

Oblivion's Grip

By AlchemysBloodandDarkEco

Submitted: April 7, 2006

Updated: April 7, 2006

After Jak 3. Torn is bitten by a mysterious creature and things go crazy.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/AlchemysBloodandDarkEco/31303/Oblivions-Grip>

Chapter 1 - Twisted Daily Life	2
Chapter 2 - Result of Pain	5
Chapter 3 - Lesson from the Past	8
Chapter 4 - Driven by the Sand	12
Chapter 5 - The Never-Sage	17
Chapter 6 - Softer Than the Night	23

1 - Twisted Daily Life

Just a little thing I thought up while watching my little brother play Champions: Return to arms and watching S-cry-ed before that. Um... there's not much to say now so let's get started.....! (P.S. It's after Jak 3)

Chapter 1: Twisted Daily Life

Boredom. That's what it was. Boredom. Yes, Torn, Leader of the Haven City Freedom Guard, was bored. The war was over, there were barely any Metalheads left worth hunting, and Daxter; that freaking loud mouthed ottsel; would not shut up. Torn had given him a good whack earlier but his head still pounded.

Now he was on the roof of a building all the way out in the wasteland city of Spargus, letting the cool breeze from the ocean rush over his tattooed face and bare chest. The heat was getting to him; the sun was directly over head.

Waves of heat shimmered like ghosts in the air. Heck, the pants might come off too if the weather didn't cool down! Torn allowed himself a grin. The Freedom Guard Leader with only boxers on in public? That would be a sight, that rat Daxter and his buddy Jak sure might get a laugh out of it.

Remembering the reason he was out here in the first place, Torn lay down on the stone surface, face to the sky, and placed an arm over his deep brown eyes to shield them from the sun. Sweat gleamed like diamonds on his skin. Man, he'd never been so hot in his life! The pants came off. Not that it helped much.

"Ahhg...what an absolutely miserable day...!" Torn moaned as his head gave an exceptionally painful throb, "And this headache...I'm gonna kill that rat!"

At that point, the ex-Krimzon Guard figured he must have dozed off because when he opened his eyes again, it was night and somebody was shaking him awake.

"Torn...hey, Torn...! Come on, wake up!"

"Shut your trap, I'm up, I'm up!" Torn sat up, rubbed his head, and turned to see who it was that had woken him. Jak looked at him with concern and amusement shimmering in his green eyes and his blonde-green hair seemed to glow in the light of the full moon.

"Where's the rat?" Torn muttered, standing up and stretching.

"Naughty Ottsel." Jak said, "I've been looking for you all day."

“Why?”

“A Metalhead hunt; there's far more out here than there is in Haven City.”

“Sure, I'll go. Kind of chilly to night, don't you think?”

“It would be but I've got cloths on so no, not really.”

“WHAT!?” Torn hurriedly snatched up his pants and shirt, face turning a delicate shade of pink. Jak struggled to hold back his laugh, hand over his mouth and everything, but in the end he could do it no longer and his voice rang out across Spargus followed by Torn's angry shouts.

~In the Wasteland~

“Quit pouting!” Jak smirked through his red scarf, eyes glinting behind his goggles.

“I'm not pouting, I'm bored!” Torn snapped; another scarf and a pair of goggles covered his face and his borrowed Wastelander clothing fluttered in the wind. He was in the passenger seat of the Gila Stomper and Jak was at the wheel, speeding over the sand with practiced agility and reflexes.

There was little need for the headlights because the moonlight was so bright but Jak kept them on anyway as they skidded to halt in front of the mouth of a cave.

“What's this?” Torn slid out of the vehicle, pulling out his guns and loading them quickly; a skill he'd learned from his years in the Krimzon Guard.

“A Metalhead nest,” Jak responded, leaping out of the Gila Stomper and yanking out his Vulcan Fury, “There are tons of nasties in there!”

“Well, than what are we waiting for!?” Torn dove into the cave, Jak close behind him.

~Two hours later, deep in the caves~

“I thought you said there were tons of nasties in here...!” Torn muttered, walking around a corner without bothering to look for enemies, “There's nothing ...!”

“There was yesterday...” Jak said and his voice trailed off.

Torn's anger bubbled to the surface. He'd had enough; he was tired, hungry, bored, and wanted to go home.

“I'm calling this off,” He grumbled, turning around, “Let's go home, Jak....”

“Torn, look out!” Jak screeched, pointing his gun directly at his tattooed friend.

“WHAT THE-!? JAK POINT THAT THING SOMEWHERE ELSE!” Torn howled,

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHG!”

Something bit Torn, hard, in his right arm and he screamed in agony. Looking down, he saw an odd little creature that looked like a crocadog but with a longer tail, metal spikes on its forehead, haunches, fore and rear knee joints, and tail end, black fur, and rabid looking red eyes.

“GET IT OFF!” Torn shook his arm furiously, even slamming it against the cave wall in an attempt to dislodge the beast, “JAK! SHOOT THE DARN THING!”

“YOU'RE MOVING TOO MUCH! I CAN'T HIT IT!” But as Torn stopped to give Jak a clear shot, the crocadog-like creature released its grip and dashed off into the darker corners of the cave. Torn looked at his arm, it wasn't bleeding that bad but there was an odd tingling feeling that numbed his limb.

“Come on,” Jak said, “We'd better get that cleaned out or it might fall off...!” They headed back to the car in silence, Torn wrapping the bite in a shred of his scarf, and said nothing on the way back to Haven City on the bus.

2 - Result of Pain

Yeah! I'm feeling very important now! I'm getting more stuff on here and it's making me feel very warm and fuzzy inside!

Riku: You're warm and fuzzy on the outside too. -huggles my tail-

Hee hee! Well, I have some news if you wanna hear it! I have an account on Quizilla.com (name's EmptyHeart) and I have another story from the Jak/Dax trilogy. It's called After Jak 3-Love's A Killer but I have an issue; Part 2 isn't up on it and I can't figure out why it's not out there so you might have to wait for a while. Thanks!

Chapter 2: Result of Pain

"What do you mean, `just a scratch!?" Tess, Dexter's ottsel girlfriend screeched, "Your whole arm was messed up!"

Jak and Torn were back in Haven City at the Naughty Ottsel. Their welcoming committee had not been what they'd expected. Upon hearing the news that Torn had had his arm ripped open by a mysterious beast in the Wasteland caves, Dexter and Tess had freaked out...twice, Ashelin had gone stomping off to who knows where, and Keira...well, Keira went straight to her room and grabbed her med-kit.

Now Torn was trying with many failed attempts to drink from a tankard with his bandaged arm.

"Shut your mouth, Blondie!" Torn snarled, flexing his fingers, the only part of his right limb that wasn't completely obscured by Keira's medical attention.

His arm was throbbing numbly and before the female mechanic-maniac had covered it, the spot where he was bitten had turned bright red with black around the edges; it wasn't pretty. The constant pulsing of the wound was rubbing his nerves raw.

