

Creation

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This story explains the origin of an OC I'm working on. I'll get pics of all the characters up eventually.

Characters listed:

weavelthecyborg

-Nightmare

Crystal666

-Mercury

-Crystal

Kouni46892742

-Naranai

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1 - Prologue

Well, I can honestly say I never saw this coming- My girlfriend, one of the few people who accepted me for what I was, had all of my weapons pointed at her.

Damn. Looks like I have to fire.

All of a sudden, from nowhere, flashbacks- the lab, our squad. Then, an even more powerful memory- promising to always be together and never hurt each other.

Target locked- the one message I didn't want to hear from my targeting system confirmed my worst fear- that I could kill her. I can't do it. Mercury and I have just been through too much together for things to end like this.

Resuming human form, I stared into her grey eyes, and she stared into mine. This simple action seemed to remind her of all the good times we had, and I noticed that my eyes weren't the only ones filling up with tears. Then, she also resumed human form and slowly walked over to me. When she was close enough, she wrapped her arms around me, just like she had always done. I could tell, just in the way she hugged me, that she just wanted me to warp us out so we could be alone, just like I had always done.

Mercury- I know how you feel. We could never hurt each other. Between us, we've seen too many comrades fall. Just remember the good old days- when we were together...

flashback

To be continued...

2 - Abduction

By now, you might be wondering who exactly I am. Well, long ago, before all this crap happened, my name was Michael Mallia. My friends called me Mal (the first three letters of my last name), but you can call me Mike. It makes things easier for me if you do. Here is my story.

Five years ago, the military was on the verge of collapse. All the good soldiers, pilots, and generals were dead. The draftees started younger and younger. The only possible way to save it was for the top techies to gather and create the ultimate soldier. They had many requirements, so the techs decided to take many candidates and give them each unique powers and abilities. Unfortunately, I was a small boy- only twelve years old, and one of those slots had my name on it. I didn't have a single care in the world. Then, everything changed when THEY showed up.

Door- Knock, knock
Mom- I'll get it.

As she opened the door and I hid just out of sight, I noticed that these guys looked just like the Men in Black. It kind of freaked me out, especially since there was no need at all to be wearing sunglasses.

Mom- Good afternoon gentlemen. Can I help you?

Agent 1- Ma'm, we represent the United States military.

Mom- Why that's quite a shiny badge you have there. Could you please tell me your names?

Agent 2- Alright ma'm. My name is Bob.

Agent 1- And I'm Steve.

Mom- Hello Bob and Steve. Now what can I help you nice men with?

Steve- Well ma'm, we have received information that you have a very valuable asset to the government in this house.

Mom- But that's impossible. I only live here with my husband and son.

Bob- That's just it ma'm. We need your son. His country needs him.

Bloody hell, that's me they're talking about! And these menacing looking guys want to separate me from my mom! I need to get Dad over here- he'll sort things out.

Mom- You can't just show up at my front door and expect to just waltz away with my only son!

Steve- It hurts us too, but we have strict orders from the President himself. Resist and you will be arrested and charged with treason. Now give us the boy.

Mom- You can't do this!

What Mom didn't notice was that Bob had reached into his jacket and gripped his special-issue pistol. At the same time, Steve had grabbed the handcuffs from his belt.

Mom- (with tears in her eyes) I won't let you do this!

Before Bob could level his gun at her, Steve had already knocked her out.

Bob- What was that for?

Steve- You know our orders: only engage if we have to.

Bob- Alright, fine. Let's just get the kid and blow this joint.

Steve- Done.

Next thing I know, these guys are on top of me.

Mike- Bloody HELL, you guys are quiet!

Steve- We've been specially trained for this mission. Sleeeep NOW!

Everything goes dark...

3 - Intro to The Lab

When I finally woke up, there was a black-haired scientist with large goggles studying the contents of my nose. Why? I have no idea.

Mike- Get the bloody hell out of my face before I bite you.

He took the hint and backed up a few steps.

