



**LITTLE FIGHTER EMPIRE**  
THE OFFICIAL FANSITE

Contest #21:  
Writing Challenge

Background stories of LF2

July 15, 2013



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# Preface

Little Fighter Empire (<http://www.lf-empire.de>) hosts contests from time to time which are to challenge the participants and to broaden their horizons.

Contest #21 was a writing challenge. The topic was to conceive a background story of any of the original characters of the game *Little Fighter 2*. Over a period of one month, participants could submit their entries. Any kind of written work was accepted as long as it exceeded the length of 200 words. The winners have been selected in a popular voting procedure.

The following three stories represent the winners, Reaper, Blue Phoenix, and LutiChris, respectively. The remaining entries are appended.

All stories are formatted similar to the author's original submission. Only slight typographic adjustments were conducted. This file is best viewed in a Two-Up-display.

I hope you'll enjoy reading the stories!

Blue Phoenix, Administrator of LFE  
July 15, 2013



# Reaper

I sat there, quietly, trying not to move. The sound of footsteps had already vanished, but it took another two minutes until I finally dared to open my eyes again. I slowly turned my head around. The cell was almost empty, dimly lit by a candle from somewhere down the corridor. Iron bars cast long shadows on the wall and I felt cold steel around my wrists.

But there! In the opposite corner of the room were my bow and hunting knife. If I could reach those, I might be able to get rid of the chains tying me to the wall. Slowly, careful not to make any sound that would alarm possible guards, I shifted my body and extended my right arm.

The bow was nearly within reach. I could almost feel it inside my hand. Just a little bit further...

Footsteps! Immediately I backed down. Closing my eyes, I pretended to be asleep. Two distinct sounds echoed from the walls, slowly becoming louder and louder. 'Go on, go on, leave me here' was the only thought running through my head, faster and faster, in never-ending circles like a ship caught in a vortex.

The two figures stopped right in front of my cell. I could feel their presence through the thin bars separating us, I could smell the scent of decay that the demon reeked of, I could hear the sharp metallic sounds every little movement of the knight at his side produced. The demons were but a forgery, lesser replicas of their master Julian, but in no way inferior to him when it came to malice and viciousness.

With a wailing, creaking sound, the door to my cell swung open.

'Get up you worthless piece of filth!', the demon shouted.

'Today is your lucky day. Though' – a hissing sound escaped from his lips – 'you might not agree with me here.'

Still not daring to open my eyes, I felt my body being lifted into

the air, then being thrown back onto the ground. A sharp pain shot into my forehead as my face collided with the floor.

'Move, you rat. Or you'll find your end right here and now.'

Shaking and trembling, my heart beating like a drum I stood up, careful not to slip back on the ground. Putting one foot in front of the other, I staggered towards the light at the end of the hallway. The sense of a keen sword in my back reminded me not to slow down.

More cells, much akin to my own one, lined the way. Some were empty, in some others I could surmise faces in the dark, anxiously observing our little procession. Wherever I was led to, they would soon follow.

On and on we went, through smaller and wider corridors, up the stairs and across palatial halls, left and right but always higher upwards. At first, my joints were aching, but as time went on, a certain fatigue took possession of my body as well as my mind. I was drifting away and whatever was to happen, I felt too numb to conceive it.

In the end, I found myself in what appeared to be a large dining hall. A green carpet covered the ground and torches illuminated every corner. Parts of the wall had been cut out, allowing me to look out into the night.

The room was located several hundred feet above the ground. In the far distance I reckoned to catch sight of the forest I had lived in, but perhaps that was just wishful thinking, just a trick my mind was playing on me.

Lost in thought, I hadn't noticed that my two custodians had left, I was all on my own. A little voice in the back of my head told me to run for my life, 'now is your one chance and you have to darn take it', but I was unable to even move.

Suddenly, a chilling wind made the flames dance and sent cold shivers down my spine. The torches remained burning, but it seemed like the room had become darker, as if the air itself suffocated the light.

'What do I see here? Another one to join my army?', a ghostly voice whispered. It seemed to originate from everywhere and nowhere at once. I opened my mouth, but was unable to speak. Instead, I shook my head.

'You don't seem too thrilled yet. But don't worry, you don't have to decide for yourself, anyway. Just... embrace my gift to you.'

I heard a chant coming from below, sung with a deep voice in a tongue I had never heard before or since. As the singing grew louder, I felt something throbbing against my head, faster and faster, until the



feeling suddenly turned into a searing pain. I collapsed on the ground, holding my head between my hands, trying to somehow make the pain go away. Hundreds of voices echoed in my head, drowning any clear thoughts of mine. Something was around me and it wanted to get in. The voices grew louder and louder, screaming furiously. One voice rose above the others.

'You are mine now.'

That sentence still resounding in my ears, I sighed out my soul. And in that very second, I was born again. The memory of my death is still fresh, yet it feels so distant. Just like it wasn't really me who died back then. I have trouble ordering my memories, scenes from the past appear shrouded and seem to fade even further with every passing day. The only thing I can remember with perfect clarity is my name.

My name... is Justin.



# Blue Phoenix

## Verdict

Throughout the ages, humanity has craved for knowledge. In this world, the few omnierudates have taken the burden to travel across the lands, to teach others. I am one of them. A scholar who shares his wisdom with the others. Immortalized by my own spell, I have educated countless wizards and witches during the past centuries. A little watch has always accompanied me on all my travels. It was a present from my great-grandfather, a well-respected man at the court of King Arthur, whose last wish was that I become the bearer of it. I call it the “Dreamweaver’s Charm” for it fulfills anything it is being asked for. However, until the opportunity arises for the wish to come true, one is locked into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The watch runs on its very own time. Whereas hours, days, and even years pass, it just shows a change of minutes. I have wondered countless times what would happen once both hands point towards the twelfth hour. So far, they have never reached the time. Legends tell of the “Great Aberration of Kismet”, a tale which predicts that any wish that comes true at twelve o’clock results in a complete distortion of time and space. It might reinforce a prayer but it might also turn it towards the opposite. Little is known for no case has been reported so far.

Weary and tired from today’s wandering, I reached a small village at the outskirts of a larger city in the vespertide. The smell of death and pollution wafted through the streets. Most lights were out. Destroyed, apparently. Trash seamed the pavements. This was definitely not the place I would like to spend even a single day at.

On my daily checks, the Dreamweaver’s Charm read “11:59”. “What a twist,” I thought, “yesterday, it said ’10:42’”. In my anticipation to

the impending hour, I did not pack it away as usual but rather just placed it in a bundle. Little did I know about what was going to happen on this very day, Friday, June 13th, 2031. From far away, I saw two shady adolescents, carefully watching my very steps. Uncomfortable as I was in this situation, I began to pace up. As if this was a sign for them, they approached me. In a few seconds, they had reached me. The next minutes are blurry in my memories. It all happened so quickly. I remember that I got struck on the head and sank to the ground.

“Anything valuable?”

“Nah, nothing. Why on Earth does he carry around a stick?”

“Don’t know. . . Hey, check this out!”

“Oooh, a package! Guess we’re done here.”

