Space Station Colt 20: The New Alliance

Dedications

This novel is dedicated to
God and my unborn
nephew or neice, yet.

P.S. to and for Tommy and Traci,
you can make and will make
it, I hope.

A.S.V.P. to and for Nancy
and Johnathon.

N-JKSHN TTM?? for David Bruce Jeune
The 5-6 years weren't for nothin'.

Quotebook

Even from the depths of death, I will always be in the midst of chaos

- Raven

What's done is done and you can't change it. But this isn't finished

- Edmund Alexander Sims II

He who laughs last is a little slower

- Mike Olhava

I don't wanna be a pig

- Thomas Edward Sims III

You can use your books but you can't use each other

- Mr. Kelly

This sucks

- Jason Lee

Ooh Edmund

– Marileva Sims

Vigil Force(s)

They are totally different forces, with different views, methods of doing things, different members and different equipment. Though they are very different and separate in being at all corners of the universe, when the time comes, they work together as if they were one group thus the "(s)" in Vigil Force(s).

Earth - dD (The D. Doods)

Solstice Satellite - S.F.S. (The Space Force Specialists)

Second Earth - VA (Triple Action) &

$\sum$ (The Enforcers)

These are the elite. Their priorities would make one think, Thank God they are on our side. 444

Y.O.C.

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175: Passage Direction

"See you inside," Julian Tayar popped a fresh stick gum into his mouth.

"Yeah right," Pete Rogue dropped his cigarette out of his mouth as he peered up to the top of the roof he had to ascend. "Fu--."

They both wore long trench coats which housed a pretty impressive arsenal.

Pete removed a grappling gun from his coat and aimed toward the gutter. The grapple shot up and hooked onto the 309:1

quoter. He tugged on the line with gloved hands to secure the line. He connected a safety lock to the line to prevent a deadly fall.

"Who's that guy?" one of the hostage takers asked. He was an obvious floor guard to the trained eye.

The communicator was locked on so the leader heard everything. His voice came in nice and clear over the hearing aid like one piece ear piece, "Find out what he wants and get rid of 'im."

"Stail as-gum," Julian spit his 'fresh' stick into the nearest receptical and put new piece in.

"Can I help you?" The hostage receptionist asked.

"Yeah, uh, do you know Sycamore Road is?"

Pete Rogue lit another cigarette and started his ascent. When he passed the second story he loaded. six shooter and .44 magnum. after resheathing his swords, he commenced loading his 9mm and Mac 10. The 9mm was put comfortably between his back and blue jeans. He would complete his climb with mac 10 in hand. But first, the infamous look at the ground. He felt nauseous but inhaled deeply on his cigarette butt to bring him back to reality.

"So you take 53 to Rapsfield -." Julian could see the fear in the receptionist's eyes. One wrong slip of the tongue and the receptionists was

dead as soon as Julian left. But Julian had to stall.

"No!" the guard pushed the receptionist out of the way. While he took over the complimentary road map provided by the office." What the fu-- is your problem? She told you the way six times. You fu--in' retarded?"

"Aye your rude, I'm not buyin' insurance here."

Pete reached the roof and pulled himself on top. He collapsed to the rooftop and laid there exhausted and weary.

"Well what do we have here," a guard grinned to another, "spider man."

"Radio it in," the other guard ordered, "an extra hostage, a cop."

"No I can't take it any- 312:1

more!"

"What the-?!"

Pete's safety was off as he leaped over the roof.

"No one can survive a fall like that," both guards went to the edge and peered over.

Two burst of fire flew from the Mac 10 as the two roof guards jerked backward violently.

"Shi-." Pete looked at the ground again and closed his eyes as he climbed back up with muscles straining.

As soon as Pete reached solid rooftop ground, he shook off the dizziness and pulled out another cigarette as he and the Mac10 and .44 magnum made it to the Lecending

staircase beyond the lonely door.

"Fine!" Julian yelled. "I'll take my business elsewhere."

"Good!"

Julian spun his gun hitting the guard. The other guard held his friend back from starting a fight that would blow everybody's cover.

"Here, take the map, leave," the more composed guard pushed the now wrinkled and ripped complimentary map in Julian's face.

"Ca-hole," Julian grabbed the map and walked outside to his car.

"What're you tryin' to pull some shi- like that for?!" The guard let his partner go. "Check and see

if he's gone."

"Aye it wadn't my fault man. 'Ha' doo' be trippin'."

"What's the situation?" the leader's voice came from the earpiece once more.

"Calm, now," the guard nearest the revolving doors peered out to see Julian skid off, "he's gone."

"Make sure there are no more interuptions like that. I don't want the cops to find out about our little fiasco."

The guard nearest the receptionist pulled her hair backward and put a knife to her throat. "You handled that well, you'll live a little longer.

"You got that N.Z.?" Julian had his car phone on speaker phone.

"Roger Julian," Sec, the seventeen year old secretary agreed, "that's a confirmed hostage situation."

"I see my bugged bubble works," Christen Curch smiled.

"Tastes great and freshens breath too." Julian did a wild U-turn and headed back to the office building.

"You got your warrant," Commissioner Tyro said.

"Fax it," Julian suggested.

The Black commissioner nodded to Sec and seconds later a fresh legal copy of the search warrant appeared in Julian's glove compartment.

"What I wanna know is why they took over the

office building," Christen replied.
"Let's go find out," Gyro put on a wind breaker jacket and headed toward the elevator with Christen close behind.
"You guys need back up?" Sec called.
"Nah, I have messy hostage situations and reporters. We'll handle this," Gyro insisted.

Pete Rogue descended the steep stairs to be met by another guard.
"aye who're uh-". Pete Rogue put a slug between the guards eyes and continued down to the top floor.
"Gu- this runnin' shi-:" Pete pushed the elevator call button and waited

impatiently.

"Who's using the elevator?" the leader asked. "Get on the fifteenth floor. There's a 5-0 incoming fifteenth floor!"

Guards posted outside the elevator. The trademarked ding sounded and the doors slid open. An immediate bullet barrage riddled the walls of the elevator car.

"Hold your fire. Hold your fire da--it!" the guard ran into the car and signaled for another to hold the doors open.

"I saw this in a movie once," one guard announced.

The guard in the elevator put another J-magazine in his uzi and cocked it. He pointed up toward the

ceiling and pulled the trigger. The top lights blew out with violent sparks. "Whoever was up there is dead now."

A loud metal slamming sound emitted from the elevator. The guard grabbed his crotch and keeled over.

The guard holding the doors open jumped back. The doors closed and the elevator ascended.

Pete Rogue held on to the bottom and blew out a hole clip through closed doors. The three other guards were easy targets.

Pete slid down the cable to the seventh floor and pulled open the doors. He did a forward roll inside to make himself as difficult a target as

possible. No guards were present.

"Get me whoever's in charge on the line now!" the leader ordered.

"May I ask who's callin'?" Sec asked.

"This is Stalbord of the Penetration Elimination. I have hostages. I want a copter to which I will bring two hostages along. I want all of my agents released from prison in the next minute or the killing begins." Stalbord was dead serious.

"Uh Commissioner Gyrsie busy, can I take a message?" Sec asked pretending to be a little kid when his parents

weren't home.

"Who the fu--is this?" Stalbert was unnerved.

Sec put a tap and a trace on the phone as well as transferring the line to Commissioner Gyro's car phone. He put the mute on Stalbert's speaking his mind while Sec spoke to Gyro and Christen.

"What floor is he on?" Christen spoke through the speaker phone as he attached an ear to mouth communicator.

"Sixth floor - you guys wanna talk to him?"

"No," Gyro pulled into parking lot along side

321:1

Julian Kanyar's 4th S.O.
Christen pushed a tiny button to ring Pete Rogue.

"What floor?" Pete put the apparatus to his ear.

"Sixth," Christen answered.

"Fu--," Pete put the apparatus back into his trench coat and lit up another cigarette.

"So are you a Republican or Democrat, Independent maybe?" Sec asked Stalbord.

"If I find out who this is your as- is mine!"

"Fu-- you then," Sec slammed the phone down doing temporary damage to Stalbord's right hearing.

"Start billing the hostages starting with the receptionist."

"You guys gonna move now, he's gonna start billing!" Sec was horrified.

"Let's move," Julian Kayar pulled to pump shotguns from his trench coat. He pumped them and threw them forward so he could catch it in the trigger. A shot from each leveled the revolving doors.
"Let's hope Rogue gets to Stalkorden in time," Syro put a cartridge in his eight shooter.
"Pete knows what he's doing," Christen Curch reassured.

"What the fu-- am I doin' 323:1

here?" Pete Rogue kicked a sofa over for a barricade. The antique lost face value.

The guards were between Rogue and the stairs but they were also between his attempt on saving the lives of some hostages.

"On four, no three," Pete counted silently as he unholstered his .44 and government model six shooter.

He threw the empty Mac 10 passed the left of the couch distracting the guards for a split second. Pete rolled stretched out to his right taking out the barrier.

There was no time to go back for the Mac 10. Pete quickly reloaded the .44 and pulled the 9mm. One flight to go.

"What was that?" the hostile guard shreaked. He peered to his left to see his more passive partner riddled with buck shot, bleeding heavily, deceased.

He went for his gun and the receptionist but she kicked him in the crotch and hit the deck while Gyro put slugs where the guard's face should've been.

"Curch," Gyro ordered, "take care o' the lady.

"Sixth floor," she pointed to the stairs.

"We know," Julian took the stairs while Gyro took the elevator.

"But how'd you-uh," the hostile guard put 9mm parabellum in the receptionist's back.

Christen leaped to the floor and grabbed the

mutilate guard's weapon. The automatic put the hostile guard out of his misery.
He picked up the receptionist and carried her to the commissioner Gyro's car."
"Hang in there, I've got friends."

Pete Rogue kicked in the door and was officially on the sixth floor.
"Gu-- pinned down," Pete made the best of the situation and lit up another cigarette.
The trademarked ding sounded and commissioner Gyro popped out of the elevator using the infamous sneak attack
The crossfire of Pete and Gyro completed the masacre.
"Where's Gallord?" Gyro breakt down beside a liberated

hostage.
"He's goin' to the roof, got a hostage," the man was speechless with thankfulness.
"Close da--it!" Pete hit the panel.
"Where's Rogue?" Julian Kazar ran in out of breath
"Roof," Syro nodded.
"Su--!" Julian gathered his composure and ran up the flights of stairs.

"Hold it right there Stalbord!" Pete Rogue aimed for the head.
The hooded bad man smirked underneath the hood, "You're good but not that good." a shot rang out killing the hostage.
Stalbord leaped off the roof but Pete hesitated to 327:1

trail.

"Aye Pete! Awe Pete," Julian shook his head in disgust.

Pete nudged just far enough to see over the edge. "That's my trick!" He saw Stalbord climbing down his rope and escaping in a convertible hidden in the adjacent alley.

"Su--!"

176: Punctuality

"Why'd they go back?" Vanessa asked.

"They didn't really," E.J. explained, "it's an undercover last resort kind of thing."

"But why?" Vanessa persisted.

"Us," M.J. simply replied.

"I was thinkin' about how we would get through school."

"Derek, school, oxymoron," E.J. staired at his little brother as did the others.

"From the girl - getting point - 329:1

of-view." Derek used hand gestures trying to sway suspicion. Politician complex.

It was a rather quiet morning in the "New Sims Household" of Second Earth, as always. Just the six of them, the two twenty year old lovers and four distinctive children.

E.J., the most mature leader of the four. He would probably be voted most libely to succeed. His genes gave him his parents' cool logical thinking and his mother's Dorodan abilities.

M.J., the second oldest child. She would be voted most libely to become a hermit. She inherited her father's just leave me be side. M.J. didn't say much, but when she did, it was worth listening to.

Derek, the rebel.

Vanessa was the typical Dorodan daughter. She was as attached to her mother as Angelica was and would always be to Commander in their matriarchle Dorodan society.

And the two twenty year old lovers. Two totally opposite lives coming together in more ways than <u>two</u>.

Edmund was the street smart juvenile who only his true friends understood. Nobody else made the effort to. He had lost his mother to the wrath of the Claw and his father to the Chicago Correctional Facility due to terrible Space Force leadership ever since the first Leader passed of a rare disease.

A lot of people tried to keep Edmund down. Teachers, enemies, and so-called friends. But he proved them all wrong when they wound up going to community colleges, dead, in boring, low paying jobs, hypertension and still teaching, perhaps the worst of all. When Edmund his wife came to the class reunion, mouths dropped through the Earth's core. He was married with four kids and they (the losers) were dumbfounded ordinary as-holes.

Marilena was the street smart rich girl. Her life started off boringly. She wanted action.

Then she met her husband-to-be. She embraced him that day Edmund had lost his first love. Marilena took 33?:1

her future husband to his house to get his bare necessities for he had been drafted into the Space Force to fight the Dorodan scourge.

Marilova noticed that Edmund was taking excessively long to get dressed after his bath. She peered in Edmund's room and saw him putting an eight-shooter to the side of his head.

Marilova pulled the gun away right before it went off. They struggled, fell on the bed, and conceived E. J.

She was later captured by the Dorodans and turned into a half Dorodan (rescued by Edmund before Maven's influence set in and all was

hopeless).

Marileva's mother, Ms. Dilse, found out about E. J. and threatened to take the family fortune away if E. J. wasn't put up for adoption. She did.

Marileva married her true love, Edmund, and got herself disowned. No matter, she was finally happy and got the action she wanted.

Everybody was happy.

"You alright Sylvia?" Billy noticed a tad of disorientation affecting Sylvia's daily routine

"It's nothing," the Briton said as she sat on her bed.

"Come on," Billy sat next to Sylvia, "what's goin' on. It's not normal for a Dorodan to get sick." He held Sylvia for extra support.

"I'll be fine Billy."

"Maybe I should call Karyn Jacob, just in case."

"No."

"Help you up."

"Sure."

"We don't have to –."

"I'm fine," Sylvia pressed.

"Let's make love," Billy smirked.

"No."

"Yep you're fine."

Sylvia gave Billy a smile as he left the room. She put the back of her hand under her bangs on her forehead. Sylvia was burning up. How could this be. One of the most powerful beings in the universe, coming down with an excessively high fever. She could destroy whole planets with the snap of her fingers. But now, she can't even cure her slight

Disorientation, Uncanny.

"How's the girl, Doctor?" Commissioner Syro asked Doctor Karyn Jacob.

"Ai-Christen got her here just in time," Karyn almost slipped and called Christen his Enforcer name of Autopsy.

Christen smiled wholeheartedly, almost concededly, and gave himself a thumbs up.

"Can we interrogate the prisoner?" Sec asked.

"What?" Karyn laughed.

"Can we talk to her?" Syro slapped Sec on the back of the head.

"Awe what the he--?!"

"Yeah but he stays out." Karyn pointed to Sec.

"Awe man."

"I'll stay out with him," Christen agreed.

"Oh that's reassuring." Sec

frowned.

"Turn that crap off!" Pete yelled to overcome the loud music.

"That's Rap Music!" Julian protested as his S.O boomed down the street and his head bobbed and body went how the streets impurities permitted.

"That's what I said," Pete rephrased, "turn that shi- off."

"You uncultured bastard."

"At least I'll have my hearing."

Julian stopped at the red light. "Why're you so cold. You're so distant."

"Keep talkin'." Pete stared at his rearview mirror. "Go."

"I can't run a light."

"We're cops," Pete explained,"

we get to break the rules we set for others."

The blue convertible sped through the traffic dodging near collisions.

"You get the plate?"

Pete shook his head, "Was none."

"Oh-shi-."

Pete looked forward. Five car blockade with the black car with tinted windows coming up from behind.

"Glove compartment."

"Already got mine," Pete pulled his .44 and 9mm from his windbreaker from a double holster.

"Is that uncomfortable?" Julian spoke too soon. Pete pulled a Mac 10 from the right armpit of his windbreaker and a six-shooter from the back of his jeans.

"I'm always prepared."

"Get my shi- outta the glove."

Pete's mouth fell open as he pulled fully assembled a.9t. 47 and Mossberg pump. "How'd that fit in there?"

"Christen did it."

"Keep talkin," Pete ordered trying to make them look casual and confused.

"I been meanin' to ask you," Julian said, "what does the 'a.9t.' in a.9t. 47 stand for?"

Two people from each of the five cars got out armed with automatics. The guns were to small to make out. The back car turned the long way to prevent Julian from backing out. The two windows rolled down. Guns pitted against the 339:1

door with barrels hanging outside the window were cocked.

"Well?" Julian persisted while popping his gum.

Pete blew smoke out of his mouth after lighting up. "As-biller, now fu--in' drive!!"

The barrage began as Julian made a biller hey that would tip most cars over. The blue car swerved around the black car while Pete blew out the tires of the enemies.

"Fu--in' a dood," Julian gave Pete a high five.

The car sped onto a ramp exit and onto a highway headed to the suburbs. The city was too dangerous at this time of day.

Marilva and Edmund laid together in the white tub. The 340:1

water kept warm by their combined body heat. Both of their heart rates substantially increased. Yes, they were past the quickie fu--ing. They made love and "it" got better each time. It wasn't mad infatuation, they were in utter love.

