

Slayers SEEK: A New Generation Of Trouble

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A new generation of Slayers have emerged - and maybe even MORE insane than their parents! ^o^

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1 - Slayers SEEK: A New Generation Of Trouble

Slayers Seek

Five shadows trudge through the thick forest, tired, but cheerful from a picnic in the valley. The twin girls marvel at the fluttering butterflies come to greet them; the parents smile at them, rested in each other's arms; while their son sourly follows behind. Suddenly...

"DRAGON SLAVE!"

They return to their quaint, but sweet little cottage home, to find it charred, along with the forest surrounding it. The girls and their mother wail at the sight, while the fellows stare in disbelief.

"Zangy, who could have done this to our beautiful home?" weeps Martina, biting down on her handkerchief.

Zinothy, the son, folds his arms nonchalantly, "I'm not sure if this means anything, but I think I heard something like 'Dragon Slave' shouted out before that explosion. Wonder what it means..."

His father, Zangulus, strikes into a dramatic rage pose.

Zinothy sighs, "Cue the melodrama."

"After all these years, Lina Inverse and her fool of a swordsman have returned to terrorise us! Now is the time for the Demonic Howling Sword to smite those unholy creeps off the face of L-Sama's creation!!!"

~@@@~

On the edge of the forest, stand two toddlers, and a young teenaged boy. Gavin looks down at them, giving them a them a seal of approval. "Nice, that would have caused some ace destruction."

Gavin places a hand on his little brother's head. "See that Rowdy? Lyla just did her first Dragon Slave! Good work kiddo, I knew you had it in you."

"Big brother Gavin, I wanna be as powerful and scary as Mama when I grow up! I do!"

Gavin laughs, taking their hands, "OK you two terrors, back to town. Mom's gonna win us lunch!"

~@@@~

A long banner flaps in the wind, reading: PETE'S EAT-A-THON.

Pete, a grinning, chubby chef waves to a gathered crowd on a stage under the banner. "To celebrate

the opening of my new restaurant, I welcome you to Pete's Eat-A-Thon contest!"

The crowd cheers.

"This fine fellows is a battle of courage, a battle of wits...but mostly not spewing." Pete steps back, spreading his arm wide, presenting the contestants. "One of these fine contestants will win a family feast, let's wish them luck!"

As the crowd cheers, a beautiful red head by the name of Lina Inverse-Gabriev blows a kiss cheekily.

Gavin, Lyla and Rowdy step into the crowd. Gavin waves his hand with a smile, "Luck to ya guys – you'll need it!" They join the rest of their family, who are eagerly awaiting Lina's assured victory. Let's meet the Gabriev's –

Gregory (12) craftily dangles a fake smile in front of his sister, Mina. Gregory's favourite past time is playing tricks, and he's never seen without his stylish beret.

Gavin (13) who is tall, wise, and cool, sees what Gavin is doing, and sourly raises his fist to smack him.

Mina (6) the brain of her family, hungrily holds her bowl, is unaware of the spider dangling near her.

Cute little Lyla (3) bounces up and down, energetic for her next meal.

Rowdy (2) waves his spoon and fork, not sure what's going on, but happy to imitate the rest around him.

Amelia (5) bites onto her plate, barking like a dog. On her head is a headband with floppy puppy ears – she really loves doggies.

Garry (9) snoozes beside her, deep in sleep as always.

Meekly, Rourry (8) adorned in thick armour, stands behind them, trying to not draw attention to himself.

Gourry Junior (15) dramatically holds out his fork, and raises his spoon, growling as if in battle.

Tina (14) dances around, juggling her knife and fork, her long crimson pony-tail flowing around her.

Claire (10) innocent as an angel, quietly holds onto a basket, happy at the energy displayed by her family.

Their father, Gourry Gabriev, a brave mercenary, with unmatched sword skills, and not so sharp mind, struggles to contain his hunger. "Hurry up and win Lina, the kids are getting restless!"

"Hey, where did big sister Leila, go?" wonders Claire, "She'll miss Mama."

~@@@~

A few blocks away there is a quiet shop named 'Maces and Vases'. A tall, long blonde haired girl picks up a vase, enjoying its sparkle. Two eyes behind the counter spy her intently.

Two brothers spring up from behind the counter. The eldest blushes at the site of her, clinging to the counter, breath taken away. His young brother pulls a piece of his long golden fringe behind his ear, amused by his brother.

The teenaged girl turns to them, beaming a smile, "Val...Xian! It's so wonderful to see you two!" Meet Leila Gabriev (16) an elegant beauty who looks remarkably like her father.

Val's (18) heart beats rapidly, he sighs to himself, "You haven't changed a bit, still as lovely as ever..."