Scientist- No need for hostility, Michael. My name is Adrian, and I'm one of the head scientists here.

Mike- Alright, uh Adrian, was it? Where am I? Why am I here? And why me?

Adrian- In order- You are now in a secret government testing facility. I can't give you the specifics because that's classified- That's the reason we had to knock you out to bring you here. You are here because we want to use you in one of our experiments at creating the ultimate soldier. And we chose you because you qualify so perfectly for one of these experiments, its almost like you were meant to be the one.

Mike- What do you mean "one of our experiments"?

Adrian- Well, we took many children, just like yourself to this lab. Each of you will be the test for a particular experiment.

Mike- Fine. So where are the others?

Adrian- Follow me.

So, I followed him. After all, there was nothing else to do in this lab. There were so many winding corridors that I was amazed Adrian knew the way out. I honestly felt like a lab rat in a maze. Unfortunately, the first half of that was going to come true.

After a while, my small boy metabolism betrayed me. I had to ask.

Mike- Hey Adrian?

Adrian- Yes?

Mike- Where's the bathroom?

I know it sounds kind of funny, but I REALLY had to go. Half a mile, some slight whining, and one empty bladder later, we entered the auditorium. I was amazed- there must have been 99 other kids here, just about my age, stolen away from their parents. We were all the same in this unknown place. Each one had a scientist behind him or her. Yes that's right, it looked like about half of the kids there were girls.

Adrian then got up on the stage, along with four other scientists.

Adrian- Can I have everyone's attention please? Can everyone see me? Can everyone hear me?

All- Yes, we can hear you.

Adrian- Good, good. Please take a seat, everyone.

I had just noticed now that there were about 100 folding chairs behind us. I grabbed one and went off by myself- I'm antisocial sometimes.

Adrian- OK, now we have an announcement and two ground rules. The announcement is that as of now, everyone in this room is a part of the United States military. The first rule is respect. If someone who outranks you asks you something, they expect either a "Yes Sir!" or "No Sir!". Everyone understand?

All- Yes Sir!

Adrian- Excellent. The second rule is this- Don't be an idiot. Don't laugh kids, I'm serious. Now for the real reason we gathered you all here. We're splitting you into groups of four.

Groups? Bloody crap, this is not going to end well. I don't know anyone here. Oh well, can't be helped now...

4 - Group Exercises

Adrian began reading out names. The rule was- when your name was called, you walked off into a designated side room. All of a sudden...

Adrian- Squad 14: Mallia, Michael; Granger, Maxine; Fetyre, Charlotte; and Dodenhoff, Robert.

Well, it was my time. I got up and went to the room with a large 14 over it. There was another scientist in here, who explained that we were a squad now. He told us to sit in a circle and tell each other something about ourselves. I noticed that we all were brunettes, except for Charlotte, who was blonde. Everyone seemed reluctant to start, so I started.

Mike- Hi everyone, my name is Michael. Please call me Mike, though. I'm twelve years old, and I used to live in Connecticut. I like playing video games and drawing.

Maxine- My name is Max, call me Maxine and you're dead.

Charlotte- I'm kind of shy, but my name is Charlotte...

Mike- It's okay if you don't want to share anymore, Charlotte.

Charlotte- Thank you, Mike.

Robert- My name is Robbie. I like making my older and shorter brother's life hell.

Scientist- Well, that's good for now. Go through this door to meet your first team-building exercise.

Exercise, eh? Well, if it helps the team, I'll do it. We went through the door, and there was a massive jungle gym. Each squad needed to steal the flag of another squad and reach the tower in the center. When we were given the flag, Max took over flag duty. We gathered in a huddle to discuss tactics.

Mike- I've got an idea. Max, you and Charlotte make your way to the tower. Robbie, stay out of sight, but keep an eye on them in case the flag is stolen. I'll meet you guys there with the other flag. Got it?

Charlotte- Got it.

Max- Yup.

Robbie- Yes Sir!

Mike- I'm not a superior officer. You don't need to "Yes Sir!" at me.

