eyes, he would've assumed that they read it with their souls.

"Reading with their souls?" Johnny asked himself.

"Quiet, traitor!" The soldier barked at him. His voice sounded old, burned from the many steel factories.

Johnny was led up to a small door-way, and was shoved through. His body stumbled as he saw the two soldiers slam the door shut.



Taking in the room, he could see that it was an office of sorts. A pale blue and indigo blended into the walls, still made of all that steel. In the middle, a desk, itself wooden and made of the finest oak, with a terminal.

In front of that terminal was an angry woman, her ears twitched as she looked at him.

"You're looking goo-"

Ashley shot him a hard glance. "Sit down, boy."

Johnny sat down in a panic.

"It has come to my attention that you were planning on betraying us." Her voice was cold, the venom of her words spiked into him.

"It has also come to my attention that you know about something that you shouldn't."

Johnny looked at her, confused. "What do you mean?"

"You know what we mean!"

Johnny could see the ruse she was attempting, she couldn't have known that he harbored the idea of getting the device himself instead of Sophia, his wife taking it. It also wouldn't make sense if she knew that Johnny was aware that Ashley, the bitch Goddess that keeps eyeing him with more vibrant anger and jealousy, was going to take Gabriel's reins as well. He had played his part and taken their powers, that's how, Johnny assumed, that's how Gabriel was able to return so easily, because he always could. And now Gabriel had them in his world, weakened, but so were his people as well.

But Johnny couldn't understand why Gabriel would just want to leave all this. He's a God. He can do anything, why would he want to leave his world behind? Then it dawned on him.

"I know you hate me. But this is a trap. If you go to Double-I, you will lose your arm."

Ashley slapped him across the face. "I'll be sure to keep that in mind."

"How did you even know about this?"

"About?"

Johnny had to stop himself for a moment. Did she really know what was going on? "About nothing."

"Oh, well I know you're planning on defecting."

Johnny blood went cold.

"Defecting to who?"

She could pick up his scent of a liar, and the scent of a truth teller. "Aha! You are trying to defect! I can't believe that Sophia would pick such an unloyal partner, fufu~! With this, she'll surely hate you!"

But Johnny looked at his feet, trying to ignore the pain that had been these last couple of hours. Maria was dead by his hand, that he knew. He was aware of it. Sure it was an accident, sure had taken lives. But this was different.

Why do I keep fucking myself over? Johnny thought to himself.

The door slid open, and in came the woman herself. Her chest jiggled as Sophia rested her hands on Johnny's shoulders.

"I can see that you're still alive." She spoke, her hand squeezed his shoulder, feeling how strong she was.

"No shit-" Johnny couldn't finish his sentence when she kissed him on the lip.

Ashley looked at the two of them in disgust.

"Don't pout, sweetheart~." She spoke.

But Johnny found himself pouting too. His hands reached up for her. All his mind could think about was this woman. He tried to shake his head. I-I have to break free of this, Gabriel needs me!

But Sophia kissed him again and his mind went blank. Her red lips marked him as she kissed the mark on his neck. "Oh, poor baby... I can't believe Athenina marked my man as well."

Sophia's eyes preyed on Ashley. "Don't you agree?"

Rogue covered Ashley's face, blushing madly as she looked at Johnny being teased and loved. "I-I..."

"What? You don't want to just bully my cute husband?" She said, pulling him up under his arms and pushed him onto the desk.

Ashley became bewildered as she reached up, her hand felt his neck.

"Didn't you tell him yet?" Sophia said, fingers snaking down his pants.

"No you came here too soon..." She said, kissing the neck to see if that mark was real. "I can't believe you got branded with weakness and without any real power... But let me just hold you tight."

"Eh?" Johnny could only mutter out.

Sophia explained "You're going to be leading an army for me in that world Henrietta used to control. Just look out at the sky, see the small pockets of green on that desert world?"

She motioned with her hand, the wall behind Ashley dissolved. Ashley panicked and jumped over the desk, her hand scratched Johnny's clothes.

But Johnny enjoyed the sight. It felt good to be near her. But as he looked at her, he felt the pain of Rufus. The pain of Maria dying in front of him.

"Sophia, if in all honesty if you can help me out... Gabriel needs help. I need help."

Sophia pressed against her, and kissed him on the lip. "Eh? But didn't you want to betray me?"

Johnny gulped.

"Why the long face?" She said, rubbing his neck and his cheeks. "What? You didn't think I know? I've been watching you this entire time, and let me tell you something."

She kissed him again. "I'll forgive your crimes of even thinking of betraying me if you just go down there and-"

"I can't lead an army, Sophia."

Sophia chuckled, before straddling Johnny. "Who said you'll lead, you'll just be a... a banner girl! Cheering my soldiers on, knowing my cute, pliable husband is out there fighting a battle that'll make both of us powerful."

His twig-like arms were pulled back. There was a hint of muscle definition, and as Ashley held him down, she could tell. Despite being branded and losing most of his skills, he was getting some of his mojo back.

"I-I'm not a girl though!"

"But you keep moaning like a girl... I know you've been fucking around." Sophia hands pressed against Johnny flat-chest.

"It was the brands!" He moaned out.

"So? And you didn't fight back? What, did you just let every girl... don't even answer `I know what you did." She laughed at him, before kissing him again. Panties just rubbed against Johnny crotch, back and forth in a slow, gentle motion.

"So, what'll be? Will you be a good boy and help me fight? Or will I have to hold you here until everything is over."

Johnny knew the answer, and he nodded to the former. "I-I'll do it. I just want to save Gabriel. If that means I have to... be a banner girl..."

The words stung his mouth. "I'll do it! Anything to get back on Double-I! They already started to attack one of our camps."

Sophia stopped laughing. Her eyes looked into Ashley's and gave a devilish grin. "Oh really? I guess he's trying to distract the population. Ashley, be a good girl and help clear out this mess."

Her ears twitched.

"As you wish." So said Ashley, and she faded into the ether.

Johnny looked up at Sophia, and two kissed with great passion.

Maeve found herself being pulled through the sterile hallways as well. The camp, she was at the camp, but she found herself here on a ship. Her eyes looked around frantically as she was thrown into another chamber. A bedroom.

Sophia sat on the bed. "Oh my, you look so lewd..."

"Was that really necessary?" She asked. She had been taken like this by Sophia many-a-times.

"Besides, why am I being called up here?"

"Easy, I called you-, grabbed you here so that you could help me out."

"Help you? You abandoned us at Nassau! Why would you want me to help you?"

Sophia shrugged and her torrents had their beams trained on the buxom commander.

"But why would you want me-" Before Maeve could say another word, Sophia kissed her on the lips.

Such was their passion, or rather, lack of it. Maeve didn't really know what to say, but she returned the kiss.

"Was that all?" Maeve said, tension loomed in her voice as Sophia laughed and kissed her again.

"Oh my~. No see, I kinda like you Maeve." Sophia gave a short chuckle. "I want you to join my ranks here, you don't want to live on Double-I, do you?"

Maeve's body tensed up, shocked at this question. The trail of spit that connected the two together made her blush.

"Why I- No! My loyalty is to Ulster!" She said.

Oh but Sophia rubbed her hand, squishing at the woman's motherly thighs. "No, your loyalty is with me. You know we were the ones who funded Ulster right? You're just a colonial governor."

Her bloodied hand-print that covered her chest was removed. Only to reveal her buxom chest in this palace sized bedroom. Her hands groped and teased.

It was a night of burning passion for the two girls, grinding and kissing.

Quite obviously, the two were in each other's arms, and Maeve's body was ravaged by Sophia's tongue and many toys she kept.

Maeve laid panting on the bed, her face blushing red. Sophia was out, having a smoke, she sat on the edge of the bed.

"Listen. I'm not offering you a choice here. You're using my resources so I should at least get to use that brain of yours." Sophia said. It was cold.

Maeve gasped out in pleasure, still in the haze of an orgasm. "What?"

Her voice was slurred as Sophia pushed her chest against Maeve bust.

"I said, you don't have a choice. Help me with this invasion and I'll let you go home free."

Her head moved like glass, fragile and afraid. "But what about Ulster?"

"Ulster was invaded by Marcus. Just Marcus. By himself."

The whole massive labyrinth cameras were set up, and Sophia, being the one bankrolling the operation, knew what was going on.

"Hey, don't move so quickly. Here's the situation. I'm sending Ashley to Double-I, to Ulster, to see if she can stop Marcus. Hopefully she can kill him too..."

So Johnny and Maeve were reunited at last. She looked at him, unaware of what had happened at Baron August castle. The duo sat together in one of the crash-pods, one of the same crashpads Johnny was in when landing.

"How's Maria?" She asked, blunter than a hammer.

"Dead." Johnny responded, more blunt.

Before Maeve could say another word, the boosters from the rockets ignited, and they were shot down into the planet's surface.

# Chapter 22

The metal crash pod exploded on impact, it's only impact would leave itself a small crater. Stumbling out, Johnny and Maeve looked upon the dim glow of the camp-fires some 2 km away.

Sophia had been landing these soldiers during the night. Johnny could see shuttles landing men. They would jump down with their weapons, and these massive winged transports would jet off back to the mothership.

The people of this colonial world, the last remnant of Henrietta power, had to know about this invasion. The lights from the village some 20 km away figured as such. Were they supposed to take that city?

But Maeve trudged onward, ignoring Johnny. Anger burned in her heart. Maria? Dead? But she was a good field commander!

All her thoughts were processed on it, how could she die? How did she die? She looked at Johnny and shook her head. He didn't kill her, did he?