If not shown by their actions, then by their water bill. Three baths a day together. Safe clean sex.

Their luscious lips met, Marilena on top. Then their eyes met. Marilena had perhaps the most beautiful eyes in the universe. Everybody had said so, men and women alike.

Edmund kissed and fondled Marilena's breasts then she

pressed his head against them. She kissed her husband's head. She laid him back in the tub running her hair over Edmund's chest tickling him. The trademarked moan.

Then penetration, moaning excellerated. Edmund grabbed Marileva's butt furthering the vaginal penetration.

Marileva allowed herself to be put on the bottom. Orgasm set in on both as Edmund pulled out. The come dissipated in the clear water.

Marileva's arms hooked around Edmund's head and torso. She pulled him back onto herself slowly and guided his penis back into her vagina. She kissed his lips, "I can control whether I get pregnant or not. Don't worry." She gripped the side of the tub.

He was reassuring for Edmund.

Then there was the heavy breathing as Marileva

returned to the top position. She squeezed her legs together. Edmund was null and void. She laid her head on Edmund's chest as she too lost consciousness. All the health classes in the world could not have prepared them for the real thing. It was so much more.

As was Edmund and Marileva's relationship, so much more. Not just because of what they felt for each other, or their risking their lives for the other.

Marileva had allowed Edmund to feel all three pregnancies. They were bonded like seimese twins. The two were meant for each other.

So innocent, so young. Whenever they made love, they merged in more ways than two. They were bonded

but broken down, weak lovestruck. Cupid had shot them with .44 love. Not even true Dorodans achieve this aspect of marriage. Edmund could come by the mere touch of his wife. Marileva's fiestiness would fly out the window, her assertiveness shot to pieces. When she was with Edmund, she was almost compliant. Haven would have loved to have the two so vulnerable.

Marileva's grip slowly fell away.

Suddenly the toilet flushed. Edmund and Marileva startled, nearly jumped out of the tub. They sat up holding each other just staring at Derek.

Derek dried his hands with the orange hand towel. "Oh don't mind me, carry on." Derek left closing the door

behind him.

The two lovers simply stared at each other.

"At least he washed his hands," Marilena offered a smile, water everywhere.

Edmund sighed and shrugged as he peered at the door one last time. "Better he learn it from us - ."

"When on the street."

Marilena turned his chin so they'd once more be face to face. "Shut up and kiss me."

They laid back into the water, lips madly positioning.

"I betcha we're gonna be the only ones there," Billy speculated.

"Yeah." Sylvia held her forehead as sight became garbled, then darkness.

Sylvia fell into Billy's arms as they hit the driveway." 8345:1

know I'm irresistable but—."
He took her pulse. It was almost nonexistent.

"Where the fu--is everybody?" Ebo Octench, leader of the Space Force Specialists asked. "Can't stand late mutha fu--as. Where are they?!"
Matt and Minla both shrugged. Club Soda wasn't open so it made for a great meeting place for whoever scheduled it. The Enforcers could stay ahead this way by listening to others' conversations.
The meeting between the S.F. Specialists and Triple Action would be temporarily postponed.

"Thanks for coming," Billy said while pacing.
"Of course," Marileva replied.
"How is she?" Edmund asked.

"Karyn's running some tests," Christen announced.

"What're you doin' here?" E.J. asked.

"We were getting a positive I.D. of Stalbord from a wounded hostage," commissioner Syzo said as he slapped Jec on the back of the head again. "Let the ladies have a seat."

"Don't mind us we're fine," Vanessa said, "thanks."

Syzo nodded.

"Aye what happened?" Pete and Julian popped out of the elevator.

"I thought you had four kids." Julian handed out sticks of gum to the children.

"E.J. find Derek," Edmund ordered shaking his head.

Karyn came out of Sylvia's room, "We were able to take

care of her fever. It was just a little morning sickness."

"What??" everybody asked.

"You're a Daddy, Billy."

"What, I - I never touched her."

177: The Ironicies of Life

Christen Cunch and Doctor Karyn Jacob both sat at Karyn's desk analyzing the genetic make ups of the newborn.

"It's definately a crystalline make up," Karyn announced.

"From the male also?" Christen asked.

Karyn nodded. "I just wish I could have done an amniocentesis. It would help immensely."

"Register the chromosomes with any known male in the data bank."

Kanyn's fingers flew over the keys. When she stopped, a look of disappointment crossed her face. "I'm cross-referencing files from Yahn and the Crystal Planet."
"Good thinking."

"Derek and us are gonna chill for a while," Pere said.
"I'm gonna stay with Sylvia," Billy replied while holding his girlfriends hand.
Sylvia had awoken five minutes ago from the mild sedative Kanyn gave her to deal with the pain.
"Take care Sylvia," Derek kissed Sylvia's other hand.
"Watch it Derek," Billy smiled.
"Bye," Sylvia answered softly.
"Don't worry Sylvia," Commissioner Syro replied, "we'll figure this out. You get your

rest. I don't want my best cop out-of-action for too long."

"Aye I thought I was the best." Julian frounedwhile grinding his gum between his left molars.

"Dude, you're fu--in' off," Pete said.

"Fu-- you," Julian shook his head with a smile on his face.

"Well we're out," Pete cleared his throat.

"Tha's cool." Derek nodded.

Julian, Pete and Derek left headed for Pete's house.

"Where's the Sims clan?" Sylvia asked.

Billy feeling his lion head hanging earring answered, "None o' them are breakfast but came straight over here. The kids were hungry."

"Oh," Sylvia sympathized, Dm 351:1

hungry too. When do we eat inside this place? Where's Sec?"

"We went back to the station," Gyro explained, "Pete and Julian were ambushed today. Sec's handlin' the paperwork."

Sylvia groaned, "Paperwork."

"Yeah but he's gettin' paid for it," the commissioner added.

"So what's the plan coach?" Billy asked sitting next to his girlfriend.

"We've gotta find out where that baby came from. Our files here on Second Earth are limited. Edmund and Manileva are gonna infiltrate the Crystal Planet's file system. Pete and Julian are gonna handle the ambush and hostage situations here. I'm gonna get in touch with Leader 1 and... The Specialists."

"Those fu-- heads," Billy replied.

"Yeah unfortunately," Commissioner Syro shrugged," we all had a meeting wit' them at Club Soda. & mean Leader 1 and his Secret Servicemen are cool-,"

"Yeah," Sylvia agreed.

"But those Specialists, gosh. Well you two take care after all, you're parents, & guess." Syro extended an arm with hand up to the two signifying 'good bye'.

A few minutes later, Tarynn entered with the baby wrapped in a towel, cradled in her arms. "Here you go Sylvia."

"Thankyou, any luck finding the father."

"Nah Christen and I couldn't reference the

Crystal Planet files." Yaryn leaned against the wall.
"So we heard," Billy said.
"Well I'll leave you two alone," Sylvia said in a nice tone as she exited.
"He's beautiful," Sylvia examined her son, "a true Dorodan."
"Our baby would be beautiful," Billy smiled.
"Oh Billy," the Brion smiled back.

Edmund and Marileva had entered the Crystal Palace without warrant. The two and the rulers of the Crystal Planet went way back.
Commander was responsible for Marileva's becoming a Dorodan. Angelica stole and manipulated Edmund's heart. Of course, Marileva took her

man back. The two lovers had survived all attempts to tear their relationship apart.

Yes, it was true love. But there was one battle yet.

Angelica still had an influence over Edmund from her potent Dorodan breast milk. Whenever she was near, Edmund would become weak in the knees and weak-willed.

The time had come to fight back and confront this Achille's heel.

Edmund took a deep breath. Angelica's infamous pink spore perfume was in the air. The influence was setting in. Not enough to be able to succomb. Just to disorient.

"Give me your hand," Marileva said. She knew Edmund needed all the support

he could get. "Can you handle her?"

Edmund nodded.

Marileva kissed her husband on the lips and headed toward the palace control room. Edmund ascended the spiral staircase. The whole palace was made of Crystal. That's all their was on the Crystal Planet.

There was light to no security. Nobody "fu--ed" with the Dorodans. No one wanted another war.

Edmund extended and arm to knock on the door of his old flame.

"Come in." Angelica knew he was outside.

Edmund gave her a smooth overview from head to toe without moving his head, tongue pressing his teeth. An impressive and pleasant

sight to the least.

Angelica was not aware of Manilova's being on the grounds. She had no telepathing knowing of half Dorodans or others, humans and Dorodans yes. Yahnians and Pillonians, no.

"We have to talk." Edmund sat on the bed.

Angelica sat next to Edmund, legs crossed. She wasn't the typical blonde bombshell but she was an atomic bomb. "About what."

Edmund fought his erection. "I need information from your computers."

"It'll cost you." She put her arms around Edmund.

"No." Edmund pushed Angelica away. He stood.

Angelica stood and held his wrist. They were eye to

eye, chest to chest.

"You know you still have feelings for me."

"No Angel, it's over. I love Marilena."

"Bullshi-!"

"You wish it was!" Edmund used vital energy to resist the temptation.

"Don't resist anymore. I can make you feel so good," Angelica's voice was soothing and seductive. "It is over."

Edmund fell to his knees and muttered his wife's name, "I love Marilena" "Yes you do. No - you don't."

Marilena stood motionless and unresponsive for a moment. "Edmund." She removed the diabetic from the drive and put it in her purse. Marilena then began the task of running up stairs in heels.

The eighteen year old seductress rose Edmund to his feet.

Marileva pulled her triple action funcs from her purse and stormed into angelica's bedroom, earrings swaying back and forth. Her hair wasn't a factor. It had been cut short and held.

"Let go of my husband you bitc-," Marileva ordered with laser ready and aimed.

"He's mine!" angelica said.

"He doesn't love you, quit fooling yourself angelica."

"You can't satisfy him like I can."

"It's all sex to you isn't it well look at him. Drugged, it's empty one sided your pet. You might as well just jack-off. and

for your information, I have four kids by this man and fu--him more than three times a day," Marileva said with the attitude neck motion trademarked by women everywhere. "And I love him with all my heart."

"Liar!" Angelica screamed.

"Is it?" Marileva moved in. "Or did you and Commander take my mind to use for an excuse to fu-- my husband. It didn't work."

Angelica was in tears. The truth hurt utterly.

"All your plans backfired, I bet Raven was even in on it. Our minds together only made you sweeter little girl. It's time to grow up and quit playin' these games."

Marileva pulled her man

away.

"Help me, Marileva." Edmund held his wife for security. His emotions and mind were numbed. This included a disorienting migraine.

"Remember this Angelica for the rest of your life but forget about my man. After all we've been through, I'll be da-med if I let him get away. What's done is done and you can't change it. This is finished. It's over!"

Angelica sat on her bed denying the presence of that day.

Marileva held Edmund on her left and fired the laser on her right sending the picture of Edmund on Angelica's dresser up in flames.

A blood curdling "no" came from Angelica's mouth like that of a "B" horror flick. She then turned to see Edmund and Marilena's lips pressed together in the most faithful and [illegible] form of love.

The twenty year olds were in <u>true love</u>.*

"Hey you sure you didn't go to prom?" Edmund asked Marilena.

"Nope, my mother said no one there was good enough for me. She was right."

The S. G. Class III fighter soared through the depths of space.

"Nice pad," Derek said when Pete turned the lights on of his house.

Julian removed his trenchcoat 362:1

* Once Edmund was free of the influence

and tossed it on Pete's one person television lounge chair while plopping down on the love seat, feet on the coffee table

The air was of sweet smelling perfume. This house was a home. a complete contradiction of the tired-out, cigarette eatin' cop.

Derek looked at Pete and then at the house various times. Something, or <u>someone</u> did not fit.

"Get your shi-off the table," Pete ordered while removing his trenchcoat and double holster. He picked up Julian's trench-coat and took Derek's S.S.C. Jacket to the closet hanging them all up.

"Tidy aren't you?" Derek asked.

"For what, a burnout cop?" Pete left the living room. 363:1

"No, a rugged cop," Derek muttered.

"Don't sweat that act he puts on," Julian advised." Aye want some gum?"

"Yeah sure."

Julian removed his packs of stick and bubble gum," Take your pick. He does that everytime he gets in this house."

"Who's this, thanks?"

"Tha's Peré and me when we graduated from highschool."

"What the-."

"Tha's what I say, now,"

"Different years?"

"O' course, he is older."

"Whose the babe?" Derek inquired.

"His wife," Julian took the picture and examined. "Now those two were in love. Kinda like your parents."

"You say were?" Derek asked. 364:1

Julian replaced the picture on the fireplace while Pete came half way down the stairs. He stopped, sat and listened.

"Yeah, unfortunately. She was killed and Pete went down the toilet. He started smokin', swearin'. He's out of control. Put a bullet in the lawbreaker, don't give a fu-- attitude."

"My dad was somethin' like that before he met my mom. You all ever find the killer?"

"No, but Pete's got Space Force support now."

"I hope they find the guy that -."

"That what slit her throat and raped her, they better before me," Pete said walking down the stairs. "If I find that as-hole -." Pete shook his head.

Derek nor Julian liked to see Pete like that. But the ironic thing that they both knew was that this made Pete a better policeman. And since Sylvia retired, Pete was the best on the force.

Commissioner Ryo drove into the giant Space Force base of Second Earth. It was a vast improvement over the first Space Force base from the early 21st century which was also riddled with bullet holes and other types of fire currently on Earth. The Dorodans were not officially members of the Space Force but they were allies. The Exilis system housed no Space Force, yet. The Yahnians were allies of the Space Force for two reasons. First, the Space Force

helped to liberate their planet from the evil Zuni. And second, the Planet Zahn needed Space Force protection from any further agressor. They were currently under the protection of Spacestation Soliloquoy.

Guards were posted everywhere. At least one good thing came from this tax raising enterprise, jobs.

Gyro pulled into the parking lot and cut the engine.

"Yra's him," Christen Cinch pointed. Guards rushed to escort Gyro to the door.

"Welcome to Space Force base two," one man said.

"Your piece, please," the other held out an open hand.

Commissioner Gyro removed an unloaded .38 from his holster.

"Nice," the man nodded in

admiration. He gave back the hand gun.

"This way," the first Secret Serviceman replied.

The four entered the main compound and proceeded on to a box-like room. It reminded the two cops of solitary confinement. Guards were concentrated around the room. By Syro's guess, this is where <u>he</u> resided while on Earth.

Syro and Christen entered followed by the two Secret Servicemen.

A man turned around in the bullet proof swivel chair to the sound of the door being latched and bolted.

"So you're the new Leader1 whose supposed to bring many good things to the Space Force," Christen replied.

"I try, please, sit." Leader1's

were interlocked as he leaned on the black marble desk. This man had a lot to make up for. Ever since the first Leader 1 (when the S.S.C. vets were working for the Space Force) died of a rare disease, the Space Force had been plagued with bad and dead leadership. Jerry Stuyvescent hoped to change things. Sanctioning the D. Doods, the Specialists and Triple Action was a great start.

"I trust you've met my men — Murk Wreosir and Chico O'Reilly."

"O' course." Syro nodded. "But I got a few questions."

"Shoot." Leader 1 looked to his Secret Servicemen. It was a hard job and bad puns didn't help.

"Where do the Specialists

come in. Those racists bastards-."
"But they get the job done. I can't say I know how you feel not, facing racism as you might've but that's all they are is specialists. I must warn you though, they're here. We'll be out of here as soon as Solstice Sarelive is completed. I mean look at these conditions." Leader I held out his arms. He had a very evident point.
Murb Wreosir laid out the paperwork for the three. "The D. Woods have Earth as usual. The exception is that they have total Space Force support. The Specialists with Solstice Sarelive will handle all things out of the league of the D. Woods and run interference. Triple Action has Second Earth. I have no idea about the Enforcers."

Chico O'Reilly continued,"
Let them do what they do
best. I'm glad they're on
our side. Spacestation
soliloquoy will keep
negoriations handy on
Qahn. Spacestations Petya, Atlantis
and Vagabond are exploring
Exploriqrasun. Petya is
especially keeping tabs on
Pilloria and Bruton. Liberwise,
Petya has been keepin' an
eye on Planet Exile or
what's left of it. Atlantis
is doing the actual
exploration with Vagabond
setting up satelite stations
every secion."
"So due to the lack
of spacestations, the D. Docks
and Triple Action have
become defenders of the
Earths."
"Exactly, you up to it?"
Leader I asked.

371:1

"You forgot to mention Spacestation Cole, where're they?"

Commissioner Syro sat pensive.

"The damage on the S.S.C. is very extensive. Jerry had been working with an already impossible jigsaw puzzle that didn't have all the pieces to begin with. It's a mix of old and new technology that was a one hit wonder." Murk explained.

"He's got the plans right?" Christen asked.

"Yeah." Chico nodded

"It's one of those mechanics nightmares huh?"

"No," Chico disagreed, "you ever heard of Ed, the mechanic."

"Oh, no wonder. Hey who else is in on this Solstice satellite thing?"