Robbie- Okay.

Mike- Good. Break!

While the girls ran off with Robbie trailing at a safe distance, I moved as stealthily as possible to a hidden location, waiting for an unsuspecting team to wander by. After a while, I sprung out, grabbed another squad's flag in flight, catching them completely off guard, and sprinted full speed to the tower. Exhausted, I met up with Robbie, who reported that the girls made it safely. We met up at the top. Surprisingly, only three other squads beat us there. We were then shown to the mess hall for supper. We were told at the tower that since we were a team, we should always be together. So, we sat together. I congratulated everyone on a job well done. As I was looking around the table, my eyes met with Max's for the first time. She looked into my eyes for a few seconds, then looked away with a slight pinkish tinge in her cheeks. I didn't know it then, but I was in love. After supper, we were called in as a group for a meeting with Adrian. He explained that, for simplicity, everyone would be given a letter and number

name. He called me up first.

Adrian- Michael, you are now officially Sampi 666.

Mike- Yes Sir!

Adrian- Maxine, you are Qoppa 667

Max- Yes Sir!

Adrian- Charlotte, your name is now Diagamma 668.

Charlotte- Yes sir.

Adrian- And last, but not least, Robbie is now San 665.

Robbie- Yes Sir!

Adrian- Good. We will be calling you by these names from now on, so get used to them. Now, to help you remember your new names is my assistant.

Assistant- Please pull your shirt down so your left shoulder is bare.

We all did, but had no idea why. Then the answer came to me, VERY painfully- The assistant had branded my Greek letter and number onto my shoulder. Soon, I heard the girls scream, and Robbie hit a surprisingly high pitch as well. Seriously, for a second, I thought he was Max screaming. Then, we were all knocked out again and dragged off to our room for bed.

5 - Squad 14

Mike- Mom, I don't want to go to school. The evil hamburgers will eat me with their peanut spleens...

Robbie- TIME TO WAKE UP!!!!!!!

Mike- Dammit.

I fell out of bed. Literally. Unfortunately, I was on the top bunk, so I was pissed off at Robbie, but at least it was time for breakfast. I noticed I was the last one up, Charlotte and Max were standing a short distance behind Robbie, chuckling slightly. I gathered that they all planned this, but Robbie was the only one with enough backbone to actually do it. I don't blame them- after all, no one around here knows me that much. We were led down to the mess hall by another scientist, for watery eggs and cheap sausage. I made a joke- they spend this much money on this program, and we get leftover crap. This aroused a few laughs from the rest of the squad. We then heard an announcement- report to the classroom after breakfast.

Max- Crap.

Mike- The announcement or the sausage?

Max- Nice one. Both, I'd say.

Mike- Well, we'd better get going.

Robbie- I'm not done yet!

Mike- Too bad. We have to go. Now.

Robbie- Just three more bites!

Max- Want me to speed him up?

Mike- Go for it, nothing I can think of will work.

Max- Hey Robbie, got any pets back home?

Robbie- (while chewing) Meah, mwo cmats.

Max- You do realize that these sausages used to be your cats, right?

She was a bit meaner than she needed to be, but I have to give her some credit- that idea was pure genius. He spit out what was in his mouth almost instantly, while the rest of us had to clutch our sides, we were laughing so hard. It was all in good fun, so when we finally stopped laughing, we went off to class. "Class" is a bit of a misnomer, because it was just more team-building exercises. We all had to steal a cookie from the instructor, who was yet another scientist. I know this is a laboratory, but these guys were everywhere. As the days progressed, our teamwork got better and better as we became closer friends. Adrian wanted us to call each other by our "new" names, but that was one of the few rules we actually wanted to break. After awhile, our team was so well balanced that no one could beat us. Then, about a year after we got dragged into this place, our group of candidates would have to go through its toughest test yet. Only the best would survive, or so we were told by Adrian. We all got knocked out again, they seemed to enjoy it, and what I woke up to was not at all a pretty sight...