The sand was cold to the touch as the duo made it to the camp. Guards just stood around, armed with rifles muttering, they could tell it was Johnny even in the dark. No one was that twinkish and possibly homoerotic like him.

"Jeez man, you got shorter." One of the guards quipped.

Johnny ignored them, trudging through the cold sand in the middle of the night was not conducive toward a good life. Fumes of diesel and ozone burned Johnny's eyes as he saw this great war-camp in action.

Despite it being dark out, the land in the campsite was brightly lit. They had been landing soldiers for the day now, Johnny learned. How makeshift and ad-hoc this whole camp looked like. Fabric-covered tents dotted the landscape as halogen lamps lit the many pathways. It was massive, a whole sea of tents.

Maeve could see this too. She didn't envy the massive military might this woman was trying to show off. She knew it was a show of force. But she also knew that the sooner this battle was won, the sooner it would be for them to go home.

"At least things couldn't get any worse." She sighed out.

Over the hill, Maeve saw the town that she was supposed to take out. What was the strategic importance of this town? She had to pause and think about it for a moment.

She knew Sophia. This is fucking busy work.

Just as she thought about it, she grimaced. "Great, Double-I is probably on fire, Dublin is destroyed, yet I'm here working with a useless dog of a human being."

The many figures moved through the camp, she could tell that these people were unorganized. She shook her head. Why bother with these people. This camp was just set up for them, hell there was probably another invasion going on somewhere else, on this world no-doubt. It disgusted her, but as she sighed, she entered what appeared to be the command structure.

It was tall, made up of small iron sheets. Having it be in the middle of the compound seemed like it would be a target due to how tall it was. But the officers found were up on the very top. Having a chat of sorts.

As she entered the chilled room, a secretary with red tipped hair and a nasty overbite looked at Maeve.

With how lax the security was, she walked up the stairs without saying anything. The red-tipped woman shook her head.

Two officers looked about as Maeve stepped up the stairs, metal creaked.

These cheap stairs were only good for coming up and down, but it was dreadful to step on and hear it scream. She looked down, and could see that the officers drew their weapons, before laughing.

"Aha, oh my." One of the staff officers said. "This is going to be easy!"

"What are you two chatting about?" Maeve said. She noted that the two men looked young, almost like they were foundry workers before coming here. Their military garbs didn't match how tight their skin was, and how their bellies looked shrunk.

She was taken aback, and she looked upon the officers in the group. This small group looked the same mostly, their hairs were different, their faces were drained of energy and skin tight.

"Are you people okay?" Maeve finally asked. She could see the stars from them. She blinked, and felt how great the heat was, and how frail they were. I need to get these clothes off... they won't mind, besides they'll love it, right?

Her body, compared to them, was more full of life, her waist wasn't waspist, but was average. Her flared hips and buxom chest sure didn't help matters. Her robes, made of cotton and wool, had drenched her sweat. The bloodied handprint looked faded as sweat drenched her body. As she realized this, she started to rip the banner off of her chest. Moving through the desert caused her entire body to be liquified in sweat. Now that she had exposed herself even more, she took off the boots and thigh-high socks she wore. So here stood Maeve, this lewd woman, her chest just aching to be released from the constraints, her rear jutting out, covered by what only appeared to be a bikini.

She ignored the officers looking at her, and tried to intermingle with the group of malnourished officers.

Jealousy marred their faces. Anger burned in their eyes. Is this some kind of joke?

Their minds were cast back to another woman, Sophia. She promised these young foremen that if they joined her, they would be able to fight. But their abilities lacked, and they became starved of food. It was only a miracle that they didn't die and got sent here on this desolate desert world.

"You're Sophia's girl right?" One of them asked.

Maeve could tell, she could taste the anger in the air, if they knew of her exploits then they should be proud to have her here. But as she surveyed the officers, she could tell they weren't trained. They were fresh from whatever academy Sophia had set up.

"No, hired by Sophia but not her girl."

One of the men glared at her, and then laughed.

Another officer laughed.

More of the men laughed at her.

"What's so funny?" Maeve asked. Her voice became timid as the sun slowly crept across the sky.

Their laughter stopped. "What's so funny? Look at us! Look at the people here! It's just a bunch of conscripts from the foundries! Yet here you are, some fucking bombshell sent here. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you're a whore sent to us unwashed masses."

Maeve scowled. "You know what, I don't have to put up with this shit."

She flipped them the bird, and walked back down the stairs.

That's when she met a barrel of a gun against her head. One of the officers, a frail bug-eyed man, no... he wasn't a man. He was a mutant, an ironman. His flesh smelled like high hell as he glared at her, and pushed her down the stairs.

"Oh the fuck you don't!" He rasped.

She was led up to the roof, fear in her heart as she stepped up and saw the face of the scowling soldiers.

"What's your problem?" The rasping voice of this ironman hurt Maeve's hearing. Like nails on chalk, her voice scrunched up. A heavy hand pressed against her back, and she stumbled forward.

Those small eyebrows lifted and furrowed as she waited for the sound of gunfire to go off. But none did.

Her eyes had closed, but the officers' faces were still looking at her with scorn.

"No really, what the fuck is wrong with you?" An officer asked, his garbs were clean and not a spot of imperfection was on it. He looked the least malnourished, but it was a shame he was even here.



"I-I'm sorry, what?" Maeve opened her eyes, timid and afraid as she saw one of the soldiers hand her banner-tunic that made her body pop-out more.

"That's your banner, right?" The clean officer asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"Well why would you even wear it on your body? That's for the banner-bearer." He held it in place as the cherry-tipped black hair secretary had walked in to measure her suit.

"Is this really necessary, I'm not part of her army."

"Have some modesty you dumb cow!" Voices of anger reached out.

The secretary gave her a uniform, a tan-and-brown outfit that was manufactured and sent at such great speed that it landed in her hand the moment the measurements were done. Zenayhar power had worked once again.

"Go dress in the stairwell, okay?" The ironman rasped.

She got dressed up in the cheap building, the buttons on the breast seemed they were about to burst out. But she held them in place.

Johnny had charged upward, passing her in anger as he saw the ironman hold a gun against Maeve. Despite passing her, despite seeing her and understanding that she was right in front of him as she got dressed. He even got a peak at her chest. His foot slammed into the door.

The iron man was startled as Johnny sucker punched him.

He got to work kicking and slamming his foot into him.

"Stop!" Maeve screamed as she rushed out.

"He's like Marcus! People like him! All of these fucking ironmen are like this! Rapists and murderers!" Johnny spat out.

"Marcus... but you wounded and left him to die! Why are you even hurting these people as well?" Maeve asked. Dragging herself away from the now frightened officers.

He could see the frightened officers in himself. They looked at him with envy and anger too, but he was a made man. A really made man. The welp that was spared by his wife's hand. A nobody gutter-trash. These people, he saw himself in them.

"Why are you asking?" Johnny didn't keep his eye off the men as he asked.

"I saw him offer you his... sex-doll he willed to life, and yet you freaked out on him."

Confused, Johnny looked at her. "What the fuck do you mean?"

"I saw you! You mulated him for what? Because he offered you his squeeze? Why did you even do that then?"

Gulping, Johnny turned back to see a man charging at him. Before he could fire off another shot, the officer punched him again and again.

Another punch slammed into his chin. Maeve had finally gotten up, and kicked the officer in the head.

His body was slumped onto Johnny's as Maeve lifted him off and got him up.

He could tell that these men wouldn't attack again, and he stood, shaking as he covered his eyes.

"Fucker tagged me!"

Johnny reached down and picked up the pistol. He aimed the sights down and was about to squeeze the trigger.

Maeve grabbed his hand.

"No Johnny. Don't. He wasn't involved in this."

"But he-"

"Do you want to really make another monster?" She asked.

Johnny looked at Maeve. Then he thought back to Gabriel hideout, that base he visited once, never to return. Where he brutally beat and wounded Marcus. He stared at the people in front of him. These were his people.

"I fucked up." Johnny said. His voice was quiet. "I shouldn't have done that to him. I was just so damn pissy, and I knew the kind of a dick but. I caused all this to happen. My blood is on Ulster and Dublin. I don't know if my actions of fucking his... whatever, would mean anything."

The officers looked at him, unaware of the situation that had gone on.

Johnny shook his head. "I got too careless. You have to set an example on my world. If you kill the leader, they will flee back."

Daylight surfaced forward, the cloudless sky a bright blue as Johnny thought about it. "If I killed him, I would have gone into Ulster proper and..."

Maeve looked at him. "And? And what?"

"I would have probably had to kill you too."

"I see."

"But if I saved him, I don't know what would have happened. Probably trying to ruin the world together..." Johnny said, his voice wavered as he felt the weight of an entire capital be destroyed by a single nuke.

He caused all this. He looked upon the deserts and sighed. "I don't know what we can really do about it, we have to stop Marcus. After that. I don't know, I leave it in your hands Maeve."

She looked at his neck. "Which seal do you want me to remove?"

Deadpanned, he asked, "You're taking off the brands?"

"I don't have to, but I'm asking, what brand do you want me to remove."

"The mark of the beasts!" He said. "You know... the brand where I can't even defend myself against women..."

Maeve chuckled. "Yeah that's Athenina alright..."

Johnny looked at her, still confused as ever, but let out a light gasp as he felt the brand eat itself, the skin devouring itself and going back into his skin.

He touched his neck, and still realized he was a twink of twinks. A real nimble man.

"What about my body?" Johnny asked.

"What about it? Oh! The other brand, yeah no that still stays."

He swore under his breath.