When I recovered, I noticed the bundle was gone. The Dreamweaver’s Charm has been stolen. Little did I know about the consequences this would cause for the next decades.

I was robbed and fatigued. I had nothing to lose anymore, so I decided to find a place in this town for a rest this night. Eventually, I found one. The night was short.

Early the next morning, I was wakened by soldiers marching through the streets. They broke into people’s houses, looking for two young men. A place closeby caught their attention. I heard them discussing:

“Is that the one?”

“Yeah. He has it.”

“Wonder how he got into possession of the Dark Crystal. After all, it’s the most guarded object.”

“Don’t ask, get him out of here. And his friend, too. He knows too much. We need to make him disappear as well. As if he was invisible.”

“This reminds me of that serum we’ve got lying in our stash. Have we tested it before?”

“Not that I can remember. That dude would be the perfect guinea pig, though.”

A few minutes later, it became quiet again. But not for long. The sky darkened and thunder roared from far away. Rain started to fall. I decided to depart and to continue my journey. When I looked up, I noticed the clouds forming strange patterns. Was it just me or did I really just see a skull veiled in purple flashes?

The next events happened so fast, I can barely recall them. Rumors have spread about a Dark Lord that has risen straight from hell to teach mankind a lesson. To make them suffer under the hand of an almighty

despot. And so, conditions worsened severely. Society deteriorated and underwent a transition into sheer anarchy. Suppressed by a villain, anything we have loved and cherished decayed and gave way to hatred and despair. I recognized my former students fighting alongside the tenebrous side. Young sorcerers I have once taught now used their knowledge against us. There was just one way to end this: to find fellow minds, capable of destroying the oppression forced upon us.

The search took several decades but has now been completed. It is the year 2099 and we are finally ready to strike.

There is one thing that I vividly remember which my great-grandfather told me on his deathbed: “John, the Dreamweaver’s Charm might look like it can solve anyone’s problems. But always keep in mind that a pendulum swings two ways.”

Until this day, I have not understood what he meant. The revelation has finally come. The verdict has been spoken. We are arraigining our troops to fight a battle that will decide upon the fate of the world. The Great Aberration of Kismet has caused magnificent chaos but it will be unmatched to the cataclysm that will follow. In a virtually apocalyptic carnage, order and righteousness will be restored.

The pendulum of justice has started to swing back.



# LutiChris

Two clones stay on guard and watch over their counterpart, Rudolf, from thieves and thugs all night long. Rudolf has fallen into a deep slumber. A silhouette sprouted from the dark forest, causing mischief and trouble for mother nature to worry about. The clones were quick to notice the figure's sly movement and welcomed him with a handful of shurikens. The clones didn't realize he was right behind them and casted an energy blast toward one of the clones. The clone died and it's body faded into nothingness. The other clone recognized the attack to be Justin's.

"Justin!" He called out.

"Shh- You wouldn't want to wake up your master," he whispered. The clone dismissed his comment and attempted to slaughter him with his katana.

Justin avoided the attack by jumping away from him.

"Leave at once," the clone announced.

"Don't worry," He pulled out a red orb and ran away.

The red orb was one of Rudolf's items that he was carrying in a small bag to the next town over. He had orders from Rudolf that he shouldn't leave his side but he couldn't simply let Justin steal that precious artifact. He had no time to tell Rudolf, he had to stop Justin. The clone followed him relentlessly. Justin was evasive in the face of danger but the clone was faster. The clone sprung onto Justin from behind and cut him down to the ground. Justin turned around but was unable to move because the sword was lodged around his neck.

"Alright, I'm sorry. I knew it was wrong of me to steal from-"

"Hand it over," demanded the clone.

Justin searched his pocket for the orb and tossed it in the air.

The clone loosened his grip to catch the orb but suddenly realized his mistake. Justin fired one more blast but the clone was quick to

block the attack. Justin attempted to flee like a coward but the clone grabbed onto his collar and pulled him up by the neck. Justin tensed up ready for a beating when suddenly a wave of purple smoke took them both by surprise.

"Looks like dad's here," whispered Justin. "You're in a heap of trouble now."

From out of the smoke appeared none other than the infamous Julian.

"How many times have I told you not to go messing around with the hero's," he bellowed out loud.

"Father, I found the orb you asked me to find. He has it."

Julian saw the red glow in the clone's eye. He was outraged and radiated with steam. "Why you little!" But before he could take a swing at him the clone had transformed into Justin and threw him at Julian. Julian caught his son. The clone struck back but it was just an illusion. *There he is again no- wait there ugh!* It was really hard for him to tell. An echo of laughter mocked his attempts at getting it right.

*I should be getting back to my master. This is way too dangerous for me to handle alone, he thought. No wait, that would only put him in even more danger. I need to get far away from Julian as possible,* he transformed back to his normal state and ran. The voices and laughter pursued but he no longer saw them. Out of the bushes came a deafening roar. He was apprehended by a powerful light. The clone evaded Julian's attack. That soul punch would have taken him down without a doubt. Justin caught up to the scene. The clone had to get away so he cloned himself. Lucky enough, the clones did the same thing and a vicious cycle continued to produce fresh new clones which had the evil doers surrounded.

"Interesting," Julian remarked. All the clones attacked at once.

Julian put his hand on Justin and he was gone in a puff of smoke.

Soon after he did that he performed a devastating big bang on the majority of the clones. All but one stood overwhelmed by the sight of his raw power.

The clone was on the ground. Feeling like he had just lost to the mighty under lord he had tossed the red stone aside to await certain death.

"You're unusual," Julian walked toward him in a slow manner, "Although you are a hero there is something about you that is not quite right," Julian knelt down. "You seek Power," the clone looked away.



"Yeees, I can sense you are envious of my power. I can give you that power you seek," The clone was defiant.

"No! I'm just a clone. Kill me already!"

"What's this? You think you are no better than any of your friends?" the clone remained still. Julian picked up the stone lying right next to him and whispered. "This stone is what has awakened your true potential. You have a great gift and you know how to use it wisely," He stood up.

"I'll let you live if you do me a small favor. I'll go into detail later but the main thing to take away from this is I'll grant you the source of my power," Julian dropped the stone into the palm of the clone's hands. The red stone glowed before his very eyes but then he remembered.

"You're the villian! Why should do your bidding?"

"I too was once like yourself." Julian explained. "Until I encountered the ruby you have in your possession," the clone took one look at the stone and then back at Julian. "It speaks to us with such great gifts. You shouldn't be taking order from the likes of Rudolf. He was the one who stole it from me in the first place. He has no right to call himself a hero."

"Well." he muttered. "...if that's the case, what's a clone like me got a chance with any of you? **I die in one hit!**" he emphasized.

"This!" Julian presented a bottle of milk to the clone. "Drink this and you will gain equal health," the clone took the milk bottle. "Join me in the search for power and together we will take down this pathetic kingdom!"

"What do I need to do?" asked the clone.

"Here's a list i've made of all the villagers in town" The clone scoured the list.

"B-but," he hesitated. "Rudolf's on the list."