6 - Disaster

When I finally woke up, Adrian was studying my face again.

Adrian- Welcome back, Rip Van Wrinkle. Glad to see you were one of the lucky ones.

Lucky ones? What could he be talking about? I decided to ask later; after I checked to make sure everything was working properly. Toes? Yup, I feel them wiggling. Left hand? Still works, I thought as I enjoyed a nice scratch. Then I noticed three things- my right wrist felt a bit lighter, I could see perfectly, even though I wasn't wearing my glasses, and something was wrong with my left eye. I took a look, and almost puked.

Mike- ADRIAN! WHAT THE BLOODY HELL DID YOU DO WITH MY RIGHT HAND?!?!?!

Adrian- Yeah, about that... While all of you candidates were out cold, we modified your genetic structures.

Mike- You WHAT?!

Adrian- Do you want the long explanation or the short one?

Mike- The one that explains WHAT THE HELL YOU DID WITH MY HAND!

Adrian- Relax, relax. Long story, then. We surgically modified your body.

Mike- Which means...

Adrian- Your bones are now so dense that nothing short of a nuclear explosion can break them, for starters. Your muscles are also denser, making you stronger and faster. You now have an IQ of 300, thanks to modifications to your brain. While we were up there, we were able to successfully amp up your reflexes to the point that you can dodge a subsonic bullet. All your senses have improved, which is why you can see perfectly.

Mike- And my eye and hand?

Adrian- The eye, I sneezed during the operation, so I accidentally cut a nerve I shouldn't have. The hand is just a side effect. As far as things go, you were one of the lucky ones.

Mike- What does that mean?

Adrian- Out of the 100 candidates that went into this, only 38 came out alive. Out of those 38, 16 cannot fight any longer- their bodies are too messed up. We can't fix what we've done.

So I was one of 22 left. My first thought then was of Max and the rest of my squad. I had to know.

Mike- What about my squad?

Adrian- They're at the door waiting for you.

Before he could even finish his sentence, I was at the door. I yanked it off its hinges like it was tissue, amazed with my new strength. On the other side was Max and Charlotte. I was so happy to see that they were alright- it looked like they made it out with all their limbs. I couldn't resist, so I hugged both of them, Max in my right arm, Charlotte in my left.

Mike- What a relief, you guys made it. Where's Robbie?

Max- Uhhh...

Mike- He didn't, did he?

Charlotte- No.

Mike- Damn. He was the hardest hitter we could have ever asked for.

Adrian- It's a good thing you care about your squad, Michael.

Mike- Why's that?

Adrian- Because everyone took a vote.

Max- You are our squad leader now.

Mike- Really?

Charlotte- Yes Sir!

I never heard Charlotte "Yes Sir!" at anyone that loud before. It must be true.

Mike- So when is it?

Adrian- When's what?

Mike- The funeral for the others, that's what.

Adrian- You just worry about yourself. When the time comes, you'll know.

Mike- Alright. One more thing Adrian.

Adrian- Yes?

Mike- Where are my pants?

Yeah, that's right. I was in my underwear.

Adrian- Here you go. A standard-issue camouflage uniform. By the way, you'll only have to go eye and handless for a week or so, we're designing new ones for you.

Mike- Just what I wanted to hear. Can someone help me with these pants?

Max- Sure, I will.

Mike- Thanks Max.

Well, a few days later was the funeral for all our fallen comrades. When it was time to salute their memory, I had to do it lefty. It would be hard getting used to my new, improved body- especially since my new hand and eye came a few days later.

Adrian- There you go, good as new.

Mike- Thanks, the past few days have sucked without depth perception. So what can these things do?

Adrian- Well, for now, the eye can only see as well as your real one, and the hand is just as good as the left.

Mike- "For now?"

Adrian- Yes, eventually, we will have to improve your body even more. That will be the true experiment.

Mike- So what was this past one?

Adrian- That was so your body could handle what we're going to do to you. If we didn't do this first, there might only be 3 candidates left, and they would be in no condition to do anything. In other words, this will improve your chances later on.