The officers, who watched their second in command die right in front of them, laughed. It was a nervous, titterious laugh. They looked at him with some fear as the two hobbled down the stairs.

Just as they do, the cold air hit the two's body like a truck. A great relief came over both of them.

It felt like he finally made a step forward.

Speaking of steps forward, when he made his last step, right toward the door, he felt the barrel of a rifle press against his back.

He panicked as Maeve said nothing, was she not aware? A glance to her face revealed nothing, and Johnny panicked as he tried to walk slower.

By the time Maeve turned, to see why they were moving so slowly, she could see that the red-tipped secretary was gone from her roost.

She shrugged as she looked at Johnny. As she kept her eye on him, trying to wonder why he was being so slow...

A fist slammed into the back of Johnny's head, stumbling forward in pain as he looked up to see a woman, a light, spry woman with an assault rifle aimed at Maeve. Her hair tipped with cherry spikes and strains of gold that went into the roots.

Before Maeve could say a word, the gun slammed into Maeve's stomach.

Maeve stumbled against the bockety building, feeling how light and cheap this shit-metal was. She had ripped through the metal, and the red-tipped woman charged at her. Pushing Johnny aside, the woman lept through the air and her body mashed against Maeve.

Before Johnny could even try to get the pistol, he froze in place. He could see, fucking see this woman's tail. She had a tail. The tail ripped through her black office-suit and wrapped around Maeve. A

dragon woman. Scales were on portions of her exposed chest. Her neck and face was clear of anything. It was unreal, almost majestic.

"Who are you?" Johnny asked.

"Hallie, the new Dragon God of this world!" She said, fire burned in her breath as it shot out and melted more of the metal.

The flames were a hair's breadth away from Johnny. Sweat dripped down his face as he swore on his life that he should have been burned by how close this was.

Wings popped out of her back, and she flew off with Maeve in her tail. Fear drove him to shoot at the woman, but the bullet missed.

"Fuck!"

The officers followed behind and looked at him. They saw and panicked themselves. Guns in their hands, bullets plinked off the flying dragon girl.

"Double-fuck!" Johnny yelled out.

The people of Henrietta world had rejected her, and now followed a new God...

Out of the line of sight, Maeve was held by the dragon-woman and flew all the way to the settlement that Maeve had deemed busywork.

She could see the massive temple, made of stone and sandstone of a dragon's head. It's head would breathe out a flame of napalm, jetting out and sorching the lands below. The ground below it had melted into a glass that seemed ready to crack at any moment. A temple to a new God... She must have fucked Gabriel to get that, she thought to herself. I didn't have to fuck Gabriel to get Ulster... Poor girl.

It was true, she didn't have to sleep with anyone but that's because it happened by chance. She, a rising noble in the city of Dublin would be given the opportunity to reform the many savage peoples that were being dropped off on her world. She wanted to civilize them, or rather, stop them from committing banditry. Her lamentations were met when Sophia and... No Johnny didn't come here yet, did he? She thought about it. No, Johnny didn't come with her, at least whenever I saw her.

The crimson-tipped hair woman dropped her down with the gentleness of a newborn.

The opening of the temple chamber was made of stone. Rocks smoothed and marble pillars held up the roof, made of iron-beams. Maeve looked around in amazement, but not in awe. Alexandra's temple had been much better constructed. This, this was a close second. Machinery that helped pump a mixture of gasoline and other elements through symptoms that reached up and spewed the great fire from its mouth. The wonders of egoism led to it.

"Why did you drop me so smooth and gentle like?" She asked.

Hallie said nothing.

"Then why did you even bring me here to begin with?"

A small smirk slid across Hallie's face. "Well let's see, you're one of Sophia's pawns, no?"

"Pawn?" Maeve's voice rose.

"Yeah. A pawn. Just like that boy that keeps following her."

"How the hell did you become a God?" Maeve asked.

Hallie, this God of Nassau-2 stood. Her tail flopped like a fish as she stared at Maeve with a predator's eyes. "The people did, they looked for a hero and this is what they created. These people... I don't know how they get along so well but they do."

Her hair was covering portions of her face as it flowed. "I am what they are. It's just a shame that the Confederation had thrown us to the wolves."

She was very diplomatic. Maeve figured that out as she looked at the light tanned skin. "That's why I took you. You are my hostage and I want you to try and negotiate my people's release. They can have the world, I just want to be where my people will be."

It sounded like a reasonable request. But she had no real way of contacting her outside of using a heavy duty comms array. But as she looked at this temple, she could tell that there wasn't anything there.

"Okay. I don't have any real way of contacting her."

"You're kidding me?"

The woman's tail slapped Maeve's thigh.

A hot gasp escaped her lips as she stumbled back.

Maeve blushed as the dragon-woman. This new being created as a fear of losing their own God to another world. This replacement of God was all they had. And she was in her home. If she could call in an attack she could win this war without killing anyone.

"I have an idea." Maeve said.

"Yes?"

Maeve looked her dead in the eyes and said this to her. "I want you to trust me, and get me some flares."

# Chapter 23

Johnny could see the flares rise up some 20 kilometers away. The green smoke rose in the air as he tried to interpret the meaning of this. It was green. "Go?"

He sat there, thinking for a moment. Flares like those were used to indicate to the soldiers where to go, almost like a beam of light to indicate to these men to move there. This has to have been Maeve.

Movement in the camp intensified. Johnny knew what the flare meant. Go here, attack the enemy. Was that what she meant?

Johnny rushed over to the command group. They stared at him with righteous anger. To them, he was just an errand boy, a useless tool. A banner-holder for whatever group Maeve had been from, for they gave little shits outside of Mars-El.

Before he could even say a single word, they handed him the sweat-and-blood covered banner.

"Wait, I think we're making a mistake!"

"Well then, explain." The ironman commander said. His face burning in the hot desert sun.

"It's simple, really. If she was given those flares, she wouldn't have known how to use them. She's not from our world, not our culture. She's from Double-I, where..." He paused for a moment. What the hell did they do to command armies?

"Nevertheless, she used our flare. This is her command." The well dressed third-in-command said.

"Yeah but-"

"But nothing, this is her order. Besides, our men need some action. If she walked around this camp dressed like what she was wearing..."

Johnny drew his pistol and aimed it at him. "I don't work with degenerates."

The other officers drew their weapons at Johnny. He knew they weren't going to shoot. He smiled, a cheeky smile. "If they want action, let me lead them."

This coup of a single man. Against an entire group. Their weapons trained on him. But they had this in their minds. Would they really want to be known as the guy who killed the warlord dog?

"Johnny do you even know how to lead an army?"

Johnny sighed, and looked out at the now billowing green smoke out in the distance. "I..."

Johnny thought about long and hard. It had to have been more than 5 years ago. Memories that long ago had faded from his mind or had lost itself in the great mind-wipe that same year.

Miracle he could remember anything that had happened this far back. Gabriel must have unlocked this memory but why? Was it him telling him about the Deus Device that unlocked it? He stopped pondering and focused back on the question at hand.

Five years ago he arrived with a small army, a regiment of soldiers fresh from Mars-El academy onto this strange world. Worry had hardened his heart, afraid of what could happen to these freshmen that he had trained himself. He wanted them to be the best they could be.

Mechanized armies have always been his doctrine. Always was his doctrine. Having his infantry arrive in rolling Anti-Personnel Carriers and deploy at ease to take objectives made his heart soar. It was speed. It was how fast and nimble the machine guns were.

He was glad for them, as he deployed his men on the outskirts of a small village on some far-off world. The green landscape was great to take in. It was a simple mission after all, hold the county area and occupy it. His men split into battalions and moved toward the village while the other made a small encampment on the outskirts, in the hilly plains.

There he was, with his own battalion.

His personal battalion. He didn't know what the name of the world was, but Sophia had told him to go to his world, so far flung, so far away from Mars-El that he felt like puking when he arrived through Zenayhar gate-magic.

"So what are we even here for?" One of the soldiers asked, sheepishly unaware of the situation. The only real information these grunts were given was this: Stay put, let the commanders talk to the villagers and farmers, and occupy the zone.

So Johnny called for a meeting. A briefing of the situation. In a large pavilion Johnny stood on a makeshift podium and explained.

"In short, we're looking for a machine. It's a box-like machine, has buttons on it. It's appearance is uncannily that of a landline my sources told us."

"A landline? A landline phone? So it looks like a phone. Okay. You going to elaborate on wh-"

Johnny looked away, a primrose blush formed on his cheeks as he laughed. "Yeah, it's a landline phone, big, but it doesn't have a phone shell or actually looks like a phone. But it has numbers. More of a cash register in all honesty. Any questions?"

"Do they know?" Another voice came out from the sea of soldiers.

"Yeah, Sophia's team knows. I just thought you would like to be in the know about these things. Meeting dismissed."

The sun burnt the land as he held his rifle in place. People were working on making a small fortification near the mountains, and up in the sky he could see a trapezoid high in the sky, the warship.

The great hazy-blue dreadnought hung in the air, a great opening in the middle of the ship was still launching the entire division of soldiers into this world.

What the hell did they call this world? He was unaware of such things, according to his... he hesitated on trying to figure out what he was considered to Sophia.

"Hey dear, you hear me?" The radio crackled.

Huh. I guess it's dear. He realized he could hear Sophia's voice through the radio.

"Yeah, what's going on?"

"We're getting reports from the east that militiamen are coming to inspect our troops. We're just here searching, tell them that. Just. Here. Searching."

"What's so important about this landline?"