"No No NO, you're not following my idea. Transform into each of the villagers including the little fighters and make an army for me," The clone looked down at the paper again, staring at his master's name for a brief moment. He smiled and transformed into Justin. "Why the hell not!" They had left the woods that night and morning soon followed. Rudolf had woken up from his slumber.

"Man, what a weird dream I just had," he checked his pocket for the red orb. It wasn't there. He looked up and noticed his two clones had disappeared. "Damn," he scratched his head. He got up and left the woods. He reached the entrance of the town and walked by some of the villagers. They seemed reluctant and avoided his very presence. He

stopped, puzzled by their bad mood. Then suddenly a voiced emerged from the crowd.

"Hey, YOU!" It was his best friend, Deep! Coming to greet him or so it seemed. Deep was very angry and by the looks of things all signs pointed to him.

"WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!" he pushed Rudolf away.

"Wait-what? What the hell? I was out of town."

"Cut the crap ninja boy! Why did you attack me last night?"

"Did you not hear me? I was out of town it was probably somebody else!"

"My eyes do not deceive me," he squinted his eyes deep into Rudolf's soul.

"Well-" Rudolf was feeling mighty uncomfortable as well as perplexed.

"Not only did you attack me but you attacked the rest of the villagers!" Rudolf quickly turned to look closely at each of the villager passing by.

They were badly bruised up and had bandages covering parts of their body. Neither one of them wanted to make full eye contact with him. Davis walked by and saw the two of them.

"HEY YOU!" he shouted. Rudolf rolled his eyes.

"Yeah Yeah I know what this is all about. You're both under the impression that I had something to do with last night's attack. Well, I'm sorry but I swear you have the wrong guy," he was about to walk away when Davis stopped him.

"Oh yeah! Well- I found this in my room," he shoved a shuriken near Rudolf's face.

Indeed, he was astounded at the discovery. *This has to be mine, but how?* he wondered.

One of the villager's came up to Davis, he recognized that she was a friend of Jan's but he hadn't known what her name was all this time.

"DAVIS! I can't find Jan anywhere!" she squealed.

"What?!"

"HE WAS THE ONE!" She jumped about pointing to Rudolf. "He was there in the middle of the night with his blue robe and scary red eyes."

Rudolf was stumped, "*Red eyes? b-but that couldn't have been me?*"

"RUUUUDDOOOOLLFFF!" Davis was pissed.

In these types of situations he would likely run from the problem but he bumped right into Mark.

"Yo got some serious explain'n to do, punk!" The boy's took him down to Stanley's Prison, where he was to await his trial.

meanwhile...

"Hahaha, you've done a marvelous job. I'm glad you took them all down," Julian continued to laugh.

"Well- I didn't kill them. I just did as you instructed me to do. There was also one individual I could not manage to transform into."

"I see," he looked unimpressed and a bit disappointed. "But you did a fine job anyways," he patted him on the back.

"This cloning business takes time, how many bottles do you have?" inquired the clone.

"Plenty. Since you have all these bottles to aid you, I see no reason as to let you keep this," Julian took the red gem away from him.

"Hey!" the clone lost the red glow in his eyes. "You have all the supplies you need to make a million clones"

"But why do you need the stone?" the clone insisted.

"I need to take care of one last name on my list." Julian slammed the door but opened it back up for he had left out a precautionary measure. "Oh and just in case you have any funny ideas about taking me down like you did the other day," He waved his hands around a pile of armor and a knight had risen up from the clutter. He then raised both of his hands away from each other and lifted all the other remaining armor into a row of standing statues surrounding all four corners of the room. They also blocked all the existing exits between the large pillars. "Have fun," and with that he slammed the door behind him with the last remaining scraps of armor filling in the spot in front of the door. It was night time again. And up in the kingdom strange things were happening. Louis and Henry were doing cartwheels around their instructor, Monk.

"Sir, we don't have time for this tomfoolery. Stop this at once and practice your lesson!" Louis stopped but Henry went around in circles around them. "Would you please be so kind as to leave this room! You are distracting his royal majesty."

"Please Monk, address me as Louis. We don't need to be all fancy around here," said Louis.

"Pardon me your grace but like i've already mentioned the time of

the great fiend is approaching. We need to be better prepared around here and I suggest-"

"-we go out to eat!" interrupted Henry. Monk pushed Henry out of the room using his shaolin palm. "That's nothing I can do it faster!" shouted Henry across the room.

"My stance allows me to block incoming attacks and it's done the proper way," Monk protested.

"IT LOOKS LAAAAMME!" shouted Henry.

"Pay no heed, he's a disgrace to the kingdom. Running around with those awful bandits and hunters everywhere," he shook his head.

"Enough of that i'll show you what I can do!" Louis exclaimed. The floor shook a powerful shock wave of force from both directions and pushed Monk to the other side of the room next to Henry. Monk faintly cheered, "Nice one!" and collapsed on the floor in exhaustion.

"Yep, I'm just that awesome!" Louis chuckled.

Suddenly, the floor shook violently and both Henry and Louis were startled. A massive soul bomb was heading their way but it was easily avoided. Julian was in plain view.

"So we meet again?" announced Julian.

"Ha! Dude?! How many times do I have to defeat you?" Louis laughed, "You're just thirsty for more aren'tcha?"

"How dare you insult me! I came back because i'm certain this time you will LOSE!"

"Yeah well don't count on it, he's gotten better as time went by," said Henry.

"Fools! Don't expect i'll be that careless again," said Julian.

"Bring it on Buttercup!" Louis said.

"Yeah! We're ready for ya!" shouted Henry.

"THEN LET THE GAMES...BEGIN!" Julian immediately created a bunch of flying skulls. Both Henry and Louis run blindly toward certain doom. Monk finally wakes up after his short nap.

"I do say sir- AHHHH!!" Monk screamed and is hit multiple times in the face by the skulls. He is passed out once again. Henry fired a critical shot in Julian's direction. The soul bomb had been depleted by the arrow. Julian was charging toward them. Louis unleashed his mighty thunder punch but ended up passing right through a mirror image of Julian. He is attacked violently by more skulls in the other direction but is quickly stopped by two of Henry's Dragon Palm attacks. Louis heads right over to Julian but quickly ran away from him because of his mighty explosion. That gave Henry enough time to pull out his

flute and do a little tune. Julian is lifted off the ground by the sound of music. He couldn't move it had restrained his every movement.

"YOU ARE SO ANNOYING!" shouted Julian.

Julian ran after Henry who was taunting him, saying "You can't catch me!" Louis began to follow Julian but he was too late to save his friend. Julian caught up to Henry and punched him right out of the room. Louis surprised Julian with a fury of kicks. Sure enough Louis was gaining ground on Julian. Louis thought it would be a good time to get rid of the armor and end this soon.

"OH no you don't!" Julian took the red orb from his pocket and threw it as hard as he could at Louis. Louis was hit hard in the chest while he was transforming. The red orb was possessing him. He tried to fight it but with no avail, he lost his remaining energy and fell to the floor with a thud. Julian picked him up and carried him over his shoulder. Henry returned with some beer.

"Oh no! What have I done?" Henry panicked. Monk coughed and Henry was delighted that he was still alive.

"Where's Louis?" he inquired.