"What if it's infected!?" Dexter was saying very loudly, "What if it falls off!? Then Torn's gonna have to get a fake arm! Those things hurt more than real arms do but you can't move `em! Hey Tess, where's the-oh never mind, there it is! Cheers to the hunters that never come back with anything! Hahaha! Metalheads don't stand a chance against me and Jak! They run at first glance!"

Torn ground his teeth, trying to contain his temper. That stupid rat never shut up!

Despite the pain in his arm, Torn's fingers clenched around his gun and his muscles tensed as he

prepared to draw at top speed.

“Hey Daxter!” He shouted and as the ottsel turned towards him, Torn brought his gun up and pointed it at the rodent. Daxter screamed but as Torn's finger tightened around the trigger he heard a click and the cold metal of a gun pushed against the back of his neck.

“Torn, however much you hate Daxter I'm gonna have to ask you not to point your gun at my best friend or I **will** fire.” Jak's voice rose an octave and Daxter collapsed, shaking, into Tess' arms.

“Whatever, Jak...” Torn slid his arm down slowly to place his gun back in its place at his thigh but a spasm of unimaginable pain wracked his arm causing him to drop the weapon where it clattered to the floor. The ex-KG seized his arm, gritting his teeth, face contorted into a twisted snarl, and pinned it to the bar counter. Keira ran up with her med-kit in her hands but Jak stopped her, backing away himself. Tess and Daxter scrambled as far away as possible as growls of fury and pain roared past Torn's lips.

Suddenly, a bulge appeared on Torn's right shoulder and continued pushing against his Wastelander outfit until it tore right through, tearing his entire shirt into pieces. Two shiny metal plates with edges that looked razor sharp had ripped through the skin on Torn's shoulder. But the spectacle wasn't over just yet. With a cry of sincere pain that had never escaped him since he was 5 years old, Torn hunched his back, turning away from the two ottsels nearest him but giving Jak and Keira a plain view of what was going on. Keira screamed.

The bandages around Torn's arm were deteriorating as though acid had been poured on them, revealing the limb beneath to be blacker than night with the exception of the red bite mark that was splitting like a seam down to his wrist.

There was the sickening noise of flesh being ripped apart and Torn howled in agony. His arm had been almost completely severed in half by rope-like steel blades that whipped through the air before tightening themselves around the poor veteran's arm and pulling it back together.

Another pair metal plates protruded from his wrist and then more rope-blades ripped open the skin on his face, curling under his right eye and twisting snake-like over his ear. Then it was silent; even the moon, which shone like a silver blanket through the bar window, seemed to hold its breath.

“Torn?” Jak stepped forward tentatively; his friend had his head down and was breathing heavily, the fingers on his strange right arm twitching as though they had a mind of their own.

“It hurts...”Torn growled suddenly, sinking to the floor and clutching his arm, “Dang it all...! It hurts!”

Sweat left shimmering wet streaks on Torn's face as he grappled with his pain. Agony continually lanced up his limb, pounding in his skull and making his eyes water.

“Jak...”Keira shivered and looked away from Ton's arm, “Jak, Onin might be able to help. She seems to know a lot, maybe she'll know what's going on here.”

“Sounds good to me!” Daxter leaped onto Jak's shoulder, “Just as long as Tattooed-Wonder doesn't bite my head off!”

"You'd taste bad!" Torn snapped sarcastically but it pulled a smile from his face and a short chuckle escaped his lips as he dragged himself to his feet.

Mwahahahahahahaha! You shall never know the truth! >D Will the group make it to Onin's in time or will Torn use his creepy arm to destroy the entire world in a gigantic BOOM!

Waha! Seriously though...is Errol really gay or is he just like cloths that ride up his butt crack!? @_@ I mean, look at the thing, it's just hanging out everywhere, like Krew's fat! O/////O What if the Baron's gay too!? Ahhhhhhhhhhhhg! To many yoai pairings!! -faints-

Torn: I think you killed her...

Riku: She's right, you know. Hey! All you fanfic writers! I'm not gay so quit putting me with that moron Sora!

Torn: Why bother, it's not like you can do anything! Boil your heads, Gay-Lovers!

Me: Settle down, both of you! And Riku; you're not supposed to be here! This is a Jak and Daxter fan fiction, not a Kingdom Hearts fan fiction!!

Riku: -runs off crying-

Me: So Torn, what do you think is going to happen to you?

Torn: Dunno don't care...This arm itches right under the metal blade! You suck!

Me: This epilogue thingy wasn't supposed to turn out like this... -.-` See you next time in -puts on creepy deep voice- `Lesson From the Past' Bye-bye!

3 - Lesson from the Past

Alrighty then! The third installment of 'Oblivion's Grip' is here! Yeah! Throw confetti, throw streamers! Eat the streamers! Eat the party hats too! Ha! Joking. I just want to thank everyone and anyone who's read this because it makes me feel...I don't know...happy. Thanks anyway and keep reading please!

Chapter 3: Lesson from the Past

A cool breeze whipped through the night air, tossing Torn's borrowed Wastelander cloak around his legs and almost tripping him. But there was little he could do about it seeing as he wasn't about to walk down Haven Cities streets at night with his arm exposed to the citizens.

Even if most of the city was sleeping, there were a few ruffians, thieves, and gangs that stayed up this late.

Torn didn't trust his arm to hold a gun at this moment in time and his left arm was just as numb from squeezing his pained arm. But what was really making the ex-Kg furious was that he had to have 'body guards'. Jak, Ashelin, and even Keira had him surrounded in a semi circle, leading the way to Onin's, and he saw little need for it but he was in to much pain to really give an argument.

"Hello?" Dexter, having leaped off Jak's shoulder and raced ahead, stepping into the dark interior of the old Freedom Guard Head Quarters, "Hey is anybody home!?"

There was an ear splitting 'SQWAUK!' and Dexter howled in rage as he rolled around in the dirt with a brightly colored monkaw; which had flung itself from the open door, each throwing insults at the other.

"Cut it out!" Keira grabbed Dexter by the tail and yanked him away from the struggling monkaw. Dexter hung upside down in the air with his arms crossed and Torn just couldn't help but grin at the absolute stupidity he put up with.

"Is Onin about?" Torn glared at the ottsel that Keira had set back on Jak's shoulder.

"Squawk!" Pecker brushed off his feathers and took to the air, "She is and you owe me, Rat-Boy, for disturbing my nap!"

"And you owe me for disturbing my life!" Dexter grumbled and Jak hid a smile. Ashelin glanced at Torn who cocked his head, indicating that she should go first, and then followed the rest of the group inside.

Old computers hummed and illuminated the room with an eerie glow that merged with the light of the

Blue Eco that Onin used to talk through Pecker.

“Onin says it is nice to meet you again-blah, blah, blah, blah! She says that you are troubled by something.”