An audible sigh could be heard from the radio. "You know why, it's so I can get access to Zenayhar Godpowers. Besides, I need Athenina off my back when we start our conquest. If we find this, she'll thank us for reclaiming this lost technology. Oh, and be aware."

"Be aware about what?"

"The person who controls this world is showing up."

"Oh? You mean like the leader of-"

The radio went silent as a figure appeared before him. Where the hell did he show up? It was like he appeared out of nowhere.

It was Gabriel, his hair had grown and he held a two-handed sword. Though his clothes were tattered, he was smiling as he walked up to Johnny.

"You Sophia's bitch?" Were the first words that came out of his mouth.

Before Johnny could answer, Gabriel started to talk. He prattled on about the political implications of Sophia finding this device.

"Hey, I don't care who you are, I just want to know why you, personally, are out here."

"Me, personally?" Gabriel responded.

Sarcasm dripped in his words as Gabriel locked eyes with him.

"Yeah, you, personally."

Holding himself back the coy man pointed out toward the south.

"Group of militia from Naas are coming over, I think Marcus... Yeah Marcus is leading some men out in the field."

"Who's Marcus?"

Gabriel laughed, clapping his hand. "My champion. Have fun!"

Without saying another word, he disappeared, and the sound of artillery shells went off in the air.



Deafening explosions rocked the makeshift base, blasting Johnny eardrums as a shell went flying into the air.

His only real chance of commanding, blown right under him.

Pain wracked through him like a whip. Eyes still shut, he felt his skin, and realized he still had his hands.

At least he could move. He opened his eyes to see the hellscape that had come about. Entire holes of dirt were made from the great impacts, cannon shells fired off as Johnny got a hold of himself.

Was it a trap? Looking at the great mountain nearby, he stumbled to his feet. As an officer, or rather a punk that found himself in the arms of nepotism, he used the only he knew what to use.

His legs.

Johnny, without any real experience in the field, without any real knowledge on the field, ran.

The shells landed as his soldiers followed suit.

Turning around, he saw his men fleeing from the location, and from the crest of a hill, cannons were raining down shells.

Hearts in their throats, fear motivated them to keep moving, back into the village where the village elders noticed an influx of these conscripts. Their complaints were drowned out as the conscripts watched as their makeshift camp was broken.

Routed, his men were in a tizzy.

Sophia had come out from a small den with a device in hand.

She had it.

The Deus Device.

It glowed a menacing red as the village elders gave it to her. To them, it was a cursed object that was given to them by Gabriel.

As she held it in her hand, she could see the large horde of militiamen chasing after the conscripts. Her eyes locked with Johnny's.

Mouthing 'what did you do?' She handed the device to a red-headed woman who's body was more erotic than womanly, and within moments, Johnny lost his sight.

What had happened was this. Sophia, without giving a shit about casualties, wiped the people's minds of what happened. The Deus Device red-hue radiated outward in her hands as Gabriel approached her.

She pushed Gabriel aside, not saying a word as she looked out the village way and saw the mountain out in the distance.

"Right there, you see that? I want the base right there."

Gabriel nodded, but his face was more exasperated than anything. He saw Marcus march up the road, rifles in hand as Sophia controlled the soldiers here without any care.

Marcus approached the group, a scowl marred his face.

"Gabriel, wanna explain why Zenayhar troops are here?"

With a placid shrug, he motioned for Sophia to talk to his champion.

"Should I wipe his mind?" Sophia asked. "Your champion and all that."

Wordlessly, he grabbed Marcus' chin. "I'm going to ask you to do something that no man should ever do. You see this colonial operation here?"

Marcus looked around, and he could see the faces of the downtrodden. They were poor, mostly undereducated street-rats that came here to settle here. Years of hardship here, mining and digging into the mountain nearby had led to this.

The Deus Device.

"What do you want?"

"I don't want you to do anything. I need you to take these people into the mountains."

His eyes never left the device as he heard Gabriel.

"What is that?"

It was a large, metal box, that was certain, red light blasting out of it and dimming the surroundings. On top of this metal box, raised at an angle was a screen, a tepid, LCD-like screen that appeared cracked on the top left. The buttons below the raised screen were etched with numbers.

"Is that a landline?"

Marcus approached, but felt a sting of pain enter his body as he moved forward to get a better look.

"That, my friend, is why they are here today. Get the colonists to the mountains."

He looked around, and saw that the people's eyes were still opaque white. "Have her do it then, I'm in charge of secur-"

Smacking him across the face, Gabriel then gripped Marcus by the throat. "I don't ask you to do a lot of things but this is important. If you don't get these people out of here now, they'll be dead, do you hear me?"

"Why?"

"Do it!"

With a thud, Marcus landed on the ground.

Sophia broke concentration, and the soldiers' eyes became back to normal, a wave of tranquility rushed over them as they saw the militiamen, their red and black hair with ragged shirts. But as Sophia tried to get her people under control, a short rumbling could be felt.

"Ah great! You fucking triggered the-"

It was a great explosion, nuclear in nature, the mushroom cloud rose high in the air. Sophia held the device as Gabriel grabbed Marcus, then reached out to grab Johnny and Sophia by the hand. Maeve blinked, seeing the mushroom cloud rising, but she too was grabbed by his foot and the four of them returned into pocket space.

They had arrived at Gabriel villa, and with peak accuracy were dropped in the living room. His TV was still on as the four stumbled to the ground.

"She triggered the nuke!" Marcus yelled out. "That bitch!"

He pointed at Sophia.

"You never said there would be nuclear devices under the ground!" Maeve yelled at Gabriel.

Johnny looked confused as Sophia held the device in her hand. Tears welled in her eyes, those big blue eyes just teared up as she realized months of digging had gone to hell. They had the Deus Device.

"We can't use it." Gabriel said.

"Then... Then what are we supposed to do?" Sophia asked. Johnny put his hand on her shoulder.

Gabriel let out a sigh.

Johnny shuttered as he looked out at the world of Nassau-2, the green flare still rose that thick green smoke as jets started to fly in for a close inspection on the situation. Conscripts from Mars-El got into their jeeps and trucks as they drove 20km away.

Powerless to stop them, he snapped back at the officers.

Being his second battle he would take part in, he ended up joining the fray.

"What do you mean I have to get my mind wiped?"

Johnny said. Brows furrowed. It had been suppressed for years, putting up with her plotting and scheming to get back at her father. All the trips, all the adventures. He was sick of it. But those memories, he wanted to keep them.

"What happened here today, you weren't meant to see."

On a truck, Johnny had got on board, armed with a rifle, he made a choice, he might as well save Maeve. The men looked at him, worried that a banner carrier was holding a rifle as they drove in the hot desert sun.

One of the soldiers looked up. An ironman. His eyes trained on Johnny's.

Johnny grimaced and looked away.

"Hey, you're Johnny right?"

Johnny said nothing, but the ironman prodded him.

"You remember me? I was the guy who you spared. T-The smart one? Don't you remember?"

Johnny looked at him confused. Then it dawned on him.

"Yeah, you still work at the foundry? I mean outside of all this?"

The iron man nodded his head. "Yeah! I ended up quitting the gang life and settled down. I was always wondering about you, you know?"

Held down by Marcus and Maeve, he felt his mind burn and seer, before almost in an instant, he drifted off into a sleep. A coma.

Johnny looked around the sea of faces as he snapped back to reality again. Dread came across the ironman face as he looked out the side. The heavy sound of rockets were being fired.

Smashing the hot desert, Johnny's attention was turned to a missile that had exploded right nearby.

An entire truck, filled with conscripts exploded into nothing. More rockets came flying out as Johnny clutched the sweaty banner of Ulster and the rifle in hand. Gunfire could be heard out in the distance, machine gun fire. His or theirs, he couldn't tell, he didn't have to tell. He was a champion for fuck sakes.

But in the close distance he heard the sound of a bullet bounce around in the cabin. With a sputter, the truck just died.

"Is this our stop?" Johnny asked.

But the men didn't respond, and they got out of the truck without any regards. They were only .5 km away, and as disembarked, the iron man tackled Johnny to the ground.

"What did you do that-"

Whistling rockets came crashing down, destroying the truck and those standing near it. The ironman let out a hoarse yell as Johnny screamed as well.

Johnny peaked up, helping his now buddy-in-arms up when he looked upon the great iron settlement. Two jets had flown in, dropping it's payload on the turrets. Another fireball explodes as Johnny and this reformed ironman get onto their feet.

"Don't ask too many questions Johnny, we need to get our asses moving, and quick!"

Johnny agreed, and the two held their rifles as they charged out toward the military outpost.

His body was slumped into a cryo-pod that seconded as a drop-pod. Oh how Gabriel loved to freeze people.

Sophia had dragged Gabriel to the side, and lowered her voice. "What the fuck do you mean I can't see my husband in five years?"

"You agreed to it."

He showed a signed document.

"You know what, I did. Five years. Wow. How about this, I take Johnny's body and when the five years are over, we'll try this again."

Gabriel chuckled as he looked at how Johnny was knocked out cold, literally. "I'm sorry, what?"  
She repeated herself.

"Oh? That? Nah if you're going to use that device, how about I make it simpler. If you order him to take the device, I won't be bound to help you. You'll have to convince me."

"Convince yo- Oh you wanna fuck me don't you?"

Gabriel, though smug as ever, shook his head.

"What do you want then?"

"If you order him to take the device, at any point, even through anyone else as a proxy, I get to take him."

"W-Wait what do you mean?"

"I want him as my new champion. You see that sorry sack of shit over there? He's one of your people. Look at him, he's planning something right now."