"Jerry Jerrison, Jetson Jerrison, Karyn Jacob -"

"And me," Christen agreed.
"What about you Commissioner?" Leader 1 asked. "You in."
"Someone's got help make the universe safe for my wife and two children. I think it should be me. I'm in."
Commissioner Zero and Leader 1 shook hands officially instigating Triple Action's usefulness. as if they weren't already

178: Triple Action versus the Specialists

The Space Force class III prototype fighter vertically landed in its proper circular landing pad.

Julian Kayar's Mustang convertible pulled out of the Second Earth Police Force parking lot with the new passenger of Sec.

The Space Force Stealth car pulled out of the Sims driveway and onto the highway minutes later.

Billy and Sylvia with their newborn took the bus.

"Well look who's finally here," Ebo Octench said.
"Ya's send 'em niggas back to Africa," Fexander Meijer cracked his knuckles, "in body bags."

As Marilena and Edmund climbed down from their fighter, they saw Christen Curch about to board a shuttle in the adjacent landing field
Christen held up a hand to the pilot instructing him to wait as he went over to the Sims's. "Oh you're back."
"The question is, where are you headin'?" Edmund asked.
"Leader 1 gave me the opportunity to help out at Solstice Satellite."
"Oh it's impressive," Marilena replied, "I'm surprised we missed it on our return trip."
"Spacestation Colt's up there,

night?" Christen asked.

Marilena nodded.

"Well, I ought'a let you two go. I'm sure you wanna see your children."

"Well we'll check ya later," Edmund said.

"Bye," Marilena replied. They all went their ways.

"He's a good person," Edmund said.

"Yeah, I like him," Marilena agreed. "I'll check the fighter in. Go see if the kids and the rest of 'ya are here."

Edmund kissed his wife and went his way.

"I love you Edmund!" Marilena called as she blew a kiss back.

"I love you Marilena!"

a lot of couples never said this simple yet complex phrase enough. Were these couples truly in love, or

infatuated. When they did, it was too late.*

"Aw shi-!" Pete yelled.
"What?" Sarek asked.
"Gun check," Sec answered.
"I have been unarmed," Pete announced as they all entered Space Force grounds.
"At least they won't get our G.A. Funcs," Julian put his keys in his pocket.
"Weapons please and I.D.," a tired out checkpoint guard said. His metal detector flashed bright red when Julian and Pete walked by.
From underneath their trenchcoats began the barrage of their declaration.

Billy Smith and Sylvia Senoxx, with newborn, arrived at basically the same time as E.J., M.J. and Vanessa.
They easily caught up to

* including Commissioner Byrd

Julian, Pete, Derek and Bec who where easily up five minutes on them.

The checkpoint guards mouth dropped through the floor as his booth started to tip over. "Keep the weapons, I believe you. Talk about heavily armed. I won't even say it."

Billy approached and held up his triple action I.D. card.

"Just go right in, please," the guard sighed a big sigh of relief.

"You've been workin' too hard."

"What, who said that?" the guard looked out and down at M.J. He fainted.

"I'm glad our parents aren't like that," E.J. referred to that paranoid wreck in the booth.

"Yeah no biddin'," Derek agreed.

"Well look who finally showed up."

"Ebo Octench," Edmund replied

"It's Mr. Octench to you, boy."

The other Space Force Specialists surrounded Edmund.

"Let's fu--'im up!" Yolz Rabt, the German replied.

"Look, I don't want any trouble," Edmund reached for his Triple Action Func.

"Well you found it, nigger," Rupric Gar said.

All the members lunged at Edmund. His father had told him of the racism in the <u>universe</u>. Edmund had never really experienced the full violent extent of it. But now he was going to be lynched.

He started screaming as he activated the uni feature of the Func. But he had under-estimated their name. These

guys really were Specialists.

"Is there somethin' wrong Marileva?" Murk asked.

Marileva felt the pain of the psychological bond between her husband and herself.

Commissioner Syro held Marileva up giving her something to bear against.

"Edmund's in trouble."

"You can feel his fear?" Chico was amazed.

"Yes! Come on." Marileva was worried

"What the fu-- was that?" Pete asked.

"That sounded like Edmund," Sylvia answered.

The nine began a sprint for the origin of the yell. The whole time Pete and Julian loaded up. They knew what it was, those fu-- in' Specialists.

Edmund used a powerful backward smash against the face of Saith Romere with gun in hand instigating a nose bleed. Clance Weathers kicked the gun out of Edmund's hand while Dan Machewske put him in a full nelson. Sirep Wer kicked Edmund numerously in the genitals.

"I thought you black as-niggers had big balls," Calvin Conrad said while holding up Edmund's head. Edmund spit in his face.

"Su--you," Edmund said in live pain.

Dupric Sar began giving sharp and hard punches to the ribs and adominal section. The Specialists knew where to give a person pain.

"You're as fiesty as that

bitc- you call a wife,"
Machewski said.
"Yu--," Edmund elbowed
Machewski breaking out of
the full nelson, "you!" a
crushing two arm
smash against the neck
put Machewski out to
pasture.
"Can't let this african
porch monkey do this to
us!" Zobrakt replied.
Suddenly he flew backward
from a laser watch blast.
"Shi-." Edmund could
barely stand as he favored
his left side.
Calvin kicked Edmund in
the shins, kneecaps and
left side of his torso.
"a weakness."
Calvin, Ebo and the rest
began kicking Edmund
ruthlessly.
Edmund falling utterly numb, 382:1

started laughing. Shock started in.

"Yu--'s so funny Shaba Tinté?" Sexander Meyer asked.

"You got a daughter Ebo?" Edmund asked as they turned him over. His switch blade fell out.

"Yeah so?" Ebo picked up the switch blade.

"I can't wait till my son gets to her."

"I'm a shoot your ass-up Tunta." Sirep Wer attempted to fire the F.A. Func. An electrical charge put him out of commission.

"Edmund!" Marilena's heart pumping out of her chest showed her anguish.

"Yu--you," Ebo said while plunging the knife into Edmund's stomach, and Edmund didn't move. Clance and Rupric continued to kick

making sure they got the job done. After all, they were specialists.

"Oh no, they got Edmund," Billy's mouth dropped further open than the checkpoint guards.

Marilena ran to her husband but had to get past the specialists.

"Where you goin' my Nubian princess?" Calvin Conrad asked. He was even astonished at how beautiful a black woman could be.

Marilena used this to her advantage as well as her Dorodan ability and her own skills. She spun and kicked Calvin in the stomach using the force of her Dorodan ability, with hard high heels.

Commissioner Hyre finished Calvin off and acted as cover 384:1

for Marilena to get to her husband.

"Well if it ain't the nigga-lovers," Ebo threw the swith blade drenched in blood at Deub.

Billy caught it in his hand and spun to propel it into Rupric Gar's kneecap.

"Awe fu--! Shoot me!" Rupric screamed.

"Hold my son." Sylvia handed the baby to Vanessa.

"Help my father Miss Lenorox," Vanessa said.

Sylvia cocked the 9mm of her Lunc. "I'll help avenge him."

Marilena and Sylvia kept their powers concealed. They didn't need another chip stacked against them in the Specialists' hands.

"Oh shi-! Fu--!"

"Fore!" Julian swung his shotgun nearly taking Rupric's

head off. That shut up his whaling.

"I love a good breecapattack," Billy replied as he got into his fighting stance.

"Kung Fu guy aye? Ugh!" Clance never saw Sylvia coming from behind.

"I hate you fu--ers. I don't care whose side you're on you're not on my side. If you're not with me, you're against me."

Sexander had a smirk on his face the whole time, "Can't we talk this over old man?" after all, he was unarmed. Pete had four more guns than him. Sexander jumped to his hands and pushed over like a forward flip making contact.

The guns flew out of Pete's hands as he, himself

flew backward. "Fu--in' a!" Pete threw down his trench coat.

"Gimme a break Rogue, you're outta your league," Lexander said getting into fighting stance.

"So were you when you fu--ed wit' Edmund. The man had a family and a future. Somethin' he never had before. He was only twenty years old. I hate your fu--in' generation." The melee lasted only a short while. Experience paid off and Lexander ended up with a broken arm.

"Don't die on me Edmund," Marileva held her husband close to her heart.

E.J., M.J., Derek and Vanessa approached.

"Dad," Derek walked over to Pete Rogue's trenchcoat. Inside

was the 9mm and .44. Derek chose the 9mm.

By now, guards surrounded the area. They didn't know what to make of it.

Derek had cracked. He charged and attacked Sbo Octench smacking the gun against him at any turn, clawing too. Sbo pushed Derek off and heard the sounds of weapons pointed at him. Other specialists came too. Standoff, but E. J. and M. J. had to hold their brother back. Emotions ran high. Trigger fingers were itchy.

Mark and Chico with other Secret Service agents separated the two groups.

"Gimme the gun Derek." Marileva held out her hand.

Derek looked back and forth at his father and Sbo Octench.

"Da--it, Derek, give me the gun!" Marileva ordered.

Derek gave his mother the gun and went to her open arm to be held. Marileva handed the gun to Pete, E.J., M.J., and Vanessa got in too.

"I called 911," Sec announced.

"Why doesn't she use her powers?" Commissioner Gyro.

"A promise made a while ago," Billy sighed.

Billy and Sylvia stood motionless and speechless with their child.

Julian popped in a new stick of gum. He spat a lot and salivated when said, not cried.

Pete went to light a cigarette then threw it to the ground and crushed it under his foot. He wouldn't wish this situation on anybody except the Rapester.

Gyro stood and pictured him-389:1

self in this situation with his wife and two children.
"Where are those fu--in' ambulances?" Sylvia asked.
"Su--this," Julian said, "help me."
"Pick him up as a unit," Commissioner Syzo ordered.
Billy, Julian and Pere did just that as they ran to the Mustang convertible.
"No Lord please no," Marileva pleaded out loud. She tried to stand but fell to her knees. Derek and E.J. helped her back to her feet.
"I'll be alright Mother," Vanessa said. Naiveté. Edmund Alexander Sims II was going to die.

Cestron Sims, Angelica Abern and Belthar Gendrert were among Edmund's first visitors.
"Come on Marileva," Cestron

held his daughter-in-law, "Don't cry."

"It's so hard Cestnor."

"I know what cha mean."

"Me too," Belthar sympathized.

"You came," Marileva sniffed and wiped her tears.

"It was the least I could do. You liberated my planet. We will be eternally grateful."

"Connections," Angelica offered a smile. She shook Marileva's hand.

"Who did this desecration?" Belthar asked.

"The Specialists," E.J. announced.

"Don't worry about things Marileva. Me and the guys'll handle them."

"We already did Sir," Pere Rogue said.

"I like you," Cestnor shook Pere's hand.

"And Lil Derek helped out too," Julian pointed.

"Were you in this sector?" Commissioner Ygro asked.

"Nah I was up at Solstice Satelite when I heard."

Matt, Mimla, Acro, Acra Sin, K.A.G. and Kitty of the Enforcers came out of the elevator.

"What's up Sis, Ac, Acra," Billy greeted.

"Billy," Acro hugged his pupil.

Then billy hugged Angelica.

"What happened?" Acra asked.

"Hello everybody," Sylvia said with baby in arms.

"Long story," Billy answered.

"Sec, come'ere," Marilva called. She pulled out the hard disk and handed it to the teen. "Do somethin' with this."

"Thanks Mrs. Sims," Sec rubbed his acne plagued forehead.

"Let's go Julian," Pete said.
"What about me?" Derek asked.
"Your parents need you now. Besides, kids aren't allowed where we're goin'," Pete explained.
"Here," Julian said while handing Derek his own triple action Sync.
Derek held it.
"Now the gun is only accessable to your use," Julian replied.
"Well we're out," Pete said, "tell your mom we said by - ~~oh~~ and put the gun away. We're in a hospital."

"Call me when you need me or just wanna talk," Cestron told Marilena.
"Call us when he comes out," Commissioner Syso said. He had to get Sec, the intern home before his parents started calling the station. He also had 39311

to put his job second and his family first. He saw how painful it was to lose a spouse twice even when family was first with Pete and now Marileva.

Cestron bissed Marileva on the cheek and left. The kids would stay in the hospital.

"Can we go in and see them?" Mr. A.G. asked.

"Or is it a bad time?" Kitty said

"Bad time," Commissioner Syro answered.

"Well they can always reach us at Club Soda," Mimla agreed.

"I just wish Jerry Jerrison, Karyn Jacob, Girson Jerrison or Christen Cuch were here," Matt said.

"Edmund's got the best treatment they're is, Marileva," Cestron announced.

But was love enough in this case. Multiple internal complications could prove otherwise. And life support was failing. The extent of the injuries were massive.

179: Criminal Elements

"This must be a dream!" Steve jumped around the debriefing table in glee.

"How's that?" Cornado asked.

"Edmund Sims is on the verge of death and the baby has been born. Edmund's dead and Raven's reborn. We've got Spacestation Cobi out of commission and Spacestation Perya chasing a decoy Planet Exile, the smaller version. No more Monster Master or Pillorians.

The universe is ours now."

"But first we need the baby," Arbie Borg added.

"That's the hard part," Cebe Borg agreed.

"Not so my fine and I emphasize fine cyborgs," Glove disagreed.

"Glove is correct," Sineyes explained, "that's why we're called The New alliance. We're like the Japanese, we work together. That's why Edmund's in the hospital right now. Triple action and the Specialists hate each other. That's how the Space Force beat us before. But aboard Planet Exile, resides all exiled creatures from their home planets. Together we're unstoppable."

"That's what you think."

"So wha's the first target Scove?" Pinlock asked.
"I like to think big." Scove tapped his claw on the table. "And my dear Cheapshot has done just that."

"C. Neff, we're registering a massive power up on the surface of Planet Exile."
"Gimme suggestions on what it could be, shields up," C. Neff said.
"They could have a new power source or it's a -."
"A bomb take evasive ac-

"Pro - shi-."

"Point taken and acknowledged," Pinlock clapped.

This waitin' is killin' me. I gotta warn Leader 1 now, somehow. 398:1

and please hold on Edmund.

Marileva awoke to the sound of Edmund's flatline. "Da-n!" She raised her hand and the door closed and locked. Life support was tied in to the whole hospital. She did not want the kids in here panicking or hospital doctors she didn't know. She would handle this.

Marileva shut off the life support and pulled back Edmund's covers. "I tried it your way Edmund but you don't really care to live. Now we try things my way. I saved your life before and I'll do it again. It's for your own good."

Marileva unzipped Edmund's pants and pulled out his penis. She gently stroked it and held it until it was hard. She removed her pink mini skirt and got on top of her

husband and did her thing. Even one sided sex with Edmund was good. She knew her husband's body better than Edmund knew it. And vice-versa of course. She knew what would make him feel good.

There was massive pounding on the doors. As moans of joy stopped there rescue interest, sparking their nosy interest.

Edmund's eyes slowly opened as his breathing steadily increased. His eyes met Marilena's. Soon after, he was in orgasm seconds later, ejaculation occurred. Edmund had come out of his coma, literally.

"Ouch, where am I?" Edmund asked.

"The hospital." Marilena took the wet towel used to beep

Edmund's fever down to clean up the ejaculate.

"Let it never be said that I never made love in a hospital, ouch," Edmund hissed at his new pain. He noticed that his abdomine and his whole right side had been bandaged. "I think they gave me a vasectomy."

"Hope your sperm's fine," Marilena smiled as she jumped on her husband hugging him. "I thought you were gone. Never underestimate the power of orgasm." She started tearing "Ouch."

"Sorry. Can you walk."

Edmund nodded then grabbed his wife's wrist. "God I love you Marilena." He kissed his wife as they fell on the bed ignoring the pain. It wasn't either of their times to go. Yes Edmund Sims was

mortal like everyone else. And now he knew it. Marilena kept her promise and saved her husband without using her Dorodan influence. What a hard promise to keep. All cockiness and fiestiness aside, tonight they would think about how close they were to losing each other. One thing was for sure. Things would never be that close ever again.

The Mustang boomed into the parking lot. It's bassed-out "anti cop" music blended in with that of Humpsman Bar. Pete Rogue was amazed. Day two was long and getting longer.

The two exitted the car not afraid of it or the amped up stereo system being stolen. Julian had a

motion detector tied into his watch. He would be outside in seconds. Besides Carsten made the locks unpickable as well as the stereo unstealable. a person doing the hotwiring got fried. It was the same principal as the triple action func.

Unlike Club Soda, weapons were allowed inside, cops weren't. Humpsman Bar and Club Soda were grave rivals. Also unlike Club Soda, fights happened regularly, almost two an hour and they lasted that long, over stupid stuff like a ball players jersey size. Alcohol obviously escalated these situations. Not much more different from the twentieth century.

"This fu--in' sucks," Pete muttered under his breath.

"Yeah I'd never come to a

shi-hole like this," Julian replied.

"Aye wassup Julian!" a man acknowledged Julian with the trademarked neck upward motion.

"Never mother fu--er?" Pete frowned while shaking his head.

"Once or twice, once," Julian replied as they approached the door. Julian got the door. "After you."

"Ladies first."

"Age before beauty."

"I have a gun," Pete countered.

"Point taken and thoroughly acknowledged," Julian went in quickly.