"Julian defeated him," Henry hesitantly explained.

"Oh dear! We should warn everybody. Assemble the team, call the guards! Julian is going crazy! And-" Monk quickly inhaled in his frantic excitement. "Oh my!"

"What is it master Monk?"

"Are you-"

"Yes?" asked Henry.

"Are you drunk?! You smell dreadful!"

meanwhile...

Rudolf passed back and forth inside his cell wondering how he was framed for last night's disturbance. He surely couldn't have sleepwalked. *Maybe a bunch of bandits dressed up in bathrobes attacked everyone! But no that wouldn't work. They are too clumsy and stupid to pull something like that,* he thought to himself.

"Guards! Guards!" Jack called out. He was breathless. "Julian has invaded the Castle-"

"Again?" one of the Knights complained.

"Yes, but this time he has taken Louis hostage!"

"But sir, what about the prisoner?"

"We need everyone's help."

"Let me out!" shouted Rudolf. The others turned to acknowledge his presence. "I want to help. Please, I was probably drunk. I'm sorry for what I did," pleaded Rudolf.

"You're not sorry enough besides I've never seen you drunk before and that was unforgivable! Look what you did to my hair!" And with that they left to search for Louis.

Back at the Forbidden Tower...

Being bad ain't so bad it's kind of fun actually. Many of the clones had been turned into a lot of the villagers, a few had stayed the same, while the rest were goofing off. The real Jan was tied up, having to watch them make fools of themselves. Two of the clones thought it would be funny if they impersonated people she knew.

"Why are you doing this to me? Ew, that's disgusting!" she turned away from the two clones who were making out.

"Guy's, come on! Cut that out," said the clone. "You know how that makes me feel."

"Ever since you opened our eyes to freedom and sin there is nothing more thrilling than to not take orders and just do whatever the hell we want," the ninety-seventh clone stopped to drink some beer. "We are eternally grateful for that," said the eighteenth clone.

"Yes, but for the time being try to restrain yourself from sexual practice," both clones detached from one another and wrestled the group behind them, making fun of Monk and Mark.

Julian forced his way in thus breaking the knight who was blocking the door. "Alright! Listen up you lot," Julian called out. "I need you all to gather around and follow me. It's time to show these people what we are made of," one of the clones spoke up. "We don't take orders from you or anybody else!" All the clones cheered and drank some more beer. The original clone came before Julian a bit embarrassed by what he had heard.

"What is the meaning of this?!" Julian grumbled.

"Well- there has been some problems with their behavior and-"

"What do you mean?!" Julian stammered.

"You see, when Rudolf clones he shares separate emotions in all of us. And because none of us has survived for more than just a few minutes outside combat. This is what happens," He gestured to a couple of the noisy clones as an example. One of the clones close to Julian randomly burps.

”Well they listened to you! Make it clear to them and soon after you’ll gain control of Louis’s power,” Julian wandered out of the room dragging the unconscious Louis behind him.

“Come! After this is all over, we’ll have free ice cream!” shouted the clone. All the clones cheered and follow him.

Rudolf was sick and tired of this whole misunderstanding. He knew he would get fined and possibly kicked out of town for what he may or may not have done. Not to mention he would be missing out on all of Marti Wong’s CHING CHONG CHICKEN KABOB. If he escapes he would be fined another ¥500 and would be broke but this really rustled his jimmies. *Wait a minute*, he thought to himself. *I don’t feel as angry as i ought to be. I wonder if my other doppelganger has by bad side.* Rudolf started to worry. I have to find out what really happened. And so he ran forward and simply seeped past the metal bars like it was nothing.

Back at the hideout, Louis, Firen and Freeze were tied up along with some of the weaker villagers including Jan. All the prisoner’s were beat up senseless so they were too weak to escape the rope they were tied around. However, they didn’t count on Firen and Freeze to team up and break bondage. A new power had soon emerged. No one had seen the devastating calamities that would soon follow. Julian’s hideout was in ruin. Firen and Freeze were no more. They had taken the shape of the mystical being, Firzen! He had good intentions to stop Julian’s plan’s from rising to power. He let his tied up companions free and faced Julian’s devastating attacks ruthlessly.

The whole village had seen the explosion in the distance. Fire and ice had scattered across the area. Julian had never seen such power this mighty before. The clone was blown away too. He was uncertain if Julian would actually go along with the deal. However, gaining access to Firzen’s power meant he had some fighting chance if he were to go up against Julian and steal his power away from him. The possibilities of having such power corroded his mind!

Julian wasn’t aware of what the clone had in mind.

*I would be able to buy enough ice cream for each of my clones for the rest of their lives!* he sniggered as he thought this silly notion to himself. Julian ordered him to tell the rest of his clones to disguise themselves as the villagers until he was ready. Firzen fought Julian but it seemed it was not enough. Julian had appeared drunk and was able to hone the rest of his skills during combat. This made him unbelievably powerful, but because he was reckless he also made a few mistakes that

nearly wiped his health down.

They were both tired. Julian was sober and Firzen was panting. Suddenly, Firzen was taken quite by surprise when something invisible had lifted him off the ground. The clone had waited for them to tire themselves out. He was able to transform and bask in the glory of such wondrous abilities. The clone walked up to Julian with the stone still in his hand.

Julian leaned forward, "What are you doing?"

"Remember our bargain?" said the clone. Julian's eyes glowed. "I'm afraid you are at the end of your deal," And with that, the clone held onto his clothes and turned into Julian at last. Julian was too tired to get up and went unconscious soon afterwards. The mob was getting closer. It seems his clones weren't strong enough to withstand the entire village. "Pity, I thought they would have been strong enough to take you all on," he said to himself.

The last remaining clones endeared and fought awkwardly compared to their all mighty powerful brother. The clone had barely received any noticeable damage from the crowd of angry villagers. The little fighters did not rest either. He tore them apart knowing he had full control of the situation.

Then out of the corner of his eye he saw his master running toward him in the dense crowd. His master did not recognize him in the heat of the moment. These extra few seconds gave his opponents the upper hand. Woody came out of nowhere and bashed his knee right into his face, almost shattering the mask he was wearing. They quickly destroyed his body with what seemed like a never ending onslaught of physically painful hatred.

In a poof of smoke, the clone had transformed back into his normal state and almost immediately the crowd stopped in confusion. Rudolf continued to run and arrived to see one of his clones in sure agony. It was a bloody sight, it was a wonder in itself that he didn't suddenly disappear before their eyes.

"Clone?" Rudolf knelt down beside his clone.

"W h o - a r e - y o u?" the clone stuttered.

"It's me, Rudolf. I'm right here. Don't you worry, everything is going to be alright."

"N-nOo!" the clone interrupted. "e v e r y t h i n g - i s - n o t - o-okay" the clone was spazzing out.

"CLONE?!" Rudolf shouted, tears were forming. He had never been so detached from one of his clones, he never expected them to suddenly



leave him.

"Well, ain't that touching?" said Deep. "Wait a minute, WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE BE SO KIND TO TELL ME, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!" Hushed by the crowd, Rudolf continued to talk one on one to himself.