"Then why don't you just kill him yourself?"

"And be known as the guy who killed my own champion? What are you nuts?"

Sophia sighed.

"Do you really want to conquer twelve worlds without the ire of every Empire wanting to kill you?"

"It's only Athenina though."

"And Athenina can strong arm Zenayhar oh and look now the Nomads and the Confederation is now trying to kill you-"

"I get the point. You really going to make him a champion?"

"Yeah, and you're really going to make Ulster into a thing, send your work crew to hollow out that mountain and put the device in there."

"But won't Athenina notice the nuclear bomb going off..."

Gabriel thought about it for a moment. "No, those were set off because that dipshit's ancestors didn't know how to disarm nukes!"

"Yeah but, those are-"

"Half of Athenina worlds are irradiated wastelands, you know this better than anyone else, why would she care that a nuclear bomb went off on my world. Hell she doesn't even have spies here."

"Then..."

"Then what? I don't want you to order your bitch into collecting the Deus Device, I know you, you goddamn grifter."

"Why is that so important?"

Gabriel raised his voice, making sure that everyone could hear in earshot. "Because there isn't a spy amongst us! And if there was a spy I don't want them to know that you ordered him into taking it."

Maeve looked at them stoically, while Marcus rubbed his wounds.

"That's why if you even order him into getting the device, I get his soul."

"Why not take mine?" Sophia baragined.

Looking at Johnny's body, unblinking, frozen inside of a cryo-storage, Gabriel just shook his head.

"No, it needs to be his soul. How far are you willing to sacrifice others just to get yourself ahead?"

She gulped.

"So do we have a deal?"

Sophia could tell the massive loophole that Gabriel was setting up. He didn't need to know about it, he would just have to be wherever Gabriel throws the device too. And he had the perfect place.

"Hey Maeve, how would you like to have your own personal base instead of a village?" Gabriel asked.

Before she could say a word, Sophia wiped her memory of this event. She picked up what Gabriel meant.

She had to think for a moment, the memories, short-term of the great nuclear explosion near the mountains they were digging wiped out most of the original population. Wiped clean from her mind.

"Uh... Sure!" The buxom redhead said.

Marcus looked at the two women, and at Gabriel. "What? What do you mean I don't get Ulster?"

Gabriel pulled him aside. "Listen, you aren't going to fuck me over because you want more power. Just bite the bullet. Be glad you don't get to have your memories deleted."

He nodded. But in his heart he wanted to be the head honcho, the leader of this fake organization. But he realized something. Biding his time would be better than to just take it. He was Gabriel's champion, and if Athenina got wind of it, she would kill him! So he looked at the Deus Device, and how it glowed that sick red, and nodded again. That was his ticket to power, and ticket to kill the Gods who wronged him.

All of this, of course, while Johnny's eyes were glazed in the frozen sarcophagus.

# Chapter 24

After walking out of the castle and arriving back at the collation camp, Maeve had disappeared. None of the soldiers knew where she went, only that a hand had grabbed her. And Rufus was in a hypomaniac state. His lover, dead. His hot boss who treated him like a son she never had, AWOL.

Alba-Eire burned in the background as young celts fled in droves, driving and clogging the roads as Rufus searched high and low for her.

It seemed impossible to find her, no matter where he looked, he couldn't see her. Then it dawned on him, or rather the rays of dawn hit him, and he realized the situation that was fast on hand.

I can't believe she got grabbed like that, where did she go?

Unaware of her abduction, Rufus had managed to make it to a helicopter depot, the same airport they were being held up for. He scowled as he jumped over the fence, and saw that most of the place had been abandoned.

Nassau itself was blazing too, fire licked the streets as they themselves were fleeing eastward, not wanting to deal with this problem that came from the west.

They had no experience with this kind of people, orcs and their savage ways. Cars were upturned near the base as Rufus searched around.

No... She wouldn't be here. Rufus looked around himself.

But as he looked at the television screen in the air base, he could see Marcus. Marcus?

It was Marcus, blood covered his body as he looked like he bathed himself in blood. The sounds of fighting stopped as it appeared that people were paying attention to him.

Rufus tried to look away, but when he did, all he could see was his entire vision blocked out by Marcus too. He could see from the camera lens.

Everyone has to be seeing this...

Marcus just laughed as he looked into the view screen. "I will finally do it, I will finally! Finally! Become a God. I want everyone, everyone here to watch me as I, Marcus Parks become one of the immortal Gods that toys with the world here. Look upon me, mighty, and despair!"

In his hand, the Deus Device. With a single punch, he smashed it with his fist, and allowed all the blood to collect onto the LCD screen. The people of Double-I watched as the red klaxon blared off.

"Warning, nuclear countdown in T-90 minutes."

Marcus looked shocked, and the people of the world changed back to their vision.

Marcus looked at himself in the mirror that hung in this god-forsaken room that held this device. His officer uniform was gone, his hair was now pitch black, damn him and his inconsistent changes in hair. He wore nothing, his muscular frame on display as he took little fucks for modesty.

The whole building had gone on full alert as Marcus looked around in anger. The metal and razor-wire formed all around as he cursed and spat at the ground. Even with all these dead men's souls being merged with the machine, it had done this. My blood or a God's blood must be spilled then, huh?

His hand became a blade as he prepared to strike himself. I will become a God, no matter what!

"No, Marcus." A voice could be heard from behind.

A woman's voice.

Sophia managed to make it into the building, during the time the invasion of Nassau-2 happened, she had taken it upon herself to make it here. Fuck it, rather save Johnny after this then allow a fool like him to fuck up my plans, she thought to herself.

So here she was, using Zenayhar code on this location, she arrived without much fanfare.

Marcus looked at her dumbfounded. "How did you-"

"I own this place you idiot! Of course I can enter at any time!"

But Marcus said nothing. "If that's the case, then why didn't you teleport Johnny here then? Wouldn't he be a better replacement than you."

Sophia burned hatred into Marcus. With a whistle, Ashley, her wolf-God companion appeared before her.

"Ashley, meet your dinner."

Before Marcus could say another word, Ashley had pounced upon him.

Those wolf-ear twitched as she grabbed his neck and tried to wring him.

He kicked, struggled against her. With a single foot, he pushed her off, and she went flying through the metallic wall.

One kip-up later, he stood, blade becoming real as he charged forward, slashing at the artificial air. Somewhere close, Sophia watched as she fumbled with a piece of paper and tried to make the code work, but as she pressed a long stream of numbers into it, a way of air blasted forward.

It just seemed that Ashley had finally used her power, air. She was an air goddess. With all the caveats that came with it. Wind would flow forward as she shot a blast of air into Marcus' chest.



5,000 PSI ripped through Marcus' shoulder, splitting his shoulder in two. Holding the arm in pain, he yelled out in pain as Sophia crept behind both, The Deus Device still behind them as she grabbed it!

Head turning quicker than a whipper set on fire, his non-split arm shot forward and struck Sophia in the stomach.

It lightly touched her stomach, but she went flying and crashed into the wall. The nanties hidden in her black dress stumbled outward, crashing into the ground. Its contents spilling outward and healing her skin.

"Bullshit!" She yelled out!

Marcus eyed her, before another shot of air blasted into his eye.

He stood, almost stabilized as bits of bone split out, and he laid there, his tongue lolled out as Sophia and Ashley panted.

It was a good shot, Sophia admitted.

As Ashley stood over Marcus, The Deus Device glowed.

"T-85 minutes." The alarm went off.

"We gotta stop those nukes!" Sophia yelled out, she grabbed Ashley by the fur as the two walked off.

Sophia went through the base, walking and stumbling through. She knew it like the back of her hand. Damn that Gabriel for sending Johnny to Marcus instead of here.

She was aware of what had transpired between him, very aware. To the point where killing Maeve sounded like a good idea if she saw her.

Hallways, way too many hallways, Ashley's legs were tired as she sniffed the air. It was useless, but those innate things happen to gods who have canine ears, they can smell well.

"T-80 minutes."

"There's no time!" Ashley howled.

"Relax," she said. "We have 79 minutes left."

"T-20 minutes."

They spent 59 minutes searching this base. 59 goddamn minutes. Ashley became erratic as she passed by the walls. Oh the walls, the worst. They looked so damn nondescript. Oh how she cried, whimpering when Sophia had split off. She howled for her. The whole base, empty except for her and Sophia. Or hell, Sophia might have already left, knowing her.

Stumbling through the building, she smashed her fist against one of the doors, it was a hydraulic lift door that had a small keypad.

"Oh no..."

With a single finger, she felt which button was pressed due to the amount of salt left over on the keypad, the sweat, which numbers would be pressed the most.

As she opened it, she found herself looking at the control room. No bigger than Gabriel bunker, with a giant monitor across from where she entered. Her long chestnut brown hair looked black from the amount of red-lights that kept flashing.

The screen flashed "T-19 and counting" across the screen. Looking at it, she realized something even deeper.

With one, mind-screaming pierce, she cried out for Sophia. And within literal moments, she arrived.

Her hair was split as she looked frazzled from all of this searching. Ignoring Ashley, she pushed aside the goddess and studied the machine.

"Oh my... You know what this means?" Sophia turned to look at Ashley, who was pacing in a panic. All this searching had caused her to go stir crazy.

"It means if we don't find a way to shut this machine off, every nuke on this world will explode, this mountain is going to turn into a crater if we don't do something!"

"How do we stop it then?" Ashley looked up.

"We power the device!"

A darkened figure appeared, and with a single punch, Ashley's body had turned into nothingness. Almost magnificent how her body ruptured as this hulking, beast like figure appeared before Sophia.