“Troubled isn't even the right word...” Ashelin muttered and stepped closer to Torn who felt his arm twinge and fingers twitch and slid away to perch himself on the old, shattered communications table.

“Onin also says that-what's that supposed to mean!?” The monkaw leaned forward in the bowl he was perched in on Onin's head, “Well!? Squawk! Onin says that there is a dark power in the room...!”

Jak opened his mouth to retort in his usual way when people brought up the subject of the Dark Eco inside him but Onin shook her head and pointed to Torn.

“You got that right...” Torn reached up to undo the fastening around his neck with his left hand. His right, however, had other things in mind. It reached up and yanked the cloak off, tearing it to pieces, and nearly strangling the poor ex-Krimzon Guard. A spasm of coughs racked his throat and blood splattered the floor.

“Torn!” Ashelin practically flew across the floor and crouched down to Torn, who was on his hands and knees gasping against the coughs that tore blood from him, “Torn...?!”

“A...Ashelin!” More blood; Keira grabbed Jak's arm but he shoved her away gently and advanced upon Torn, body glowing with his White Eco powers, “Ashelin...get away!”

Stand back...” Light Jak's translucent wings whispered as they brushed the tile floor, “This one will rid the darkness that rages in the human's blood. This one can heal him. Do not fear, young child, you do not understand what you fear.”

Ashelin made a half mocking, half apologetic look at the White Eco man but stood up and backed away to stand with Keira.

A snarl of pain raced past Torn's red-stained lips in fury, chasing the comforting words of Light Jak away. The translucent body that was Jak shimmered with suppressed anger as Torn coughed up more blood and clutched his arm, which was bulging like a swelling balloon. Dexter and Pecker were even clutching at each other, the same thought on their minds; was that arm going to explode? Keira looked at Ashelin but Ashelin just shook her head and looked away, she didn't have an answer either. Onin was the only one who was watching Torn intently with blind eyes.

“This one cannot release your darkness if you will not allow this one to touch you!” Light Jak snapped, reaching out to Torn again only to have a spark fly from the latter's skin and onto his fingers; Light Jak's crisp, echoing voice changed to light snarl, “This one cannot hold back the Dark One much longer if you continue to be a nuisance! UHHHGG!”

Glowing blue blood splattered onto the floor and mixed with what had come spewing from Torn's mouth. Now, the cursed arm had its fist through Light Jak and it was twitching violently, as if feeling around inside the translucent skin for a beating heart.

“J...J...Jak? JAK!?” Torn managed to rip his limb from his respected pal but little else than a scream reached past his lips then because his swelling arm had exploded. A thousand-no, a zillion-sparkling lights, hovered in the air around Torn's real arm and time itself seemed to freeze.

“It's...beautiful...” Keira whispered and even Torn had to agree with her. The rest of the light looked as though it had been dragged from the room and shoved into these tiny balls of light that had been the arm.

Then, the lights began to move. They swirled in an odd pattern around Torn's arm and then settled themselves along his limb like glowing beads of dew catching the early morning sun.

Then the metal blades burst forth; larger this time, scattering the beads; and the twisting metal bands followed, twining around the glassy-eyed man's body as snakes seeking to crush their prey would. His fingernails stretched into one inch claws, his tattoos along the right side of his body faded, replaced by the metal bands, and another blade ripped the skin around his left shoulder, two metal bands curling out from under it like a miniature wing. Light Jak became Jak again in a swirl of White Eco and stepped back from Torn, eyes wide. Keira was had her wrench in her hand, knuckles white.

“What?” Torn blinked and his eyes refocused. He looked down at his arm and his face flew into a flurry of emotions, all read able since the ex-KG had let down his wall of crap a year before. Confusion, pain, fear, anger, and the look of a lost soul.

Onin began to make motions with her hands, Blue Eco sparkling in her wake.

“Onin says that you've been bitten by a-squawk-Shade; an ancient, half Precursor, half Metalhead whose bite transferred power to its victims.”

“So Torn's a vampire!?” Dexter screeched, clutching Jak's ear having reclaimed his perch.

“Don't be stupid!” Keira said shakily, tapping her wrench in her hand, “He's a...um...Ashelin?”

Ashelin shook her head again,

“If I knew what he was I wouldn't be standing here wondering.”

“He's a Precursor...” Jak said coolly, a trace of curiosity lacing his voice, “Well, at least a little bit.”

Torn looked down his arm and traced the metal strands around his face and ear. Oh well, there was a little sliver of light among this depression; at least he didn't look like Dexter. Torn smirked, despite his pain, and turned to Onin.

“How can I get rid of this...thing?” He asked, part of him wondering if he should even bother. The war was over and he needed the rest but there was always that part of him that longed to be in the middle of the action. Now he **was** the action.

More motions, more Blue Eco.

“Squawk! Onin says to go deep into the Wasteland, where not even the bravest go and search for a rock-squawk-that has carvings engraved on it. Stuff like, Metalhead wars and fire over coming water or something like that. She says-squawk-that if you go under the rock you will find a Sage who might be able to help you out. Now go, you're taking out of my fiesta time!”

The group looked at one another.

“We all can't go.” Ashelin said, “It would be too risky. Torn has to go but he should have at least one companion in case he has another transformation. Someone who can stand to be around him and survive in the Wasteland.”

Everyone looked at Jak. The lanky youth rolled his eyes and sighed.

“The hero never gets a rest. Come on, Dax, we've got a long road ahead...”

Sorry about that whole thing with Light Jak talking like `this one' and that stuff but that's how I always thought of him talking if he were ever to talk. Okay, referring to his Dark Eco self as `the Dark One' might have been a little over dramatic but I like the way it turned out all the same. Anyway, who's this Sage? What can they do to help? Yes, I know, the rock part is lame but it's supper time and I'm hungry so I'll see you next time! *<:3 Party Kitties! Now onto the fan fiction! `Oblivion's Grip, Episode 4: Torn, Captured!' No, not really...I watch to much FMA.....

4 - Driven by the Sand

-is busy torturing Razor and doesn't notice fan fiction readers-

FF Readers: Ahem! The fan fiction...?

Me: -drops Razor who falls to the ground KO'd- Sorry `bout that! Ahahaha! He snuck into my garage (I know it was him) and tampered with my race car!! >(Now I have no guns, front or back!

Torn: That sounds so wrong...

Me: Shut up, Cactus-Butt! -pouts-

Torn: And **why** are you calling me Cactus-Butt?

Me: `Cause you're sexy when you're angry! -tackles him-

Chapter 4: Driven By the Sand

It was hot. Too hot, in Torn's opinion. He wasn't as used to the Wasteland's brutal heat as Jak was. Sweat poured down his face as the sun burned his skin. Metal gleamed on his face and right arm, the reaction he'd had from a Shade's bite. To make matters worse...his butt hurt. He'd been bouncing up and down on a Leaper all day since they left Haven City, stopped at Spargus for supplies, and then headed out. It wasn't good for a few things other than his rear end, he was sure of it.