"Please PLEASE don't die!" Rudolf grieved.

Louis walked in front of the crowd and inspected the clone at a glance. "It's the stone in his hand."

"W-what?" Rudolf murmured.

"It's draining his his health and well being" Louis, knocked it out of his hand and threw it as far as he could. It landed somewhere in the woods and a bunch of bats flew away.

"How did you know?" some of the fighter's asked.

"I've been using that gem for quite awhile. Never thought i'd seen that darn thing again till Julian showed up"

"Master?" coughed the clone.

"How are you feeling?" inquired Jan.

"D-don't heal me, i think it would be better this way" whispered the clone.

"Jan heal him" said John. "We need to make sure he awaits his trail-"

"But it wasn't his fault!" Rudolf protested.

Suddenly out of no where, a flying crate had been airborne ready to strike any poor sucker that would get in it's way of landing. Fortunately, it killed the over dramatized events that were ensuing because it's obvious target was the clone hanging onto dear life. Before anyone had realized the crate finally landed on the poor bastard, he was gone forever. Rudolf quickly stopped crying and his emotions subsided. He gained back his old self and an anxious crowd waited for the hero's decision. Deep slowly walked up to him and told him to leave. All the fighter's were sympathetic toward him but thought it would be best to leave him. He had abused his powers and made the town villagers suffer the consequences.

"If we ever need you we'll come find you" Davis smiled. Rudolf appreciated their help and returned the smile faintly. Even though he was never going to see his friends he was sure going to miss Marti's food. Maybe one day he will return.

From that day forth, Rudolf avoided abusing his power of mass clones but always had a friend he could talk to when he was lonely.

And that concludes our tale of “Rudolf’s Clone”. Join us next week for another exciting episode of “Little Fighter’s!”

# Azriel

## Opportunity

In this apocalyptic day and age, every soul has felt the sting of the dark one who rules this earth. Those who had encountered the beast and survived were forever changed. Lucky to survive? Realistically it would be better to be spared such suffering. They spoke endless tales of agony, pain, and fear. However, little is told of the origins of the dark one. This is no surprise, as little is known – those with the knowledge perished in the onslaught. All but one. I. The invisible man. This is my account of the dawn of the dark.

We were friends, Julian and I. Born and raised in a makeshift village, we had scarce amounts of food, and often raided the belongings of unwary travelers for anything that would satisfy our hunger, or valuables that could be traded. At times, soldiers would come and take some of the villagers away. For what reason we did not know, but we always hid. For years, this was our routine for survival. Until that day of unearthly fate, our routine went unbroken.

On that day, the one who crossed our path appeared no different from the others. Blue cloak, navy shirt, grey boots, and a stick, he exuded no serious threat. Cradling a bundle, he ran along the edge of our village, clearly intending to avoid all conflict. But we had seen him, and we were ready. Outnumbered and fatigued, it was not difficult to overpower the lone traveler. Taking his bundle, we returned quickly to the village, eager to inspect our reward.

Unraveling the package, we found a golden pocket watch, lined with red, blue, and green gems. Glancing at each other, we both thought, "Jackpot!" – we had never seen such an object that gleamed so brightly, and this was nothing short of priceless. Beside the watch was a crumpled up note. Unfolding it, we read:

*The Dreamweaver's Charm.*

*The wishes of the bearer of this charm will come to pass. Upon making a wish, the user will fall into a deep sleep, and will awaken when an opportunity arises for the wish to be realized.*

"Real?" I thought aloud, unsure of the credibility of the note.

"Fake?" Julian echoed.

Silence being our only answer, we took the bundle with us and retired to our dwelling.

Later that night, Julian whispered,

"Do you know what I wish for?"

"What?"

"I wish that I could make the rich and powerful feel what it's like to be poor and suffer under the powerful. Then they'd understand our pain. Then they'd help us."

"Night Julian."

"Night."

Just as I was drifting off, I heard footsteps. The door. Julian struggling. I remembered voices. Voices.

"... candidate ... dark crystal ..."

"... other one ... invis ..."

Why were my eyes so heavy? Yes, I too, made a wish. I wished to be a hero. But I had to escape. Now!

I fell asleep.

The events that followed were recorded on a note in my best friend's handwriting:

*We were taken from the village. Why didn't you wake? We were taken through the forest to a secret prison. I heard shouts, what were they doing to people here? They put you in a vat, and filled it with some sort of gas. You started disappearing. I was shocked – you were still sleeping.*

*I was next. They chained me up, and put me in some chamber. I couldn't see the source, but there was a constant purple glow. Then I understood the chains. In that chamber, I grew stronger. Violently stronger. The chains didn't hold, and I broke free. Those soldiers, I taught them a lesson.*

*I'd take you with me, but you've been asleep for a while now,  
and I cannot delay. Find me when you wake.*

*J. 2031*

It is now 2099.  
I am awake.



# davis60

## The legend of Firzen

In a kingdom of might and magic, there lived two brothers, Firen and Freeze. They were born to very powerful parents, their mother Freeza and father Inferno. Firen inherited the power of fire from his father and Freeze inherited the power of ice from his mother. They both were brought up in their paternal village, popularly known as Tai Home Village. They were grown in the reign of Julian, the evil king of demons, and so they naturally learned how to fight as they were frequently attacked by bandits led by some fierce masked demons.

Firen and Freeze's mana power were still in the mid level when they were teens. Their mother called a great wizard, John to enhance their power. John took both of them to Queen's Island for their training. He said to Firen, *"Firen, feel the power of the volcanoes and make their power come from within your heart. Feel the power inside your body, make it come out. You must be the master of fire."* His inspiring words made Firen practice day and night. *"Start working day and night like your brother to achieve your maximum power limit. Your will should be as hard ice."* Freeze joined his brother in his daily practice sessions and started to work as hard as Firen did.

After five months of constant training, they both were delighted to show John their special moves. After the demonstration of their power, John said to them, *"Good, but now its time for your final task, you two must do a fusion."* Firen exclaimed, *"What!!?"* John replied, *"Yes, you heard me right, you two must do a fusion but remember if anyone of you do a mistake, the result will be horrible."* The next day they tried to fuse with each other but due to some mistake, they turned into a hilarious, fat person. When John saw the fusion, he was not able to stop his laughter. After many failure, Freeze said, *"Let's never do this*

*again! I am just sick of it.*" Saying this they both left for their home. They were excited about seeing their parents after such a long time but.....

When they returned to their village, they saw the whole village was almost destroyed. It was done by Julian with his demon army. A group of fighters was formed which was led by Davis, their childhood friend to avenge Julian for what he has done. Firen as well as Freeze joined them for the sake of their village. They all went on a journey of fighting through the Lion Forest, across the Great Wall, through the frightening Stanley Prison to Julian's Castle. When they reached Julian's Castle, most of them were badly hurt. When Firen and Freeze were severely injured, they took a dangerous decision of fusing with each other. They ran into each other and there was a big explosion of fire and ice. Firzen was born at that moment. But due to Julian's dark power, Firzen was unable to control himself and kept on hitting his own friends. *Sorry, my friends I just can't help it. I know not why is this happening to me but you must stop me. Do kill me if necessary.....sob....*

Julian thought, *"Thank the Demons, that I used my dark powers on him right before his fusion or else he would have been one of them, even more powerful than me."*

**From that day on Firzen became the right hand of Julian.**



# Dr. Time

## Backstory of Julian.

The candle's flame lit up the room. The Demon-King bent forward, sitting on his throne.