"T-15 minutes."

The Deus Device glowed in his hand.

"How did you-"

The hole in his head, it had disappeared. The nanties. She swore to herself, careless, always so damn careless.

"With this... Now I'll truly become a God!"

He felt the wind blow beneath him as Sophia for the first time feared death more than anything.

"Marcus..." Sophia spoke.

The massive beast looked at her. He changed, from a hulking bodybuilder to this monstrous being, a man who stood almost 12 feet tall, large, impossibly large teeth that hung out of his canine mouth, his skin had turned pitch black and hair likewise. Even in the red light he looked straight out of the void.

His two arms slammed forward, trying to grab at her.

"Marcus! Y-You can't become a God yet." Sophia spat out, both arms had wrapped around her.

"Why not." Marcus said.

"Why not? Did killing Gabriel make you into a God yourself? How will killing Ashley make you a God, you didn't even kill her."

"Yeah I did, I even-"

"You didn't... She's back home on Mars-El. You didn't accomplish anything-"

"Oh yeah?" A gust of wind struck Sophia. It was weak, but it was enough to knock her flat on her ass.

"What do you call that?"

"Someone who took advantage of our plan and is now fucking it up for me!" Sophia hollered. "You aren't going to fuck this for me! Got it!"

Marcus didn't care, and as the timer ticked down, he only knew one thing to do to stir the nest.

"Get me Johnny." He said. He thought about it, Johnny was Gabriel Champion. And killing a Champion would allow him access to the machine. So killing him would cause the countdown to end. So killing him will save the world.

Sophia blinked as she came to the same conclusion. And within seconds, she disappeared underneath the table, and Marcus just laughed.

# Chapter 25

"Johnny you gotta-"

"I'm not going." Johnny said in the hot desert sun while shells rained down on him and his battle buddy, the ironman who found a good life. Sophia, still wearing her red dress, grabbed Johnny by the arm and yanked him forward.

The tiro took cover behind a sand-dune as the sound of horse hooves clopped across the sandy desert. They looked parched, but the Arabized people couldn't give an iota of care as they rode, rifles in hand as they shot at conscripts charging at them.

Sophia cringed as she wondered who the hell was leading these men. Was it Johnny? Nah, he just joined the fray as just a rank and file, a pawn in this game.

The ironman looked at Sophia and averted his gaze, he knew who she was.

"Why are you with the, you know what, that's not important Johnny." She cocked his thumb at the ironman.

"No, he's important, what's your name?"

"Samuel."

"See, Sam get over here-"

A wild horse neigh drove the trio crazy as two galloping horses had ridden up the slope and jumped, their riders shooting at them on the crash downward.

Bullets just hit the sand, missed. But as Sophia slowly made a small keypad in the sand, Johnny fired a round from a black-matted rifle.

One of the horse riders fell to the ground. Their white tunic now dotted with a red mark. Ichor stained the burnt sand, while the horse ran off.

Johnny fired off another round at the far horseman.

His long rifle fired off another round and blasted right into the horse's skull. Being flung off the brown horse, the horse rider fell on burning sand.

His eyes burnt; screams tormenting the trio as Johnny rushed to the horse.

Looking at it, the thumps in his veins drove him forward, fear had motivated him into getting on this horse.

I'm not afraid of this beast. I can handle it!

Hopping on, the horse nickered.

His legs stumbled as it regarded his dead comrade, a neutered horse. But Johnny grabbed onto its reins. Leather straps bound tight to his arm. Wind blew as the horse rode on, aware of this new rider, wary of all this fighting.

"You rode one of these things?" Sophia asked.

More bullets hit the sand dune, and a salvo had destroyed this massive curve of land.

Damn those commanders, they should have known not to trust peasants instead of my slave-goddess, she thought to herself. Strokes of her black hair blew back, causing it to look frayed as another shell exploded nearby.

Knocked by the shell her legs wobbled as Johnny snatched her up, and threw her on the horse's back.

The ironman watched in awe as Johnny held the rifle tight in one hand, and the reins of horse in another.

"No really, when did you learn this?" Sophia asked again.

Johnny looked back and smiled. "This? This is nothing!"

Sophia blinked as she held Johnny by the chest, trying not to freak out. How the hell did he learn to do this so quickly?

Great explosions dotted the landscape as they arrived against the iron and wood palisade walls. Long iron poles just rested against it as the ironman threw a satchel of explosives onto the wall.

"We'll blow this wall to the sky." He said.

Sophia grabbed Johnny harder, "We need to get out of here!"

"We need to save Maeve though!"

"Marcus already fucked everything up! He's going to destroy the world if you don't save it, so come the fuck on!" She screamed at him.

Sam got off the horse and primed the charges as they rode on.

Johnny blinked. The world? What the fuck did he do? Did he try to...

His head hurt as he recalled it. "You want me to get the device back, don't you."

Sophia said nothing.

"Admit it, and I'll-"

"This isn't a time to admit shit Johnny, I'm serious. I want you to defeat Marcus. If you do, the world won't be destroyed. I know I put you through hell and allowed you to be frozen for five years, but you know what. I need you Johnny."

She continued. "The world of Double-I needs you. If you don't save them, all those nuclear devices buried around Ulster will go off. And if that happens, the whole world will turn into an irradiated hell-hole. Everyone will die Johnny."

Johnny kept riding.

"If you kill him, the timer will stop, I know this... and I think you know this too."

"You want me to get the-"

"I don't want you to get anything! Just kill him!"

Her voice raised. He felt like a child being scolded as he rode on the horse.

"Then let's go." Johnny said. His voice was quiet.

And in the sand, Sophia and Johnny sunk through a void-hole caused by her number pressing in the sand.

They arrived at the outside of Ulster. A single helicopter rested on the road, abandoned.

"Why didn't you just do that for me in the first place?" Johnny asked, before his vision became clear. Look of shock dawned on his face.

"Because of that barrier Maeve installed to keep me from teleporting in and out all the time was still up. Not even Gabriel can enter this base."

Johnny said nothing as he just looked at the bodies all around him.

"And seeing how it's proximity is on when she's on this world and that she's on an entirely different planet, I can now enter, or rather we can enter at any time."

"Sophia b-"

"Listen Johnny, I sent her to Nassau-2 for a reason. I knew she was going to come back here, and that would power it on. So-"

"Sophia shut up! Look at all these bodies!"

She stopped talking. And her mouth was agape.

The opening was drenched in blood. Bodies upon bodies were piled up as Johnny tread with a lightfoot into the room. It appeared to be a great slaughter.

Upside down APCs and tanks were strewn about as the klaxon barked out "T-15 minutes."

As they walked into the base, the doors closed behind them.

Samuel watched as they went into the sand and poofed from existence. He couldn't understand it, he didn't care to understand it, and quite happily held his own as the plastic explosive went off.

Shrapnel went flying, and his graceful feet, very odd for an ironman, was able to dodge it.

A hole had formed, and before Samuel knew it, a bullet struck him in the head.

His soul to be taken by Athenina.

With all that fighting going on, the dragon-woman scowled and thumped her tail angrily.

"What did you do?"

"Honestly I was trying to summons Sophia, I didn't know this would cause the... wait you fucking kidnapped me why are you acting surprised that this would happen? Are you stupid?"

Maeve looked at her. She still had on that tanned combat officer uniform as she jabbed her finger into Hallie's dragon chest.

"No really, the fuck is wrong with you, why did you even hang out at the officer complex. I get that the people there are idiots, fuck you should have seen the glazed eyes when I stripped... but like. You know they would attack right?"

"Well it was too. You know, kidnap Sophia and just have them leave us alone for a bit."

Maeve looked at her, dumbfounded at how she actually thought this would be a good idea. The explosion rocked the building and a hole appeared in the palisade wall.

Hallie's head turned and Maeve punched her, and yelling out an incantation "I call for Athenina!"

Within moments, within literal milliseconds Athenina appeared. Her robes white, her wings still on, her horns brighter than an glowing hell-scape, and had a look of snarling dog, pissed that she was dragged from her harem.

"Can't believe I made you a champion so I could spy on Gabriel... What do you want?"

"Wait what?" Maeve looked at her Goddess.

"Oh no don't get me wrong, I'm glad that you converted most of Ulster but,"

Hallie's tail thumped louder as the sound of the fire-fight grew closer.

"Listen, Hallie right?"

Maeve looked around and brought her closer, toward Athenina.

"So why did you bring me here, as a show of force?" Athenina asked, she looked bored of the situation. The dragon temple shook and debris started to fall.

"I have been a loyal champion of yours, and I'm requesting something of you." Maeve spoke with passion in her voice.

Soldiers from Sophia's army marched in, rifles at the ready. Temple was stormed as the three women chatted.

"We found a priority target!" The men cheered.

Hallie's breath ignited the room, her fiery mouth burned the men who entered. That massive fire-breath burnt portions of the wall as Maeve and Athenina watched in awe.

"Something of me? What? Take her away to my harem palace and have her as a pretender just so we can..." Athenina stopped and looked at Hallie. "Hey listen. The armies of Mars-El already won. She has you hostage!"

"It's the other way around!" Hallie yelled.

"Now it's not. You know who I am?"

The dragon-woman looked away from her, and shook her head. She was too new, too green to the whole political game that her people haven't been used too. These were the times of the Empire, and her little state had been conquered.

"I'll make you an offer, come with me right now and I promise, when the time is right, I'll put you back on your world's throne."

"Like I'd believe something like-"

Missles shot and struck the massive Dragon temple, the fire burning exploded into a fireball as it reached out, touching the dragon-woman.