Xian (15) rests his chin on his hands, eyeing Val, "Easy there Tiger, 'don't want to wet yourself again – I hope." Xian turns his attention to Leila, "Ahem, so what brings you here, Miss Gabriev?"

Leila puts down the vase, and leans against the counter, rubbing the back of her head, "Um...got any food or spare change? I'm so hungry!"

Val pants like a puppy, drooling. Xian grumbles, leaning over the counter, "Yeah, she hasn't changed, still a mooching pick-pocket."

Leila lays her finger index to her cheek, "Where is Flora? I'd love to see her before Zelly's party."

"Oh, she's toiling away on the princess's birthday present," replies Val, pointing to the corner of the shop, where a sheet is strung across.

"Sew, sew, sew!" sings a high-pitched girl, "Gotta sew it good – er – I mean bad!"

She sits in the shadows of the corner, stitching together a plush doll. Light suddenly floods the area. "Flora?"

Flora (15) gasps in surprise. Her shoulder-length amethyst locks swish around, as her small pigtails stand on end. "Leila, you threw off my beat! That's so mean!" Flora pouts. "Here I am trying to sew the most coolest and practical gift any teenaged girl could want and need..." Flora begins to sniffle.

"No – it can't be..." gasps Leila in horror, "So...what are you making?"

"Tee-hee!" Giggles Flora, holding up seven plush dolls, "Voodoo plushies of her entire family!"

Leila scratches her head in confusion, "Looking forward to Zelicia's party? All that food..."

"Of course!" Giggles Flora, "I can't wait to see everyone again, the royal family are always so much fun!"

"Yes, I'm sure I know who Flora's looking forward to," snidely snickers Val to Xian.

Xian smirks, "Indeed, her BOYFRIEND Prince Amaron! Get ready for turn down #476 – "

Flora appears in front of them, wielding a large mace fiercely, “Want me to test Uncle Gravos’s new mace?!”

Xian and Val sweat, pulling frightened smiles.

Watching the fun, Leila laughs, “So, where are your parents?”

Flora winks, wiggling her index finger, “That is a secret.”

“Father does it better,” maliciously grins Xian.

Flora scrunches up her nose, “Hey, I’m working on it!”

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In the busy shopping district of town, the owner of Maces and Vases, Filia Metallium, lifts up a shimmery necklace, admiring the jewels. “Oh, this is just beautiful!”

She notices her husband, holding their six-month-old baby Dragon, Xala, on the other side of the street. Filia appears behind him, to see what he’s looking at. “Er, Xellos, what are you looking at?”

Xellos cheerfully points to an eerie skull’s head holding a red candle on its crown. “What every girl needs, a real skull candle holder with a matching blood blended candle!”

Filia pushes away, glaring at the grinning man, “I am going to continue looking for a gift – and so are YOU.”

Xellos darkly grins, as his wife walks away, “Whatever my scaled beauty says...”

~@@@~

Filia trots down the street, enjoying the warmth of the sun.

“PAY UP YOU LOUSY BUM!” Comes a yell.

Filia’s pointed ears tweak. “That sounds just like – “ She joins a nearby crowd, who can’t believe the scene.

Lina shoves the rules sheet in front of Pete’s chubby face, “Your rules state the winner and their family get an all you can eat service!”

Pete defensively holds up his hands, on the verge of tears, “Ma’am...I didn’t count on the winner’s family being so large! I’d go out of business!”

Drawing back, Lina sweetly raises her index finger, “If that’s how you put it it...”

Pete's eyes light up.

"Dil brand!"

Pete weeps bitter tears, watching his beloved new restaurant go up in flames.

"Mess with Lina Inverse-Gabrieiev's family and always be prepared for annihilation!" Declares Lina, striking a pose. "Darn it, how am I supposed to feed them now?"

Filia closes in on her, fanged bore in rage, "Senseless vandalation – in my hometown too!"

Lina politely, but agitatedly grins, turning to see her old friend's face, "Oh, his Filia, long time no see. Hang on, tell me Fi-chan; care to catch up...over lunch?"

Filia steps back, to see her whole family, she bites her nails in horror. "All...of...you...But...but...!"

~@@@~

2 - Zelicia's Spotlight!

The white capital of the world, the Kingdom of Seyruun...

Princess Zelicia (16) twirls around gracefully in front of her brother and sister, who sit on her extravagant bed. She's enjoying showing off her new glossy gown.

Lina (5) hugs her kitten plushie, smiling widely, "Zelicia, you look like a pretty goddess! You have such cool taste!"

The older princess's wavy wiry hair whisks around her, "Thank-you, Lina-chan."

"Knock! Knock!" comes a cheerful voice from behind the bedroom door. Zelicia halts.