"So, you want to know my story, eh? Well I'll tell you."

"Everyone knows me. Everyone [i]fears[/i] me, to be more exact.

My name is Julian, the greatest evil that has ever existed in this world.

But I was not always like this."

"I never intended to be evil. I mean, demons are expected to be evil by all. All of my relatives are, well, evil. But not my family. We were the first in our race to actually be.... good. Of course, we were looked down upon by our race. They occasionally came to threaten us to 'change our ways'. But my Dad, Mom, and little sister never feared them. We lived our happy lives. All of us were happy. Even I was happy."

"Heh, that feeling of happiness... I'll never forget it. I used to play with my sister all through the day. She was the closest anyone was towards me."

"But our life together was not so easy. If there is one enemy we demons have, it is the humans. Those bloodthirsty beasts.... they were our race's sworn enemies. We demons had nothing against them, nor did we do them any harm. But, after they found us, they started attacking us. And of course, we started fighting back. This led on to war for more than a 1000 years. It still continues."

"Our family did no harm to them. We just avoided them. We often went off to live in different places, just because humans were approaching. Those were desperate times. We just needed to survive."

"Once, we even heard rumours that the demon king was planning

a truce with the humans. I was happy, of course. I never wanted this war to take place. But then again, these were just rumours.”

”I was, at that time, not evil at all. I was, as you might say, pure at heart. But that all changed. And it’s the humans fault.”

”We had come to stay at a demon village for a while. It was peaceful there. But it all changed.”

”It was night-time. We all were asleep.”

”It was all so sudden.”

”I heard screams”

”I woke up to see what all the commotion was about.”

”I was shocked. Horribly shocked”

”Humans...humans had attacked us.”

”I saw them kill many of the villagers. I was horrified”

”They had no souls, those humans. They killed off every single one of the villagers, even defenseless children who were pleading for their lives. It was too much for me to bear. Too much.”

”I couldn’t do anything. I was scared.”

”My parents and my sister had woken up too by now.”

”We decided to get away quickly through a hidden passage around the village. But we were too late. Humans had surrounded us. We meant no harm to them. But us demons looked alike to them. To them we were another bunch of evil demons who killed humans.”

”They set fire the dry grass all around the village. We had nowhere to run. Nowhere.”

”We started backing up. I caught a glimpse of my entire family. They were a lot scared.”

”I wanted to protect them. I wanted to FIGHT for them. But I couldn’t. What could I do? I had not yet learnt to control my demonic powers. I was useless.”

”A human quickly came forward to kill me and my sister. My parents... they came in between the human and us, and were killed on the spot.”

”I was horrified. My sister started crying. I felt... anger. Anger...”

”Then suddenly, a human grabbed my sister and tried to pull her away from me. I couldn’t hold back anymore..”

”I fought back. I used my fists to protect my sister, the only family I had left.”

”But I was only a child back then. Even if I landed a few of my fists on the human who had grabbed my sister, two more of them came

up, grabbed me and hurled me to the ground. They made sure I did not go berserk again.”

”The human who had grabbed my sister took a pike from a human nearby”

”I at once knew what they were going to do. I tried to free myself. I couldn’t.”

”My sister gave a weak smile towards me...”

”And then... then they...”

”They killed her. Slaughtered her. I watched them slaughter her. I couldn’t do anything.... I was useless.”

”At that very moment... I felt all my emotions rush through me..”

”But mostly it was anger, rage.... revenge.”

”I don’t know much of what happened next. Everything went blank in my mind. I woke up on the ground, surrounded by demons, and rubble all around.”

”The demons explained to me that there was a huge explosion of demonic energy. They sensed it, and came to me as quickly as possible.”

”But I was not paying attention to what they were saying to me. The images of the incident still haunted me.... the villagers, my sister and my parents...”

”I wanted to avenge them... I wanted to have revenge on the humans... But all humans are the same.. Pathetic beings”

”The demon king himself came to that place, along with the others. He told me that he had ’never seen such power’ and other stuff. I mostly didn’t pay attention.”

”The king then turned his attention towards the other demons. He told them that he has talked with the humans and has decided to make amends of the 1000 year war and call a truce between the demons and the humans. He told them that both sides have had enough of the fighting.”

”Most of the demons did not want the truce,except for some.”

”And..... I?”

”I would have agreed with him, if he told us about this before tonight’s incident.”

”But now..... I did not want it”

”I learned the true identities of the humans. They won’t stop until they consume everything.”

”And I could not forgive them for their actions. How they killed the villagers,how they killed my parents... how they slaughtered my sister.... it was too much.”

"I felt the hatred inside of me. Revenge, anger, rage, torment..."

"I did not want this truce. I absolutely did not. I wanted to kill every single one of those humans.. Every single one."

"At that very moment, my body moved on it's own. My demonic energy gathered around my entire hands and arms. I rushed forward."

"The next thing I remember, I was standing in front of the demon king's corpse. Blood everywhere."

"It take me too long to realise that I had killed him."

"I should have resented my actions. I killed the demon king. But I actually liked it. I liked killing him."

"Our race did not have monarchical or a democratic system the humans had. We had only one rule. Survival of the fittest. Anyone who could defeat the king... would be the new ruler. Up until now, no one had defeated him."

"That would mean, I was the new demon king."

"I went forward and told the other demons about what I felt about the humans. I also told them the slaughtering I had just witnessed. Humans can never know peace. Never. They will kill us all if we don't make our stand. I told them, we had to exterminate every single one of them."

"The demons accepted me as their king."

"I started a new breed of demons. I secretly began building an army. I wanted the humans to suffer...through hell."

"But, the number of demons was considerably reduced, as compared to our original population. Most of them were killed."

"I needed to find a way to get more troops."

"Then I thought, with an evil expression on my face.. Why not brainwash HUMANS to fight against other humans? Humans killing humans..."

"I started the process, to brainwash humans, and over 2 years I had increased my army 2 fold with the new additions. Mages, bandits, villagers, knights, paladins.... all types of humans were in my army."

"However, during my search for troops, I also came over some unique... specimens. I sensed that they were quite powerful. Let's take Firzen for example. He is powerful, so I made him one of generals. You want another example? How about this guy called Bat, hmm? Although he is unique, for some reason, the brainwash did not completely work on him."

"On the other hand, I trained myself. I got stronger and stronger."

"And here I am now."

"I might meet my doom one day. That much is certain. But I won't fall till I have striked fear into every human soul out there. Until I have exterminated every single one of them. That is my goal. A goal I WILL achieve."

A sudden gust of wind blows out the candle. The room gets shrouded by darkness.



# The Lost Global Mod

## Future Troubles

Time. It is something which can or cannot dictate our lives, but it definitely will try to do so. Time is what we want most, but at the same time what we use worst.