"I get your... I get your point." She said.

"Oh and Maeve, since this is the second time you have summoned me without notice, so I do believe something must be done."

"But you said," Maeve started to speak.

"With notice! Besides, I think you'd rather like what I'm going to do to you."

The way she said that, her voice reverberating through the room. People on the ground could hear the sounds of a god laughing.

An actual God, who controlled an entire empire at her whim.

Fear held both groups of soldiers. The Nassau-2 men had stopped fighting, while the Mars-El stopped and crept through the hole that the poor ironman made.

Athenina knew she had revealed herself to this group of people, her true form. The form of a temptress, and gave a smug grin as she took advantage of the situation.

"I can see the people here are godless and fear that another godless invader will take their place." She spoke, her hands moved as she grabbed Hallie by the throat. Her red hair flowed as she struggled.

"Why don't you people just convert and join me? I am real, am I not?"

More soldiers moved in to gawk and watch the pretty woman try to give a sermon on joining her. Both sides had joined in as she gestured to Hallie.

"Would you rather just be my protection?"

Hallie nodded. It was the first time she met another god, yet she felt so impotent as she looked upon her form. Her massive bat-like wings flapped, the fire dying.

"I don't wish to destroy your temples, oh Dragon woman... Not like certain people who shelled this nice structure." Her voice was serene as she cupped the woman's chin.

"So how about this, to the people of Nassau, and to the people of Mars-El who came here to fight. Lay down your arms."



The soldiers did. Not wanting to face the wrath of a succubus god.

"Good... Now I say this to you folk. Mars-El has won. They have conquered this world. But the bastards that sold her out will be punished in due time. I say this to the people here, in this temple of a strange god, swear fealty to me and I promise you on the Empire I have founded will protect you if you are attacked."

Maeve was spellbound to how much of a politicking woman Athenina was.

"And as for you, Maeve O'Neill of Ulster. You have graduated from being a champion to being a being just like me."

A short gulp later, she nodded to the command. She would become a succubus. Was this punishment? Her mind raced as she tried to figure this out.

"Why do you look so confused dear? You keep asking for my help, so I might as well give you a small token so you can stop bothering me without any real notice."

So soon, her body had started to change, her skin turned a rich purple-blue. Her lungs were full of air as two horns pierced her skin without much pain. Her long red hair became double braids, while her officer uniform melted into a bra and panties combination. Two wings sprouted from her back, bat-like, the same as Athenina.

Maeve's hands curled and became soft, and her iris became cats-eyes as she flapped her wings.

"So now what?" Maeve asked.

"Yeah, now what?" Hallie asked too.

Athenina looked at the two women. "Let's see... Maeve, go find Johnny and bring him to me. I want to," she cleared her throat. "I need to collect on a debt."

"From who?"

"Sophia, she promised me her little heretical husband for me not to outright invade her fledgling empire."

Maeve blinked. "What's so important with him then?"

Athenina giggled. "It was the only thing she could offer. Something about loyalty... But I know she made the same deal with Gabriel..."

She grinned as Maeve tried to keep up. "Oh, poor girl. I see she wiped your mind about it, oh don't worry..."

Her hands gripped Maeve. "If she's willing to sell out her love for even more power, why not capitalize on it?"

"So now spread the news to your people, I know you can ping them about this information. Now go!"



# Chapter 26

Mere moments later, and right behind Sophia and Johnny stood the duo.

"Oh, how convenient-" Maeve stared at the great massacre that took place. Limbs were all over the place as Sophia turned to see the two succubi.

Even Athenina's mouth was agape as she looked at the massive pile of corpses. Her arms glowed as anger flowed through her body. "Who did this?"

Athenina said, her voice quiet.

"Marcus... Marcus did this." Johnny said. He walked forward, his pistol in hand as he walked through the viscera gore.

The loud alarms blared throughout the base, and Athenina grabbed Maeve by the side. "She knows the deal. Go with him."

Sophia just stood, mouth agape at this sight of horrors. Sure, she might have caused a great seizure, sure, her heart didn't care for the plight of people. But all this. All these dead bodies. The smell of rotting flesh starting to set in.

But Maeve just walked forward. Tears in her eyes.

Johnny's feet kept trudging through, and by the time he entered the labyrinthian complex, he felt his mouth open.

Hallways, hallways upon hallways. An entire section just dedicated to hallways. There were only two that stood out to him as being strange enough that he would have to trudge through.

Lifting one foot over the other, he walked down one hallway, the red-lights helped in a way hide the neverending splatter but every now and then, his foot would press against a hand, a limb.

So too went Maeve, she followed right behind Johnny. As she entered, the tips of her wings clanked against the hallway. That's when Johnny finally realized what was behind him.

Johnny was shocked. "Maeve?"

She nodded.

"No way..."

She's going to kill me after this, isn't she.

But the two stumbled forward, and the sound of fighting could be heard throughout the complex. No clue where to go, they followed.

They reached a fork in the hallways, but with no clue where to go, Johnny decided to go left. "You take right."

"Hey Maeve?"

She said nothing. Her mind scarred from all the fighting that had taken place. Almost as if hell had risen up, and died right there. Damn that rotting stench.

He drew his pistol and kept walking, and Maeve went the other way.

She finally spoke up in the building, "Hey. I'm going to find the power generators."

Before Johnny could object, she walked down the right hallway. Her wings flapped as the hallway slightly expanded to handle the massive wings.

As she explored and dicked about, she managed to make it to the hanger bay. Entire fleet of helicopters lay strewn about in ruins as she looked and shook her head. Here.

"T-minus 15 minutes." The machine-like voice rang out. She hated how it sounded. As she went down into an escape hatch, her clawed hands tore at the fuse box, and saw the damages done to it. All the lights on base were disabled.

She sighed, and just flapped her wings out of the base. By the time she managed to fly out of the base with her wings, she saw Athenina and Sophia chatting to each other.

It was passive chit-chat. Both talking about plans on life. But she ignored them, and landed back down onto the ground. As she landed, she felt the entire mountain shudder as she looked over at the two women.

While that was going on, Gabriel found himself manifesting near the base of the mountain.

"What a shitshow this has gotten." Gabriel muttered under his breath.

Athenina turned to look at him. Scowling. "You stole the device Gabriel, I don't understand why you-"

Gabriel rose his hand, quieting her. "I did no such thing. The guy who just walked in there did."

"Him?" Her voice inflected.

He explained a bit better.

"That excuses nothing Gabriel."

Looking at the two arguing, she just sighed and walked back into the base. While Sophia followed behind, snapped from the trance.

Standing in the middle of the computer doorway was Rufus. His body hurt. The ride from Nassau to here was a short one, maybe blessed by Gabriel. That still didn't help that his arms were bruised and legs sore from wading through all of the body.

Here he was though, and Marcus had huffed and saw Rufus.

T-14 minutes.

Rufus looked at the device, and back at Marcus. "So now what?"

It still hazed and the air tasted like hot ash as Marcus shot out his hand. The massive morph growth on it formed out and slashed where Rufus once stood.

He had dodged, jumping out of the doorway. Picking up a rifle he managed to unload some rounds down at him, but he felt off.

"Marcus... We don't have to fight."

Marcus huffed.

"That's what you think."

"Yeah... I guess that is what I thought." Rufus said, as he looked at the ground of corpses. These were his comrades. Now they were dead. He felt something surge inside him. Ignoring the dead had only driven him further as he carried his rifle in hand.

He stepped back into the room, and Marcus' arm lashed out and swung at Rufus, which he dodged under and shot into Marcus' body. The bullets absorbed into his skin, and that's when he had a thought. The head...

He turned around to see who said that, but a massive fist slammed into his body from across the room and he went tumbling down onto the ground. If he didn't know any better, he assumed that he just lost his entire stomach.

Sputtering, some blood drooled out of his mouth as he saw Marcus step over and start chanting some strange incantation.

"Void-flame!"

Within moments, a great ball of black-fire formed in his hand. Requiring two hands just to hold it, Marcus threw the ball at him.

I can't believe I'm going to die here... The orb smashed into his stomach, and the iron walls shattered as he went flying. Now the great control room was open as Rufus laid on the ground, not in pain. It was almost like adrenaline rushed through his system as he laid on the ground.

As he laid there, next to a corpse. More of that welling formed in him, but he laid there, his arms shattered. His legs pinned under a steel beam. His officer clothes ripped.

Marcus stood tall, the lights dimming and turning off. The red glow of emergency lights is dead.

A single punch was thrown, a massive, spike covered punch just flew in the air.

From his lips, small cuts formed on Rufus' body as Johnny took the blow. His blood splattered across Rufus' face as he felt himself drained. Wanting to die. But he locked eyes with the man who saved him from certain death.

"Johnny?"

The spikes had pierced Johnny in multiple places, and blood streaked down his body. But he still stood tall.

# Chapter 27

Not one to hold his wound, Johnny looked at the powerful, god-like being in front of him. But he felt himself glow as the emergency lights flashed back on. The whole room illuminated in a bright white light.

"What do you want?" Marcus snapped.

"Listen... I'm sorry." Johnny coughed up a lungful of blood. He rested against the iron wall. His pistol rested in his pocket.

Now in the heat of it, Rufus body was slumped as the sound of heels clicked through the area.

Fully aware of what was happening, Marcus shot his fist forward, and slammed into Johnny one more time.

"You aren't sorry!"

Johnny let out a hell of a cough. The wound had gotten bigger, all that movement he was doing caused the puncture wounds to make him bleed out. You son of a bitch...