The door opens, in walks Princess Ameline (14), holding a bouquet of carnations, adorned herself in glossier fabric, and lace. Zelicia narrows her eyes.

"Wow!" Shrills Lina, "Ameline looks so cool!"

Zachariah (13) stands to greet his sister, "Why you'll be the belle of Zelicia's ball!"

Zelicia turns away, grumbling to herself, "Damn it! I can never retain attention!"

From the ground floor, the queen yells out at the foot of the banister, "Zelicia, better come down sweetie, some guests have arrived!"

Zelicia gathers herself, and rushes out of her room, making her way down the ivory stairs. Her mother watches her kindly, proudly smiling, "Sweet sixteen...I'm so proud of you, Zelly!"

As the princess nears the end of the staircase, her mother wraps her arms around her, holding her close. Zelicia blushes.

"Aw, Mother...so who is here?"

Queen Amelia nervously smiles, "Oh, just a few relatives!"

Princess Gracia Jewel and her daughter Nigha Jewel (19), strike a pose, emphasising their already large breasts.

"Um...your aunt and cousin," meekly laughs Amelia.

Zelicia glares away, "And Father thinks HE'S the cursed one. Well, my night's officially screwed."

Nigha comes face to face with her little cousin, their well-developed breasts bouncing into each other's.

“Zelicia.”

“Nigha...”

Naga (Gracia) peers around, “So, where is the rock-headed bastard?”

Queen Amelia nervously laughs, trying to remain calm, “Gracie, behave please!”

Zelicia pulls at her hair, “This is just terrific! I just know that damn aunt of mine is going to land herself in a shouting match with Father, end up blowing up the palace, throwing the economy in the turmoil, we’ll be on the streets and I’ll have to seel myself to pay my parents’ debts! Everyone’s out to ruin me!”

Ignoring them, on the other side of the hall, King Zelgadis directs crews of workers. “I demand perfection! Don’t tilt it that way! Fix that statue! Paint over that at once! And where’s my COFFEE?!”

~@@@~

Night has fallen on the land. The Gabriev family make their way along the path by the forest.

“I hop Zelly likes our gift,” says Leila.

Lina looks back, grinning, “She’d better; it was stolen from a wealthy bandit gang!”

Meekly twiddling his thumbs, Rourry looks away, “Um...Mrs. Graywords says stealing wrong.”

Lina and Gourry exchange a concerned look.

“Oh, it is,” replies Mina. “The economy requires thieves like us to strengthen in. In times of low consumerism, thieves like us step in to balance the market. Besides, it’s not like we’re a bandit gang.”

Claire gasps, “You mean we’re not?!”

“No, just a band of thieves. We lack their organization and fleas.”

~@@@~

“Nemi, reporting to you live from Seyruun’s palace!” Greets a girl in Chinese clothing.

“And I’m her cuter little cousin, Mine!” giggles another girl in Chinese clothing beside her. “Welcome to our broadcast!”

Nemi points to the great hall, which is alive with a party, “As you can see, weather patterns show no storms, however there is a chance of freak explosions!”

“Ready that umbrella and first aid kit, safety first!”

Within the hall, a young boy stands with Prince Amaron (15). “Field correspondent Wanmi here with Prince Amaron.” He clasps his hands together, blushing in front of the prince. “How are you enjoying the party so far?”

Amaron yawns, “Well, I’ve made out with sixty-two girls so far.”

Flora waggles her tail, watching him closely, “What about Flora?!”

Nearby, Tina and Gourry Junior fight over a punch bowl, it slips from their grasps, landing on Wanmi’s head. The punch soaks him...revealing breasts under his puffy top.

Amaron’s eyes light up, his jaw drips of drools, “So...you’re really a woman...how...interesting...” The screen goes off-air.

~@@@~

Lina sits alone, vacuuming up as much food as possible. Mine approaches her, microphone in hand. “Well look who it is, Mrs. Lina! Enjoying the party?”

“Gggret grrost!”

“You know, Mrs. Lina, my mother told me about the song you once sang!”

Lina growls, eyes glaring. When she sees Mine in position to sing, she gasps.

“Girls who are in love, give their love to you, you who shine so bright my dar-ar-ling!”

Lina fireballs the girl, “Shine this!”

“Waaaaah!”

~@@@~

Nemi sweats, watching the footage, “Oh my Gods! Heh! Heh! And now a much needed word from our generous sponsor, Flora Metallium!”

FLORA’S VOODOO PLUSHIES!!!

Flora points out her index finger, “In need of the perfect revenge? Have no fear; stick it to them in style! With custom voodoo plushies!” She holds out two dolls.

“Each stitch done in extra putrid hatred!” She assures, “Just listen to this satisfied customer! – Thanks Granny!”