"Jak..." He growled to the man on another Leaper beside him, "How long do we have to do this!? I'm going to loose a lot more then my temper if this keeps up!"

Jak just shook his head, glanced back at Dexter who was sitting on the Leaper's rump, and the back in front of him; searching for the rock with carvings on like Pecker had described. Dexter had Jak's Morph Gun resting in his paws, wary of oncoming Marauders.

An hour later, the wind began to pick up and it wasn't the speed of Torn's Leaper. The wind came from his left, bring torrents of sand with it that stung Torn's face and eyes.

"We have to get out of here and find shelter!" Jak shouted as the gale roared across the desert, "A sandstorm's coming! This wind'll rip your skin from your bones! Hurry it up!"

Torn urged his Leaper to go faster but the animal was exhausted and the sand was now so thick that

visibility was becoming difficult.

There was a sickening crunch and Torn's mount toppled sideways, head at an odd angle. It had smashed into a large rock and broken its neck.

“JAK!” Torn howled above the raging winds, untangling himself from the dead creature, “JAK!? JAK WHERE ARE YOU!?”

“Torn!?” Jak came stumbling up to him, hand over his eyes, “Daxter found a cave sort of thing beneath this rock after my Leaper crashed. Look's as though yours did the same thing. Let's go.”

In the shelter of the cave, Torn checked his mutated right arm. The churning sand had polished the stupid things metal and now it glimmered in the small fire that Jak had managed to light with some desert weeds and a bit of flint that he carried with him whenever he traveled (me: Weirdo).

“So now we're stuck here until this storm gives out!” Daxter leaned against a stone wall, moodily breaking small twigs in half in case the fire went out, “We'll all be old!”

“Shut your trap, Daxter!” Torn snapped, throwing a pebble at him, “Your attitude's getting old!”

“So are these adventures...!” Jak commented, digging through his pack to see if they had anything to eat, “And the stupidity of the Freedom Guard, no offense meant to you, Torn.”

“None taken. You're right, though, they have gone soft. Bunch of little girls...!”

“Hey Jak! What's for eats!?” Daxter leaped onto his friends shoulder, “Oh no...”

Jak turned the bag upside down and piles of sand came tumbling out...along with their soiled food. Torn sighed,

“Well, if we don't starve first I'm sure the Metalheads will find we make a good enough meal...”

Daxter screamed and Torn couldn't help but laugh with Jak as the ottsel ran in circles, crying about how he'd never had any kids with Tess before he died.

That night, while Jak and Daxter slept, Torn sat at the mouth of the cave, staring without really seeing at the swirling storm of sand, his mind somewhere else.

The fire was little more than burning embers but even Daxter's snore's and the howling wind combined couldn't mask the sound of steel grinding on stone. Torn was surprised he hadn't woken his friends up; he was raking his claws along the floor of the cave but they never seemed to dull. The blades on his shoulders, wrists, chest, and arms didn't cut him but before they'd gone to sleep, Jak had brushed past Torn and gotten a cut on his arm from the blades...through Precursor armor.

Sparks sprang from the charred wood as the twigs and grass settled. Torn turned and decided to experiment. Thrusting his right hand deep into the still searing hot remains, he felt no pain. And when he withdrew the limp, only soot and dead grass clung to the blades. So, this arm was invulnerable to fire...

"Mmmm...Torn?" Torn looked up from picking the fire remains up in his claws, Jak was looking at him with sleepy eyes, "What'reya' doen'?"

"Couldn't sleep..." Torn said, stifling a yawn.

"Oh...well...get some...you're grouchy when you don't...!" Jak flopped his head back down on his pack, blonde-green hair sliding over his face, and Torn shrugged. He took his own pack and propped it against a rock before laying down on it. He watched the rising and falling of Dexter's furry little chest for a while and then finally fell into Dreamland himself.

A pair of glowing red eyes watched them from a crack in the cave wall, it's darkest pools glimmering with tears and pity as it stared at Torn's right limb.

"Fear, Brother." Torn turned around and saw Errol standing on the slum road with his arms crossed, "Fear the Shade's mark for it thirsts for blood."

"Errol!" Torn instinctively reached for his guns but froze when he saw his arm. It was the mutated version that existed in the real world.

Errol's body shifted, turned the color of blood, and there stood Jak, hands in his pockets, with a look of up most pity on his face.

"Jak?" Torn's confusion deepened. This was a dream, he shouldn't be remembering this, living it like it was real!

Jak's eyes turned red and he pulled off his shirt to reveal a long red mark that was identical to the one Torn had on his arm. It ran the length of his chest from a scar on his neck and down to his stomach where it stopped with a jagged end as though someone had ripped it.

"Fear the Shade's power, Brother, you have already seen what it could have done." An image appeared in Torn's mind's eye. Himself shoving his hand into Light Jak. A wave of fear made his arm pulse and he clutched at it as the red mark began to glow against the black color his skin turned when his arm transformed.

"WHAT THE-!? WHO ARE YOU!?" The seam split with a wet rip and tendrils of steel whipped through the air. They lashed at Torn's face and chest, cutting him, and wrapped tightly around him, pinning his right arm to his side.

"BROTHER!" Jak who was not Jak held his hand out, red eyes, sparkling with tears, "BROTHER! FEAR IT! GIVE ME YOUR HAND! GIVE ME YOUR HAND! I CANNOT REACH YOU! BROTHER!"

Steel hands clamped coldly onto Torn's body, finger's digging sharply into his flesh, and dragging him towards a black hole that was laced with spirals of purple, red, and silver.

"Dark Eco!?" Torn whispered harshly and struggled against the hands. Whatever that was, it was worse than Dark Eco, he could feel it.

“HELP ME!!” Torn was actually scared but thrown off balance because his arm was pinned to his side he could barely do anything to save himself.

“BROTHERRRRRR!” Jak's shape wavered and exploded into a flurry of snow which melted before it touched the earth.

Cold raced across his back and he screamed in fear. An icy steel hand clamped around his mouth, cutting him off. Tears wavered in his vision as he was pulled deeper into the darkness. Pain and cold and fear stopped him from thinking. He was dying...he was dying...he was...

Torn shot up from the cavern floor, slammed his head into a stalactite, swore, and then realized his body was covered in cold sweat. He put his hand to his forehead and then took it away in shock; his right arm was normal again save for the red streak running down it.

“You did well...Brother.” A voice in his head made him turn around frantically and he smashed his skull into the stalactite again, drawing blood.

He collapsed back onto the floor, wavering at the edge of consciousness, and the last thing he remembered was a pair of shining red eyes that smiled at him in the dark.

Mwahahahahahahaha! Evil ending! Who is this mysterious person who keeps calling Torn his brother? What was with the dark hole and the silver hands? Who knows?