The place was packed and Pete lost sight of his partner. "Sounds like fu--in' video game music." Pete turned to his right to see Julian playing the mortal

Kombat 3000 arcade game. Pete grabbed his partner and hauled him to the nearest table.

"Aye man, I lost a whole fifty cents!"

"No bubble gum for a day, oh shi-," Pete shook his head.

"Aye you got change for a dollar man?"

"Nah," Pete answered.

"I lost my fu--in' fifty cents!" Julian was still upset.

"Well then, I'll have to make change outta your as-!" the man pulled an AK 47 from underneath his trenchcoat.

Pete and Julian were already under the table. They picked it up and mauled the guy over.

"Sight! Fu--in' a dude!" Total strangers who had nothing to do with anything jumped in.

Julian and Pete's trained fighting skills easily took out any immediate threats.

One person pulled out a handgun which was too hard to make out from the distance and started firing up at the ceiling. All the time, the stench of potent snorting and inhaled drugs were in the air.

Julian went for his shotgun but Pete held him back. "Too many people!" They could hardly hear each other and they were right next each other.

The bar's owner approached from the back of the two cops. "Julian Kagan, Pete Aogue, Jim Dirb Combs. Come wit' me."

Pete and Julian looked at each other. They had been

expected. But they had to play it cool and by ear.
The three dodged all confrontations as they went to the back of the bar. They were met by what seemed to be bardmen of some sort.
One approached Dirk with a wad of money in hand. Pete made out five hundred dollars in twenties.
"The Penetration Elimination wasn't here."
"Who?" Dirk asked.
"Excellent."
Julian blew a bubble, "Money's definitely got somethin' to say."
Dirk went back into the bar. The bardman approached Pete and Julian. "Can I take your coats.
"No," they said frankly.
"Please sit." They entered a 407:1

simple room with a a wood rectangular table and backward swivel chair. Two seats were in front of the table. Pete and Julian were ~~realy~~ expected and this troubled both. They were off guard. The ball was in Stalbord's court.

"Welcome gentlemen."

"You're not man enough to turn around are you?" Julian replied while receiving a dirty look from Pete.

"What happened Pete," Stalbord asked, "you've changed since I last saw you."

"Life sucks, play hard," Pete replied.

"I'm sorry about your wife and I swear to you I had nothing to do with it. It was out of my league, small time. That's why I let the Rapesian go. He's a

loaded gun. That's why I need you, he's at it again. You know that hostage job wasn't my style."

"I know."

"The Rapester's giving the P.E. a bad name and he's out to get us. He's fu-ed in the head."

"Look who's talk-," Julian swallowed his gum from Pete punching him.

"Why should we help you?" Pete asked.

"I know you want the Rapester bad. I want him for different reasons. Financial reasons. That's why you noticed he has henchman now."

"Paybacks a mutha on the street," Julian said unwrapping a stick of gum.

"Exactly," Stalbord agreed. "That's why I propose a

joint operation between the police and the Penetration Elimination, a working truce of sorts. Just until the Rapeter is caugh-."

"Dead," Pete said.

"Whatever have you," Stalbord agreed. "But, I'll need my men."

"I'll think about it then talk to my superiors," Pete answered.

"ah shi-." Julian knew what that meant. "I'll meet you at Ground Zero tomorrow." Julian pulled out his key and left.

"Don't forget Stalbord after this operation is completed-." Pete shot through the chair with the .44 magnum. The chair swung around from the power of the shot revealing an intercom.

"Vice versa, I wouldn't have it any other way," Stalbord said.

Pete waved his way outside to the Mustang where Julian leaned against it waiting.

"You sure you don't want a ride home?" Julian asked.

"No, thanks I gotta figure these past two days out." and his life too.

"Cool, see ya mañana," Julian jumped into his Mustang and sped out of the lot. Unlike Pete, he was tired, not tired out.

Pete began his long walk home. Right in front of him a person ran out of the bar and got picked off by a 12-guage.

Pete shook his head. "Haven't made any progress in over a century."

4111:1

"How do you feel Edmund?" Derek asked.

"Better than before, I guess," Edmund answered. He removed his father's S.S.C. jacket. "It's yours now it."

Derek was speechless, for once.

"Now, go to bed, it's late," Edmund ordered.

Derek hugged Marileva and went to his room.

Marileva came and sat next to her husband. She crossed her legs. Undescribable beauty.

Edmund stared at his wife's legs. "I'm so lucky."

"How do you really feel Edmund, tell me the truth." Their eyes met.

"I can hardly feel the left side of my body, my ribs are screwed. My migraine is back. My nuts were nearly cracked?"

"Seriously Edmund, Dam-it, you

412:1

and Pete talk about death like it's some joke. I can't face losing you. I don't know, seeing you there on the ground. I love you Edmund, gosh I had <u>some</u> kids by you. I have the ability to make you better, but keeping this promise is so hard. I'm tired of hiding what I am."

"I didn't know you felt that way. I guess I do have suicidal tendencies. You look <u>so</u> good."

"Don't change the subject. You almost died."

"Marileva what's done is done and you can't change it. You have to admit it's funny though. Our first year under God has definitely had its ups and downs."

"Edmund if you <u>ever</u> die on me, I'll kill you. You're a dangerous person and a great lover."

"You like that? Hey-hey!"

"Shut up," Marilena put arms around Edmund being careful of his soft spots.

"You're the mother I never had. You've totally changed me for the better. I owe you my life a billion times over. Just look at me. Without you I wouldn't be here today. Thank God for Marilena. Look, no earring, I don't swear as fu--in' much--."

"Stop it Edmund. Let me help you." Marilena smiled.

They both made each other happy.

"As they say, if you got it, flaunt it," She said.

Edmund eyed his wife up and down. "Very true. It's kinda hard to have sex with broken ribs and a stab wound."

"Very true."

"I release you from your promise. You are a Dowdan but you're also my best friend. I trust you. I always have. And I love you ~~so~~ much."

"You better after all we've been through. Oh and watch your mouth next time. The Specialists don't play."

"Who you rellin'?" Edmund started removing his bandages. Face tensed.

Marileva hated to see Edmund in pain. "Let me help you." She ripped the bandage off as well as a few layers of skin.

"Oh!" Edmund fell into his spouses arms. "I'll get you for this."

"Oh please, you know I can beat you up without breaking a sweat," Marileva

spoke the utter truth. But let it not be said Edmund wasn't good. Marileva was just very good, one of the best up with Acro and K.D.S. and K.A.S.

"Oh you wanna figh-."

Their lips met. Edmund reached over and flipped on the stereo. In it, as always, was his collection tape of "Music to Make Love By". Marileva's healing powers worked over Edmund's whole body. He was in pain as his parts went back into the right position. This saved months of operations and money, pain and mental hardship. This proved how true their word (now) really was and how strong their love for each other. For they had been together for one whole year, today, under the eternal

bond God allowed and would always allow. For today was Edmund and Marilevas first year anniversary.

"I want many more years with you Edmund Sims."

"You know it Marilva Sims."

Seconds later, they were on the floor. Sex, the object: give the partner utter euphoria. Edmund on top, Marilva on bottom. Clothes sprawled across the room.

Edmund's axe necklace dangled between Marilva's breast. Her back arched up as penetration began. It was weird the first time. Edmund couldn't stop throwing up and having Migrains and Marilva went into a state of anxiety and depression with very erradic and irregular P.M.S.*

with excretory problems like diarrhea

Moaning could be heard all over the house. "More power to ya," Derek said.

417:1

*Paradons do not have periods

Edmund was pumping further and further, "Who's the man Marileva? Who's the man?"

Marileva grabbed the leg of the bed. Both body temperatures above 100°.

Edmund ran his hands through his wife's hair as their lips met. Marileva grabbed Edmund's but furthering his erection and arousal as well as hers. She kissed his neck then held his head to her breasts.

"I know you love my breasts."

Edmund started kissing them.

Marileva turned on top of her husband and held his head as eyes met. Those beautiful eyes of Marileva mesmorized Edmund.

"I like legs too." Edmund rubbed his head against Marileva's legs and at times nibbled at her vagina.

He crawled back on top, repenetrating. But it was he who felt the elation this time.

"Mommy, uh," Edmund said while hooking her legs for extra leverage. The ejaculation came.

There was two more hours of love-making, ending with Marilva sucking on Edmunds fingers and a half hour hug. Tears running down their faces. Erratic breathing persisted. Bodies stuck together. Heartbeat slowing down. Occassional kissing on Marilva's part. Edmund was physically drained but mentally relaxed.

Marilva whispered in Edmund's ear, "Good boy."

"Yes mommy," Edmund said.

Somehow the covers made it off the bed on top of the two true lovers.

Marilena held Edmund and he held her arms for security. Two twenty year old parents, lovers and best friends. They never asked for much but they each other as well as had enough love left over for four children. Marilena stripped of her fortune, Edmund just enough for rent, now both well off - didn't have much but they had each other.

"Thank you." These two words ran through their thoughts for God throughout their sleep. They didn't take life for granted.

180: Day Three

"Both of you, sit the fu--down!" Leader 1 ordered.

Commissioner Syro and Ebo Octench quit their bickering. Though they had different political and equality views, they were very much alike too.

Yes, to Ebo, all outside the white race was inferior and a potential threat now, Dorodans and Yahnians included. To Syro, all man or alien for that fact was created equal. They needed no document to

grant or proclaim their freedom. And now of days who was one hundred percent anything.

On the other hand, the two were both in power positions as well as family men. It was a shame that racism still persisted after all of the years Earth had been born. But things were facilitating.

"This as-hole put my hole group in the hospital!" Ebo yelled.

"What about the man you almost killed?!" the commissioner asked.

Black versus white. But what was Chico O'Reilly? Irish? Hispanic?

Leader I shook his head. Perhaps this was his first error in his lifetime office. "Your two forces obviously cannot work together. But I assure you both, there will come times when

you must put differences aside to achieve the common objective. Ebo, I am impartial. I am 60:40. I do not share your views but I know you can do your job and well. But there's no place for you here at this time. You're out of your jurisdiction. Second Earth is Triple Action territory. Besides, like you said your whole force is in the hospital. We have no use for you at the time. Please be on the next shuttle to Solstice Satellite."

Ebo's teeth clenched and locked together. He simply walked out muttering 'nigga-lover' under his breath.

"Oh Ebo," Syro called.

"What."

"Stay Black!"

Ebo shook his head now having balled fists as he

walked away.

"Your son is - beautiful," Beltran sighed. He was in love with Sylvia but unlike Angelica, he not only knew but faced it.

"Why thank you," Sylvia answered. "I just wish I knew who the father was."

"You don't know?"

"Nope, it's not me," Billy said.

The phone rang.

"It sure is quiet - I mean he," the King of Pelin admitted.

"No doubt, weren't you a quiet baby?" Sylvia asked.

"I guess I'll get the phone," Billy agreed with a frown. "Hello." He covered the mouthpiece. "Mrs. Wreosir for Beltran." Billy handed Beltran the phone as if he knew how to use it.

"Here let me show you," Sylvia offered. "Put your ear here and speak through here."

"What a weird communication device."

"No biddin', those rates these days are nuts!" Billy dug into his popcorn.

"What do I say?"

"Whatever you want," Sylvia answered as she joined her boyfriend on the couch in front of the television.

"Whatever you want."

Billy and Sylvia turned around to frown.

"It is what you humans call a joke." Belthar smiled.

A sigh of relief came from Billy and Sylvia.

"Belthar Sendrere, this is

Murk Wreosir, Secret Serviceman to Leader 1. Planet Qahn is in the pathway of a giant entity which has already obliterated Spacestation Perya. Take Billy Smith and Sylvia Senorox to Qahn for investigation."

"Oh no." Belthar hung up the phone backwards.

"What?"

"My homeland."

"Not again Belthar."

"Murk said that Spacestations Atlantis and Vagabond would run interference. Spacestation Soliloquoy is evacuating the planet."

"Then we've gotta get over there," Billy said.

"He'll get the baby - hey he's smiling!" Sylvia was amazed.

Got to pull out this panel and get to the

communicator before Planet Exile reaches Yahn. First Yahn then Second Earth, then Solstice Satellite, and on. Ah-there. Nice quiet recon to make sure no one or thing is in here. Promefree! Now get the right frequency. "Leader 1 and all of the Space Force this is Willy G. Glove is back. The old Planet Exile was a decoy. This is the real deal like Evander Holyfield. I repeat use extreme caution. I will try to sabotage. Oh and before I forget, Sylvia your baby is - "

"It's been a long time Willy Senorio," Glove said.

Willy reached for his 9mm.

"I don't think so," Cornado had a laser trained on Willy.

"The message had been sent," Arbie replied.

"It is a good thing he did not get out that last word," Cebe announced.

"You dumb fu--!" Scove slapped Willy with his claw hand Willy hit the deck.

Fineyes peered up at the ceiling. "He got in through the ventalation shaft."

"That's low even for me!" Cheapshot announced sarcastically.

"Fu--you!" Willy knew about Petya and all those dead people. He rose to his feet.

"Aren't you supposed to be on Second Earth?" Cornado asked.

"Don't worry I get my job done."

"Fu--you!" Cornado exclaimed. Jealousy reigned.

"Calm down," Scove said, "everything's under control."

"What about the spy?" Pinlock asked. "Let me deal with him."

"I'm in a fu--in' freak show," Willy announced. He then received another hard slap. Blood now came from his mouth. He sniffed up the potential nose bleed. Eyes were red. Spying had taken its toll on Willy.

"Take him to interrogation" Geove ordered, "prepare Plastiba."

"With pleasure," Pinlock agreed.

Arbie and Cebe Borg picked Willy up by his arms and literally carried him away.

"Oh and don't forget to search him," Gineyes said.

"I'm turning this completely over to Triple Action Commission,"

"Thanks," Gyro said with remorse.

"I know, but I also know you men and women have what it takes to handle it. You heard the transmission. Call the Space Force in when you absolutely need us. Or, when you need us to finish things off. And one more thing, please hurry."

"I also have faith that you're gonna be a good leader. What am I sayin', you already are."

This was reassuring for Jerry Stuyvesant. The pressure was on.

E.J., M.J. and Vanessa were already up eating an easy breakfast of toast, microwave sausage, and hot cereal with juice and milk.

Derek went to bed late so

he had just fallen out of bed to get the phone. "Who dis?"

"This is Chico O'Reilly."

"What are you anyway?"

"This must be Derek."

"Wha's that s'posed to mean?"

"I need to speak to your parents.

"No can do Mr. O'Reilly."

"It's universally urgent."

"Too bad, it's their anniversary."

"Da--it, put them on!"

"Aye don't all wit' the

attitude alright!"
"Gimme the phone Derek."
Vanessa relieved her brother.
"Get Mother and Father up.
Hello Mr. O'Reilly this is
Vanessa. They're coming."
"Thank you, I could o'
said that."
"You didn't," M. J. replied
E. J. went into his
parents room. The two were
sound asleep on the floor."
Mom, Dad - get the phone."
"Who is it?" Marilena
asked. Her eyes opened slowly
"Secret serviceman O'Reilly."
"Thanks," Edmund said
while rubbing his hand
through his hair.
E. J. left the room.
"Hello," Edmund simply
said into the portable phone.

Chico played the recording
of Willy's message.

Marileva turned on the speaker phone as Edmund turned off the portable and retracted the antenna.
"Was everyone heard this?" Edmund asked.

"Yes - well except for Petya."

"Jason Neff." Edmund shook his head. "Good man."
"At least Erica as well as everyone else knows why he broke off the relationship. What now?"

"Billy, Beltbar and Sylvia are headed for Yahn or rather will be."

"So we get Planet Exile," Marileva replied sadly.
"For Erica, I guess," Edmund said.

"I know it's your anniversary but you're the only ones qualified enough to do it."

"What about Syro and Pere and Julian?" Edmund asked.

"I'm sure they could handle it but that's just a tad out of their league."

"And it's in ours?" Marilena said.

Edmund yawned as their conversation concluded.

"Why do you do it?" Vanessa asked.

"'Cause it's fun - you think it's for our 'great' nation and the flag," Edmund answered.

"This sucks," Marilena said.

"It's straight though," E.J. announced, "you don't have to

worry about the role model spot."

"Cool," Edmund said.

"Great," Marilena said. They sure had a lot of enthusiasm on the day of their anniversary.

Pete Rogue walked into work as fresh as ever, nevermind that long walk he'd taken to get there.

"Amazing," Julian was astonished.

Commissioner Gyro came in at about the same time.

Pete went over to Sec. "Who's that other guy that works for I.A. that we never really here about?"

"Pneuron Chassis?"

"What's up Pete?" Commissioner Gyro asked.

"It is a long story," Julian said while chomping on fresh, new bubble gum.

"Strap him in," Pinlock ordered, "Plastiba's ready."

"Well I'm not." Willy fired his laser watch destroying his left cuff on the chair. Then he blew his leg cuffs and other arm's cuff.

Cornado took aim with his laser cannon as Willy took evasive action.

"Don't fire in here you fools!" Slove screamed.

Fineyes took aim with his eyes trained on Willy. Willy jumped behind the chair as a beam came by obliterating it.

Suddenly the red alert sound went off.