An image comes up of the Great Beast Xellas, who sits cross-legged, puffing on a long cigarette, holding a demolished plushie. “Thanks to dear Flora, I now can torment Deep Sea Dolphin from the comfort of my livingroom. Now I can get drunk at 99% success rate, thank-you darling! Oh yes, when will my

Dynast plushie be ready?"

Flora cups her hand over her mouth, "By the by...if my Mama asks, they're plushies for orphans."

"What is the meaning of this," bellows Prince Phil, "Voodoo is an evil practice!"

Flora turns behind her, "Phil?" She quickly smiles, "Just doing my part to spread justice through passive aggression!"

Phil rubs his chin, "Well now, that does that sound very thoughtful of you, Miss Flora."

Pointing up at him, she giggles cutely, "With villains for sons-in-law, I thought you'd like to buy a couple."

"VILLAINS?!" Phil screeches.

Flora looks over at King Zelgadis, who sips coffee, watching over the party, "Zel, from a long line of villains, poor Amelia! Heartless, cold, violent, and pumped with caffeine!"

Next Flora looks over at a rugged looking man with a blind boy, talking with Xellos. "And then Fi-chan kicked me in the..."

"Toby Jewel, a famous scoundrel and associate of Mazoku! He looks suss, Phil!"

Instantly, Phil hands over a bag of gold to Flora, and retreats to go to work with a large carving knife at the dolls.

"Victory!" Exclaims Flora.

~@@@~

Zachariah blissfully drools over Zelicia's gifts, desperate to see what's inside. His little brother Zenni (7) watches him with interest.

"The suspense is killing me," breaths Zachariah, body shaking. "I'm dying, wasting away, I need closure! CLOSURE!!!" Zachariah faints.

Zenni snickers, "Prince down! Guys, I think it's time to unwrap the presents – now!"

~@@@~

The guests all flock around Zelicia and her mountain of presents. "Finally, everyone's attention is on me – and me alone!" Her parents stare at her in confusion as she goes off into her own little world.

The Crown Princess goes to work on her presents.

She smiles at a teddy.

Holds up a piece of steak, bewildered.

Glumly holds up a plushie of her father, long pin already through its forehead.

She cheerfully hugs a large sack of coffee beans.

Zelicia falls over as she unwraps a bottle of skin cream.

Blushing, she looks down at a pair of cute bra and panties.

Xellos approaches her, smiling as always. He hands her a small box. "And here is my gift, your highness."

Zelicia cautiously examines it.

"My gift is educational, as well as fun. Be sure to feed it every day and give it backrubs and giant flies."

Filia blushes, "Oh, darling, you did something good!"

Zelicia unties the ribbon. Suddenly, a shadow descends over her. She peers up in suspended horror.

A giant man-eating flower has eaten her up, leaving only her feet in view! "Damn that bloody Mazoku, educational my @\$!"

"Ahhh! We'll get you out, hold on!" Yells Zelgadis.

"My poor baby!" Cries Amelia. "Mr. Xellos, how could you do this? This is so unjust!"

Filia chases Xellos around the room, smashing her mace all the place, "You Raw piece of garbage!!!"

~@@@~

Zelicia catches her breath, as her parents curse at the man-eater.

"Come on now, stop playing around!" Jeers Leila. "Cake time! Cake time!"

Soon, the princess is at her hundred-layer cake, readying to make the first slice. The Gabriev children hungrily close in.

Without warning, a top window loudly breaks.

"Is that glass breaking?" wonders Zelicia.

Xellos narrows his eyes coldly.

Zelicia peers up, to see a turquoise figure, its energy feeling familiar. "It's a...Mazoku! An aquatic

Mazoku! But why is it here?!"

The Mazoku, a slimy human-like short man with frog-like features laughs as he tumbles through the air. "Ah-ha! I have found you, Xellos, Lesser Beast! By my powers I will smite you and your unholy family, now die!"

He lands meters away from the cake table, raising the middle of his three fingers, "Allow me to introduce myself. I am the powerful Mazoku, MARINU, sworn to destroy Xellos and his abominations! And I see I came to the right place. Wow, look at all these tasty humans to boot, this'll be TOO easy!" Marinu begins to cackle to himself.

"HOW DARE YOU!!!" Roars Zelicia, towering over him in rage, "YOU'VE RUINED MY SPOTLIGHT DAY, I ONLY GET ONE A YEAR!!!"

Marinu meekly shivers, "You're...supposed to fear me..."

Gourry Junior raises a fist, "Protect the cake!"

Swiftly, the Gabriev children descend on the cake, munching away cheerfully.

Filia watches Marinu, bunching up her fists, "Xellos...what's going on?!"

Xellos disappears.

"Xellos?"