Razor: Don't know don't care. Why doesn't anyone do a fan fiction about me!? I'm beautiful! -holds up a teddy bear- Aren't I pretty, Teddy! Yes! I am so pretty!

Me: -knocks him out with a sledge hammer- What a loser! Yeah, anyways, about Jak's hair there...I always thought that if he didn't have his hair slicked back and his goggles on it would fall down in his face and be about to his shoulders. I sketched it once and one of my friends thought he looked sexy. O///O Well, I guess that Torn's dead now, so...

Torn: I'M NOT DEAD!

Me: Oops! Heh...^///^ Umm...okay...I'm just going to go and watch something now...bye-bye! -ties up Razor and throws him in a box filled with spiders before grabbing Torn and running off to watch `Snurks'-

Torn: Haven't you seen this once already?

Me: I wanna see it again! -bares fangs-

Torn: Alright...because AlchemysBloodandDarkEco is being stupid, I'll take over for now. “Next time on `Oblivion's Grip-Episode 5: The Never-Sage’. Jak and Daxter are captured and Torn meets someone

who has a problem similar to his own! And he walks around in his boxers again...Oh, what a sexy beast-." WHO WROTE THIS!?!?

5 - The Never-Sage

Me: Welcome to Chapter Five! I hope you've enjoyed the story thus far...!

Dark Me: `Thus'? `Thus'!? `Thus' isn't a word we use!

Me: Well it is now! So shut up and go blow somebody up on Jak X or something!

Dark Me: Blow up!? With pleasure! -runs off-

Torn: You're pathetic...

Me: ME!? You look absolutely miserable!

Torn: Yeah! You had me and Vexx working late shift!

Me: Heh...sorry about that...I just couldn't stop playing.....

Torn: Uh-huh...and then you turn us all into Kitties? You have major problems! I should shove a bomb in your head to clear all that crap out!

Me:

Torn: Sorry...

Me: -sighs- Well, it's not going to bring him back so we might as well get started.

Chapter 5: The Never-Sage

A groan...a flash of red fabric as his eye lids fluttered...a twinge of amusement...a slight confusion...a sudden fear.

Torn sat bolt upright and immediately clutched his head as it pounded against his skull. Bandages met his fingertips; what had happened?

Torn squeezed his eyes shut even tighter than they had been, trying to recall the past...the past what? Seconds? Minutes? Hours? Days?

"You are awake." That light, crisp voice snatched into his mind again, it's presence as soft as a feather

but as black as night, *"Callingway will be happy that you're alive. Master was upset for some time. But Cal should have known better; Shade Bearers do not die so easy..."*

Torn cracked his eye open as everything trickled back into place and glanced at his right arm. Yes, there was a red streak down it; it reached to joint of his middle finger and stopped; but other than that it seemed normal enough.

"Brother? Are you alright?" Torn shook his head, he must be hearing things...in his head...again, *"Brother?"*

A hand rested on his shoulder and he jerked away, whipping around and almost falling off the canopied bed he was in.

A man with jet black hair and deep red eyes was standing before him, a confused look on his face. A low collared tank top shirt revealed a red streak running down his chest from his neck.

"Who the heck are you!?" Torn regained his balance and glared at the man, "Where am I!? Where're Jak and Daxter!?"

The man cocked his head,

"Jak and Daxter? Do you mean your companion and the ottsel?" It was the voice in his head again, *"They are in another room. I suppose Master Callingway is interested in the blonde one with the Dark and Light Eco powers."*

"Is that...are you the one talking to me in my head?" Torn asked tentatively, something he never usually did, as he slid out of the bed. The man nodded.

"And where am I?"

"The Home of The Sage of Dark and Light Eco, Master Selene Callingway."

"A sage?" Torn turned his back on the man, realized he was again in his boxers and spun right back around, "Where're my cloths!?"

"There are some in the drawers, Brother."

"My name's Torn, so quit calling me your brother!" The disgruntled (I'm wondering if that's the right word) ex-KG stomped over to a set of heavy looking dresser draws made of some wood or another. As he dug through the contents, he snatched side glances around the room. The hangings on the bed were a dark red as were the sheets and blankets, the carpet was a deep crimson that teetered on the edge of black, the walls and ceiling were a mahogany red, and a thick wooden door sat on the opposite wall. Somebody had a serious issue with the color red.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" Torn snapped as he kicked open the closet to find himself a good pair of boots before he got dressed, "I don't care much for strangers!"

“Certainly! My name is Motovia! But please, call me Vic...!”

“Whatever...” Torn pulled on the pair of loose, black pants made of a soft material that he'd found and then turned to the shirt; another soft fabric article of dark red cloth whose sleeves reached to about his elbows and was loose fitting as well. The boots were more his style; they were black heavy things with steel embedded in the toes, a metal plate stamped across the back, and buckles snapping all the way up its outside.

“Are you ready to go out, Torn?” Vic seemed to be impatient to show him something, *“Callingway is waiting for us in the hall...I think.”*

“What do you mean `you think'? Guy got a bad schedule or something?”

“Master Callingway was really eager to meet you when I informed her of your Shade Power. But she was also very...erm...ecstatic about investigating your friend.”

“Wait, wait, wait! `Her'!? This sage is a female!?”

“Is there a problem with that?”

Torn didn't answer. Of course, he would have answered with some cocky retort or another but a scream slid right into the room through the crack between door and floor. Daxter; he was the only one that sounded like that.

Torn wrenched the door almost completely off its hinges and froze. There were Jak and Daxter, standing in front of him; Jak pale with shock and Daxter with his mouth hanging wide open. However, standing between himself and the duo was a...what was it? It looked like a woman but there was something wrong with her.

“J-J-Jak!?” Daxter squeaked, “Jak!? Jak! Jak!”

It seemed as though `Jak' was the only thing Daxter could say and Jak didn't seem to be able to make any sound at all. The woman reached out her hand towards Torn but just the sight of her was enough to send a jolt of adrenaline fear coursing through him.

The streak on his arm glowed and began to split but he squeezed it, forcing it to stay shut. This didn't stop it from glowing, though, and pushing against him.

“Not...now...!” He snarled but, again, his arm had a mind of its own and it wasn't putting up with anything today. The seam split under Torn's grip, metal ropes smacking his hand away, and the metal blades ripped his shirt yet again.

Pain splintered Torn's vision into a thousand rainbows as the claws extended as well. He felt the muscles tense, release, and the arm went shooting forward.

Metal clanged on metal and there was the sickening sound of flesh being penetrated. Torn used his free hand to wipe his eyes free of pain filled tears and went speechless with trauma. His right hand was

blocked by the metal bands that stretched across Vic's chest but two of his claws had still managed to find an opening.

Vic's arms and chest were covered in the same metal ropes that were wrapped around Torn's arm and metal blades extended from both his shoulders.

"Vic!" The woman grabbed Torn's wrist and gently pulled the claws from the silent Shade victim, "You idiot! I can defend myself!"