"We are under attack," Arbie Borg announced.

"Suggestions?" Cebe Borg asked.

"Kill the fu- -ers!" Slove yelled.

In the confusion Willy shot out the ceilingpanel and used the chair to help out his already awesome vertick jump.

"Da-n! Shoot upwards." Pinlock pointed.

Trigger happy Cornado did just that.

"Shi-," Willy said while leaning backwards just barely being missed by the laser beam. He actwated the force field on his watch with his two button code.

"It'll do no good." Ginyes used his heat vision. "He's got some sort of force field."

Willy crawled for his life.

"Release Arthromere and Frogdog into the ventalation shaft," Pinlock ordered.

It was an awesome sight. The real Planet Exile, built to imprison but reconstructed to conquer. It was larger than the Sun, Earth, Second Earth, Yahn and the Crystal Planet combined as well as a few moons. Spacestations Atlantis and Vagabond had their work cut out for them.

They weren't alone though. Spacestation Diamond had joined the fight. Since Spacestation Colt was out of commission, it didn't mean its pilots had to be. And among them were Erica Smith, Beavy Beave, Mike Speed and Paula Speed.

It was time for Leader 1 to get involved. The spacestations were obviously no match for Planet Exile. And Leader 1 wanted to prevent as many meaningless

casualties as possible. The fighters and spacestations were ordered back to Solstice Satellite. Once Spacestation Soliloquoy was done evacuating those who <u>wanted</u> to be evacuated, Planet Yahn's planetary force field was activated. The S.S., too, returned to Solstice Satellite.

But it wasn't that easy. Evil fighters flew from the hangar of Planet Exile to make sure the retreat was complete. Many amateurs lost their lives in this swarm. Experience paid off. The evil fighters returned to base and Planet Exile pushed on. The Space Force was at the New Alliance's mercy.

The giant planet approached perhaps the only structure that compromise its dominant position, Solstice

Satellite. It was demand time.

"What the heck happened there?" Sylvia asked as Billy pulled over to the side of the road.

A car had been run off the road and was badly damaged. The driver was inside too.

Billy balled his fist and struck the windshield to open up the car for an access to rescue. The side doors were utterly jammed from the apparent multiple turn over.

He took a pulse but saw the man's gouged out eyes when the head fell back over.

"What the - ?"

The car exploded propelling Billy backward.

"Billy!" Sylvia rushed to the

side of her boyfriend. She knelt down and placed the baby on her thighs while she put her hands on Billy's forehead.

"The baby now."

"The trick still works," Cheapshot relished. "Pluqua get the baby."

Pluqua Nadost, Paragm Protegé and Beacon Lunic accompanied Cheapshot in the ambush.

Billy pretending to be unconscious reached for his Triple Action Func. They weren't going out without a fight - and they would truly go out without a fight.

Willy crashed through a panel in the ceiling landing on top of a dining table. He offered a smile but the alien fugitives didn't take to

kindly to that.

But that was the least of Willy's problems. Arthromera, the giant mutant spider followed closely. Willy hopped off the table knocking meals in fugitives' laps.

He hit the corridor to be met by Frogdog. The two mutants were quick but Willy felt like Mike and Paula Speed today.

And even now, the aliens were a tad upset. They joined in the chase. Willy was a definite moving target.

"What's the situation that la-n spy?" Glove asked.

"He's on the run," Cornado answered, "Gimme a shot at 'im."

"If you fu-- up!" Glove pointed.

"They have the baby," Arbie

announced.

"Excellent. Attach the component," Glove ordered. "It's over now."

181: Disjointed Operation

"I thought you said you lived right next to Sylvia," Commissioner Syro watched the clock.

"We do," Marilena answered.

"Then what's the explanation here?" Sec interrogated.

Pete Rogue punched Sec in the upper humerous.

"Billy has a knack for messing around in cars. You should see what he did to Pook's orance Porsche," Edmund replied. He was tensed up and Marilena saw it.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

"Police stations just get me

this way." Edmund sat down next to Marileva. She held his hand.

"Yeah me too," Julian Vazar admitted. Soon after, a huge, deformed pink bubble emerged from beneath his lips.

He received a frown from his partner. "So how's the situation goin'?"

Iyro sat on the edge of his desktop. "Leader 1's turned it over to us."

"Completely?" Pete asked.

"Completely," the commissioner continued, "but they will intervene when the stuff's over."

"Straight." Julian nodded.

"He's handlin' the diplomacy but, right?" Sec asked.

"But we have to infiltrate," Marileva guessed.

"We'll be handlin' the Rapester," Pete sighed, "with the P.E."

"Shi-," Julian muttered.

"And the baby?" Sec inquired

receiving a roomful of stares.
"Just asbin'."
"That's why we have to find 'em," Gyro said.
"As in you and me, we, or you guys, we?"
"Let's go Sec." The commissioner stared out of the office. "and good luck."
"This shi- ain't right." Pete pushed himself up out of his chair.
"Yeah they got the Space Force by the nuts don't they?" Julian stood and stretched.
"No doubt," Edmund added.
Sec followed the commissioner with Pete and Julian close behind. "Am I gonna be strapped?"
"As in gun?" Gyro asked.
"No," Sec said sarcastically.
"Only when necessary," Pete said.
"I'm sure you too wouldn't

miss one or four!" Sec yelled.
Tensions were definitely high.
"Why do we do this?" Marilwa asked.
"Because someone should?" Edmund said.
"Bullshi-!" Grimmly put.

"No more," Willy said. His asthma set in as well as utter fatigue. "Su--it, it's not worth it. I did my part."
"You're dead!" Cornado pointed.
Willy rolled his eyes as he fell to his knees sliding down a wall. He accidently flicked on a light switch. What luck! He was in the engine room!
"Death time." Cornado approached.
This bought Willy a few seconds. He lunged for the giant wood of gemons, depending on a slow eye from Cornado. He was correct.

Willy's mind was constantly calculating as he reached the spiral staircase at the base of the structure.

"Shots are being fired in the engine room," Arbie Borg announced.
"Cornado, you idiot!" Slove screamed.
"I suggest more assistance in the elimination of William Zenono," Cebe Borg said.
"Whatever - it wasn't s'posed to be this fu--in' hard."

Willy blocked a few of Cornado's laser blast as he made it to the top. He removed his watch and with it, his shield.
The light was dim and Cornado had lost sight of his Colombian prey. He fired

upward maniacidally. He was trigger happy.

"Corrado, you fu--in' idiot!" Willy dodged a near bill. He used another button code to activate the watch's powerful self destruct feature. He put it into one of the structure's air vents as the ten second countdown began. He peered down at the massive height and potential fall. "It's better than gettin' blown up."

Willy hopped over the rail and plummeted excruciating foot after excruciating. The watch exploded using flammable engine contents for fuel, literally. Willy landed on top of Corrado and they both knew it would hurt in the morning.

"What the -," Leader1 was

astonished.
"Willy did it!" Chico O'Reilly exclaimed.
"Ooh shi-!" Munk Wrecsir said.

"Cornado, you stupid fu--in' da-m piece of watered down shi- - as-hole!!!" Glove replied.
Gloves fear came true. They were not working anymore. They were disorganized and disoriented and now the Space Force had them in check.

"Now it's time to get the Sims's," Cheapshot ran over a hill to his Exilis fighter. He took off to complete his mission.
Sylvia used her telepathy to reach Marilena: "Your children are in dire danger."450:1

"What?" Edmund asked.
"We've gotta get home," Marilena answered.
"Oh shi-, tha's cheap glove," Edmund said as he and his wife sprinted to the stealth.

Billy fried the func in ungi mode taking out Beacon, Pluqua and Phragm. "What the-?" For a human, death, but these humanoids only bled dark blue, lumpy, blood.
Billy gave the gun to Sylvia and flipped to his feet. A roundhouse kick put Pluqua to the ground.
Phragm pulled a laser. Billy dropped to his back and kicked the gun from Phragm's hands. He sat up to catch the laser and fired it at Beacon as he

front swept Phragm. The laser did damage to Beacon who didn't get back up.

Sylvia clicked her fingers and Phragm fell unconscious.

"Why didn't you do that before?" Billy wiped his sweat and took a deep breath.

Sylvia tossed the gun to Billy and said, "You're interesting to watch."

"I know this." Billy smiled.

Beacon grabbed his wood planklike weapon. He pulled the trigger and a staplelike bullet emerged. It entered in the Gabri's arm.

Billy saw this and used a vicious downward punch to knock the humanoid out cold. He ran to Sylvia's side. "Is he alright."

"I don't know, I'm not getting anything, he's blocking me."

"That's not possible. a Dorodar child has to make a week."

"I can't explain," Sylvia shrugged.

Suddenly, a really high pitched tone emitted from the now vibrating component. Billy and Sylvia's heads were in sure pain. They both passed out.

The baby crawled off of Sylvia and began a rapid change in growth. a minute later the baby boy was a full-bloomed <u>man</u>.

"I am born again! Vengeance is mine once more. My greatest experiment ever. I am immortal with new life and body. Even from the depths of death, you cannot keep me out of the midst of chaos. I am Yemar (tāmär) Seath!!"

Sylvia peered up at her son and was back out an instant

later, head pounding.

"What's this?" Christen Curch sat at his control console in the cockpit section of Spacestation Colt.

"It's not much but its all we have until Solstice Satellite is completely," C. Ricardo said modestly.

"Jerry Jerrison's been so busy on that thing," Beavy said.

"How's the situation with Willy?" Erica was worried.

"We don't know yet but suspect his doing in giving us the upper hand," Christen speculated. "Hey don't worry. Triple Action's on the case."

"Edmund and Manilwall be up here?" Paula Speed asked.

"Aye boy," Beavy said while rubbing Bitc-, the cat, Speed.

"He's one of us, we'll go in if it

comes to that," Mike Speed announced.

"Yeah, okay," Zart said sarcastically looking at Planet Exile on the viewscreen.

"Shi- it's not that big," Erin Lewis, Zart's girlfriend deduced.

She received a roomfull of stares.

"Fixed the viewscreen!" Ed yelled.

Everyone looked and saw an upside down Planet Exile.

"This is wrong," Mike said.

"Word," Beavy agreed.

"Just keep those three away from here - this is important," Christen said.

"That's easier said than done," C. Ricardo said.

"I can see why the Dorodans never shared their files with the Space Force," Christen saw what he wanted. "The Final Experiment - FL: Immortal."

"What, immortal?" Erica asked.
Christen continued, "Test subjects, Sylvia Senorox and Raven. Phase 1: Raven impregnates Sylvia. Phase 2: Sylvia becomes the Ultimate Dorodan. Preliminary Phase 1: Get all crystals in the universe from Planet Exile's inhabitants. Phase 3: Fuse Raven's mind to that of the fetus. 90% allowing for the learning factor. Phase 4: Give the fetus Raven's life force. 90% + that of the fetus. Phase 5: Sacrifice real Raven to Monster Master. Phase 6: Sylvia gives birth to the baby. Phase 7: Activation component is inserted. Phase 8: The Universe is Yemar Earth's. The product of all alien genetic engineering and other technology."
"He devoted a whole lifetime, two because of his hybernation to this," Paula was astonished.
"It's happening too." Christen

gulped.

"He raped her," Beavy said frankly.

"It all fits now." Christen hit his hand on the keyboard. He withdrew his password disk that could break into any system as well as a lot more, supplied by the Enforcers. "But how do we stop him?"

"We've gotta move," Erica said while pointing to the upside-down picture on the viewscreen. They were under attack.

The S.S.C. couldn't fight. Nor could Solstice Satellite or the other spacestations. Luckily it was fighter on fighter.

Beavy flew into his fighter outfit and joined the fight as the Speeds, Tom and Christen stood by for their

chance at infiltration.

"all will fear and perish."

"Look at that naked-!" passerbyers in cars marvelled.

"Fools!" Seman raised his arms and fired beams of destruction out sending cars and trucks up in flames.

"That'll be enough you-."

"Fu--in' Dork," Sex continued. He held his own Triple Action Tune.

Commissioner Syro had his .38 trained on Seman Teash. "You alright Sylvia," he called. There was no responce.

"Insolents- I am to be your new master!"

"Keep those arms down!" Julian held his 12 guage and pump shotgun at the ready.

"It's time you motherfu--ers learn that slavery went out with the trash," Pete replied with 9mm and Mac 10 in hand.

"Sh-," Edmund said with astonishment. He pulled over to the shoulder.

"We won't be able to get to the kids," Marileva replied.

Edmund exhaled, "Hope they can handle it."

"We've raised'em well so far," Marileva drew her func and exited the car.

Edmund followed closely.

Billy awoke to see Edmund and Marileva creeping up stealthily from behind.

Sylvia too awoke and weakily said, "It's Haven."

"Correction I am Jemar Leath!"

"Correction, you're in pain." Billy 459:1

kicked Yemar in the genital area and Yemar fell back and toppled over Edmund. An old school tripping technique.

"Ooh!" Onlookers felt that blow too but not to the extremes of Yemar.

Marilena helped Sylvia to her feet and helped her away.

"My son," Sylvia muttered.

Edmund did the same with Billy.

"Open fire!" Zyra ordered.

The barrage was ear deafenning. But it was all for nor. A red bubble shield formed over areas in potential danger blocking the bullets. His body was his own <u>safe haven</u>!

"We can't penetrate it!" Julian said.

"We can't penetrate now," Sec said talking about Yemar's

erection loss.

"Dood - you're a fu - - in' fag lookin' at men's du - - s," Pete wanted to slap Sec, but that being in front of them was first priority.

And priority was the Enforcers' middle name. E-Man, Python and Mr. Metalcock (M.C.) were to be the cavalry. Bringing up the rear was Acro and Acra Sin tending to the wounded. Autopsy had called them in and updated them. The Enforcer Mother Ship hovered over head.

"Remach time Heaven!" M.C. took down his pants and pulled out his metal penis. He put the mung attachment on and fired.

"Oh God no!" Julian couldn't take it anymore. He puke[illegible] his third stick

No hitting below the belt

of gum from all the surprises.

"Da-n M.C.," Python said.

"Use your hand gun," E-Man whispered.

"I see it's healed up nicely since we first met.*

"Su--you!" the Enforcer second in command fired.

The red Blob shielded E-man beath still.

"Do no use," E-Man fell back, can't penetrate."

"Shoot me Pete!" Julian ordered.

"101 dick jokes and Su-ed-up Penis Puns," Pete said. He too became nauseus.

"You alright?" Marilwa asked.

"Just a little groggy with a large headache," the Briton answered.

"Can you two walk?" Edmund asked.

*Double Play: Haven's Revenge Part 2

"Think so." Billy held his forehead.

By now, the police had shown up. The officers reported to the Black commissioner. Triple Action's service were no longer mandatory.

"We must flee sire!" Plenqua suggested.

"Are you doubting the extent of my immortality?" Zeman questioned.

"No but we are doubting ours," Phragm said.

"Very well." Zeman made his way over the hill to his men's craft.

Now that Zeman Zeath had been temporarily taken care of, it was time to take care of Cheapshot.

M.C.P-Man and Python, Acro and Acra Zin made their way 46:1

to the hydrolift of the Enforcer mothership

It would be impossible for the Sims's, Billy or Sylvia to get their car free of the street's gridlock. Besides their houses were only a few blocks away. An easy sprint for the four. But time was of the essence.

182: Fly Girl

The enemy fighters seemed distracted as an enemy shuttle approached from Second Earth. This was the distraction Beavy needed to get aboard Planet Exile by way of engine breech.

"We have one fighter dangerously close to Planet Exile Leader 1," Murk said.

"Whose fighter?" Leader 1 asked.

"Beavy Beave sir," Chico answered.

"He's got the right idea." Leader 1 bit his bottom lip as he thought for a moment. "Send in the infiltration force."

"You mean Triple Action?" Murk asked.

"I don't mean the Specialists." Leader 1 was definitely tensed up.

"Yes Sir," Chico agreed

"Then we'll wait and send Space Force assistance."

"You can say Us," Murk smiled while loading his Tunc as well as Chico's.

"Why don't they fix the breech?" Mike asked.

"It must be so extensive that they can't even reach it," Christen answered.

"Then how does Beavy expect to -?" Erica asked.

"I'm not familiar with

I. Dood methods but I'm sure Sheriff Pooh taught him well," Christen reassured and hoped.

"We've gotta move," Paula persisted.

"To Planet Exile?!" Sart was very skeptical. "I'm stayin' here." He plopped his body down on the floor.

"Oh no-you're gettin' outta here." C. Ricardo pointed toward the corridor.

"No doubt." Mike frowned.

"I can see why Edmund and Marilena left," Christen said, "I would too."

But Mike and Paula couldn't leave, nor could their cat Ritz. They were all property of the Space Force as were Sped Strong (Mike Speed's father) and Grease Monkey (Aero's father).

Edmund and Marilena reached their door stoop followed closely by Sylvia and Billy. Everybody was physically drained except for Billy.

"Let's do it again!" He dropped to the ground and did ten push-ups.

"And you said he wasn't a ninja," Marilena told Sylvia.

"Hey - we all make mistakes," the Briton said.