Well, that wrapped almost everything up. Except now, there were only three of us. It's a good thing my mind was improved, as we would need some new strategies to compromise for having less manpower. As for the squad, I had grown fond of the camouflage pants- it was the good, old-school style, not the current pixilated crap. Most of the time, I had camo pants, my combat boots, and a white shirt on. Max

also liked the pants, and I'll admit, she looked pretty damn good in them. Yeah, that's right- I said it. I'll admit I was feeling more and more attracted to her as the days went on. Charlotte, for some reason, didn't like the pants, so she made camo skirts out of them. Why? I don't know. After about a year of more training, Adrian announced that it was time for the real test. I say- Bring it on. And bring it they did- it was time to go under the knife again.

7 - The True Creation of Nightmare

When I woke up again, it felt just like before Adrian screwed with my DNA. I gathered that either he reversed the effect, or everything about me was heavier. Turns out the latter was true, as Adrian equipped me with some heavy metal armour. It appeared to be built into my skin- I couldn't remove it. It also appeared to have various weapons built into it.

Adrian- How are you doing, Nightmare?

Mike- What did you just call me?

Adrian- I called you Nightmare. It's your new codename.

Mike- So I assume you want everyone else to call me that now, right?

Adrian- Yup.

Nightmare- Well, what did you do to me this time?

Adrian- Well, as you can clearly see, we gave you that armour and the weapons built into it. With your new genetic structure, only you could handle this advanced piece of weaponry.

Nightmare- OK, can you give me some information on what some of the stuff you put in this thing are?

Adrian- Sure. You have chain guns in each arm, on each wrist. Each shoulder can hold rocket launchers capable of firing all manner of high explosive projectiles. We also amped up your IQ even more, so now you have the potential to use psychic abilities. There is now have a VERY advanced computer built into your right arm- it will allow you to change your loadout at will. We also added a targeting program into your left eye.

Nightmare- What else did you do to that eye?

Adrian- Well, we added a scanner, infra red and X-ray vision, and like everything else now in you, it has the ability to evolve, perfect, and acquire new abilities.

Nightmare- Very nice, but won't I stand out looking like this?

Adrian- We already thought of that. Since you are now a cyborg, we added in a cloaking program designed to show you as you were before we added your armour.

Nightmare- How's it work?

Adrian- Everything is built into that computer on your arm. Just drag and drop the weapons you want, and they will come out of or go into your skin. Cloaking works almost the same way- just click on the cloaking icon. The major downside is that you are still mostly metal, so you won't fool any full system scans. Now we've constructed a training area for you to practice, expand, and perfect your powers.

Nightmare- I'll go practice after I find out what you did with the rest of my team.

Adrian- Well, we added mercury to Max's core...

Nightmare- You WHAT?!

Adrian- Relax, everyone is fine.

Nightmare- So you were saying?

Adrian- Her new name is Mercury.

Nightmare- OK, I can get used to that. And Charlotte?

Adrian- We cooled her core to absolute zero.

Nightmare- Wouldn't that kill her?

Adrian- No, she now has control over ice and snow. Call her Crystal from now on.

Nightmare- I want to see them.

Adrian- Just like last time, they are right outside the door.

I opened the door, and noticed that Max's, I mean Mercury's eyes were no longer hazel, but grey. She also was wearing silver gloves and pants. Her usual top was now silver. And, she had a silver stripe, similar to Shadow the Hedgehog's on each arm, but hers covered about half of her arm. Crystal was exactly the same as before, except paler, and the fact that she had bluish white hair.

Nightmare- Thank God you two are still OK.

Mercury- I wish I could say the same for you. You're a mess.

Nightmare- Hang on, I just got an idea.

I focused everything I had on resuming human form again, and my weapons and armour sunk back inside me, but my right hand stayed. I looked in a nearby mirror and was amazed that I looked almost exactly like I did before I was abducted, except with a metal hand and much more muscle.

Nightmare- Hey Adrian, run a quick scan on me.