Torn looked around the pair at Jak and Dexter. Dexter had fainted but Jak was just staring at him, breathing heavily. They were both remembering what had happened when they had gone to see Onin.

"You!" Torn was jerked around by forceful hands so that he faced the woman. She was a little shorter than he was with silver hair streaked with black. The right side of her face was pale white-no, her whole right side was pale white-and her right eye was a faintly glowing white, like Light Jak's eyes. Her left side, on the other hand (literally), had the purplish tinge that Jak's got when he turned Dark. Her eye was like looking in a black hole but there was a soft light in it as well, something Dark Jak didn't have; control. A small, dark purple-black horn curved from her forehead and inch long black nails slithered almost teasingly across Torn's bare neck. He shivered.

"You're the Shade victim that Vic told me about, right?" Her voice had an odd ring to it, a spiral between a sweet lullaby and a shout of agony, "I'm Selene Callingway but you can call me Cal."

"I just tried to kill your Pretty-Boy over there and you're treating me like some guest at a tea party!? What's your problem you...you...what are you!?" Torn let the words tumble right out of his mouth, backing away from this monster with a mix of fear and rage boiling inside him. And there was confusion too. This woman, this Cal, she had something in her...no, around her that made Torn feel as though he should open himself up and spill all his secrets. Everything. Good or bad.

"I'm Jak." Torn starred in disbelief as Jak shook hands with this creature, Dexter hanging limply on his shoulder, "Forget Torn, he's being a loser."

"I'm not a loser." Was all that the stunned Shade victim could come out with, "What's with you anyway?"

"Me?" Callingway grinned, pointing to herself, "I have Light and Dark Eco just as your friend Jak does but on the outside, not the inside. And what about you, Torn? How'd you get a Shade to bite you?"

"Why don't we discuss this matter over dinner?" Vic said and Torn could tell that Jak heard him too because a look of surprise suddenly appeared in his face, *"I'm sure you're all hungry anyway"*

"NO WAY!" Torn shouted, "I wanna know what's going on here!"

Cal sighed and turned around as she had just been about to head off down the hall.

"Jak, you'd better hear this too then so that I don't have to repeat myself. Vic, you can go make dinner if you want." Cal grabbed Torn's left wrist and Jak's right, dragging them into a nearby room. It was a

casual and yet comforting golden color with soft, dark red chairs and fluffy looking black pillows.

“Sit.” Cal ordered and they sat. Callingway herself took a seat across from them and sighed again.

“I was born in Haven City, just like you two probably were, but in the palace. My father was the Baron at that time but when Praxis exiled him to the Wasteland he took my mother, the Former Sage of Light Eco, and started his sickening Dark Warrior project with her.

“She was pregnant with me then and when the Baron found out he wanted her gone. I was a threat to him; next in line for the throne after my brother who'd disappeared soon after he was born. However, my mother escaped the Baron's clutches and ran to her teacher, Onin the Sage of Blue Eco, for help.

“Mother died giving birth to me, the Dark Eco injections were too much for her. Onin raised me and when I was old enough to go out on my own...I did. Out to the Wasteland to hide from all the cruelties of Haven. As you can see, I wasn't exactly welcomed in normal society. The Krimzon Guards thought a sport to chase me down if they found me on the street alone and no one dared appose them. On my way through the desert, I ran into Motovia. He was bitten by a Shade; a creature that Onin taught me about; and I figured since we were both outcasts, we could help each other. It worked out okay.....”

There was silence. Torn glanced at Jak but his friend seemed to be deep in his own thoughts as did Callingway.

“Your father...” Jak asked suddenly and Cal looked up at him, “What was your father's name? Do you know?”

“Mother told me once...um...Damos. Yes, it was Damos. Why?”

Torn, realizing where this was going, sat motionless, not wanting to disturb the moment of truth for both Jak and Selene Callingway.

“Your first name isn't Selene, is it?” Jak leaned forward, Dexter sliding off his shoulder and awaking on the floor with a couple of rude words.

“What're you getting at?”

“It's Mar, isn't it!? Damos was your father, the Baron of Haven City until Praxis betrayed him and exiled him to the Wasteland. Your brother, the one that disappeared, was taken by Veger of the City Council and then later used as part of Praxis' Dark Warrior project himself!” Jak was on his feet now, practically shouting at Cal who shrank deeper into her chair, “My father was Damos! I'm the one Veger took! I'm Jak! I'm Mar Jak! I'm your brother!”

~~*~*~*~*~*

Me: O.O In shock now, aren't you!? Well, to cover some things over here or whatever you call it...I don't know if Onin is the Sage of Blue Eco or not, I just thought of her that way so, yeah. And the thing about Cal's first name being `Mar'...I just sort of thought about it like that. Mar Jak, Mar Callingway, Mar Saeth (oops, wrong story).

Torn: -sleeping-

Me: Awwww! He's so cute and innocent when he's in Dream Land! =3

Torn: -still sleeping- I dohn whanna hotdhog...

Me: A hotdog? Is he at an amusement park? -starts poking him-

Torn: -wakes up- I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUG ME WHEN I WAS SLEEPING!?

Me: I can't help it! -pokes his nose-

Torn: AHHHG! I'M ALREADY AWAKE!! -starts a fight with me-

Dark Me: What a bunch of losers. Well, since normal me is being stupid again I'll read the preview. "Next on `Oblivion's Grip-Episode 6: Softer Than the Night! Torn's gotta learn how to control his arm and Cal wants to experiment on her brother!?" Oh my gosh! What a stupid preview! Why are we calling them episodes anyway?

Me: -Torn and I stop fighting- Yeah, why are we calling them episodes?

Torn: I dunno. You wrote it.

Light Me: Hello good people of this world, it is a beautiful day-AHHHHHHG!

Torn, Dark Me, and Me: -boot Light Me out of the room-

Dark Me: That was fun!

Torn: -nods as he falls back asleep-

Me: This has to be the longest preview ever! Recap sort of thing-In the next episode (Softer Than the Night) the group also makes a crucial decision concerning the return to Haven City and why Cal is so desperate to examine her brother! Woo-hoo! Stay tuned for the possible last Episode! Party Kitties! *<=3 (P.S. I got the second part on my Love's a Killer thing on Quizilla back up and running for those who want to read it.)

6 - Softer Than the Night

I have some people I'd like to thank before we get started! Lunar Squirrel, Feral Spirit 714, and mecca-dog...thank you for reviewing my story! It means a lot to me that you guys like my story...! -sniffles- Anyway, that's my shout out and I think it's time we get started, eh?

Chapter 6: Softer Than the Night

"My...Brother?" Cal stood up and stepped forward but the shock of this news was too much and she teetered on her feet, staggering forward. Jak, eyes clouded with confusion and pain at the same time, wasn't ready to catch her and Dexter scrambled out of the way. Torn, however, mind clear and senses as ever alert, dove forward and caught her; the metal bands and blades on his arm sliced her flesh and tattered her cloths.