"It was a mistake not killing you when I had the chance," Cheapshot said.

"But it's too late now, for you," Sineyes replied.

Billy looked to see the blank look on Sylvia's face. "Don't look at him." He pulled her gaze away from her father.

"Don't try it!" Pinlock ordered as Edmund went for his sunc.

"It's time to take a ride," Snake announce.
"Not quite!" The Ford 5.0 boomed down the street.
Pete stood with 9mm and Mac 10 in hands busting off caps.
"Cowabunga!" Derek fired his Func from the window of his parents' room.
Edmund and Marlena hit the deck. Billy pulled Sylvia down.
Julian scooched down in his seat as Pinlock fired his poisonous pins in desperation. The pins ricocheted off the bullet proof car door.
Sylvia shook off the dizziness and pulled her Func. Derek jumped to the roof and climbed down the drain pipe into his father's

arms. E. J., M. J. and Vanessa ran out the front door to meet their mother.

Weapons were pulled and the aliens froze in place. Julian and Pete approached cautiously.

"I can tell cuffs aren't gonna work," Julian said.

"Your kids called us when they saw their ships landed," Pete announced.

"Taught you well," Marilena hugged her children.

"This can't be the real attack," Edmund said.

"But it accomplished its purpose!" all of the aliens turned as red as Yemaia blobs.

Sylvia ran over to Pete and Julian and used her powers to form a shield over them. Marilena did the same. The red beings

exploded like a stick of dynamite on the Fourth of July. It would have surely been their deaths. But what were they about to fight? Was Zemar now as powerful as Monster Master? How would they kill him? Now that Zemar possessed this new technology, Triple Action had their work cut out for them.

It was <u>not</u> an attack, it was an escort of sorts for if it were, the Space Force would be at a major loss of men and women.

The evil fighters engulfed the evil shuttle. The sight was massive and that was all the Space Force could do was watch. Planet Exile was obviously their destination.

Exiting the shuttle as

soon as it landed were the wounded Beacon Sunric, Pluqva Nadost and Phragm Protegé, and their new leader, Yemar Leath.

The shuttle was merely one inhabitant of the massive space hangar, miles long, air craft carriers wide. It featured its own runway, landing pads and adjacent roads, buildings and structures pulling it all together. O'Hare International Airport was an ant compared to this wonder of the universe.

The beings of Planet Esule weren't about to make their new leader walk to base either. A hovering transport vehicle met the clothed Yemar along with blood-red carpet and diamond scatterings like rose

petals for a king. Jerman would live another life of luxury.

Beavy pulled the Space-station Colt insignia on the jacket part of his uniform while grabbing his school backpack full of supplies. The fighter went crashing into rubble contributing to the engine rooms damage. after he ejected.

There was no air loss because Planet Exile was a planet before being transformed into a heavily armed and armored planet.

The fighter was an S.G. fighter class II and lacked the luxury of verticle take off and landing like the class III fighter. But that 47311

was the least of Beavy's worries. It was the escaping that counted.

Beavy pulled his laser from his waist to hip holster and removed his fighter helmet. He turned a full 360° and wondered what had he gotten himself into.

"So I guess you two are leavin' us again," E.J. commented.

"Nope." Edmund searched through the 'junk drawer' of his night table. "You're comin' with us. I didn't have parents growin' up. You will - there it is."

E.J. took a seat on the bed. "Who you callin' Dad."

"Woah."

"What?"

"I don't know if I'll

ever get used to that," Edmund said, "being a 'Dad'."

"I don't know if I'll ever get used to bein' a 'son'."

"You better." Edmund smiled as he put the triple aaron com on his ear. He dialed Leader 1's.

"What about clothes?" E.J. asked.

"You have stuff still in our cabin on the S.S.C. right?"

"I spose." E.J. hopped off the bed and hugged his father. "You and mom are the best."

"Love you too - oh not you Leader 1. I mean - yeah whatever."

"What's the haps?" Marilena entered the room with the funcs ammo. The box contained triple ammo packs, very convenient. a

9mm clip, uzi clip, and container of laser fluid were connected. Other packs were a holster with extra clips for times in battle. Laser fluid lasted for periods of time or a large battle and a half, whichever came first.

"Dad?"

"Edmund, you didn't answer my question, what's wrong?" Marileva put the box down and held her husband.

Edmund removed the G.A. com. "If I didn't know better, which I do, I'd say Jerry was having sex."

"He's not married is he?" E.J. asked.

"No," Marileva answered," and he should be leading the Space Force now. We can't do anything down here." 476:1

"You're right," Edmund agreed.

"Get the rest ready," Marilena suggested, "I'll get us armed."

"Sure." Edmund nodded his agreement.

"What about me mom?"

"E.J., call Sylvia's place and find out if their ready."

"Don't move!"

Billy turned off the water hose and turned around to meet five, armed with lasers, alien assailants. "I'm sorry 'bout your friends butt ugh." He took a rifle butt to the groin. Being a ninja, his body was trained for punishment but he still fell to his knees. As he did his lunc was removed." There go my chances of

having kids."

"Shut your mouth, to your feet now!"

Billy could take them easily. Five aliens and five laser rifles, easier odds than usual. And after all he was the second best ninja in the universe behind Acro of course. But this was his chance for infiltration. Why ruin it?

"Don't forget to take his watch too." These guards were semi smart. They forgot about Billy's gold lion head earring which housed a tiny transmitter bug.

Billy allowed his watch to be removed as well as the cuffing. This was a tough move for Zman. If Commander and Angelica ever found out, they (the Dorodan forces) would team - 478:1

up with the Space Force. War would be eminent and Billy would own the title of "Prisoner Of War".

Sylvia released the brown phone from the wall in her kitchen. "Hello S.J."

"Are you and Billy ready?"

"Billy was, he was outside watering my plants-," Sylvia went over to the window and looked out back, "like I said he was. Look S.J., I'll call you back." Sylvia replaced the phone and pulled her tunc. She broke into a sprint and headed out the door to her backyard.

Derek was in the driveway with M.J. and proceeded to follow Sylvia and M.J. proceeded to follow him.

"Derek," Sylvia held her chest, "you startled me."

The aroused Derek suppressed a drool. "What's goin' on?"

"I can't find Billy," she admitted.

Derek pulled his Tunc. "Maybe <u>we</u> can."

Belthar Sendrex returned to his leadership duties while aboard Solstice Satellite. He heard their pleas for everlasting peace but made no promises. Those who had fled Yahn looked to a more peaceful way of life. Belthar tried to encourage them to return because right now Yahn with its planetary force field was safer against Planet Exile than Solstice Satellite. But when the satellite became fully operational, it would truly be a force to be

reckoned with. What Zemar didn't know <u>could</u> hurt him.

The same applied to the Space Force. They did not know the extent of damage there was on Planet Exile either. It was like a standoff in chess.

"Beltran," Munk motioned, "come over here.

"You called?" Beltran said.

"Yeah we're wondering if you'd like to come along on an infiltration mission of Planet Exile," Chico explained.

"I don't know - ."

"Sylvia's coming," Munk announced.

"Okay," Beltran agreed.

"and some of Triple Action too," Julian added.

"If you'll excuse me," Beltran replied.

"Yeah," Murk said.
"He's easy to satisfy," Chico announced.
Murk nodded.

"You don't like me and I don't like you. If I have the chance, I'll send you up the river without a boat: I'm not gonna lie, I'm 51149. Forget that fair trial crap. Did you get any of that Mr. Singh?" Judge Newton Chatsis asked Sec. Sec used this job of being a court recorder for chump change.
"Nope," Sec answered.
"Good, I hearby pardon Needo, Rick O'Shea, Calibre, Derek Drake, Vinnie Verde, Scoop Snipe, Dale Delante, Barry Benzy, Chip Shilders, Rover Row, P. M. Charge, Sanches, Smooth F., F.F.P., Eric Dope, Alex, 482:1

and fed shower. It's such a high price to pay to bring a much large criminal to justice. Get outta my sight!"

"Thanks Judge," Pete said.

"Just make sure you three or those Enforcers put them back in this court room soon."

Julian popped his gum, "Yu-- yeah."

"We'll go Triple Action," Judge Chatsis ordered.

Sec cleared his throat and held out his hand.

"Oh I almost forgot, your pay check."

"That's straight." Sec kissed the envelope that the judge pressed in his hand. "I got paid. Time to take this to the bank."

"Yeah you can take a cab," Julian suggested, "unless of

course you have gas money."
"Besides we got work to do," Pete replied.
"You guys are cold you know that?" Sec kicked the stand.

"Stay close to your sister," Sylvia said to Derek.
Derek would rather stay close to Sylvia. They crossed the street and climbed the hill that led to the Drivers' Education driving range of the highschool where they saw Billy being hoarded onto a shuttle.
"Let's - ."
Sylvia held Derek back. She knew Billy could easily get out of this situation if he wanted to if he was as good a ninja as she had been told, which he was of course.

"Billy Smith I presume.

venus Flytrap."

183: Triplicate

The engine room was pitch black from the explosion taking out the power in all different areas. Live wires and heavy hard moving objects did not make the engineers job easier either. This reminded Beavy Beave of Spacestation Colx.

He pulled a flash light from the backpack and let the light become his eyes. The room was dead quiet except for the occassional spark and moan - moan! Beavy broke into a stealthful sprint. Hazardous 486:1

debris littered the floor.

The light shined on the origin of the moans. They originated beneath rubble near what appeared to be in a former life, spiral stairs.

Beavy pulled the rubble away, backbreaking piece at a time. When he finished, he had something to be proud of in his accomplishment. Plus, he lost a few pounds.

"Willy, Cornado." Beavy pulled both away, one at a time as a unit as to not damage them more. He laid both on one of the rare, clear floor spaces. "Come on buddy don't be dead." He took a pulse. It was weak but it was there.

It was ironic that this was probably the first real sleep Willy had had in a few weeks. and Beavy wasn't about

to disturb it.

"Jerry's got the right idea," Marilena said.

Edmund and Marilena leaned back over the counter in the kitchen and some how made it on top and then over into the sink, go figure.

"aye we have to put the food up there!" Derek exclaimed.

Edmund jumped off of Marilena falling a little over three and a half feet to the cold, hard tile floor. The 'thump' was heard around the house.

Marilena sat up and straightened her clothes and hair.

"Are you alright Father?" Vanessa came running in.

E.J. too came in and helped Edmund too his feet. Marilena, still on the counter, put her arms around her man.

"Talk about unsafe sex," M.J. smiled. "Seatbelt."

"What's up Sylvia?" Marilena asked.

"Billy's in trouble."

"So Miss Skyrap-."

"Venus, please."

"Okay Venus, what do you want with me, you gonna bill me or what?"

"I don't wanna hurt you Billy, I just wanna give you pleasure."

Billy was a tad confused.

"Leave us," Venus ordered to her minions to whom she looked nothing like.

"I'm sorry but I'm faithful," Billy replied while backing away from the beautiful woman. There wasn't much place to go anyway, being on the shuttle and all.

Venus held her pink nail

hand up and Billy stopped backing up. In fact he moved forward in a massive gelatin of testosterone. He was weakening.

"How do you have such over me?" Billy asked.

Venus had broken the will and concentration of a <u>ninja</u>. "I'm like a sexually transmitted disease."

"I never fu--ed you," Billy admitted weakily as their gazes met. His arousal was furthered and heartbeat accelerated.

"But I fu--ed your dad." She admitted and explained, "It, my so called control was passed through to you by way of genetics. You can't fight me. Let the feeling overwhelm you Billy."

"I can fight you." Before he knew it, clothes were off

and they were on the floor.
"That's not happenin'." Venus grinned. The love making began.
"Forgive me." Billy penetrated and a sippling sound sounded. Billy had given in, as if he had a choice.
"You're mine for-ever," the nymph replied. She had stolen his virginity as the ejaculation occured and perhaps, his heart.
"Now tell me everything about the status of the Space Force."
"All stations are damaged, the S. S. C. beyond repair and Solstice Satellite is not fully operational."
"That's just what I wanted to hear," Venus replied.
"Sure Mistress, so I was wondering," Billy sat up, "how many men have you seduced."
"Da-n near close to infinity," 491:1

she admitted, "I'm looking for a challenge."

"Oh, that was cheap." Billy smiled and hugged Venus. "So what's it like on Planet Exile."

"I know you could care less about that seeing as though Yeman might make you a prisoner."

"Did you fu-- him too?"

"Yeah, of course."

"That was quick."

"I get around and men come around," Venus answered.

"So you have control over him?" Billy was nosy.

"When I want."

Billy had found the weapon against Yeman but he couldn't suppress Venus' influence long enough to use it. The one thing about Venus' control was that compliancy warranted utter, constant pleasure. So her victims (now 492:1

could one be called a victim?)
truly were in love with her.
Billy was just another
statistic and the problem was
that this would put a dent in
his and Sylvia's relationship.
Perhaps a permanent one.
"Landing procedure initiated,"
a deep voice came over the
loudspeaker.
"Is there anything else
you'd like to ask before we
dock?"
"If Yemar's blobs protect
him from all potential
danger, why didn't they
protect him from you?"
Billy asked as if he were a
tabloid reporter.
"Why should they protect
him from me. I'm not
dangerous. I represent
euphoria, that's all."
"You're wrong venus.
You touched me where no one

ever has before. Both literally and connotatively. Would you go out with me?"

"What?"

"You afraid of long term committment, portraying that image of a slut."

"I beg your pardon. I usually kill men for talking to me like that by making them go over their sexual peak."

"You fu-- people to death, is that a threat?"

"It's a promise," Venus announced.

"No you won't."

"Wanna be-." Their lips met once more.

"Free at last, free at last!" Rick O'Shea yelled. "But naked as he--, I need a gun."

The leader stepped out onto the courthouse lawn. Needo was

followed by Pete, Julian and Sec. "That's where we're goin' right now."

"That'll work," Calibre agreed.

Pete retained the urged to kill them all now and smoke a pack of cigarettes.

"Needo!" Lil Tiny, Needo's, little gang banger brother called out.

"Family man," Julian commented.

"Hardly," Pete said, "with all the families he pu--ed."

Julian simply observed while chomping on his bubble gum nervously. The whole entire scene seemed wrong.

The cops' uneasy feeling was proven correct by the speeding convertible, with top up of course and windows down. Guns hanging out the window like a castles bow and arrow window ports. The whole scene

just seemed to slow down into slow motion. As it slowed down Derek Drake, Barry Berry, Rover Row and Scoop Snipe went down.

Pete, Julian and Sec all hit the deck at once as if it were some sort of reflex motion.

Once Julian knew he was out of the line of fire, he made his way to his S.O. Pete and Sec pulled out their Sunco. Pete and Julian couldn't bring their normal arsenal because of the metal detectors. The Triple action Sunc would not be detectable.

The two rose to a crouching position. Sec aimed for the tires while Pete aimed for the gunners. Pete put one or two down but stopped Sec from firing. His sprint to the S.O that had just

pulled onto the street told Sec why. They were going to trail the convertible.

Needo and brother followed Pete.

"Come on hurry up!" Julian screamed as he popped his bassed up rap tape into his boomin' system.

Time now sped up as the chase began in the fast lane. Foreign car versus the American car. Come to think of it, the chase happened to occur in <u>all</u> lanes.

"Where does he get so many hoods?" Needo asked.

"Hoods are a dime a dozen," Pete said with a hint of resentment in his voice, "you should know that."

"He's got the money!" Julian yelled to overcome the music.

"Hey this is dope," Lil

replied.
"Yeah?"
"Uh huh!"
"I'll dub it for you," Julian agreed.
"Gu--ii' mo-ie," Pete shook his head.
"No shi-," Needo said compliantly. "Tha's a nice gun."
"Forget it Needo - you're number's up as soon as this is over," Pete announced.

"Aye cabbie!" Sec would get Pete and Julian one day.
He caught a cab with a driver by the name of Yori. Every few seconds Yori would slick his hair back. One two, one two.
"Hey this guy is cool," Beavy said to himself.

"Ja - Mike Speed there?" an over-masculine voice asked.

7: Mike and Paula both came to the slide door of the cabin. Paula pushed a button on the wall panel and the door opened.

"What're you guys doin' here?" Paula asked as she hugged Edmund and Marilena. She was happy to see their faces. It had been a while up until this point.

"Look out your window," Marilena answered, referring to Planet Exile taking up the whole scene and a lot more.

"Oh Leader! put you on the case too, huh?" Mike said.

"No doubt," Edmund replied.

"Well we've gotta get the kids to the room, I'm sure we'll see you tomorrow," Marilena reasaured.

"Where are your kids anyway?" Paula asked.

"The last we saw of 'em," Edmund leaned against the wall pensively, "they were with-Zart."

"Yeah you better get them," Mike suggested, "look what he 'n Ed did to the station."

"Oh and, happy anniversary," Paula said.

"Thanks." Marilena smiled. She knew that they earned it, and deserved it this year. One could just look at today and see why. But they would have to celebrate it late if at all. They had work to do.

Yes Erica Smith knew it was Edmund and Marilena's anniversary. It pained her deeply to think of herself and Willy. Everyone knew it too.

Edmund hugged his sobbing ex-.