Adrian- I don't know what you expect to be different, but OK.

Adrian (reading results)- My God! The scan shows you are completely human! Except for the eye and hand. How did you do that?

Mike- I guess I modified the cloaking program.

Mercury- Let me try.

Crystal- Me too.

They both focused. All the silver on Mercury began to recede, like it was a curse mark from Naruto. The silver seemed to gather at the gloves. Crystal somehow summoned a minor vortex of snow, which circled rapidly around her. When it vanished, she was the same person I remembered, but with snow white hair.

Mike- Alright team, lets go to practice.

Charlotte & Max- Yes Sir!

8 - Training

On the way to the training room, I morphed back into my mutated form, and Max, Charlotte, and I decided that we would call each other by our real names in "human" form, and our new names in "powered-up" form. I noticed that Adrian had installed communicators in each of our left ears. Just for laughs, I went back to Mike form, and realized it was still there. We arrived, and the training room was a gigantic steel bunker with a few cameras, most likely to record our progress.

Mike- Lock and load, people. It's time to see what these new bodies can do.

Max & Charlotte- Yes Sir!

We all transformed, and I first wanted to test my new eye out. So, I focused on giving it the ability to analyze and copy moves I had seen. I felt it changing slightly, so I assumed it worked. My armour was clean and shiny, so I used it as a makeshift mirror. My eye appeared to have taken on the appearance of a Sharingan, but it was green instead of red. The rest of the eye was black, like the rest of the armour. I looked at the computer, and sure enough, in the eye area, it read "Sharingan". This simple experiment proved that I could now create my own weapons if I concentrated hard enough. I loaded up the rockets and chainguns, then a thought hit me.

Nightmare (on communicator)- Hey Adrian, you there?

Adrian- Yes, I'm here. What is it Nightmare?

Nightmare- Where's the ammo for this stuff?

Adrian- Right, right. I forgot. You don't need any ammo. When we modified your DNA, we added a feature that allows your body to generate the ammo you need.

Nightmare- Sweet.

Adrian- Give it a try.

I let loose with the chainguns, riddling the walls with bullet holes. Mercury raised an arm and fired a wall of bullets made of mercury. Crystal was experimenting with a shielding ability.

Crystal- I think I've got the hang of this shield now. Nightmare, please shoot the shield with me inside it.

Nightmare- Why do you have to be inside it when I shoot?

Crystal- Because it covers me- I can't project it on anyone else yet.

Nightmare- If you insist.

I raised my left arm, and waited. She made a decent enough **LOOKING** shield, after all, she was completely surrounded in a diamond of ice, but we would see just how strong it was.

Nightmare- Ready?

Crystal- Yes, shoot please.

After half a second of rotating to warm up, the many barrels on my wrist began spitting out bullets at a mind-boggling rate. Each one took a miniscule chunk out of the diamond. 500 rounds later, I didn't even make a dent in it. I stopped the spinning.

Nightmare- Bloody HELL, that thing is tough!
Crystal- Don't stop there! Fire a rocket!
Mercury- This is unreal!
Nightmare- Here it comes! One standard rocket.

That thing took a decent chunk out, but Crystal was still unharmed. Unfortunately, I noticed that Mercury's hair began to melt.

Nightmare- Crap. Since you're half mercury now, I think I've melted you!
Crystal- I've got an idea.

Crystal blasted Mercury with a concentrated shot of cold. Her hair resolidified.

Nightmare- That's was close. Hey, why are you still melting?
Mercury- You're hand is on fire.

Holy crap, it was! The flame seemed to cover my cybernetic hand with another layer of armour. A thought crossed my mind...

Nightmare- Hey Mercury, can you resume human form again? I would like to see what this thing can do without injuring you.

Max- Already did.

Nightmare- Now for a test.

I moved my flaming hand closer to her, but it seemed to have no effect.

Nightmare- Cool. I can't melt you in human form.