"Watch yourself, Master Callingway." Vic stuck his head into the room, *"Oh, and dinner is ready whenever you are...!"*

"VIC!" Cal shoved herself away from Torn, ignoring her bleeding cuts, and stomped towards her first friend, black eye flashing, "Did you know about this!?"

"When I saw Jak and his Light and Dark Eco powers I realized it well enough from what you had told me." Vic's soothing grin stopped Cal dead in her tracks, *"Dinner time? Perhaps after you deal with your injuries?"*

"Injuries?" Cal looked down her arms and chest, "Well, that's little embarrassing..."

She raised her right hand, palm up, and turned it towards her chest. A glow of white light shimmered around her hand and she moved it up and down and around her body. The cuts on her skin and the rips in her cloths closed as though they'd never been there.

"All better...!" Cal said merrily, "Coming to dinner...Torn? Brother?"

"She accepts things awfully quick..." Dexter reclaimed his perch on Jak's shoulder, "In a scary and jollier sort of way, she's just like you!"

Torn hadn't said anything but his curiosity about the Shade powers he'd obtained was growing. Vic **saw** Jak's Dark and Light Eco powers? He'd have to ask Cal and Vic about it. Not that he wasn't shocked about Jak's sister, it was just that he didn't really care. He'd never really cared about anyone...not truly. Sure, he respected Jak and Ashelin; they were comrades after all; but he didn't **care** about them. The

only person he'd risk his life for was himself.

Dinner was excellent; it seemed that Vic really knew how to cook. Jak was constantly arguing with Daxter, nothing new there, while Vic and Cal ate their meal in silence.

Torn's head pounded against the bandages. If he didn't ask now he knew he'd never have the guts to ask again. So, he swallowed his food and his pride and asked.

"Cal...what's a Shade's power do?" Even Jak and Daxter stopped what they were doing. Cal looked at him, her eyes glittering with something that looked like pity.

"Do you know what a Shade is?" She asked and Vic stood up, grabbing his plate, and left the room. He obviously didn't want to hear this again.

"What?" Torn said shortly; he wanted answers, no riddles.

"A lost soul." Cal placed her knife and fork on either side of her plate, "A soul who failed to protect the one they loved or cared for and died without fulfilling their duties in life. When they bite, they transfer power to their victim, giving that person the power to protect their loved ones. After that, they die in peace. Before I found Motovia, he'd destroyed an entire city on accident because he couldn't control his powers. He killed his sister, the one he was meaning to protect."

There was a crash and they knew Vic had been listening. Cal pretended she hadn't heard.

"Is that what's going on with Torn's arm?" Jak asked. Daxter had dived head first into the mashed potatoes and was probably not even paying attention.

"Not exactly." Cal looked at Torn and he turned away, clenching his right hand into a fist, "He doesn't have anyone to protect...do you Torn?"

"WHAT I CARE ABOUT AND WHAT I DO WITH MY LIFE IS NONE OF YOUR FREAKING BUISSNESS!" Torn shouted, standing up and knocking his chair over, **"JUST...JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!"**

In his fury, Torn didn't notice Cal's movement and he was already on the floor by the time he did.

"Get...off...me...!" He snarled but she just brought her face close to his, anger blazing in her right eye and cold annoyance in her left.

"Get your act together!" She hissed, "Or somebody's going to die and it's going to be your doing!"

She let him up,

"I'll get Vic to train you. You need to learn from page one. Now...all of you...GET OUT OF HERE!"

Through out the next week, Torn had to swallow his pride many times. Again and again, he found himself on the floor of the immense under ground, dirt floored gym, gasping for air. He hadn't had this

much of a work out since he was in the Krimzon Guard. Besides, gun skills were one thing but melee was something else completely.

Cal had used her Light and Dark Eco powers combined (“You get a lot of free time when you're alone in the Wasteland”) and made a band that clamped tightly around Torn's right wrist. It seemed to restrain his Shade Power.

“GET UP!” The force of Vic's mind shout set Torn tumbling head over heels, face beet red when he managed to regain his balance, *“You're not even trying to hit me!”*

Oh, Torn was trying to hit the mute man alright...he just couldn't do it. Vic could move impossibly fast and, on top of that, Torn was annoyed with his own disability to keep up; his anger exhausted him even more.

“Maybe...if you'd...hold...still...” Torn huffed, climbing weakly to his shaking feet, “I'd...have more of...a freaken'...chance!”

“Skill doesn't always come of the trained body!” Vic snapped back but with a consoling air about him, *“At times, it comes from the mind...or even the heart.”*

Torn's weary mind tried to grasp this concept but it slipped away. He was too tired to even stand upright anymore; he slouched, breath coming in short gasps, arms hanging limply at his sides.

“You look worn out, we'll stop for today. Maybe by tomorrow you can release your Shade Power...!”

Torn didn't argue but slid away to his room. He was so miserable that he bumped straight into Jak and they both went down.

“Sorry about that.” Jak said, helping Torn to his feet, “Boy, you look pathetic!”

“Shut your mouth, Freak!” Torn had seen little of his comrade but now that he was here, the tired man decided to poke some fun, “Where's your rat? To heavy?”

“Would be for you. He's around here somewhere. For someone like Dexter to have taken to exploring...I guess he feels it's actually safe in this place.”

“And where've you been.” Torn asked, trying not to sound **to** curious as the pair set off down the hall again.

Jak didn't answer; either he hadn't heard or he just wasn't saying.

“Jak? You all there?” Torn waved a hand that felt like lead in front of the blonde's face. Jak blinked, startled.

“What? Sorry.”

“I asked you what you've been doing.”

“Nothing.”

“Sounds pretty dull.”

“Hanging out with Cal, then. Happy?”

“Am I ever?”

“No.”

“Brother-Sister time, huh?”

“More or less...”

“You're hiding something.”

“Me? Never.”

“I'm not stupid! I know when I'm being lied to!”

“Cal just...never mind.”

“Well when you get the guts to spill `em...you let me know. There's something bigger going on here than just my Shade Arm.” Torn slammed his door in Jak's face, confusion and anger boiling with his fatigue. Why was he so upset that Jak wasn't telling him what was going on? It didn't make sense! Why would he care what Jak and his stupid rat were up to!?

“I don't...!” Torn snarled at his reflection in the tall wall mirror. He felt a little better. A nice hot shower would **really** make him feel better!

Torn stepped into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him and stripped down to nothing, throwing his cloths into a corner and starting up the shower. Cal had somehow managed to get water to come through a bunch of artificial water ways she'd created with Vic's help right from underground water sources. The best part was that the water was sent through a Light Eco filter the sage had created to get rid of every nasty little thing that could ruin a guy's shower!