As if out of a soap opera, Angelica Aberm appeared. Edmund looked up as he whispered words of hope into Erica's ear.

Angelica was followed by Beltran, Munk and Chico.

"Are we gonna do this or not?" Angelica asked as she caught a smirk on Marilena's pretty face. "Where's Sylvia?"

"She went ahead," Marilena answered.

Unlike Beavy, Sylvia had vertical take off and landing capabilities. Beavy's prayers for help had been answered.

Sylvia hopped out wearing her patented combat uniform of tanktop, blue jeans, leather boots and jacket.

"Get him aboard!" She ordered.

Also unlike before, Beavy

couldn't lift his best friend. Sylvia ran over for assistance.

Cornado's eyes opened up. He didn't make a move, partially because of his broken bones. But his arm was only sprained and he intended to get that laser rifle a foot away and use it.

"Thanks Sylvia," Beavy said as he closed the canopy. He waited for the Buzin to get clear and then took off.

Yeman walked the path to his throne and then stopped as he reached it.

"Is there something wrong?" Glove asked.

Yeman had felt the presence of his mother aboard. "No Glove, everything is fine." 502:1

The throne room was filled with Temar Leath's senior advisor staff. Glove, once before Raven's right claw man, now Temar's. Arbie and Cebe Borg, the cyborg controllers and maintainers of Planet Exile. Gineyes, the possessed scientist with lethal eyesight. Pinlock, another scientist with a fondness for needles and innoculations. Snake, the Pillorian with snakes for arms and a monstrous bear hug. Cheapshot, a member of the Penetration Elimination* that never fights the fair fight. The Rapester, the former member of the Penetration Elimination with an adiction for the opposite sex. Venus Flytrap, a female much like the Rapester but with different methods. And Billy

503:1

*He would be firs + loyal to Temar

Smith an example of Venus' work, also the son of Glove and Commander, the newest member of the Alliance.

"Where is Cornado?" Yemar asked.

"We believe he perished in the engine catastrophe." Glove broke out in a sweat.

"You mean you don't know!" Yemar stood. Mouths opend in fear and anticipation. Yemar raised his hand. He closed it and pointed at Glove as a smile crossed his face. He reseated himself. "The same old, incompetent Glove. How could he lead you all so well."

"We worked togeth-." Glove flew across the room into the wall. The fourth best ninja in the universe

looked up in terror.

"It was a retorical question," Yeman said.

"Shi-," Billy muttered.

"No shi-," Cheapshot whispered.

184: Tripartite (Look It Up)

"We'll use the partner system," Murk suggested while adjusting his light blue Space Force uniform. We chose the S.S.C. jacket.

Chico chose the dark blue uniform but the same jacket." Edmund and Marileva, Belthar and Angelica, Murk and Myself, Christen pick someone. We've got an odd number so it'll come out even. Is anyone listening to me?"

"Sir!" the Space Force soldiers said in unison.

"Where do you come off sayin' I owe you somethin' Princess?" Edmund asked. "I don't owe you a fu--in' thing!"

"Oh yes you do!" Angelica pleaded.

"Edmund's my best friend and I love him so much. Love isn't sex, but it helps," Marileva defended her husband.

"We don't have this on my planet. Women do not speak to men in this tone," Belthar announced.

"Shut the he-- up!"

"You don't feel that way toward Marileva," Angelica hoped.

"I do, and more," Edmund admitted.

This similar situations occurred between Commander and the Sims'. But the twist was that she wasn't really

after Edmund's love but after Marileva. Type a behavior to the least. Commander wanted to do anything in her power to 'fu--' with Marileva in her own words of course. But that was over now. Commander respected Marileva, but one could not say the same for Marileva. The Space Force was full of rivalry in high important places.

"Da--it Edmund!" angelica pulled her fun.

Edmund and Marileva and BeBan looked up with hands raised.

"Oh it's like that now?" Marileva said, "If you can't have him, no one can. Can't you see angelica, if it has to come to this point, it wasn't met to be between you two."

"If it weren't for Billy." Angelica dropped the gun to her side.

"What the he--'s goin'on here?" Chico said running over.

"Yeah are we gonna do this or not?" Munk asked.

"No you wouldn't Angelica," Marleva said, "If you care about him so much you wouldn't want him hurt. So let us live our lives."

"Can we go now?" Belthar asked.

"If you wanna shoot somebody Angel," Edmund hinted.

"We're going to need weapons," Needo replied.

"That wasn't in the deal," Pete said.

"Motherfu--in' shi-! Oh shi-!" Julian screamed.

Somebody in the convertible pushed the two dead bodies out of the car. Seconds later, the S.O was airborne.

The two remaining drive-by participants in the back knocked out the rear windshield and began firing fully automatic death.

Pete couldn't get a good shot off. Too many pedestrians and the bullets didn't make it easy either. "Get closer."

"What?" Lil Tiny by now had lost all sanity and started screaming wildly.

"Take the wheel," Julian ordered while replacing the gum he swallowed as a result of the unexpected speed bumps.

"Fu--!" Peedo said.

Sec unconsciously walked out of his house thinking Pete and Julian would be there to take him to the station for the night shift. But there was no car.

Sec made it to the street and hailed a cab. He got in and sure enough, there was Yori smoothing his hair and another passenger.

"What're you doin' here Commish?" Sec asked.

"Car's in the shop," Commissioner Iyro announced.

"No bidding," Sec said, "you shi- me not?"

Iyro shook his head. "And don't swear, I told you!"

"But the cab always runs," the Russian chuckled.

"My God, I'm in the Twilight Zone!"

Sylvia found a mutilated

sign that said 'Exit'. Well it tried to say it. She would need her Dorodan powers to clear the doorway.

Cornado reached for the laser rifle and switched it to the dreaded D-Beam. He aimed and fired on full blast at Sylvia, the minute kickback throwing his arm out.

Sylvia went down in live pain, her molecules threatening to break apart.

Cornado's fingers still worked as he reached the communicator on his belt. "Cornado here! I've got an intruder."

"Will Zenorio?" another Borg asked.

"No, he escaped," every word hurt, "but this

Dorodan's even better."

"Who is it?" Cebe enquired.

"Sylvia Tenox."

"What's wrong Billy, my love?" Venus asked.

"That was my - girlfriend," Billy admitted.

"And my mother." Jemar smiled. "As well as the mother of my child, my son, me!"

She was also Fineyes' daughter. Talk about family ties.

"Alright we're in charge," Murk announced.

"Space Force soldiers, fill the shuttles," Chico ordered, "I won't lie, casualties will be high but Planet Exile must be stopped. Triple Action and

spacestation flies get the fighters. This is war. Let's move."

"Edmund, you need us!" Derek replied.

"No Derek," Marileva said, "you four stay here."

"We'll be back and when we do, we're 'Goin to Disney World'," Edmund announced.

"You got it," E.J. said.

They hugged up and Edmund and Marileva went to work.

The deployment was massive. And Planet Exile answered. All ships took off from Solstice Satellite though. It was war, things had to be uniform. The theme, 'Turn This Motherfu--er Out'.

"You scared Chico?" Mark asked.

"Scared is not comin home to my wife Supria, that chicale bill me," Chico said.

"We're finished with the beaurecratic bullshi-fellas," Edmund said.

"We were never good at taking orders," Marileva replied.

"Stick to the plan!" Mark yelled. An enemy was on his as-.

Edmund and Marileva saved him and proceeded to Planet Exile's engine breech. The debris had been almost cleared by workers but they were no match for a Space Force Class III fighter.

Marileva landed their fighter. By now Dorodan mother ships joined the fight with their own arsenal.

Angelica and Bekhar's fighter landed followed by a 516:1

shuttle. All with verticle take off and landing capabilities. Sylvia's fighter remained. The enemy couldn't touch it for it had the same feature as the Triple Action Tune and Julian's S.O.

The plan was a sound one though it lacked originality. It was of a frontal assault, designed by Leader 1. The Space Force was going to try to over power Zemar's entire forces plus Planet Exile, Edmund and Marilena would have to have a long talk with Jerry Stupescent when this would be over, if they survived.

Belthar wore his traditional animal skin battle gear with sword, Tune and shield. Angelica wore jeans and a shirt as did Edmund and

Manilova but with one twist, their S.S.C. jackets. All three's arsenal was the Y.A. Func except for the two Dorodan's who had their powers to boot. Manilova and Angelica wore the Space Force's patented waist to hip holster. Edmund felt comfortable with it in his waistband.

But one question remained. Who was in the shuttle?

Julian literally stepped on the gas pedal while inserting the J clip in his Func. Pete loaded the 9mm handgun part of the Func by ramming a clip up it's butt. They virtually cocked it at the same time.

They all scooched down in their seats as the cars got closer. Lil Tiny

did his best trying to steer the car from riding shotgun and hiding beneath the dashboard.

Sirens now filled the streets. That car couldn't get away.

The bullets simply bounced off the bullet proof S.O. That's when the people in the convertible pulled out the heavy barrel shotgun.

This was the break Julian and Pete needed. It took time to fire a shotgun. One second to cock, one to fire and two to rebound from the kick back. These were four seconds Julian and Pete would make good use of.

"Take out the tires!" Pete yelled through all the madness.

Julian nodded but he knew 519:1

the lowered suspension and air deprived tires wouldn't make it easy. We needed to get closer.

It was Pete's job to make that possible. We took careful aim as the gunner attempted a shot.

"Not my car!" Julian took the wheel and swerved to dodge the repair cost. Insurance didn't cover high speed car chases, and why should it?

"What the fu-- are you doing?" Needo grabbed Julian. He was delirious and never gave a thought to seeing life from a cop's point of view.

Pete kept a steady arm not speaking a word. Concentration was everything in this game. Being off by an inch could end a curious pedestrian. But this

war. This was for Mrs. Rogue that would've been. With this kind of drive, how could he lose?

"Get off me stupid as-, you're crazy, & get the gun!" Julian turned around.

"Hey man word to your mother." Needo held up a hand.

"Oh it's about my mother now!"

A shot went off and everything fell silent.*

"We're under attack Sire!" Corrado yelled. He was bandaged from head to toe and a wheelchair was his only transportation, he could hardly move that.

"No fu--in' bullshi- Sherlock," Slove said.

"There need not be any fear," 521:1

*The author could stop now and leave the readers hanging. But Dope Enterprises looks out for the readers

Zemar advised, "the fools cannot harm me."

"Begging your pardon," Zineyes replied, "we-."

"I'm well aware of that Zineyes. It's time you all start earning your keep."

"We've gotta get outta here Venus," Billy pleaded in one of the many corridors.

"Why?"

"You don't belong here Venus."

"And where do I belong then Billy."

"With me on Second Earth."

"What about your girl?" Venus' eyes were so beautiful and penetrating.

"You fu--ed that up pretty well." Yes Venus seduced Billy, but now she

was starting to have feelings for the ninja.

"Can we trust your son?" Pinlock asked Glove.

"I think so, Miss Flytrap has complete control over him," Glove said.

"Status report Glove," Jemar ordered.

The three were on their way to the interrogation chamber and detention holding cells. Sylvia Senora was the first customer.

They entered the room to find Sylvia chained at gun point by Snake. Yes, she could easily break the chains but was it worth it only to be blasted by another D-Beam.

"Hello Mother." Jemar smiled intently.

"You bastard!" Sylvia lunged forward only to be stopped by the length of the chains.

Yemar approached her and took her in his arms. He gave her a big kiss. Sylvia didn't flinch. Her ex-cop background had hardened her and strengthened her.

"It's ironic realy oh is it mom, can I call you that now or the mother of my child, me?" Yemar teased.

"Fu-- off Yemar, you're no son of mine."

"What's weird is that you're really pretty good in bed."

"Where's Billy?" Sylvia forced herself not to 'freak out'.

"It's ironic really I fu--ed you and Billy fu--ed Venus Flytrap." Yemar sat and leaned toward Sylvia.

"You freakin' lie." rage and anger built up in Sylvia.
"It's my son Miss Senorox," Slove said, "why would we lie?"
"She looks pissy," Snake told Pinlock.
"Yes put her out," Yeman ordered.
Sylvia couldn't allow herself to believe it. Yeman was just trying to break her. He was doing a good job. But, she had to find out for herself. Sylvia had to escape.

Edmund, Marileva, Angelica and Beltran pulled and cocked their guns. They made it to either side of the shuttle.
"Open says me," Edmund ordered.
The four backed away as

the doors slid open.

"Derek, E.J., M.J., - Vanessa." Marileva put her sunc away.

"We told you to stay back on Solstice Satellite," Edmund replied.

The four children shrugged.

"Well you might as well make the best of it," Christen said as he stepped out of the shuttle, "we've got a mission to do."

"Time out," Marileva held up a hand.

"Tu -- the mission - this is family, family first," Edmund said.

"Who's idea was this?" Marileva asked, "no I don't want to know - anyone of you could've stopped this if you really wanted to. You're all at fault."

"What kind of security is there in the Space Force where

children can take a shuttle?" Belthar asked.

"Stay out of this," Angelica pushed Belthar aside.

"And Christen?" Edmund waited for an answer.

"I needed to get here they said they'd do it for me," Christen explained.

"Some excuse," Marilena was upset and worried, "if any of you - if I lose you!"

"I know you're lyin' to us Christen." Edmund was from the street, he knew people.

"You're not gonna make this a habit E.J., M.J., Derek, Vanessa," Marilena said. "I go through all those labor pains only for you to die on some stupid stuff like this. Oh no, I don't think so."

"Mom, Dad," E.J. explained, Billy called, "he gave us the frequency you can use to track his earring."

"You came all the way up here for that?!" Edmund was held back by Angel from punching the shuttle.

"That's what the com is for," Marilena said while putting it on her ear.

The two lovers started cracking up.

"What's so freakin' funny?" Derek asked.

"Remember I told you I could never get used to this father stuff?" Edmund said.

"We did the exact same thing," Marilena admitted.

The children eased up.

"But that doesn't let you off the hook. We know you worry about us but this is a little extreme. Please don't put us

through this," Marilva cried.
"See I made the promise, well 'we' that if we had birds, we'd be loose but you've gotta hold up your end. 'Kay?" Edmund said.
"Group hug!" Belthar called. He received a slap on the chest from Angelica.
"Although it is a Kodak moment," Christen admitted.
"So what is so important that you needed to come here?" Angelica asked.
"Remember I'm the Enforcer's battle scientist. I'm an extra gun and need information vital to stopping Seman."
Edmund and Marilva hugged their children.
"O'nand Willy's back and Erica is on top of the world," Christen announced.
"Time out let's cut the Brody 529:1

Bunch happy ending shi-," Angelica said, "what do we do with the children?"

"We can't leave 'em here," Belthar answered.

"Can't send 'em back it's bad out there," Christen replied.

"It's settled then," Edmund said.

"They come with us." Marileva could read Edmund's mind.

"You're crazy their kids," Angelica disagreed.

"What other option do we have Angelica?" Marileva asked. "That's why it's called a 'parent trap'."

"We don't like authority or strict parents, we can't just turn into that," Edmund said.

"Our kids wouldn't be like that," Angelica said before she kissed Edmund on the

cheek.

"We're like our children. They're what we were. If that's our punishment for our wrongs, I wouldn't have them any other way," Edmund answered.

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it." Marileva kissed her husband on the lips.

"We're gonna need an opening," M.J. said pointing to the sealed door.

"No problem." Belthar pulled the jagged edge sword of Yahn. He plunged into the wall like a hot knife through butter. "Aye it's stuck!"

"What?"

"Pull it out for a second," Christen suggested.

Belthar did that. The sword was coated with blood and there was the sound of a plop on the other side of

the wall, the sound of a life-less body.

"I am not going to sleep for weeks," Vanessa said with stomach turning and mouth on the floor.

"Cool!" Derek grinned. Once again he received a symphony of stares.

The 9mm bullet went through the first gunman's throat. The second shot went through the second gunmans eye making his dome explode. The first gunman went into spasms. Pete put another bullet through his head into his brain, a mercy billing none the less.

"Shi-!" Sunday drivers got over out of the way. Mothers covered their children's eyes. Teens who had cars brought their friends to watch the

might show.

"Are you gonna drive?" Pete asked Needo.

"Nah man, fu-- it run us off the road if you want," Needo sat down.

"Keep the wheel!" Julian yelled at Lil Tony. It was his turn, and by now he was literally stepping on the gas. Ford versus Mercedes, a drag race down an open street with the police not far behind.

"Take 'im alive! I repeat take 'im alive!" Commissioner Byrd's voice came over the com on the floor in the back.

Pete put it on, "I'm sorry Sir but you gotta take 'em how you get 'em."

The cars were neck and neck. It would be dumb to take out the driver like

this. He would assuredly lose control of the car and it would mean all five of their deaths.

But the driver wasn't worried about that, just escaping. He picked up his deceased partners automatic and began firing out the window.

Julian let up on the gas and the S.O fell back.

The police had whole streets blocked off but would not interfere in the chase a roadblock would also mean the death of the five. And two would be the best on the force. Cars' brakes don't work so well in drag races.