Tears streamed down Marcus eyes as he ran at him, his feet moving with great speed. Yet it seemed weird, that even as he flung himself to kill Johnny, the scars of Johnny's vicious attack had left its mark on him.

"Wait- Marcus wait!"

"Johnny if I don't kill you, I won't be able to ascend!" His fist turned into a sword, and the metal pressed heavy against the iron-worker's neck.

"But if you kill me... do you really think they'll let you become a god?"

Marcus stopped short in his tracks. "What do you mean?"

"Think about it. You did all of this. You killed so many people. You destroyed an entire nation. What makes you think people would want to worship you?"

"That's not what a god is-"

"No, you just wanted to be a demon and a warlord, but what I did to you was wrong. I understand that. But I also understand that you're a piece of shit beforehand." Johnny spat out. "You fucking attacked me."

Marcus stopped in his tracks. "When did I attack you?"

"It was over this device! You led your militia against me and you caused an entire village to be destroyed. You did that!"

"But you knew that was bullshit beforehand!" Marcus swung his fist into Johnny's stomach. Hitting a downed man, how goddamn low could he be.

Being slammed through the wall, metal had pierced Johnny's back. He crawled on his stomach, the pistol still tucked in his pocket when he felt his back crack. The weight of this man was pressed into his spine, snapping it in two.

He no longer felt his legs as he cried out in agony.

"This is what happens when you allow people like me to still be alive." Marcus hollered, picking Johnny by the neck.

He threw Johnny toward the Deus Device, its glow still radiating throughout the room as Johnny got on his stomach and kept crawling.

Marcus shot Johnny. His hand morphed into a gun and shot a hole right into Johnny back. It missed anything important, but his mind was seering white as he crawled toward the Deus Device.

His own blood spilled on the machine, and he let out an agonized scream as the bullet hole, the many puncture wounds dripped and splattered onto the machine.

Full breaths came out of Johnny's mouth as he felt his soul being sucked into the machine. This shouldn't be how it ends...

The footsteps grew louder, and within moments, a blinding light appeared and smashed into Marcus!

Gabriel stood, and rolled his shoulder as Athenina arrived right behind him.

"Good lord, man... stand up!" Gabriel said, he lifted his hand on Johnny and a blazing light was felt on his skin.

The wounds started to close, the streams of blood dripping from his body as he looked at Marcus. Athenina just watched from the sidelines as Gabriel charged in with a blade, a katana in hand.

Marcus watched as the blade danced, and parried off of him, while Johnny got on the ground, his body still wracked with pain. All of those puncture wounds to his chest and body were gone, but the innate cuts on his body caused him to panic as he grasped his pistol.

A gust of wind shot out from Marcus' hand, hitting Gabriel in the chest, but he stood tall, better even as he looked at Marcus and screamed "I should have killed you myself!"

But Marcus didn't care, he was focused on Johnny. Godhood would be his! No matter the consequences. Scooping the machine up, he felt its raw aura burn into him as he pressed his foot against Johnny's head.

But Athenina... did a move! Her sword, covered in the flames of justice slashed into Marcus.



Blood shot forth from his demonic skin as he hollowed and screamed, and slammed all his focus on her, while Johnny crawled with the machine in hand.

He waited for an opening, and didn't find any to use his pistol. But he did see Athenina get punched by Marcus in the chest. She snarled and lunged at him.

But a gust of wind shot forward and pushed her far enough back that he used his punch of the ancients. A blow that ends all blows.

"I'll show you my ultimate power! Black-void-fire-wind!"

And within moments, a great ball of black flames shot out from Marcus' hand, and flew at a high speed. The massive collision with the flame sword caused everyone to go flying in the room.

Johnny bonked his head against the metal plating as he watched Gabriel on the ground, blood leaking from his mouth. He was stabbed in the stomach.

But mere moments later, he stood. Feeling as if power surged through him.

The rebar that stuck inside of him was gone, and the two men locked eyes with each other.

Marcus saw the two men, Johnny's body was crumbled, the machine near him. His loud footsteps clattered and marched toward him. In his hand, a massive cleaver as Johnny felt the wounds return to his body. Blood shot forward, and he felt his soul start to leave. Not yet... he thought to himself.

But Marcus charged forward, his massive arms turned into a double sword as he pressed the blade against Johnny's neck.

Within that split second, while the blade was about to crash into Johnny's neck, he shot his gun.

The bullet traveled, and hit the man, right in the head.

He stumbled, the demonic man stumbled as Johnny looked at him in despair. The demon reached up, and touched his head, feeling the wound. And fell. Dead.

And so did Johnny, his eyes closing one last time as the internal wounds caused him to perish.

"Johnny?" A voice called out to him. In the darkness that Johnny now felt his spirit dwell in, he heard a voice. A voice of pure being of pure essence talks to him. His incorporeal form, he soon realized, had nothing as he tried to find the voice.

"My friend, don't be afraid, I saw your sacrifice."

Sacrifice? Johnny thought.

"The demon champion, Marcus. You killed him."

Johnny looked around and felt his body shudder. He killed Marcus. Marcus was now on the ground, his body dead, but so was he.

"Where... Where am I?" He found his voice.

A glowing white filled Johnny darkness as an immaculate man stood before him. All of his glory, all of this pure light shined bright on him.

The Deus Divinitus, the God of Godly things looked upon this man and cupped his chin. Even Johnny knew this, his heart or what's left of it knew this was him. Even in front of such a being, he felt the tears of joy drip down his soul-face.

"I'm dead, aren't I." Johnny asked.

He laughed. "Oh? But look around you, your physical body may be dead but it's your spirit that still exists. You know how long I waited until someone would use that device? For 500 years that machine was hidden from the galaxy."

"So then... what do I do?"

Deus just cupped Johnny chin, and inspected him.

"I see that you tried to do good, despite the situation around you. What is it that you want?"

But Johnny wanted nothing. Not even return to life. He stared at the Deus, and thought about Rufus. About the man who saved him, who out of his good will saved Johnny, yet he squandered it.

"Maria... I just want Maria back."

The Deus was surprised. "You sure you don't want-"

"I squandered what little love this universe had for me, and now that I am dead, I am full of regret for my actions. If I were to die mere seconds before Marcus, he would have ascended into Godhood and try to kill them all. Please, I ask you."

The Deus, his white flowing robes looked down upon Johnny. "But why don't you just want to go back to your-"

"I am dead. And I have no way to repay the kindness that I have trampled under my feet, so I beg of you." Johnny got onto his incorporeal knees. "Please. Please bring Maria O'Gwenhs back."

The Deus looked down at Johnny, and smiled. A warm, fatherly smile as he nodded. "Your heart may have not been of the purist, but I understand the goodness of man even if it dwells in the wickers of hellish reprobate."

Rufus felt the glowing heel of something, it was Gabriel. His legs were crushed, but that glowing energy that formed on him made him feel relaxed as Sophia and Maeve managed to make it into the destroyed facility.

The alarm for the nuclear detonation was dead. No explosions would happen today for them... which caused a sigh of relief. While the device still glowed, her eyes were met with Johnny's. His frail body now limps against it. The holes in his chest are too much to handle.

A loud wail could be heard as she reached down, and touched him. "Oh Johnny, I shouldn't have abandoned you to these people all those years ago..."

Tears streamed down her cheek as she felt how cold his skin was. But for a brief moment, she saw a flicker of life inside of him, only to be snuffed by a loud bang that boomed throughout the room.

Maria, in her gothic lolita stylings had arrived, from the underworld or not, no one except Sophia really knew who caused this to happen. She gave the lifeless corpse a kiss, and looked upon Gabriel and Athenina.

"My husband died to make sure that your device got back into your hands." Her voice wept as she handed the Deus Device to her.

Even Athenina was shocked as she saw Maria move her hands around, and felt the joys of being alive again. Gabriel looked dumbfounded. Before realizing something.

"He actually did it." Gabriel said. "He managed to escape our grasps and is with the Deus now... Only he knows where Johnny will go next."

That triggered a wailing cry from Sophia, and tears streamed down her face.

Maria looked upon Rufus, and pulled the metal off of him. Though she knew no magic that could heal, she did her best to heal his wounds... Almost with the faintest glow, the wounds stopped bleeding, and Rufus had tears stream down his face.

"Thanks Johnny..." He said, his voice tired, having lost a lot of blood.

The two hugged, and she kissed him with the passion of a long-lost lover.

So Johnny soul was with the Deus, and the people of Double-I would still have to figure out the influx of Gods that were coming in. Sophia had learned that the people she had conquered were now of Athenina belief and feared reprisal from attacking them, so refused to take the bait and moved onto the next world to conquer. Gabriel and Athenina still hated each other, but in that brief moment, watching the man that they both wanted just be snatched from them made their anger dissipate, and realized that the Deus had taken him.

No soul had gone to him in all of the eons. And within days of Nassau burning, of the south being conquered by the forgein Gods that Lin had sold out and sent here, Gabriel had set off to find Johnny. Leaving his world for any god to claim, and Athenina followed. Her perfect, non-immoral succubus form took the reins of government as she elevated Maeve to become her demi-god who followed wherever she went.

As for Johnny, the Deus Divinitus looked upon him and said this. "My son, I have a new world that you will enjoy, why not rest there until I prepare a place for you amongst the new kin you have made yourself a part of."

Johnny, unsure of what he meant, nodded.

And within moments found himself on a bed of leaves, his wounds healed, and unaware of where he was. A child approached, and saw this frail man in front of them. The mark from before disappearing as Johnny asked, "Where am I?"

"Here, in your world, my king."