Since day one, the first day I can think of, I have been at war. Batteling time and my enemies. "How long can I last?" "How long can we resist the dark power?". These and similar questions rotate in my head endlessly, while i struggle to survive each day. Until the day I realized something very important.

"If I want to understand the future, I have to go back in time!" I came to this conclusion after striking down the last squad member of an ambush team. In these times, not many of us "Little Fighters" are still alive. The dark one has slaughtered many of us mercilessly and nobody could stop him. Latest technology and his dark magic has made him nearly invincible, the least you have to be capable of in this war is teleportation, otherwise you stand no chance.

After I came to the conclusion that I have to travel back in time, to change something, I worked diligently towards my goal. I researched locations of the old kingdom of the "Little Fighters" and the possible date as to where it all began. "With teleportation everything is possible!" I thought and trained hard to make time-teleportation possible as well.

And on one fateful day I was finally able to do it. For my test-runs i only traveled back for a couple of hours and then went back instantly to my current time. It was the day after that I decided that I was ready for the journey of my life. I went back to the time where the "Little Fighters" were still powerful enough to stand on even ground with Julian, the dark one.

On my first day in that era, I already stumbled upon the ones who gave birth to me. Little did they know who I was and why I was here. One had spiky up-straight hair, wearing a blue jacket over a body covered with bandages. The other one had spiky lean-backed hair, wearing a blue vest on a green t-shirt. They introduced themselves as Davis and Dennis before they challenged me to a duel. Likewise interested in their abilities I agreed to it and it was not soon until I found myself as one of the "Little Fighters".

This is where my story ends, now I must go! Change the future!

My Name? My real name would be Daevnis, but ever since I joined the army, I acquired another name, based on my performance. I am the one with the defense and stamina like a tree. People call me Woody, remember this name, it will bring a new future!



# koori-youkai

I still remember when we all had dinner together. We used to watch tv all together, then, a random day my mother left us. I never understood why she did so... After that, my father was always drunk or not at home. I started to hate him. He didn't care about me or my brother anymore. He didn't care if I was being bullied all the time. He didn't care that I left school. He just didn't care...

I couldn't stand him, I hated him so much and I was tired of everything so I decided to run away from home one night.

I was young, probably fourteen at the time. I had passed through some small villages, stealing bread and fruit from nearby public markets. Sometimes, I'd even resort to violence to get my way. I started stealing money and when I got better at it I did it just for fun.

Until one day I was in the forest drinking some milk when some weirdo appeared from out of nowhere and approached me. He stood in front of me. He had a mask. It didn't seem like he had eyes at all instead red luminous beams of lights glistened in their place. He looked so weird and out of place. I'm still not sure if he was human at all. I don't know if I should have cried out for help but I managed to stay calmed and kept silent. I couldn't keep my eyes off of his "eyes". Then he spoke. He asked me, "Where did you get that from?" I managed to say, "I... stole it...". He quickly darted his eyes at the bat right next to me and said, "Come with me, I have a job for you." I was starting to feel more frightened of him but I was curious to know what his intentions were and more than anything I wanted to know who he was so I followed.

We walked for a couple of hours or so and found a dark castle I've never seen before. I entered anyways still following him from behind. I was starting to get more frightened when I saw another weirdo. He looked like the first one but huge and with crazy hair. He first looked

deeply into my eyes for a second, I felt so disoriented, but then he told me that someday “our” territories would be invaded by some guys and my participation would be important to protect the castle. He also told the first weirdo to bring me with the “others” at “Lion Forest”.

I felt hypnotized. I accepted and had been given some clothes and sunglasses. Then went to “Lion Forest” there were only trees and some guys dressed just like me. They might not be human or super-powerful but they don’t have any idea about fashion, but look at these yellow gloves ... they are horrible!

The weirdo told me “Stay here and attack anybody who tries to pass through here. Oh- and by the way, my name is Justin and you’ll be Bandit from now on” and just like that he disappeared. What the hell, man? He didn’t ask my name or anything and now I’m just “Bandit”, just like the others? Anyways, I didn’t complain much about that, I mean, who am I?

Some days have passed on: I’ve been hit many times, and got up so many times. Just like the other Bandits, we all protected something but the strange thing was we didn’t really know what it was. We were all the same... We were just leftovers being controlled by a monster.

How am I supposed to beat those guys? I’m so tired of this...

# EXG9

## Mask of Power

"When I was a little kid I was told a one story about great fighter which was saviour of our little clan. That hero was wearing Mask of Power. I was told that this mask can make chosen one into great hero. One of our clan members 1000 years ago was chosen one to wear this mask. On his 18th birthday he had to put this mask and he became that hero. Hero who is wearing Mask of Power name is Phantom. On my 10th birthday I learned that I am chosen one, great fighter, a hero, a Phantom. Chosen ones must be good heart and if chosen one has a little of evil inside him, then he wont be becoming a Phantom, he will become a real Demon."

Noon

" Julian...Julian, wake up."

"What, why so loud mother"

"You were sleeping really long maybe its time to wake up?"

"Oh, you are right mother, sorry for being lazy."

"Ahhh, the older he gets, the more lazy they become, isn't that right, honey?" *Julian's mother said that by looking at her husband portrait.*

*While walking through village Julian met Justin*

"Oiiiiii, Julian, sup."

"Oh, its just you Justin, you loud mouth." *Julian said that with big smirk*

"So I heard that yours 18th birthday is coming."

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Nothing big, I was just wondering about you becoming a hero."

"Oh, you excited too?"

"Yes, I really want to see it."

"See what?"

"You dummy. How you will become a Phantom. How you will look after all and what you will be able to do with those powers."

"Well me too but I think those powers are not for me."

"Why?"

"I am not that strong. I am lazy and don't have any reason to fight"

"NOOO!!!. You are strong and tall, beautiful too."

"Beautiful, who said that to you?"

"My sister, she really likes you."

"Oh, she?"

"Why so surprised, don't you like her too?"

"Well... ummm... cut that crap already."

"Mmmmm...okey."

*Later. Next day evening Some villagers came from the forest and said that they saw a huge army of death coming to their village*

*After a hour village was almost destroyed. Half villagers were killed.*

"JULIAN, JULIAN, JULIAN!!!!" *Justin came to Julian with his eyes full of tears*

"What, what's happened?"

"Village is under attack"

"What?!?"

"My mom...dad"

"What happened?"

"...sis..."

"Wha..."

"You must go and put Sacred Mask of Power"

"NO!!!"

"Why?"

"I can't. I am not ready. I won't be able to control my power"

"No, what about my mother and dad, what about my sister?"

"Gahhh, dammit... why did it had to happen now? Why like this?"

"Julian...good luck"

*Julian rushed to the place where Sacred Mask of Power was kept.*

"Who are you?" *Oldman asked Julian.*

"I am Julian, the chosen one."

"Really, prove it to me"

"How"

"I don't know, you are chosen one and you should be smart enough to came up with something"

"Ok... let me try"

"Go ahead"

"On its 18th birthday, one member of our clan will become a hero who will defeat dead army. I am the chosen one. My name is Julian. I will devote my life to become a Phantom."