Julian tapped the trigger to get the laser beam target activated, still couldn't get a good shot. 53411

He put the func in uni mode down and took control of the car, fully. He scooched down in the seat so his arm would be fully extended to the steering wheel. The seat was pushed all the way back.

"Reacts like he's done this before!" Lil Tiny exclaimed.

Julian looked at him chewing on the gum almost as fast as his car was going, "Of course, cops make shi- this is where the money is, wit' this car - shi-."

"We get Billy out," Edmund suggested, "you get Sylvia."

"Angelica, take care of our son," Marilena said.

"Of course," The Dorodan Princess agreed.

She led the group of Belthar,

Derek and Christen. But nobody knew there way around. That could present a problem when it came time to escape.

"What're the casualties?" Munk asked.

"You don't wanna know," Chico said.

Munk did a loop-d loop to have his own predator in his sights. He fired and watched the sparks dissapate.

Chico pulled up next to his partner. "Now?" He watched Munk nod.

It was time to send in the infiltration squad, or in Edmund and Marilwa's words, the suicide squad.

They 'parked' in Planet Exile's lot. The soldiers in the shuttles piled out.

"What the-!" Chico noticed

that they had a few miles to walk to the nearest structure.

"Nice plan Jerry," Munk muttered.

Suddenly the huge bay doors closed. There was the sound of rustle and bustle. Arthromere and Frogdog were in full attack mode.

Aliens in uniforms swarmed into the hangar with guns armed and ready. The majority of the Space Force was now prisoners of war. There was <u>no way</u> they could overwhelm the forces of Planet Exile.

"You have them in your custody, where're my diamonds and shi-? Oh believe me, I won't be back if they escape. Those fu--in'

537:1

Romeo & Juliet wannabes'll be gunnin' fo yours truly. Yes Yemar, oh and happy rulin'. It's a bit -. Mime, AKA, Leader 1, BKA, Jerry Sunyvescen out.

185: So Defensive 19 Keep the Offensive

"I programmed the frequency." E.J. handed the coms to his parents.

"Thanks," Marilena said.

"Just like a metal detector. Take mine, call us if anything happens. It'll be a little easier with less people," Edmund replied.

"But to be very honest Dad, we're gonna need a miracle," M.J. announced.

Their miracle came as 539:1

the Space Force Specialists led by Elo Octench in S.F. Class III fighters. They came like the cavalry from Solstice Satellite, lasers blazing. Leader 1 once said that there would be a time when the Specialists and Triple Action must put differences aside to achieve the common objective. Now was as good a time as any.

"Take out these fu--in' aliens I hate them almost as much as those persistant niggers!" Elo's hate, directed, could be very dangerous.

"Nightie-night Dear," Pinlock said as he approached.

Sylvia simply smiled.

"I wish my mother would've looked like that," Glove said.

"You wish you had a mother," Zeman replied.

Pinlock tried to inject his needles into Sylvia but the needles broke when he went for the plunge. "You bitc-! You broke my fingers!"

Sylvia with chained ankles kicked Pinlock in the groin. She broke her chains as Snake rose out of his chair. He fired the D-Beam as Sylvia dropped to all fours.

The rage had taken over. Sylvia raised her hands and fired a massive energy beam out to meet the D-Beam. Of course, Sylvia's was more powerful than the laser rifle and this was seen as the energy beams (the D-Beam was deflected) engulfed Snake.

The unsuspecting alien tried to let out a scream of

terror. But everything happened so fast that he just disappeared before anyone could blink.

Penlock stayed down quivering in terror. Glove's mouth fell off. Even the most-cocky Yemar had to take analysis of the situation.

"Don't touch it," Sylvia said to Glove, "I know you're son wouldn't mind."

"You fools fuck her as-!" Yemar ordered.

Sylvia knew that the past occurance was a rare one and she had to get out while everyone was still stunned. So, she made her way to the table, retreiving her Tunc and laser watch. A second later, she was out the door.

"Why us?" Angelica crouched behind a computer console.

"Give a challenge!" Beltran stood and rose his sword in the air. He quickly joined Angelica behind the console as lasers flew.

"I've gotta get to that main computer," Christen said as he held up the disk Marilwa used to get information from the main computer on the Crystal Planet.

"Shit! It's - what the?" Derek looked out of the cockpit screen to find Sylvia coming down the corridor, the enemy close behind.

"We've got no time," Angelica replied, "in time we'll be surrounded."

"I like those odds!" Beltbar said as the crossfire got closer.

The control room was massive due to the massiveness of Planet Exile. Being the brains of the Planet, Arbie and Cebe Borg alerted everyone on the planet. In a few seconds, the infiltration team would be up for execution.

"Alright Beltbar," Christen said, "here's your chance."

The soldiers had to re-load and this allowed Beltbar to jump out with sword in hand receiving a chorus of laughs.

"Fools!" Beltbar twirled the sword in hand and attacked.

Before the smirks could be removed, their heads were, with smiles intact.

Angelica and Derek provided cover fire for unforseen threats to the living status of Christen. Belthar simply deflected beams killing the gunners.

"You will not move any further!" Arbre ordered.

"Da--it, Derek where are you?" Angelica's mind raced to what the Sems would do to her.

Christen tried to put a nine millimeter between the cyborg's eyes but Cebe simply caught it, like a bug, she crushed it.

The two cyborgs were plugged into the computer still as they closed the control room doors. Angelica, Belthar and Auropsy were trapped.

"What are you doing here

Derek?" Sylvia asked.

Derek shrugged.

"Come on," Sylvia said as the lasers came closer. "Where are Angelica, Belthar, and Christen?"

"In here."

"Great." Sylvia shook her head.

"Now let's see what's on this disk," Arbie shot Christen with her laser.

Cebe was trying to overpower Belthar with a laser amped up with the ships power. The Sword of Yahn was a great shield but Belthar wasn't strong enough to hold his position. The beam forced him against the wall where Belthar lost his concentration and moved the sword out of place. If not for his great physic,

Beltran would be dead.
Angelica put her Junc down in a hidden spot behind the console and came out nice an easy.
Arbie removed the disk from the wounded, heavily, Autopsy.
"I made a few copies and the Space Force has 'em anyway so huh!" Christen stuck out his tounge. He was in pain.
"What?" Angelica was astonished. "That's information from our files! You sob- Edmund and Manilewa, this warrants war!" This would definately put a cramp in Space Force and Sorodan relations

"We have all of the Space Force guards sort of sir," Fineyes announced.

"What do you mean sort of?" Jemar asked.
"Those on the viewscreen," Cheapshot answered.
"Execute the ones in our hangar now. I will not make the same mistake I made before."

"We've gotta get in there!" Sarth Romere replied.
"It's a good thing that nigger lover left her com open for us to hear.
"Okay move in two by two formation," Cbo ordered.
"Yeah but it's not gonna be pretty," Clance said.

Soldiers flocked into the docking bay mauling down space force guards. It was the second Holocaust. Inexperience meant many guards' deaths. And bad

leadership helped. All that training just to have their lives thrown away. Yeman Leach played his cards right.

"In here," Marilva herded the children into a bedroom, followed by Edmund putting laser watch lasers into the current threat. "Stay here."

"What?" The kids were confused.

Edmund welded the door shut while Marilva watched his back. "E.J. and Vanessa should be able to handle it, if anything happens." He turned around. "You ready –."

Marilva pushed her husband up against the door as lasers whipped by.

"Thanks," Edmund said as he kissed Marilva.

"My pleasure," she answered.

"Oh no," Edmund replied, "the pleasure was all mine."

The two were in a "T" corridor. The enemy was at either side so obvously, the Sim's took the open pathway, taking out a few as they crouched across the hallway.

Yes they felt bad about putting their kids in that room but this job wouldn't be infinitely harder with extra lose cogs running around.

The two waited in the shadow at the entrance to the corridor on opposite sides of course. They both put their clip in their funcs to activate the uni. They needed to take out a lot quickly and draw attention away from the room with their children. These parents truly were

doing anything for their children.

The guards were cut down in a blaze of 9mm parabellum. One point to the Space Force.

"Where now?" Edmund asked.

"Up." Marilena referred to the air vent directly above.

"Give you a hand?"

"Thanks but don't forget about my powers."

"Okay - good luck, keep com lines open."

"Wait," Marilena grabbed her husband and kissed him as they parted. She dematerialized and went into the air vent where Frogdog and Arthromere still resided. Her gaseous form would serve her well.

Edmund took off into

another corridor following his detector to find Billy.

Commissioner Syro, Sec and You sat in a side street as the two cars raced by.

"Follow that car," Syro pointed as if You didn't know.

The meter was still running. The cab too was an American Chevy repainted with the colors of the cab company. Yet still it was no match for the souped up Mercedes and 5.0. But it would have to do.

Julian took the wheel in his right hand and his Tunc in Uzi mode in his left. The driver of the Mercedes was driving wreckless, now swerving

to avoid the shots.

"Su--it, just pass the car," Pete ordered while reloading the nine millimeter portion of his func.

Julian didn't argue, he knew that Pete knew what he was doing, sort of.

Needo on the other side, was a different story, "You're crazy! The driver'll 'cabow out."

Julian adjusted his rear view to look at Needo as he armed his func, "Shut-up."

"That's straight." Needo used his hands well.

The driver was playing a new game now. Run the Ford 5.0 off the road.

It took time to turn and deceleration by fractions of MPH's.

Julian finally got in

front. Pete shot the windshield making it spider web. Then he reaimed, "More distance!" Soon after, the two front tires were gone.

The Mercedes driver started to loose control. The two cars approaches an intersection with a red light. Julian ran it. The Mercedes driver because of his spider webbed windshield thought it was a squad car. He slammed on the breaks. The S.O's distance grew. The car flipped over only missing the S.O by inches. A fire erupted as the beat up and twisted Mercedes exploded.

Julian let the accellerator go as the car slowed. A few minutes later. Your cab caught up to the S.O. 554.1

"Y'all are dangerous," Sec said while scratching his head.

"But they got the job done," Syro announced.

"Uh we'll walk the rest of the way," Lil Tony replied.

"No shi-," Needo looked at the wreckage.

"We're not done yet," Pete said while putting his Func in his waistband, "the Rapesters still out there.

"Guess we'll see you two tomorrow," Julian leaned against his 'baby' after checking her out, Func in hand.

"Yeah we do make a pretty good team - huh Pete?" Needo asked. "We'll get the fu--er."

"Cause if we don't I'll get <u>you</u>," the rugged cop vowed.

"They can't do this to us," E.J. said.

"Well they have done it," Vanessa replied.

M.J. was pacing back and forth. "There's gotta be another way out."

"But I don't think you're gonna find it," Cheapshot announced. "Yeman, this is Cheapshot. You won't believe who I've got in my quarters."

"Scatter!" E.J. ordered.

Vanessa grabbed her sister and dematerialized. E.J. did the same. The air vents were busy.

"Hey - that's cheating!" Cheapshot yelled.

"Are you sure you can fly?" Erica asked.

"I'm always ready for a good dog fight," Willy admitted.

"So will things ever work out between us?"

"I seriously doubt it Erica I'm not ready for a relationship. And I'm no Edmund."

"It really is better then huh - friends."

"Okay," Willy agreed.

"Let's go Will!" Beavy called.

"So, I'll be fine," Erica said. "The Space Force needs you."

Willy kissed Erica.

Mike and Paula climbed into their fighter. They took off. Beavy closed his canopy and was the next out. Willy was last.

The Specialists were too late to stop the slaughter. It had already begun and ended.

Zemar didn't play.

The Specialists landed their 557:1

fighters and got out to try to find Murk and Chico.

"Dan & Zobr find any and all who are wounded badly, get them back to Solstice Satellite. Lexander and Trep, make sure they get there. Sarth, Clance, Rupric and Calvin, with me."

The smell of charred decaying skin tainted the air. But the Specialists were hardcore. They didn't let the massive death toll affect their mission. Zbo's force had to make sure that the soldiers and docking enemy fighters didn't affect the mission either.

Edmund rounded a corner to find Billy and Venus up against a corridor

wall.

"Billy? What are you doing?" Edmund held his fanc up. This was too out of the ordinary for a disciplined ninja.

"I'm sorry Edmund but no one can know" Billy got into his fighting stance.

"Dood Sylva's gonna freak," Edmund said.

"Not if you don't tell her." Street kid versus ninja. Venus stayed back and watched. Edmund would be no match for Billy, though a formidable adversary.

Marileva overheard this on the open com lines. She made her way to where she sensed his position. Yemar also heard from

Sylvia's com that she forgot to get.

"Get away from my husband." Marileva re-materialized with func armed, armed and ready.

"Wha's your husband?" Venus saw an opportunity to feed on pleasure once more.

"Get back," Marileva reordered.

"I'm in love, Edmund," Billy replied.

"You try that with my husband, you're dead," Marileva said.

"A challenge?" Venus replied.

"No a promise."

186: Party of the Third Part

"Cover me!" Sylvia said as she eyed the door.
Oh how Derek would love to do that literally. Instead he held off the immediate assailants."
Come get it! Deadly Derek's on the trigger now!"
"Come on Derek," the Briton suggested.
The two ran and caught up to their two fallen counterparts and the gorgeous Dorodan Princess.
Arbie and Cebe trod the

laser trick again to no avail. Sylvia's force field emission saved the five. She helped the wounded Christen Arch while Angelica helped Belthar out.

"Where are Edmund and Marilena?" Sylvia asked.

"Follow me," Angelica answered.

A hover transport vehicle approached the scene of bodily carnage. Aboard were Fineyes and Punlock to survey and confirm the body count.

"Get the fu-- down!" Elo called over the com." Enemy approaching."

And before the doors closed to which the transport entered Elo and his force hopped inside,

officially, Planet Exile.
Dan and Gobr played lead. Lexander and Lirep scooched down in their fighters to hide. Yes they would deal with the soldiers, but what about the Senior advisors to Zeman? It wouldn't be good to test the theory and blow cover. They knew what Zeman was capable of, at least what he was.

"You ever fu-- on an upset stomach?" Billy asked.
"What?" Edmund was astonished. "You've changed Billy."
"I say it was for the best." Venus was all over Billy.
"Manilova, Edmund!" Sylvia called.
"Fu--," Billy muttered.

"It can't be true!" Sylvia stopped in her tracks, tears flying.

"That's your ex-," Venus replied.

Ebo's force caught up to triple action as E.J., M.J. and Vanessa rematerialized.

"Well we're all here," Ebo said.

"What's the secret handshake- Black Power!" Sarah replied.

"You wanna get it on right now?" Edmund asked.

"Yeah you wanna mess- I'm sick of you," Derek announced.

Weapons cocked and forces approached each other.

"Sorry to break this to you but- Yemar," M.J. announced.

"I want all of them!" Yemar ordered. The soldiers advanced in utter obedience. 564:1

The two Space Force Elite groups split up taking out all in their way.

"I'm going to take my prisoners to Solstice Satellite," Venus replied.

"Of course," Punlock agreed.

Fineyes walked out of her way.

Lexander and Firep fired easily and accurately at the two enemies. Billy, Venus, Elo and his men broke for their transportation out of here. Dan and Zobr loaded the bodies before the stunned enemies came too. They were on their way back to Solstice Satellite.

The rest of Triple Action made their way out too. All said their goodbyes and went their different ways. 565:1

Sylvia and Belthar went to Zahn. Christen and the children went to Spacestation Colt while Edmund and Marilena headed for Solstice Satellite. Angelica went to her home.

How could they call this a victory? The losses were too great. The new Alliance worked well at dividing the Space Force up. Reorganization tore the Space Force apart.

Zeman had won the first major battle and perhaps if he played his cards right, the whole war. And Zimar Zeath sent his message loud and clear, "Happy anniversary Edmund and Marilena."

187: Extro

Spacestation Petya was still missing in action. All other Spacestations were damaged beyond repair. The Space Force's forces had virtually been wiped out.

The Space Force was under new leader-ship. Jeri Sunyescent AKA Venus Flytrap. No one knew Jerry's face but this move would be infinitely better than before and more popular with the females.

The Dorodans severed all

ties with the Space Force and do not wish to be tempted for they were on the verge of waging war against the Space Force.

The Specialists remained aboard Solstice Satellite awaiting their next mission or confrontation with Triple Action.

Billy Smith returned to the D. Doods in utter shame. Sylvia Lemorox returned to the Second Earth Special Police Force but kept her ties to Triple Action.

Murk Wreosir and Chico O'Reilly were virtually on their death beds.

The Rapeater, Mime and/or Jerry Simprescent remained at large.

Planet Exile and Solstice Satellite were both non-operational.

Triple Action
Edmund Sims
Marilena Sims
E.J. Sims
M.J. Sims
Vanessa Sims
Derek Sims
Sylvia Senorox
Commissioner Byro
Pete Rogue
Julian Tagar
Christen Curch "Autopsy"
Secinol Singh
Yori
Judge Newton Chassis

The New Alliance
Jemar Jeath
Glove
Cornado
Arbie Borg
Cebe Borg
Carlton "Jineyes" Lenorox
Pinlock
Plastiba
Cheapshot
Mime
Beacon Juntic
Pluqua Nadox
Phragm Proregé
The Rapester
Arthromere
Frogdog