Turns out, this flame was a new weapon! I could manipulate it at will, it could become a flaming sword, a cannon, or just a claw. No matter what form it was in, it was unbreakable and burned whatever it scratched. I put it out, satisfied.

Mercury- I wonder if you can do that without melting me.

Nightmare- I just did.

Mercury- I mean, when I'm like this.

Nightmare- I think I got it. Hey Crystal, how cold can you make something?

Crystal- Absolute zero.

Nightmare- Could you hit this claw?

Crystal- Power it up, and don't blink.

She blasted it, and it became a blue flame. I held it up to Mercury. Nothing at all.

Nightmare- I shall call it... Ice flames!

Adrian- Squad 14, report to mess hall, now. We've found someone to fill Robert's spot.

As we walked down in human form, we wondered who the newest member of our squad could be,

thinking that no one could ever truly replace Robbie. We entered the hall.

Adrian- Squad 14, meet the new guy.

Bloody hell, the "new guy" wasn't a guy at all! She was a brunette, but had some blonde streaks in her hair. I could sense some fear in her emerald eyes.

Brunette- H-hello. My n-name used to be Sh-shina. They ca-call me Si-sigma 688. Or Na-naranai. Th-that works t-too.

9 - Naranai

Naranai, huh? I activated my Sharingan, hoping to see what kind of powers she had.

Adrian- Well, I see you have gained much control over your new body, Nightmare.

Mike- Only call me that when I'm in mutant form.

Adrian- Fine, fine. Anyway, Naranai can transform into any animal, even if it's extinct. We achieved this by adding strands of animal DNA to her's. When in animal form, she can still speak like a human, but her voice is changed. She can even change from one to another without reverting to human form. Would you like to show them, Naranai?

Shina- S-sure.

She changed into a hamster, then an ankylosaurus, then a wolf cub, and back to the person we first met.

Charlotte- Wow.

Max- You took the word right out of my mouth.

Mike- Welcome aboard, Shina.

Shina- Th-thank you...

She was nervous. We all were when we first entered the program. I knew Charlotte was the shyest one when we became squad 14, and she was getting over it, so I figured she would be able to relate to Shina the most. I looked into Max's eyes, and I could tell she was thinking the same thing I was- keep these two together so we could be together undisturbed.

Mike- Hey Shina, would you like us to call you Naranai or Shina?

Shina- W-why not S-sigma 688?

Mike- You're a person, not a number.

Shina- I w-would like t-to be c-called Sh-shina, p-please.

Mike- Alright then, Shina. My name is Mike like this. I'm Squad 14's leader.

Shina- L-like this?

Mike- Oh right, you haven't seen what Adrian did to me yet. Stand back.

After Shina took a step or two back, I became Nightmare, minus the rocket launchers on my shoulders. I heard a gasp from Shina, so I went back to human form.

Mike- When I'm like that, my name is Nightmare. My comrades here are Max and Charlotte. Show Shina your new forms, team.

Max & Charlotte- Yes Sir!

They transformed into Mercury and Crystal. With Crystal's core of ice, Adrian shivered. I figured that Shina wasn't cold because she had animal DNA. Crystal and Mercury became Max and Charlotte again.

Mike- Hey Charlotte, why don't you and Shina hang out for awhile?

Charlotte- Sounds like fun. Let's go Shina!

Shina- O-ok.

Mike- Come on Max, lets go do something else.

Max- Way ahead of you.

Max spent the rest of the night in my arms. I was amazed that she even HAD a soft side, I had only seen harsh Max before. We would always end the day like this- alone, in our room, in each other's arms. It was amazing. For the first time, someone loved me for what I truly was- a freak. By the way, before your mind think any perverted thoughts, we never had sex. At all. In no way, shape or form. We didn't need to do that to show our love to each other. All I ever wanted was to just sit and enjoy Max's company. Charlotte taught Shina how to overcome shyness, and she started stuttering less. Our squad always went on missions, came back victorious, and split up- Charlotte and Shina, and Max and I. True bliss. Then, one day, a mission that would change our very lives...