"Heh..."

"Whats so funny?"

"I knew who you are and that you are chosen one."

"Then why did you asked me to prove it?"

"I was just messing with you"

"WHAT!!!"

"Just go and take the mask but remember you cannot to think about evil things like revenge. You must have clear mind and goal before you put it on or it will destroy you"

"Destroy me, I don't care. I must stop this army of death and become another Phantom."

"Good luck young Phantom."

*Julian have putted Mask of Power but he did'nt noticed anything new.*

*After few mins, Julian fainted. When he woke up, he felt strange. So strong, fast, changed. But something was wrong.*

"Julian you are here" *Justin said.*

"..."

"Julian?"

"..."

"Answer me"

*Julian have put his hand on Justin's face and turned Justin into similar demon like Julian but less powerful.*

*After destroying army of death Julian and Justin vanished from the village and was nowhere to found...*

*Later there was rumors that masked demon was attacking people but it was just rumors...*



# LeoGautama

## Backstory of Bat

"I never was one of the common, average people. I was not able to recall any of my past, or my family. The first thing I knew, it was that I was in a cave. I was scared, wild fierce animals lurk there. But they were friendly. They did not treat me like a prey, nor were they afraid. They treated me... like a friend. Like a family. The cave was my home, the animals were my friends and animals. They shared their food with me, and I protected them from the hunters.

I spent my days living with them and protecting them from the hunters who would attempt to kill them for their own profit. It was all that ever happened... until that day came.

The day when, my fighting capabilities which I instinctively used against the hunters were recognized by an evil presence, a king of demons, one who sought to take over the human world. I did not care about the world, I was not interested and had no intention to join him. Until he offered to enhance my powers to the fullest potential if I accept, and slaughter me and my friends if I refuse. I had no choice. I accepted, and became one of his warriors, and he enhanced my powers, I am now more powerful than ever.

I never cared about my past. I recall nothing farther than the first time I found myself there in the cave. However, there's one that I did not forget, but nor understood, I vaguely remember someone. I had no idea who it was and did not care who it is... until now.

Now he is in front of me, in the tower of the demon. The moment I saw him, I recognized him, and all my memories are suddenly revealed, I remember everything.

He's my half brother. He lived in the city, with a house and friends. I lived in the nature, with the cave as my house and the animals my

friends.

He had become a hero. He fought against this demon king I joined with his friends. I do not want to fight him, no matter what the demon king says. But it is too late. When he enhanced my powers, he influenced me with his dark powers, I am now under his control. I can only watch myself fighting him now, feeling all the pain. I hope he finds some way to break the mind control spell, and if he does, I would be glad to help him stop the demon king from taking over the world...”



# Hero Destroyer

It's been ages since he had last heard his friends and allies voice. He looked at those days nostalgically, as the best and the noblest time of his life. Gazing at the starry sky and walking with his hand in his pockets, Davis was having a wonderful feeling of strolling around this town and spending the night in a cheap hotel there. While meandering unconsciously, a purple energy ball that came out of nowhere in a fast speed was charging Davis. He noticed that energy strike in the blink of an eye time. Davis swiftly dashed back two steps then the energy ball just disappeared. "The only fool who can't even manage to fire a 'non-stopping ball' has to be you. Just show yourself, you can't attack me at this range!" Davis shouted while facing to a pile of trash dumped in the filthy dark corner of the wall. A masked figure shrouded in the corner of darkness slowly came out; his crimson eyes stare arrogantly at Davis. "No wonder you can defeat Lord Julian in the final fight. However, this ambush is only the beginning. The revolution has just begun." "Revolution?! What do you mean?" Davis reacted in surprise. "In time, you will understand. Human beings evolve in such a fast speed that no one has ever imagined. Therefore, Lord Julian was once again revived to prevent it from surpassing the demons." "What the..! What have we ever done to you?" Light breeze of winds flew across their hearts, the leaves on the branch of a nearby tree rustled in the winds. Later, there was only silence. "Well! Why don't you answer me?!" Davis asked with total impatience. The pale purple mask figure with those crimson eyes, Justin, started walking backwards slowly. A moment later, he disappeared in corner of darkness again. The only thing he left for Davis was the arrogant stare of his crimson eyes. Davis had intended to take a stroll around town, but those words destroyed every trace of his feeling. The night breeze once again made his little fringe shakes, little drops of tear fell from his face. "Why? Why do

those innocent people have to be cursed and forced to fight? Why isn't there peace in this world? We are just human beings free to live as we see fit. Some innocents were even killed by my damn own hands, those were nightmares, something that no human beings expect to happen twice" Davis mumbled in despair. Gazing at the starry sky again, his view was different. He saw the crimson eyes staring directly at him; it was full of hatred and vengeance. Although it was only a hallucination, but Davis somehow sense it. He once again wrapped up his arms and his abs. A new motivation burst into Davis's mind; his eyebrows bent with seriousness. The war is beginning.

# empirefantasy

## I

From the bottom he started,  
one of the best he got awarded.  
He slowly passed the righteousness  
and cuddled the haughtiness .

Fighter  
I am the best,  
I am the fighter,  
You are the rest,  
You can't fight me from east to west

Becoming a heartless killer,  
wouldn't bring him forwarder.  
So one day a magician  
was making a save plan.

He offered him better skills  
And our fighter couldn't resist  
improving his abilities.  
In a second he went almost in dead list

Fighter now fall in trap  
his life become a gap.

Lost his skills,  
Lost his feels,  
Lost his rage  
Lost his face  
Lost his image...

## II

A trolling target for everyone,  
no matter how far he was gone.  
Living all time alone,  
pain thrust into his bone.

.....

One day he saw a monk's temple  
He could learn from their example.

So he joined their magnanimity.  
Started learning wise from them  
Started living again

## III

A young girl named Jan worked as a server.  
Everyone must stayed in distance  
so none had gone in advance.

Once when there began midnight,  
the fighter saw her eyes in his right,  
they were the only in hall  
what was happening a all?

A monk suddenly appeared  
in the moment they ran to disappear.  
A small doll fell in the ground  
it was one of the best things he could found.

A thousand thoughts beard his mind

TEMPLATE

What was that? Why she..

was it tru... what was...

what did she thou...

is me?

Days were passing in silence.

His mind became his scene.

Every night before going to sleep

he was playing her doll

and looking around on room's wall.

Some days later,

night's luck got better.

They met in the hall,

because he would give her the doll.

All the night they stayed together,

no matter how bad could be the weather.

The fighter was reborn,

a new, inexperienced fell was horn.

Was that love wrong?

One of the most forbidden actions among.

Monks accepted him to save his life,

how could become a traitor with knife?

## IV

But the monks were all-known.

In the morning they called him.

Would they give him for something a warning,

or they would take "that thing" he owned?

Fighter had broke a strong the law,

but it wasn't the worst for him to saw.

Maybe sometimes a new lover,

will be permanently over.

But the monks were all-known.  
They could do very good with knowledge they own.  
They accepted their love, maybe it was their work crown...

Now the fighter lives in peace,  
with Jan, children who're so nice.  
He has his face, he has his look,  
the best of life he could took.