Torn gave an involuntary shiver of comfort as he felt the hot, steamy liquid run down his shoulders and legs. He yanked out his thick dreadlocks, letting the water wash his brown-red hair too. His arm and face tattoos gleamed under the constant rush of water. Water plastered his hair to his legs and back (yesh, `tis very long-down to his ankles). Eventually, this soothing relaxation had to end; Torn really didn't want to turn into a wrinkled bunch of peach fuzz.

“Forgot my towel...!” Torn swore but lightly, he was in a good mood now that his worries had been washed down the drain with the dirt. He walked back into his room and tugged a thick, burgundy towel from a closet drawer. Turning his back to the door and dripping water everywhere, Torn began to rub his face and chest.

He heard the door handle twist behind him but was too high on his pleasure of being clean to register it until Cal stuck her head in.

“Torn, just letting you know that dinner's...ready...OH MY GOSH I'M SORRY!!” There was a slam and Torn blinked over his shoulder. Cal had stuck her head in his room and...why was she sorry?

“Oh...she saw me naked. OH GREAT PRECURSERS, SHE SAW ME NAKED!!” Torn shouted and cursed for what felt like half an hour with the towel around his waist before even thinking about getting dressed.

Cal was the only one left in the dining room when he entered; face still flushed from his ranting. He pretended she wasn't there and helped himself to whatever was left.

“Sorry about that.” She whispered when he was had cleaned half his plate, “I didn't know you were...um...yeah...”

“Doesn't matter.” Torn snapped, not really interested in the topic of conversation, “What've you and Jak been up to?”

It seemed Cal was eager to change direction to.

“Daxter found my Corner; it's where I invent stuff and test my Eco powers. He's been in there constantly, fiddling with my Shape-Changer, trying to get it to work. It doesn't...I've tried so many times to-!”

“I asked about you and Jak...not the rat.” Torn surprised himself with the coldness in his voice. Why did he care!? His good mood vanished in the blink of an eye. His bracelet tingled, the blue sapphires in its black surface shimmering. Cal noticed.

“It doesn't matter...Brother-Sister time...that sort of thing.”

“You're lying too, huh?” The sapphires glowed brighter though Torn's face remained blank and impassive, “It figures nobody wants the Torn-man in on anything...!”

“No...! You've got it wrong-!” Cal protested but Torn stood up, shaking his head.

“If you've got secrets, fine! See if I care! But you and Blondie aren't the only ones with problems!”

“For your information,” Cal stood up as well, Dark Eco flitting around her left side, “We're trying to find a way out of this mess! **My** mess! You think I just sat around on my rear inventing crap and play toys all the time I lived in the Wasteland!? I've been trying to find a way to at least **look** human! You don't have any idea what it's like! Walking home, minding your own business, and then some Krimzon Guards find it funny to shoot a few rounds at you! Even chase you down the street, firing bolts of Dark Eco at you!”

Tears welled in Cal's eyes while Torn just stood with his eyes wide, shock written clearly across his face.

“Do you have any idea what it's like,” Cal was screaming now, “To wake up in the morning with the fear that a KG is going to be standing over you with a gun and drag you off, kicking and screaming, to prison!? Do you know what it was like for me as a little girl to look outside and see all the other children playing but being unable to join because their mothers will call the Guard!? DO YOU!? ANSWER ME! Answer me...”

Tears of rage and hurt streamed down Cal's cheeks, sobs racking her throat and making her shoulders heave. She'd been so afraid to tell someone how she really felt, afraid they'd think she was a coward. She was so brave, so brave; it was clear that Jak and Cal were related, this evident by their bravery, but Jak's was hero bravery while Cal's was something else.

“Actually,” Torn said softly (a surprise to him yet again), “I know exactly how you feel. At least, on some levels.”

Cal looked up at him, the look on her face saying clearly that she didn't believe him.

“My father was strict about all the males in our family being in the Krimzon Guards. I didn't hate him for it; I was too young to know any better anyways. But...a Krimzon Guard is looked upon as a noble; serving Baron Praxis. I wasn't aloud to play with the other kids my age and the ones in the KG with me...Tch, as if they'd ever learned the meaning of the word fun.”

Cal looked at Torn, searching for some form of sincerity and not just empty comfort. Yes, there it was, behind those stone cold brown eyes was a light softer than the full moon's shine.

A silence hung heavy in the room. Torn and Cal stared across the table at each other. Then something snapped and Torn's face went such a deep shade of scarlet that he thought it'd stay that way.

Cal was on him, her lips on his. He didn't object but there was something about making out in the dinning room that just didn't sit well with him. Then again, he wasn't trying to get her off him either.

“You taste like gunpowder!” Cal joked, teasing on his years in the Krimzon Guard.

“Yeah? You taste like sand!” Torn snapped teasingly back, realizing that he wasn't frustrated over not knowing what Jak was doing after all, “Let's get out of here.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Cal stood up and started clearing the table, “Help me over here would you.”

It was more of a command than a request but Torn didn't care.

“I think your little horn there put a dent in my head.”

“You are, in a very stupid way, good at avoiding answers! I apologize for my horn. Now answer me or I'll put a bracelet around more than your wrist.”

“Hmph. Come back to Haven City with me and Jak, Vic too. We can all live there. Jak's a freak too, you know, Even if he saved the world, everyone's still scared of him.”

“You really think I'd be okay?” Cal slid into the kitchen with an armful of dishes and dumped them into the sink, “What about the KG?”

“They don't exist!” Torn seemed a little annoyed at the topic of the Krimzon Guard after the reopening of the wound his past had created, “Jak beat the snot out of the Baron, killed him in fact, and I took over the KG. They're the Freedom Guard now and they listen to me! You've got nothing to worry about! If the people know you're with me they wouldn't lay a finger on you.”

Cal turned her back to him and shook her head. Torn didn't know whether it was from disbelief or confusion or both.

“Whatever...” Cal spun around again and kissed Torn so passionately that they almost ended up on the floor again, “I don't really care. Just as long as I'm sticking with you.”

Torn pushed her away, grinning, and then punched her in the arm.

“Mind taking this off?” He yanked at the bracelet and Cal grabbed his wrist, the band disappearing in a flash of black and white light.

“You're not so tough after all.” And they were at it again, gentler this time.

In the crack in the doorway, Jak and Dexter peeked through at the couple, hands over their mouths, but a snigger escaped the little ottsel. Torn heard, registered, and planned his revenge while still enjoying the taste of Cal's lips. Perhaps the trip back to Haven City was going to be fun after all. So much for boredom.

Me: Sorry about the length of that one...! It was good though, no?

Torn: You have an evil way of getting what you want.

Me: And what's that supposed to mean?

Torn: You made yourself out to be Cal just so you could yell at me, see me naked, and kiss me! I should kick your-!”

Me: NO! Nothing that bad, Torny-kun! This is a rated fan fiction!

Torn: Grrrrrrr.....

Me: Well, that's it for the `Oblivion's Grip' series! Look out for my random craziness! Huggles to all my fans and good luck in all you do fellow writers! Happy days to all!

